

RADIO STARS

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AUGUST

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Posed by
BEN BERNIE

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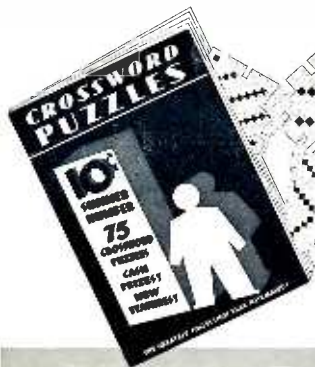
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YOUR RADIO CORNER



By GORDON
STARRETT

(Above) The Super D Fadallette weighs 7 lbs. 10 oz. (Above, left) The Atwater-Kent Model 808. This is a combination broadcast and short-wave console. (Above, extreme left) The new Majestic super-six portable. Read about it in the story. (Left) The Imperial Grande of the Scott Laboratories.

HAVE you noticed an improvement in radio reception this summer? If you have, it's because of the vast improvements being made in the new sets. If you haven't, perhaps you had better be looking over the markets for something new. Depression or no depression, you can now find radios made to suit your purse. Low in price yet high in quality, because the small and inexpensive sets often give as good reception as one that exceeds your purse.

Tonal quality and true portability, for example, are combined in the new Majestic Super-Six portable radio, model 411, manufactured by the Grisby-Grunow Company, 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago. It sells for only \$29.50 complete, and is housed in a handsome cabinet finished in walnut and beautifully inlaid with imported woods. With six tubes, dynamic speaker, a self-contained aerial, no ground connections and operating on either direct or alternating current, you can be sure of this set. If you want to eavesdrop on police calls, it's said you can do it with this Majestic.

While you are considering the Majestic, let us suggest you look at model 413. It is finished in a handsome leatherette traveling case and has all the features necessary for quality traveling including a refined superheterodyne receiver with six tubes, dynamic speaker, and built-in aerial with no ground. That's a lot of value, it seems to me.

Atwater-Kent Manufacturing Co., 4700 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, has a combination broadcast and short wave console. It's an 8-tube advanced superheterodyne circuit using the new 2A5 and 2A6 tubes, giving sensitivity at every wave length between 540 and 20,000 kilocycles. All eight tubes work at full capacity at every tuning range. The full-sized Atwater-Kent speaker is used. The cabinet is of figured walnut and makes a nice looking piece of furniture in any setting. It is not so large as to be cumbersome.

LAST month we told you about the Philco Lazy-X, a product of the Philadelphia Storage Battery Co., Ontario and C Streets, Philadelphia. Well, Philco is out again with another remote control radio made to sell at \$65. Yes, it has the famous inclined sounding board which, it is claimed, gives more faithful reproduction than is otherwise possible since its large area and inclined position brings in the highest tones and the lowest notes without loss or distortion.

And, by the way, you might be interested merely in an aerial. If so, Philco has a new three-purpose antenna. They say it cuts down man-made static—noises resulting from street cars, washing machines, vacuum cleaner, etc.; brings in more stations from a distance; and permits from one to four sets to be operated (Continued on page 39)

RADIO STARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

ALL IN THIS ISSUE

Your Radio Corner <i>All about the latest radio sets and their improvements</i>	Gordon Starrett	3
Doc Brinkley's Own Story <i>The amazing fight of a man to uphold his right to free speech</i>	Donald Copper	5
The Real Inside Story of the Vallee-Webb Separation <i>The truth at last about Rudy's marriage failure</i>	Helen Haver	6
Life-Saver! <i>What life has done to the "Voice of Experience"</i>	Wilson Brown	9
He Feeds the Famous <i>How George Rector got that way</i>	Curtis Mitchell	10
Goodbye, Love <i>Welcome Lewis found that love turned only to disillusionment</i>	John Skinner	12
Let's Gossip About Your Favorites <i>News, gossip and chat about radio personalities</i>		14
The Love Story of Mary and Jack Benny <i>There's a laugh and a heart throb in this love story</i>	Katherine Albert	18
Microphone Magic (Illustrated by Jack Welch) <i>Must love always be sacrificed for success?</i>	Peter Dixon	20
Backstage at a Broadcast <i>Come and see Fred Waring putting his orchestra through its paces</i>	Ogden Mayer	22
He Was Radio's Spoiled Boy <i>Now James Melton almost turned himself</i>	Bland Mulholland	24
The Mistakes They Make <i>Some amusing radio boners—and just how they come to pass</i>	Sumner Smith	25
What Radio Did for Nino Martini <i>Because of his radio popularity, this man is enabled to break an old prejudice</i>	Clyde Richardson	28
Music on Parade		
He Played Himself Out of Prison <i>How a violin saved Victor Young's life</i>	Hal Rogers	32
The Band Box <i>All about the orchestra leaders</i>	Danny Towne	33
The Mystery Chef Speaks for Himself <i>A message for you from radio's authoritative culinary advisor</i>		37

RADIO STARS ALBUM

Irvin S. Cobb	34	Gertrude Niesen	35
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And also: All Around the Dial, 26: Intimate Pictures of Your Favorites, 30

Editors: Ernest V. Heyn and Curtis Mitchell

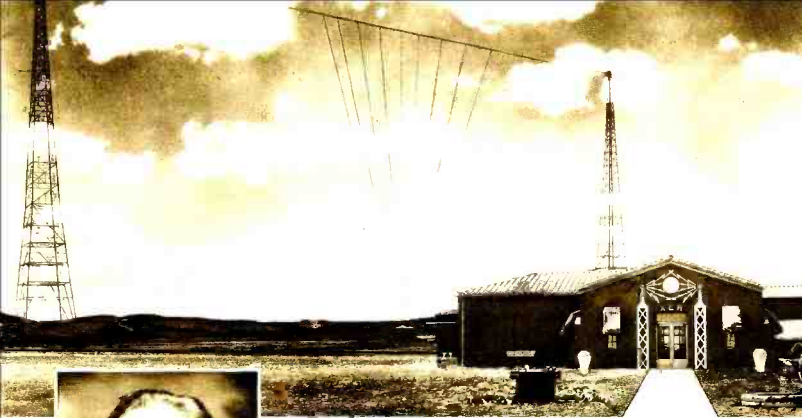
Associate Editor: K. Rowell Batten

Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

WATCH FOR—

If you've wondered about the man who is radio's Sherlock Holmes, don't miss the story called "Sherlock Holmes Unmasked." Also, a tale called "The Things They Would Like to Forget" that ought to send shudders down a lot of spines. And a story called "Feeding the Lions"—which takes you right into the eateries where dine the kilocycle kings and queens—will give you a new slant on their diets, didos, and dearies.

And, of course, the Mystery Chef's marvelous cooking hints.



Doctor BRINKLEY'S OWN STORY

as told to DONALD COPPER

OUT of the booming wastes of North Mexico come the words . . . "This is XER, the Sunshine Station between the nations at Villa Acuna, Coahuila, Mexico."

To Dr. J. R. Brinkley of Milford, Kansas, these words are a cry of triumph. What he went through, what he suffered, and how he fought to put them on the air constitute a saga of one man's battle for the right of free speech.

Most of us know Doctor Brinkley through his broadcasts, through his helpful talks to sick folks who seek a way to health. Most of us know vaguely of the struggle that forced him out of his old station KFKB (Kansas first, Kansas best) and deprived him of the right to practice medicine. But we don't know the story *behind* the headlines and the rumors. We don't know why this fighting Kansan, who was almost elected governor of his state by furious farmers who took his part, was driven to cross the Rio Grande in order to broadcast.

Well, this is that story, Doctor Brinkley's own story. Whether or not you agree, you must admit the courage of the man.

Listen:

"I was born some place in western North Carolina, July 8, 1885. My mother was a mountain girl, my father was an old style country doctor. My mother died when I was five years of age. My father died when I was ten. I had no brothers or sisters and was raised by an elderly aunt in the most abject poverty.

"When my father was buried on a mountain top in the Smokey Mountains, I looked at his unfilled grave and made a resolution that I would be a doctor like him. I had no clothes . . . and practically nothing to eat. I had to walk to school three miles, often times in the winter bare-footed with nothing to eat but a piece of cold corn bread. When we got molasses to sop the bread in we had a feast.

"I attended the mountain schools and received all the 'larini' they had to offer. At the age of 16 I carried the mail on a route through the mountains of western North Carolina, getting up at three in the morning and getting off my route at six in the evening. I got eight dollars a week, and this was used to feed my aged aunt who had taken care of me. (Continued on page 46)

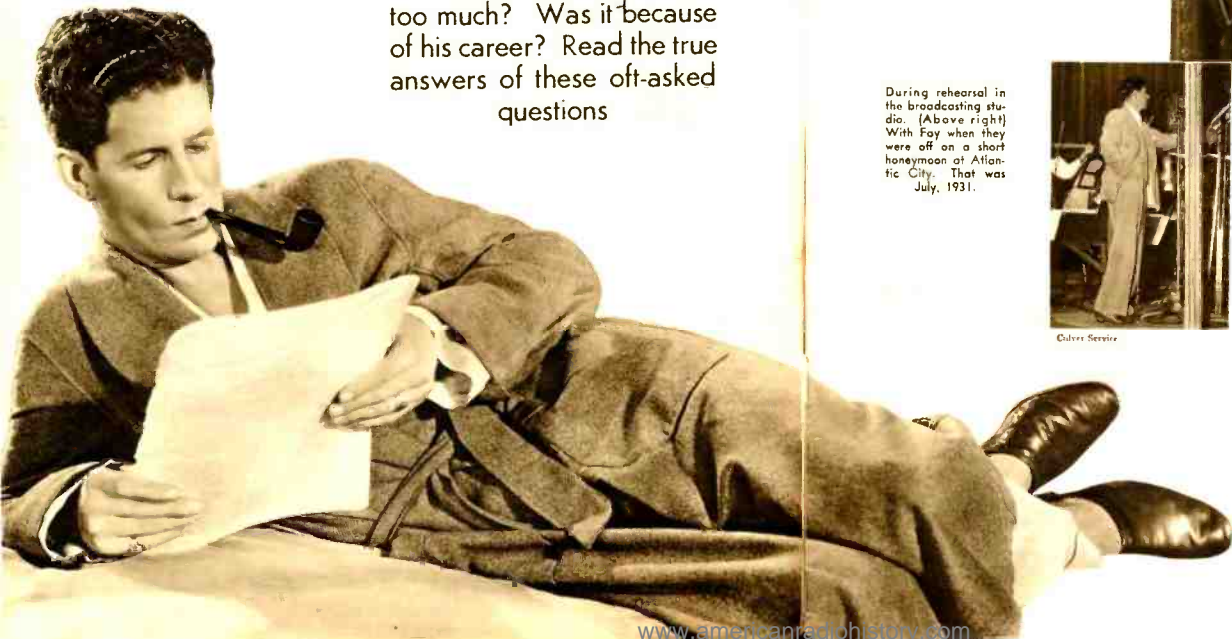
The story of a man who went to amazing lengths for the rights of free speech

THE REAL INSIDE VALLEE-WEBB



Alice Faye. She sings on the Vallee hour. And Rudy has been seen out with her. So folks is a-sayin' that he is interested in her.

Were they temperamentally unsuited? Did Fay demand too much? Was it because of his career? Read the true answers of these oft-asked questions



STORY OF THE SEPARATION

By HELEN HOVER



Wale World

During rehearsal in the broadcasting studio. (Above right) With Fay when they were off on a short honeymoon at Atlantic City. That was July, 1931.



Culture Service

RUDY met and won Fay through his music—and lost her because of it. This is the final separation after two years of an off-again, on-again marriage. There's a problem behind this final splitup—a problem that every woman must face if she marries a man in the public eye, and one that every man, for that matter, must consider before he marries a famous woman.

I know that Rudy loved Fay very deeply. His popularity was at stake if he married, and he knew it. "You'll ruin your career," his friends warned him. "Your popularity is built on sex appeal. You're the idol of millions of love-struck girls, and you can't afford to have a wife." And with these words ringing in his ears, Rudy, for the first time in his life, was willing to place his career behind him.

A sacrifice like that can only be prompted by a sincere, genuine love. His popularity, I might add here and now, didn't wane one bit after his marriage, but that didn't alleviate the risk at the time he decided to say, "I do."

Rudy met Fay in Hollywood when he was making the picture "Vagabond Lover" back in 1929. He had been practically immune to girls until then. Oh, he went out with them—Mary Brian, Sally Blane and several other Hollywood ingenues, but never often enough to make serious gossip for the chatter writers. The memory of an ill-fated marriage with Leonie McCoy,

a woman older than himself, right after he had graduated from college, which ended in an annulment, made him a bit wary of a second try.

BUT he saw a lot of Fay when he was in California. Every day he wasn't working he was at the beach with her, and every night out stepping at the Coconut Grove. "Vagabond Lover" finished, he had to rush back to New York. There he burned the wires urging Fay to come to see him. Fay went for a short visit. When she returned home Rudy found that he was terribly lonely without her. She visited him again—and then sped back to the Coast in what seemed to him a remarkably short time. This long-distance courtship was making Rudy restless. There was only one way to keep her. So the third time she came to New York he married the girl.

He kept it secret for three days, but what a furor was created when he let the news out. The Great Crooner married! Immediately everyone was predicting two things: his professional suicide, and an imminent divorce. "I'll tell you a grand story later on about how the Vallee fans rallied around him, which repudiated the "professional suicide" scare. As for the "i m m i n e n t d i v o r c e," that was discredited as the usual prophecy that accompanies the marriage of a popular public figure.

At that time Rudy laughed off these rumors and protested, "I love Fay and Fay loves me. Nothing could ever separate us. I have several contracts to fill. I can't let down on my work, and the honeymoon will have to wait." The last sentence is the key to the Webb-Vallee splitup!

You must know Rudy and Fay a little better to understand it. There was Rudy, obsessed with ambition which shunted friends, social life and good times to the background. He was filling more engagements than ever before—radio, recordings, the George White "Scandals" or four-a-days at vaudeville houses, and a hotel spot every night until three in the morning. His days and nights were a continual whirl of madly tearing around to fill these engagements.

ON the other hand, here was Fay, a California girl, really a stranger in town. She had no friends there. Fay had been a very much sought-after girl, and was used to the attention and adulation of men. She was accustomed to having her slightest whims granted. When she once asked for a ring "like Norma Shearer's," Rudy promptly bought her an exquisite pear shaped diamond

that cost \$7,000. She expected Rudy to cater to her—to take her out to theatres, to night clubs and dinners. Instead, she found herself sitting home almost every night by herself, a radio widow.

She stood it about as long as she could, and then one day that lonely homesick spirit got the best of her, and she packed her bags and fled to her parents' home at the Coast.

Rudy was frantic. He couldn't follow her because of his work, but he sent his friends Ed Schueing and Judge Hyman Hushel down to see her and try to persuade her back to the family hearth. He phoned her at the Webb Santa Monica home, "Why did you run away? What was wrong?"

"I was lonely. I didn't have you to myself. You've got to choose between your ambitions and me," was her tearful ultimatum.

And Rudy chose her. He gave up a lucrative offer to play in the Park Central Hotel, he gave up his personal appearances at the Paramount theatres, and he gave up many other contracts that would have given him more money than most of us earn in a lifetime. Rudy and Fay were now going out together again, making up for all the fun they had missed.

BUT they were both intensely jealous of each other. Rudy, who

had "discovered" Frances Langford singing in a small Florida night club several years ago, was now managing the beautiful young blues singer.

"You must turn her over to somebody else," Fay insisted. "I don't want you to manage her any longer."

"Why, dear?" Rudy asked, puzzled. "She has lots of talent, and I'd like to see her get started on her radio career." But he turned his protegee over to Ken Dolan, his former manager. There were no grounds for Fay's jealousy, she merely acted like any apprehensive wife who demands that her husband fire his pretty secretary.

This jealousy was flamed into greater action, because Fay and Rudy were generally thousands of miles apart. Fay is a very delicate girl, and the New York climate is not agreeable to her. For the sake of her health she spent a large part of the year in warmer climates. Rudy could seldom be with her because his radio work kept him chained to the East. So you can imagine, being in opposite ends of the country, how their imaginations worked. Rudy formed a mental picture of Fay, his beautiful young wife, the center of a group of admiring men at the beach or night clubs. Fay saw her husband, the idol of the air, adored by a group of worshipping females.

When they got together, a clash (Continued on page 48)



Wife World

Fay isn't pining away. On this occasion she was being escorted by Jack Hartford, Hollywood broker. That's Pat de Cicco with them.

LIFE
SAVER!

(Right) Mr. Taylor, the Voice of Experience.
(Above) Some of the Voice's thirty-two aids
at work. Among them are a doctor of phi-
losophy, a physician and a lawyer.



The Voice of Experience can give advice because he himself has suffered

By WILSON BROWN

THE Voice of Experience took the letter that the post-man had just left and read it through twice. At the second reading, his hands trembled a bit.

"I shall be sitting beside my radio with a vial of poison in my fingers," the girlish handwriting said. "If you don't tell me what to do, I shall kill myself."

The letter bore no return address, no clue to its sender. It had come from somewhere in a great city. The man who is the Voice of Experience read it a third time. Should he answer the girl? Would an answer give her the help she needed to go on living? Would it save her life?

So many people have decided these last few desperate months that they no longer wish to live . . . that their strength is spent and their resources exhausted. So many times has the Voice of Experience given his counsel. And always, each new letter is a throbbing new problem.

That day, this man went to his broadcast with a vivid picture in his mind of a girl alone somewhere in the great city clutching a bottle of poison to her breast. Within, something screamed that he should call to this girl to drop the bottle, to forget suicide. Through the whole

broadcasting period, its urgent clamoring pressed at his throat. You or I, in that same spot, probably would have cried our warning to the four winds. The Voice of Experience talked only of faith and courage and those qualities of mind and heart that enable the weakest of us to raise our standards a little higher and valiantly carry on.

A PART of the time, he talked of himself—and with a valid reason. As a boy, he had studied music—piano and pipe organ—until he was capable of playing concertos. Growing up, he had chosen surgery for a career and spent his college years in preparation. Then, suddenly, the full life that had been almost within the grip of his fingertips was suddenly blasted away.

An automobile accident did it, crushing his left hands and fingers in thirty-two horrible places, making them forever unfit for either surgery or the piano, leaving him like a ship without anchor.

Picking up the scattered threads of his life, he turned to public speaking. Here was a field in which he had natural ability. Building carefully and slowly, he set anew about the business of a *(Continued on page 50)*

HE FEEDS THE FAMOUS



Harry Horlick, the leader of the A. & P. Gypsies.



The original Marine Café at the First Chicago World's Fair.



Frank Parker, the tenor of the A. & P. program.

Jolly, round, beaming—that's George Rector. The perfect example of the old truth that fat men are always goodnatured.

By CURTIS MITCHELL

If you like your plain groceries done up fancy, George Rector is the man for you.

And what a man. Round of face and body, with a spiked mustache that might have come right off the Rue de la Paix or Place Vendôme, he is the answer to Mrs. America's prayer for a French cook who can speak English.

George Rector is a French cook. He served in Franer's famous Café de Paris and Café de Marguery. He cooked for King Oscar of Sweden and was decorated by the French Government with the Croix du Lait for dishing up

a tasty ration called filet mignon Helester. But despite all that, despite the mustache and both its waxed points, he's as American as the Calabots, the Lowells, and Ladiges.

You can't figure it out, can you? Well, the story begins up on the Niagara River. . . .

But here is something you must know first. For two years, George Rector has been on the air with his "Our Daily Food" program for the A. & P. store. "Our Daily Food" has made him thousands of friends. His recipes and his stories have tickled both America's palate and funybone. This summer, for the first time since he

George Rector, of the "Our Daily Food" program, has stories to tell of the old days—the grand days which fascinate and intrigue. Read also about his appearance at the Chicago World's Fair this summer

began broadcasting, he is going to be able to meet and shake hands with the thousands who have written and listened to him. At the World's Fair in Chicago, that's where you'll find him. He'll be there with Harry Horlick and his Gypsies, and Frank Parker. If you're one of the lucky wanderers who will visit the exposition, you'll find the whole A. & P. air show plus George Rector and his recipes and his yarns of the good old days.

To George Rector, the good old days mean just one period, the years when Rector's was on Broadway. There was a restaurant. With Sherry's and Delmonico's, it led the great and near-great. Diamond Jim Brady, Lillian Russell, Sarah Bernhardt, and O'Heiry. If you had \$1.25, you could buy the best meal in the house.

THE original Rector's was in Chicago. Odd, isn't it, that George goes back there this summer in another World's Fair like the one held in 1893 at which his father ran the only restaurant? That was the Café Marine. If you are old enough, perhaps you sit there. Sea foods, only. How those sum-mamed Middle Westerners nattered at the crabs and lobsters and oysters that George's

father imported for the occasion.

Back in 1893, the Café Marine saw history made. In it, for the first time in public, a woman smoked a cigarette. The Princess Estelle of Spain . . . and just look what she started.

I've said that George is an American. His grandfather founded the Frontier House on the Niagara River long before newly-wells began to visit the famous falls. His guests and customers were trappers, hunters, Indian traders. George's French background came by accident . . . came when the honor of Rector's was threatened. That story begins with Diamond Jim Brady.

Diamond Jim! There was a man. He wore diamonds for shirt buttons, cuff links, suspender buttons, vest buttons, on the tip of his head pencil, and on his garters. His philosophy was this: "Them as has 'em, wears 'em."

He lived to eat and loved to be surrounded by beautiful women and entertaining men. Each night, he ordered covers laid for eight. If guests came, he was happy. If they didn't, he ate all eight dinners. During a meal, he always consumed a box of candy and drank a pitcher of orange juice. There was a sign for strangers to write home about. Diamond Jim and his victuals, a napkin tucked into his collar. Most polite folk wore their napkins on their laps, but not Mr. Brady. "A napkin on his lap," Rector remembers, "would have been as inadequate as a doily under a lawn mower."

Only one fly marred the enjoyment of Diamond Jim's pleasure. During one of his trips abroad, he had tasted a French sauce named Marguery (Continued on page 44)

GOODBYE, LOVE

By JOHN
SKINNER

Welcome thought love was a beautiful thing. But she found it a hell of torture and suffering—torture and suffering because the man she loved—and who loved her—was hopelessly, eternally jealous.

"I'll never get married again. I think only of my career." That's what Welcome Lewis says. Coldblooded, selfish? But Welcome came by this philosophy only after years of bitter heartbreak

WOMEN whose sacrifices in married life have led in check the urge which could drive them onward to success and fame, will find something unutterably tragic, yet completely understandable in Welcome Lewis when she says, "I'll never get married again. I think only of my career."

Yet these women, wise in the ways of life because they know there are sweet compensations for the bitter draughts of marriage, might ask the radio singer, "Why do you say that? What is it that has put you beyond the pale of love and tenderness of a home and family? Can it be evidence that you think more of your career and yourself than of love and its sacrifices?"

Welcome would not answer this question. She doesn't respond that way. She is one of the pets of the studios, yet many feel that a certain hardness lies behind the laughter of her eyes and lips. But no matter what they say or think, she won't talk about it. That's the kind of girl she is.

But there are three families in the United States which, were they aware of such insipidities, would rise fiercely to defend this determined little singer. "You're wrong," they'd say. "All of you are wrong. You have no right to say such things about her. You don't know the true Welcome Lewis."

These three families must go unnamed. You will understand why when I tell you what impels them to champion her when accusations rise to say that she has thrust aside love in her efforts for a great career.

WE might stroll quietly into her beautiful home in a Westchester suburb of New York City and watch her as she sits at her desk. She has forgotten for the moment, the pen in her hand. What causes the serious, rather sad, look on the countenance of this diminutive creature—the girl who has so much?

She has so many things which should make her happy, she thinks. Her house is charming, filled with beautiful things, arranged with quiet taste. There is a lawn and a gar-

den. The touch of country is quiet and restful after the hard days and nights in the studio. It is a cool and refreshing retreat from the glitter and glamor of Radio Row. What, then, is there lacking?

It isn't money. She has worked hard and with her success has come financial recompense in great measure. She has countless friends about the studios. There are the parties which are the life of any radio star, so that she does not lack social distraction. There seems to be everything.

But wait. What of that great essential in a home—someone to love, someone whose misfortunes and successes you share as he shares yours?

Perhaps that is it. But she can never marry again. She must think only of her career. Never again can she expose herself to such an experience as she once had. A bitter attitude perhaps. A hard point of view. And yet, what is success but hollowness if you could not share it with someone?

To the world, she is a gay, hardworking artist, who deserves her stardom. To herself, she is a little pathetic when she thinks of her incapability of manifesting the love she feels has been killed within her.

Her mind goes back a few years, and sees a woman hardly more than a girl, wandering along the path of a Hollywood park.

THE tears in the eyes of the girl paled blurred colors from the moonbeams which stroked her gently as she walked unseeing along the pathway. It seemed to her that she had been walking for hours. Exhausted, the pretty, diminutive creature dropped wearily to a bench by a flower bed, longing for all the world like one of the blossoms beside her, crushed by a rude and selfish foot.

Love had captured her when she was sixteen and marriage had caught her up in its toils. Now she was twenty-one, broken and disillusioned. Why could no one have warned the innocent, trusting girl she had been? Why had no one told her that her beauty and attractiveness would make her the victim of that dragon which relentlessly destroys so many unions—unbridled jealousy?

At first it had given her a feeling of security when her husband had sheltered her so closely from the outer world. To her uninitiated mind, it had seemed the wisest to protect women, natural in finer men.

But soon it became a little bewildering to walk along the street, to glance at a passing man, and at that moment feel the grip of her husband's hand on her arm, and his fierce whisper in her ear, "You're flirting."

"But I'm not," she would protest. "You know that I love you. I can't help looking if a man has a funny walk or a crazy suit or a friendly smile."

"Yes, that's it. That's it. Call it a friendly smile. I know the kind of friendly smile you provoke from men."

"Oh, but you're unfair."

He had never seemed to think so. He'd never admit it. Her life became a torture of uncertainty. She never knew when his words of jealous reproach would lash down on her. As a nation. (Continued on page 50)



Hubby George Olsen and his band meeting wife Ethel Shuffa at Grand Central. She'd been vacationing. The boys wore their false whiskers away and played Cherman tunes off key.

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

WILL ROGERS has done a lot to brighten up our Sunday night broadcasts. His nine o'clock chats from Washington, New York, and Hollywood have kept more people at home than Morris chairs and bedroom slippers. As this is written, he is scheduled to leave the air in a few weeks. Possibly, he may consent to talk on through the summer. Certainly, all America hopes so.

In Will's own words, this is the story of how he happened to go on the air.

"Here is how this rough and tumble broadcastin' thing came about. The Gulf Oil Company kept wantin' me to litter up the microphone with some Oklahoma grammar. Now Amos 'n' Andy, Jack Pearl, Wynne, Vallee or Cantor have never had any cause to be jealous of me in their industry, but I did want to make a contribution to

a couple of good causes that had done such fine work durin' our earthquake and I didn't have the dough to do it with, so Mrs. Rogers figured it out, as she does most of the other things. She says, 'You got the wind to do it,' so she figured out how I could do it with just talk, which I would be doin' for nothin' anyhow to anybody. I could bend up and make listen to me, so I am to preach for seven Sundays, and the Gulf Company is to take all the money and send half of it to the Red Cross and the other half to the Salvation Army. Both to be used for Unemployment Relief. So I got nothin' to lose in the transaction but my voice and I never lost it yet. The only rate I see can lose is the Gulf Company, that is if they don't sell enough gas to pay for the gas they bought from me. So soon as I get through they will mail the checks. Don't thank me, thank the Gulf



Charles Corliss, CBS tenor, did the proper thing on Mother's Day. Yes, that's his mother, Mrs. Lily Corliss, on Central Falls, R. I., to see her famous young 'un.

Gracie Allen returned from Hollywood in the baggage car, disguised as a trunk. Wore a huge baggage check, she did, so George Burns would be able to identify her.

Company or better still, thank the listeners. 'They will be the sufferers.'

All of Will's pay checks, in case you haven't heard, have gone to charity. Which nominates him, doesn't it, as Radio's Grandest Guy?

RUBINOFF is one hundred dollars richer. Before Eddie Cantor went off the air, he bet Rubinoff \$100 that he (Rubinoff) wouldn't have the nerve to talk over the air. Not long ago, Rubinoff was in Raleigh, N. C. Happening into a radio station, he was invited to talk. When the mike was adjusted to the right height, his first

words were, "Are you listening, Eddie? If you are, you owe me one hundred bucks."

CARVETH WELLS, the explorer who reaches you via the NBC web, sends us a new story from Africa. "A bold and fearless big game hunter went onto the bush after a kill. After a long and tiresome stalk, he thought he saw a fine pair of horns rising out of the waist-high grass. Aiming carefully, he pulled the trigger and dashed forward with a cry of triumph. When he reached the grass, he discovered his own motorcycle, with a huge bull's horn blown through the gasoline tank."

STUDIO ANTIQUES: James Melton holds his ear when he broadcasts. . . . Scrappy Lambert puts on his new glasses. . . . Jack Parker's upper lip perspires. . . . Jessica Dragon

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



Al Mitchell, who plays for Everett Marshall's tenoring among other things, was visited recently at the studio by Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels of Hollywood fame.



This is Snooney. Know Snooney? She's the goofy damsel of the Five Star Theatre program and the Kickers' Club. The lady's real name is Barbara Blair.



This is Ted Bergman, who acts so dumb and is so smart. He is the zany who makes you laugh on the Best Foods Musical Grocery Store program.

ette looks straight into the mike as if she would hypnotize it . . . Gus Haenschen puts his tie in his belt like a dash.

GRACE MOORE'S is the rich voice you've been hearing on the summer Chesterfield program. It's her first big radio job. All her life, though, she has been singing. In the Tennessee hills, at first. Then at the Black Cat restaurant, one of Greenwich Village's atmospheric spots. In Schubert shows. And the Metropolitan Opera House. Probably, if you're a picture fan, you saw her opposite Lawrence Tibbett in "The New Moon."

ANN is telling the world she's not engaged to be married. But not a soul believes her. Ann, you don't know, is one of the Neil Sisters who do their soft and syrupy singing from Chicago with Phil Baker.

Some time ago, Lucille, oldest of the sisters, was doing a lot of denying. When she had said some sixty times that she was not engaged, she married the guy—Earl Lawrence, arranger and accompanist for the trio. Next, Gwyneth declared the sound of wedding bells were all out to her. But within a week or so, she married Dick Teele, NBC staff announcer.

And now, Ann complains because no one believes her.

TOM HOWARD, chief grocery thrower of the Musical Grocery Store, has a home in Rumson, N. J., that sometimes causes neighborly complaints. Tom owns six radios and is so afraid he'll miss something, he keeps them all going at once.

GENE and Glenn, you'll be glad to know, have re-joined with WJAW. That's the team that gives you Jake and Lena, those watery voiced comics.

THIS tamale tenor called Senor Ortiz Tirado you've heard via NBC, it turns out, is one of this continent's most famous physicians. Ortiz Tirado is a Mexican doctor with a huge practice in the southern republic. Part of his work consists of conducting clinics for the poor. This takes money. Which is why Senor Tirado sings now for the NBC. He is earning money to conduct his free clinics back in Mexico City.

THE Columbia Broadcasting System is doing what it can, our scouts report, to curral the heavyweight market. Not long ago, they started that new program called Jack Dempsey's Gymnasium. Then they re-signed Kate Smith and Aunt Jemima, both 200 pounders, and added Mildred Bailey, another stylish stout.

THEY'RE telling this on Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer. Tracy spent several days last spring visiting the training camp of Max Schmeling. One afternoon, Der Maxie invited Art to put on the gloves with him. Art agreed, tied the mittens about his wrists, and got in the ring. Maxie took one swing and missed, but the breeze from it stirred something in Arthur. With a wild cry, he spun about, vaulted the ropes, and vanished in a cloud of dust. Hereafter, Art avows, he'll stick to street singing.

BEN BERNIE has gone into the construction business. He's erected a jerrit on the shore of Lake Michigan where he and all the lads will weave their musical net this summer for unwary visitors to Chicago and its World's Fair. The place's official name is the Blue Ribbon Casino but Ben's friends are calling it "The House that Ben Built."

B. A. Rolfe is a man who likes his music fast. In a test the other night, he led his forty-piece orchestra

Tom Howard makes the nights awful at his country home town

THE LOVE STORY OF MARY AND JACK BENNY

By KATHERINE ALBERT



Mary at about six years of age. It wasn't so long after this that she had her first encounter with Jack. That encounter which he later remembered with some embarrassment.



ONCE UPON A TIME, JACK BENNY GOT UP AND WALKED RIGHT OUT OF THE HOUSE WHERE HE WAS VISITING—BECAUSE THE PEOPLE THERE BORED HIM! LITTLE DID HE KNOW—

THEIR meeting was one of the strangest in all radio history—the meeting of Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone. If they had never believed in fate before the curious chain of circumstances that led up to that forgotten encounter, it should convince them of the weird workings of destiny.

Here is what happened:

Jack was playing the Orpheum Circuit in Vancouver, British Columbia, with the Marx Brothers. Zeppo Marx had friends in the city and, one night, asked Jack to accompany him to their house.

"Not interested," Jack said. "Just ordinary people bore me. I like folks who talk my language. What do these people know about the theatre?"

But Zeppo insisted. Jack had nothing else to do and presently he discovered himself in an average household, among people who talked of average, commonplace things and knew nothing of the theatrical world. Just the host and hostess wouldn't have been so bad. They were nice enough—but those kids! Jack couldn't stand those kids.

And this is Mr. Benny at the doddering age of seven whole years. Romance in those days meant little indeed to Mr. Benny. As a matter of fact, his chief interest in life was probably marbles and ice cream.



The little daughters sat at his feet and gazed up at him. "How does it feel to be an actor, Mr. Benny?" they asked. "Are you ever scared on the stage before all those people? How long does it take you to learn your speeches?" Etc., etc. Well, you know how girls like that go on.

Answering in monosyllables did not quell their enthusiasm for digging deep into an actor's soul. And finally Jack could stand it no longer. He jumped up from the chair and said to Zeppo, "I told you not to bring me to this place!" And before the startled family could open their mouths he had gone.

It was an incident that Jack soon forgot. To him his action was justifiable. He didn't want to go in the first place, the little girls had driven him crazy with their incessant questions and the talk had bored him. So there was nothing left for him to do but to take a walk-out powder.

And then one day, years later, his wife, Mary Livingston (whose voice you know so well on those Chevrolet

programs in which she works with Jack) told him that she was one of the curious little girls who had questioned him in Vancouver so much to his annoyance.

WHEN she first told him about it Jack was stunned and incredulous and then he laughed and Mary laughed and she gave an imitation of him that night, stalking out of the house, and he gave an imitation of her asking him dumb questions. And that is why their marriage has been so successful and why O. O. McIntyre once called them "the perfect couple." They know how to laugh.

Those two, who are so crazy about each other, have an untangling system to stop quarrels. They possess a magic key that puts the padlock on bickerings. The key is laughter. Jack and Mary have found that you can't laugh and quarrel at the same time. And I'll show you, by telling you of a couple of scenes that actually happened in the Benny household just how this system works.

Once Mary was reading a (Continued on page 36)

MICROPHONE

Peggy loved Pat utterly. And when she saw the daughter of the wealthy manufacturer taking an interest in Pat, she almost wished—



By PETER DIXON

PEGGY and Pat decided to crash the radio field in New York. And why not? Back home they'd been pretty big time. It seemed so easy to reject the performance in New York.

They came. Just the two of them. They were in love. Yet couldn't afford to marry yet. So they came together to the big city. Each one could trust the other. And their love was just as pure and decent as if they were surrounded by eagle-eyed chaperons.

At the National Broadcasting Studios they found it wasn't awfully easy to get an audition. There seemed to be a lot of waiting to be done. But there was no help for it.

"Well, we've got the audition at last," Pat said at dinner that evening.

But Pat— not until two weeks from now. And suppose—just suppose—we aren't any good. Our money will be almost gone by that time and then what will we do?"

Pat looked long at the sweet-faced girl across the table. Her face was very serious and there was a tiny frown on her forehead—but even so Peggy was altogether adorable. "Peggy," he said, "If we get married, we can cut our expenses considerably."

Peggy shook her head.

"No," she said. "Not until we actually make good. We've talked that over so many times." Seeing that Pat was ready to argue the question, she hastily changed the subject. "Look. Isn't that Norman Brokenshire just

coming in?" she asked, to divert Pat.

Pat looked across the small restaurant. It was the tall, slightly plump Brokenshire, grinning and nodding to acquaintances.

The boy and girl had selected this restaurant on the ground floor of the Columbia Broadcasting System building just to get a little closer to big time radio. Here, someone had told them, one could see many of the important Columbia stars.

"We might even meet some of them," Pat told Peggy. So far they hadn't met any of the radio folks but they had recognized many of them. They hadn't been sure of Fred Allen who came in with his lovely wife, Portland Hoffs, until they heard him speak. It was the same nasal drawl they had heard so many Sunday nights. Harry Von Zell, one of the CBS crack announcers, looked even younger than his pictures and the diction-medal-winning David Ross of the romantic voice was surprisingly small.

There were four men at a table in a corner, apparently telling stories, for there was much laughter. One of the men had been looking at them occasionally. Peggy noticed, as if he had met them somewhere. His face was familiar.

Finally he walked over to their table.

"Aren't you people from Oklahoma?" he asked.

Pat looked up.

"Yes," he said. "From Tulsa. Didn't we meet you—"

The man grinned. A nice, friendly grin.

MAGIC!

Even though Peggy was leaving with the famous Budd of Stoopnagle and Budd, she was horribly conscious of the way in which that rich girl was looking at Pat.



Illustrated by Jack Welch

"I thought so," he said. "I'm Budd Hulick. We met at a party at Glenn Condon's place in Tulsa when we were out there a year ago."

Peggy remembered the occasion instantly. Budd of Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd! They had been guests of honor at that party. There had been scores of people there and she and Pat had barely spoken to Hulick. Yet he remembered them. That was a good sign.

"What are you doing in New York? On the air here?" Budd asked.

Pat briefly explained. He added that he and Peggy hoped to get an audition at Columbia as well as NBC. Budd looked serious for a moment.

"I don't believe they are giving many auditions up-stairs," he said. "Wish I could help you. Say—wait a minute. Why don't you show up at the Nut Club tonight?"

PEGGY'S face asked for an explanation of the Nut Club. "It's a crazy night club down in Greenwich Village," Budd said. "This is Thursday night and there are usually a lot of radio people down there. It's a good place to meet people. I'll probably be there and I'll introduce you to any folks who can help you." He started to leave.

"Excuse me. Have to match the Colonel for our dinner. But I'll see you there, won't I? After eleven o'clock?" And he nodded a goodbye.

As far as Pat was concerned. (Continued on page 38)



BACKSTAGE WITH

Come along! We're going to visit the Old Gold program. To meet Fred Waring. And Mandy Lou. To hear some grand music. All set?

FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS!

There's a name that shoots streaks of color through your mind. Pictures of lean young men leaping from their seats, forming designs, marching up and down stage, blowing their bloom'ing heads off all the while. Somebody once called them America's greatest Jumping Jack band. And they are—when they're on the stage.

But today, they're in a studio. And we're visiting them. If you've come expecting to see their stage shenanigans repeated, put it out of your mind. High school hi-jinks don't go over the air. Not without television. And this is a broadcast. Old Gold's broadcast, "in your honor," as David Ross solemnly assures us each Wednesday eventide. Over eighty stations of the Columbia network, it goes. The biggest back-up yet for a regular weekly program.

Look around. We're within minutes of going on the air. This is Columbia's biggest New York studio. The Pennsylvanians take up half the room and leave the rest for us. But tonight they're not in their usual compact arrangement—massed under the baton of their leader. Tonight they're spread à la studio style—trumpets and trombones backed up against the rear-most wall to keep their brass throats from overwhelming the softer saxes

and strings. Engineers have been working with them, moving them here and there, until they've got a balance that is sweet and lively.

Look! Here comes David Ross, gold-medal announcer and poetry reader. Ex-newsboy and agricultural student, he's turned into America's smoothest-speaking southsayer. Shorter than average, wearing spats, his hair bristling backwards off his high forehead, he's a man to look at twice.

JUST now, he glances at the clock, at the hand that creeps toward the 10:00 p. m. mark. Fred Waring steps on the little box before his orchestra that word-wise guys call a podium. A man in a tuxedo comes through a door, a stop-watch in his hand, and an anxious expression on his face. Ross moves toward a mike.

And what a mike. It's the little brown box let down on a wire from the ceiling—brown box about the size of a flat can of shoe polish. It's a new type, sensitive as an exposed nerve, and so small that

By OGDEN
MAYER

FRED WARING'S
PENNSYLVANIAN'S

it's a very timid performer who lets it give him "mike fright."

Heads up! That loud-speaker swung above the control room window is rattling into life. The noise settles into words . . .

"But Gracie, that isn't possible . . ."

"Oh, George. There you go again."

George Burns and Gracie Allen are concluding their program in Hollywood. The studio suddenly becomes tense, electric. You can hear your own heart beat. Ross stands half-crouching, a sheaf of papers in his upraised right hand. Waring is on his box, arms outstretched.

The loudspeaker booms the network cue that permits every individual station to announce its call letters. Twenty seconds later, the engineer beyond that window (you can just see his eyes above the top of his instrument board) closes a little switch.

On the opposite page, Fred directing the orchestra. [Below] David Ross, Bob Melia and Mandy Lou. [Below, right] Maestro Waring on the piano, Babs Ryan, Tom Waring, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane and Paley McClintock, who is known as the frog-voiced boy.

And we're on the air. Even before David Ross says a word, you can feel the difference. Muscles ease and nerves slacken. We breathe deeply to Ross' words:

"We welcome you on behalf of Old Gold."

Violin bows stroke downward, saxes intible and cry, the brasses hammer the air with the program's theme song. A moment later, Ross talks again into that little brown can. We can't hear him, for the studio is full of music, but we can almost sense the words as he stands, his left hand at his ear, the better to hear his own voice.

"Smooth . . . soothing music, typifying America's smoothest cigarette . . . light a smooth Old Gold and let the mellow smoke, the mirth, and the melodies smooth away the cares of the day."

The music flares up and fades softly to silence. Ross says, "Ladies and gentlemen, the makers of Old Gold cigarettes present Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians."

AND the boys of the band go to town. Hear them. Hey! Hey! Listen to the tap-tap of feet all around you. Studio visitors are human, they've gotta pat their feet when those Pennsylvanians unleash their music. Waring's Pennsylvanians! (Continued on page 49)



HE WAS RADIO'S SPOILED BOY



James Melton and Marjorie McClure, his wife. He met her at a party where he had been asked to sing. They fell in love at once, but—



It's wonderful to be confident. But when one becomes too confident, overconfident—well, read about James Melton

By BLAND MULHOLLAND

JIMMY MELTON was the kind of boy you couldn't help liking. Aside from the fact that he was tall, broad-shouldered and handsome, he was as exuberant as a pup, as infectiously happy as a healthy baby. And when he poured liquid notes into a microphone millions of hearts wept and laughed with the sadness and joy of his song.

If you liked Jimmy, you'd have fallen in love with Marjorie McClure. As a matter of fact that's precisely what Jimmy did—fell in love with her strong, comely features, her gold-blown hair, her clear bright eyes, her grace of carriage and charm of manner.

Now whether Marjorie knew when she married the successful young tenor, that black days were ahead I don't know, but I'm sure it wouldn't have made the slightest difference.

If she had heard the old trouper's of the studios say, "Success has gone to his head. He'll fall so hard he'll never get up," she gave no sign. I doubt that she heard it, for it she had known that he was too successful, that adulation had turned him into the spoiled boy of radio she might have realized that trouble was ahead.

But it's more important for you to know something few people do: that when the crisis did come, she played her part like the true woman and wife she was.

Jim had always had to fight for a career. His father himself a singer, knew the heartaches and wearying paths of a professional singer's life. Melton senior would expect no son of his to such. (Continued on page 42)



ALL AROUND THE DIAL

1. Comic Ed Wynn helps along a charity organization by buying a cute puppy [Wide World]. 2. Armida, the cute Latin-American lass who has been in both vaudeville and the movies, now can be heard over the air every Sunday at 2.45 p.m.—Columbia network. 3. Meet Mrs. Jack Osterman, of "The Sunday Matinée of the Air." Yes, she plays his wife in their sketches, too. 4. Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, who, by letting loose of their lovely voices, help put over Fred Waring and his orchestra. 5. "Giggling Gerlie." In private life she is Elvia Alliman. NBC network, 7:30, Mon., Wed., and Sat. 6. Irene Franklin, whose fame in vaudeville was tremendous, comes to you over NBC Wednesday and Friday evening. 7. The Sisters of the Skillet revolt against Marlene Dietrich's adoption of trousers and decide that baseball should be played in these fetching outfits. Isn't the headgear attractive? 8. Jesse Crawford autographs a record for a fan while in London [Wide World]. 9. Joe Luger, whose saxophone antics are heard over WLW. 10. Bing Crosby arriving in Hollywood, where he'll make another picture [Wide World].

WHAT RADIO DID



Here is the only man who ever went from radio into the Metropolitan opera. And there's a fascinating story



By CLYDE RICHARDSON

THE tide has turned. With the signing of Nino Martini by the Metropolitan Opera Company for its leading tenor roles during the 1933-34 season, that yammering swarming clothed hulk called Radio grew up. When Nino Martini came to this country from the soft warmth of his own Italy he had no mention of becoming a mite-post marking the progress of broadcasting. His only concern was his own voice and a place somewhere near the top of the heap.

But, today, Radio is filling the air with buzzes and hurrahs. Figuratively, there is dancing in the streets and red fire lighting the minkiness of Radio Row. All because as we've said, the "Met" has just signed up Radio's own Nino Martini.

It came about thus: Remember back a half dozen years. I can recall newspaper stories that told how this or that famous diva or baritone would never sing over the air. Those were proud folk, those silver-throated favorites of the opera. To them, radio was a step-child. Something cheap. Would they send their golden voices through the little black box, No! A thousand "No's!"

But one by one, they did. Radio and its wealth lured them into broadcasting studios. . . and discovered that

their voices in general made only indifferent radio fare. And those who were the least successful on the air proclaimed in the loudest tones that a real artist could never sing for the broadcasters.

And now we come to Nino Martini.

AS a child, Nino sang soprano parts in churches of Verona in his native Italy. The Campo Fiera, which houses the legendary tomb of Romeo and Juliet, was his playground, and he spent many an evening there, guitar in hand, singing before the mosaic-lit hier of Shakespeare's tragic lovers. When still in his teens, Martini was heard by Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Gay, both outstanding operatic stars of their day, and the pair that discovered Lily Pons. So impressed were they with young Nino's voice that they invited him to live with them in the combined relationship of son and apprentice.

It was then that Nino learned that the life of a serious vocalist was a life of constant training, not much different from that of a crack athlete. He was placed under the most careful supervision, arising at 6 o'clock in the morning to exercise and vocalize. First, the simpler folk melodies and popular songs of Italy were taught him, and his voice was carefully developed until it was firm and resonant.

FOR NINO MARTINI



[Above] As he appeared in an early talkie he made. [Left] As the Duke in "Rigoletto." It was this rôle which made him famous. [Further left, on opposite page] As he looks today. He is still under thirty. [Extreme left] As a gondolier in the talkie, "Moonlight Romance."

Always, the goal held ahead of him was the opera. In Italy, nothing compares with it. It's heroes are national heroes; it's heroines are beautiful beyond compare. To this, Nino aspired with all the hunger and earnestness of youth. In his mind burned two words. . . . Some day some day.

His diet was similar to that of a champion pugilist. Everything which might impair the purity of his voice was taboo—no tobacco, no liquor, no spicy or irritating foods—not even ice cold drinks. Special chest and throat exercises were prescribed, and he was taken to hear the greatest Italian artists. At eight o'clock in the evening, he was to bed!

His first opera performance was as the Duke in "Rigoletto." Imagine him, an almost hairless boy, plus the Duke. He managed it so successfully that a rival in presario signed him to star in "I Puritani."

PROBABLY you don't know about "I Puritani." When Martini was signed for it, it had not been produced in Italy for seventy years. Why? For the very good reason that Italy had no singer who could sing it. In "I Puritani" there is a song that soars aloft to the highest note ever written for a tenor. (Continued on page 48)

INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) Colonel Stoepnagle and henchman Budd show the proper manner in which "Shufflin' Off to Buffalo" should be stepped. Such grace! (Right) "Do you think you could bid this hand better?" asks little Jane Ace of the carved Laughing Buddha in the Chinese Loma Temple, at the Chicago Exposition.

Clayton Kopp



(Left) After all, it takes two really serious performers like Jack Pearl and Fannie Brice to portray romance with all the artistry and poetry it really needs. Yet, quite. (Above) Ann, Lucille, and Gwyneth with Phil Baker cantering through Coney Island. That man imitating a hog is "Bottle."

Clayton Kopp



Stoepnagle and Budd; Janey Ace; Jack Pearl and others in informal moments

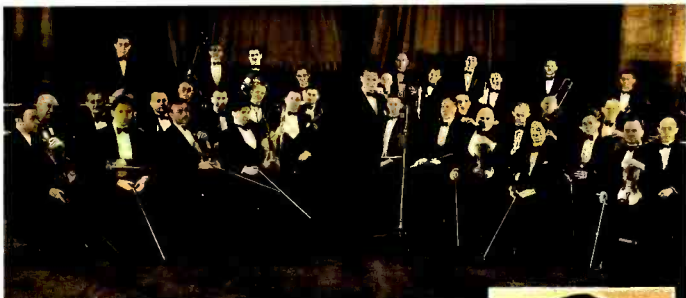
OF YOUR FAVORITES

(Below) Nick Dawson, the leading man of "The Magic Voice" cast, gives Elsie Hitz a welcome handshake as she is wheeled into the studio for the first time after leaving the hospital. She had a bad case of scarlet fever, you know. (Left) Ted Husing in the cockpit of the plane in which he's learning to fly.



(Above) Now who an earth can this smiling chap be? It must be Ed Wynn the Fire Chief. Or maybe Eddie Cantor. What? It isn't either of those? Well, then, who is it? (Right) Kate Smith is demonstrating those famous Virginia caves. Or, come to think of it, maybe she's singing.

Phil Baker and his company have fun. Elsie Hitz's triumphant return to the studio



He played his way out of prison . . . !

By HAL ROGERS

During his darkest hours, his violin came miraculously to the rescue of Victor Young



Victor has forgotten—luckily—those awful days in Russia when the inside of a prison was as familiar to him as the inside of his apartment is today.

TWICE Victor Young has been a prisoner of war. Twice he has played his way out with his violin.

Here is a man you should know. You should meet him and experience the energy in his short, spare body and hear the restless tumult of his words as he tells the story of his amazing career in War-time Russia and Poland. Dinky prisons . . . labor battalions . . . black bread and coffee . . . panic-stricken refugees and night horizons turned blood-red by the explosions of German Big Berthas. Victor has lived through all that. His memories out-flame the most lurid novels. It's a pity that radio doesn't bring you his words as well as his orchestra's magic melodies.

Of course, you've heard him. Just now he directs his own program on Friday nights for Pond's and accompanies James Melton several times a week. Previously, he had played with the Mills Brothers and such old-time favorites as the Studebaker Champions, Atwater-Kent, and Goodyear hours.

Yes, Victor Young has lived and is living. High, wide, and handsome in the tempo of the mad music that he plays. Never in bed before three o'clock in the morning, with offices in a trio of office buildings, he thrives on the dead life is giving him. Once, though, it was far, far different.

Go back with him a dozen and five years. To Russia where he was studying music. In the safety of far-away

Chicago, his birthplace, people little knew that war-torn Russia was seething with spies and secret agents and hidden, nervous unrest.

Victor knew it. It had been told him all too forcibly by a departing American consul. "Get out of the country or the United States cannot guarantee your safety."

Victor said, "I'll think about it."

HE thought about it, and decided to stay. Here, he was learning and earning a little money as a member of a string trio. Back home, he could learn nothing new. So, he stayed—and was clapped into prison before you could say thank-you-ma'am.

Victor calls it a misunderstanding. One of those things that you can just about after it has slipped into memory's background. But then . . . well, Russians have a reputation for savage, ruthless acts. Consideration of prisoners-of-war is no part of their make-up. The Russian government had ordered Victor to join its troops at the front and he, standing on his rights as an American citizen, had refused. So into the dungeons he went while weary officers began what they called an "investigation."

You can imagine what happened. Papers passed from office to office, got lost, were forgotten. What cared the Russians who were fighting with their backs to the wall that a spunky young American with a fiddle under his arm had been thrust wrongfully (Continued on page 41)

MUSIC ON PARADE

THE BAND BOX

By DANNY TOWNE

DICK MANSFIELD, whose music hits the air via CBS's kilocycles, is reputed to be the only leader who conducts with a guitar. One of his boasts is that he has the best looking band in New York. Dick himself, 23 years old, six feet tall, with Auburn hair and brown eyes, is his own best reason for making the claim.

In case you are feeling frolicsome, don't make the mistake of causing trouble on Happy Felton's dance floor. Happy was a gridiron star for Georgia Tech and was chosen All-American tackle in 1925 by Walter Camp. He handles pigskins, violins, or unruly visitors with the same expert touch. Don't say we didn't warn you.

Have you heard "Smoke Rings"? Victor Young, whose picture and story are on the opposite page, predicts for it a fame equal to "Stormy Weather." Better buy that copy.

Phonograph records are selling again. And all on account of beer. The recording companies tell us that

All the latest news and gossip about those bright boys who lead the fascinating dance orchestras on the air



(Left) Ozzie Nelson, Handsome? (Right) Abe Lyman and Eddie Duchin get together with their orchestras for a baseball game. Eddie's side won.



(Right) Hal Kemp, the lad whose orchestra's rhythm is one of the best for dancing. He's heard, of course, over the CBS.



to Arms," and "Darkness on the Delta." New York likes "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "Just an Echo," "Farewell to Arms," "Have You Ever Been Lonely," "Try a Little Tenderness," and "In the Valley of the Moon."

Los Angeles is going for "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "Just an Echo," "Farewell to Arms," "I'll Take an Option on You," "Remember Me," and "42nd Street."

the working man's lager inspires a yen for dreamy waltzy rhythms, and in consequence any number of restaurants are installing the automatic record playing machines that operate on the jitney-in-a-slot principle. We thought you'd like to know.

Make a list of your six favorite spring songs. Then check them against the list recently published by "Variety." In Chicago, the favorites rank in this order: "Just an Echo in the Valley," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "In the Valley of the Moon," "42nd Street," "Farewell

to Arms," and "Darkness on the Delta." New York likes "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "Just an Echo," "Farewell to Arms," "Have You Ever Been Lonely," "Try a Little Tenderness," and "In the Valley of the Moon."

News—news—news! Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians are back on a three-a-week schedule of sustaining broadcasts over the Columbia Broadcasting System. That means sweet and low music just thrice as often as we have been able to get it before.

Just in case you feel push, weird and dreamy. Another good one is "Gypsy (Continued on page 48)

Have you heard the Casa Loma record of "Blue Prelude"? It recently won an orchid from Walter Winchell who calls this the pashiest, weirdest, and dreamiest tune since "Mood Indigo."

Just in case you feel push, weird and dreamy. Another good one is "Gypsy (Continued on page 48)

Album

There's always a
lucky fan at Irvin
Cobb's talks

WHEN you listen to Irvin S. Cobb (and the "S" stands for Shrewsbury) on his Gulf Refining Company series Wednesdays and Fridays over the Columbia network, you can be sure that some lucky fan who has been admitted into the studio to witness the broadcast is the person to whom Cobb is really talking.

He's funny that way. He doesn't read his lines, but talks ad lib, as they say. For that reason he wants someone visible to talk to; so when he steps to the mike, he looks around until his eye spots a nice looking and interested listener and then talks to her. If his chats sound unusually real to you, that's the reason. He's talking to millions through one.

Cobb has always been a comic—most of the time without a visible audience. When he wrote a joke, it spread far and wide in newspapers and magazines but not once did the reader's laugh ever come back to Irvin's ears. Radio has changed that. Now he insists on an audience; insists on talking to one person in it so he can get the feel of his humor as it hits the funnybones of his listeners.

Cobb has led an exciting life. Starting in Paducah, Kentucky, in 1876, the son of a tobacco warehouseman, he went to school just long enough to dislike algebra and first year Latin. Driving an ice wagon and delivering newspapers got him money for expenses.

By his seventeenth birthday, his friends and neighbors were calling him, "Cobb, that funny kid." And papers



were printing his stories and magazines were inquiring about him. Inevitably he set his eyes on New York and took a train East.

Within a year he had made the grade. One of Manhattan's greatest newspapers hired him as its humor editor. When the World War came, he rushed abroad and represented the *Saturday Evening Post* at the front. After the Armistice, America wanted to know about the war, so he began to lecture up and down the country until he had appeared in practically every state in the Union.

Cobb is one of those men you have to see to believe. Carrying most of his considerable weight amiably, wearing horn-rimmed glasses and smoking a long black stogie, he is one of the sights of the city. Once in a while, to escape the relentless strain of being a public personage he flees to a hideaway run by an old friend. There, in magnificent solitude, he smokes and thinks and eats chili con carne. The hideaway is a chili joint, you see.

Album

Gertrude Niesen
was born aboard
a steamer

NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD Gertrude Niesen first saw the light of day on the Atlantic Ocean. She was born on shipboard while her parents were returning to this country after a European visit. Having an ocean voyage for a first birthday gift is most unusual, but Miss Niesen is an unusual girl. Her climb has been steady. A nation now listens when this young singer and impersonator steps to a Columbia microphone three times a week on her own individual program.

This girl with the bangs has gone over like a bang. While a student in Brooklyn Heights Seminary, she went to New York City to see a show featuring Lyla Roberti. Gertrude when home, imitated Miss Roberti, and amazed her family. She went to a party, did more imitations and amazed more people. Then, without the knowledge of her parents, she looked up a booking agent, sang for him, and got a vaudeville job with Joe Taylor at \$100 per week. "I Surrender, Dear" was one of her first songs.

Later she appeared in various theatres, working with Roger Wolfe Kahn's band and in the Passing Show. Then came her big moment. She succeeded her ideal, Miss Roberti, with Holtz when the former went west to appear in the movies. (Miss Roberti, by the way, was Eddie Cantor's leading lady in "The Kid From Spain," his newest picture). This was the making of the youthful and attractive Brooklyn girl. Good looks, good talents, and good luck were hers.

Her first microphone appearance was made over a local New York station a year ago, while her first broadcast over a network recently was with Rudy Vallee's program.

Singing at a supper club opening brought Gertrude her initial recognition of real radio importance. Columbia Artists' Bureau officials were present at the club opening and a contract for the "future star" was the result. And Gertrude went on the air.

Sometimes Gertrude is called the 1933 "torch" singer. You've probably heard her at 6:30 on Thursday and 10:15 on Saturday evenings. incidentally, if you are interested, this little lass who until a few brief weeks back was a nobody, is singing over fifty-nine stations in thirty states. Compared to her, Cinderella was a flop.

Does it take a touch of pathos to give a voice that certain feeling? If so, Gertrude would mention her childhood shock when Laddie, her poodle playmate, passed to his beyond. She still feels sad when she thinks of it.

Love Story of Mary and Jack Benny

(Continued from page 19)

book and Jack wanted to talk. But Mary was absorbed and wouldn't put the book down and that made Jack sore, for he thought that certainly she should fall in with his moods. Finally he grabbed the offending volume and tossed it into the fire. Mary burst out laughing. It was a book that Jack had bought which he prized highly. And because he loves her so much Mary's laughter always flows to him. Presently he was laughing, too.

Another one: It was three years ago in Kansas City when both attended a New Year's party. This time it was Jack who was having a good time and Mary who wasn't. He knew all the people and there was much back slapping and revelry. But Mary was tired and wanted to go home. You know how those things are. Jack stayed on. Mary waited, tapping foot the while, and when they at last drove home the atmosphere in the taxi was as cold as an Eskimo pie.

The quarrel continued far, far into the night and well into the next day. Cutting words whizzed back and forth and then suddenly Jack ran for a pencil and paper and began making notations. The idea had just occurred to him that what they were saying to each other would make swell dialogue for a vaudeville skit.

"What are you doing?" Mary asked accusingly. And then she saw and, honestly, it just isn't possible to keep up a quarrel when one of the quarrelers is recording the others' barbs for posterity. So they both stood there and laughed like fools until the tears ran down their cheeks.

Every married couple can learn a marvelous lesson from Jack and Mary. Those two have laughed their way through life.

THEIRS is an odd romance, a romance which was certainly marked by the hand of destiny. After that early meeting which Jack forgot, they met again in California and saw each other just once, on a party. But during the second that their eyes met, Jack knew and Mary knew that the attraction was mutual and deep. It was so deep, in fact, that just the one meeting brought about an ardent correspondence while Jack was playing in vaudeville all over the country and Mary was still in California.

It was some months later when Jack was playing in Chicago that Mary visited there and they were married.

Actually they knew each other almost not at all. They knew that they were in love and that was enough. Jack didn't know, for instance, that Mary played the violin, until six months after they were married. He didn't know she sang, either. But he did not hear

in the act with him.

He did this only because he wanted her with him all the time and because he thought it might lure her to troupe across the country with him, going to towns in which she knew nobody, sitting restlessly in a hotel room while he was at the theatre. So he introduced her as an amateur—as she was—only to discover that in a couple of weeks she was getting as many laughs as he. She's been in his act and, later, with him on the radio ever since.

When he first introduced her to vaudeville audiences the act was billed merely as Jack Benny, the comedian. Mary wasn't billed at all and although she had a large following, nobody ever bothered to mention her name in contracts until once in New Rochelle when Mary wasn't feeling well and Jack went on alone. Suddenly the manager came rushing to Jack to ask where the girl was.

"What difference does it make?" Jack asked.

"It makes a lot of difference," the manager shouted. "That girl has a big following!"

And Jack could hardly wait to get home to tell Mary that she was a success.

After that all contracts were made jointly.

THE family life of these troupers is amazing. Jack can wisecrack about mothers-in-law with a clean conscience, for he is crazy about his (and she has quite forgiven him for his rudeness the first time they met. As a matter of fact, they laugh about it now). Mary's sister, Babe, lives with Jack and Mary and every night after the broadcast they call Mary's parents in Seattle to see how they liked the program.

Jack sends his own father to Florida every winter (the mother is dead) but this summer Jack is going to buy a big country house and both families are going to spend their vacations together. That will thrill Jack for he gets as homesick for Mary's folks as she does. That's one for Ripley because it's true.

Jack and Mary don't do much entertaining. They're quite content with their own society and they love to lunch and dine tête-à-tête. They like the theatre and the movies. Jack is crazy about golf, but Mary's health won't allow her to indulge in such strenuous exercise. Their closest friends are Burns and Allen who live in the apartment in the Essex House just above them—and these four play bridge together often. Wouldn't you love to listen in and hear the gags they pull? But the odd part is that Jack is a rather serious lad. It's Mary who got him that way. You see, when she met him he was just another good comedian.

doing well, but not being spectacular. It was Mary's ambition for him and his love for her that made him achieve the heights he has achieved.

Jack hates staying up late at night and he would sincerely love the atmosphere of a small town—you know, a home with a garden and a big lawn, all quiet and clean. When he's with his friends—most of whom are comedians, Jack Pearl, Jack Haley, Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, he's a better audience than a funster. When someone pulls a gag that strikes him funny he'll fall right down in the middle of the floor flat on his back and laugh himself into hysterics.

In the last six years Mary has learned the show business thoroughly. She knows the good from the bad and she can write script and create gags like a professional. Mary and Jack always pick a skit to pieces and analyze it and when Mary laughs at a gag Jack can depend upon its being right.

MARY has made Jack take his career seriously; made him go out after better jobs; made him demand more money; made him really promote himself, until now he is one of the best and most famous comedians on the radio. Jack is the first to give all the credit to Mary.

Just one incident to show how Mary works: When he was told they wanted him at the Palace Theatre for an engagement he expected to get about \$700 a week. Mary told him to demand \$2,000. Jack said he wasn't worth it and even if he were he couldn't get it. Just then the "phone rang."

"If that's the manager," Mary said. "Tell him you'll take \$2,000."

Tremulously Jack mentioned the enormous salary. And instantly there was a click in his ear—the manager had hung up on him.

Jack turned to Mary. "See, I told you," he said. "Now I won't even get the engagement. They're sore. If they call back I'll say \$1,500 and take \$1,200."

But Mary wouldn't listen to him \$2,000 or nothing," she persisted.

Finally the manager called back "What's the lowest you'll take to play at the Palace?" he asked.

Mary gave Jack a piercing look and Jack heard himself saying, "\$2,000."

"Nothing less?"

"Nothing less."

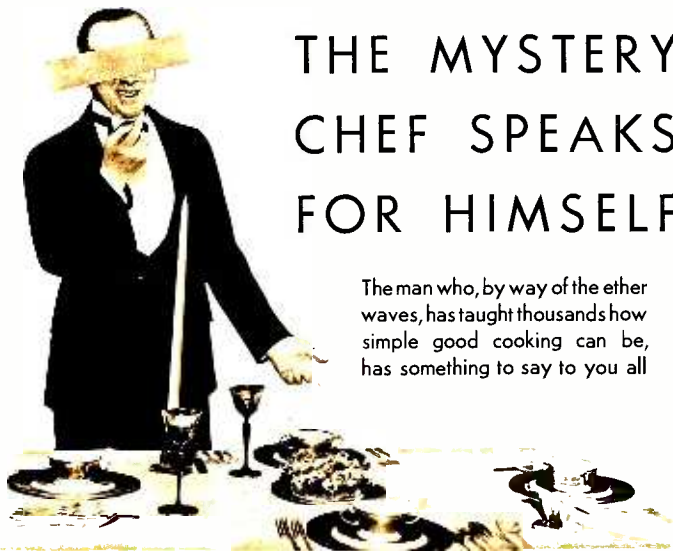
There was a pause and then the manager said, "Okay, then."

Jack's eyes were shining as he hung up the phone. "Gee, Mary . . ." He couldn't say any more. But she knows. There's a real understanding. They know that for six years they have worked side by side, hand in hand, in perfect accord for their careers and their happiness.

THERE'LL BE MORE OF THESE ACTUAL LOVE STORIES OF FAMOUS RADIO PERSONALITIES. WATCH RADIO STARS FOR THEM!

THE MYSTERY CHEF SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

The man who, by way of the ether waves, has taught thousands how simple good cooking can be, has something to say to you all



ARE you an old friend whose home I visit each Tuesday and Thursday over some of the stations of the National Broadcasting Company, or a reader whose home I have entered for the first time — this time through the medium of this interesting magazine?

It is my custom, every morning that I speak over the microphone, to thank those who have tuned me in for the honor they confer upon me by inviting me into their homes. This magazine reaches homes in many cities that I am unable to reach by radio at present, although I hope that some day soon I will be invited into every home in the land to talk about the great art of excellent cooking. And to prove to all that anyone can prepare really marvelous meals the first time they try, even those who have had no previous cooking experience.

For over twenty years I have made a hobby of excellent cooking, and although engaged in business, I have

BAKED SLICED HAM AND APPLE

This is one of my favorite recipes. Why don't you try it?

To serve four persons.

2 large thin slices of raw ham	1 tablespoon vinegar
¼ to 1/3 in. thick	1 cooking apple
1 teaspoon dry or prepared mustard	½ cup brown sugar
	Butter
	¼ cup water

Remove bone from the ham. Mix together the mustard and vinegar. Spread mustard mixture thinly on the ham. (If prepared mustard is used, spread thicker.) Slice apple very thin, and spread on the ham in rows lengthwise. Sprinkle well with brown sugar. Roll the ham the long way, starting from the fat side and rolling the fat into the center. Hold together with 2 sticks. Place in baking pan and put a few dollops of butter on each ham roll. Add ¼ cup of water. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) for about 30 minutes. Baste 2 or 3 times while baking.

being sought is one thing, and to find a way to give that information to those who wanted it was quite another thing.

I count myself as the most fortunate of all broadcasters in that I found a company to sponsor my cooking talks and to pay the great cost of time on the air, and also to pay for the printing and publishing of my cook book and send it to every radio listener who would take the trouble to write and ask for it.

I do not know of any other (Continued on page 15)



Bobby Brown, director of the Myrt and Marge series, discusses with Marge the best way to keep Myrt out of the script while she recuperates from her accident. Hops we hear Myrt again soon.

Microphone Magic

(Continued from page 21)

it was all settled. Peggy wasn't so sure.

"Pat. Aren't night clubs awfully expensive?" she asked.

"This is an investment, sweetheart," Pat declared. "We can't afford not to go."

Peggy was doubtful but finally agreed. They were idling over their coffee when Peggy suddenly remembered the two tickets Miss Campbell had given them as they were leaving. She took them out of her purse and looked at them.

"Pat," she cried excitedly. "What time is it?"

Pat glanced at his watch.

"When you hear the musical note it will be exactly seventeen minutes before eight o'clock, Eastern Standard Time. Bong!" Pat orated.

"Get the check, quick. We've got to go!" Peggy hurriedly powdered her nose as Pat paid the check and asked for explanations. Peggy showed the tickets at him. They were admissions to Rudy Vallee's Thursday night program at the NBC Times Square studio.

These tickets, of which only about five hundred are available every week, are precious bits of pasteboard in New York. If Peggy had known there were certain shady ticket speculators willing to pay two dollars each for the pasteboards she might have swiftly calculated how many meals two dollars would buy

but it is likely that she would have kept the tickets. A chance to see Rudy Vallee in action doesn't happen every day and meals do, as a rule.

It took about twelve minutes to walk across town to the Times Square studio. A moment after they had found seats in the cozy little roof theatre, curtains parted revealing Vallee and his orchestra on the stage. Applause rippled through the audience; then a huge glass curtain descended slowly in front of the orchestra and the music became audible from large horns suspended from the proscenium.

THEY spent a happy hour watching the program. There was a scene from a current Broadway play, done at microphones behind the glass curtain. Peggy noticed the actors were terribly nervous and that their manuscripts shook in their hands. Someone later told her that actors with years of experience, invariably get bad cases of stage fright when playing on the stage of the Times Square studio for the first time.

The glass curtain went up and down every four or five minutes. Bert Lahr was on the program and seemed to direct his jokes and funny stories at the small visible audience in the studio rather than to the microphone. Lahr, Peggy had heard, was only nervous

without an audience. Vallee sang but so soft was his voice that it could only be heard when the amplifiers were used and the curtain was down. The hour ended too soon.

It was five minutes after eleven when the two young people wandered into the Nut Club. It was a weird place. At a tiny table, their backs against the wall, they looked around. Amusing and slightly risqué murals decorated the walls. Pat chuckled at some of the slogans printed on the wall but when Peggy asked for explanations he wouldn't give them.

"You wouldn't understand," he said, grinning at her.

The club, already slightly hazy from cigarette smoke, was not half full when they came in but people were arriving rapidly. Some of them Peggy recognized from their pictures in RADIO STARS. Everyone seemed to know everyone else. Kelvin Keech, whose hair was startlingly silver and whose face was amazingly young, came in with Mrs. Keech, a lovely blonde Russian. They paused at a table near Pat and Peggy and Peggy heard Mrs. Keech speak in charming broken English. Jimmy Wallington, the announcer they had watched a few hours before with Rudy Vallee appeared with a charming girl who proved to be Mrs. Wallington.

Stoopnagle and Budd arrived with their party and true to his promise Budd Hulick came over to see them.

"Don't leave too early," he said. "You'll see a lot of radio performers in action if you stick around." He left, promising to return later.

THE floor show was entertaining and Pat and Peggy roared over the antics of a stubby little comedian named Jerry Bergen. Jerry depended on pantomime for his laughs and Peggy thought it unusual that in a radio rendezvous the most popular entertainer was a pantomime comic.

Ted Husing, the announcer, had just arrived and without much urging, appointed himself master of ceremonies.

George Olsen and the lovely Ethel Shutta were there. Miss Shutta, who is Mrs. George Olsen and the mother of two youngsters, received so much applause that she finally answered it with a song. And, of course, it was "The Little German Band." A few minutes later, Peggy was amused to see Olsen and Ethel holding hands around the corner of their table.

"Baron" Jack Pearl was there but only bowed to the storm of applause. Then Husing introduced a man called Harry Frankel. Pat and Peggy didn't recognize the name but they recognized the voice when he sang. It was Singin' Sam.

The Giersdorf Sisters, newcomers to radio, did their hilarious burlesque of the Mills Brothers and Tommy McLaughlin. Morton Downey's protégé, sang a ballad. McLaughlin looked enough like Downey to be his brother. Peggy thought.

Budd Hulick came back to the table. "There's a man over here I want you to meet," he said to Pat. "He's the head of the radio department of one of

the big advertising agencies. He can't get away from his table or I'd bring him over."

Peggy intuitively realized that for some reason this introduction was for Pat alone. This thought didn't occur to Pat.

"Come on, Peg," he said. "Maybe he's looking for a real harmony team."

Peggy shook her head.

"You go meet him," she said. "I want to stay here and watch."

She watched Pat and Bud go to the other table. A chair was drawn up for Pat and he sat down between a chunky gray-haired man and a rather pretty brunette. Huliek then came back and sat down with Peggy.

"You'd be surprised," Huliek said, "at the opportunities that turn up at this sort of place. That man is looking for a banjo player for a commercial program he is going to put on the air—and if your boy friend has any luck, he'll get a chance at the job."

Peggy glanced more often than she realized at the table where Pat was sitting. It seemed that Pat was talking more often to the pretty brunette than to the advertising man.

"That girl sitting next to Pat is worth knowing, too," Huliek said. "She's Miss Alice Moore, the daughter of the president of Wyandotte Ginger Ale. And this program is for Wyandotte Ginger Ale."

After thirty minutes Peggy wondered when Pat was coming back. In the meantime a number of radio stars, friends of Huliek, had stopped at the table and had been introduced to Peggy. It was fun . . . but she wished Pat was sitting next to her instead of next to the brunette.

Finally Pat arose and came back to the table. He seemed a bit embarrassed.

"Peggy," he said, "something has come up. I mean I've got a good chance at a big commercial program . . . but . . . well, I think I'd better stay with that party. They want me to go up to Harlem after we leave here."

"Oh," said Peggy. "That will be grand!"

"Well," and Pat stumbled over his words, "they didn't say anything about you . . . and . . . well, of course, you'll come with us . . . but . . ."

Peggy interrupted him.

"No," she said, "I've got a headache. I think I'll go back to the hotel."

Pat didn't know just what to say.

"It's all right, Pat," she continued. "I understand. And the most important thing is to get on the air. You go ahead."

She smiled bravely and Pat was willing to be deceived by that smile.

"Listen," Huliek said, "you go ahead, Pat. I'm driving uptown. I'll drop Miss Tolson off at her hotel. You go ahead with these folks. Chances like this don't come very often."

Peggy held her chin high as she walked out of the Nut Club with Bud Huliek. Had she glanced around, she might have noticed Pat again in deep conversation with the pretty brunette.

But Peggy wondered whether the quest for fame was worth it.

(To be Continued)



Courtesy Zenas Machineless Permanent Wave

Those cute Pickens sisters—Jane, Patti and Helen—become efficient and, with the aid of a new machineless permanent wave gadget, practice while having their hair waved. Try it some time.

Your Radio Corner

(Continued from page 3)

from the selfsame antenna.

It might be worth your while to write to the Lincoln Radio Corporation, 329 South Wood Street, Chicago, for literature concerning its achievements in radio chassis and consoles. All chassis are equipped with connections for phonograph pick-up, utilizing the output of the twin-grid detector and two stages of push-pull audio, giving a full register of all musical frequencies.

Not a portable set, but still a small one suitable for table use—the Emerson model 35 manufactured by Emerson Radio and Phonograph Company, 641-649 6th Avenue, New York City. It retails for \$32.50 and is a six-tube superheterodyne with dynamic speaker and three gang condenser. Look at the picture. Isn't it good looking?

HERE'S something that sounds like something. E. H. Scott of the Scott Radio Laboratories, 4450 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, says that the Scott Allwave Deluxe will bring you the broadcast stations of the world. "You actually can, right in your own living room, listen to Rome, London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid—direct," writes Mr. Scott, and he guarantees such reception. Pointing to an example, Mr. Scott says that for one solid year, every day they were on the air, he listened from his home in Chicago to a station

in Australia, 10,000 miles away. Now that is something.

For the automobile owners—the Spartan auto radio made by the Sparka-Withington Company of Jackson, Michigan. It's called Model "33" and the chassis is an entirely self-contained all-electric unit, with no "B" batteries. The entire battery current is obtained from the automobile storage battery. The control unit is conveniently mounted on the steering column. The compact, rugged steel chassis may be mounted in the limited space under the instrument panel or in the motor compartment of the car. The size is 9 1/2 by 7 1/2 by 5 1/2 inches. The price is \$59.50, tax included.

As you might suspect, every radio star has a radio. Some of them have several. I've even visited one star who has a radio in three separate rooms.

Not to be outdone, and also to get the full enjoyment of all programs on the air, I have a large set in my living room, a small portable by my bed, and a table set in the office of **RADIO STARS**. And yet the combined cost of the three sets was well under \$100.

One more warning to all radio fans. This fall and winter will see the best year in broadcasting. The National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting System have some marvelous plans up their sleeves.



Arthur Tracy—who used to be known to radio fans as “The Street Singer”—recently had the time of his life when he visited Max Schmeling’s training camp at Ringling Park, New Jersey.

The Mistakes They Make

(Continued from page 25)

incidentally, once received a letter addressed to “A Large Umbrella,” recently slipped up and spoke of a mule’s “flashing fleet” when he meant “feet.” Hundreds of thousands have heard President Hoover introduced as “Hobart Herver.” And many others enjoyed a good laugh at the expense of a certain announcer whose tongue twisted when he tried to mention a certain hotel’s “marine roof.”

Announcer Milton J. Cross still remembers his sad experience while announcing for a soloist famous for her lovely eyes. During a selection, he whispered to a studio companion, “She sure has swell lamps.” A moment later he went to the microphone to announce her next selection, “When I Look Into Your Eyes.” He said, “Miss Horton will now sing, ‘When I Look Into Your Lamps.’”

Much more pardonable was a contribution by Bob Emory during the broadcasting of a sketch that reproduced the Battle of Manila Bay. A number of boxes had been piled on the studio floor, and on top of them, just to make sure of a real crash when the script called for the blowing-up of a battleship, were placed a couple of chairs.

The big moment arrived. At the signal a property man yanked out the key box, and with a terrific crash the pile collapsed—upon Announcer Emory! Buried beneath an avalanche of boxes and sporting a chair for a hat, he let out an agonized yell, “Hev, get me out of this!”

Since advertising has played an increasingly large part in radio programs, the various networks have been careful to avoid mention of competing pro-

grams. But recently NBC slipped up. Gracie Allen and George Burns appear in the Robert Burns program on WABC, and as you know, there has been much to do lately about Gracie’s missing brother.

Rudy Vallee, who puts on the Fleischmann Yeast program over WEAF, thought it would be fun to have Gracie appear as a guest artist, and make inquiries about her brother, and a script was written to include just that. Then the order came through that Gracie could appear, but that she must not mention her brother, as that would be advertising the Robert Burns program. The night of the broadcast, Rudy was handed the old script by error, and mentioned the missing brother in introducing Gracie. There was a great flurry around the studio, and Vallee was cut off the air for a quarter of a minute while the new script was substituted.

JOHN YOUNG, the announcer, recently did some fast thinking in a somewhat similar situation. Jane Pickens was at the mike and announced that Ray Gold would play the piano solo, “Lover, Come Back to Me.” As Gold began the number, Young dashed out of the control room and whispered in Gold’s ear. Immediately Gold dropped the song and began to improvise.

“Janey Pickens is always kidding,” explained Young to the mike. “Ray had no intention of playing that piece.”

You see, “Lover, Come Back to Me” is a restricted number, and NBC has to pay its publishers a fee every time it is played on the air.

But why should I pick on the announcers? The highest radio officials

themselves have been guilty of boners, for instance, just because his seems the most amusing, William S. Paley, president of CBS.

When Mr. Paley spoke over his own network one night, he forgot a hard-and-fast rule that he himself had made. During his address he referred to the Columbia Broadcasting System in those exact words, and instantly he was cut off the air by his own employees. He had used the one phrase which is the cue, at all times, for the engineers of the different stations of the network to cut a program out and cut their own announcers in for station announcement. The word “System,” used in conjunction with “Columbia Broadcasting,” was the cue. If Mr. Paley had said “Columbia Broadcasting COMPANY,” all would have been well.

SOUND effects are operated by human hands, so they too can figure in amusing boners. A certain elaborate script called for a waterfall as a musical background. The sound effects man hitched up a hose to a faucet in the studio, and let the water splash into a tub placed near one of the mikes. The device worked perfectly—in rehearsal.

Came evening, and the waterfall bit. Again the sound effect was all that could be desired. But because the city water pressure picked that exact moment to rise, the tub overflowed long before the music stopped. The musicians played with their feet on the rungs of their chairs, but the singers and the studio staff stood ankle-deep in water.

But of all radio boners I like best an old one that occurred during the broadcast of the maiden visit of the liner Europa.

One announcer was to describe the ship’s progress up New York Bay, another was to give a word picture of the City Hall reception, a third was to conduct an interlude of stirring music.

Somehow it happened that the studio’s music library was not notified, and when the time came for the studio band to play, there were no music sheets. A hurry call was sent to the library, which promised to do its best.

“For the luvva Pete,” the announcer asked the bandmaster, “doesn’t your band know any march pieces by heart?”

It was a brand new band, just organized the day before, and a hasty survey revealed that the only selection known to all the musicians was “The Stars and Stripes Forever.”

Breathing a sigh of relief, the announcer told the band to play the piece until the sheets arrived. For nine minutes the same march was played over and over again; then came the messenger with the music.

“Great guns!” wheezed the bandmaster. “These are orchestra sheets!”

Wild-eyed, the messenger tore back to the library. The band resumed the all-too-familiar air. Another nine minutes passed; then the right music arrived. The band stopped, the announcer went to the mike.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” he said heavily, “you have just heard the band play ‘The Stars and Stripes’—his voice broke—“FOREVER!”

He Played His Way Out of Prison

(Continued from page 32)

and brutally into a prison cell?

Prisoners were made to work, of course. Victor's task was to play his violin for the other prisoners in the mess hall. He resented it with all the bitterness of a boy who has had his own way in life. Until one day, he saw an officer listening to his music, listening with the tilted head and sensitive attitude of one who loves music.

Slowly, cautiously, they became friends. The officer was a musician, too, and sometimes, he brought Victor extra food from the officers' mess. One day, Victor told him his story. A few nights later, the officer came to his cell.

"I can help you get out of here," he said.

"How?"

"We're shipping a cattle train up to Warsaw. I can smuggle you aboard."

Warsaw! In Warsaw, Victor had a grandfather, friends. With the taste of freedom stinging his tongue, he said, "I'll go."

So he started for Warsaw. Bitter winds whirled across the Russian plains and bit through the flimsy sides of the cattle cars. Hiding in a corner Victor tried to keep himself warm between the hairy sides of shivering cattle. That trip elicited a miserable memory across his brain. More dead than alive, he finally tumbled off the train at his destination.

AFTER a while, he saw men marching in the distance. Marching in a column of squads, their coal-scuttle helmets sitting like masks atop their heads. Some instinct told him to flee, but it was too late. They surrounded him, gabbering a language that he recognized as German.

His arrival, disastrously, had coincided with the German occupation of the city. These were Hindenberg's troopers. Once again, he was a prisoner-of-war.

Miraculously, he still carried his violin. The gods of chance which had betrayed him into German hands permitted him to keep it. In prison, he began again to play. Soon, he was entertaining other prisoners, and even the officers in charge. One day, one of the latter called him to his palace. Victor went, wondering what this unexpected summons could mean. The officer was Count Hugo von Lerehenfeld, an intimate of the Kaiser's and an accomplished pianist.

In a war-rumpled land, good music is rare. To this German nobleman it was relaxation from his more somber duties. Again and again, he summoned Victor. Presently he gave him a card which permitted him the freedom of the city. And again this American boy found himself free, or almost free, although his country was at war with his keepers.

With the Armistice, the Germans retreated. In the midst of disorder and

confusion, Victor got a passport to leave the country and returned to America.

Fortunately, his music had not suffered during those years abroad. His hands were still supple and his fingers sensitive. When he sought work in Chicago, he found it readily—too readily, for the manager to whom he went signed him up for fifteen years under a contract that was so grossly unfair that it made him this man's serf and slave. Victor found himself in debt, in court, in a dozen minor jams that were like slaps in his face.

SHE was a charming Polish girl. Victor had met her in Warsaw, fallen in love with her, and seen her off to California to visit relatives. Now he wrote her, sending \$150 he had managed to save, begging her to come to Chicago, where they could be married.

But this girl, with a wisdom of her own, sensed that Victor was miserable in Chicago. So she bought a ticket from Chicago to California and mailed it to him. And that is how Victor Young happened to go to Los Angeles, and how it came about that just eleven years ago he married the girl he had met in Poland. And also why he got a job with Sid Grauman.

Victor carried his violin to Grauman's theatre one night, bought a ticket, and took a seat in the first row. After the presentation, he slipped down through the orchestra pit and got backstage. There was Grauman, with one assistant.

"I want to play for you," Victor said,

Something about the lad must have attracted the producer. "Have you your instrument?" he demanded.

Victor pulled the violin from under his coat. In another moment, he was playing. Grauman walked to a chair and sat down. Beyond the screen, a movie was shimmering before a crowded theater. Orchestral chords, muted and faint, seeped backstage. Victor heard them, and fitted his own playing to them, sweeping his bow up and down, he put his heart into that audition. While he played, a blond wearing an evening wrap came from a dressing room and stopped beside Grauman's chair. He rose, gave her his arm, and walked away into the night.

VICTOR stopped his bow in mid-air. Numbled, crushed, he put the violin back in its case. Hard lumps hurt his throat. Slowly, he went to the door and started out. A man bumped into him, the man was Grauman's assistant.

"Hey, you," he said. "Grauman liked you. Wants you for his Million Dollar Theater in L. A. You'll be concert master. Okay?"

That was just the beginning. Since then, he has had many jobs and written many songs. Surely you remember "Sweet Sue." More recently, he has written "Can't We Talk It Over," "Got the South in my Soul," "Lord, You Made the Night Too-Long," "Street of Dreams," and "I Don't Have a Ghost of a Chance With You."

Nowadays, with radio carrying his music to the ends of the earth he doesn't have to worry any more.



At the opening of the Remote Control Club. Front row, left to right: Nick Dawson, Vivian and Rosetta Duncan; Ned Wever, John Knight. Second row: Ann Elston, Frank McCormack, Jack Smart, Adela Ronson, Jean Colbert. Rear row, left to right: T. J. Minitier, James Rennie, Edward Reese, Walter Connelly, T. Daniel Frawley, Leigh Lovel, Paul Dumont, and Richard Gordon.



Phil Baker and the Neil Sisters doing their stuff for one of the Armour programs. Just in case you're not familiar with Phil's face, he's the guy working on that accordion.

He Was Radio's Spoiled Boy

(Continued from page 24)

vices-titudes and bitter difficulties.

The youth's determination was born in the chapel of the University of Florida during a singing contest among the classes. In their turn, the students in the balcony were singing. As he sang with them, his mind dwelt on vague dreams of the future. The rows of seats below him became a theatre full of spellbound listeners. He sang with all the feeling that was in him.

Then a sharp voice whipped his dreams away. "Who is the young Caruso up there?" It was the president of the university speaking. Blushing, Melton the freshman, made determined efforts to conceal himself by squeezing his huge form down into his seat.

But the president found him. He knew that in the young tenor were great potentialities. He helped Jim to persuade his father that to neglect such a voice would be the greatest folly. The father relented.

HE had overcome parental opposition, but that was just the beginning. Day after day he studied. He completed his university training. Still he studied, snatching whatever musical work he could find.

The day he arrived in New York, he felt he was starting the last lap to success. He was, but what a grueling lap it was. He discovered that the city was kind to singers—when they'd become famous.

His footsteps led him to Roxy. As he stood before the door of the impresario's office, he knew that this was the last threshold he'd have to cross before he'd begin to be recognized. But it was many a day before he ever crossed the threshold. Somehow, 'the

secretary in the outer office didn't seem to share the sympathy which Roxy was supposed to have for young singers of promise.

Time after time he was turned away. Desperation began to replace determination. He said to himself that he'd make one more try. If that were unsuccessful, he would go there no more. Once again came a refusal from the secretary.

Then for a moment, desperation did supersede determination.

"Listen," he said, "you won't let me get an audition before Roxy. All right, I'm going to give it here and I'm not going to stop until he's heard me."

He threw back his head and began to sing. The molten silver of his voice trickled under doors, ran down corridors, and it reached Roxy. The impresario came bounding from his office. But there was no anger on his face, only amused and kindly interest. Jimmy had won.

From the moment he was made a member of Roxy's Gang, the young tenor's success was assured. He had climbed aboard a skyrocket and was bound for the firmament of stardom.

If he hadn't crossed that particular threshold on that particular day, he might never have found the first link of the chain of circumstances which led him to Marjorie McClure.

He was on the way, climbing dizzily upward, pausing only now and then for a moment to view the thousands and hundreds of thousands who were listening for his every note.

A wealthy woman caught him on one of these pauses, and brought him into her home that he might sing for a great group of guests. Sitting in the midst

of the turmoil of movement and color about her at the party, was a beautiful girl, cool and self-possessed in the excitement which preceded the appearance of James Melton.

She heard how handsome this young tenor was, how beautiful his song, but she was not particularly excited. She had decided to steel herself against the charms of men. She was interested neither in marriage nor flirtations.

JAMES MELTON appeared on the platform. He stood there, his six feet two carrying his nearly two hundred pounds of weight with graceful ease. Below his apple-tinted cheeks was his brilliant smile. He brimmed with the confidence which so soon was to bubble over and nearly sweep him into oblivion.

In acknowledgment Jim began to bow. Then he halted. His eyes met the young woman's. She straightened in her chair. Something caught at her heart and let it go, fluttering. As for Jimmy, for the moment he'd completely lost his precious voice, but he did not care, because from that first moment, they knew each loved the other.

The girl was Marjorie McClure, Cleveland society girl and daughter of Marjorie Barkley McClure, novelist. The home was that of Mrs. Frank Seiberling, whose husband sponsored the program on which Jim was then singing.

Jimmy sang that night as he had never sung before. He sang "Lindy Lou" and "Ave Maria," and his heart was a drum which pounded with no regard for the rhythm of his music. Never before had anyone been so ravished by the beauty of his music as was this girl who sat there, hearing nothing but his voice, seeing nothing but him.

Three weeks passed. Then they met again at a houseparty. The spell was stronger than ever before. It was triumphant. Before the houseparty was one evening old, they were in one another's arms, engaged.

A few days later, she listened to a deep-throated whistle which awoke sad echoes in her heart. She stood on a New York pier and watched the great liner being warped slowly out of the dock. On it stood her Jimmy. He was sailing for a year's tour with the Revelers.

It would be easy for him to forget, she thought. The life was gay in the Continental capitals, the women were lovely, the nights were enchanting—would he forget? She tortured herself with this question.

But not for long. First in drops like a shower, then like a cloudburst, then a flood, came cables, letters, wireless telegrams. Forget her? He did nothing but remember her. It was a champion long distance courtship.

June, 1929. The great day for which they had been waiting had dawned. The Cleveland church was massed with flowers, seven hundred guests watched the ideally mated couple made man and wife. Then while two hundred guests made the wedding reception merry, they slipped away to New York.

Once again the whistle of a liner awoke echoes in her heart, but this time

they were not sad ones. For this time she was sailing for Europe with him. Then in those very cities where she had for a moment feared she might lose him, she found him. What a wonderful two months they had.

THEY were glad when they returned to New York, Jimmy especially, for the intoxication of success still thrilled him and he longed to drink again of it, deeply, blindly. And drink he did.

Again he began mounting the dizzy heights. How proud Marjorie was of him and he of her. The studio habitués said that they were ideally matched. Yet they couldn't but think it was too perfect, that he was taking too much for granted, that his head was being turned.

But James Melton could see naught but his triumphs and conquest of the future. He saw himself as a great concert singer. After that, opera, the glorious career of a Martinelli, a Caruso.

So he stepped from the world where thousands listened and loved him, to a New York concert stage where a few hundred critical ears might listen.

But Fame, capricious creature that she is, this time turned on one of her favorites. The next morning, with confident spirit, he turned to the columns of the music critics. The shock came. One by one the papers dropped from his hands.

In the interests of getting this story, I made a search of back newspaper files. The reviewers were harsh. They said it was a poor performance. They pointed out that he wasn't ready, that it was no time in his career to begin concert singing. So they went.

Many a singer had had a promising career cut short by the biting words of the critics. Many a flare of success had been blotted out by ink from the pens of these men. The entertainment world is haunted by hundreds of broken-down vocalists who once had recognition and aspirations, who overstepped the mark, and who had paid for it in a life of hopelessness and want.

Then, if ever, Jimmie needed help. His wife did not fail him. With her sympathetic understanding and calm intelligence, she tried to comfort and encourage him. But the bottom had dropped completely out of his chest of dreams and the precious contents had gone.

One by one she gathered them up and with them healed his wounded spirit. She showed him that in defeat lay a challenge to renewed effort. She made him see that radio was a great future in itself, and that in forgetting the concert stage and in going back to the fold of the medium which had made him famous, he would beat treacherous Fame at her own tricks.

Determination suddenly gleamed in his eyes. He wasn't going to lie there and take it. He was going back and fight to make himself a greater radio singer than ever. And at that moment a new James Melton, a wiser and finer James Melton, was born.

To that new James Melton goes all the glory in name. But the satisfaction in achievement is shared by both. Jimmy knows it and Marjorie knows it.



EXCESS HAIR LOOKS BLACKER WHEN WET - - - MARCHAND'S MAKES IT UNNOTICEABLE!

WET your arm. See how the light, fuzzy hair seems to grow blacker And leg hair when wet shows up even heavier and uglier!

Men look at your legs and arms. How can they fail to see excess hair—made darker than ever when you go in bathing. For the sake of appearance, daintiness—keep arms and legs attractive.

Make excess hair unnoticeable with Marchand's—quickly, easily! Then you won't mind how wet arms get!

WEARING SLEEVELESS DRESSES sheer stockings, or going barelegged—take the same precaution—because excess hair

may be quite noticeable, even when dry.

MARCHAND'S FAMOUS BEAUTY AID OF BLONDES

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash has a nation-wide reputation for reliability. Thousands of attractive blonde women use Marchand's—to restore youthful color and beauty to faded hair—to make it shine bright and lovely. It is used at home, safely and successfully.

To get the desired results, be sure you get the genuine. Ask for "MARCHAND'S"—see that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

To Get By Mail

fill in coupon, mail with 45¢ (stamps accepted) to — C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Name
Address
City.....	State.....

He Feeds the Famous

(Continued from page 11)



What was the Sinister Secret He Guarded So Jealously?

Into Jeanette Lowry's quiet existence came the love of a good man, and life sailed an even course. But not for long. Her father's secret, like a dark cloud, loomed suddenly over their happiness, threatening destruction to the love she prized so highly.

What was that grim secret? And how could Jeanette ever surmount the terrific obstacles which blocked her path to happiness?

"Factory Girl" will tell you, and tell you in a manner that will grip your very heartstrings—because it's a true story, the real experience of a real girl. It's book length, too—but only one of many true stories in America's most remarkable magazine:

Modern Romances

A magazine of true stories for only

10¢ August Issue on Sale Now

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

Every Deaf Person Knows That
 Deaf people wear made-to-meal hats, after being fitted for six months with artificial hair. Drums—their own invention—work the hair into the head, neck and elastic ears. They are comfortable, noiseless, and waterproof. Write for literature. **Write to: World's Best Deaf and Mute Hat Makers, Inc., 714 Holman Building, Detroit, Michigan.**

3 EXQUISITE PERFUMES FREE

Rieger's Flower Drops
 THE most exquisite and refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol. A single drop lasts a week! Regular value of each set is 75¢—total 75¢. I'll give you three trial vials of our most exquisite Flower Drops odors—Roses, Esprit de France, Violet. To pay for postage and handling, send only 30¢ (silver or stamps) for all three vials.

PAUL RIEGER
 America's Master Perfumer
 136 First St., San Francisco, Calif.

which, served on filet of sole, made nectar and ambrosia taste like something to be thrown to the pigs. No one in America knew how to make this Marguéry sauce. Diamond Jim conferred with George's father. It is said he stormed and pleaded and bullied. Finally, unless Marguéry sauce were produced by Rector's, he threatened to take his patronage elsewhere. The threat was a dire one, for George told me just the other day, "Diamond Jim was our twenty-five best customers."

AT the time, though, George knew nothing of all this. Attending Cornell in his junior year, studying law, he little suspected the blow about to fall. A letter brought a sudden summons. He rushed to New York and was driven immediately to an ocean liner. Steaming down the bay, he recollected the things that had been told him. They were these: Go to Paris and learn the recipe for Marguéry sauce.

Already, he had spent two years in the Rector kitchens. He knew American dishes inside and out, but Paris was a new adventure. Securing a job as an apprentice cook, he went to work in the Café de Paris. Later, he became a bus boy. Still, he knew little of the elusive sauce. Months later, he got his chance. There was an opening at the Café de Marguéry. He got in and stayed for sixty days, working for fifteen hours each day at the business of learning to make Marguéry sauce.

In Paris, one must do more than learn to prepare a dish. One must pass an "examination" before he is permitted to serve it. George took his "exams" before seven master chefs. They watched him prepare it, tasted it, ate it. Then, they graded his work. The mark they gave him was "perfect."

George sailed back to America. At the dock, martial music swept out over the Hudson. It was Rector's Russian orchestra. Diamond Jim Brady was the first to grasp his hand. That night, George was guest of honor at a memorable dinner . . . he was also the cook. Among the guests were John Philip Sousa, Victor Herbert, Marshall Field, Adolphus Busch, and Diamond Jim. After sundry appetizers, George brought in his Filet de Sole with Sauce Marguéry. Diamond Jim's practiced right made a swooping movement toward the plate. His fork scooped food toward his mouth. Sixty seconds later, he leaned back, relaxed, happy. "It's so good," he beamed. "I could eat it on a Turkish towel."

THIS summer in Chicago, George will entertain many celebrated visitors. None will be more celebrated or eccentric than some of those who came to the old Rector's. One such was Death Valley Scotty. He was a prospector

from the West, and he hit New York with his bags full of gold. When he sat down for his first meal he tore a fifty-dollar bill in half and gave one end to his waiter. "If the service is good," he said, "you get the other half." After the meal, he gave every waiter in the place a goldpiece.

Another bizarre eater was Jim Murray. As he ate, he played with marbles . . . marbles of a dozen different sizes, but all of the same pinkish-white color. Those marbles were pearls. Pearls valued at half a million dollars. He carried them with him always and nobody ever thought of robbing him.

Sometimes, rich men used Rector's for private dinners. One gentleman with blue blood in his veins and his name in the Social Register invited the stiff-necked society dames and dowagers to a special dinner. The dinner George served at the host's insistence, was cold soup, fish frozen so hard it could not be bitten, hot oysters, celery and olives stuffed with red pepper, and salad composed of banana skins and chopped rubber bands. Only the meat was edible, but when the guests attempted to salt it the cellars came apart and flooded it with salt. Coffee was delivered in rusty tin cups and napkins were burlap bags. Believe it or not, George says the dames and dowagers had the times of their lives.

Another dinner that made the town's headlines was a fisherman's picnic. A huge tank erected in the center of the floor was stocked with live trout. When the guests arrived, they were given a rod and reel and invited to catch their supper. Among those who angled there were Lillian Russell, Nora Bayes, Thomas Lipton, Lord DeWar, and Max Goodwin.

YES, those were the good old days.

They went out with a rush before the onslaught of jazz, chicken chow mein, and speakeasy likker. Prohibition closed Rector's restaurant, dried it up like a puddle in the sun, but nothing will ever dry up the fountain of George Rector's memory. Too many things have happened, he has seen too much of life and its ermine-wrapped heroines and stiff-shirted heroes. Princes and presidents have come and gone before him. He knows their first names and their last indiscretion.

From all that and from his knowledge of French and American cookery, he tells you and you and you the short, sure road to a man's stomach.

This summer amid the Gypsies, Frank Parker, Tony Sarg's Marionettes and all the other odds and ends of A. & P.'s World's Fair radio show, he'll meet the Mr. and Mrs. America whom he's been broadcasting to.

Yes, Mrs. America, if you like plain groceries done up fancy, George Rector is the man for you.

BUY RADIO STARS EVERY MONTH!

Mystery Chef

(Continued from page 37)

sponsor of a radio program who has shown the same unselfish and broad-minded vision as has the Davis Baking Powder Company who sponsor my talks on the air. In the great majority of recipes that I give over the air and that are printed in my book of excellent recipes, baking powder is not even called for. I have been allowed a perfectly free hand to talk about cooking in all its branches and I have never even been asked to broadcast, as often as possible, recipes that call for the use of Davis Baking Powder.

The result of that unselfish policy has been such an overwhelming response to my talks that one home out of every seventeen in the territory covered by my broadcasts has written an enthusiastic letter to me or to my sponsors.

BEFORE I went on the air, I told the

Davis Baking Powder Company that I was going to make some very startling statements, and I asked to be allowed to prove them. And so I proved to them that the following statements, though startling, are true. I proved that cabbage, cauliflower, broccoli and brussels sprouts if cooked correctly give off no odor while cooking any more than does a potato and that the vegetable is improved at least 200 per cent in flavor, color and, most important of all, digestibility. I proved that fish can be cooked without odor and that the result is fish that some of the greatest chefs have proclaimed to be far superior to any fish they have ever tasted. I proved that string beans can be cooked in ten minutes and be so far superior to string beans cooked by other methods that there is no comparison either in appearance, color or flavor.

YOU are an artist and I can quickly prove it to you. No matter how many failures you may have had in the past, you will never have a failure with any recipe I give you. Over 600,000 homes are now using my cook book and none, that we know of, has ever had a failure with any recipe I ever wrote. On the other hand, hundreds of thousands have written telling of their success with every recipe. Husbands have written saying "my wife has turned into a marvelous cook overnight; this is the most wonderful thing that ever happened in our home."

Don't let anyone tell you, for instance, that you can't make pastry. I will prove to you that you can make pastry second to none in the world and that you can do it with complete success the first time you try. And I mean you, whether you be a man, woman, or child.

Do you want to get the thrill of your life? Do you want to hear people proclaim you the great artist at the stove that you really are? Then send in the coupon directly to the right, and I promise none shall beat your pies.

Behind the Scenes with Jean Harlow and Clark Gable!



What are they like when the camera stops grinding?

Imagine yourself in a Hollywood camp chair, parked next to the director and cameraman, quietly watching Jean Harlow and Clark Gable make love for their newest picture, "Hold Your Man"! What a thrill!

But don't strain your "imaginators" too much, because clever Anita Loos will make it all very real and vivid for you with her fascinating article in the latest MODERN SCREEN!

And when you've had your fill of the Metro lot, we'll stop over at the Fox studios and have an intimate chat with Janet Gaynor, who has given MODERN SCREEN her most revealing interview. It will amaze you.

Plenty of other absorbing features in the latest issue of this superb screen magazine, including a frank article on "What's Wrong with Hollywood Love?", the latest beauty and fashion hints from the film stars, and MODERN SCREEN'S usual abundance of interesting news and snapshots of all your screen favorites. Get your copy today!



"No, of course I'm not happy—as I used to be!"

MODERN SCREEN

August Issue on Sale Now—10c

MYSTERY CHEF COUPON

Radio Stars, 100 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me the Mystery Chef's pastry recipes. I enclose a stamp and self-addressed envelope.

Name..... Address.....

City..... State.....



If you want to see some real golf, join Herb Polsie and Jeannie Lang of the Best Foods Musical Grocery Store. They're enjoying a round with golfer Tom Howard—and what he knows about golf!

Dr. Brinkley's Own Story

(Continued from page 5)

at the railroad station on my mail route, I made the acquaintance of the railroad agent. There I had an opportunity to learn telegraphy."

THAT was Doctor Brinkley's beginning. Like Thomas Edison, he was first a telegrapher. And like Edison, he decided to seek his fortune in New York City. Working his way into the big city, he found the Western Union headquarters and announced to an astounded manager that he was the best telegrapher in the world. Before the sun set that night, he had a job.

This, of course, was but a stepping stone, for in his mind there was still the memory of that vow taken before an open mountain grave. "I will be a doctor like my father," he had sworn. Later, in Chicago, when he heard of a position that would permit him to work part time and attend medical school, he took it, eager to dive ahead toward a career.

Unfortunately, he also fell in love. With a wife and the responsibility of children added to his work and studies, he found himself staggering under the load. For months, he tried to carry on, sitting his hill-bred strength against sleepless nights and toil-filled days. In three years, he was hopelessly in debt and broken in health. Then he and his wife separated.

"I had the care of the little children," he told me. "a divorce to obtain, and to pick up the broken threads and start all over again. Finally, in 1915, after seven years of effort, I received my M. D. degree and license to practice medicine."

Then for some forgotten reason, he elected Kansas as the field of his labors.

"I landed with my second wife, \$23.00 and a lot of poor health—I had been in the hospital for some time—but with a lot of ambition. I opened a drug store on credit and built a little hospital. I had trained myself to be a surgeon as well as a physician, and there was a big territory that needed an energetic doctor. Believe me, they certainly got one in me."

Under a smiling Kansas sun, his practice, spread and spread. On some of his patients he performed operations that called for the removal of the prostate gland. Perhaps you have heard people call Brinkley the goat gland doctor. Perhaps you are one of those who have sneered or scoffed at the idea that such glands could help humans to live longer and healthier. I'm no medical man, but I do know such operations have done just that. I know that some of the greatest doctors in the world now advocate gland substitution operations. Not in those early days, though. Not until the two titans from abroad had successfully done this work did most American doctors accept it. Reading of them, Doctor Brinkley learned that they were being praised for the very thing that he had already accomplished successfully a half dozen different times.

SLOWLY, his fame grew. He visited Chicago and California, operating on important men. When President Woodrow Wilson was ill, Brinkley was one of the physicians consulted.

It was in 1922 that he first got the idea of erecting his own radio station. A friend in California had one. Brinkley decided that he would have one, too. There was no plan as yet to turn

it into a medical broadcasting clinic. In 1923 he went on the air . . . Station KFKB. The entertainment was home talent. Occasionally, the doctor would sit down before a mike and talk to his friends and neighbors. Sometimes, during his rounds through the country, he met folk who had listened to him, but no one seemed to pay much attention.

After a few months, he went to Italy to study. At the Royal College he received a degree. Before he came home, he visited all of Europe.

Back in Kansas, he began to talk again to his neighbors. These were frankly helpful health talks mixed with entertaining anecdotes of what he had seen and done abroad. Abruptly, mail began to pour into his office. Seeing that people were interested, he put the talks on a regular schedule. Telling me about it, he said:

"I was getting three and four and five thousand letters a day from people asking me what their trouble was and what they should do for themselves. You can readily understand that no living human being could answer three or four thousand letters a day. So for quite a while I threw all these letters in the waste basket, as they had no value to me.

"In 1928 I began to realize that I was not doing myself any good by refusing to answer these letters. Therefore I conceived this idea: why not have a Medical Question Box over the radio like Doctor Evans of the Chicago *Tribune* did, and other people like Senator Copeland, and various magazines giving questions and answers. I began the Medical Question Box over KFKB in the last of 1928 or early 1929, and it was an immediate success."

That success, you must know, was to bring to him the biggest battle of his life.

In the Middle West were thousands of ailing persons who were dissatisfied with their own doctor's treatments. Listening to Doctor Brinkley, they wondered if he could help them. Wondering, they wrote to him of their cases. Doctor Brinkley would answer over the air, telling them to go to a drug store for certain medicines. At first, druggists refused his radio patients, asking for prescriptions. So the doctor sent his prescriptions to hundreds of drug stores so that they might have them on file when his listeners called for medicine.

"I was not receiving one cent for this," he says. "The druggists were making a fortune and I was not getting anything."

But on all sides, his efforts began to be misunderstood. Other doctors asked him to stop broadcasting, claiming it was unethical.

IMMEDIATELY aroused the antipathy of the medical profession," he told me, "because they were losing business, the antipathy of the hospitals because they were losing business, and the antipathy of the patent medicine people because they were losing business."

A powerful Middle Western newspa-

per took up the battle against him. Reporters were sent to uncover all he had done since the day he arrived in Milford. Political strings began to jerk and tug. The fight started in earnest when the newspaper put him in its Page One headlines and kept him there for almost six months.

Many severe and ruthless stories have been printed about Doctor Brinkley. Today, he is suing a newspaper for \$5,000,000. Here are the Doctor's words to me:

"They went down here into the graveyard at Milford and other towns, and took the names and addresses of the people off the gravestones and published that these had been patients in my hospital and I had killed them. Such people had never even been a patient in my hospital and were even unknown to me.

"They went to the vital statistics record in Topeka, and our hospital being a general hospital, many physicians had patronized it, and many physicians had had patients in it and signed death certificates of the people that had died in our hospital during the past fourteen years and claimed that I had killed all of them.

"Some nian died in a hotel room in Manhattan, Kansas, of heart disease—a traveling man that we had never seen nor heard of—and they claimed that I killed him. Some other man was taken off a train in St. Louis, Missouri, and died in a hospital, and they said that he was my patient."

You see, don't you, the fight into which this mountain boy from Carolina had fallen? The battle split the state wide open. For the most part, the farmers and small townsmen were for him. The cities and most of the newspapers were against him.

Before long, his enemy's heavy artillery began to boom . . . and their shells to fall. The first was a summons before the radio commission in Washington, D. C. Two commissioners voted to keep KFCK on the air. Three voted it off. So Doctor Brinkley was forced to sell out.

The second assault came from a medical board. Physicians are ruled by a rigid code of ethics, you know. Let one break that code and his fellows cast him out. Doctor Brinkley, they alleged, had broken the code. They ordered him before them for an examination.

AFTER I had put forty-six cured and satisfied patients on the witness stand," he said, "and had three hundred others in the building waiting to testify, and two thousand at home waiting to come to testify, the Medical Board ruled that I had given enough testimony, but it wasn't any good because they didn't know whether they (the witnesses) were sick or not before they came to me."

Doctor Brinkley's license to practice medicine was revoked on September 16, 1930. I think it made the doctor a little angry, for on September 22, he declared himself a candidate for the governorship of Kansas.

Can't you see that mountain boy with

his back to the wall, taking the fight to the enemy? The state still remembers that campaign. His declaration came far too late for his name to be printed on the ballots. These were already distributed to the election officials. If any citizen wished to vote for Brinkley, he had to carry a pencil and write the name correctly on the ballot.

On election day, his friends and followers swarmed like locusts about the polls. When the votes were all counted, Doctor Brinkley had 189,000 . . . plus about 50,000 that had to be thrown out because they were written incorrectly. A total in the neighborhood of 240,000. But he did not become governor. A rival whose name had been printed on the ballot got 214,000 votes. Against Brinkley's 189,000, he was the winner.

For Brinkley, this technical loss was a moral victory, for it showed him that his friends were still with him.

Now, though, he was gagged by the absence of his radio station. The thought galled him. Remember, he holds in him the fiery independence of the mountaineer who fights for his rights until he drops dead of exhaustion. Early in 1931, he took a trip into Mexico. Conferences were held and papers signed. Presently news filtered back across the border that he was building a 75,000-watt station at Villa Acuna. When he returned to Kansas, hundreds of questions were hurled at him. He said nothing.

Weeks later, with the station ready to go on the air, he tried to return to Mexico, and found himself mysteriously barred from the country.

"They believed that if they kept me out of Mexico, I would be unable to talk over my own station."

But the good doctor fooled them. When XER went on the air, Brinkley's familiar voice shouted a triumphant greeting to his friends all over the vast Middle West; and nothing more could be done by those who sought to gag him, for he was sitting in Del Rio, Texas, obeying all the laws and talking by remote control even though he was denied the privilege of going over and looking at the station he had constructed.

TODAY, Doctor Brinkley appears to be more firmly entrenched than ever. Mexico is not at all satisfied with the bottom-dog part she claims she has been forced to play in radio by the United States. Probably she is not averse to annoying her big northern neighbor with a few powerful radio transmitters. When it was announced in Cincinnati that WLW's power would be raised to 500,000 watts, her chief executives called Doctor Brinkley and asked him to increase the power of XER to match WLW's.

By fall, Brinkley told me, XER will be sending his health talks across America on a half-million watts. "If the Mexican government desires it," he said, "I'll put on a billion if necessary."

And that is the story of a healer of men who found that his ways of healing did not meet the approval of his peers in his chosen profession.

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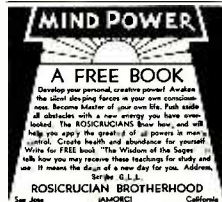
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Inside Story of the Vallee-Webb Separation

(Continued from page 8)

was inevitable. There were more words and bickering. Their friends knew that all was not serene. Soon, Fay shook the dust from her feet once more, and sped, this time deliberately to Reno.

Rudy was distracted. He didn't want his marriage to be a bust-up. He thought of his career, too. There would naturally be a storm of unpleasant comments. He was determined to make a go of it. He spent desperate hours at the phone trying to get her to return, holding up alluring promises and hopes of a new happy life, together with a promise of a mink coat and a diamond bracelet. Finally, a repentant Fay came

home, declaring to the newspapers that "it was all a big mistake. We're both madly in love with each other."

BUT Rudy had slipped into the habit of working late again. He was again doing several one-night stands and personal appearances.

So, gradually, their inability to completely understand one another resulted in increased flareups. Slowly but surely, they were becoming estranged. Once they planned to run away for a long trip together, in a valiant effort to catch up the threads of their romance. Rudy was to broadcast from the key station

of whatever town they were in. But just then, Rudy was launching the new Fleischmann Variety hour, which necessitated his staying in New York for the purpose of scouting the town for Broadway theatrical talent.

Fay became unhappy. Rudy, on the other hand, felt that many attractive offers were slipping by. They were at odds with each other. There was only one solution—and they took it.

Fay is settled in the California home that Rudy built as a dream house for the two of them. She has that home and a cash settlement. A divorce is said to be pending.

The Bandbox

(Continued from page 33)

Rhapsody." Rudy Vallee plays it occasionally, and Ted Lewis has recorded it for Columbia phonograph.

There's a red-hot moony-woony outfit of tango and rhumba players now wowing 'em in Chicago. Carlos Molina is in charge—and they are at the Dells. You can hear them over WBBM.

Those "different" sounds that hit the air when Frank LaMarr's band is on are accounted for by his fondness for the trombone. Frank says the good old days of the trumpet solos are passé. Henceforth, trombones are in style. He features a whole half dozen in his own celebrated outfit that you get on CBS.

Have you noticed that Vic & Sade's theme song has been changed from "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" to "Chanson Bo-

hemienne"? Nobody seems to know why.

If you want a pleasant hour of music uninterrupted by any man's sugary announcements, tune in to the National Broadcasting Company's "The Hour Glass" which is aired every Monday evening at 10 o'clock.

Joe Haymes, the hubbling Missouri maestro, has recently fathered a romance. His pianist, Paul Mitchell, was jiggling up and down the black keys one day several months ago when the back of his neck began to burn. You know what that means; someone is looking at you. He glanced around—and glimpsed a familiar face. It was an old childhood sweetheart, an attractive young thing called Jean. During intermission, Paul wasted no time in reach-

ing her table. Just a few days later they were married.

This summer, unless you're careful, you won't be able to walk in Chicago without stepping on a famous band leader. The World Fair and the hope of heavy-spending visitors are pulling in the fox-trot boys. One of the foremost is Johnny Hemp, who has established himself on top of the La Salle Hotel in a place called "The Hanger." You can hear him nightly over WBBM.

Isham Jones has a new number called "Something Seems To Tell Me Something's Wrong." But it's no longer new for Isham to write another song. His first was published at the tender age of eleven and was called "Midnight Dream." Can you imagine?

What Radio Did for Nino Martini

(Continued from page 29)

A high-F. That is, the F in the third octave above middle C.

When the word went abroad that Nino would sing it, full-voice, at the Teatro del Popolo of Milan, critics scoffed—and clamored for front row seats so they could hiss this pretender off the stage.

That night the curtain rose before a sceptical audience. As Nino marched onto the stage, there was the beginning of a laugh that died swiftly before the attack of his voice. The opera ran on toward the awaited "Crede si Misera," the song with the lofty note.

Martini swept into it with all the poise and confidence his coaches had drilled into him. A hush fell over the house. The rich voice, rising easily on

the tide of his excitement, soared skyward like a lark in flight, swelled in volume and depth and then reached and scaled the final height of that "impossible" note.

As Martini left the stage, the theatre rocked to thunderous blast of applause.

That was in 1928. When Martini came to the United States, it was to make motion pictures. Musicals were in style and his physique and voice made him a natural selection; not for American films, for he didn't speak the language, but for foreign ones. Even then, you see, radio had not claimed him as its answer to those windy old "Met" stars. But in 1930, when he was singing with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company, CBS officials heard

him. Months later he made his debut on the air.

THOSE early programs of his were, frankly, not especially successful. For the reason that he had not yet learned his medium. But the voice was there and so was the disciplined determination to master this exciting thing called broadcasting. He could still get up at six a.m. to study if necessary. Gradually, the programs improved.

And now, those opera stars who thought the step from the diamond horseshoe of the Metropolitan Opera House to radio's modest halls a demeaning one, have their answer. For the opera has had to go to the radio for its leading tenor.

Backstage with Waring's Pennsylvanians

(Continued from page 23)

Did you know that, long ago, they were called the Scrap Iron Quartet? That's when Fred was a high school boy along with his brother and his pals.

It's odd how this bunch has stuck together. There were five of the them in the beginning. Fred and Tom Waring, Fred Buck, banjo player, Fred Campbell, flutist, and Poley McClintock, drummer and frog-voiced singer.

Back in Tyrole, Pennsylvania, they were the mainsprings of the Boy Scout Fife and Drum Corps. When they were old enough for college, they went *en masse* to Penn State College, a school that Fred's great-grandfather had founded before the Civil War.

And a funny thing happened. They wouldn't let Fred sing in the Glee Club. Said he wasn't good enough. So Fred took his Scrap Iron Quartet, named it the Pennsylvanians, and has been doing very well ever since.

You agree, don't you? That music there's a smoothness about it. Partly, it is the singing that helps. The singers are the smartly tuxedoed young gents you saw doing nothing when you first came in. Leaning against walls, on pianos, gazing into space, without the blinding white monkey-jackets that their more colorful hand-mates wear, they also have their duty. Watch! They're gathering into that open space between the brasses and the strings. Now they're in a half-moon formation about ten feet from Fred's weaving, waving fingertips. His hands summon them into the music. It's a wild-tempoed piece, lurching and throbbing with today's smashing hi-de-hi-yah stuff. No words, just sounds, using those voices as instruments. Only youngsters could do it, and these are youngsters of from eighteen to twenty-four.

When it's over, a colored woman in maid's dress walks carelessly—to a mike midway to the control window. It's Mandy Lou. When the program started, her name was Magnolia, if you remember. But another Magnolia out in Chicago proved that she had been using that name for months, and Old Gold surrendered. This Mandy Lou is really Artie Bell McGinty, a southern colored girl whose favorite food is spaghetti. Once, she was the original Aunt Jemima.

Listen:

"Why, good evening, Mandy Lou. I was beginning to think you weren't coming up here tonight." That's Bill Melia, a New York announcer-aloud-town, now playing "straight," as the professionals say.

"Ah'm sorry Ah's late, but Ah's been messin' around all day with lawyers."

"Lawyers?"

"Yes, suh. Ah jest found out that mah granfather died and Ah've been tryin' to prove that Ah'm an heir. You see, he didn't leave no will."

"In other words, he died intestate."

"He did what?"

"I say, he died intestate."

Mandy Lou's shoulders shudder and a chestfull of laughter gurgles straight into the mike. "No, suh," she screams. "He died in Brooklyn."

THERE is more music. Three youngsters get off from row chairs and anke up to a mike. One is a girl, Babs Ryan. She stands on the left and the boy in the middle slides his arm around her waist. It's all right, though, they're all in the family. Charles and Little Ryan are her brothers. See them bobbing, their hips weaving to a rhythm that sets our feet on fire. But you can't hear a word they're saying. Suddenly, Waring's arm cuts out like a flail. The orchestra stops dead. Musicians call it a "break." The Ryan kids croon on, bouncing and weaving, in the stupriest, sweetest harmony you'll hear in a dozen blue moons. They learned it in their old home town, Kansas City. I hear.



Lee Wiley presents a medal to the winner of the diving contest—Howard Brody—at the River-side Cascades Swimming Pool, New York City.

There are other specialties. Tom Waring's baritone is a high spot. Last year he left the orchestra for a while and became the Lonely Troubadour on Station WTAM.

Two girls sitting beside Babs wear identical evening frocks. Pinkish, if I'm a judge. They look like sub-debs, charming, pretty as a picture. Wonder who they are? What they do? One has a neat little bandage on her chin. Maybe they sing.

A lad leaves the rear ranks of the orchestra and jog-trots to a mike. In a moment he is shivering like a shimmy shaker with his trumpet at his lips. That's Johnny Davis. A voice rises up behind him. "Go to town, kid. The wildcat's loose."

Another song. "Sing like the birdies sing." Surely you've heard it? A black-haired rhymer comes a running.

He's left his drums behind. It's Poley McClintock, one of the former Scrap Iron boys. His mouth opens and emits one of the sounds that makes you quiver. Someone once described it as "a parrot with laryngitis." It might be a frog singing laments to the moon. You've heard it on the Old Gold Hour. If you haven't, park under your loudspeaker next Wednesday until you do.

Croak, croak, croak... The audience around us is giggling and looking to see how he does it. It's no use. Poley doesn't know himself. I'd call it a gift.

There's another singer with a voice that scrapes the skies. Stewart Church-ill. The answer to a school girl's prayer. Trim and slim, he's good-looking enough to fit into anybody's rumble seat. And they do say, do the Old Gold folk, that most of his fan mail comes heavy laden with cross-marks and the odor of forget-me-nots.

AT the end, the whole orchestra sweeps forward until it is almost at Fred's fingertips. A big semi-circle. The two handsome lassies we've already mentioned rise and take their places like princesses. They're singers, we learn. Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, by name. They've a sister who's fairly famous. Lola Lane of Hollywood. All of them, Rosemary, Priscilla, Lola and another dainty one named Leota Lane all come from Indianola, Iowa. Corn-fed girls, the city boys might call them. But they don't look it. Chic, sophisticated, oh-my-gracious, but how they can sing.

Listen! Fred has vanished from his podium. Where? There he is. See, through that glass window to the control room. He's waving his arms, looking like an octopus in an aquarium tank. And the orchestra and chorus are following. The music builds higher and stronger. Clear your voices that thrill you right down to your heels. A million homes are throbbing to them.

The hands on the clock push on. Dave Ross is back at his mike, crouching again, left hand at his ear. Presently, the movement of his head indicates that he is pouring Old Gold's final message into the mike.

He finishes, throws a last look over his shoulder at the clock, and turns back to the mike.

"This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

The music fades away and feet scrape against the floor. Young voices begin to chatter excitedly. It's one thing you cannot escape, the youngness of these Pennsylvanians.

"What's wrong with your chin, Rosemary?" we hear as we leave.

Rosemary Lane laughs. She's the one with the patch, remember. She may look like Mrs. Belmont's niece but she still laughs like a westerner. It's sweet, corn-fed, Iowa-ish. "I forgot to duck."

Out the steps, down the elevator, homeward bound. That's the end.

Life-Saver!

(Continued from page 9)

career. But once again the jinx of circumstance overtook him. This time, his appendix burst when he was miles beyond the reach of the nearest physician. For eleven agonized months he lay abed until one third of his weight had vanished and he was a shrivelled skeleton.

He talked of all those things that night, and the girl who waited somewhere with death at her elbow heard him. Hearing him, she knew that he, too, had been in difficulties, and that he had triumphed over them.

Particularly, I think, she listened to the Voice's story of a lesson he had learned from his father. It happened in Louisville, Kentucky, his boyhood home. His mother was ill, unconscious from typhoid-pneumonia and brain fever. For weeks he had gone to her side and begged her to recognize him, but always her glassy stare foretold her unconsciousness. One night, the doctor announced that she could not live until morning. The boy sank to the floor, sobbing.

"Instantly, my father reached down and caught me under the armpits, raising me to my feet," the Voice said. "Then he gripped my shoulders to steady me. I tried to lean forward

with my head dropping down on his chest. But father reached down under my chin with his right hand and with a good firm grip raised my head until my eyes met his. 'Son,' he said, 'this is one of those things we men have to take standing up.'"

AT the Columbia Broadcasting Studios in New York, this man—the life-saver—is known simply as "the Voice." His name, which you never hear on the air, is Taylor. The work he is doing is one of the seven wonders of Radio Row. In the last seven years, he has talked over more than fifty individual stations. Now heard through CBS network, he continues to work on the tested and proved theory that a person's illness is more often in his mind than in his body.

Each week, he receives about 9,000 letters from folk who are heavily weighed with distress and misfortune. A postman will write that a family on his route is starving. A daughter will write that her father and mother are sick and unable to pay for hospital attention. A woman will write that her church is breaking up because the congregation can no longer raise money to pay its pastor.

For all of these, the Voice has help. At his command is a fund that has come from listeners who admire his work and want their contributions to support it. Where organized charity leaves off, he carries on. That matter of the church, for instance. No charity in the world would provide funds to keep a congregation together . . . except the Voice. Charity which is concerned with providing food and clothing and shelter doesn't buy false teeth for destitute women or cradles for babies . . . but the Voice does.

As for his advice, the questions he answers on the air are never subjected to snap judgment. Among his thirty-two aids are a doctor of philosophy, a physician and a lawyer. Questions of medicine are commented on by the doctor, those involving law by the lawyer, and those which are matters of ethics receive the attention of the doctor of philosophy. It is the Voice's not-easy task to take these comments and temper them with his own mellow understanding of people and their problems.

And then, with words of courage and faith in the ultimate good of life, to mould them to the desperate need of those whose burdens have become well nigh unbearable to them.

Goodbye Love

(Continued from page 13)

picture actor, he played his part in the social life of Hollywood. Naturally, she moved about with him, but the brilliance of this world was obscured by the pall of his jealousy which was ever hanging about her.

He would insist on taking her to dances, yet every dance with another man would be a nightmare to her. If she were a fraction of an inch too close, she would be accused of dancing indecently. If she were too far away, he would say she was coy. That was the blind sort of judgment to which she had been subjected.

He was slowly stifling her natural emotional responses. She became discouraged, apathetic. Life had not taught her what to do, and even before she had blossomed into full womanhood, she felt old and despairing. She felt impelled to give up completely.

SUDDENLY a ray of hope pierced the gloom about her. She had appeared publicly in theaters. She had done a great deal of professional entertaining. She was attractive and had a pleasing personality. A famous movie director had seen this. He asked her to make a screen test.

Her heart beat wildly as she blinked into the bright lights and heard the cameras whirring as they ground away at her. The few minutes which it took

for the test seemed to her like an infinity of time. The world seemed strange, unreal, but very beautiful.

When she learned that she had passed successfully, she proudly told her husband. But the expected pleasure did not appear on his face. He made no display of pride in her achievement. As his face darkened at her revelations, she became confused and afraid. Then she saw. His ever-present jealousy which already had made a bedraggled wreck of her married life was going to kill this hope, too.

His voice rose in anger. "Your place is here in my home, not among these people of the screen world. I know why they want you, just as I know why men smile at you when you walk on the street, or as they hold you when you're dancing with them. I'll do everything in my power to keep you from . . ."

She waited to hear no more. Tears blinded her eyes and she rushed from the room. For hours she walked. She found herself in the park, sitting on the bench. Why was he so hatefully jealous? She trembled as she strained to think rationally. Suddenly reason overcame emotion. She realized what it was. He was afraid of her. He had no confidence in his ability to hold her so he used this form of duress.

Something snapped inside her. Perhaps it was a string of sentiment at-

tached to her heart. Into her face came a light. Chin thrust forward, mouth set in a hard, straight line, she rose from the bench. Her stride no longer faltered. She still had her singing. He could not keep her from that. She would get a divorce. She would become as hard and calculating as necessary to cut her way upward. The Napoleonic determination which is the heritage of so many small people, had come to her in full measure.

WELCOME dipped the pen in the ink. Oh well, what was the use of dwelling on the past when her business of the present needed attention? She wrote three checks, put them in envelopes, sealed and addressed them. As she rose she smiled a twisted little smile. Yes, she was bitter and hard, she thought. She dismissed the matter from her mind.

She did not stop to think of three families who soon would be saying as they had said many times before:

"What a wonderful girl she is. There is no need for her to do what she does, yet every month she makes great sacrifices so that she can send us these checks that keep us from suffering and want. What a truly understanding love she has."

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