

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

AUGUST

10
CENTS

Col. Stoopnagle
and Budd



Programs

TAKE TIME FOR LOVE

The intimate story of America's
greatest soprano





Cap'n Henry pilots Mary Lou to finer radio reception



—AND CHARTS A COURSE FOR EVERY RADIO LISTENER



AT

OH, UNCLE HENRY, I'M SO DISAPPOINTED. LAST NIGHT I COULDN'T GET THAT SPECIAL BROADCAST. LANNY WANTED ME TO LISTEN TO

WHY, THAT'S TOO BAD, CHILD. JUST THE MINUTE I'M THROUGH SKIPPING THIS REHEARSAL, WE'LL FIX IT UP WITH LANNY

NOW, MY DEAR, TELL ME ALL ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR RADIO SET LAST NIGHT

IT WASN'T ONLY LAST NIGHT, UNCLE HENRY. I USED TO BE ABLE TO GET ALL THE STATIONS, BUT LATELY I'VE BEEN GETTING FEWER AND FEWER.

DO YOU SUPPOSE I DID SOMETHING WRONG TO MY SET, UNCLE HENRY?

OF COURSE NOT, MY DEAR—HOLD ON A MINUTE. HAVE YOU HAD YOUR RADIO TUBES TESTED RECENTLY? BOTH OUR SETS ARE OVER A YEAR OLD. YOU KNOW... I PUT ALL NEW TUBES IN MINE A WHILE BACK. THAT'S WHY IT SOUNDS LIKE NEW.

I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, UNCLE HENRY.

THEN YOU TROT RIGHT OUT AFTER THIS REHEARSAL AND GET YOURSELF FIXED UP WITH THOSE NEW MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES. THEY'LL DO THE TRICK.

OH, UNCLE HENRY, THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR THAT SUGGESTION TO GET NEW MICRO-SENSITIVE TUBES. LANNY LISTENED WITH ME LAST NIGHT AND EVERY PROGRAM CAME IN JUST FINE.

THAT'S ONLY TH' BEGINNIN', MARY LOU. ONLY—THE "BEE-GINNIN'" OF THE GOOD TIMES YOU'LL HAVE. IT'S 'LIKE BLOWIN' TH' WHISTLE AN' STARTIN' TH' ENGINES—YOU'RE OFF TO A LOT OF JOY AND FUN WHEN YOU PUT NEW RCA TUBES IN YOUR SET.

Charles H. Lannan at Cap'n Henry

CAPTAIN HENRY'S TALK HOUSE SHOW

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LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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COVER DESIGN BY MAFLAND TONE

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS FIND CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—CLINICAL TESTS SHOW

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If you are one of the millions of non-constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.

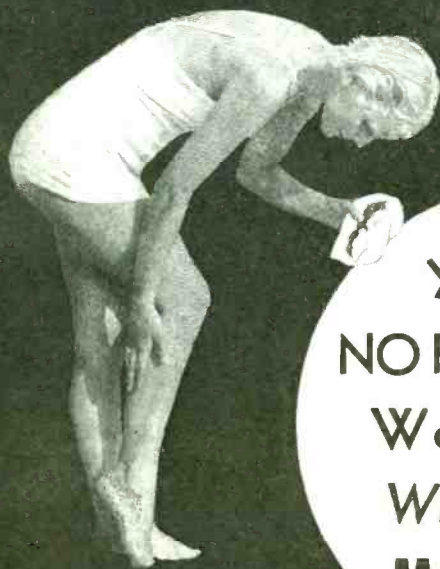
IT'S FEEN-A-MINT FOR ME... LIKE THE TASTE AND THE CHEWING CERTAINLY MAKES THE LAXATIVE WORK MORE THOROUGHLY.

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

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Leg Hair Won't Show!

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NO RE-GROWTH
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MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this: Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

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Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, *innate* beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

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Style

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GRIFFIN SHOE POLISHING CO., INC., B'KLYN, N. Y.



Wade Booth (above) the "Singing Stranger," calls himself a soldier of fortune. He's on the Blue-Jay program over NBC.

HE'S RADIO'S VAGABOND BARD

Wade Booth ran away from home because he didn't want to go to Quaker meetings

WHEN you were a kid and had to beat rugs when you wanted to play, or cut the lawn when your favorite movie hero was playing at the corner theatre, did you dream of running away to romantic lands to seek adventure and live the lives in the story books?

Well, that's just the dream Wade Booth, the "Singing Stranger" of NBC, had when he was a tiny tot. To make matters worse, Wade did just that—packed up his duds and went to sea. He had visions of treasure hunts, of moonlight reflections on the water, of strange ports. It wasn't that he wanted to get away from work at home, but that he didn't like the idea of his parents making him go to church so often.

"The captain told me I would make a good sailor but a better singer," said Booth, "so I wrote my mother saying I would come back home if I didn't have to go to

Quaker meetings and sing church songs when company called."

Once home, Wade tried awfully hard to be contented. But he couldn't get rid of his restlessness. It was summer, the schools in his home town of Philadelphia had closed and there was nothing to do but practice music, and Wade was too active for only that.

So one night after he had seen, for the fourth time, a light musical comedy given by a small stock company, he walked up to the manager and asked for a job.

"What can you do? Shift scenery?" the manager asked.

Yes, Booth could shift scenery. "But I'd rather sing," he confessed.

"Sing? You sing? Well, let's hear you!"

Booth sang "Home Sweet Home," got a job and left home "ever more to roam."

Since that time Wade Booth has

2 things to do in HOT WEATHER

1 Let Blue-Jay remove those painful corns safely, scientifically*

2 Listen to Blue-Jay's romantic program—
"The Singing Stranger"

Two Broadway stars will thrill you with melody and romance—

WADE BOOTH,
the baritone with the
virgitous voice . . .

DOROTHY DAY,
the character
actress who under-
stands human emo-
tions.

HEAR THEM—every Tues. by
7:45 and Friday—4:15 Eastern Dis-
light Time—38 stations—Coast to
Coast—NBC

***How Blue-Jay removes that pesky corn—safely, scientifically**



1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2. Apply Blue-Jay, covering pad directly over corn.

A is the B of B material, which gently and removes corn.

B is the red pad that releases pressure, stops pain & sore.

C is the strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

3. After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER



"I HAVE KILLED 5000 MEN"

When a villain is needed, Cliff Soubier gets the role. He's radio's ace tough guy

A SNARL of rage, a scream, the bark of a pistol, and Cliff Soubier, ace villain of the air, has added another name to the long and bloody list of his victims!

To you who shudder before your loud-speakers, the stony-hearted murderer who makes your blood run cold is only a voice, a sinister, malignant voice. But behind that voice is a man—a quiet, stocky man with reddish hair and an engaging smile; a man you'd like to meet.

Many years ago a sixteen-year-old boy, terribly thrilled over his five dollar a week job walking a slack wire and drudging for a Canadian medicine show, listened with interest while the "doctor" who owned the outfit vigorously fired his libulous comedian for over-indulgence in strong drink. At the conclusion of his tirade, the "doctor" turned to the boy.

"You'll have to do the comedy from now on," he said abruptly.

Now the millions who hear the melodramas in the NBC feature "The First Nighter," thrill to his realistic portrayals as he snarls, hisses, growls and threatens his way through whatever blackguard role the script may require. But when he steps away from the microphone he leaves behind him the fiendish

desperado who chilled the marrow of your bones, and emerges from the studio as an affable, almost jovial human being.

Not long after Cliff's debut as a full-fledged actor under the lurid naphtha flares of "Dr. Rollie's Remedy Show," the "doctor" skipped one autumn day, owing the boy eleven dollars, and young Soubier struck out on that long trail that was eventually to lead him to the brilliance of the radio rialto.

Cliff saw an Ohio stock company's advertisement for talent, borrowed what little money he could—just enough for carfare from Hamilton, Ontario—and boarded a train.

He got the job he went after, and in such lusty plays as "The Moonshiner's Daughter" and "Won by Waving" on the dreary, gas-lit stages of broken down town halls, he began to learn the technique of plain and fancy homicide that was in later years to mark him as one of the most villainous of the radio villains.

ON the stage and before the microphone he has since then shot more men than he can count, strangled dozens, poisoned scores, pushed several over cliffs, killed one with a deadly spiler, drowned one,

stabbed a hundred-odd and, in general, dealt out sudden death in terrible variety. But for a tough guy, he has one of the strangest superstitions. He's afraid of guns.

When Cliff decided to seek his fortune in New York, he found a job in a musical comedy and went with it on a tour of the middle west. The theatre they were playing in Savanna, Illinois, burned down and with it went Cliff's clothes and the show's properties. The show closed and Cliff, broke, hummed his way to Chicago.

With only one suit and that rapidly becoming tattered, he despaired of finding work, for actors were required to supply their own wardrobes. But just in the nick of time a part was offered him, the one part for which his wardrobe was sufficient. It was the lead in a show called "Jerry, the Tramp."

In 1929 he was sitting pretty as one of the best stock actors in Chicago. Then came romance in the person of Maria Powers, a pretty southern girl, who was cast opposite him in a production of "Rain." The courtship was a whirlwind one and they spent their honeymoon in Alaska.

He had been promised a renewal of his contract when he returned, but the company had disbanded and Cliff came back to find himself out of a job. Maria, however, got a few bits at WLS in Chicago and one day while Cliff was waiting for her in the anteroom, the program director suddenly burst in shouting, "Is there anybody around here who can do a Scotch part?"

"Hoot, mon!" exclaimed Souther and the director grabbed him by the arm. Thus, Souther made his microphone debut.

The next day he was called upon to commit a radio murder. And what a murderer he proved himself to be. His toughness was a revelation, his snarl a triumph. Over night he found himself in great demand.

That's one side of Cliff Souther's radio personality, the ace of tough guys. Paradoxically, he is also known to a national audience as one of the kindest, most lovable characters ever broadcast—"Old Pappy," an aged Neepo who tells fanciful stories to the children about the birds, beasts and the flowers.

That's the irony of radio. Makes men out of a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Cliff the villain is Cliff the "Old Pappy." And this man who has killed 5,000 men via radio is one of Broadcastland's kindest characters.

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Science shows they equal
\$1 to \$3 brands in Quality

America's loveliest women have come to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids. For no smart woman pays \$1 to \$3 for face creams powder, lipsticks or other cosmetics when for 10¢ she can buy Faoen products—scientifically proven to be of the exact same purity and quality. Read the report of a famous testing laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for \$1, \$2 and \$3"

Be satisfied with nothing but the best—your loveliness demands the best. You can have it, now, for 10¢ in Faoen Beauty Aids—the very finest science can produce.

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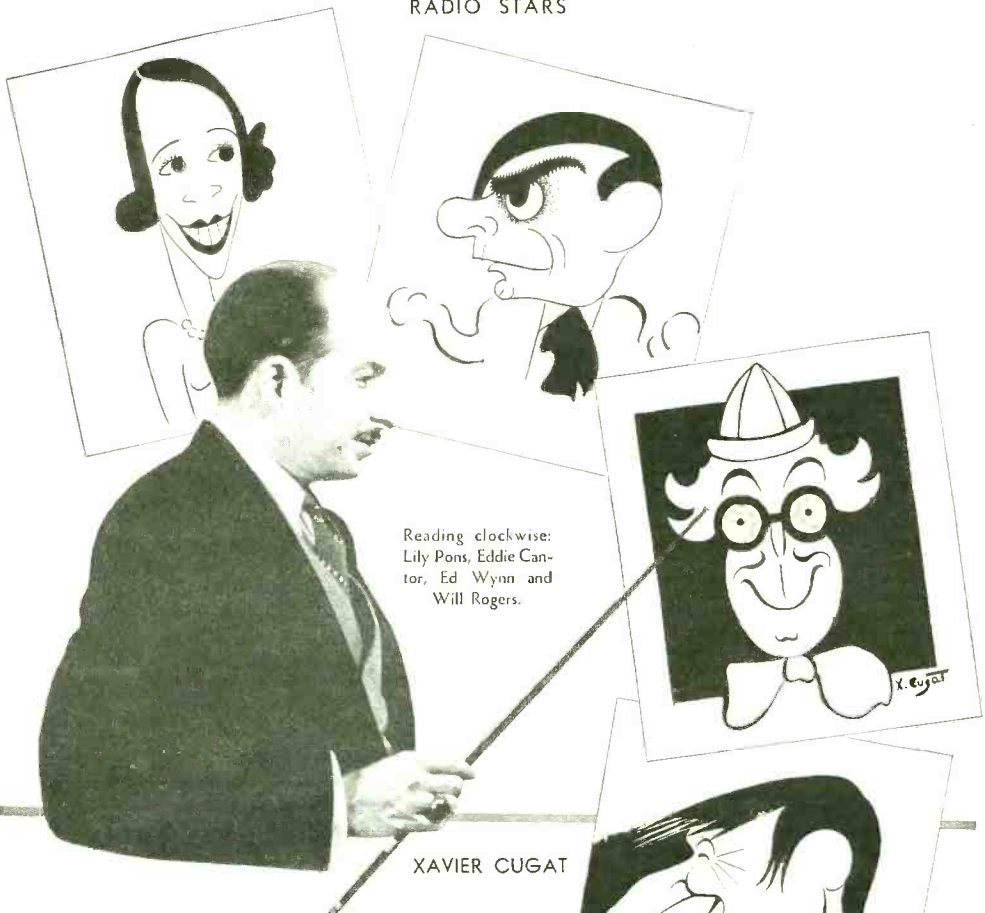
(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Help Choose Miss Radio of 1934. See page 14.

- CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
- FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

—10¢ each at—
the better 5 & 10¢ Stores



Reading clockwise:
Lily Pons, Eddie Cantor,
Ed Wynn and
Will Rogers.

XAVIER CUGAT

HE DRAWS!

ABOW, salary and pictures! Crowds, 100. For Xavier Cugat has been making the smart set step to his rhumbas and tangos at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York City. Tired husbands can keep their missuses home nights if they dial in his tunes. Fiery or languorous, it matters not to this maestro, for all notes are thrilling melody that tumbles your heart about when he draws that bow across the violin strings or lifts his baton to a waiting orchestra.

When he isn't drawing crowds with his music, he is amusing—and annoying—friends and acquaintances with his facile pencil, drawing caricatures. As you see from the above celebrities, none are favored.

In Barcelona, Spain, of artist parents was Xavier Cugat born, which may have a lot to do with his skill with pencils and paints, but music got a head start when at the age

of ten he was chosen first violinist in the orchestra of the Grand Opera Company of Havana, Cuba. Here he was under the capable Tullio Serafin who is now at the Metropolitan Opera.

Since those days, he's been in demand throughout the Continent and America. In movies, concert and on tour. The fifteenth of this month he'll be in Spain for a while. Popular night spots and hotels in Madrid, Barcelona, Seville, Paris, Nice and London are offering him contracts, but he'll be back at the Waldorf soon again to entertain us Americans awaiting his welcome return.

Gossip

A RADIO fan in Saskatoon, Canada, recently addressed a letter to: "The Girl with the Nora Bayes Voice, 'Specially When She Sings 'Shine on Harvest Moon.'" It was delivered to NBC at New York and they turned over, unopened, to Alice Joy.

Alice opened the letter. It began: "Dear Miss Fitting," Alice forwarded it with this note appended. "Dear Ruth: Is my face red?"

HENRY BUSSE, the corpulent batoneer at the Chez Paree and on Columbia from Chicago, got so excited the day he was to premiere on the new Schlitz "Show of the Week" that he shaved off half his Whiteman-esque mustache. So he finished the job.

A QUESTION of the month: Who is the girl Leonard Stokes kisses after the Show Boat programs? Stokes, a member of the Show Boat quartette, has never denied he's single.

PEGGY ALLENBY is the mother of a baby girl, born in May. Peggy tried to speak the parts of Gladys Swarthout on the Palmolive show before the baby came.

MYRT AND MARGE were the judges who picked the famous "Blossom Queen" at the Michigan Blossom Festival at Benton Harbor on May 2nd. The colorful festival was attended by more than 150,000 visitors.

WHEN lovely Dorothy Page, Seymour Simon's sweet singer, is told "You Ought to Be in Pictures," she modestly answers, "I have been on magazine covers." Nevea McMein did a portrait of her that was used on the cover of *Saturday Evening Post* a few years back and E. Sands Brunner painted her for *Ladies' Home Journal*. Dorothy has been in radio just two years, all of this time with Simons' orchestra. She won the Paul Whiteman auditions three years ago in Detroit over 700 contestants.

PARAMOUNT PICTURES has signed Carlos Gardel, South American singer at NBC, for a series of ten pictures to be made in the Spanish language for release in South America.



"M-m-m... lots of naphtha! Such a clean smell! That's the first thing I liked about Fels-Naptha. So I decided to try Fels-Naptha for four washes in a row - and see what real naphtha soap could do."



"And did I find out! Just look at this! Neckbands and cuffs, I guess, are the dirtiest parts of every wash. But the naphtha and rich golden soap in Fels-Naptha loosened that stubborn dirt in jiffy-time."



"See what a nice discovery my hands made, too! Fels-Naptha is gentle. It's safe for finest things. I dipped my best stockings and undies into its creamy suds and they never looked lovelier!"



"I've got my proof now! You couldn't get me to do another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha Soap! My clothes are better! They're so fresh and sweet-smelling it's a thrill to put them on!"

See what a difference FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP makes!

If you want the world's best proof that the soap you use matters a lot to your wash—just get some Fels-Naptha Soap—and make the 4-washday test yourself.

See what brisk, lively suds you get—how easily and quickly Fels-Naptha's combination of rich golden soap and grease-loosening naphtha hustles away every bit of dirt.

You'll get a wash to be proud of—and you'll get it safely! For unlike "trick" soaps, Fels-Naptha doesn't make things shabby months before their time.

Fels-Naptha Soap is now selling at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars at your grocer's today! . . . Fels & Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. © 1933, F&C Co.





Freddie Rich is one of the many who has paid a high price in scandal for his well-known moniker that causes much heartaches.



More than once Fred Waring has been put on the spot because his name is another tag for success. Gushing girls are a bane to his joy.

P O O R L I T T L E C E L E B R I T I E S

EVERY radio star has a sharp sword dangling by a slim thread over his or her head. It is a sword of threats, false accusations and petty, chiseling rackets.

I have seen Freddie Rich crucified in court merely because he was Freddie Rich, the famous orchestra leader. I have seen Rudy Vallee hailed to court on a ridiculous charge simply because he was Rudy Vallee. I have seen Annette Hanshaw tremble to the point of tears because she found herself getting involved in a messy affair of which she knew absolutely nothing. But let me tell you just how and why all of our radio favorites find that their prominence leaves them wide open to punishment and trouble—and they can do nothing to avoid it.

False accusations do more to torment a radio star than anything else. Take the case of Freddie Rich, for instance. You may remember that he sued his wife for divorce last year. I won't go into the details; the papers played up every bit sensationally. Freddie tried to act like the gentleman that he is. The charge that he made against his wife was found to be true. And Freddie was awarded the verdict. Never did he make an accusation that was irrelevant to the case. The trial attracted the front pages of the New York papers, although Freddie slipped in and out of court unobtrusively, and refused to

be photographed or to say anything for publication.

Then one day came this damning, damaging and lying statement from Peggy Lawlor Rich's curling lips which made Freddie turn white with horror.

"Mr. Rich was probably under the effects of dope which he frequently takes," she cried through the shocked courtroom.

HER hand was skillfully played for he was not allowed to take the witness stand to deny this awful accusation. The papers featured it in the headlines the next day. Freddie was sick when he saw that lie, uttered through malice and spite. His denial of this sinister suggestion occupied one short paragraph tucked away at the end of a story in one of the papers. Peggy Rich had accomplished her aim. It didn't help her case any, but there are many bigwigs in radio who say that the dreadful publicity he received at his divorce trial played no small role in preventing him from receiving a sponsored program, in spite of his high standing as a band master.

Will Freddie Rich's fate overtake Rubinoff? Many of Dave's friends are afraid that it might.

Dave Rubinoff was in his office, going over some new arrangements for his broadcast, when suddenly like a bolt



(Above) Not even diminutive Annette Hanshaw has escaped the far-flung net of rackets.

(Below) A would-be money-getter found that Jack Benny is far from funny when a phoney pulls a fast one.



Being a public darling isn't all it's cracked up to be. Ask the big-wigs in radio and hear what they have to say

By MARTIA
McCLELLAND

out of the blue, a summons was thrust into his hand. "What's this?" he asked, startled. He found out soon enough. A taxi dancer was suing him for breach of promise asking \$100,000 heart balm! "This is ridiculous," Rubinoff stated. "I don't even know the girl."

But all that week the newspapers plastered his picture on the front pages in connection with the suit and all of

its nasty implications. Rubinoff claims that he knows nothing at all about it; that it is just another method of exporting money from him and bringing him distasteful publicity. So far, the case is still hanging in mid-air, waiting to be called into court. What the result will be nobody knows. However, whether the charges are proven true or false, Rubinoff has everything to lose. His name and reputation will have to stand. (Continued on page 70)



CBS won the race to give America an eye-witness account. (L. to r.) Pat Flanagan, announcer, Engineer Kcener and Truman Bradley, announcer.

FIRE!

CHICAGO!
May, 1934!

For forty days and forty nights, it had failed to rain. The midwest was parched and sere. The populace choked amid swirling dust storms, burned under a blazing sun.

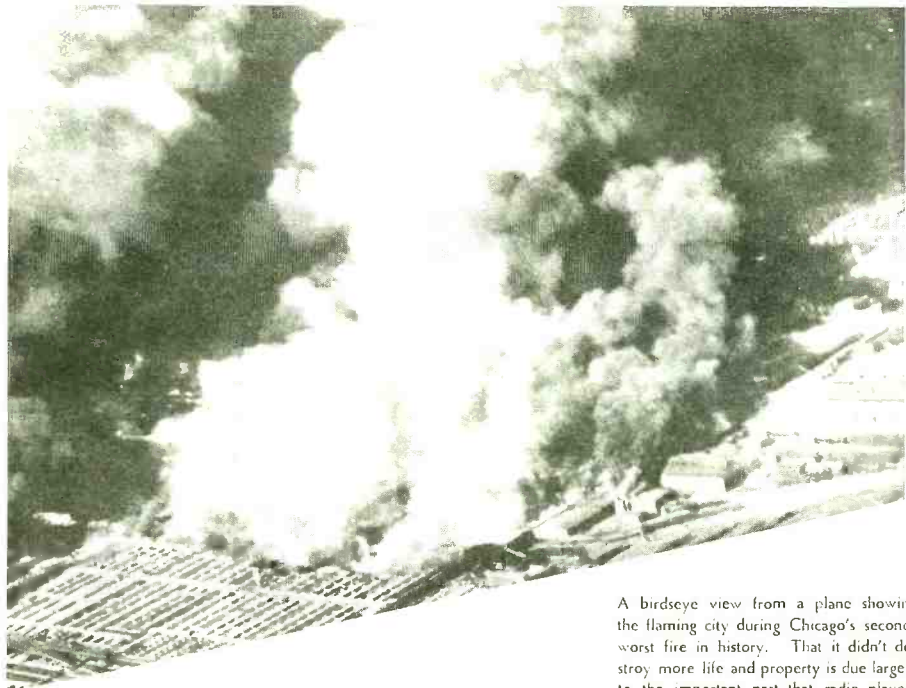
Came a scorching Saturday afternoon culminating a week of terrific temperatures. Hordes swarmed to the beaches. Uncounted thousands piled into cars and headed for the country. A half million householders scanned the cloudless sky and got out sprinklers to make one more effort to save their gardens and lawns.

A sight-seer sped along the 43rd Street viaduct travers-

ing Chicago's odoriferous stockyards and carelessly tossed out a cigarette. It fell into an outdoor cattle pen littered with hay and straw dry as tinder from the long drought. A watchman spied the small blaze and rushed to spread the alarm. High winds from the southwest fanned the flames and they were soon roaring down upon him. He barely escaped.

You've read the stories in your newspapers. You know that a square mile of Chicago was laid waste by the blazing devils that sprang from that motorist's cigarette. But you don't know the story I'm going to tell.

"Chicago is afire!"
"The World's Fair is burning."



A birdseye view from a plane showing the flaming city during Chicago's second-worst fire in history. That it didn't destroy more life and property is due largely to the important part that radio played.

RADIO, science's greatest gift to humanity, checks a holocaust. Read this throbbing story of heroism and trigger-quick fire-fighting

"Michigan Avenue is aflame from end to end."

These were the cries that sped from mouth to mouth and town to town, via telegraph and telephone, carried by motorists and air pilots. These were the heart-shaking messages that much of America heard that awful afternoon.

Fortunately, they weren't true. But they might have been true, you can bet your bottom dollar, had it not been for radio. Radio did a job that day. Six jobs, in fact.

THE fire broke out a few minutes after 4 o'clock. At 4:30 Station WAAF of the *Daily Provers Journal* died without warning in the middle of a musical program. It was burned right off the air before it had an opportunity to broadcast a word about the fire. Station officials spied the flames spreading swiftly in the direct path to their plant atop the Exchange building. Chief engineer Carl Ulrich and a couple of continuity writers rushed to the roof where they turned on the water, playing a hose to keep the fast flying embers from catching. That availed nothing. They were themselves marooned—were forced to drop twenty feet to a ledge below where firemen climbed up to rescue them.

As sirens screamed and trucks careened to the fire front, radio stations quickly spread the general alarm. On Satur-

day afternoon many hundreds of Chicago's 2,000 firemen were off duty, other hundreds on vacation, leave of absence, or merely drinking a little beer across the street.

The first fire crews to reach the blaze were insufficient. Every fireman on the force had to be found. Radio calls went winging into the sky. Off-duty firemen piled out of ball parks and pool halls and a thousand cool spots to sprint toward the fire front.

Soon, every piece of fire apparatus in all the city was at work. Outlying engine houses were stripped of men and machines. A spark or an explosion anywhere now would mean another uncontrolled blaze. Radio called on the fire departments of Chicago suburbs. These departments ran their spare trucks and crews into empty Chicago fire houses to take care of whatever alarms came in.

That was the first job. The second? Crowds began to pour into the danger area. Firefighters and their equipment became ensnared in tight masses of curious humanity. Cars and pedestrians were converging on the fire from all over Chicago.

Radio voices crackled through a million loudspeakers. "Don't come to the fire. We haven't room to work as it is. Stay away and leave us valuable room for our fire-fighting equipment." That was (Continued on page 100)

By HUBERT
ACKERMAN

MISS RADIO

RADIO STARS Magazine Inaugurates its First Annual "Miss Radio" Search.



(Above) Beautiful Diana Chase, Miss Radio of 1933. (Right) Rosemary Lane, pretty runner-upper last year and (extreme right) Leah Ray, another who almost walked away with the laurels. Both Rosemary and Leah will be contestants again this year in the nation-wide choice for Miss Radio.

Who is the most beautiful radio entertainer in America? RADIO STARS Magazine starts a coast-to-coast and border-to-border search for this year's broadcasting queen. With your help, we will find her. Read the rules and join the hunt!



WE want a real radio queen... an honest-to-gosh all-wool-and-a-yard-wide Miss Radio of 1934.

RADIO STARS Magazine is going to find her. With your help, if you're willing. If you're not, step aside and let them help as want to help.

For several years now, there has been a puffing and blowing in sundry parts of the country which, when the dust cleared, revealed that some busy-body or other had picked a likely-looking lass and named her Miss

FIRST ANNUAL SEARCH FOR "MISS RADIO"

RADIO STARS Magazine,
149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Gentlemen:

I nominate for Miss Radio of 1934:

Name _____ Type of entertainer _____ Station _____ City _____

Note—you may nominate any number of candidates you wish.

Sign your name _____

Address _____

OF 1934 ? ?

Help Us Find the Winner



- RULES:**
1. Candidates for "Miss Radio of 1934" shall be nominated by a reader of RADIO STARS Magazine, or by an officer of any radio station authorized by the Federal Radio Commission.
 2. Candidates shall have been employed for at least six months or more in the business of broadcasting on either sustaining or commercial programs, three months of which radio time shall have been during 1934.
 3. Candidates may be from any field of radio entertainment, including singing, playing, acting, announcing, news commenting, orchestra leading.
 4. Nominations may be made by using the coupon on page 16 or by letter.
 5. Nominations will be received up to midnight, September 10, 1934.

Radio. For several years now, we have heard this or that star called "the most beautiful woman in radio."

Never yet, however—and please get this straight—has there been a national search for a Miss Radio who would truly represent America. National eliminations have never been undertaken in order to discover who is really the prettiest girl radio entertainer in our forty-eight states.

Amazing, isn't it? But true!

So, hear ye, hear ye! RADIO STARS Magazine, as the largest and most successful radio fan publication in the world, herewith inaugurates its First Annual Search for Miss Radio. And the first nation-wide hunt. Hear ye, hear ye! We need your help.

Most Miss Radios of the past have been selected from New York City or Chicago. Which is natural, since most network broadcasts originate at those two points. But in those twin cities there is only a handful of sta-

tions—probably no more than twenty. In the remainder of the U.S.A. there are more than 600. Surely, the girls whose voices are heard on the air waves of those 600 deserve consideration. Among them, certainly, are beauties who rival and may surpass the most blessed of their big city sisters.

Now RADIO STARS Magazine and you undertake to find out.

THIS month and next month (July and August) and the first ten days in September, we will accept nominations from you for candidates to America's radio queenship and the title of Miss Radio of 1934.

On page 16 is a coupon. Observe its neat but empty lines. Mentally check your list of favorite radio entertainers of the gentler sex. Read the list of rules and then fill in the coupon's empty spaces with name and station of your candidate. Mail it to us and we'll do the rest.

(Continued on page 100)



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San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

America's major radio critics tell you what they think of the air shows

- **** Excellent
- **** Good
- *** Fair
- ** Poor
- * Not Recommended
- **** A & P GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK (NBC). Always dependable.
- **** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** CITIUS SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGNETTE (NBC). A lovely voice.
- **** ELFISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC). A variety that is refreshing.
- **** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- **** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC). A big share of credit goes to Annette Hanshaw.
- **** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (NBC). Waring is always good.
- **** KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN AND LEE WILEY (NBC).
- **** RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ERNO RAJEC (NBC).
- **** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND FAIG (CBS).
- **** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC). Too bad it isn't on an earlier hour.
- **** JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS WITH JOSEF PASTERNAK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THIBAUT AND DON VOORHIES' ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** HALL OF FAME (NBC).
- **** HOUR OF SMILES WITH FRED ALLEN AND LENNIE HAYTON (NBC). Recommended.
- **** CAMEL CARAVAN WITH CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA, COL. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD AND CONNIE BOSWELL (CBS).
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH ROSA PONSSELLE AND ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS). Good work, M. Kostelanetz.
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH NINO MARTINI AND ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS).
- **** NEW PALMOLIVE SHOW WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT (NBC).
- **** PACKARD WITH DR. DAMROSCH (NBC).
- **** CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC). Always makes Saturday night better.
- **** AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
- **** ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
- **** THE GOLDBERGS, PEPSODENT PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** PARST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
- **** PHILCO NEWS COMMUNICATOR—BOAKI' CARLIE (CBS).
- **** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND HERANTE (NBC).
- **** GULF PROGRAM WITH IRVING BERLIN (NBC).
- **** ENO CRIML CLUBS (NBC).
- **** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
- **** PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
- **** CUTEX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
- **** LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC).
- **** REAL SILK WITH PREVINS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND, PROGRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
- **** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER (NBC).
- **** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- **** SINGING LADY (NBC). Always good.
- **** LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- **** MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL (NBC).
- **** SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBBSIE (NBC).
- **** ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN (CBS).
- **** CORN COB PIPE CLUB (NBC).
- **** NESTLE WITH ETHEL SHUTTA AND WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
- **** ELDER MICHAUX AND HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS). Sometimes it gets monotonous.
- **** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN AND FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG (NBC).
- **** FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
- **** SOCONYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).
- **** WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
- **** HOOVER SENTINELS (NBC).
- **** CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC).
- **** BETTY AND BOB (NBC).
- **** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
- **** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES (NBC).
- **** PLOUGH MUSICAL CRUISER WITH VINCENTI LOPEZ (NBC).
- **** PEPSODENT WITH EDDIE DUCHIN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** ONE NIGHT STANIS WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC). They can make an old joke sound good.
- **** COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DONALD NOVIS (NBC).
- **** TENDER LEAF TEA WITH JACK PEARL (NBC).
- **** HARLEM SERENADE WITH CLAUDE HOPKIN'S ORCHESTRA AND THE FIVE SPIRITS OF RHYTHM (CBS).
- **** 35 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** BROADCASTS FROM THE BYRD EXPEDITION (CBS).
- **** WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WITH JAMES MILTON AND GUESTS (CBS).
- **** TONY WONS (CBS).
- **** SKIPPY (CBS).
- **** THE MYSTERY CHIEF (CBS) (NBC).
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH GRLE STUECK GOLD AND ANDRE KOSTELANETZ (CBS).
- **** LITTLE MISS BABY'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL (NBC).
- **** BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS (NBC).
- **** WAVES OF ROMANCE WITH TED BLAOK'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- **** BARE RUTH SERIES (NBC).
- **** FRANK MERRIWELL'S ADVENTURES (NBC).
- **** BABY ROSE MARIE (NBC).
- **** TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).
- **** THE MOLLE SHOW WITH SHIRLEY HOWARD (NBC).
- **** HUDSON VOCALIANS (NBC).
- **** TERRAPLANE TRAVELCADE (NBC).
- **** DAVID ROSS 'N' POIT'S GOLD (CBS).
- **** NICK L'CAS (CBS).
- **** FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS (CBS).
- **** BETTY BARTHELL AND HER MELODIES (CBS). Worth listening to.
- **** EMERY DEUTSCH (CBS).
- **** BILL HUGGINS (CBS). Good work, Bill.
- **** MORTON DOWNEY'S STUDIO PARTY (CBS).
- **** THE PROGRAM OF THE WEEK—SCHLITZ BEER (CBS).
- **** CONFLICT—A DRAMA (CBS). Don't miss this.
- **** THE SINGING STRANGER WITH WADE BOUTH (NBC).
- **** GENE AND GLENN (NBC).
- **** JOHNS-MANVILLE PROGRAM WITH FLOYD GIBBONS (NBC).
- **** CRAZY CRYSTALS WATER PROGRAM WITH GENE ARONLD AND THE COMDORES (NBC).
- **** BEATRICE FAIRFAX (NBC).



Ernest Inzer

Kate Smith

Carlos Gardel

Jessica Dragonette

Wynne Ruth

ON THE AIR

Signal! Action! The mike is on! And here you see them at work

Johnny Green

Wayne King

Annette Franklyn

Cap'n Henry



(Above) Rosa Ponselle, the operatic prima donna, who sings to you each Monday evening on the Chesterfield program over CBS.

TAKE TIME FOR

LOVE

By
PEGGY WELLS

I'M going to tell you a story. All about a poor, lonely, shy, little girl who was hoisted to fame and fortune some fifteen years ago and who has been sitting on top of the world ever since. It sounds like a fairy tale, doesn't it? But it's not, for fairy stories all have happy endings—and this girl is, I think, miserable. I'm talking of Rosa Ponselle, the Caruso in petticoats, whom you hear every Monday night at 9 p.m., EDST, on the Chesterfield program over Columbia Broadcasting System.

Well, you ask, what is it that has kept Rosa Ponselle from happiness all these years? Why did she choose the life she is leading, the lesser, lonelier role of a singer instead of the fuller, more satisfying one of wife and mother? Goodness knows there've been enough men throwing themselves at her feet!

She didn't choose her solitary state, it just happened. Rosa kept putting off marriage until she was an opera singer, head over heels above all the others. She thought there was always time for love and kidded herself along till it was too late. Rosa Ponselle did what many other successful women have done: sacrificed their chance at heaven for a career.

To understand how she allowed such a thing to happen you must know something of Rosa Ponselle's early life and the dread spectre of poverty that stalked through

her wretched, lonely childhood and young womanhood.

She was born Rosa Ponzillo, the second daughter of a poor Italian immigrant, who kept a combination saloon, restaurant and general store on the outskirts of Meriden, Connecticut. Rosa, ever sensitive to beauty in life, was unhappy at home, hated the rough men who came to eat and drink and laugh at her father's cafe. Hated their rude ways and coarse jests.

It wasn't only her surroundings that made her sad. She was jealous of the other little girls who wore pretty clothes while she had to wear her older sister Carmela's castoffs. Nor did she ever have the few pennies necessary to go to the movies with the other girls from school. Left out of everything, she felt like an outcast. Bitterly, she resented her poverty. But what she resented most was her voice. Yes, her lovely, sweet, full throbbing tones that have brought so much happiness to many.

You see, as a child, her voice was developed way beyond her years. It was so much stronger and fuller than the other children's so that when the class sang she drowned them all out. They laughed at her, sneered at her and called her a show-off. It got so bad that she never sang above a whisper in school.

When she was thirteen, something happened that changed the pattern of her whole life. Her sister Carmela wanted to sing professionally. Papa Ponzillo, a con-

Today Rosa Ponselle wonders if her overwhelming success has been worth the great sacrifice she has made



(Above) We wonder how Miss Ponselle keeps the dogs from chasing the cat and the cat from chasing the bird, but she did long enough for us to take this picture. (Left) In costume at the Metropolitan Opera.

Rosa Ponselle can be heard at 9 p.m. EDST Mondays over the following stations:
WABC, W2XE, WADG, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WERC, WDRG, WBBM, KMGH, WNAS, WCAU, WTKAU, WJAS, WJAN, KMOX, WFBI, WSPD, WISV, WOAM, WDBO, WJAE, WBRB, KERN, KMJ, KIH, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KERC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WPG, WJAZ, WLCC, WWT, WDOG, WJNS, WRK, KLZ, WJLW, KTAT, WHIG, WHP, KTRH, WKBH, KLRJ, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WUCD, WODX, WJAC, WJST, WTAR, KOMA, WMBG, WOFI, WHEC, WDR, KSL, KTSJ, WTCO, KSCI, WNAS, WBBW, KTUL, WACO, WMTL, KFIL, WJIS, WORC, WNAX, KOH, KGMF.



servative Italian gentleman, felt that singing on the stage was a disgrace. Only common girls sang professionally and Carmela must forget about her dreams of singing. Her place was at home helping her mother prepare the food for the men who came to eat, and feeding the chickens and ducks they housed in the back yard. Footlights were flashes from the devil's eye, he said, and forbade her studying music. Rosa, of course, was included in the taboo.

Carmela, aged sixteen, ran away from home to make her own way in the world. "She'll come to no good end," her father said.

Two years later Carmela came back, but somehow she looked like a different person. Now, she was quite the lady, wearing gorgeous clothes and having plenty of money. She had earned it all with singing in cabarets. Rosa was thrilled by her



Whiskers, a favored pet, strikes a possessive pose with his famous mistress.

stories of New York, where no one cared whether or not you came from the wrong side of the town. Her eyes lingered on her sister's lovely clothes. Where now were all her father's prophecies and his bitter, futile warnings?

Carmela saw Rosa admiring her clothes, patting the fine silks and laces. "Why don't you go to work, with your voice it would be a cinch," she encouraged Rosa, who was willing to do anything to get out of the morass of poverty in which she was sinking. Anything to take her away from her father's strict discipline, the home without music and laughter.

SINGING in a nickelodeon, that was the first step on the path up. Then came cabarets and cheap vaudeville. It was at a cabaret, Cafe Melone, in New Haven, that she met her first love. He was James Ceriani, proprietor of the place, a man older than she. He realized how lonely and homesick she was, how inexperienced. And her fresh young beauty thrilled and warmed him. His cabaret was a hangout for the gay young blades from Yale College looking for a good time. Ceriani watched over Rosa like a big brother and stood as a wall between her and the unpleasant attentions of his young patrons. He saw to it that she didn't join in the boys' parties and every night he drove her home.

There was one incident in particular that showed how much Rosa meant to him, how he would stop at nothing

if anyone dared to offend her. It was the eve of Decoration Day, back in 1915. The cafe had been open till very late. James Ceriani had gone to the garage for his car and Rosa was waiting for him in front of the cabaret. When he drove up, he found her fighting off the amorous advances of a drunkard who was trying to take her in his arms. Ceriani saw red, he jumped from the car and his fists lashed out. The man fell. His skull struck the hard pavement. Rosa was saved, but the man died.

When the police heard the entire story they let Ceriani go scot free. Rosa wept tears of gratitude. This thing he had done for her served as a bond to bring them together more closely than ever. For the first time in her life she felt herself protected, sheltered and admired. Forgotten were her dreams of glory, she thought only of him. But he was ambitious for her success. It was he who encouraged her to study, realizing she was born to sing. What a pity to waste a voice like hers. When she and Carmela had an offer to team up in vaudeville, singing, he encouraged her to accept.

So Rosa went to New York with Carmela, leaving her sweetheart behind. You mustn't get the idea that she did it without a struggle, but she felt sure that she'd come back to her Jimmie and everything would turn out all right. She was so young, you see, and how could she know what lay ahead? Perhaps if she had realized, when she set out with such high hopes, that she was saying goodbye to love, she would have gone straight back. Perhaps if she could have looked ahead and seen herself at thirty-seven, without anyone to share her joys and sorrows, she would have turned her back on music and become a happy young matron. Fortunately for us, she couldn't see ahead.

SHE and her sister toured the four-a-day-circuit. It happened that one day William Thurner, famous voice teacher, was in the audience and heard them sing. Their voices intrigued him, particularly Carmela's. He had made many opera stars—Galli Curci and Clarence Whitehall among others. Yes, he would train Carmela, but Rosa, that was another story. She was really a dramatic soprano but sang mezzo soprano, contralto, whatever was needed in the act and the faulty technique had cheapened her voice.

"One prima donna in the family is enough. Go home and wash dishes," he barked at her. Broken-hearted, Rosa went home. She had had her chance and failed. She saw herself going through life a third-rate singer, with the spectre of poverty that had haunted her childhood always pursuing her. I think that then she was nearer to marriage than she has ever been. But by this time war had been declared and Jimmie Ceriani had enlisted.

While her sister took lessons from Thurner, she had to sit by quietly. Carmela's singing improved tremendously. Not that Rosa envied her the path to glory that she was blazing but she wondered why she, who was choking with ambition and love of music, couldn't do something about it?

Back to Thurner she went. "Please give me a chance," she begged. "I'll do anything you say." At first he was adamant, but when he saw the pleading look in her eyes and heard her sing once more, he decided that after all she might succeed.

For the next six months she slaved. Late into the night she studied and practiced and her singing improved by leaps and bounds. Soon Thurner felt she was ready for the Metropolitan and persuaded Gatti Cuzzazi to audition her. Cuzzazi was so thrilled with her velvet-smooth voice that he signed her at once for the Metropolitan Opera Company.

She, an unknown, was to sing (Continued on page 96)



DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

By REGINA
CANNON

Do you want to marry the right man? Irene Rich tells you how to profit by her mistakes

IRENE RICH has made mistakes. "Well," sez the wisecracker, "everyone has. That's why they put erasers on pencils."

But, Irene Rich has married hers. Three of them—on three separate occasions, and, while she has no ambition to run an Advice to the Lovelorn column, she is willing to recount her experiences so that what she went through, matrimonially speaking, may not happen to you ready for a venture.

Miss Rich, you know, is the stage and movie actress, who a few years ago turned her talkie talent to radio and clicked at once. Now you may enjoy her on the Welch dramatic programs each Friday at 7:30 p.m. EDST, over the NBC network stations: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WIZ, WBZA, WHAM, WENR, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WMC, WSMH, KDKA, KWCR, KNO, WREN, KOIL.

First of all, she warns against the gentleman who is "the life of the party." As a matrimonial bet, of course.

"I'll never forget one particular morning of my life," declared Miss Rich. "It stands out like the traditional beacon light. My husband and I had been out until the wee sma' hours. He had been the gayest of the group. You know, the sort who is still going strong when everyone else is wilting on the vine!

"Several of the girls had gushed. 'Isn't he wonderful? Doesn't he ever get tired?' 'No,' I felt like moaning, 'that's the pity of it!' But I held my tongue—and my peace.

"Well, it was at breakfast. I was about to pass out from utter fatigue. I drank some black coffee to keep going. My husband appeared—bright and gay; well gay anyhow. He began the line which I now knew by heart. It didn't sound so bad at eleven o'clock at night, but at eight in the morning, it was pretty poor. I tried to answer (Continued on page 86)



VIRGINIA BAKER

MEET BILL AND GINGER

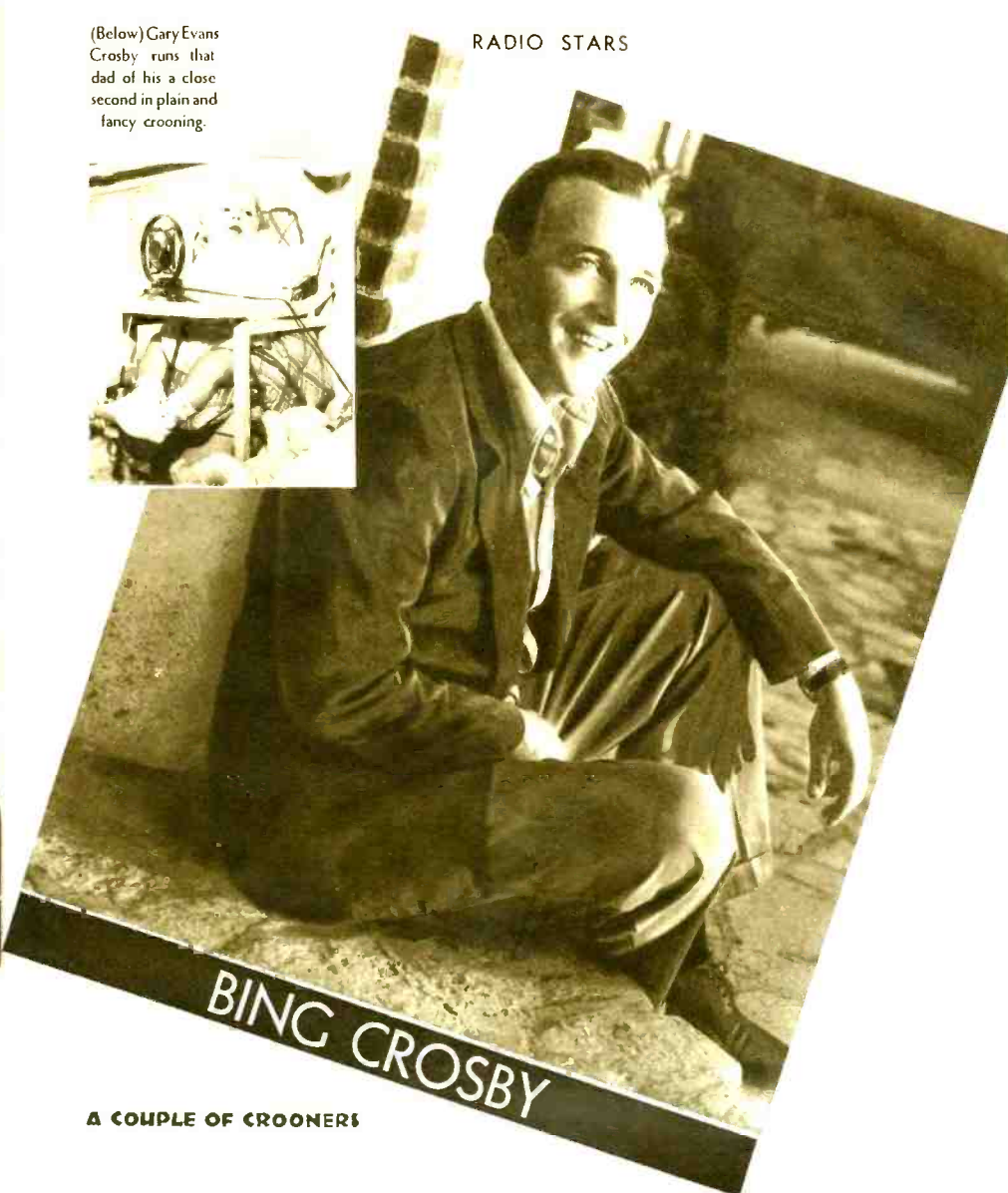
(Below) Virginia Baker and Lynn Murray, principals of the "Bill and Ginger" program.



THEY trained Virginia Baker to be a teacher but she played hookey and took aerobic dancing and singing instead. And before her mama and papa knew it they had an actress daughter touring the RKO circuit.

A couple of years ago she made her debut as girl singer with Charles Vernor's band and since then has become a popular CBS actress. Now you enjoy her as Ginger on the "Bill and Ginger" program dealing with the fortunes

of a newly married couple, which are so entertaining. Bill is Lynn Murray who didn't disappoint his parents in their chosen career of musician for him, but did give them a big surprise to discover he played the church organ on Sundays and then hopped out to a nightclub after 12 p. m. to hang out jazz on a tin pan piano. You can listen to Bill and Ginger over CBS-WABC, every Monday, Wednesday, Friday at 10:15 a. m.



BING CROSBY

A COUPLE OF CROONERS

(Below) Gary Evans Crosby runs that dad of his a close second in plain and fancy crooning.



BING! Bing! Bing! So he became Bing. Because he could holler it the loudest when the gang played "cow-boys and injuns." When he got tired of shooting injuns he began to sell newspapers. All this goes to explain how those crooning notes got hooked up in Bing Crosby's voice, for he never had any singing lessons.

But for that matter neither has his young son had any—he just listens to his pop. And as soon as he makes his

mike debut, old Bing is going to hang up his laurels for being the greatest popularizer of songs and retire to his pipes, boats and a house in California. But we're betting on Gary's ma (Dixie Lee) to keep his papa right on the job for there's another Crosby in the offing—he here in September, maybe. Bing, by the way, says it is his charming wife who is chiefly responsible for his success and young Gary seconds the statement.



THE handsome chap above is one of those four popular Lombardo brothers who used to play for fifteen dollars a dance. And were even willing to reduce the charge when the refreshments were swell and if they danced with the guests during solo numbers. Those were the days "When You Wore a Tulip" and "Margie" were hot numbers.

Shortly after this they adopted the tag of "Royal Canadians," (you know, of course, that they are all from On-

tario) and started on their way to success. Enlisting the help of several others they became a full-fledged band and radio soon recognized their worth.

The band works hard on its programs and quarrels heatedly—but good naturedly—over new arrangements. Guy is the final arbiter and the Royal Canadians merge into perfect harmony when he waves his violin bow, such is the power of this musical personality on whom you can depend to give you the kind of dance music you crave.



LATS off to little Leah Ray. No wonder orchids cluster 'round her throat for at eighteen she is one of the topnotchers on NBC's list of vocal stars. Norfolk, Virginia is her birthplace and neither radio nor the screen would have found her had she not decided to pay her uncle in Hollywood a visit.

Lovely Leah had no idea what that visit held in store for her. The movie magnates grabbed her up and she

appeared in "A Bedtime Story" with Baby LeRoy and Maurice Chevalier. Then Phil Harris heard her sing and from that time on, she's been a steady performer on the "Let's Listen to Harris" program.

We know that she isn't married or even engaged—and you can see what a charming beauty she is. Her voice is fully as enchanting. And it can be heard on the Harris program over NBC-WJZ network each Friday night at nine. Listen in, you'll like this petite blues singer.



(Left) Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink as you see her today at the age of seventy-three—unconquerable. Sons and fortune have been taken from her, yet gallant faith and courage fill this great woman's days. (Right) Doing four-a-day vaudeville appearances on her sixty-ninth birthday.

HERE IS COURAGE!

By DORA ALBERT

Illustration by JACK WELCH

AT seventy-three, Ernestine Schumann-Heink, mother of eight, grandmother of eleven, great grandmother of four, is singing once a week over an NBC-WJZ network and planning, seriously planning, to go on a world tour that will include even the dark regions of Africa.

In heaven's name, why?

Her press agents will tell you that it is because she is a soldier's daughter, and that she must die as she has lived, booted and spurred. They will tell you that she is like some magnificent war horse, who once having known the scent of battle, can never leave the field when the smoke of war is in the air.

And they are telling the truth as far as they go. But the thing they will not tell you is that Ernestine Schumann-Heink lost all her money in the depression and that today she is struggling, like you and I, to make a living.

When you first hear of it, it seems the most tragic story in radio, this story of a woman who knew the most bitter, heart-breaking poverty all her life and struggled desperately to earn peace and serenity for herself and her family, and then when she was almost seventy, saw everything she had worked for washed away.

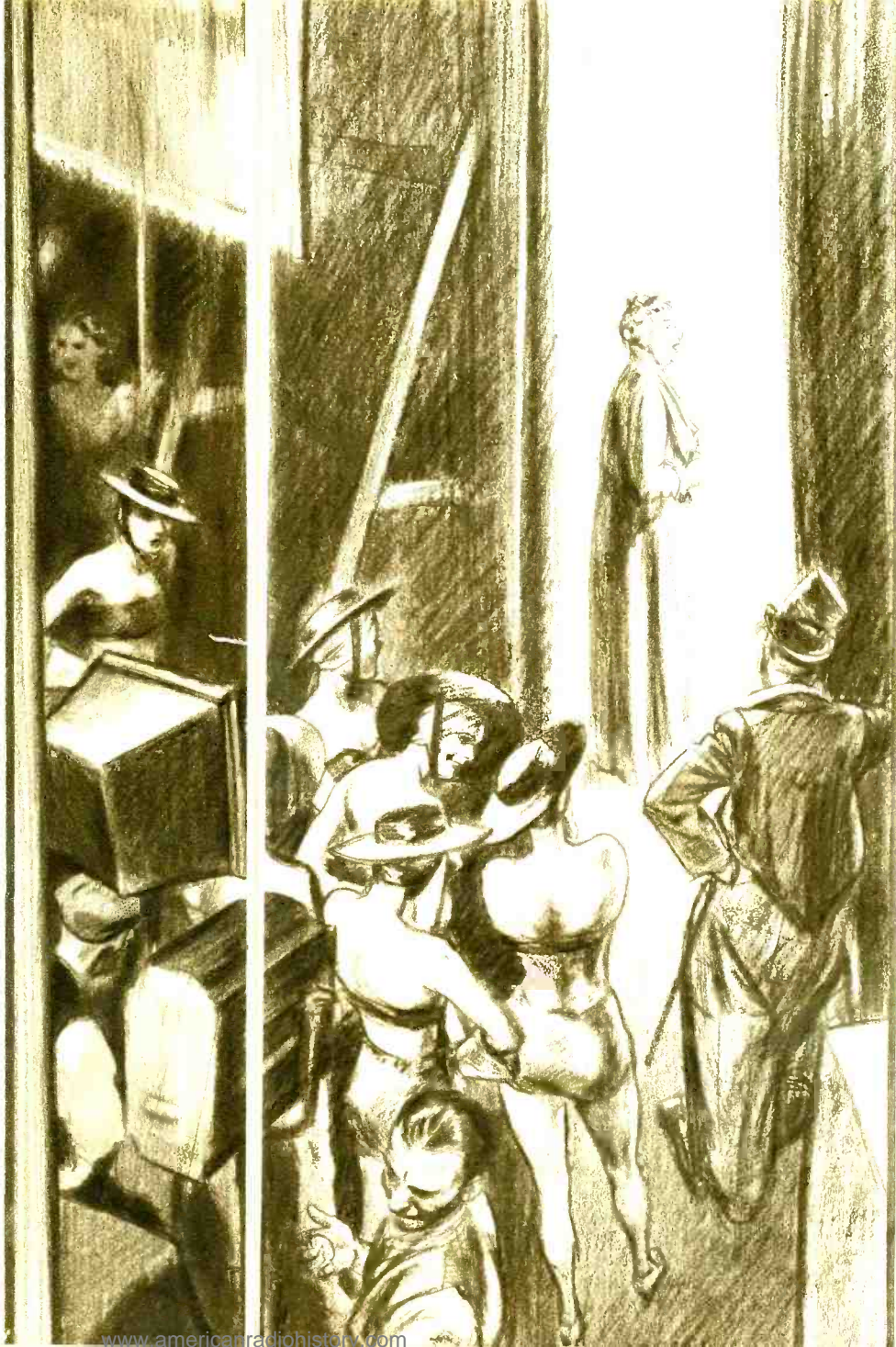
But when you meet Schumann-Heink, you realize that it is absurd to pity her. I dare say there is no one in the world who needs your pity less. For though all her money was lost in the crash, though

her life has been one of the most torturous suffering, she is today radiantly happy. She is happy because she has discovered what so few of us learn in life: that the fortunes of business may wipe away all the money we strive to accumulate, that time may dim the most golden voice and the loveliest talent, that children may disappoint one and break one's heart, yet there is always one thing left of which nothing can rob us—the spirit we build up through the years, and fortunate for us, if that spirit is as unconquerable as Madame Schumann-Heink's.

In 1926 Ernestine said she would sing two more years and then retire. She felt that she would have made enough money by then to take care of herself and that incredibly large family of hers. During her heyday—and it was a mighty long heyday—she made about \$150,000 a year. And never was she an extravagant woman, but quite the opposite, in fact.

In 1928 she made her farewell concert tour. She was not trying to fool the public when she called it a farewell tour. "After this season," she said, "I think it's time for an old lady to retire. I don't want to keep on singing when people say, 'Oh, I wish she would stop.'"

DID you see her in her last appearance in opera in 1929, when she played Erda, the soul of the universe, in



"I will sing when and where I please." That's what Madame Schumann-Heink recently said when threatened with death if she sang

Wagner's "Rheingold?" As her white clad figure descended into the earth, there was a hush over the audience, broken a few seconds later by applause that shook the Metropolitan Opera House to its rafters. That audience cheered, wept and applauded some more.

Ernestine thought then that it was the last time she would appear in public. She would devote herself, she said, to passing on to young singers what she had learned in more than half a century of singing. She gave scholarships to three young women, one a blind girl, to enable them to study music.

She dreamed of establishing community opera houses, to bring the great operas closer to the people. Golden, glorious dreams, the reward of a lifetime of effort and work. If only she could have realized them! But after all, magnificent singer that she was, she was only human. Her investments that had always seemed so wise and safe suddenly became worthless. Most of her money was tied up in bonds, and you know what happened to bonds during the depression. All her assets were frozen. The rewards of a lifetime of work and of simple living were wiped away.

Perhaps at first, despair did overtake her, and its cold, dark wings touched her with bitter heartbreak and disappointment. But not for long. She laughed it off, as she had always laughed off poverty and tragedy and suffering.

Past sixty-eight, her fortunes swept away, she had to turn to



(Above) Madame Schumann-Heink with Wiley Post, round-the-world flier, greet Lelia Roosevelt on her arrival in Los Angeles.



(Above) These fortunate young lassies, Barbara and Zelda with the famous diva are her very proud young granddaughters.

the grind of the four-a-day, making vaudeville appearances all over the country with Roxy and his gang. She gave thirty performances in a single week at the Roxy Theatre in New York. And all she had to say was, "I am glad to be able to work. I make my living. I sing my best. And the people who hear me like it. You get closer to people on the vaudeville stage. They are warmer. And you can't imagine how much that means to a sentimental old lady like myself."

Most opera singers would have judged it a terrific come-down to sing in vaudeville, in the four-a-day, but not Ernestine Schumann-Heink. She just went on with her work, never whimpering over her hard lot, never crying over what might have been.

It would be a chaotic world indeed if such courage and faith and selflessness were not rewarded somehow. Work was all Ernestine Schumann-Heink asked. And work she got. She had always said that radio was a glorious thing and that even if it ruined every one of her concerts, she would still thank heaven for the discovery of the marvelous force. And the radio moguls turned right around and asked her to act as operatic counsel for NBC. In 1930 she sang on the Enna Jettick Melodies, making seventeen appearances on that program.

That's why the story of Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the woman who began again at sixty-nine, is not and can never be a sob story. She is, I think, one of the happiest women alive today. Happiness is, after all, a state of mind. She never thinks about herself at all, only about others.

If you should start to add up all the things Ernestine has done these last few years since the depression hit her, you'd find a great many remarkable deeds. Time and again she has sung for the disabled veterans of the World War. With no cameras clicking, no newsreels grinding, she has gone out into the hospitals and sung simple heart-felt songs for soldiers who have known only pain. She has laughed with them, jollied them, tried to cheer them.

Always has she regarded the veterans as her boys. This is not a pose with her, for you see, during the war she had four of her own boys fighting on the American side and one son, August, who joined the German navy before America went into the war. How her heart must have bled. How it must have been torn in the conflict!

"I want America to win," she said, her eyes wet with tears, "but still I can't help praying that August may return to me alive. I mean to be loyal to America, but I can't help praying for my own flesh and blood, can I?"

And then there came the heart-breaking day on which she was told that August had lost his life when the German submarine of which he was commander was sunk. But still she went on singing on platforms and on street corners and in soldiers' camps. "America gave me everything I have," she said, "and I want to do what I can for it."

THE American soldiers loved Ernestine Schumann-Heink so much that they honored her son and played taps for him who had died in the German navy. In return she deceded her \$250,000 estate near San Diego to the disabled veterans of Minnesota.

To the soldiers to whom she gave her home she said, "You have honored me by calling me mother. You honored me by honoring my boy who died on a submarine. He may have killed some American boys, but he could not help that. It was war, you know. But you honored him. That is why I give you Grossmont. I love you, that is why I do this. I will love you until the Great Commander calls me."

They all love her and I'll tell you how I know. One evening Madame Schumann-Heink went alone to a theatre in New York. As she was leaving, a man stopped her and demanded grudgingly, "Give me your purse, old lady and make it snappy."

Her first reaction was not fear, but anger. "Why should I give you my purse?" she asked.

Just then another man slipped (*Continued on page 83*)



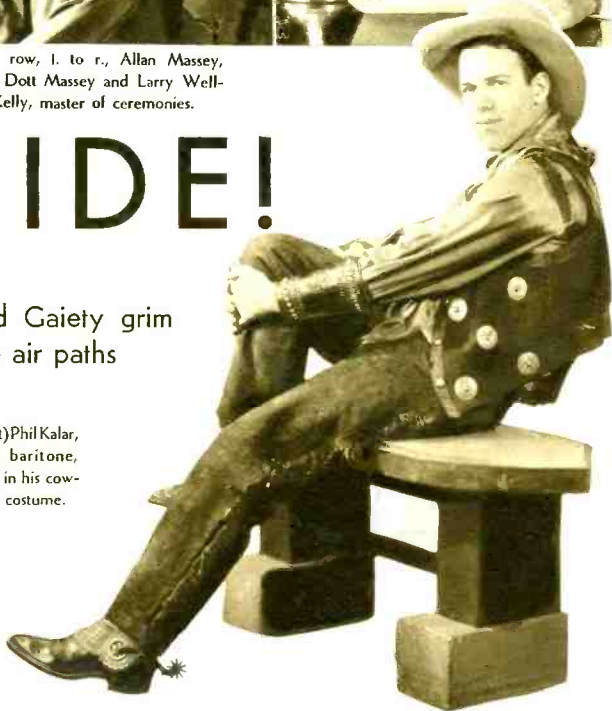
(Above) The Westerners. Back row, l. to r., Allan Massey, Louise Massey, Milt Mabil; front, Dott Massey and Larry Wellington. (Above, right) Joe Kelly, master of ceremonies.

SUICIDE!

Along with Life and Gaiety grim
Death rides the air paths

By ANDERSON
C. CHANIN

(Right) Phil Kalar,
WLS baritone,
poses in his cow-
boy costume.



THE invisible arm of radio reached out to the brink of eternity the other day and snatched back a life for another chance—a decent chance.

This miracle of staying a suicide's hand could have been accomplished through no other human agency except radio. Physicians, nurses, the Red Cross, firemen, police stood by helplessly. Every rescue device known to man was utterly useless. And as radio set about cautiously, carefully and still hopefully to save his life, hundreds of thousands of listeners waited with abated breath, even as do pedestrians in our city canyons when they spy some hapless mortal dangling perilously on a ledge high above the city streets, about to plunge to oblivion. But unlike the city crowds who watch a fatal leap from a skyscraper, the audience and the radio folk participating

in this life-saving broadcast waited long minutes, enduring terrific suspense before they knew whether their efforts had succeeded or failed.

If they had failed perhaps they would never have known whether they had merely failed or whether they had been victims of a cruel hoax.

Everybody knows that few would-be suicides reveal their intentions to take their lives. Psychiatrists seldom give much thought or credence to the threats of despondent persons who threaten to end (Continued on page 70)



(Left) Irving Berlin, the popular song writer, with his wife, Ellin Mackay. (Middle) Berlin writes romantic songs about the ocean, but when he goes swimming it's always in a pool. (Right) Back in 1926—the newly married couple take a ride along the famous boardwalk at Atlantic City.

By BLAND
MULHOLLAND

LOVE SONGS *for* SALE

HE says it with music. Irving Berlin, I mean. His loves and his sorrows, his unescapable loneliness and his pleasures, these you'll find in his songs.

Lately on the Gulf Motor Oil programs, when he sang some of his songs popular during the last quarter of a century, Irving Berlin must have awakened to many memories—he must have seen again a beautiful, young bride dying . . . sleepy soldiers standing for inspection . . . the grand premiere of a great theatre . . . a girl at the shore watching him out of soft blue eyes. He must have heard again the first cry of his first-born. For these are some of the things of which Irving Berlin has sung.

However, to start at the beginning.

He began life as Israel Baline. Izzy Baline, really. He was not much more than a baby, only four, when he crouched by a Russian roadside to watch tongues of fire lick at the dark as if they would consume the night itself. And when dawn came at last, where those flames had leapt, the poor little Baline house, like the rest of the village, lay in ashes.

That night is Irving Berlin's earliest memory. That night and the stench of the ship in which a few days later he and his mother and father and brothers and sisters came, steered, to America.

Is it strange then, coming as he does from a persecuted, hunted people, that so many of his songs should sound a deep cry of loneliness? "Nobody Knows and Nobody Seems to Care," "When I'm Alone I'm Lonesome," "All by Myself," "What'll I Do?" "All Alone." And a dozen more besides. Always has he been lonely. Even when living with his large family crowded into three small rooms in New York's teeming Ghetto. For loneliness lies within the heart.

By the time he was eight, he was peddling a bundle of evening papers under his skinny little arm. And long after midnight came home to drop pennies in his mother's lap.

At fourteen he realized his earnings had not increased proportionately with his years and where there is need, such as the Balines knew, those who do their share must



Irving Berlin rose from a singing waiter in a cheap cafe to marry one of the richest daughters in America. He has known heart-break, suffering and finally happiness—of these he sings

Pictures by Wide World

reproach the one who fails in this respect even though the reproaches remain unspoken.

And so he ran away.

Cantor Baline, before he died, had trained his Izzy's voice to the best of his ability, because he had wanted him to sing in Temple. Izzy sang now, but not in Temple. He sang in beer saloons. And the pennies thrown at him he gathered up and counted quickly to see if there were enough to pay for a bed in a flop house and a meal in a beanery.

However, in spite of this he held his dark head high and his thin shoulders straight. For after the way of men he could face his pride again—he was paying his own way, poor though it might be.

"Delham Cafe," said a new sign over a Chinatown doorway. To the initiates of this section, however, the place was known, more aptly if less elegantly, as "Nigger Mikes."

Izzy Baline went to work there as a singing waiter. "It was at 'Nigger Mike's,'" he will tell you "that I wrote

my first song. In collaboration with the piano player. We called it 'Marie From Sunny Italy.' We were forced into writing it by our competitive spirits because the singing waiter and piano player in a cafe across the street wrote a song which became a hit.

"Our song was anything but a hit. Our profit on it was thirty odd cents. Which surprises me now as much as it did then. But for a different reason."

Success began to filter to Izzy Baline. Imperceptibly at first. He wrote other songs and signed them "I. Berlin." Berlin was about the pronunciation folks gave his real name anyhow and he had it in his mind eventually to discard the Israel for Irving.

Back in the Baline household to which he returned, able now to hold up his end of things, they were no less puzzled by the success he had found selling words for songs than they once had been by his lack of success in selling newspapers.

The day Irving Berlin announced that he wished to write the music as well as the (Continued on page 90)



OF DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

IN many fields, but particularly in radio, flashiness is often mistaken for genuine talent. The man of great but unspectacular ability is sometimes neglected in the mad scramble for fame.

Such a man is Andre Kostelanetz of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Only recently, since he assumed the direction of the music on the current series of Chesterfield programs, has the armchair listener become aware of his musical wizardry.

I could tell you of many things that he has done to make the presentation of music more intelligible to the family fireside. I could catalogue innovations and experiments that have resulted in you and me getting

more joy out of listening. Many times, our pleasure has been increased by his ceaseless and restless search for perfection. Yet, more than likely, you have not known his name.

Presenting to the American public three of opera's most famous names, Rosa Ponselle, Grete Stueckgold and Nino Martini, he has won the respect of those who work with him, as well as those for whom he works.

Because he has labored with a modesty equal to his skill, and because he has brought to his programs in behalf of Chesterfield Cigarettes the full power of his genius, RADIO STARS Magazine has elected Andre Kostelanetz to receive this month's Award.



Curtis Mitchell



"HERE'S TO CRIME!"

Front page stuff! That's what the increasingly critical radio audience demands in mystery and crime thrillers



By STEWART
STERLING



(Top) A "Crime Clues" broadcast. Left to right: Dan Cassidy (Jack McBryde), Jay Hanna (director), Spencer Dean (Edward Reese) and Lillian Fretty (Helene Dumas). (Extreme left) Spencer Dean and Dan Cassidy learn how crime is fought by the police radio system. Each disc represents the location of a police radio car. (Left) Stewart Sterling—the author of "Crime Clues" drama takes you behind the scenes in this story.

"Eno Crime Clues" may be heard at 8 p.m. **EDST** Tuesdays and **Wednesdays** over the following stations:
WJZ, WHAT, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WLW, KDKA, KWR, WJR, WREN, WLS, KWCR, KSO, KOLL, WSYR.

MAYBE those fifty million Frenchmen were wrong, but take it from a weaver of plot and of plan, the millions of American dial-twirlers *aren't*. They know their stuff and you've got to know yours if you're preparing a radio program to please them.

That's why the "Manhunter Mysteries" on the "Eno Crime Clues" programs are examined with everything but x-rays before they come up to the microphone with Kel Keech saying, "One minute, folks."

Listeners won't stand for phoney plots, fake dialogue or un-life-like characters. They see and hear too much of the real thing every day. So, detective plays have to be as up-to-date as the last edition and as genuine as a police-court blotter.

That's why Spencer Dean and Dan Cassidy are drawn from the characters of men I've known. Dan, for example is the reincarnation of a hard-boiled sergeant in a North End precinct in Boston. And Jack McBryde, who plays Dan on the air, looks much like the original and talks a lot like him, too. Spencer Dean is a sort of composite picture, two rather extraordinary individuals contribute to his makeup. One was a boyhood hero of mine, a famous explorer who eventually tired of big game hunting and went man hunting for Pinkerton's; the other, a New York Police Inspector, whose uncanny knowledge of the criminal mind and shrewd deductions from otherwise unnoticed clues, was responsible for thousands of arrests during his term of office. Edward S. Reese, who plays Spencer Dean, not only looks like a millionaire sportsman (he's one of the most photographed men in the world; studios paid him high fees for advertising poses long before he went into radio), but *(Continued on page 91)*

MEET PRINCE PERKINS

By PETER
PETERS



THE FELLOW WITH TEN THOUSAND TUNES AND A CLOWNING PIANO

THE Perkins in mind is the waggish Ray, the eminent piano tamer and man-about-kilocycles, the perambulating Prince of the Palmer House of Chicago over NBC. That program which ended the first week of June.

Ray is the master of the most astounding piano in captivity and anywhere that Perkins goes, piano—Clarence to you listeners—is sure to follow. Clarence has a terrific appetite, but his meandering master is a good provider. In his tune reservoir are more than 10,000 songs that will fit any occasion and plenty that will fit none.

Now 10,000 tunes and a clowning piano are something. But Ray has done better, much better than that. For at the age when most young blades are pressing the nose to the grindstone for the long rub, "the abundant life" is already his.

Never hallyhoosed as one of the high salaried stars of radio, his yearly income, though it isn't in the bracket with Rudy Vallee's or Eddie Cantor's, still has a nodding acquaintance with the President's. He has a lovely place in Scarsdale up the Hudson, maintains a spacious town apartment and drives one of the better cars. He shuttles back and forth between New York and Chicago by plane for his weekly NBC shows. That's better than many a certified prince does.

But neither fame nor fortune are major objectives, success is only a by-product in the whirling career of this human cyclone. He's profoundly inquisitive, not acquisitive, lives every day to the hilt and finds adventure in following his own nose.

Born Raymond Lamont Perkins in staid Boston, the son of a book publisher, he might have been a big success in some conventional groove, but some hidden heritage saved him from that.

His non-conformity may be related to the fact that he can't trace his ancestry back to the Mayflower. One of his forefathers was to have come over with the Pilgrims, but he was so busy enjoying life that he missed the boat and didn't arrive until the next packet came over about seventeen years later. Roger Williams was a fellow passenger and it was his fortune to found Rhode Island but Grand Sire Perkins pointed for Maine and generations of Perkinses followed in his wake, migrating ultimately to many parts of the nation. Radio stars find, sometimes to their consternation, that they have "relatives" all over the land. But Ray believes that all the Perkinses in the country stemmed from the above mentioned forebear and he accepts them all as kin and hopes that they reciprocate.

Like the founder of the clan, Ray got out of the Boston sector in a hurry and headed for wider horizons. New York and Philadelphia were early stops in a career that led to considerable cavorting—and some careening—from coast to coast.

You can't settle Ray, the rover. He defies classification and will try anything once. He has been a concert pianist, soldier, song writer, singer, advertising solicitor, vaudeville actor, music critic, traveling salesman, free lance writer, piano roll and phonograph maker, play reader, and he's been in the movies. That's not all, but it gives you an idea of his many sidedness.

Now, in radio what would you call him? Press agents label him a comedian. But he's really a one-man show. An airway, monologist, pianist, singer, character impersonator, announcer, master of ceremonies, script writer, producer. Whatever you want, that is Ray Perkins.

The War interrupted Ray's promising career as a concert pianist. Graduating from (Continued on page 99)



FREE

Would you like an attractive 8 by 10 inch color portrait of Lanny Ross? All you have to do to get this beautiful portrait, which is Lanny's latest and is suitable to frame, is to send your name and address to Picture Editor, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York



(Above) This picture of Lanny Ross is a reproduction of the one RADIO STARS will send free of charge to any of its readers who write and ask for it. (Below) The Eton Boys of CBS have an argument over Ping Pong. (In upper corner) Fighter Max Baer who played in NBC's "Taxi" sketch.



ANOTHER fight! This time the roles were played by James Melton, tenor, and Richard Humber, ork leader. The scene was backstage at the Capitol Theatre in Manhattan and 'tis said the row was caused by jealousy over top billing. Bystanders stepped in before blows reached the dangerous stage.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE is the latest to be signed by Paramount for movies. And maybe Frank Parker will be signed to play the lead opposite her. Which reminds us. Have you noted that Lanny Ross, Bing Crosby, the Mills Brothers, Guy Lombardo, Ted Fiorito, Burns and Allen, Phil Regan, Joe Morrison, Cab Calloway, Alice Faye, Rudy Vallee, the Boswell Sisters and some others whose names slip us at the moment have been doing picture work on a fairly big scale? Movies are cashing in on radio popularity, but for that matter, radio is also presenting more movie names on the air.

WE'VE heard that those Joe Penner movies you've been seeing are old ones, made before the comic became famous, and now released because of the big demand by Penner fans. The first picture Ben Bernie made was so bad that he bought it from the producers to keep it from being shown.

EDDIE CANTOR is soon to leave NBC and the Chase and Sanborn program and shift over to CBS for a Pebecco half hour. It hasn't been decided yet if Rubinoff will go along. Cantor is to be paid \$10,000 per week and hire his own orchestra and associated talent. Joe Penner will take his place on the Chase and Sanborn hour which will be a radio promotion for him. The change

strictly confidential

Lots of gossip! Singin' Sam is married. Jessica Dragonette goes into movies. An orchestra leader is sued for heart balm



(Above) Jimmy Mattern, world flying ace, left, tells June Meredith and Charles P. Hughes of "Talkie Picture Time" how to map air courses. (Left) If you're going to wear glasses and have a moustache, says Ray Knight, then be consistent with the idea. Here's the Chief Cuckoo and a group of young cuckoos ready for their NBC program.



takes place this fall, we will tell you the date, later. Penner, incidently, got \$10,000 a week while playing Broadway theatres this spring—said to be the highest price ever paid an individual for a Broadway appearance.

THE "Last of the Red Hot Mammals" (Sophie Tucker) got rid of papa number three through a secret divorce last September in Chicago, it was revealed recently. Her third husband was Abe Lackerman, a New York dress merchant. Sophie appeared before Judge Rudolph Desort on September 25 and testified that Lackerman had abused and struck her because she refused to give him money. She said she didn't want any alimony and got the decree. In 1913 she divorced her first husband, Louis Tuck and got her decree from her second, Frank C. Westplaf, in 1920.

MOOONLIGHT nights in glamorous Monte Carlo last August inspired romance which Enric Madriguera, NBC orchestra leader, couldn't resist, says Gay Delys, blonde dancer. But back in New York, she continues, Enric spent so much time directing his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra that he forgot all about love. So just to make

amends for her loss, Gay has filed a \$100,000 heart balm suit against the tango master. The matter will come to trial this summer.

NEVER let it be said that RADIO STARS let her readers down. Paul Whiteman gives you the voice of his "Mystery Singer" each Thursday over NBC and it's now our job to tell you about him. Surely if he's a mystery, you're bubbling over with curiosity. Well, he's a southern boy, educated in the Fishman Military School in Waynesborough, Va., at the University of North Carolina and at the Nashville Conservatory of Music. People of North Carolina know him as the nephew of their governor, J. C. B. Eringhaus. He made his network debut in 1930 with the Maxwell House program, and you have since heard him on the "Merrie Men," "Ambassadors," and "Men o' Song" quartettes. Before that he was on WLW. If you saw the Chicago Opera Company presentation of "La Forza del Destino" last season you'll recall our mystery singer in the role of "Marchese." Add to these things the fact that he was a chorus man in the Schubert production of "Love Song," that he is a protégé of Giuseppe de Luca, Metropolitan Opera baritone, and that

strictly confidential

he was a church soloist in Charlotte, Washington and Winston-Salem, N. C., and that he owned the bass solo voice on the "Sealed Power Side Show" broadcast last winter on NBC, you'll understand why the mystery is not so much of a mystery. His name—Norman Gordon.

LOUISE BARKLIE, who is Sally Ward to radio listeners, and Fritz Blocki, playwright and radio continuity writer, were married April 28 in Chicago. Sally Ward is currently featured with Don Ameche in "Romantic Melodies" and has played various ingenue roles on NBC programs. Fritz Blocki was the author of the English version of "Yoche Kalb" which lured Daniel Frohman at eighty out of retirement and back to Broadway. Blocki also wrote "The World Between" in which De Wolf Hopper starred. His best known radio opus was "Chickie," aired last year over CBS. Blocki was formerly the drama critic of *The Chicago Evening American*.

SINGIN' SAM is back. Atlas Brewing Company signed him to plug Prager Brew over CBS for them. But here's the real news. The day he was signed, he slipped off and married Helen S. Davis, his secretary.

(Below) "I now pronounce you man and wife," says Mayor Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City, N. J., and Norma Talmadge, ex-movie queen, and Georgie Jessel, CBS comedian, become one after a nine-year courtship.



When CBS executives at Chicago heard about the wedding, they tried to call Sam at his home near Richmond, Indiana. The Richmond operator, when Chicago asked for Harry Frankel, messed around for several minutes looking through telephone books and records to find his phone number. Finally she reported that no one by the name of Harry Frankel lived there. "Doesn't anyone down there know Singin' Sam?" said the Chicago man. "Singin' Sam?" repeated the operator. "Why didn't you say so in the first place?" The connection was then immediately completed.

ACTOR STEPHEN FOX recently let out a laugh on the Ex-Lax program when Announcer Paul Douglas read the commercial. After the program an Ex-Lax

official was heard to remark, "I wonder if that gentleman is really loyal to Ex-Lax."

JANE FROMAN and Don Ross, her husband, have a new Rolls Royce and a pent house—which mean success.

FRANK PARKER, a protege of James Melton, is now on more programs and making more money than Melton ever dreamed about.

PATTI PICKENS, one of the trio of sisters by that name, and a young cadet from the east are being seen together an awfully lot lately. But we can't yet report whether this means anything. (Continued on page 87)

(Below) Fanny Barbour, the mother of "One Man's Family" in an unguarded moment. Minetta Ellen is the real name of this actress who is herself the grandmother of two lively lads. (Below, right) Helene Davis gave up the stage three years ago to become Singin' Sam's secretary. A short while ago she gave that up to become Mrs. Singin' Sam or, to be correct, Mrs. Harry Frankel.



The cute fellow above is Jack Smart, the actor of a thousand voices. You can hear him on the "Hour of Smiles" on NBC, Wednesdays. (Below) Lois Bennett, soprano, was the "Mary Lou" of "Show Boat" until recently. She also solos on the Hudson program at NBC.



"BABY, YOU'RE MUCH TOO FAT"



(Left) Marie Dressler was Madame Sylvia's first patient. Her experiences are amusing. (Above) Here's the beauty expert at work rubbing off pounds from Patricia Bowman so she'll be in shape for a Broadway show.

By MARY
JACOBS

If Marie Dressler hadn't drunk a dozen steins of near beer daily for a week, back in 1925, the stage and screen and radio would never have known Madame Sylvia, that four-foot-eight-inch human dynamo, whose slogan is "Death to Fat."

In case you don't know her, she was the Hollywood masseuse who gave you advice on health and reducing and beauty every Friday, via the NBC network. She is off the air for the summer but will be back this fall.

But to get back to Marie Dressler, Sylvia had come to Hollywood from Copenhagen to build up a business as a masseuse. But business she got none, till a doctor she knew suggested she visit Marie Dressler who was ill.

"I had never seen Marie Dressler on the screen and so expected a beautiful movie queen," Madame Sylvia told me in her quick, foreign tones, with her quaint Norwegian accent. "When I got to the Ambassador Hotel, something rolled out of bed. I found, a big, fat, middle-aged woman, sick. She was a sight. Her hair was rolled up in small curls. She was so bloated I felt like going over and wringing her out."

"Darling," I said. (Sylvia calls everyone from the shoeblack to her husband darling.) "Everything is wrong with you."

And what was wrong with Marie? She was playing the part of an old souze in "The Callahans and the Murphys." The director, a stickler for realism, made her swallow a dozen steins of near beer for one scene. And he retook that same scene every day for a week. Now you know why Marie looked and felt sick.

Sylvia treated her for a while. Until one day Marie Dressler asked for a mirror. Then she looked at the masseuse reproachfully. "Half-pint," she said, "you trying to make me beautiful and slim? Just as I find my fat is money in the bank you come along and try to take it away from me. Scat!"

So Sylvia was fired from her first Hollywood job because she was too good. But Marie Dressler recommended her to other stars who weren't afraid of being made slim and beautiful. And Madame Sylvia started her career as beef-reducer to the stars. What they put on at the dinner table the night before, she pounded off the next morning. And plenty more. For the camera plays an odd trick on the Jean Harlows and Greta Garbos and Joan Crawford. It makes them appear ten or fifteen pounds heavier than they are.

Madame Sylvia treats high society, as well as stars. For instance, there was Barbara (Continued on page 92)



(Above) Norma Shearer of Hollywood owes a lot to the skill of the Madame. (Right) Constance Bennett who, you might remember, was the subject of Sylvia's first broadcast. They say Sylvia was Connie's salvation.

Madame Sylvia's advice for success is, "Improve your appearance and you improve your opinion of yourself"

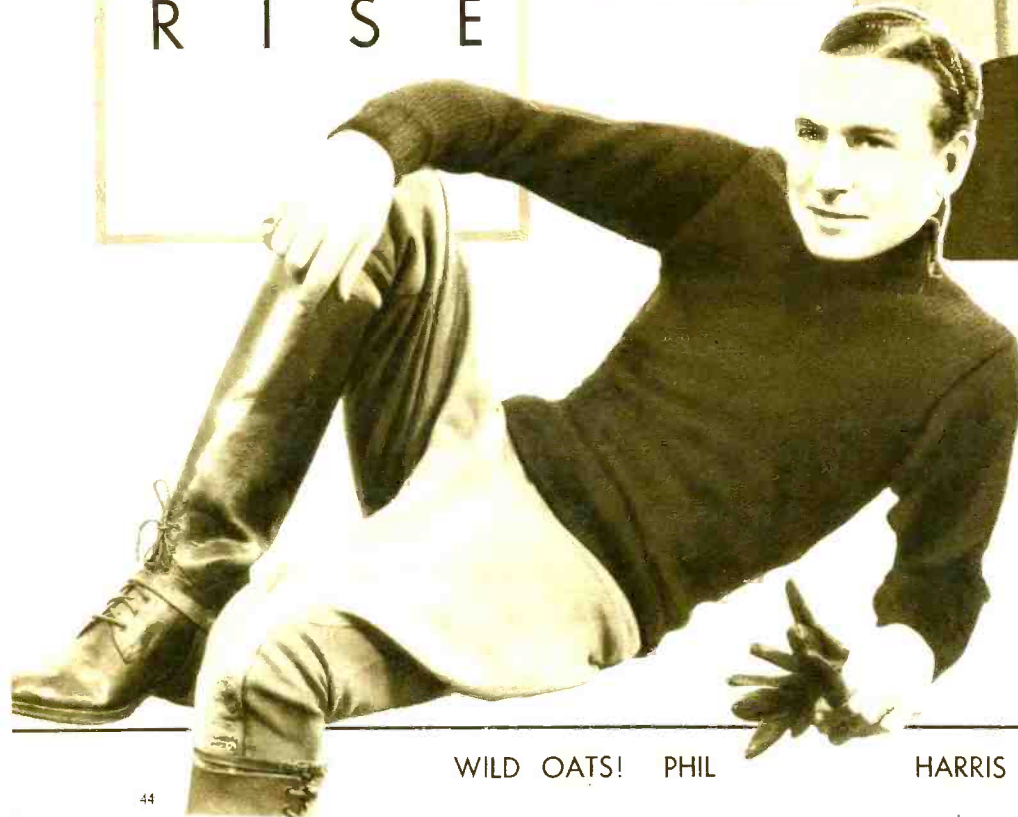
(Right) Here she is in person. Madame Sylvia of Hollywood and radio fame. You'd never know she was 52 years old, would you?



THE TRUE
STORY OF
*Phil
Harris'*
R I S E

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

(Bottom) Phil Harris poses before he starts on a country jaunt. He's fond of riding and all kinds of sports. (Top left) Out in San Francisco when Phil beat the drums and drank gin fizzes—yep, that's he behind the tropical scene, the boys called him and Loffner boss when this was snapped. (Below) Phil takes Bette Davis of moviedom to Hollywood's famous Coconut Grove. (Right) And this is popularity, sez the good-looking leader.



ACCORDING to Phil Harris' biography he's had a hard life.

According to Phil Harris himself he's had a swell life and nothing to regret.

Which gives you a pretty good idea of the young band leader whose hour on Friday nights has become such an outstanding feature of the air.

Phil Harris would rather suffer than feel nothing at all. He'd a darn sight rather be flat and stony broke, without any place to sleep and his meals a matter of the merest chance, than not to live fully. All of which goes a long way towards explaining his success as a band leader. He has those things with which a leader must infuse his band—spirit, zest, pep and a true love of life and living.

Phil was young the time he went broke in San Francisco. Nights, he used to sleep sitting up in a chair in the Musician's Union. There was an occasional dinner at the home of a boy he'd met on the boat coming back from Honolulu. This boy's father was a drayman so the family dinners were hearty and included plenty of meat and

potatoes, fortunately for the guest. He needed them.

After a while Phil landed a job playing the drums in a San Francisco theatre. He was paid \$125 a week for seven months. Nevertheless at the end of that time when he left for Los Angeles he was broke again and five hundred dollars in debt.

He didn't deserve any sympathy and didn't want any. He didn't even know that he needed any for he'd had fun. He'd consumed more gin fizzes than he could count. A warm gay excitement had gone flowing through his veins. He'd been in the clouds. He'd known exhilaration, loved it, every minute of it.

Would he save the next money he made? Of course not! He'd buy more gin fizzes and undoubtedly go broke again the same way he had a dozen times before. That, Phil Harris would have told you at this particular time, was life worth living.

In vain his more serious friends used to talk to him about his drinking. They used to warn him that he would pay dearly for his indulgences. They used to assure him that one day the irresponsible (Continued on page 98)

WILD OATS! PHIL

HARRIS

SOWED PLENTY. AND THEN HE REAPED — SIMOLEONS AND SUCCESS

Little

GIANT

Heller

Jackie Heller wanted to be a pugilist but found that singing for his supper paid better.



By CHARLES
PHILIP RILEY

WHEN you hear the lyric singing of Little Jackie Heller in your loudspeaker, when you hear him singing of love and romance and moonlight, you don't think for a single moment of the rough-and-tumble of the prize ring, do you?

But this same Jackie Heller, who sings so soulfully out in Chicago for the National Broadcasting Company, came very near to being a fighter. A real honest-to-goodness pugilist. He was headed right smack in that direction when something happened.

You see, he had a kind neighbor in Pittsburgh who took a great liking to him. This neighbor had a fine gymnasium equipped with all the apparatus of punching bags, skipping ropes, pulleys, everything to delight a kid interested in boxing.

On a June day, just after graduating from grammar school, Jackie received the happy news that his neighbor had entered him in an amateur boxing competition that was only a few months off. That great

day came at last. It was Little Jackie Heller's first fight—the first of more than thirty-five bouts that eventually led him to annexing the A.A.U. flyweight crown of Pittsburgh and defending it successfully for two years before relinquishing it undefeated.

But we have overlooked telling you about his neighbor. He, too, was a boxer. In fact one of the most colorful and one of the greatest of all fighters. His name was Harry Greb.

DURING the time that Jackie fought as an amateur, he never neglected his duty to his family for there were quite a few children in the Heller family and the older ones had to help earn the living. So, several nights a week Jackie would take the guitar, that he strummed so well, and play and sing at hole-in-the-wall theatres and cafes to do what he could towards making a few dollars to lessen the burden at home.

One (Continued on page 96)



Churney and Harriet, who are the pride of their happy mother, Gertrude Berg.

Gertrude Berg, who has made Molly Goldberg a warm and living character.

LIFE BEGINS AFTER 30

By PAULINE WILSON

HAVE you ever stood over a pan of hot, soapy dish water doing the breakfast dishes and wondering what was the use of going on? Your children are growing up and don't really need you. Your husband is absorbed in his business and if he spends any time away from the office it's apt to be on the golf course, for when he comes home, his slippers, a pipe and a book claim him.

The "might have beens" fit through your discouraged mind. The career you might have had becomes a reality in an instant of vivid imagination of what you might have done had you not become a wife and mother.

But it is routed only too swiftly by the realities of unmade beds, floors to be swept, and dusting and cooking and more dishes to be done, and the cruel reminder that you aren't so young any more. When a woman has passed thirty what chance has she—she isn't the type that is sought out, that is given the breaks, so to speak. Youth, accomplishment, everything is gone. Is it?

There are ten million—10,000,000—careers for women after thirty. Professor Pitkin, prominent writer and philosopher, proves and maintains that a woman of today can "find herself" with greater certainty after thirty than before. Gertrude (*Continued on page 80*)

BEHIND THE SCENES OF AMERICA'S GREAT STATIONS

WGN—THIS MID-WESTERN GIANT NEVER PULLS ITS PUNCHES

THERE is a newspaper in America's second largest city named the *Chicago Tribune*. Possibly, you've never read it. There is a radio station in America's second city called WGN. Maybe you've never heard it. That paper calls itself the "World's Greatest Newspaper" and that radio station takes the initials WGN from that modest slogan for its title. Both paper and station are owned by the same men. Between them, they have made quite a bit of history.

In March of this year, WGN celebrated its tenth anniversary. It was a gala occasion attended by distinguished visitors and frock-coated dignitaries. Only a few of those there detected anything wrong. You had to be an insider to know the real story.

You see, Adolph Dumont was dead. Adolph Dumont's talents never rode the network lighting as have those of Stokowsky and Damrosch. But if you are one of the 20,000,000 who listen to WGN, you knew him as the dynamic leader of the deep voiced WGN Symphony Orchestra. He was a gentleman and a musician; and preparations for this tenth anniversary found him neck-deep in work—until a certain tragic afternoon.

He and his orchestra were rehearsing in the Drake Hotel studios. Within an hour they would be on the air. In the middle of a number, Dumont left the conductor's stand, staggered and fell to his knees. Startled musicians carried him to an ante-room and stretched him out. But Adolph Dumont was dead. Doctors called it heart failure.

It takes a strong man to stand the shock of sudden bereavement. Dumont's musicians were strong men, but they

were too numbed with grief to think of going on the air as they were scheduled. Then their thoughts turned to Mrs. Dumont, sitting at home awaiting the program of her husband. If the show were postponed an announcement necessarily would be made explaining Dumont's sudden death. Imagine, if you can, the shock of sitting at your loud-speaker expecting the stringed beauty of symphonic music and hearing of your own husband's death.

Those musicians imagined that and rather than subject Mrs. Dumont to such suffering they pulled themselves together and, with an unfamiliar hand gripping the butt of their dead leader's baton, they went through their complete program.

That is why this tenth anniversary celebration wasn't all it had meant to be and why the joy of ten years in this throbbing, thrilling new industry of broadcasting was dimmed by grief.

Ten years old—and a giant. That's a pretty record, isn't it? How did it grow so rapidly? Whence came the ideas and inspiration that were converted into the bone and sinew of broadcasting?

I'll tell you, beginning with the dismal day when this glamorous business was the laughing stock of every drugstore wiseguy in the country. Yes, beginning even with the day that Thorne Donnelley and Elliott Jenkins, Princeton classmates and joint owners of WDAP, raced to the roof of the Wrigley Building and struggled vainly in a tornado to lash fast the masts of their transmitting aerial until they saw their precious wires go hurtling into space, writhing and twisting until (Continued on page 60)



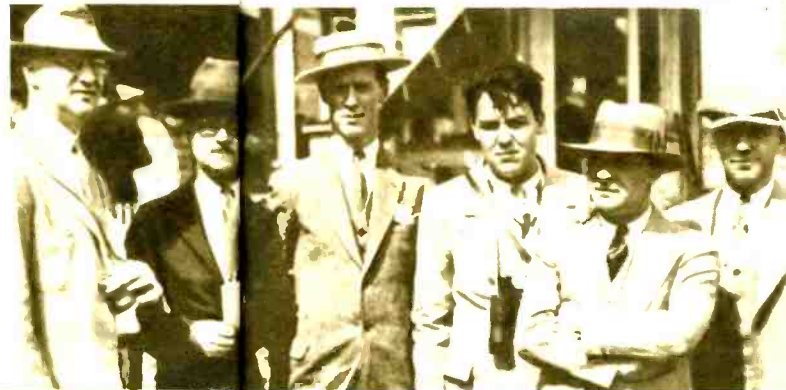
(Above) William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes Evolution Trial, Dayton, Tenn., 1925. Remember, Bryan was anti-

and Clarence Darrow defending. WGN was there, too.



(Below) At the Kentucky Derby, 1926; (left to right) Harvey Woodruff, Quin Ryan, Westbrook Pegler, Frank

Dahm, Amos 'n' Andy when they were Bill and Henry.



In the early days of radio, Victrola records made the music broadcast to you, but WGN is proud of the fact that it never played a record—for, you see, it had a mechanical piano

By CECIL B. STURGES

(Left) The WGN studio orchestra. It has its own private mike—far different is today from those old times when there was only one to go around for all of their various broadcasts.



(Above) Quin Ryan (left) with Rudolph Valentino, movie idol, shortly before his tragic death.

Ten years old—and a giant! That's the record of this astounding radio-press broadcasting combination which began with one mike



The cast of "Painted Dreams." (L. to r.) Joyce Foster, Ed Smith, Alice, Valerie Wilcox and (center) Mother Moynihan with Moochie, the pup.



Announcer Pierre Andre, whose voice makes hearts beat faster, but Andre has a Missus and a son.



WGN is noted for its excellent announcers—this is John Harrington, whom many of you know.



Russ Russell—ain't married nor nothin'. He's just about Chicago's most eligible six-foot announcer.

THE roster of stars whose voices have helped make WGN a favorite and famous station is crowded with big names. Some of them are Floyd Gibbons, the Singing Lady, Easy Aces, Just Plain Bill and Helen Trent.

Now, here is a poser. Suppose you were the owner of a radio station. Suppose you had to fill the hours from 7 a. m. to midnight with interesting and helpful programs. Think you would know what to put on the air? Let me tell you, it's a job. And it's one being done today at WGN by a gent named Quin Ryan.

A good part of the story of WGN is the story of this same Quin Ryan. Somebody once described him as a "two-legged, smiling chunk of dynamite." That's fairly accurate.

He comes to WGN listeners in the same line of succession that gave the radio public Pat Barnes, who once announced and was this Station's "Old Timer." Remember that program? Bill Hay, too. Bill was station manager and announcer for two negro dialect comedians who were known as Sam 'n' Henry. Early listeners may recall him as "Auld Sandy"—and as the man who read passages

WGN—IT HAS CRADLED MANY OF RADIO'S ELITE

from the Bible for ten minutes every night of the week. Today, the Bible readings still continue, but Sam 'n' Henry have vanished from the air. Instead, the whole country knows two men called Amos 'n' Andy whose act has achieved more fame than any other on the air. And the man who announces them is Bill Hay.

Quin Ryan was born in Chicago and grew up in the midst of the hurly-burly of our energetic middle west. At Chicago University, he turned student actor and campus correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. A few months before graduation, he turned down his chance to win a

Later, when the *Tribune* bought WDAP on the Drake Hotel, he signed up as a publicity man. Sen Kaney—recall that name—was the chief announcer. One weekend, Sen was out of town and the station's owners had decided to broadcast the first football game from a newly erected stadium. Ryan got the assignment.

ONE week later, still wondering if anyone listened to him, he mounted the wind-swept roof again for a second fling at his new job. It was the day a ghost named Red Grange galloped through a great Michigan football



It's not a pose either—but the way Mr. and Mrs. Ace of the popular "Easy Aces" spend an evening at home, whenever they can wangle one from engagements.



Tom, Dick and Harry. Oh, you know these favorites, too? Carl Hoelle, their accompanist and arranger on the right. He spends lots of time on trick songs for 'em.

diploma and moved into the *Tribune*'s city room to become a full-fledged newspaper man.

Can you remember that period of radio's development when new stations were springing up like mushrooms all over America? When anybody's garage could become another broadcasting plant? Quin Ryan got into radio just about that time. Chicagoans probably can recall during 1924 when WLS owned the air until 9 p. m. and then surrendered to a *Herald & Examiner* crew of entertainers. Well, Ryan was the backbone of the *H and E* bunch. Announcing, writing, directing, he was kept busy.

team four times in the first twelve minutes of play. It was a day that made Red Grange a national hero—and Quin Ryan a radio celebrity.

He had to wonder no longer than the first mail, for 25,000 letters rolled in as a result of that broadcast. In those days, results like that were miraculous.

That was the beginning of the *Tribune*'s effort to cover big news events by radio. Quin Ryan went everywhere and thousands of words poured from his nimble lips. Today, as manager of WGN, he has so many duties to perform that he isn't heard as (Continued on page 73)



(Above, left) Suzabella is being drilled in new tricks these days and the cuckoo is going to have competition if the sizzling Saxon sisters succeed in teaching Joe's duck her hourly quacks. (Above, right) Life in the Maine woods suits Edwin C. Hill of CBS and his favorite dog, Dummy, who has been an admirer of Mr. Hill for fourteen years and it looks like he will be the rest of his life.



(In circle) Fred Allen and Rudy Vallee trying to out-Frankenstein each other. (Right) "The Easy Aces" with their microphone equipped bridge table. Left to right: Mary Hunter who is Marge. Mr. Goodman Ace and his Missus, Jane Ace.



(Above, left) In real life these comedians put the horse before the cart. When it comes to walking home, Mary Livingston (Jack Benny's) and Eve Sully (Jesse Block's) prefer to ride. (Above, right) Howdy, folks, howdy. RADIO STARS' editor Curtis Mitchell, presents the Award for Distinguished Service medal to Captain Henry and Annette Hanshaw in behalf of the Show Boat program.

(In circle) This might not look like conflict but it is. Milly Jane and Bill Adams are the CBS actors in the T. S. Stribling drama, "Conflict." (Left) Three clowns and a circus. l. to r. The Baron Munchausen, Clown, and Charlie, yes, he vas dere.



GADDING ABOUT WITH OUR CANDID CAMERA

Through THE GATEWAY



(Above, left to right) Ralph Dumke and Eddie East, better known as the "Sister's of the Skillet," Frances Langford, pretty contralto and Ken Dolan, her manager, stop in the Gateway for a drink. (Below) Frank Parker, NBC tenor, has not only a glass but a whole bottle of Ballantine Ale between broadcasts at the studio.



(Above) It matters not how high the check, but how pretty the girl—so Vincent Lopez smiles and pays. (Lower left) Mr. and Mrs. Walter O'Keefe wait for their orders. But Walter is hungry and those rolls do taste good. (Lower right) Ben Alley, tenor, will have more coffee, waiter, he has a late date with radio.



Hollywood has its "Brown Derby." Now New York and radio have the "Gateway." Here the lords and ladies of the kilocycles come to meet cronies and dine



(Left) Meet the Gateway chef. But wait! On second thought it's Ray Perkins, the singing comedian who's funny.



(Above) The harmonizing De Marco Sisters, Lillian on the left, Ann in the center and Mary. (Lower left) Vera Van likes a cup of consomme before broadcasts. (Lower right) The Gateway's biggest customer, Jacque Renard, asks the smallest customer, Baby Rose Marie, to share his zoop and you see how she accepts.



(Above) The Three Scamps, NBC's novelty trio. They are, left to right, Edwin MacDowell, Jay Fallon and Dal Calkins. (Below) Ben Pollack, dance maestro of the Casino de Pared, leaves the Gateway in the RCA building in Radio City after putting away a couple of chicken sandwiches and what goes with them!



Girl CRAZY

By HELEN
HOVER

Wide World

THE first time I met Lennie Hayton, the young orchestra leader of NBC's Wednesday night "Hour of Smiles," was at the Ha-Ha Club, and there was a slim blonde clinging to his arm.

Last week I saw him at the Onyx Club looking into the limpid blue eyes of a showgirl from the "Follies." "Girl Crazy." That's what they call Lennie Hayton. But I don't think so. I know Lennie and these pictures that paint him as a "ladies' man" and a "stage door Johnny" aren't true. Now get me right. I'm not pretending that young Hayton is one of the Rover boys. But in spite of his dapper thread of a moustache, his heavy-lidded eyes, his Hollywood clothes and his night club complexion, I stick to my story.

There's a certain streak of intense loyalty in his makeup which is unique when you consider the fact that he is supposed to be a sort of male butterfly who flits from one stay-up-late place to another. When I recall the rash things he's done in the name of friendship, I marvel at the fact that he's reached the top. Several times, when Lennie was just another pianist looking for a good break, he recklessly tossed aside a chance at fame to stick by a friend. And that same loyalty cost him the girl he loved. But I'll tell you about that later.

When Lennie was just waking up to the fact that he could earn a living with his ten gifted fingers, with the impulsiveness that is so characteristic of him, he promptly left DeWitt Clinton High School in his last year and determined to start right in as a pianist. But where was he to get his first break? He made the rounds of the booking offices but never got past the frigid stares of the

girls at the desks. He was only seventeen, had no experience and there were too many good musicians around to waste time breaking in a green kid?

THINGS looked pretty discouraging as Lennie walked down New York's Broadway. Suddenly he stopped. His eye was caught by an attractively colored sign in the doorway of the Manger Hotel: "Cass Hagen and His Orchestra play here nightly," it read.

Why, that must be the Cass Hagen who used to live next door to him. Maybe Fate was playing right into his hand. But even this comforting philosophy couldn't keep the fear out of his voice as he asked for Hagen. What if Cass shouldn't remember him? What if he should act high-hat? After all he was a big shot now. But these disturbing thoughts were interrupted by a slap on the back and a voice that boomed, "Hello, fellow. How are you?"

Lennie looked up, too surprised to believe his good luck. Yes, there was Cass Hagen looking at him as though he were welcoming back a long-lost brother, but when Lennie told him why he had dropped in on him, Hagen lost his smile.

"Play something for me," he said and the kid sat down and played. It must have been amazing to listen to this young, naive boy as he coaxed a strange, melancholy jazz from the piano. Before he could start another number,

RADIO STARS

Hagen interrupted. "All right, the job's yours, youngster."

Lennie's flying fingers came to a halt. "They grasped his friend's hand. 'Gee, Cass, thanks a lot. I'll never forget it.' He never did. And there came a time when he had a chance to prove it.

LENNIE turned out to be Hagen's right hand man. He arranged the music, assisted in conducting and had the dance lovers crowding around the platform every time he sat down for one of his featured piano solos. "Those in the music business said that Hagen couldn't get along without him.

He was going along at a nice, steady pace, not making much money, but loving his work, when the thing for which every rising young musician hopes, happened. Whiteman sent for him! That meant he was made. He could leave this obscure little orchestra and climb the heights of fame. His friends rushed to congratulate him on his good luck. Lennie shook his head. "I'm sticking with Hagen."

"Why you're crazy," one of his friends told him. "This is your opportunity. You're a fool to turn it down."

But Lennie couldn't be talked out of his decision. "Cass gave me my first chance," was all he would say. Only Cass Hagen understood the deep loyalty and appreciation that prompted such an act.

Then Hagen's career as a band-

Lennie Hayton broadcasts at 9 p.m. EDT each Friday over the following NBC stations: WJAZ, WJAR, WCAB, WCSH, WJLT, WPER, WRG, WBY, WHEB, WTAM, WWT, WMAZ, KSD, WOW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WSH, KTRB, WTMJ, WDAF, WRVA, WSMH, KPBC, WQAI, KSTP, WLAJ, WTAG, WTIC, KYOL, WKY, WBC, WTEF, WSM, WEEL, WMC (WOC, WHO on 9:30 to 10:00)

Blonde, brunette, redhead—you see them clinging to his arm, yet

Lennie Hayton sacrificed the great love of his life for a friendship



(Left) It's daytime—and bed time for heavy-lidded Lennie. (Right) A little game of backgammon with his lone-some just before retiring.



Lennie plays 'em and writes 'em. Bing Crosby and Paul Whiteman will tell you he's been a top-notch arranger and pianist since seventeen.

master hit snag. The contract at the Manger expired and there was no further work. But there was Lennie's loyalty. Through payless Mondays and bad breaks he stuck with his friend.

Finally Hagen came to Lennie. "I can't let you give up such a splendid chance for me. You must accept the Whiteman offer." Only after much coaxing and four months from the time he had received the first call from Whiteman, did Lennie finally join the great jazz master.

Crazy, wasn't it? But that's Lennie. And he was to do even more impulsive and grand things for another friend.

It was when the whole Whiteman troupe went to Hollywood to play in "King of Jazz" that one of the greatest friendships in radio was formed. "The Rhythm Boys" were singing with the outfit. The baritone of the trio, a happy-go-lucky Irish chap who took life and its pleasures in a devil-may-care stride, liked this sal-low, young chap who played the piano for him. This pianist, he noticed, was a hard worker and serious about his music, yet he knew how to laugh. The two struck up a friendship that is the talk of Radio Row today. You guessed it, the baritone was Bing Crosby.

Too many parties got Bing, though. He was coming late to rehearsals. Lennie tried to cover him up, but Whiteman couldn't be fooled. Warnings did no good and finally Bing found himself out of the Whiteman troupe altogether.

"Well, so long Lennie," Bing told him. "I wish you were playing for me at the Grove. I need you there."

"I'll be there," Lennie told him and two weeks later, Lennie left Whiteman and was accompanying Bing. Again Lennie's friends shook their heads at his foolhardy gesture in leaving Whiteman to stay with Crosby.

Now, on first glance, sticking by Bing Crosby may look like a very prudent step. But don't forget that was the Bing Crosby of old, not the successful Crosby of today. He was the Crosby who seldom kept rehearsal dates, who was considered a bad risk and who had not even dreamed of ever having his own radio spot, much less become the sensation that he is. So you can understand the great chance Lennie was taking in leaving an established artist like Whiteman to follow just another crooner whose future looked none too bright. But Bing was his pal. Lennie was used to his style of singing and was the only one who could follow his bub-a-bubs and tricky arrangements. Some other pianist might kill his style. That's why Lennie took what seemed then, the disastrous step of staying with Crosby.

It was at this time that Lennie met Phyllis. She was no part of the Broadway crowd. The moment he saw her on a golf course one morning he fell hook, line and sinker. After that, he and Phyllis were always together: not chinning away the hours at night clubs, but playing golf and dancing at Long Island country clubs. Often, as I watch him now, staying up most of the night at New York bright spots, I notice the way he sits with an absent look on his face, never an active party to the gaieties, and I wonder if he's thinking of Phyllis and the different life he led with her.

Naturally, Lennie wanted her all to himself, wanted to marry her. These two would surely have walked up the aisle together if Lennie hadn't been forced to make a certain decision.

Crosby was starting his first starring picture, "The Big Broadcast." At this time, Crosby's career had reached the crisis. He was headed either for glory—or oblivion. No one knew this better than Lennie. You must remember, too, that he was more than an accompanist to Bing. He was his teacher. It was a familiar sight to watch them rehearsing, with Lennie standing up playing chords on the piano with one hand, and leading Bing with the other.

"You're coming with me, of course," Bing said. "And how!" Lennie answered.

He expected Phyllis to understand. "I can't see why you must go," she told him angrily. "You're getting along very well in New York. There are plenty of splendid offers right here. How can you leave me if you say you love me. If you go, don't expect me to wait for you."

Lennie went home, his heart torn between the two people who meant more to him than anything else. All night he sat up thinking, trying to make up his mind. Of

course, he couldn't blame Phyllis. Very few people could realize what friendship meant to him. They couldn't even understand why he had stuck by Hagen. And now he couldn't let Bing down.

Phyllis meant what she said. Only once did she write him—that was to announce her engagement to another

WHEN Lennie came back to New York it was in his own right as an orchestra leader. But although he's been with a different girl every time I've seen him, no one has meant as much to him as Phyllis. Since that time, he has never given anyone that undivided attention that spells romance. Lennie told me that he's convinced now that he isn't the type to settle down.

I wonder if Lennie could make sacrifices for a girl. So far he hasn't. And that's why I feel like telling this story to people who call him "girl crazy."



Shakin' 'em up for company.

SHE BOSSSES THE STARS



Meet Niagara Nell, a housewife who gets fan mail from the biggest stars on Radio Row. She tells them whether their programs are clicking—and if not, why not



(Above) Finding out what other people think. Not only has Niagara Nell (Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane) been an ardent radio fan since 1920, but she is also familiar with all the fan and trade magazines of the profession. (Left) You would never guess from her friendly smile that Mrs. Lane was reluctant to let the author take this snapshot, would you?

By RALPH DAIGH

YOU don't know Niagara Nell. Of course you don't; no more than you know Cousin Hetty's great aunt, Belinda. But Walter Winchell does. And so does Edwin C. Hill, Bradford Brown, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Bing Crosby, Ethel Shutta, Howard Barlow and a score of others whose names are big noises in radio.

Who is she? Well, she is a housewife, but a housewife of not quite the ordinary variety. Her real name is Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane and she lives at Twenty-three "C" Street, Niagara Falls, New York.

Thousands, aye millions of housewives are radio fans, but there can be only one "most valuable fan." That title goes to Mrs. Clayton Abbott Lane, alias, Niagara Nell.

Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd tell us that this remarkable woman has been giving them advice since they were twenty-five dollar per week hustlers at a radio station in

Buffalo, New York. Also, that they often make fundamental changes in their programs at her suggestion.

"Ask anyone about her," said Budd. "Ask Edwin C. Hill, Alexander Woolcott, the officials of NBC or CBS, Ask Arturo Toscanini. They all know her and welcome her advice and criticism even as do Lemuel and I. She will never give you a story, though. She definitely does not want publicity."

I was still wondering if she would consent to a story when Niagara Nell herself, a self-assured, strong-featured woman in her early thirties, smiled a greeting from the threshold of her own home. From behind this aproned housewife floated the delicious aroma of a Sunday dinner cooking.

It was with relief that I observed the wide, humorous mouth, the tiny laugh wrinkles bordering deep set, sparkling eyes. A person with a (Continued on page 84)



THE BAND BOX

By WILSON BROWN



Jimmy Grier plays at the Biltmore in Los Angeles over NBC.

● Emery Deutsch has been acclaimed as the writer of "Play, Fiddle, Play." Even we have been guilty of giving him the credit. Now it's revealed that two boys of the Bronx did it and merely turned the number over to Emery to publish and make famous, which he did.

● Hal Kemp and his orchestra are established for the Chicago Fair season at Jack Huff's Lincoln Tavern, which is near Evanston. And across the street at the Dells, Eddie Duchin is furnishing the competition. This was the spot occupied by Guy Lombardo last summer and the same place Jake (the Barber) Factor, had just left when he was snatched by kidnapers. The CBS line has been taken out and NBC is now in. Duchin's Junie broadcasts are to be made at a roadhouse nearly twenty miles from the Loop.

Scoop! "Play, Fiddle, Play" was not written by Emery Deutsch. This and other gossip here



Peter Van Steeden makes music for Jack Pearl's frolics on NBC.

● Just to straighten you out: When Lee Wiley sings on the Paul Whiteman program, Paul doesn't direct the band. It's Victor Young, who played with her so long on the Pond program and who makes her arrangements. When Harry Richman sings with Jack Demy's orchestra, Harry's own conductor takes the laton. The same is true when Al Jolson warbles. He has his conductor who uses Whiteman's orchestra.

● Don Bestor may succeed Freddie Martin on that Elizabeth Arden program over CBS if it is renewed following the present series.

● Leon Belasco was a recent visitor to Europe, vacationing and visiting relatives and friends.

● George Hall has been doing some vaudeville, leaving his Taft Hotel spot in Manhattan for the first time in three years. While away, Buddy Welcome and his "New Englanders" substituted at the hotel.

● Barney Rapp, by the way, threatened suit against Welcome for the use of the tag "New Englanders." That, you remember, was the name Barney used for his band. When some of his boys left and formed their own unit they helped them-



Ted Black you heard on "Waves of Romance" over NBC stations.

(Above, left) Pancho and his band formerly broadcast over CBS from the Hotels Ambassador and Lincoln in New York. They'll return to the air September 23rd after an engagement at the Westchester Country Club. (Above) Little Jack Little and his boys come to you via CBS from the Ambassador in Atlantic City, N. J.



Jack Shilkret conducts for Bond Bread on CBS each Sunday.



Reggie Chias, Hotel Roosevelt maestro, on CBS from New York.

selves to the name, Barney charged. But that's all settled now. Barney is playing short engagements throughout the middle west.

● Buddy Rogers and his orchestra, a new one, are again playing for

Kemp, Harry Sosnik, Charlie Agnew and others are handling his commercials.

Taking his place at the Aragon and his sustaining broadcasts is Anson Weeks, the San Francisco maestro, who was heard so often on that Lucky Strike "Magic Carpet" show. Weeks had a run of six years at the Mark Hopkins in Frisco. Bob Crosby, younger brother of the famous Bing, is the featured vocalist with the orchestra.

● MEMOS: Richard Himber, NBC maestro, is seventeen pounds thinner . . . Rudy Vallee had the honor of being the first U. S. dance conductor to play a special program sent by NBC to Russia . . . Cab Calloway will not return to the Cotton Club until fall . . . Duke Ellington is in Hollywood playing for NBC. His last year's band, which was that of famous old Earl Burtnett and headed by Jesse Kirkpatrick, is no longer with Buddy.

World's Fair patrons at the College Inn and sending their music out over NBC. His last year's band, which was that of famous old Earl Burtnett and headed by Jesse Kirkpatrick, is no longer with Buddy.

● "Let's Fall in Love" and "Old Spinning Wheel" were the two most popular songs for the first quarter of 1934 so their authors split a \$2500 prize offered by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Other top songs were "Wagon Wheels," "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking" and "You Are Such a Comfort to Me."

● Starting May 19th, Wayne King, the Waltz King, took off his crown for six weeks and with his wife and baby is enjoying a rest on the west coast. His orchestra has been disbanded for the period. Ted Weems, Seymour Simons, Hal Kemp, Harry Sosnik, Charlie Agnew and others are handling his commercials. Taking his place at the Aragon and his sustaining broadcasts is Anson Weeks, the San Francisco maestro, who was heard so often on that Lucky Strike "Magic Carpet" show. Weeks had a run of six years at the Mark Hopkins in Frisco. Bob Crosby, younger brother of the famous Bing, is the featured vocalist with the orchestra.

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YOU'RE ASKING US



● Q. Tell us, Uncle, is Wayne King married?

A. Unh-huh.

● Q. Well to whom, for goodness sake?

A. Dorothy Janis. She used to be in the movies, you know.

● Q. How about that young radio actor, James Meighan.

A. Oh, he's married to a gal named Astrid Peter.

● Q. We're simply crazy to know about Alice Faye.

A. Uncle doesn't think that's so crazy. Anyhow, Alice got her start in radio because R. Vallee, the impresario, heard her singing in the chorus of the "Scandals" and signed her to sing with his orchestra. Miss Faye was born in New York City, May 5, 1912 and is of Irish-German-French descent. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs 112 pounds. She has blue eyes and her hair is honest-to-golly blonde. Alice has two brothers, Bill, 29, and Charles, 26. If you wanted to take her out for a good time, you'd start with a horseback ride, take a spin on a roller coaster and wind up buying her ice cream and strawberry shortcake. Some fun. No, she is neither engaged nor married.

● Q. Say, big boy, who is Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man, and who plays the other parts on his CBS program.

A. No one. That is no one plays his other parts. Irving Kaufman (that's his real life name) isn't really a lazy guy. He plays, in distinctly different voices, the storekeeper boss and his indolent helper as well as other incidental characters. Kaufman has also worked under the following pseudonyms: Singing Chef; Charlie and Oscar, and Salty Sam the Sailor.

● Q. Listen, Uncle, you big prevaricator, you tell us that James Wallington was born September 15th. Well, we've heard otherwise, particularly when he told Eddie Cantor over the air that it was February 26th.

A. Oh, you're getting tough, eh? Well you listen to me. Uncle Answer Man was at Jimmy's birthday party two years ago and it was on September 15th sure as he was born in 1907. Also, Uncle knows Jimmy's mother and she's also under the impression it's the 15th and she ought to know. By the way, what is a prevaricator?

● Q. Never mind, but it's what you are. Forget it and

Have you any unanswered radio questions gnawing at your brain? Well, don't let them get you down. Send them to the Answer Man, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City

tell us what's happened to the Red Davis sketches.

A. Oh, all right. Red Davis, NBC officials say, is just off the air for the summer. He'll be back in the fall, no doubt.

● Q. Hoo-hoo Uncle, C'm'over here and tell us about Frank Parker.

A. You bet. Here's something lots of you wanted to know. Frank is really of Italian descent. He was born in New York City, April 29, 1906 and was educated there in public schools. You don't have to be a particularly beautiful woman to appeal to him, just as long as you're companionable and can cook thick juicy steaks. What does he look like? Well he's a good-looking fellow, five feet ten inches in height and 155 pounds in weight.

His eyes are gray and his hair is black. Frank got started in the entertainment world as chorus boy in the "Greenwich Village Follies." Afterward, he spent about eight years in musical comedies which included "Little Nellie Kelly," "No, No, Nanette" and "My Princess." You may have seen him too, in RKO vaudeville. And if you'll talk polo he'll spend hours with you. He's quite a player. Frank is not engaged, nor is he married.

● Q. Lookit, Uncle, you say Bill Childs doesn't actually do that tap dancing on the Sinclair Minstrels program. Well then, how is it done?

A. Oh, the drummer in the band takes care of that by putting shoes on his hands and slapping them around. Nice effect, what?

● Q. Wotta you say you give us Johnny Marvin's broadcast schedule.

A. Well, I'll give it to you, but I won't guarantee it will not be changed by the time this is published. Try him on the NBC-WEAF red network, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday from 12:15 to 12:30 p.m. EDT.

● Q. Thanks. We now think you should do a little biographical sketch on Gene Arnold.

A. You're welcome. Now this fellow Eugene Paul Arnold was born in Newton, Joseph County, Illinois. His wife, Anna May Arnold, former stage actress, might describe him as being five feet (Continued on page 77)



(Above) Ted Bergman stooing for Bert Lahr when they worked together on NBC. (Right) Teddy, the super salesman, trying to sell himself a second-hand snow shovel.



HE CALLS HIMSELF A FLOP!

Ted Bergman plays a thousand roles, yet he's unknown. Someone else always gets the glory and big pay

By JOSEPH KENT

I WANT to tell you the story of the most bewildered and puzzled man on Radio Row.

You've read stories of how easy it is to become a radio star, to climb to the top. Well, you'd think that a man who speaks twenty-two dialects, who has played 1500 different characterizations, who has been on the air almost nightly for six years, would be able to go up to the radio moguls and get what he wanted, wouldn't you? And that fame would be his boon companion? Yet, I know a man who has all these qualifications and still is buried in obscurity.

His name is Teddy Bergman. Recognize it? You don't? That's not surprising. For he is one of the forgotten men in radio, one of those actors behind the scenes who are all-important to the airwaves, but of whom no one ever hears, outside the studio.

Although Bergman receives a salary exceedingly high, he considers himself a flop. He is a failure in his own eyes, for the lifeblood of a performer is publicity, the joys of the glory road, the thrill of being starred. And Bergman has none of these.

Goodness knows he's on the air often enough. On Sunday evenings when you listen to Rubinoff talk on the Chase and Sanborn hour, it is really Teddy Bergman you are listening to, impersonating the violinist.

You used to hear Teddy on Monday nights as the gaga tongue-twisting comedian with "The Big Show" and when you tuned in for "Warden Lawes' 20,000 years in Sing Sing" sketch each Wednesday, nine chances out of ten it was Bergman who took the part of the tough gangster.

On Radio Row he is the champion dialectician. He has stooed for so

many different programs that all you have to do is mention an important series and he will break into an imitation of the Swede, the Jew, the Dutchman, the Englishman or the plain dumbbell he portrayed.

Bergman has played all kinds of parts. He has gone backward in time twenty-five centuries to play a cave-man, he has (Continued on page 97)

Dine at the Ritz in your own home

IN New York's Ritz-Carlton, from which you've heard Richard Himber's orchestra, there lives a man who is one of the world's greatest cooks. His name is Monsieur Louis Diat (pronounced Louie Dee-ah, if you please).

To this hotel go all the big personalities in radio to honor his art. Almost any time at all you might see Paul Whiteman there with the chic Margaret Livingston, or Rudy Vallee and any number of other popular performers of the air whose names are household favorites.

Besides America's own famed ones, M. Diat's acquaintances number dukes, kings and queens. Yet he doesn't concern himself much socially with celebrities. It is serving them a good dinner that interests him most, for all people are alike in one respect—they appreciate good food.

In America, Ritz is just another name for swank. And fine cooking is really the origin of this meaning, for long ago a chef by the name of Ritz opened a hotel in Switzerland. His fame spread far and wide and it wasn't long until Paris and London had its Ritz and then America. M. Diat came over here for the opening of the Ritz-Carlton in New York City back in 1910 and has been there ever since.

Because this man knows the kinds of foods that we ought to eat and want to eat, I dropped in to see him. He rather startled me with his first few words of wisdom. "If you women would only realize that husbands are tired when they come

home and want, above all things, a good dinner. And if they got it, you would discover that they would feel a lot more like taking you places afterwards."

Cooking is so simple if one will take the slightest patience and when you think that your disposition, health and success depend, to a great extent, on the proper diet, you'd suppose we'd be much more interested in it. You wives can serve meals as choice and attractive as any you could order in your best hab and tucker, sitting in the impressive dining room or grill of the Ritz.

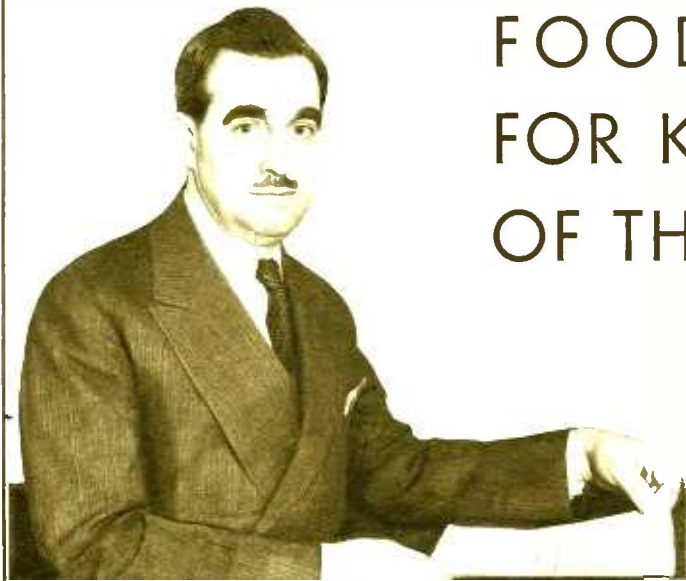
There is one dish, M. Diat told me, that is popular with every radio guest who goes there, not that debs and their dowager mamas don't enjoy it,

too! It is called Creme Vichyssoise. All you have to do to have your cooking appreciated is to slice finely the whites of four leeks (like the white part of green onions) and one medium size dry onion. Brown lightly in four tablespoons of sweet butter and then add five medium size potatoes sliced finely. Moisten with one quart of water and add one-half teaspoon of salt. Boil for thirty-five to forty minutes. Now crush the mixture and pass it through a very fine sieve (I use a flour sifter) or a piece of fine muslin, this is really better, because the result is like down. Finish off by adding two cups of milk; thicken with one cup of heavy cream. In winter you can reheat this when time to serve. But in summer you let it cool and serve it *ice cold*. At the Ritz, after (Continued on page 94)

By MRS. ALICE
PAIGE MUNROE

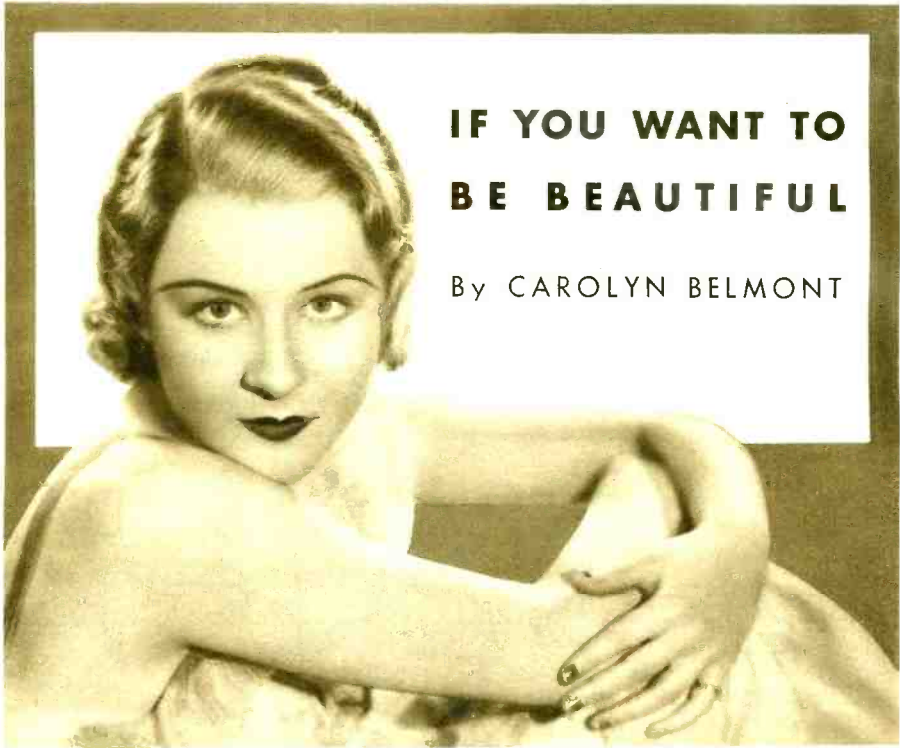
FOOD FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR

Monsieur Louis Diat, the world-famous chef of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York City. No doubt you have listened to his wisdom over the radio on a number of occasions.



IF YOU WANT TO BE BEAUTIFUL

By CAROLYN BELMONT



LOOK at your hands. Are you proud of them? Could you meet your best date for lunch without having to run for the nail file and polish?

The other night I went to a broadcast. We all sat in rows on little folding chairs and the only place the women could put their hands was in their laps. Because it was so warm, most of them pulled off their gloves. And their hands! Goodness, I really was shocked. These women were well-groomed, wore the latest evening gowns and their hair was coiffed in the newest style with the newest in head ornaments—you know those attractive coronet effects.

Nowhere could you have found a smarter group and yet—their hands! Not even the nails were filed properly. You know, don't you, that your nails should be filed to fit the contour of the fingers. Of course, if your fingers are inclined to be square, the nails should be filed into a broad oval. This will aid somewhat to make the fingertips grow round. Not that it can change the shape to a great extent, but it does help and also gives an illusion of symmetry.

But for heaven's sake, if your fingers are square, don't

Sylvia Froos, movie and guest star on CBS and NBC programs, can carry her gloves any old time—because her hands are always soft and shapely. Yours may be, too, for there's no trick to it! It just requires a little time and attention.

file your nails to sharp points. This is bad taste in any instance.

Contour is important, not only for the nails, but for the entire hand. If you'd only stop to realize for a moment that your hands, fully as much as your face, express your character and intelligence. Soft small hands are no more popular than rose bud mouths. Today, a man admires shapely and well-groomed ones. Regardless of whether yours are square, the artistic or spatulate, you can mold and modify them to appear attractive.

One of the first rules of care is to use a soap as bland as any that you would use on your face. (I'll send you a small cake of the kind I prefer if you would like to have it.) Never choose a soap for the fragrance alone, because the oils used to perfume it are often injurious to the skin.

Do not wash the hands too often, for as I've already told you—remember—there is less oil supply in the hands than in any other part of the body. Of course, don't go around with grimy fingers, but lots of us run to the wash bowl on the slightest provocation.

When you do wash, apply a good lotion or cream, afterwards, for hands are a dead (Continued on page 88)

Hands up! Are they well-groomed—or do you have dishpan fingers?

Hot Weather Suggestions

For cooling off temper at finding some programs not broadcast as we predict:

1. If your time's not Eastern Daylight, use conversion chart below.
2. Underline stations you hear best. It'll save time.
3. Then if you're not cool, we'll all go visit Admiral Byrd.

(Right) A mike and Harry Richmond. Heard over NBC-WJZ each Wednesday at 10:30 p. m. EDST.



PROGRAMS DAY BY DAY

SUNDAYS

(Only list 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

- 8:30 A.M. EDT (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:00 EDT—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program, but lots of older ones listed.
- 9:00 EDT (½)—NBC Children's Hour. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 9:30 EDT (¼)—Ellsworth Vines, Jr. Not a request. Just how to use them on the tennis courts. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EDT (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Polymant harmonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:00 EDT (¾)—Church of the Air. WAHC, WADC, WOKO, WCA4, WAAB, WHHM, WIK, 'KLD, WDRW, WFRM, WHAS, WIP, WJAX, WJAN, WFLB, WSPD, WISV, WQAM, WVAE, WJST, WDDH, WJNS, KRLD, WLIV, KPHH, WGLA, KLRB, WPHS, WJNN, WYCF, WSPA, WLAZ, WISL, KOMA, WMHD, WDRB, WDRS, KTNB, WTCO, KSCJ, WMAS, WACO, WMT, WVVV, KPH, WJSJ, WARC, WKBN. (Network subject to change.)
- 10:00 EDT (¾)—Sabbath Reveries. Dr. Charles L. Goodell. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:00 EDT (5 min.)—News Service. WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.
- 11:00 EDT (25 min.)—Marring musicale. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:15 EDT (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; four Minute Men, male quartet; symphony orchestra, Valdo Mayo, conductor. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 11:30 EDT (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in Church music. WAHC, WADC, WOKO, WCA4, WNAZ, WHHM, WHEC, WJAX, WJAN, WJNS, KMOX, WFLB, WSPD, WISV, WQAM, WDDH, WDAE, WJST, WIP, WJRC, KPH, WPHS, WJNN, WYCF, WSPA, WLAZ, WISL, KOMA, WMHD, WDRB, WDRS, KTNB, WTCO, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, WVF, WJSJ, WARC, WKBN. (Network subject to change.)

Eastern Daylight Saving Time	Eastern Standard and Central Daylight	Mountain Daylight and Central Standard	Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard	Pacific Standard
1 A.M.	12 M.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.
2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 M.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.
3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 M.	11 P.M.
4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 M.
5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.
6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.
7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.
8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.
9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.
10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.
11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.
12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.
1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.
2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.
3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.
4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon
5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.
6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.
7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.
9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.
10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.
11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.
12 Mid.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.

- 12:30 P.M. EDT (1)—Radio City Concerts; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Solists. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:00 EDT (¾)—Church of the Air. WAHC, WADC, WOKO, WCA4, WGR, 'KELW, WDRG, WHAS, WIP, WJAX, WJST, WSPD, WISV, WQAM, WVAE, WJST, WDDH, WJNS, KRLD, WLIV, KPHH, WGLA, KLRB, WPHS, WJNN, WYCF, WSPA, WLAZ, WISL, KOMA, WMHD, WDRB, WDRS, KTNB, WTCO, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, WVF, WJSJ, WARC, WKBN. (Network subject to change.)
- 1:00 EDT (¾)—Road to Romany; Gypsy Music. WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (¾)—The Sunday Forum. Dr. Ralph W. Soekman. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 1:30 EDT (¾)—Mars Small (big for 12 years old); William Wines Orchestra; guest artists. (B. T. Rabbit and Co.). WEAF, WTAG, WJAH, WIP, WJRC, WYF, WJEN, WYAE, WSAI, WPAI, WREI, WMAQ, WSSH, WRV, WVV, WOV, WHY, WVO, WDAF.
- 2:00 EDT (¾)—Admiral Gene Arnold and his Four Commodores. (Crazy Crystals Water Company.) WJZ, WJNS, WNAZ, WTAG, WREI, WJAX, WOSH, WPHH, WRC, WGY, WJEN, WTAI, WCAE, WMAQ, WJST, WKK, 'KLV, WFAA, KPHC, WQAL,

- KYOO, WOV, WRYA, WIV, WJAX, WFLA, WMC, WAFI, WSMH, WOC, WHO.
- 2:30 EDT (¾)—Larry Ten, the Minstrel Man. (A. D. Hoyle Floor Wax.) WAHC, WADC, WDRG, WFT, WTAI, WHEC, WCA4, WKRM, WKIC, WHE, 'KLV, WCAU, WXXAU, WJAX, WJST, WJNS, WMHG, WHEM, KMBC, WHAS, WYCF, WJNN, KRLD, WGLA, WJST, WLAZ, WISL, KOMA, KSCJ, WMT, KSL, KLZ, KPFT, KPHH, KPH, KHL, KOI, KOL, KYI, KEIN, KML, KFBB, KPH, KWG, WNAZ.
- 3:00 EDT (¾)—Bar X Days and Nights. (Health Products.) WJZ, WIAL, WSTR, KDBA, WMAI, WTAG, WJAX, WGAH, WJB, WJCY, KWR, KWRH, KSO, WKEN, KOIL, KYW.
- 3:00 EDT (¾)—Symphony Orchestra; Howard Harlow conducting. WAHC, WADC, WOKO, WCA4, WNAZ, WHH, 'KELW, WDRG, WSAU, WXXAU, WJAX, WBEA, WSPD, WQAM, WDDH, WKBN, WCAH, WIC, WLIV, WHIG, WHE, WFEA, WMDG, WFLB, WHEC, WTCO, WJSJ, WBOC, WFRM, KMBC, WHAS, WJST, WRCB, WDDH, WTAQ, KTH, KIRA, WREI, WSPH, WMT, WISN, WCCU, WLAZ, WJWB, KPH, WDSU, KOMA, WMDG, WACO, KTVR, KLZ. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 3:00 EDT (¾)—Talkie Picture Time: The pictures are mental. WEAF, WTAG, WREI, WJAH, WSSH, WJST, WHEC, WYAE, WSAI, WPAI, WOV, WMAQ, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOV, KSD, WJEN, WTAI, WJGO.
- 4:00 EDT (¾)—Susan Men's Band. White in Blue, directed by 4:15 EDT—1 WLS.
- 4:00 EDT (¾)—Romance of Meat, Dramatic Sketch. (Institute of American Meat Packers.) WJAX, WTAG, WJAH, WREI, WSSH, WJST, WHEC, WYAE, WSAI, WPAI, WOV, WMAQ, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOV, KSD, WJEN, WTAI, WJGO.
- 4:30 EDT (¾)—Princess Pat Players; dramatic. WJZ, WMAI, WBAI, WJZ, WJAX, WSTR, WJAH, KDBA, WJNS, KWRH, WYCF, WJNN, KOIL, WGAH, R.
- 5:00 EDT (¾)—National Vespers; Vespilting ministers. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:00 EDT (¾)—Tony Wons, with Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips, Piano Trio. (S. C. Johnson and Son.) WJZ, WJAX, WBEA, WCA4, WAAH, WGR, WKRH, WHK, 'KLV, WOVH, WHEC, WYAE, KMBC, WSAI, WCAU, WXXAU, WJAX, WJAN, KMOX, WFLB, WSPD, WJST, WBOC, WJNS.
- 5:30 EDT (¾)—Celia A Capella Choir; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.) WEAF, WTAG, WREI, WJAH, WSSH, (Continued on page 72)

A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY
CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!

YOUR ENERGY VARIES DURING THE DAY



Experience of Camel Smokers Confirmed

Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy...a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

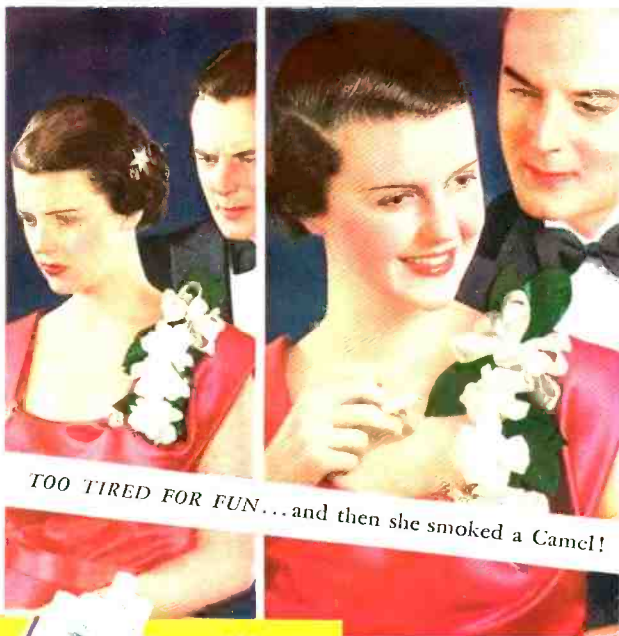
CAMELS can
literally relieve fatigue
and irritability

Are you irritable...cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*



TOO TIRED FOR FUN... and then she smoked a Camel!

**CAMEL'S
COSTLIER TOBACCOS
NEVER GET ON
YOUR NERVES!**

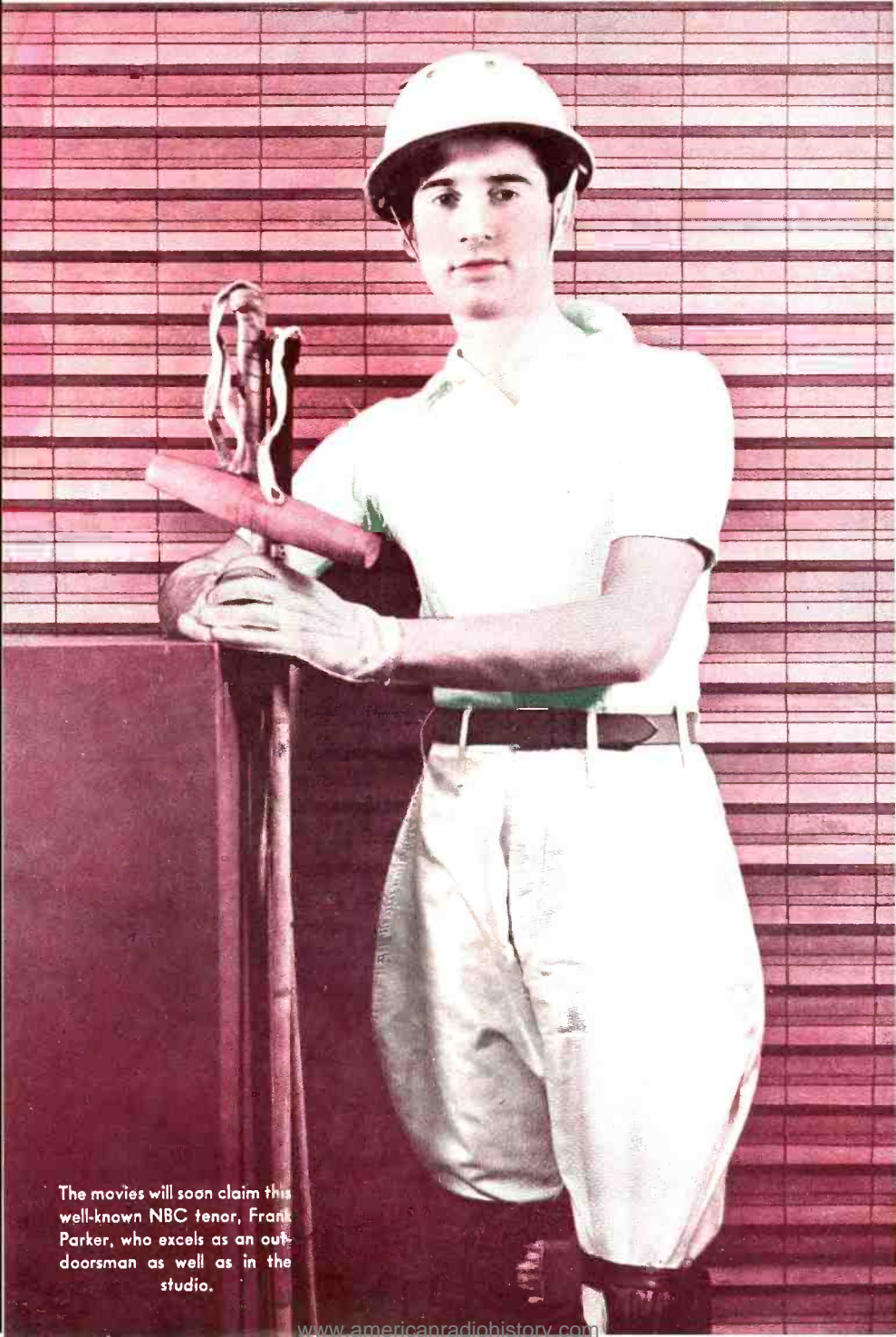


Camels are
made from finer,
**MORE EXPENSIVE
TOBACCOS** — Turkish
and Domestic — than
any other popular
brand.

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"



The movies will soon claim this well-known NBC tenor, Frank Parker, who excels as an outdoorsman as well as in the studio.

WGN Never Pulls Its Punches

(Continued from page 74)

they crashed onto the wet asphalt of Michigan Boulevard.

It was that incident which caused Mr. Wrigley, who has since lured Myrt and Marie to sell his chewing gum via the air, to decide that radio was too dangerous a business for him to encourage. Accordingly, Radio Station WDAP (as it was known then) was asked to move.

Not far off was a new hotel called the Drake. Chances are you know the name, but in those days nobody knew it until WDAP moved in its transmitter and took over an unused squash court for its power room. Today the studios, large enough to house a baby blimp, make those makeshifts of 1922 look ridiculous, don't they? They didn't seem so then. Not to the invited performers who came to the Drake's "conservatory" which had been draped for broadcasting purposes, or to the hard-working engineer who used a clothes closet for his control room.

At the Drake, radio entertainment began to find itself. It is possible that those "remote control" broadcastists may have had their origin there. A dizzy business it was, too. Station WDAP owned but one mike and it was in the studio. When the hour came for an orchestra in the dining room below to broadcast, the announcer told the world:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you will next hear the music of Herman Whateis playing in the et cetera et cetera . . ."

Finishing the statement, he would pick up his mike and race for the stairs. Speeding down the steps, balancing the delicate instrument, he would change into the ball-room and set up his "gadget." If ever, in those good old days, you were bewildered at the long silences between promises and performances, probably somebody was sprinting downstairs with the mike.

The miracle of radio's beginning will never be forgotten by Myrtle Stahl, assistant to Clair Ryan, the manager of WGN today. She was then a girl just back from California with previous little on her mind. Donnelly met her one day on Michigan Avenue.

"Don't anything?" he asked.

"Nothing."

"We're getting baskets of mail over at the Drake," he said. "I can't find time even to open them. Why don't you come over and straighten them out for me."

Miss Stahl went over to the Drake. She had never listened to a radio in her life. That was ten years ago. Now, she admits, they got anything will ever be straightened out—not at WGN. Because here is a station that makes snap judgments and wages campaigns and fights for its rights. Like the newspaper after which it is named, it's too big and too determined to serve its public ever to become easy-going and orderly.

From a staff of two to over 200 it grew! One day, when she was one of those two, Myrtle Stahl walked into the studio and

(Continued on page 74)

Why IS SALLY such A POPULAR SUMMER DATE?



On hot summer nights, when other girls wait for the telephone to ring, Sally's out having a grand time. Don't you want to know her secret—the reason for her popularity?

Yes, Sally's a summer heart-breaker. But busy as she is, she never omits her odorless Ivory baths. For she knows that even a popular girl has to take extra precautions to keep dainty in hot weather.

Just bathing frequently doesn't do the trick—if you use a perfumed or "medicated" soap. For, on a sultry night their odor may linger unpleasantly on your skin for a good many hours. And soap odors are every bit as unappealing to many people as is the odor of perspiration itself!

If you want to elick with your next date, be sure your bath soap is pure, odorless Ivory. Ivory doesn't

cover up perspiration odor with a die-hard soap smell. Its odorless lather rids you of grime and perspiration *instantly* and rinses away, leaving your skin clean . . . sweet . . . velvety soft.

You'll be doing your complexion a favor if you wash your face with Ivory, too. Ivory treats your skin as tenderly as it does the tender skins of tiny babies. It won't dry up the natural oils that keep your skin young and alluring to men.

Hurry, hurry to your nearest grocer and order your supply of Ivory today. A few pennies is little enough to spend for a baby-clear complexion and a whole summer's popularity!

IVORY SOAP

99 ¹⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS

Poor Little Celebrities

(Continued from page 13)

the cliff of whispered innuendoes. There will be many weeks of Lorraine and Armand, many more front pages and many more "celebrity" features in *Lovers' Lives*.

WILL an attempt be made in court to identify Dave as has been done to Freddie Rich? That is the dangerous possibility that confronts Rubin now.

Nothing, however, clinches at the heart of radio stars with an error as the kidnapping threat. It is a point to which their big names and widely noted names leave them as particularly susceptible prey.

When Ben Berny was on tour last year, he received a letter. As he read its contents an icy fear clutched his heart. So this kidnapping terror had reached him, too! He surrounded himself with bodyguards, and every day was one of alarm and dread. His wife stayed with him to give up his tour, but he went through with his plans. However, there were a few very fine army-eyed guards to take care of his every step.

It's highly nobody has been snafu is often is Rudy Vallee—nor for such rich folks. Fans just to show you what he has to contend with, here's an example. Recently he was snafu for breach of promise by a seventy-five-year-old woman! This woman gladly declared that she stood behind him, in a book as he was preparing to withdraw all of his money. She heard him continue to himself and listening intently, at last a story went on, she heard him threaten to kill himself. She took him aside, handed him a Bible and talked him out of his suicidal plan. In appreciation for saving his life, Rudy announced that night over the air that he was going to marry her. Of course the case was promptly thrown out of court—her not being Rudy was put to a great deal of bother and expense to defend his interests.

Annette Hanshaw held two letters in her trembling hands. She had received them both within a period of two weeks, and now she could no longer laugh off the incident as a practical joke.

"Unless you make good the debts of your dress firm," this second letter read, "we shall be forced to sue you for the sum of \$50,000."

THIS was how she first learned that a dress-manufacturing company in Cleveland had got out a line of "Annette Hanshaw" dresses. When she turned the case over to her lawyer, the whole mess unravelled itself. The company had tried to impersonate on her name by manufacturing a line of sports clothes for minor misses and opening it after this top star. Annette was kept in complete ignorance of the case and she would probably still know nothing about it if the firm hadn't gone bankrupt. Somehow or other, the impression was created that she was backing the company. So when the crash came, the company's big singer was "labeled" by letters from the creditors. Of course, it is proven that she had nothing what-

soever to do with it, that it was a clear case of the big for name.

"Dave! Ross will tell you about the three hotels in the middle west were threatening to sue him for non-payment of bills. I've never visited your city, much less your hotel," he wrote each. "There must be some error."

The hotels still insisted that Ross owed them the money. Finally Ross invited them to send their representatives out to see him and clear the matter. One sent its attorney. He looked through the studio log and stated himself that Ross had been working at the station during the time he was supposed to have been stopping at the hotel.

"It's funny," the lawyer remarked, "This fellow certainly had everybody fooled into believing he was you. That's why we let him run up such a large bill."

"He's still loose," Ross told me, "and Lord knows how many people he's fooled in my name."

There are mean, petty rackets that prey like vultures on radio folks. No one is immune. No one knows when it will strike him next.

ONE day, Jack Benny was arrested in the NBC offices by a serious-faced young man "I represent Standard Magazine, the fellow told him 'and I would like you to insert an ad. Now, a quarter-page costs \$250, a half page costs \$400 and—'"

"Hold on a minute," Jack interrupted, "I never heard of your magazine and I'm not interested in paying for an ad."

"Listen," the man glowered, "you insert an ad or else we'll print something very detrimental about you."

Benny looked at him. Then he nodded. "All right," he said, "But first I want to call up my manager and tell him about it."

Jack picked up the phone and dialed a number. After a few minutes' pause, "Give me the District Attorney's office, please."

The would-be salesman gave a startled leap, picked up his hat and fled. Benny had full intentions of taking the bull by the horns and toppling the scheming SOB to the D. V. in order to stop this business practice. But I dread to think of how many less courageous souls in radio were frightened into paying money to this despicable racketeer.

How would you feel if, after you had worked like the very devil to make your name famous, someone came along and threatened to prevent you from using it? That a fine situation is what is facing these woe-laden Vera Varrs; pretty, forbidden these days.

A girl's club in Wisconsin claims that they thought up the name Vera Varr several years ago for a contest and, in fact, won the contest with that name. Now, they say, Vera has stolen the name from them and she must relinquish it, or else. To make matters worse, Vera's real surname is Webster, but it was a California

theatre manager and not this girl's club who decided on the impuduous change. The club is bringing suit against Vera and right now her lawyer is handling this head be for her.

FRED WARREN was playing in a theatre in Dallas, Texas, recently when a young girl, through clever maneuvering, managed to inject her forceful young person into his dressing-room one bright and excellent afternoon. "I'd like to interview you for our school magazine," she announced to Fred.

"Sorry," Fred smiled, "but I don't give interviews to high school students unless they have a written note from the principal."

The girl looked crestfallen and then left. Fred completely forgot about the incident, but about eleven that evening he heard a very shrill wail outside of his dressing-room. Then a man, his face livid with anger, barged in. "Where's my daughter?" he stormed.

"Your daughter?" Fred looked bewildered.

"Yes. What did you do with her? Don't look so innocent. You know she came this afternoon to interview you for her high school paper and she hasn't come home yet! Where is she?"

"I don't know where she is. She left about immediately!"

"Don't hand me that line," the irate parent barked, "You actors are all alike. You were with my daughter this afternoon and you know where she is."

On and on it went. Fred's emotions were mixed with genuine concern as to what had really happened to the girl besides annoy you at what this father was intimating.

Finally the man left, after hurling more abuses on Warren's head. Fred was very worried. What if the fellow were to spread these false accusations to his Dallas neighbors? Even unfounded rumors have damaging consequences.

It was a very much troubled head leader who entered his dressing-room the next morning. His phone was ringing. As he picked it up he heard the voice of the girl's parent.

"She came home late last night. She was at the theatre all evening watching several performances of the show. I apologize for everything I said to you and I am willing to make a public retraction in the papers for the embarrassment I caused you."

Warren smiled, and told the man not to do anything. It would just draw more attention to an incident he wanted to forget. He may send a rival but put yourself in his place and try to imagine the anxiety that incident would cause you. Today, Fred has someone with him all the time to guard against gushing girls and righteous fathers.

Yes, this business of being a famous darling isn't all it's cracked up to be. Who was it who once said, "Imagery has the head that wears a crown?"

(Continued from page 69)

found Ralph Shugart "frozen" to the switchboard. Electricity coursing through his body, jerking his legs, gnawing his face, made him helpless. She pulled the proper switch and saw him hit the floor unconscious. A doctor revived him finally, but he had to have two fingers amputated.

"It was part of the day's work," she says when you mention it. I don't know whether or not she got a Carnegie Medal, it doesn't matter, for Ralph Shugart knows to whom he owes his life.

If you had a radio set and lived in the Chicago territory in those days, you must remember Shugart. He was called the sheik, and was a great favorite with the whole family. So was Jack Chapman, band leader in the Drake. Recall his "Three O'clock in the Morning" and "Dream Daddy?" And Jack Nelson, the town was wild about him. If you remember him, you will be glad to know he is still in the business. He played on the recent anniversary program and is still making music for dancers in Chicago.

You old-timers with memories of yesterday's stations ought to get this fact straightened out. WGN is a consolidation of several famous old broadcasters. WDAP became WGN. Later, the *Chicago Tribune* acquired WLIB, WTAS and WCEE. In 1927, they were all heaped together at 720 kilocycles under the WGN call letters. They're doing business at that stand right now with 50,000 watts of thundering power at their command.

Things happen in this business of broadcasting. Unexpected things, too. Several years ago, a storm was roaring down the lake region and WGN put the news into the air. Within five minutes, Drake Hotel switchboards were jammed with calls from anxious citizens who wanted to know more, who wanted special messages sent to Uncle Ted and Aunt Minnie out on their cruiser or to the Bide-a-Wee Sunday School Outing up toward Evanston.

Another day, an announcer was watching Lake Michigan from a window of the Drake Hotel studio. He saw an excursion boat obviously in distress. Suddenly, before his eyes, the ship turned over, flinging hundreds of men and women and children into the water.

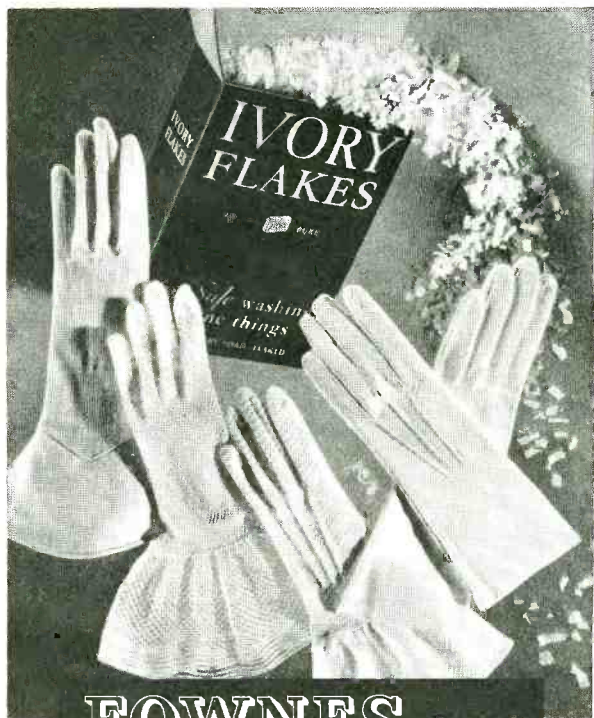
He grabbed the microphone and chanted a thrilling eyewitness account. All else was stilled but his voice and its fearful plea for help. Presently, boats put out from piers and raced to the rescue. He stood at that window the remainder of the afternoon, describing the scene of mingled heroism and tragedy. Many a WGN listener never once left his radio that eventful day.

Yes, things happened. WGN was born and reared in the tradition of newspaperdom. If the public wants to know about some event, give it to 'em—that was its philosophy. Remember the first broadcast of the Kentucky Derby . . . Indianapolis auto races . . . Scopes Evolution Trial where William Jennings Bryan and Clarence Darrow put on the show of the century . . . and Knute Rockne's funeral after his tragic air-crash death.

Some folks call that sort of broadcasting the work of pioneers. The *Tribune* itself was pioneering in radio when the broadcasting business was still unborn. On

(Continued on page 73)

Left to right Fabric gauntlet with natural linen cuff ★ mesh gauntlet with cross-bar organdie cuff ★ waffle weave gauntlet ★ white doe-skin slipon ★ Ivory pigskin slipon. Fownes gloves washable with Ivory Flakes.



FOWNES says
 "Wash our Gloves
 —this way—"

1. Use cool water and pure, quick-melting Ivory Flakes to whisk up rich suds. (Fownes, famous glove-makers, say: "We heartily advise pure Ivory Flakes for our finest washable gloves.")
2. Wash gloves on hands, using soft brush to work rich Ivory suds into soiled areas. Squeeze out without wringing. Remove gloves.
3. Put gloves through lukewarm rinsings. Pure Ivory suds rinse out easily. (Give cuffs of fabric gauntlet gloves a light starching—press the cuffs before completely dry.)
4. Pull gloves into shape. Press between layers of towel. Blow fingers of leather gloves. Lay flat away from heat. (Work leather gloves before entirely dry, to soften texture.)

Ivory Flakes · 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % pure · Today's safest and biggest value in fine fabrics soap

VACATIONISTS!

Don't forget to pack in the most important thing of all!



THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolate laxative, works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.



SUNDAYS (Cont'd)

WFLA 12:15 P.M. WWSB 12:30 P.M. WFTS 12:30 P.M. WTVT 12:30 P.M. WWSB 12:30 P.M. WFTS 12:30 P.M. WTVT 12:30 P.M.

5:30 EDT (2)—Mr. and Mrs. Conitt and wife. General Bakery. WWSB 5:30 P.M. WFTS 5:30 P.M. WTVT 5:30 P.M. WWSB 5:30 P.M. WFTS 5:30 P.M. WTVT 5:30 P.M.

6:15 EDT (1)—Boyer Society Rendezvous. The song-folio and quartet; Joseph Galluccio's Orchestra. WWSB 6:15 P.M. WFTS 6:15 P.M. WTVT 6:15 P.M.

7:30 EDT (2)—Pomer aisebreaks and pounds of goodness. Harriet Hilliard, vocalist; Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. (Fischmann's Bakers). WWSB 7:30 P.M. WFTS 7:30 P.M. WTVT 7:30 P.M.

7:45 EDT (1)—Wendell Hall, music-making for Eitel's. WWSB 7:45 P.M. WFTS 7:45 P.M. WTVT 7:45 P.M.

8:00 EDT (1)—Perhaps Dornate, who says? WFLA 8:00 P.M. WWSB 8:00 P.M. WFTS 8:00 P.M. WTVT 8:00 P.M.

8:30 EDT (1)—The Family Theatre. Guest stars: James Melton, piano; orchestra. WWSB 8:30 P.M. WFTS 8:30 P.M. WTVT 8:30 P.M.

9:00 EDT (2)—Free ride, everybody on the Manhattan Merry-go-round. Tamara, singer; David Perry, orchestra; Men About Town. (G. E. Watkins Co.). WWSB 9:00 P.M. WFTS 9:00 P.M. WTVT 9:00 P.M.

9:30 EDT (2)—Bill Rogers on for the dog-dog's. Revolvers' quartet; Al Goodman's orchestra. (Gulf Gasoline). WWSB 9:30 P.M. WFTS 9:30 P.M. WTVT 9:30 P.M.

9:45 EDT (2)—Red Waring's Pennsylvanians with Babs and her brothers; Princess and Rosemary Lane; Tom Waring; Fred McHenry; Stuart Hamilton and Johnny Davis singing amazing antics with melodious hosts. (Ford Dealers). WWSB 9:45 P.M. WFTS 9:45 P.M. WTVT 9:45 P.M.

10:00 EDT (2)—American Moon of Familiar Music. Frank Milton, tenor; Virginia DeSnooze; Ohman and Arden, piano team; Bernard Hirsch, violinist; Harroldson quartet. (Orchestra). WWSB 10:00 P.M. WFTS 10:00 P.M. WTVT 10:00 P.M.

10:15 EDT (1)—Wendell Hall, music-making for Eitel's. WWSB 10:15 P.M. WFTS 10:15 P.M. WTVT 10:15 P.M.

10:30 EDT (1)—Mae Robinson-Hink, Harvey Hays. WWSB 10:30 P.M. WFTS 10:30 P.M. WTVT 10:30 P.M.

10:45 EDT (1)—Mae Robinson-Hink, Harvey Hays. WWSB 10:45 P.M. WFTS 10:45 P.M. WTVT 10:45 P.M.

WFLA 12:15 P.M. WWSB 12:30 P.M. WFTS 12:30 P.M. WTVT 12:30 P.M.

10:00 EDT (2)—Wayne King's soothing string trio. (Orchestra) time music. (Stacy Esther). WWSB 10:00 P.M. WFTS 10:00 P.M. WTVT 10:00 P.M.

10:30 EDT (1)—Hall of Fame. Guest artist and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WWSB 10:30 P.M. WFTS 10:30 P.M. WTVT 10:30 P.M.

11:00 EDT (1)—Wendell Hall, music-making for Eitel's. WWSB 11:00 P.M. WFTS 11:00 P.M. WTVT 11:00 P.M.

11:15 EDT (1)—Mae Robinson-Hink and Harvey Hays. WWSB 11:15 P.M. WFTS 11:15 P.M. WTVT 11:15 P.M.

11:30 EDT (1)—Mae Robinson-Hink and Harvey Hays. WWSB 11:30 P.M. WFTS 11:30 P.M. WTVT 11:30 P.M.

MONDAYS

(July 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th)

6:45-7:20-7:15 A.M. EDT—Arthur Bagley's health exercises. (Metropolitan Life). WWSB 6:45 A.M. WFTS 6:45 A.M. WTVT 6:45 A.M.

8:30 EDT (2)—Theater. For people who like early morning. (4th network). WWSB 8:30 P.M. WFTS 8:30 P.M. WTVT 8:30 P.M.

10:15 EDT (1)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and Ditties. (G. E. Watkins Co.). WWSB 10:15 P.M. WFTS 10:15 P.M. WTVT 10:15 P.M.

10:15 EDT (1)—Cher. Lu 'n' Em. Who think that clutter, not silence, is golden. (Super-Suds). WWSB 10:15 P.M. WFTS 10:15 P.M. WTVT 10:15 P.M.

10:30 EDT (1)—Today's Children. Drama of American Life. (Phillips). WWSB 10:30 P.M. WFTS 10:30 P.M. WTVT 10:30 P.M.

10:30 EDT (1)—Today's Children. Drama of American Life. (Phillips). WWSB 10:30 P.M. WFTS 10:30 P.M. WTVT 10:30 P.M.

10:30 EDT (1)—Today's Children. Drama of American Life. (Phillips). WWSB 10:30 P.M. WFTS 10:30 P.M. WTVT 10:30 P.M.

11:00 EDT (1)—Kittelen Closeups. Mary Pills Ames. Home Economist. (Phillips). WWSB 11:00 P.M. WFTS 11:00 P.M. WTVT 11:00 P.M.

11:15 EDT (1)—Mae Robinson-Hink's orchestra Pedro de Cordoba. (Cora Products). WWSB 11:15 P.M. WFTS 11:15 P.M. WTVT 11:15 P.M.

12:00 Noon EDT (1)—Maple City Four Male Quartet. (Crazy Winter Crystals Co.). WWSB 12:00 P.M. WFTS 12:00 P.M. WTVT 12:00 P.M.

12:00 EDT (1)—Voice of Experience. For unperched people. (Wasey). WWSB 12:00 P.M. WFTS 12:00 P.M. WTVT 12:00 P.M.

12:15 EDT (1)—Mae Robinson-Hink's orchestra Pedro de Cordoba. (Cora Products). WWSB 12:15 P.M. WFTS 12:15 P.M. WTVT 12:15 P.M.

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(Continued from page 71)

December 6, 1849, it was the first newspaper in the west to get its news by wire. As early as 1920, its radio station on the Tribune plant was in constant communication with Tribune correspondents in Europe and Asia.

And as for entertainment—it's the same story. Most radio stations in the ten-year-old class usually tell of their early days when they played and played and played nothing at all, but Victrola records. WGN is pretty proud of the fact that it never used records at all. It owned a mechanical piano, you see, and thus entertained its public.

Special evenings, there were guests. Albert Spalding played his first aerial solo via the WGN airwaves. Many another trembling celebrity "broke in" alongside that same mike. Among these magic names were Calvin Coolidge, Charles Evans Hughes, Tom Mix, Gertrude Ederle, William Jennings Bryan, Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino and Suzanne Lengien.

Speaking of pioneering, not long ago the Tribune Company thought the Chicago police force should be equipped with radio and radio cars. But the city was either "broke" or its fathers were unable to see the advantage of radio equipment.

So what happened? Something quite typical. The Tribune spent \$400,000 for sets and radio cars and personnel and handed it all on a platter to the city. For months, WGN maintained contact with those cars—and criminals were given the surprise of their lives when cops caught them in act after act. Crime dropped, of course, and presently, the city lads were delighted to take over the work started by WGN and its owners.

Yes, there is a newspaper in Chicago called the Tribune and a radio station called WGN. Between them, they have made quite a bit of history.

WGN—It Has Cradled Many of Radio's Elite

(Continued from page 51)

often as usual. But when he is, there's a sparkle and spirit about his work that bears the mark of a man who knows his business.

WGN has introduced to us some of the radio "greats." The Singing Lady, whose fairy tales and tunes have won her a great following, is a graduate of these studios. And so is "The Romance of Helen Trent." Maybe you are a listener to this thrilling series. If you are, you know that the voice of Helen Trent is that of Virginia Clark.

The surprising thing is that Virginia Clark ever got permission to speak lines at all. Actually she is a singer, wants to be a singer, and studies all the time toward that end.

Down in Peoria, Illinois, where she was born in 1908, scarcely anyone remembers

(Continued on page 73)

● *"Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"*



● *"Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and OVER, baby! Seems like it's kind of tectery — CAREFUL!"*



● *"OUCH—for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't hurt, but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"*



● *"There's a big difference in baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. No orris-root or zinc stearate in it!"*



Send 10¢ in coin (for convenience fasten coin with strip of adhesive tape) for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream. Dept. 134, New Brunswick, New Jersey. *Johnson's Johnson*

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

(Continued from page 73)

her. She was only three when her parents took her to Little Rock, Arkansas. But the house mothers at the University of Alabama remember her, you can bet. She was a co-ed there, and mascot of that famous southern team known as the Crimson Tide. One year later, she was in Chicago studying dramatics, then forgot all her studies to fall in love and elope.

HER career as a radio celebrity started with her divorce three years later. First, she sang—the station was WJLD. And WCFL and WBEB. Announcing her own songs, she drew attention to her speaking voice. Presently she was a mistress of ceremonies and then an actress. To get the title role of Helen Trent she competed with seventy other actresses. And got the job.

If ever you're in those Chicago studios and a five-foot-four tornado sweeps past you, a tornado that has light hair and dark brown eyes and a gay, golden smile, chances are that is Virginia Clark rushing from one program to another. She's on the air, as this is written, just exactly twenty-six times a week.

Another WGN regular is Bob Becker. Bob is a famous writer, explorer, and sportsman. For three years now, he has been a regular part of WGN's air show—talks about hunting, fishing, hiking. His series, called "The Devil Bird," that you may have heard last year, has been turned into a book. And his true dog tales being broadcast currently are exciting moments in a day's listening.

Have you heard Bob Elson making a spot broadcast? He's made many a friend these last eventful years. One in particular. Her name was Virginia Toelker, a University of Illinois graduate. He married her on August 1, last year. This autumn, you'll understand why he may have a slight bias in favor of those big Illinois teams when he puts their gridiron battles on the air.

The Rondellos, as you know 'em, have been called almost everything. They're the "oldest living inhabitants" of WGN, having come with the station when the *Tribune* bought it. Once, I believe, they were even named the "Tune-casters." They are, to be specific, Leon Lichtefeld, cellist; Leon Benditsky, pianist, and Armand Buisseret, violinist.

Tom, Dick and Harry are Bud Vandover, Marlin Hurt, and Gordon Vandover. They're a WGN institution, but you've heard them, without suspecting it, on many a network show. They've worked anonymously on a dozen big coast-to-coast bookings. Next time you hear a trio puttin'-dat-dattin' out of a Chicago studio, chances are it will be these same jolly fellows.

JUST Plain Bill" is a network presentation these days. Five times a week, it depicts life in the average American small town. If you are a radio fan, you must know it well.

But you probably won't know Leonard Salvo. He is the WGN organist. Or the Reverend John L. Dickson, who supervises the station's religious activities, the show called "Painted Dreams."

"Painted Dreams" is the story of a

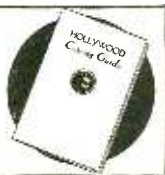
(Continued on page 77)



Win MOVIE CONTRACT

This nation-wide search for new faces, new talent—villains, ingenues, all types—men, women, boys, girls, children—is YOUR chance and your opportunity to be seen and studied by the men who make the movie stars.

Everyone sending snapshots to Hollywood receives a **Personal CASTING REPORT** also an **8-PAGE HOLLYWOOD GUIDE**



50 HOLLYWOOD AWARDS

You may be the one to win an expense-paid trip to Hollywood and a ten-week salary-paid movie contract in a feature Monogram picture with famous stars—you may be the one to win this wonderful opportunity for a movie career, even Stardom! You may be one of the five who will be sent to Hollywood for sound and screen tests, to enjoy two wonderful weeks in America's film capital—with all expenses paid. You may be one of the twenty-five who will have free regional screen tests. You may be one of the twenty-five who will win 16mm. Movie

Cameras for snapshots of photographic excellence.

By entering this contest you will receive a *Personal* "Casting Report" of your own screen classification and a "Hollywood Guide" that tells you how to photograph your personality! Your snapshots will be studied by Casting Directors and made available to studio "scouts" and directors who are constantly looking for new types.

Clear snapshots are wanted. Be sure to use AGFA, America's finest Film—the sensitive, high-speed, all-weather film that guarantees "Pictures that Satisfy or a new roll Free."

• DO THIS •

Get two rolls of Agfa Film and a free copy of the Official Rules from your film dealer. Have your snapshots taken. Print your name on the back of each and send them with 2 empty Agfa Film Cartons (or facsimiles) to Agfa, 6331 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to ask for Agfa Film—there's a size to fit your camera.



Guarantee Bond with every roll

Made in America by Agfa Anso Corporation
Binghamton, New York



Ask for

© Agfa Anso Corporation, 1934

Agfa Film

HOLLYWOOD "Picture Free" with 2 empty rolls

(Continued from page 75)

kely Irish mother and three modern daughters. Problems arise are in the plot. How Mother Moynihan solves them makes for an interesting riddle. Bess Flynn is the woman who plays the mother, in the middle west, wherever the air waves can carry WGN's signal, she is known and loved.

Bess Flynn is an Ohio girl whose ancestors have fought in every war this country has waged. In 1913 she married Charles Flynn. Three children, aged ten, twelve, and thirteen, have taught her much of life's difficulties. If you heard that car stereo called "The Gump"—back in 1931 it was Bess—she was Tina. Then the series called "Over at the Hoopers" started her. For several years now she has given us Mother Moynihan.

WGN seems to have been blessed with good announcers. Pierre Andre, for instance. Here is one of radio's pleasing voices. A dyed-in-the-wool Chicagoan now, he came originally from Dubuque, Minnesota. His high-schooling he got in Superior, Wisconsin. He entered the University of Minnesota in 1917. Like Tom Ryan, he was a newspaper man before radio called him. That was in Dubuque on station WLBW. Joining the staff of KSTP in St. Paul he stayed for three years. His announcements have come from WGN since August of 1930. Ayod, folks, he is married to a Minnetonka girl who gave him a lanky son just six years ago. So that's that.

But take Russ Russell. Russ is unmarried and over six feet tall and attractive and popular. Born in the quaintly named town, Broken Bow, Nebraska, in 1908, he is just about Chicago's most able announcer.

At school, you may be sure, he became a heart. They still remember him at Northeast High in Kansas City. And around the studios at WLBF, where he did his first stock market and phonograph programs, Station KDAF hired him away for a while and then, after going back to manage WLBF for a time, he crashed the gates of fame by getting a job in Chicago with WGN. That was in 1929. He's been a leading announcer ever since.

You're Asking Us

(Continued from page 62)

eleven inches tall, weighing 175 pounds, having gray eyes and brown hair with silver streaks running through it and, oh, that gives you an idea. Gene started in radio by being introduced to the manager of WOK as a singer and being engaged by him three days later as an announcer. Later he went to WENR and on March 1, 1931, he joined the National Broadcasting Company, over whose networks you hear him announce with the Commodores Quartet. But he really can sing. After one year of study in Chicago Musical College, he won the diamond medal of the class of 1926.

Ask Unkie.

He knows all the answers.

OLD AS ANCIENT EGYPT New as Modern Paris..



-Alluring Eye Make-up

SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

Cleopatra, for all her wealth, had only crude materials with which to attempt this effect. How she would have revelled in being able to obtain smooth, harmless, and easy-to-apply preparations like Maybelline eye beauty aids!

To have formed beautiful, expressive eyebrows with the delightful, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil — to have applied the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow for — to have had the right touch of colorful shadow — and, to have had the appearance of long, dark lashes instantly with Maybelline mascara — truly she would have acclaimed these beauty aids fit for a queen!

Nothing from modern Paris can rival Maybelline preparations. Their use by millions of women for over sixteen years commends them to YOU! Then... there is the highly beneficial Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream for preserving soft, silky lashes... and a dainty Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and massaging the brows and lashes. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes. Get each at all 10 stores.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
Invaluable for marking eyebrows, giving a soft, natural effect. Of high quality, perfectly harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow
Delicately shades your eyelids, giving depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy. Shades of rose, Blue, Brown, Blue-Green, Violet and Green.



The Eyebrow Mascara



Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream
A pure and Luscious Tonic Cream. Excellent for conditioning the eyelashes and even conditioning the eyelid.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Smaller size of this specially designed brush will trim the eyebrows better. But most correctly of all terms. Extra fine slanting bristles handle an eyelid better. Keep close to a cellulose transfer.

Maybelline

Eye Beauty Aids

Suicide!

(Continued from page 81)

if all. Such individuals, they assert, are usually victims of the "no-is-me" complex. Persons who have made up their minds to end their lives do not reveal their intentions to anyone who could prevent their execution.

That is a radio listener wrote to his favorite artist threatening suicide, the matter would probably be referred to the police if name and address were given. But what if the letter was anonymous and there was no address or clue to the writer's identity? What would you do?

That was the exact problem the Westerners who present the "Roundup" at 3:15 every afternoon over WLS, Chicago, faced last Monday.

"Dear Westerners," the despondent man wrote, "I listened to your program today and I enjoyed it very much. There is one request I would like to make and may I state it will be my last. I am tired of life I haven't a job and no prospects of any, so you see there isn't anything for me to carry on for. I can't give the one I love the things she needs and so you see why it is the last request. On Tuesday, April 24th, please play 'The Last Roundup.' When it is over you will know that I am done for. Then she will have my insurance to finish her education. So sorry to ask—and to tell you of my troubles. I will be listening in from Saturday, the 21st, on until you get this letter. Will listen in at 3:15 until Tuesday afternoon."

THE Westerners almost missed their chance to save the writer, for the letter was not opened until after the Monday afternoon broadcast. As Saturday and Monday passed, the wretched mortal, not realizing that the letter was not set in the hands of the person to whom it was addressed, must have passed agonizing ages waiting.

The hour of 3:15, Time-by arrived. Joe Kelly, master of ceremonies, read that letter drafted in agony. "This fine man's sincerity," he continued, "his sacrifice, the taking of his own life so that the girl he loves more than he himself may not suffer is evidence of a courage too great to be denied. It is the same unconquerable courage which enabled William Ernest Henley, broken in body, to carry on and win out.

"Lesser men would have given up. Cowards would have whined out groans or knives and ended it all. What did Henley do? Did he give up when his whole world came craking down about his head? He did not. He rose above his sorrow into the realms of spiritual power and left for other men—disencouraged men—and hopeless women—the noblest words of a century."

Then as the organ swelled and faded Lester Tremayne, that brilliant young radio actor, who at twenty-one is known for his fine performances on a half dozen network shows, intoned those majestic and heroic lines of Henley's "Invictus."

Again the organ swells and fades as a human life hangs in the balance. Kelly took the microphone again:

(Continued on page 81)

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it is face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it. Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will infinitely make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder, also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known. Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name

Address

City

State

This offer is not good in Canada.

(Continued from page 79)

"Now, listen closely, we have great news, a new deal for you! Before you do another thing. Right now, you who wrote the letter to the Westerners, go to your phone. Call Haymarket 7-500. That is radio station WLS. Ask for Joe Kelly or my one of the Westerners. They'll tell you the great news—the news you want to hear. They'll put the sm. back in your sky. You are not alone, my friend—we are all with you. Marching along together!"

And then Baritone Phil Kalar and the radio chorus joined in singing that rousing song of these recovery days, "Marching Along Together."

WAS the man listening? Would he look forward with new courage? The radio clock seemed to stand still. After what seemed hours, it had moved only a few minutes. A telephone call for the Westerners.

"I want to thank you," a choking, sobbing voice said. "You don't know what you've done for me."

At WLS' request he came as soon as possible to the studios. A specimen of his handwriting gave quick proof that he had written the letter. His great emotion, his sincere expression of thanks for saving him gave station executives ample proof that he had been at the brink. A strong, healthy man of thirty-two, he had searched for work for three years and failed. His hope for a teen-aged sister, who had to rely on him for support, prompted him to a deed so that she might have advantages which he simply couldn't give her.

Sponsors of the "Roundup" show found a job for him as they promised. WLS officials promised not to disclose his name, though it is on file at the station offices, lest the tragic incident embarrass him on the new job.

The chap was neither a baker nor candlestick-maker. He was a butcher and the next day saw him happily swallowed up among the countless thousands in Chicago's great stockyards.



Frankly... when napkins harden they hurt!

HERE is the straightforward explanation of why some sanitary napkins chafe and rub: *They harden in use.*

When there is delay in changing them, their rough cut edges harden, and rub until every step is painful.

Years ago, when disposable napkins were first put on the market, this seemed a fault impossible to correct.

But today, there is a radically different type of napkin. One that is soft to begin with—and that stays soft! Its filler is fluffy. Super-absorbent.

Then around this fluffy filler is a downy-soft wrapper—as soft as the finest facial tissue. It rounds every edge. There's not one sharp edge to invite hardening.

Modess: That's the name of this different-

type napkin. And women who use it once, ask for it every time!

Modess is better—and costs little! Finer materials put together in a better way make Modess softer and safer. Yet you'll find that Modess sells for an amazingly low price.

Ask your druggist—or your favorite department store—for Modess. Press the pad between your palms and see how this-lean-down-soft it is. Feel that downy layer just beneath the silky gauze. That's Zobeo—exclusive with Modess—and further insurance against chafing. Look at the special protective backing and forget your old fear of "accidents."

Finally—wear Modess. You'll learn how delightfully true it is that . . . **MODESS STAYS SOFT in use!**



MODESS STAYS SOFT IN USE!

Try Modess Free. If you have never tried Modess, send your name and address to The Modess Corporation, Dept. 22, 500 Fifth

Avenue, New York, N. Y. An unmarked package will be sent you, containing a Modess Napkin, for you to try without charge.



Norman Cordon, the "Mystery Singer" on Paul Whiteman's Thursday night NBC show.

Here Is Courage

(Continued from page 30)

by the dark alley in which she had been spotted. "Leave this woman alone," he commanded. "Didn't you recognize her?"

"No," said the other salkib.
 "She's Mother Schumann-Heink," and then turning to Ernestine, "This boy is an ex-soldier, just as I am. He didn't recognize you, though. All your boys love you and will take care of you, but you must not go out after dark alone this way. Now I'll see you home." And with that he escorted her safely to her hotel and then turned on his heel and vanished.

You couldn't get Ernestine Schumann-Heink to admit that she is up against it these days. Instead, whenever a benefit is to be staged for someone, she's the first person they turn to and how generously she responds!

When she was called to Washington in August 1933 to aid in the national recovery program, she came all the way from California to New York. She said simply, "I am a good American and I go where I am called."

Exhausted by her work in the NRA drive, having taken part in an American Legion convention in Chicago, she was stricken suddenly ill and taken from her Coronado home. Even then from her hospital bed, she sent out an Armistice day message, "Sick as I am, my whole heart and love go out more than ever to my soldier boys. I pledge to the end of my last breath my love and devotion. Granting that I will get well again, I will continue to visit the hospitals and cheer my boys with my voice and presence. God Bless my country, the United States of America and our President."

Nor did she hesitate to sing at an anti-Nazi rally at Carnegie Hall in New York. When she arrived at the stage entrance, she was handed a letter which said, "If you sing for the Jews, you will be killed. True Friends of Germany."

How her lip must have curled as she read those lines. Why, she had had a Jewish grandmother herself. She told no one with her of the threat. She did not ask for the police. She demanded protection. Simply and quietly she got out on that platform and told the people there of the note she had received. "I received a letter threatening me with death if I sang here tonight. They can't scare me. I am too old for that. I will sing when and where I please."

And I have said that woman lost everything in the depression. It is a lie. She lost nothing but money. Everything that she is, everything that her gallant, courageous years of struggle and poverty have made her—she has retained. Faith and charity and courage. They are more than enough.

"If You Want To Be Beautiful" See RADIO STARS Each Month

WINNIE'S WORRY

—by Gil



Photo by professional models

New pounds for skinny figures —quick!

Thousands gaining 5 to 15 lbs. and lovely curves in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

DOCTORS for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special brewers' ale yeast, imported from Europe, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package, or money refunded. At all drugists, Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 38 Atlanta, Ga.

PERHAPS you think Niagara Nell gives the radio performers nothing but ignored praise and honeyed criticism. If so, you are in for a shock. Just grab an issue full of this comment from a recent issue of "The Radio Revue".

"Here comes my BIGGEST PEEVE: It is those so-ravenous-voiced comedians whose tonsil writers play the 'Amril' horns on the listener's nerves. That includes you, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn and Jett Lahr!

"We hereby hurl a hat at announcers who are SO DETERMINED that they SHOUT right in our living rooms. Such acts are offensive to good taste. I mean you, McNamee, Thorgerson, Havrilla, Larry Von Zell (sometimes), Floyd Gibbons (you gibberer).

"You, Mrs. Winchell's boy, Walter. You sound better when you HAVE laryngitis—so why apologize?

"That is enough. KNOCKS. Besides, it is just as easy to knock a person between the shoulder blades, as it is to pat them on the back.

"May there be more like you, Joe Penner, Edwin C. Hill, your voice gains pleasant, dramatic heights and never grates. It carries conviction like a deb carries a new hat and we love it. Also, Alex Woodcut (you old smoothie-pants); and my favorites, Colonel Spoonable and Budd. You will always be 'Kernel' to me, just one off the clever branch of the nut family.

"Four stars to you, Phil Baker and Tito Guizar and your Three Harps. But PLEASE, Rudy Vallee, be JUST A PROGRAM DIRECTOR. That affected nasal twang and I am it personally, it is not 'elp that wonderful show you put on.

"To most women on the air I am forced to award a palm, but a cactus palm with thorns aplenty—and may you all sit on it. Frances Lee Barton, of General Foods, you sound so affected and high hat. Don't forget, I wear an apron and my hair is sometimes gally-wompy when you spill. Make room for Ida Bailey Allen on that cactus, and lots for Edna Wallace Hopper."

NOT much back-scratching in that, is there? It is straight from the shoulder take it or leave it.

How does Niagara Nell keep up on all of the programs and get her own housework done? She will tell you she doesn't get her housework done. But her husband, Clayton Lane, a wholesale hardware salesman, will tell you differently—and her household is as smooth-running as a Rudy Vallee air show.

What a strange situation for a housewife to be in, giving criticism and advice to the stars of the entertainment world!



OFF THE AIR!

Amos 'n' Andy have gone adventuring. They've finally quit the niche in radio that has been theirs so long. Kingfish and Madame Queen and all their fellow citizens have skipped off our wavelengths. Why? Aren't they selling toothpaste during these New Deal days? Is the public tired of them? Or are they tired of the public?

Each month's issue of RADIO STARS Magazine brings you answers to questions like these . . . answers to all the questions about radio stars you can ask. On sale everywhere . . . ten cents the copy.

What makes the wheels go 'round — at the Columbia Broadcasting Company? Read about it in next month's issue of RADIO STARS.

RADIO STARS

Peg Gets REALLY Kissed



Have the same "lip appeal" that the movie stars and Broadway actresses have. Use the same lipstick! It is the new **KISS-PROOF** Indelible Lipstick—Special Theatrical Color! This lipstick is so wonderful, it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing rooms of the Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! Price is no object here — but the experts have found that inexpensive **KISSPROOF** gives *matchless allure* to the actresses. It will do the same for you.

Use it tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new **Special Theatrical Color**, at any toilet goods counter and at the 10¢ stores.

Kissproof INDELIBLE LIPSTICK



JIFFY-SEAL FOR EVERY KIND OF GLASS OR JAR!

Saves Time—Money—Labor—Materials

A MARVELOUS new invention needed by every housewife who makes jellies, jams or preserves. Just think of being able to seal any type of glass or jar in $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual time, at $\frac{1}{2}$ the usual cost! No wax to melt—no tin tins to sterilize—no mess—no waste. Jiffy-Seals give a perfect sealing job every time. Yet amazingly easy to use. Try Jiffy-Seal—the new transparent new invention. Only 10¢ for package of 25.

At All Woolworth and Other 5c and 10c Stores or Your Neighborhood Store

Don't Let This Happen to You

(Continued from page 23)

the patter good-humoredly, while my head throbbled and I longed for sleep.

"Pretty soon he became angry. "If I'm boring you," he said, "don't let me keep you. There are plenty of places where I'm welcome and appreciated. I guess you saw that last night. And the night before at the Haywards and the night before at the Simpsons."

"Yes, nothing was truer. I had seen it for months. That was the trouble. It was slowly driving me crazy.

"He didn't come home that evening, and that was the beginning of the end. Don't think that this one instance precipitated our divorce. But it was the culmination of a series of such happenings where the life of the party was just too much when taken domestically."

I GUESS we all know one or more of these gentlemen. Sometimes, being less tactful than Irene Rich, we call em "street amel, house devil," though.

"I was once married to a man who seemed so much in love with me," continued Miss Rich, "that it was flattering beyond words. He didn't attempt to interfere with my career, which was just beginning, and many husbands will, you know. He didn't try to be possessive. He was attentive and sweet. Well, I thought, *this* is truly simpin'.

"We hadn't been married so very long, however, when he asked me for a little loan. The little loan proved to be quite a big one. But, since he was my husband, I didn't hesitate, that is, very long. That moment was the turning point in that marriage.

"Help a man if you love him. But help him to help himself. Put him in the way of a good job or see him through by other methods. But if he wants to borrow, run like an Indian, for, if you don't, it won't be long then!"

How many of us know how true this is. Perhaps, though, we've thought em case to be different, and so figured it was something else *besides* the money that did us in. But it now looks as if it weren't.

"When you marry, live by your-creeds," Miss Rich went on. "For, even your own mother, in an apartment with you, can waltz or tiptoe, or do anything else, that you don't want. I know of a young couple who were like the proverbial two peas in a pod. They got along swimmingly together until her mother appeared, to spend a vacation. The mother was so possessive of her daughter that she even resented the young husband's attentions. Whenever the boy and girl planned an evening together, the mother would have had something else arranged for her daughter which excluded her son-in-law.

"That left the boy alone and to his own devices. Before anyone fully realized what had happened, he had found new interests. Did that bother the girl's mother? No, indeed. She consoled her daughter and cleverly warned her that this boy was never right for her in the first place. And so, ultimately, they were divorced."

SOMEONE whispered in our ear that the charming subject of this story was through on almost similar experience.

"Be care, also," said Miss Rich, "of the possessive man. It was married to one of them. It is very flattering, hetero-marriage, to have a man want you all to himself, to cast envious glances in the general direction of rivals, and get peevish in the face of competition. But after the wedding bells it's fatal.

"Another thing—don't marry a man to reform him. I am not going to be too specific about this, because it would be snob-y. But if the gentleman you adore is an artistic fibber before you marry, make up your mind that he is going to improve with age in this direction. He will probably develop into a confirmed liar. I know I sound hard. But—I know

If he drinks too much now, and you think that once you are wed and can ward him, he will change his ways—stop, look and listen! He may improve slightly while he is in the first violent throes of love, but a little bit later! Well, please take my word for it and don't ask questions!

"Then there is the question of age. Don't marry a man who is too old for you, or one who is too young. Again, it may go for a while, but after the business of romance has worn a bit thin, the trouble will start.

"I have a very attractive friend who is married to a man ten years younger than herself. She is in a positive dither trying to keep herself young—mentally and physically in order that she may ward off youthful competition. The nervous strain she is constantly undergoing scarcely compensates for her doubtful success up to date, in retaining her husband's waning and wandering affections."

"Ultimately she will lose, for, to put it simply, the lovely lady is behind the eight ball. She took that position when she married the lad.

"I have another young friend, who told me that young man bore her. And so, she married a man fifteen years older than her-hell last year. She is straining at the leash now, to such a degree that it is painful. It can't last, and, no matter how excruciating the older man is, it won't serve to hold his youthful wife for very long. She, of course, doesn't realize it, but she is ever on the alert for someone who will interest her, and when she finds him, she will go. I know this."

"Gosh," we gasped, "is there anyone a girl should marry? Are all the cards stacked? Don't you want those two lousy daughters of yours to marry?"

Irene Rich laughed. "You know," she confessed, "I'm going to let you in on a little secret. I like men. Most of them. From the way I've sort of ranted against the sex in general, you'd think I wouldn't trust them. As a matter of fact, I probably wouldn't. But that doesn't mean that there aren't many eligibles.

"I want my daughters to marry. I would

be very much disappointed if they didn't. If that isn't a great little argument for the opposite sex, I'm at a loss to give one. But when Frances and Fate break the news to me that they are about to take the important step, I'm going to ask them if the prospective groom is sweet-tempered, considerate, truthful, earning a decent salary and in a position to pay more if he is patient and willing to play a "give and take" game, and if he is at a suitable age. That is all. In other words, to bring it down to one sentence: Will he be good to the girl who is to be his wife?

"If Frances can check her emotions and, with reason, answer this in the affirmative, she won't be taking half the chance Steve Brodie took. The difficulty is, of course, to get a romantic and infatuated damsel to reason, for any emotion is stronger than it and, when you're in love— heaven help you!"

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 41)

THIS may make Mickey Mouse green with envy. Station WENR has a new radio show in which a couple of insects play the leading roles. Cliff Sandler of the "Sinclair Minstrelmen" and "First Nighter" takes the part of Wooley, the head bug, and Jack Spitzer takes the part of Emil, his lieutenant.

AMOS 'n' Andy got back home to Chicago the other day from a vaudeville tour that started last August and ran almost a year. They played all the way from Chicago to Boston and from Toronto to Texas, appearing before millions of customers. They broke all time attendance records at many theatres. In Detroit, despite sub-zero weather, they played to 123,500 paying customers in seven days. Now they've settled down to rest for the summer. Rest for them means doing only two radio shows a day.

MARY SMALL, twelve-year-old songstress, has been signed again for another year with one odd provision in her contract. The sponsor reserves the right to cancel the contract if Mary's voice should change.

MILTON WOOD was let out of the NBC announcing staff in San Francisco because he was late for one of his programs. Ed Liles, sound effects man, replaces him.

JUNE MEREDITH'S mother passed away in May, the day before June was to play in her "First Nighter" program. Irene Wicker substituted in that performance. The mother's last days were made happier when she got word that June had won Radio Star's poll to pick radio's most popular actress.

don't
be an
AIREDALE



"AIREDALE"—that's what Hollywood calls a girl with hair on arms and legs. "Airedales" have ruined many a movie closeup—because superfluous hair shows as plainly in the pictures as it does upon the beach. That's why all Hollywood uses X-BAZIN to remove hair. X-BAZIN (cream or powder) is essential for legs arms and under-arms that expect to be seen!

Constant research and improvement have made X-BAZIN more and more mild, more and more efficient, more and more agreeable. This really reliable powder or cream, depilator, leaves your skin exquisitely smooth, white and hairless—without irritation, stubble or that blue, shaved look. Even the future growth of hair is retarded.

Insist on reliable X-Bazin—accept no substitutes. Powder or cream at drug and department stores—only X-Bazin. (Small size tubes of X-Bazin cream in 10¢ and 5-cent stores. HALL & HERTEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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FOR ALL WHITE SHOES

If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 65)

giveaway to age and rough, scaly skin makes anyone appear older. So it behooves you to keep the skin soft, white and supple.

A good bleach for slight discolorations, ink and nicotine stains, is peroxide or lemon juice; or use a solution of ten parts peroxide to one of ammonia.

At night, take cold cream—drop me a line and I'll tell you of a very good one—and smear it all over your hands and wrists. Don't forget, wrists are another vulnerable spot for age signs. They become stiff and the skin coarsens.

MASSAGE the cream well into the hands and wrists. Rub and pull the skin of the fingers forward toward the tips, then back toward the palm as if putting on a pair of gloves. Pay particular attention to the knuckles. If your fingers aren't round enough, pinch them into shape—grasp the finger of one hand between the thumb and index finger of the other and press. The shape into which you press the fingers isn't permanent by any means, but then neither is a bath; though if done regularly each night, the shape will certainly improve. Another thing, while there is cream on the hands, use an orange stick to press back the cuticle. If you are one of those unfortunate ones troubled with brittle and splitting nails, I'll be glad to send you a remedy.

While you are caring for your hands and wrists, massage the whole length of your arm. You sometimes notice that a girl with a lovely figure will often have flabby arms and gooseflesh skin on the upper parts of them. With just a bit of care such a condition can be corrected and, better still, prevented.

While you are using the cream, spend a few seconds on your elbows. Right now before you do another thing, get a mirror and let your elbows see themselves. Then you probably won't begrudge them a few minutes of your time. If you have goose flesh on the upper arms, apply a bit of lanolin.

After all the rubbing, pulling and patting, slip on some cotton sleeping gloves—any old light colored ones you have around the house will do. Pop into bed, relax your hands—never sleep with them doubled up into a fist—and go to sleep. In the morning when you remove the gloves, you'll wonder whose hands you're looking at. It's a good idea to have long gloves that cover the arms so that you can leave the cream on them over night, too.

In the daytime, please, however big your hands, don't wear tight gloves to make them appear small. Because when you remove them, the blood will rush to the hands, which will become beet red and cause you embarrassment, for there is no way to conceal them.

To improve the elasticity and grace of not only the hands, but of the entire arm, try relaxing the hands. Hold them away from the body. With the elbows slightly bent upward, shake your wrists as hard as you can—your fingers will seem to fly everywhere. The flinging wrists will make

the whole arm wiggle and this will correct any tendency toward flabbiness that the arms may have.

With the fingers outstretched, fling each arm, alternately, up parallel with the side of the head. Then holding both hands in the air, play imaginary scales. Do these exercises often during the day.

YOU know the routine of the manicure. Your nails should be clean and shapely above all things. In filing, never see-saw back and forth on one side, but sweep toward the tip from one side to the other. File from the underneath side and smooth on top with an emery board. Don't file all the way down to the pink, but leave a slight line of the white nail along either side. Soak the hands in warm soapy water, then push back the cuticle with an orange stick, using a remover if necessary.

If each time you wash your hands, you will do this with the towel, you will soon be able to eliminate the cutting of stubborn cuticle. (The cream and glove treatment at night will also improve and prevent it from becoming hard and rough.) Now rinse your hands, dry thoroughly and apply polish. A powder and a good brisk brushing make a fine base for the liquid polish or a coat of colorless liquid applied before the tinted will serve this same purpose. If you care to use a powder you can make it by combining tin oxide and talc in equal parts and adding carmine to tint.

Do not forget that there is a time and place for color in polish. Let your ensemble dictate this as well as the occasion and the time. For parties, go in for the brighter shades, but for daytime wear, it's pretty hard on the eyes. Many prefer a natural or a pink.

For some reason, people don't seem to realize how important their hands, arms, shoulders and neck are. They carefully dress their hair, take infinite pains putting on the facial makeup—abrasives, powder, creams, eye shadow, mascara and all—but the chin which really represents a danger signal is not even so much as touched by the powder puff. Not is the throat. All of which brings several things to mind!

FIRST, that tendency to a double chin and the hump at the base of the neck. Exercise will correct 'em. Stand with your feet apart, preferably without shoes. Let your head flop back between your shoulders and loll from side to side. Now raise head and with the finger tips of both hands press firmly the spot where you get that achy feeling and the hump.

Sleeping without a pillow—oh, yes, you can get used to it and it's comfortable when you do—helps the general contour of the throat.

There's an area between the shoulder blades that has a lot of oil and perspiration glands. How often have you walked along in summer and seen a lovely chiffon dress discolored at this spot in the back? Really, there isn't any excuse for it. Each day scrub this portion of the back scrupulously clean. If you are an enthusiast of the shower bath then wash well with soap



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Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

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—Mrs. W. M. B. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

**DR. HAND'S
Teething Lotion**

before you hop under. Apply an astringent (not!) to make your pores look large in this season. Just blot with powder and then slip into your dress and you won't have to think any more about it. Never neglect your undergarments. It is wise to wear several dresses a month if they are made of a synthetic material. Wash several reliable elements to keep you fresh and dainty.

I wonder if you know of the various treatments I have outlined to make you up. There is an excellent one for facial blemishes and general clearing up of the skin and in the hair care. Also a method for becoming superior in hair. And for you girls who want to get into or would like to get into them, there are special exercises—of a laugh or two sort.

If you care for the soap I mentioned and a healing cream I have for Dermatitis, under and chafing, and if you're planning within twenty-four hours—ask for an ert.



GLORIFY the hair with Colorinse. Simply add it to the shampoo wash. It's not a dye or a bleach... just harmless vegetable compound... that gives the hair brilliant color tones with a soft, lustrous sheen and glamour, entrancingly youthful! Choice of 10 natural tints.

10c at all 5 and 10c Stores and Beauty Shops... Nestle Colorinse, Superlet, Golden Shampoo and Menna Shampoo



Nestle COLORINSE

Life Begins After Thirty

(Continued from page 47)

Berg, too, has proved it! And you can.

What is the use of pining for? Gertrude Berg also asked herself this question. She neither is so young. You all know her—the "Milly" of "The Goldbergs," one of the most popular features of the air.

Gertrude had dreamed of a career, in fact she had never stopped dreaming of it through the years, filled with taking care of babies, a husband and a home.

Being a precocious child, her keen observation started up the "official" foreign accents and customs of the patrons who were not at her father's hotel. This rich background of which she lived provided the copy for her expression in writing.

The Columbia Broadcasting Company decided to try her. The real Laura Sky did prove to be a pearl. It lasted a week, "The Goldbergs," "The Key" or "Goldbergs," as she called the program.

The spirit, personality, National Broadcasting Company called her. They wanted a woman to appear in Gertrude's program every time and every hour—she was in a way a cost star to be gotten together with had to do the studio work every hour with the skin ready to go on the air. At no place could they locate anyone to take the part of "Milly" in "The Goldbergs" and it fell to her, who had never of her any acting, to impersonate this character.

She has made all her characters real people, the very kind amongst whom she was reared as a child in her father's hotel, and we appreciate her honest goodness reality in characters even over the air.

What is the use of pining out? Because you, every one of you, can "find yourself" just as did Gertrude Berg, and discover a life more glamorous than any you could have had in your youth and early twenties.

You may not be a writer, a play director, a actress as is she, but with 10,000,000 careers there is certainly one for you.

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A POPULAR GUIDE TO BROADCASTING!

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Love Songs For Sale

(Continued from page 33)

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words of songs there was contribution in the Snyder Music Company where he worked for twenty-five dollars a week plus royalties. But the songs published with "Words and Music by Irving Berlin" marked his quick climb to success.

All creative work is a self-expression and Berlin's work had been this so far. But now he began to put the things which happened to him and the emotions which he experienced into his songs. With his great capacity for feeling and his intense emotional reactions he proved a sounding board for the multi-colored life going on about him and for the life he himself lived.

Here, I think, we come to the very key-stone of his popularity and success: a chance remark and Irving Berlin would respond. He was out one evening with George Whiting, a fellow songwriter. Whiting suggested they go off on a little spree. "My wife's gone to the country," he explained. They went on no spree. They rushed pell mell back to the office and put it down on paper and called it "My Wife's Gone to the Country."

"She thought it best, I needed the rest, that's why she went away . . ." You heard it everywhere. The most dutiful husbands sang it and looked wicked—or hoped they did.

About this time he fell in love with Dorothy Goetz, a sister of the prominent Ray Goetz. They had known each other only a few weeks when they were married. She was twenty and he was twenty-three. They needed no cautious years to test that thing which came between them. It was their own and they knew its worth.

"The songs we'll get from Irving now!" said those close to this young composer, knowing how he worked.

There was a honeymoon in Cuba. There was wind in the palm trees and twilight skies of royal blue. But behind this tropical beauty Death hid.

Dorothy Berlin returned home, ill. "Typhoid fever," said the doctors. And cold waves of fear closed about Irving Berlin's heart. From the moment he heard that grim diagnosis it was as if he knew that he was going to lose her.

When it was all over he went away to Europe. He tried to fill his life with so much color and so much interest that there would be no time for grieving. But when he came home again it was all too evident that he had not been successful. His gay songs weren't gay. His catchy songs weren't catchy.

At last he put away the idea of writing any such songs and wrote that which was crying in his heart: "When I Lost You." And millions took up his lament to sing: *"I lost the sunshine and roses, I lost the heavens of blue, I lost the angel who sang me—Summer the whole Winter through, I lost the gladness that turned into sadness, when I lost you."*

After writing this and unburdening his heart, he was able to find the other things he wanted to say, the other times he wanted

to sing. As you know, they were a lot. During the war, deserted, he arrived at Camp Upton in his uniform. Life for him was turned upside down. For years he had gone to bed at the time he now must get up.

So once again he turned his plaid into a song. And once again not only America but the boys in the trenches took up his cry to complain "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

Not long after the war a beautiful theatre opened just off Broadway, The Music Box Theatre, owned by Sam Harris and Joe Schenck (then the husband of Norma Talmadge) and Irving Berlin. The music played in it was to be his music.

Now, in season, he was to be found at Palm Beach or Southampton. It was at Southampton, during the summer of 1925, that Irving met Ellin Mackay. Of the Mackays, the Postal Telegraph Mackays, the Mackays of Roslyn. Just when they first fell in love it would be difficult to say. It was, however, Irving Berlin's song, that first showed his friends how things were with him. There was "What'll I Do?" and "All Alone."

On January fourth, 1926, they were married at New York's City Hall. She was a lovely twenty-two with blue eyes that went dark with love for the proud man who stood by her side.

The newspapermen ran feature stories about the little Jewish boy from the Ghetto who had become a millionaire songwriter and married the fair daughter of a great house.

Clarence Mackay, Ellin's father, disowned her publicly. But as Irving Berlin, again seeking what writers call "art," wrote a year or two later when these family difficulties persisted:

"What does it matter if the clouds appear, even as you are near . . . What does it matter, long as I love you and you love me, too?"

He and his Ellin sailed on the Leviathan for a honeymoon in Europe. And "Always" came back to his publishers within the month. "It'll be true to you always . . ." Now, millions went singing of constancy. No doubt about the inspiration for this song. It was dedicated, for all the world to see, to Ellin.

Irving Berlin had dreamed dreams, bright and brave. But now actuality surpassed them, made them seem poor things indeed. There was a golden month on the Isle of Madeira. And it was here he and Ellin Berlin together wrote "At Peace With the World."

In August they came home. There was "Blue Skies." There was "Remember." The following November there were three of them instead of two. There was little Mary Ellin.

Before that year ended there was "Russian Lullaby." Everywhere people crooning:

"Kackabye, my baby, somewhere there may be, a land that's free, for you and me, and a Russian lullaby."

It's not surprising, that in the deep

emotion Irving Berlin knew looking into the wise eyes of his lady and asking himself what the future was to hold for her, that the old lovely Russian strain became imperious again.

There is now harmony between the Berlins and the Mackays. It was the birth of a son, Irving Junior, and his death less than a month later on Christmas Day that brought Clarence Mackay to the Berlin home. And the other members of his

family followed him—to forget their stupid, superficial prejudices and regret.

Now there is the future. In it Irving Berlin will find happiness. Sadness, too. And, by the same token, there will be happiness and sadness in his songs. For when all this ends it will be because Irving Berlin has grown very old, too old to act any longer as a sensitive, vibrant sounding board to that full rich life which goes on in, and all about him.

"Here's to Crime!"

(Continued from page 56)

he supplements his stage and radio training with a very keen understanding of detective work. He's one of the most sincere students of criminology I have ever known. By that I don't mean he carries around a gold deputy sheriff badge in his wallet, either. He pals around with desk sergeants and first grade detectives; he's probably better known at Police Headquarters on Center Street than any other radio performer.

REALISM in Radio has to go a whole lot more than skin-deep. Not only must the situations be hot off the griddle of everyday news, but the dialogue must be the genuine McCoy. Sometimes this causes a difficulty when crooks' argot isn't understood by the listening public. For example: I used the word "hoag" the ex-land term for an auto-bike, in a recent show, and it didn't get over. It's all right to use the word "stogie" for cocaine, but we have learned not to employ "keester," which every gangster knows is a suit-case. Cops call fingerprints "calling cards," but that's too difficult to get without a lengthy explanation. The same with "la's in the dance hall," meaning "he's in the death house."

Fan mail brings daily evidence of the importance of realism. Scores of letters come in asking Spencer Dean to use his talents in unraveling some local mystery. One woman wrote a pitiful epistle, asking him and Dan Cassidy to trace it with her missing husband, an thief warned us of an impending crime.

SIGNIFICANT evidence regarding the realism of the "Manhunter Mysteries" lies in the hawk-eyed scrutiny given "Crime Clues" scripts. I don't mean the usual examination for excess profanity, but to determine whether the material might be fibrous because too true to life. More than once, material prepared in advance had had to be altered because of subsequent newspaper stories which have come so close to the scripts that we didn't dare run the risk of misinterpretation.

Fans often write to inquire whether we have dramatized a certain story which had appeared recently in the press. In the show, "Tough Baby," for instance, Dan Cassidy, imprisoned by gangsters, manages to get a note to Spencer Dean, in which are scrawled symbols representing a church, a wire-ladder and a string of elevated cars. Dean interprets these to mean

that his partner is confined some place where he can hear church bells, the sound of fire engines, and passing elevated trains. Within three days hundreds of letters were received, asking us whether we had read the story of the kidnapper who had been captured in Texas, because the kidnapper noted the exact times when he heard the roar of a trans-continental plane passing over the house in which he was held. We hadn't, as a matter of fact.

After the performance of "Find Me a Corpse," we were notified that a death similarly resulting from a scavenger game had been reported recently by the *Associated Press*. In both instances, the material for the broadcasts was prepared prior to the event it paralleled.

A MAJOR share of the realism from the listener's viewpoint goes to Jay Hanna, our Director—Jay is the Belasco of radio; the showman who believes in realism. He was the first to employ ear-phones during the direction in the studio and has devised, in conjunction with Ray Kelly, head of the sound effects department at the National Broadcasting Company, numerous new sound effects which form for the listener an authentic background against which the drama is played.

In one performance we needed the sound of cooing pigeons and for some peculiar reason using real pigeons wasn't thought to be satisfactory. So Ray Kelly filled empty ink bottles with water and bubbled air through the water by means of a straw. The result was so much like a pigeon loft that the audience had strained necks from searching for the birds.

Then we wanted to reproduce the sound of a bowling alley, and as often happens, it was discovered that the only thing that would sound like falling duck pins, was duck pins falling. So Mr. Kelly and his assistants set up a miniature bowling alley in the studio, and at Mr. Hanna's directions, tossed off spares and strikes all during the show.

Ray Kelly's ingenuity in producing sounds which are faithful to real life is the wonder of all who visit the studios at Radio City. Why, the scenic background provided for one episode in a newspaper office if the sound effects was so realistic to this author that he forgot all about stop watches and sound cues and went around looking for the assignment board.

Everything is taken into consideration so that Dan Cassidy and Spencer Dean will seem as real as the folks you meet in the street.



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"Baby, You're Much Too Fat"

(Continued from page 43)

Hutton. She should have been the happiest girl in the world, too, for she'd become a large fortune, \$53,000,000 to be exact. She's young, intelligent, and has a lovely face. "If only I could change places with her," we've all thought, "life would be a perpetual paradise." Yet Barbara Hutton, two years ago, was miserable. A poor little rich girl, for she wanted what all her money couldn't buy. The same thing you and I and every other girl wants—men flocking around her, dancing attendance upon her, looking into her eyes with the look that creates a song in a girl's heart.

Not that she was a wall-flower. Sometimes there were men who paid Barbara attentions. But the icy finger of doubt stabbed at her heart. She knew they only noticed her because of her money. Though they whispered compliments into her ear she was too clever to be taken in for she was aware, you see, that she was much too fat to attract men—forty-eight pounds overweight she was.

"I hated to take her on," the blue-eyed, golden-haired beauty-maker confessed. "I was sure a girl with so much money behind her wouldn't ever discipline herself sufficiently, would never keep up the torturous day-by-day treatments I subject my patients to." Stopping and pointing stubborn fat away is part of Sylvia's stunt for redneck.

To discourage Barbara Hutton, she demanded \$1000 in advance. Miss Hutton agreed. Then Sylvia played her trump card. She insisted Barbara come at eight o'clock every morning. She was sure the spoiled darling would never agree to that!

But Barbara Hutton was game. For the month she underwent treatment she never late once. She lost her forty-eight pounds.

Many eligible young men sought her. Love, when it came, came swiftly, suddenly. She lost her heart to charming young Prince Alexis Midani. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married.

"Don't ever laugh at a fat person," Sylvia warned me. "I have seen more misery caused by overweight than anything else. More lives than you'll ever imagine have been ruined, particularly women's lives, because of ungaily shapes. It's quite easy to understand. Remember, the moment you improve your appearance you improve your opinion of yourself. Don't take my word for it, try it."

"Show me a fit and attractive woman and I'll take my oath she is a fairly happy one. Show me a downy girl and I bet she is one who has been licked by life and is so far reduced in pride she's willing to let the whole world in on her defeat."

THERE was the case of Helen D., whom Madame Sylvia treated so long ago. Helen came from Tampa, Florida. She had heard Madame Sylvia's radio broadcasts; she had read about her work with the stars. But let Sylvia tell the tale herself.

"I came into my studio one morning,

It was full of stars and society women who wanted me to repair the ravages of prosperity—too much rich food and too little exercise. I noticed a huge mountain of a girl weighing a little less than a ton, sitting in a corner. She looked so shy, forlorn and gone to seed among all those magnificently gowned ladies! When her turn came, she burst into tears. Between sobs, she told me her story.

"'I have no business being here,' she said, 'I have no money to pay you. But I simply have to get thin, or I'll go crazy. Oh, please, please take me on.'"

"It's too bad you have no money," Sylvia said, "but it is worse you have so damn much fat on you. Getting rid of it is more important than worrying about payment, don't you think?"

The girl was married to a clerk in Florida. She was crazy about him. He had been crazy about her. But since she had grown so fat, his love had died. He was ashamed to be seen with her and was beginning to go out with other women.

First she had tried to diet by herself. It hadn't helped. Then she tried patent medicines. They made her sick. She got fatter and fatter. Half crazy with worry, she was ready to commit suicide. As a last resort, she came to Madame Sylvia.

"You have plenty of time to kill yourself when I'm done with you, if I don't do it in my treatments," Madame Sylvia told her. "I'll take you on. But you've got to do exactly what I say."

The girl was an excellent patient. Followed directions implicitly, stuck to her diet and allowed herself to be pounded almost to death without complaining. She exercised strenuously and as she discarded weight, her spirits rose. She lost forty-three pounds in one month, safely. By the time the grand reduction was completed, she was perfectly normal, bubbling over with life. Back to her husband she went and they've been happy ever since. He is so proud of her he shows her off to all his friends.

The girl has offered to pay a little each month. "What do I want with her money, poor kid," Madame Sylvia says, "let them keep it and buy themselves a few more sardines or something."

MADAME SYLVIA has treated quite a few people without charge. She doesn't do it through good-nature, or to be altruistic, you may be sure. She just can't help herself. "The minute I see something wrong with someone physically I can't rest till I've told her what the trouble is and tried to fix it up. It doesn't matter if Mrs. Roosevelt or a scrubwoman comes in. I think right out loud and say, 'Baby, you're much too fat.' Or 'What a horrible skin you have, darling. How do you wash your face?' I'd find something wrong with the Queen of Sheba and try to make her over."

Most of the stars she treats are terribly spoiled and temperamental. You'd be too, if you were the ace of aces, admired and kow towed to wherever you went. You'd

expect everyone to fall at your feet. Yet it seems they love to be insulted by this half-pint and Sylvia never disappoints them. I listen to this. It's about her run-in with Grace Moore, the opera singer we heard last year on the Chesterfield program.

"God, I could have killed her the first time I had eyes on her," Sylvia said. "She had grabbed off honors in musical comedy and in opera and had come to conquer the screen. Pathé was paying me \$750 a week to trim down their stars; she was a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star and there wasn't a reason in the world why I should take her on, but she insisted.

"She fazed into my studio with two maids and a manager. She always has a retinue trailing her. And was she high-lal!

"You know me. I just throw my white polo coat and tan on the floor and get to work, informal like. Her eyes almost popped out when she saw me in my white shorts and blouse. She had her maids address her with such dignity that I almost laughed out loud.

"I slammed two inches off her waistline the first session. She needed it, all right. She was bursting out of her gowns in her more close-ups.

"When I was done with her, I was dead tired, ready to drop. Just as I got to the door, the phone rang. It was her secretary, very much excited. 'Madame left her ring in your studio. It's a \$75,000 emerald and she wants it at once. Please look for it!'

"I couldn't find it. So I phoned and told the girl it wasn't around. Two minutes later Miss Moore herself called up. She was sure she had taken the ring off for her treatment. I just had to find it. I burst up. 'Nobody can order me around like that.

"Listen, baby," I said, "it's not my fault if you go dumping things around. I don't care if the ring is worth fifty cents or \$5,000,000. I don't want it. And I didn't steal it. If you're in such a grand hurry to get it, come over and look for it yourself. I'm going home.

"She almost out of the door when the phone buzzed some more. It was dear Grace Moore, again.

"Sylvia darling," she cooed, 'do you know what happened? I found my ring!'

"Isn't that sweet, sweetheart," I answered with murder in my heart. "And where did you find it, love?"

"It was right in my bag all the time," Miss Moore answered.

Sylvia said, "Aw, nuts," and hung up.

BELIEVE it or not, but worry is one of the best ways to ruin your figure. Quite often it is the prime cause for overweight. Sometimes it just eats the flesh off you. That's what it did to Constance Bennett. Constance had been the rage of Broadway. She was grabbed up by the Hollywood moguls for her first talkie, "Rich People." And she was hollywood plenty. She was the most gorgeous gal that came to pictures. She'd make all the others appear third rate, so the big shots said. They waited her arrival from Paris with bated breath.

With the passing of days, less and less was heard about her, about how swell she'd

be in pictures. The big shots seemed troubled. Time and again the shooting date for her film was pushed back. No one understood why.

One day Sylvia received a visit from Joe Kennedy, vice-president of Pathé. "It's La Bennett," he confessed. "We don't know what's the matter with her. She's slim enough to satisfy even you. Something is wrong, somewhere, and we thought she'd be so gorgeous!

"You'll have dinner with her and a few others, and just look her over. She needn't know anything about you giving her the once-over."

Sylvia had never met Constance Bennett. They went to dinner with a group of stars. "Darling," were Sylvia's first words to Connie, "stand up and walk around. I want to see what's wrong with you. You look rotten. What have you been doing to yourself, worrying? Not sleeping?"

The executives tried to stop Madame Sylvia's outburst. You might just as well try to stop Vesuvius from erupting, once it has started to pour forth lava. They knew Sylvia and her tactics. But La Bennett, how would she, the spoiled queen, take such frank criticism? They got a surprise, for she liked it. "I have been sick," she admitted. "I had a nervous breakdown in Europe. I'm terribly worried now and don't seem to be able to get back my grip on things. Can you help me?"

"Sure, I'll make you the best looker here," Sylvia said. "Leave it to me." Sylvia discovered the trouble was that she didn't get enough rest. She was too thin. So every night Sylvia appeared at the Bennett mansion at nine and threw out the day young people who were keeping the star up till the wee hours. Her method worked. Connie vowed 'em in her first talkie.

Times don't always pan-out so well with Sylvia and her patients. How would you like it if you were summoned to Norma Shearer's home and virtually accused of having paralyzed her, ruined her picture career? That's what happened after Sylvia gave Norma her first treatment. Early next morning she was tented out of bed. Norma was terribly ill. She was to come over at once.

She found her in bed, pale but brave. Her husband, Irving Thalberg, looked like a dead man. Both were sure Norma would never be able to act again. She was becoming paralyzed. For proof, they pointed to a thin line of red marks on her side, which was so stiff she could hardly move. The markings were slightly raised. Madame Sylvia took one look and burst out laughing. "Paralysis me eyebrow," she said, "Oh, this is funny."

What had happened? At the end of the treatment Sylvia had placed a damp, ribbed bath towel on Norma's side and told her to go to bed. Shearer had slept on the towel and its pink border had faded onto her skin. Her skin is very sensitive and the ribbed towel had caused the tiny bumps.

"That," said Sylvia, "is your so-called paralysis. You're stiff? Of course. You're muscle-bound from the unexpended exercise. You'll be O.K. in a day or so. Don't worry."

And Sylvia went back to bed.

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Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 61)

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removing it from the icebox, they pack the cucumber in chopped ice and when you eat it, you'd never guess such flavor could be achieved with such a minimum amount of work and ingredients. If you like, finely chopped chives (of the onion family. Ask your grocer for them) may be added when served. This will make eight cups.

Perhaps the most popular dessert is Petts Pots and you can have them in about any flavor you prefer. Once there was a vote taken of America's favorite flavor and, of course, as you know if it's your own, it was chocolate. Boil one pint of milk. Then add one pound of granulated or cake chocolate and stir until melted, but do not allow to boil. Pour this into eight yolks of fresh eggs and stir well for a few minutes. Now pass through a fine strainer or fine muslin and pour into china pots (or cups). When cold, it is ready to serve or can be kept in the icebox for two or three days.

If you are like me, chocolate can't excite your tongue in the least. So here's the way to make Petite Pots au Vanille. Bring to a boil one pint of milk, one-fourth pound of lump sugar and one teaspoon of vanilla—let it cool and then mix with six yolks of fresh eggs. Be careful to stir the yolks so as not to boil them. Then pass this mixture through a fine strainer or fine muslin cloth as you did with the chocolate. Fill the small pot (you can use custard cups) and place in a bain-marie which is just another way of telling you to put them in a shallow pan of water and let cook slowly in a medium hot oven for about twenty minutes. Good hot or cold. For other flavors substitute what you prefer for the vanilla.

It is not only variety and the manner in which food is served, that helps to give one an appetite, but the tastiness of the first course. If this is especially good, you don't have to worry too much about the rest of the meal. Even if it's not quite top to par, you aren't apt to be reminded, particularly if you top it off with a delicious dessert.

Should you like to serve a whole Ritz menu, here is Dick Hamber's standby: Alligator at Pasadena (that kind of pear with crab) for the first course, followed by Consomme Madrilaine (that or jelly), then Filet of Sole Fennel (you can omit this fish if you prefer, but once you eat it, you won't), next, Supreme of Chicken Poiretsky (in plain Americanese it's white meat of chicken and veal cooked in a very special manner) and new green peas or Asperges with Hollandaise Sauce. For dessert—Petts Pots, which you know how to make by now.

You notice that there is no salad, but the Alligator Pasadena eliminates the necessity for one, which of course saves time and preparation. To make this, cut a chilled alligator pear in half lengthwise. Mix six tablespoons of cold cream with a little chopped green pepper, tarragon vinegar, chopped chives, two tablespoons of mayonnaise, one tablespoon of chili sauce and a few drops of Worcester sauce. Fill

the alligator pear with this mixture and top with a slice of tomato. Serve on leaves of lettuce or cooked rice.

This recipe also makes a nice luncheon served with brittle ribs. The other recipes will be included in this month's folder, which you can have by filling in the coupon with your name and address and mailing to the Recipe Department of Radio Stars.

What impressed me more than any other thing at the Ritz, was the freshness of the foods before cooked. When I covered the chef's office, by secretary, Claribus Mollon, was having a heated argument over the phone concerning some lobsters which had been delivered that morning. No, they were not dead, but they were not lively. They, like everything popular must, it seems, be very peppy. Later, I saw those same lobsters in a basket in one of the lounge iceboxes. They showed their teeth freely but none of the patrons of the Ritz would ever meet them over the dining table. Another thing, none of the fruits and vegetables were taken out of cans. Not that can't do some wonderful something at the Ritz, for even these serve their purpose.

One of the important maxims of a hotel, as well as a home, should be economy. In fact good management determines the success of a hotel and at home can avert battles and the divorce courts. At the Ritz, the cans are cut into pieces (you can use the tops of the ones you have) cleaned and put in the bottom of a pan of water into which is thrown a couple of handfuls of soda. Then into this is placed the silver after it's washed and those dark spots—you know, that get on the knives and forks and spoons—disappear like magic. I might add that the silver is washed in soapy water into which is thrown a handful of bicar-bone dust. This is another cleaning method they use.

So, you see, there is a great deal of care, thought and management necessary to achieve a successful hotel—and a home, after all, is a small hotel. On the cook and her art rests the responsibility of her family's happiness and it's not a hard job if she uses her imagination and the natural talent with which she's endowed.

Below is the coupon that will bring you in the recipes which will entice any future's appetite. Send for them and dine at the Ritz in your own home.

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The Band Box

(Continued from page 61)

(when the latter is broadcast from California) used to be assistant director and arranger for both Gus Arnheim and Abe Lyman.

● A new orchestra on the Chicago lake front is that of Carl Hofmayer, playing at the Edgewater Beach and over CBS. Hofmayer followed Harry Sosnik, who will return, however, for the major part of the summer. Hofmayer is Vincent Lopez's chief arranger.

● One of the featured songs in Ben Bernie's picture, "Thank Your Stars," is "A Bowl of Chop Suey and Yummies." It was written by Al Goranek, the Old Maestro's pianist.

● The summer band concerts by Edwin Franko Goldman start the last week in June or the first in July. The programs this year may come from three different places: Central Park, Prospect Park and New York University.

● World's Fair patrons may hear two of the best symphonies in the country free this summer. Henry Ford is bringing the Detroit Symphony to his headquarters at the Fair and the famed Chicago Symphony will play at the Swift exhibit. Plans are being made to put both of them on the air. All broadcasts of the Fair, unless they are commercial shows put on from within the grounds, are available to any station or network that chooses to pick them up.

● Though he has written many a song, including his famous song, "Lazy Rhapsody," and Ted Weems' "Out of the Night," Harry Sosnik can't even hum a tune. For that matter he can't smell, either.

● The Compinsky Trio at CBS uses over \$60,000 worth of instruments when it broadcasts. Remember that and maybe you'll enjoy the concerts more. They have a \$40,000 Stradivarius violin made in 1725 and a \$20,000 Giarnerini violoncello dated 1922. Both are from the Wurlitzer collection.

● On a recent "Harden Serenade" broadcast, "Fats" Waller notably prefaced his song number with, "I wrote it in aluminum jail." And that was no jest, for Waller actually wrote his way to freedom. He was offered his release for \$250 cash, but he didn't have the money. So he wrote a song and his attorney took it to a pub-

lisher who bought it right—"Aint M'behavin'" is its title.

● At the Blackhawk cafe they are saying that Seymour Simon will last as long as Hal Kemp did—more than two years. But even the popular Seymour has no hope of beating Cowan Sanders' six year record.

● Europe likes Harlem music. First Duke Ellington went over and knocked 'em cold. Then Cab Calloway gave them samples of his Lido Lido. Now the Mills Brothers are over there to show Europeans the kind of quartet singing America likes. Harlem jazz get 'em all.

● Richard Cole and his orchestra rounded out a solid year at the Empire room of the Palmer house and on WGN on May 15th. Cole and his lads celebrated by going on tour for a couple of months. Ted Weems moved his musical circus into the popular Loop building.

● Billed as the youngest orchestra leader heard over NBC, Boyd Raeburn and his orchestra broadcast over WMAQ and a midwestern net nightly from the Fred Harvey restaurant. He's just twenty and a student at the University of Chicago.

● Father and son both radio stars! Armand Baisseret has been director of "The Roadsters," string ensemble heard over WGN, for more than ten years. Armand, Jr. finds this a handi-cup at times because as featured vocalist with Don Tracy's NBC orchestra he is often confused with his father.

● Paul Whiteman, who recently visited his mother in Denver during her illness, announced, upon returning to the ex-Tampa city, that he would resume his regular auditions in the fall.

● When Will Osborn and his band played an engagement at the Hotel Pierre in New York recently, coats and hats were missing when the band started to leave. It's understood that the hotel paid the boys for their loss.

● Morgan L. Eastman, the dean of Chicago radio orchestra directors, rounded out his twelfth year on the air on April 22nd. Fastman started out on KYW, the pioneer station of the midwest, organizing the first radio-orchestra in the Windy City. Currently he is the director of "The Contested Hour" orchestra and the Edison Symphony orchestra, both heard on NBC.

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Little Giant Heller

(Continued from page 46)

evening he went to work as usual in a cafe, a dingy place that had few customers, but which assured him of a regular job. That night he took his stool, that was so reminiscent of the one he used to sit on in a ring corner, hauled it out to the center of the floor and began to sing, strumming the guitar in his unique left hand fashion.

After the first numbers, there was the usual ripple of applause from a few persons. He did an encore. Then a fellow with large eyes across the room beckoned to Jackie to come to his table.

"Sit down, kid," he invited. As he sat down, Jackie recognized Eddie Cantor, the famous comedian.

"You're good, do you know it?" Eddie told him.

Little Jackie could scarcely credit his senses. Here was one of the most famous men in show business telling him that he was good! Jackie grinned and laughed. And Cantor laughed. And everyone at the star's table laughed.

"I'm writing a friend of mine, Lou Holtz, that you are coming to New York the day after tomorrow. He's producing a show in the Hollywood Cafe and I'm sure, kid, that when you sing for Lou as you sang for me tonight, you'll get a job," Cantor announced confidently.

Bright and early the following day he

hurried downtown to the appointment. The comedian took him to the finest shops and equipped him with a complete wardrobe of shoes, hats, shirts and a new suit and even new strings for his guitar.

Two days later attired in his newly acquired get-up, Jackie was in New York singing for Holtz and winning a featured billing on the program.

Since that red letter day, he has toned the continent with Benny Davis, one of the most prolific of Tin Pan Alley's song-writing fauna in a unit show, playing every major vaudeville house from Manhattan to Medicine Hat.

A little more than a year ago Ben Bernie, playing a week's engagement in Atlantic City, chanced to hear Little Jackie. On his own at the time, the diminutive songster was perched on a stool as usual and singing in a nightgown. Bernie was delighted and persuaded him to come to Chicago. Within twelve months he installed himself as one of Chicago's outstanding radio songsters.

If you were to meet Little Jackie Heller today you would see a chap exactly five-foot, weighing 195 pounds, with intensely brown eyes, a lavish smile, even white teeth, and naturally curly hair. He is fun-loving, natural, indefatigable and an ardent optimist.

Take Time for Love

(Continued from page 22)

opposite the great Caruso, in his debut! It had to be all work and no play for awhile, now. There was so much to learn in so short a time. Things went along swimmingly until four weeks before her appearance, when she contracted Spanish flu. She was torridly ill, but "I just couldn't die when I thought of my debut—that I was to do what thousands had failed to get a chance at," she explained.

When she got better, her voice seemed to have lost its power. Cazzani was worried and so was Rosa and Thorne. But she was determined to win. The night of her first opera she literally flung open the gates of immortality in the faces of the amazed audience. Another star, unheralded, unknown, shot up the ranks.

A NEW line opened for her. Work and more work. Applause. Admiration. Men crowding around her wherever she went, but she had no time for any of them. Her childhood sweetheart was forgotten, too. He had gone to war rejoicing in her success. She had sung at the farewell party given for him. Then, they were optimistic about the future. But now that he was back things were different. He wasn't the Jimmie Ceriani she had idolized. She wasn't the simple little homesick girl who had needed his

protection. There was no longer any great bond, any great understanding between them. When they met, it was almost as strangers. So these two, who had once loved so deeply, parted.

Still she expected to get married. She said, "I believe in love and marriage. I see no reason to fear that I shall have to choose between fame and happiness. I see no good reason why I can't have both." But she forgot that there were only twenty-four hours a day to spend and that she had a limited amount of energy. Every waking hour was spent in work, there were concerts for which to prepare, triumphant tours of Europe, traveling in one-night stands, lessons in German, French and Italian. So the years passed. Somehow, she felt, there would always be time for marriage and for children.

There was one man whom she admired tremendously and who admired her. It wasn't until years later, when their friendship was practically over that he confessed he had been on the verge of proposing, but had been kept back through fear of her superior wealth and position. Another interested her, but he was poor and she couldn't make up her mind whether it was she he loved, or a good meal ticket.

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The True Story of Phil Harris' Rise

(Continued from page 15)



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Jeannie Lang—'over hear her sing without that little giggle? She's sure to be on the air this summer, listen in for her.

reputation he was so fondly earning for himself with a first-class something of which he had set his heart.

He didn't even know what they meant until a certain man got home in Australia looking for the young man to play the band at St. Kilda, a seaside resort. He would follow up to releasing an American, but this was his Australian band.

THE first three men he chose were Phil's friends. Phil wanted to go along, too. Never before in all his life had he desired anything so much or believed that anything could be so important.

His friends went to bat for him. They told the manager what undoubtedly was true, that he might look and look and not mind Phil's equal as a drummer.

"That boy makes drums talk! Let Phil get his sticks on his drums," they cried, "and there won't be anybody in your club able to keep their feet or their shoulders still!"

They sold that manager, completely, and Phil was promised a booking. Immediately he went out to celebrate. Gin fizzes! They were something! Australia! That was something! With the first he drank to the second.

The next day he had a shock. The manager, after talking to his American agent, wasn't so sure he wanted Phil after all for the agent had refused to O.K. him. "He's a good drummer, all right," the agent told the manager, "I don't know of a better one but he just isn't to be depended on. I hate to think what would happen to that boy in Australia with everything wide open."

For the first time in his young life Phil Harris settled down to some serious thinking. Maybe those friends of his had been right. Maybe in the long run you did pay for an imidgeness.

His three buddies stood with him. "He'll be all right," they told the Australian manager with more conviction than they could have. "He'll behave. Gee, this chance means everything to him, you can't let him down now."

WELL, the ship sailed for Australia. And Phil was on board. "A hellish three weeks that poor manager put in," Phil says, telling about it. "I took plenty on board with me. I was plastered the whole time. And every time I looked at that manager and saw how worried he was I'd take another fizz and have a harder laugh. In my bemuddled state I found it funny that he didn't know that once I landed I wasn't going to touch another drop. And that I wouldn't have believed it if I'd told him."

Phil delivered on his new job, because his friends had rooted for him and that manager had stuck to him.

It was in Australia that Phil tell in love. His love story, curiously enough, never has been touched on before.

"You must meet Marcia Ralston," his friends told him. "She's a knock-out. One of Australia's most promising ac-

tresses. Just wait until you see her!"

They found Marcia on the beach one afternoon. She was lovely. However there was another girl on the beach who intrigued Phil far more than Marcia did. She was tiny. With hair so black it looked blue and with very brown skin. Phil thought she was even more attractive than Marcia and said so.

AS if Marcia Ralston she was no more impressed with Phil than he was with her. In fact she later told his friends that he was nice enough that he had nice crisp curly hair and chalking eyes, but that he was just a smart American, really. And the way she said it made it no compliment.

Once or twice after that Marcia appeared at the cafe where Phil presided over the drums. It was inevitable that she should go there for that cafe had become the place to go. The new tempo the Americans had given the music made it the rage. Phil saw Marcia, danced with her, and afterwards they met on the beach by chance at first, then by design.

Phil looked less and less at little girls with blue black hair and brown skin and more and more, at Marcia. Marcia with eyes the color of a southern sea and skin like ranelias. In fact before long Phil reached that place where the same moment he took his eyes from Marcia he had to look back at her again.

As for Marcia she really was provoked with herself now for not having recognized all the charming and unusual qualities Phil possessed in the first place. She was decidedly impatient with her stupidity in having dismissed him as "a smart American." With Phil she laughed often and lived beside him on the sand she found it splendid to be alive.

They were married at Melbourne in a Registrar's office. Marcia's family, according to Phil, were none too well pleased. They had planned for her to go to England that autumn to continue her career. Her mother, especially, felt there was too much ahead for her to marry. Marcia, on the other hand, felt there was too much ahead not to marry.

Back in the States, Phil went to work with new ideas. Now he took those jobs which promised to advance him, not those jobs in which he'd be likely to have the most fun. For love of him Marcia had given up a rich career and had turned her back upon success and renown. So he wasn't going to let her down.

AT the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco he played with his own band. Then he began drinking again. No, he didn't squander his salary the way he had previously, but he did drink heavily. This must have come as a shock to Marcia Harris for she does not even take a cocktail herself. And you'll remember that all the time she had known Phil he either had been on the wagon or limited himself to one drink before dinner. However, she

never got after Phil. He boasts about that.

"Marcia's darn smart," he says. "She's always seemed to know what too few ever learn, that you can't make people over. That trying to, you do them an injustice because you always take something from them without giving them as much in return.

"It Marcia had nagged at me about drinking you know it wouldn't have been funny. It probably would have ruined everything. We'd have quarrelled and she'd only have drunk all the more.

"I got after myself finally. I found I wasn't looking any too hot or feeling any too hot. That was about five years ago. I've been off liquor ever since."

Have's little doubt that Marcia Harris

proved herself an unusually wise and patient wife, that she saved her marriage. At that particular point anyway. And again at still another point, for when Phil had to come to New York to cover the engagements he's now filling in on and on the air, she gave up a promising motion picture contract to stick with him.

Phil's still gay. You know that by his eyes. He still loves life and living. You know that by his laugh. But the things he wants today aren't the things he wanted when he was seventeen and eighteen and twenty. He's grown up. Besides most of the things he wants today he wants for Marcia. Getting all of these things for her he's going to find even greater success for himself. And that's been the happy story of many a man.

Meet Prince Perkins

(Continued from Page 37)

Columbia University in 1917 he enlisted for the skirmish abroad and wound up on Armistice day at Governors Island, within a week's throw of New York.

THE year broadcasting was born he was reading plays for George M. Cohan, getting a poor opinion of drama in America—and little suspecting what the magic make had in store for him. During the crystal set days he was turning out songs. His first published opus was titled "Table for Two" on which royalties stopped abruptly at seven dollars and thirty-seven cents. The next one, "Eye-Lo," reached but proportions and others followed.

One thing led to another until one fine morning Ray discovered that he was simultaneously an advertising representative for the sophisticated *Vee Veecker*, which had just discovered "the old lady from Dubuque," that he was music editor for a magazine called "The Dance," and that he was Judge Junior for *Jubie* magazine, over WJZ.

It may have been a reaction to the rigors of opening up new territory for a cleaning powder manufacturer that landed Ray in Hollywood. It was 1929 and picture big shots had come crazy on theme songs. As manager of the theme song division for Warner Brothers and First National, Ray turned out several successes, including "Under a Texas Moon" and "Lady Luck."

Drilling recruits during the war was a snap compared to serving as a Simon Legree and nursemaid to a pack of wrangling song writers.

ROLLING back across the continent, Ray created new types of characters on the air. You remember the Old Topper in the Crush Dry program. A sort of a singing Will Koffers, perusing the news of the day and singing about the world's goings-on, while playing Clarence.

One program was hardly enough to absorb his bubbling energies, and he was soon producing a dozen shows for NBC. Thus, he is able to see radio from both sides of the fence—the artist's and the executive's. It is unfortunate, he feels,

that broadcasting is not run like a newspaper. Broadcasters have, to a certain, let the control of their business slip out of their hands into those of the agencies and the firms they represent. Unlike editors they are not always the final arbiters of what the public receives.

Picked as a guest artist for the Vallee Show, Perkins ran on and on, for fifteen weeks or so, until critics and listener-like were calling it the Rudy and Ray hour.

He has put his varied talents to work in all manner of roles as the Barbesslost, as the Prince of Puncapple for Libby's, for Jegen's and for Shell Oil, the Prince of Palmer House and the Cushman Fun Baker.

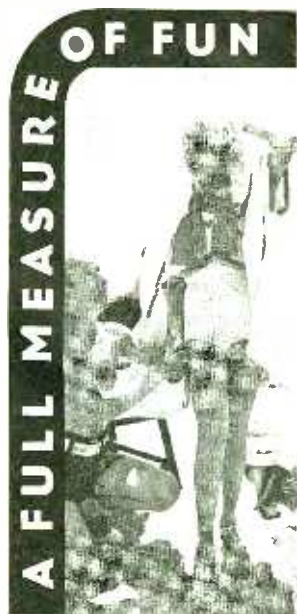
RAY is an inveterate punster. Sometimes they're a little too fast for the tinner immers. Appearing as an Alpine Yodeler one evening last March Ray released this one, "Bavaria Isles of March." Gardening intrigues Ray and he is a dog enthusiast. At Seaside the Perkins' dogs, Jack and Mickie, pedigreed and registered Scotch and Irish terriers respectively, live anything but a dog's life.

Each year he gets a letter from the S. P. C. A. informing him that "Be Kind to Animals Week" is at hand. So when he heard the ditty "Your Dog Loves My Dog," in a movie several months ago, he earmarked it for the S. P. C. A. and when the letter came he sang the ditty over the air to let them know he got it.

The Perkins family consists of Ray, Jr., a boy's lad of nine, a little daughter and Mrs. Ray has considerable appreciation for the trials and tribulations of a radio entertainer's wife for it's a difficult role.

Ray, Jr. is his father's severest critic. The boy usually listens to him when he's on the air and he always gets a delinquent reaction from the youngster. Sometimes the boy damns with faint praise, which sort of gets under his dad's skin.

The chameleon capacities of Prince Ray have enabled him to fit into any picture—no matter whether it required a soldier or salesman, pianist or promoter, critic or comedian.



Posed by Alice Faye and Hobart Cavanaugh Fox Players

THE August FILM FUN has been carefully measured for its quota of laughs and funny pictures. Yes, Sir, every page is overflowing with robust laughter for readers young and old. You'll get a tremendous wallop from the hilarious quips of film-land's funny people. Crammed with intimate snapshots of Hollywood's leading citizens, the August issue will give you hours and hours of delightful amusement.

Go to the nearest newsdealer today and get your copy of

FILM FUN
--the screen's only humor magazine... YOU'LL LIKE IT!

Miss Radio of 1934

(Continued from page 17)

In short, if you know of a pretty girl who is also a radio entertainer, tell us about her. She may be America's next Miss Radio.

Contestants must be judged from photographs, of course. But you aren't to worry about that. Just write us her name and her station. We'll visit the station and get the photos. They'll be assembled here in

New York, City where a distinguished board of judges headed by myself as editor of RADIO STARS Magazine will make the final selections.

Miss Radio of 1934!

A thousand hearts all over America beat hard at the thought of those words. A thousand girls in New York, Hollywood, Des Moines and Joplin have an equal

chance to be named queen of the kilowatts. But first they must be nominated by a reader of RADIO STARS Magazine, or by the executive of a radio station licensed by the Federal Radio Commission.

So, ladies and gentlemen, we give you the floor. Nominations for Miss Radio are in order.

Fire!

(Continued from page 15)

the message poured into Chicago ears. It worked. The crowd thinned and firemen, sweaty and smoke-blackened, gained their first elbow room.

The third job!

Millions of gallons of water poured into those roaring towers of flame reduced Chicago's water pressure to a dangerous level. Once again, radio gave wings to words that beat into almost every home in the city.

"Please, please don't use any more water than you absolutely must. Turn off all lawn sprinklers. If possible, don't even take your Saturday night bath."

Sounds like a gag, doesn't it? It was deadly serious to those fire-eaters who saw bubbling after bubbling going up in smoke, who heard the muffled boom of falling walls as they dynamited yet untottered structures to stop the blaze. The plea got results. The water pressure held steady.

Fourth job!

Such an emergency demanded all manner of relief work. Radio summoned doctors and nurses into the charred area. Boy Scouts and American Legionnaires were summoned to help police the crowd. National Guard regiments were commanded to stand by for mobilization.

The fifth job was even more important to the fire victims than any other. Burned out of their homes, they struggled aimlessly about the streets—some with a few clothes wrapped in putzful bundles. There were thousands of them, wondering where to turn, where they would eat and sleep.

Radio stations went on the air with messages of mercy, telling listeners to find these homeless refugees and direct them to relief stations. Addresses and instructions were given fully by officers of charity or-

ganizations. Not a single sufferer needed to walk the streets that night, thanks to radio's far-reaching voice.

The sixth job!

FARMERS and live-stock shippers hold their cattle for shipment until they reach a certain peak. Then they ship, taking advantage of the best market price. All through the middle west it was rumored that the stockyards in Chicago had been cleaned out. What, then, of shipments on Sunday and Monday? What should they do with their cattle?

Radio answered this question "Go ahead and ship," said a half-lazened authoritative voice. "The stockyards will be open Monday morning."

They were open—and hundreds of thousands of dollars were saved for those farmers.

These are the jobs radio did. These are the bold strokes in this fire-etched picture of progress and service to society. Some of the details are equally interesting. For instance, out at the fair grounds, Hal Burnett noticed that the boiling sun was suddenly blotted out by a thick blanket of smoke from the west. He called Bob Kaufman, CBS press chief, who quickly checked with the fire department and learned that a tremendous fire was under way. Realizing the possibilities of a nationwide broadcast instantly, he called New York operators and told them that he would probably be able to "meet them" in an hour and a half. Next he rounded up engineers and announcers, yelped for a motorcycle escort, and rushed in a brace of cabs for the Stock Yard Telephone Building.

When they reached it, the fire was just one block away. They set up their ap-

paratus in an alley. Before the hour promised to New York executives they were ready to go on the air.

In the meantime the WGN crew headed by sports announcer John Harrington was making progress. It had gone directly to the roof of the telephone building and set up its mikes, a spot that Columbia announcers reached just a few minutes later.

NBC, according to reports, could not clear its air of commercials bought and paid for by sponsors who saw no reason for a fire to take precedence over their advertising. As a strict reporting job, CBS won the race to give America eye-witness accounts of the conflagration. They were on the air at 6:45 P. M. WGN followed at 7:00. NBC chimed in about 9:00 that evening.

At 9:30 Columbia went on the air with its second coast-to-coast broadcast. Arrangements had been made to broadcast from various points. At one spot in the crowd near a pumping station firemen, victims and onlookers gave their impressions of the fire. A little boy who had had his hand bound up was put before the microphone and was asked:

"Son, how did you get hurt?"

"I picked up a fireman's red-hot axe," he piped.

Chicago, May, 1934! But twenty-four hours later.

For forty days and nights, it had failed to rain. And a fire had swallowed up 1,000 animals, \$10,000,000 worth of property, destroyed 140 acres of buildings and pens.

Already, Chicagoans were calling it Chicago's second-worst fire. But only the second-worst. That it didn't kill and maim and destroy more men and property is due largely to the use of radio.

Want to see your favorite air entertainers in print? Is there someone's voice that brings pleasure to your ears through the loudspeaker, but whose face you have never admired in reality or from pictures? Tell the editor of RADIO STARS and he will publish photos of them

*Her one
price
was
marriage*



THE only way to marry a rich man is to stay "100% Pure." At least, that was the determined idea of Eadie, a provocative young lady who set about getting herself a wedding ring. She found the road of purity pretty rough going at times but after eluding dozens of counterfeit offers she finally found the man of her dreams. He was rich ... he was handsome ... and best of all, he wanted to marry her.

You can imagine this girl's emotions when on the verge of her great adventure she is framed by her prospective father-in-law.

You will thrill to her subsequent experiences as she revenges herself. You will laugh and weep at the same time as she rushes before a gathering of dignitaries clad only in

\$250.00

For a Movie Title

Wanted: a suitable title for RKO-Radio's new picture starring Francis Lederer. For complete details see the AUGUST issue

her scanties, and calls her fiance's father "Daddy." And, of course, you will smile contentedly when this hectic round of excitement comes to an end. Only then will you learn if purity really pays.

"100% Pure" is the title of MGM's new super-feature, starring Jean Harlow, Franchot Tone, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone.

Novelized in the August issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES**, you can read its charming story complete, then get a double thrill by seeing the picture when it comes to your favorite movie theatre.

Every issue of **SCREEN ROMANCES** contains twelve complete screen novelizations profusely illustrated with actual stills from the pictures. Unique in its field, it furnishes hours of enjoyable reading, containing the 12 best Hollywood stories of the month.

Read "100% Pure" and eleven other splendid new screen stories: **THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS**, Ann Harding, John Boles. **BABY, TAKE A BOW**, Shirley Temple, James Dunn. **DOCTOR MONICA**, Kay Francis, Warren William. **FOG OVER FRISCO**, Bette Davis, Donald Woods. **THE GREAT FLIRTATION**, Elissa Landi, Adolphe Menjou. **RETURN OF THE TERROR**, Mary Astor, Lyle Talbot. **SOUR GRAPES**, Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook. **CALL IT LOVE**, Herbert Mundin, Pat Paterson. **SIDE STREETS**, Aline MacMahon, Paul Kelly. **THE LOUD SPEAKER**, Ray Walker, Jacqueline Wells. **PRIVATE SCANDAL**, Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes

ASK FOR THE AUGUST ISSUE AT ANY NEWSSTAND

SCREEN ROMANCES
THE LOVE STORY MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN



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excitement
for lovely
lips!**



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AT ALL
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. . . in the never-compromising indelibility of Savage . . . in the utterly vanquishing softness that lips just naturally have, the longer Savage is used! Four really exciting shades . . . Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. Select the one best suited to your own enchantment by actually testing them all at the Savage Shade Selector displayed wherever Savage is sold.

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