# RADIO STARS

10¢

FEBRUARY

Posed by
KATE SMITH

EDDIE CANTOR • FLOYD GIBBONS • VIRGINIA REA • AL JOLSON

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# She LIES and He KNOWS It!

*She Says She Is Lonesomely Waiting, But He Knows the Truth*

AM Tues

My Darling—
Every night I am
longing for you, wishing
you were here I
have seen no one since
you left—do not care
for anyone but you—

*What is it in the handwriting of the above letter that denotes this woman as fickle and unfaithful?*

## HANDWRITING *Cannot* BE DISGUISED!

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*"Character Analysis from Handwriting"* teaches the science of applied graphology. The 300 examples, rules, tables and alphabetical index make it easy for anyone to learn this amazing new science. After 10 minutes reading you can begin to know the truth about people from the way they cross their "t's" and dot their "i's."

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*Employers want the truth.* Lovers, husbands, lawyers, business men, mothers—*every* one has a problem that *you* can solve and for which you can earn a fee if you know the simple science of graphology.

## TRY YOUR SKILL ON THESE SPECIMENS

A: thing is coming, I would most lo

B: when I will be but rest assured

C: made to the la as we were fri was done becau

*The three specimens* of handwriting shown above were clipped from the original letters of applicants for a position of trust. One is a crook and thief; another is insane; the third is an intelligent and capable person who was engaged and is regarded favorably. Which one would you engage, if they all applied by letter for a position of trust?

These orders are small but at least are an of

bad, in St. L. of the Fair, resulting in r,

*A New York firm* advertised for a good road salesman. Two men applied for the position by letter. One was a "crook" and thief and the other was thoroughly reliable, and as capable a salesman. The firm selected one of the two men, because of his appearance. After three months' service, the firm discovered treachery, dishonesty and dissolute habits in their choice. Which of the two men would you have selected, judging them by their handwriting?

nea anything that to some definite lin

*A young lady* of estimable character was engaged to the man who wrote the specimen of handwriting shown here. He was a handsome, bright, entertaining chap, a glib talker and extremely sociable. Can you tell from his handwriting why she felt obliged to cancel the engagement?

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# NO, YOU'RE WRONG, we're NOT advertising Movies!

Paramount Pictures merely loaned us this photo of glamorous Marlene Dietrich as "The Blonde Venus" to help us make a point about radio reception to you.

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# RADIO STARS

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Editors: Ernest V. Heyn and Curtis Mitchell
Associate Editor: K. Rowell Batten
Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

### NEXT MONTH

There will be the continuation of the fascinating Kate Smith life story. Don't miss it; it's full of intimate, charming little facts about this radio player. Are you a Vincent Lopez fan? If so you mustn't miss the story there will be on him. And how about George Olsen and Ethel Shutta? Do you know their love story? Well, you'll find it in our next issue. Then there'll be a fascinating feature which has to do with little known facts about radio people. All the things which have never been publicized. It's a honey, don't miss it! Let us remind you, once again, that RADIO STARS is a monthly magazine.



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# WATCH YOUR STEP WITH DOWNEY

He's played jokes on everyone he knows—except his wife, the former Barbara Bennett. Once he played a trick on someone which proved to be a boomerang. But he'll never learn.

## Morton Downey is one of those guys with a passion for practical jokes. And some of his are amazingly original

By ROBERT TAPLINGER

BACK some sixteen years ago in Wallingford, Conn., the high school population of the town had just moved into its new stone building. Wallingford's leading citizens turned out in their best array to inspect the schoolhouse on its opening day.

It was an auspicious occasion. The students, proud of their new institution, were duly impressed with the presence of their mayor and his councilmen. They were on their best behavior—that is, all except one.

He was a pink-cheeked, chubby Irish lad, noted for his quick wit and smiling disposition. While the principal was engaged in showing the local dignitaries the various features of the building, this boy saw in its new fire alarm system a grand opportunity to have some fun. Suddenly, the sharp ring of the fire bell pierced the air, penetrating the halls and classrooms, and resulting in the visitors' hasty exit while the students adhered to their fire drill regulations.

Out on the sidewalk, the harassed principal busied himself in counting off the boys and girls. He came to the D's. "Morton Downey?" he called. Noticing the grimaces on young Downey's face, the principal attributed it to nervousness. He proceeded with the roll call, and had just reached the K's, when he learned there just wasn't any fire. Someone had pulled the alarm.

Then, the head of the school recalled the peculiar expression on Morton Downey's countenance. He remembered some of the past escapades in which Downey had been the chief participant. "Did you ring that alarm, Downey?" he asked menacingly. The boy admitted he did.

And that incident—Morton Downey's first major prank—ended his high school career. The next day he was looking for a job.

SINCE that time, Downey, who failed to learn his lesson with that occurrence, has majored in practical jokes. He loves them. True, he has given them a more deft and subtle touch than the pulling of fire alarms, a rather dangerous pastime, but his victims have mounted steadily.

Around the Columbia studios, he is a continual source of worry to his fellow artists *(Continued on page 48)*



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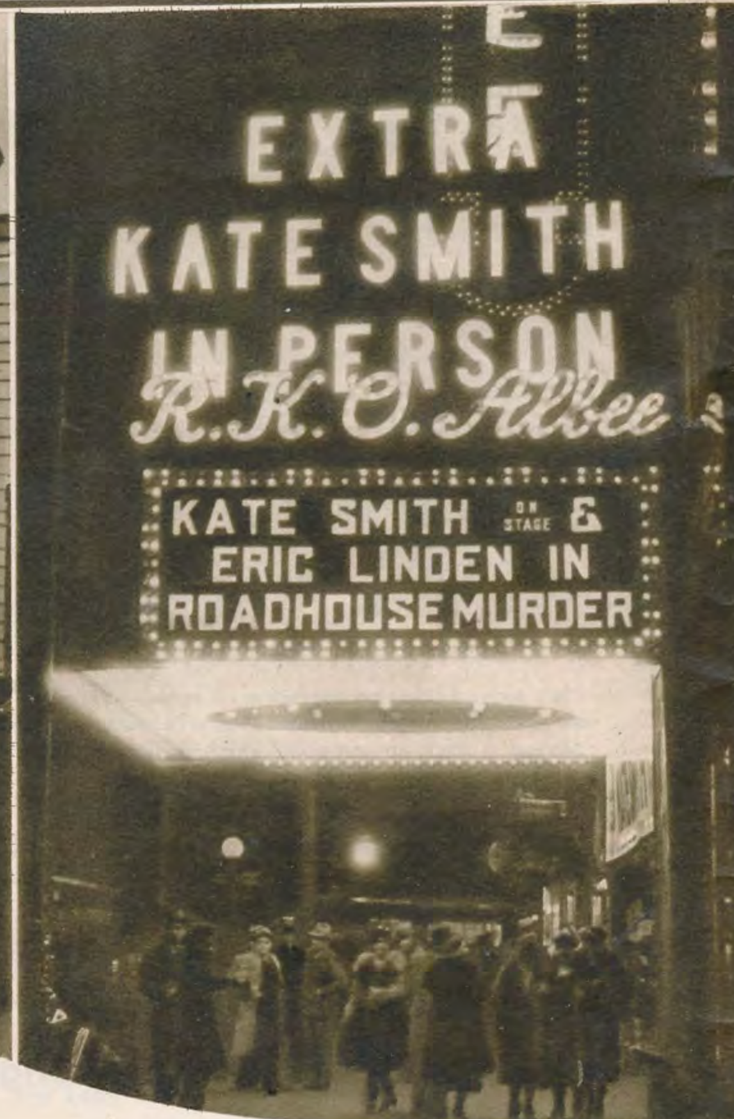
RADIO STARS

# + KATE SMITH'S PATH TO GLORY +



(Left) Katie with her mother, Mrs. Bill Smith, with Ted Collins. (Right) Young Katherine Smith and her bicycle, back in those good old tomboy days in Washington, D. C.

Katie not only plays a darn good game of golf, but she's also an expert swimmer—she has saved two people from drowning during her life. (Above, left) With Cliff Edwards—"Ukulele" Ike to the entertainment world. (Above, right) "Kate Smith in Person!" That draws the crowds, all right! The theatre is in Brooklyn, N. Y.

By PEGGY WELLS

KATE SMITH, barely fifteen years old, had just been given her first car by an indulgent father. She danced down the sidewalk to the gleaming roadster and slid under its steering wheel. Her cheeks burned with excitement.

The engine spun as she stepped on the starter, and she sped down the narrow street in Washington, D. C., like a wind-blown Amazon. A trolley-car clanged for the right-of-way and came alongside. Challenged, she sounded her own horn in gay defiance and held the road. Clang-clang! The bell ordered her back. She laughed through the glass at the motorman, howled in glee at the scowl on his face.

They raced side-by-side for a long block. Then the road swept to the right, the car tracks cutting across the pavement. Kate saw the place and began to slow so the trolley could take the turn first. But the motorman slowed too, holding his pace just equal to hers. She slammed on the brakes, slid askew, and bounced to a stop with her radiator just over the tracks.

The motorman gave her the bell once more and drove straight ahead. His swerving street-car lunged against the little roadster and the racket of its passage smothered the scream that burst from Kate's throat. When it had gone, she looked through tears at the crumpled ruin of her left front fender. That motorman had deliberately pinched her in between his trolley and the curb . . . had deliberately smashed her fender.

Little did he know what he had started.

Joyless and angry, Kate drove her crippled car into a dark street and searched a ditch for what she wanted. After a while, she went back to that corner and sat down to wait. The thing she had found was a five-pound rock.

Forty-five minutes later, she got up and stretched stiffly. Trolley lights were showing in the distance. She got behind a tree and waited. The car slammed into the turn, squealing as steel thrust against steel. The motorman's face was clear through the glass, unsuspecting.

Kate stepped into the light where he could see who she was, took deliberate aim, and heaved that rock straight through his window. Then she took to her heels. Her roadster waited down the block. She sang as she leaped into it, sang for the grudge she had paid.

IT was good, I think, to discover how human are these performers whose voices are worshipped across the land. It is good to discover that Kate Smith, whose "Hello, Everybody" may be a bit too sugary for some of our palates, can rant or rage if given cause.

That is the girl I shall tell you about . . . not the song-

Commencing the true story of a grand girl—a warm, human story

You'll love to read about those funny tragedies of Katie's childhood





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**You know, of course, how devoted Katie is to those who are sick or disabled. It's no publicity talk—she spends hours of her time visiting hospitals. There she is with some of the patients at the United States Veteran Hospital in New York City. Katie studied nursing—for a while. But—well, singing is just so much more fun.**

singer so much as the stone-thrower and, as she has been more than once, the angel of mercy. The *woman* instead of the performer who is Kate Smith.

Twenty-four years ago, the hamlet of Greenville, Virginia, was a-flutter with gossip about two people who were visiting one of its residents. The man was William H. Smith, a wholesale newsdealer from Washington, D. C. The woman was his wife, formerly Charlotte Yarnell Hanby of Wilmington. The neighborhood was a-flutter because it was obvious that Mrs. Smith was soon to have a child.

"An' her runnin' around a-visitin' when she ought to be home," they said.

Mrs. Smith knew all the talk that crossed those Greenville back fences but it didn't worry her. Bill Smith was always a great one to go places and she had always gone with him. Besides, there was plenty of time to finish the visit and get back to Washington.

But one night, before the visit was finished, lights gleamed in every window of that house where they were guests and a hatless host ran into the darkness after a doctor. After a while, the doctor came and after another while he delivered a lusty baby girl.

That girl was named Katherine Smith—Kate to you and me.

At the end of two weeks, she and her mother were moved to Washington. A little brown house on East Capital Street was her first real home. Then a place (they've both been torn down) on F Street. It was there that she organized her first gang and got her first spanking.

She was just a tot, you understand. And she did what all tots do. She ran away. It was still early that morning when she rollicked down the road with her playmates. At lunch-time, she failed to appear. By mid-afternoon, her mother was frantically calling the police. Friends and neighbors spread a dragnet across Washington.

Of all this, Kate was blissfully unaware. She was playing a few blocks from home with a new and fascinating boy who had promised to change some horsehairs into snakes by soaking them in water. Awaiting the miracle, she wasn't even aware that the day had gone until a sinking sun warned her.

She started home, abruptly conscious of what she had done, carrying a stiff little stick that she had been using in her play. A block away, a neighbor saw her. "You'll catch it. Your poor mother is wild," she warned.

Kate blinked at this news, and prudently threw away her stick.

She caught it, all right, but not too badly. Her father was so glad to get her back that he hadn't the heart really to punish her.

But another time—say, she still bears in her mind the scars of that whipping. She (*Continued on page* 50)



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**Remember how, way back, Al made a movie and refused to finish it because he thought he was a terrible movie actor? He's shunned radio—until now—for almost the same reason**

# AL JOLSON SURRENDERS

**Al Jolson is essentially a lonely man. Partly because he is an artist and partly because of his Russian heritage. (Above) With his wife, Ruby Keeler. She is one of the few people who really understands Al.**

## By BLAND MULHOLLAND

AL JOLSON has surrendered again.

Out of Broadway's shifting, glittering lights, out of Hollywood's gay green-and-gold studios, he comes to the NBC aircastles.

Listen . . . "Presenting the Big Six of the Air with Al Jolson."

Six months ago, the wise boys along Ether Avenue were laying odds that Al Jolson would never sing on the radio. Just as they were laying odds six years ago that he would never make a movie.

I have often wondered what it is that keeps this big, boisterous playfellow away from the rest of us. What is it that holds him aloof from things that most of us would give our front teeth to have?

For many years, you know, Al Jolson has been one of the loneliest men in the world. It is strange, isn't it, that this singer of songs who can number his admirers by the hundreds of thousands, nevertheless has no friends? Or almost none. Why? The answer is not uncommon.

A psychologist might saddle him with that moth-eaten device, an inferiority complex. But that would be strange—wouldn't it?—for men who are introverts or possessed of such a complex don't become actors and singers.

What then? Have we a puzzle here that has no unraveling? Listen to this: I have seen Al Jolson in some difficult situations, tough spots that reveal the man. And my answer is: Al is modest, with a naïve and honest sort of modesty that is one of the wonders of the world. Despite all he has accomplished, the guy still doesn't think so much of himself. He is continually lost in wonder at the miracle of his success. And ridiculously grateful to people who say or show that they like him.

Six or eight years ago, Al was a *(Continued on page 41)*



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# LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

Here are the Barbasol Buckeroos as they look in their broadcasting outfits. Incidentally, they kind of knocked London for a row of gools when they played in the English fog. (Left to right) Bill Mitchell, Pearl Pickens (Mrs. Mitchell), Carson Robison, and John Mitchell.

Shake hands with the Neal Sisters. They sing over the NBC network every Wednesday at 8:45 p. m. They were in vaudeville before radio. Gwyneth (left), Ann (right), and Lucille.

Alice Marilyn Bond. Both mother and Announcer Bond, we assure you, are now doing as well as could be expected.

*Peter Van Steeden, orchestra leader and suburbanite, bounces up with this complaint. "It's all wrong," he insists, "when a reliable doctor has to get a certificate to practice, and a ten-year-old boy with a violin doesn't."*

A LOT of us have noticed the Street Singer—Arthur Tracy to youse—going around in a daze. The daze was very becoming but it wasn't like Art to wander so. We asked him about it and got only incoherent babblings for an answer. But at last the secret is out. Arthur was in love. Yeppee, the girl was little Beatrice Margel. The night they were married, Arthur sang "Deep in My Heart" on his "Music That Satisfies" program. Sweet, eh?

WE just learned how Cliff Soubier, end-man for Sinclair Minstrels, got on the air. He had never seen a radio program produced, you see. And being a curious duck, he ambled into a studio one p. m. and sat down to look and learn. Just before the program went on the air, a man got up and said that one of his actors hadn't shown up. He wanted to know if anyone in the audience could talk Scotch. And Cliff, who talks Scotch and six other accents, stood up and got the job. His first rôle was that of a Scotch waiter.

CAREERS are queer things. Take Ozzie Nelson who leads an orchestra and Scrappy Lambert, the gay singer. Both attended Rutgers University, both organized and conducted crack college dance bands. Both decided to be lawyers and attended the same law school in Newark, N. J. And both abandoned the bar and bench to pry into the payrolls of the raddio bizness.

CARMEN LOMBARDO isn't a temperamental cuss at all, but he knows when and when not to sing. The other night, Guy Lombardo and his crew of Royal Canadians arrived at the studio with all eleven of their wives and sweethearts. During rehearsals, the women were given a row of seats directly facing the orchestra. The first few numbers ran off without a hitch, then Carmen got up to sing. Eleven pair of female eyes fastened on him. He stopped in mid-verse. Trying again, he stopped again. That went on a half-dozen times. Finally, he mopped his brow and screamed, "Take 'em away! I won't sing with all those women glaring at me."

So the eleven wives and sweethearts were led away.

SORREH—last month we said, in an item about the Funnyboners, that they were a "sustaining" CBS program. (Sustaining, you know, is a nice way of saying that a program has no commercial sponsor.) We were wrong. The Funnyboners broadcast for Oxol just as they used-ter. Or, in other words, they're good old Oxol-ians as well as Funnyboners.

BETTY BOOP is on the air. You've chuckled and squirmed at her silverscreen antics. Now you can do the same at home in the comfort of your favorite armchair. Ain't radio wunnerful?

Mae Questel is the boop-a-dooping baby that you now hear. And Mae is quite some boop-a-dooper, believe you me. Not many years ago, she was just a school girl wrestling with Plato and henna rinse. But along came a Helen Kane contest and she went into it. Won it, in fact, and that was the beginning of an amazing career. Vaudeville, movies, and now—radio!

"Whispering" Jack Smith always shops with his mother. There's a reason



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There are five in that audience. They're all girls. All under twenty. And all named Cantor

# EDDIE CANTOR'S TOUGHEST AUDIENCE

(Above) Eddie, broadcasting some of his famous nonsense. (In the circle) Eddie and "the girls": seated, Edna, Marjorie, Janet and Marilyn; standing, Natalie. They must okay every one of Eddie's jokes. And are they critical! They call him Ed.

Culver Service

(Left) Eddie, with two of his most ardent supporters in the recent "Cantor for President" campaign—Director Rubinoff supporting on the left and Announcer Jimmie Wallington on the right. (Right) Eddie and Wallington in the studio, rehearsing a Chase and Sanborn program.

## By MAY CERF

HE may be king of comedy to the rest of the world but to his children Eddie Cantor is just Ed. They're girls, all five of them. Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn and Janet—from the oldest to the youngest—are their names.

Ed is what they call him to his face and behind his back. To them he's a prince of a dad, when they think of him as one—which isn't often—but chiefly he's a boy they grew up with.

He's their pal, their friend and their playmate. As such they like to see him do well—"Go over big," in professional lingo. From Marjorie, the first born, to little Janet—they see their duty by their combined dad and boy friend. And they do it noble.

They know Ed's a great guy. They've had proof after proof of that. But as an actor he has to show them. They don't think just because he's Eddie Cantor that every song he sings is a riot or every gag he pulls is a howl. He's got to deliver the goods and know how to win approval from them. They feel it is a case of spare the criticism and spoil the actor. And that's all wrong.

Eddie insists they're a big help to him. And he ought to know. Never does he go on the stage, screen or air without a try-out before his girls.

Here's the method of procedure. He places them in a row and takes a place before them. They sit in impartial judgment. They're neither for him nor agin him. He knows he's got to be good to win them. This group is not easily panicked. It is stingy with applause. He puts forth his best.

"As an audience they're tough," says Eddie. "The toughest I've ever faced and I've faced some tough ones. If I put over a song with them, I'm sure it will go big elsewhere. If a joke does not make them laugh, out it goes and stays out. There's something wrong with it. The kids have acute funny bones. If they don't see humor, it isn't there."

A CONFERENCE is then held. His audience of daughters from eighteen to five are constructive critics. They always have a reason for approval or disapproval. They explain it in detail. They make suggestions. Sometimes the great Eddie Cantor uses them.

Some of his most famous jokes, so often repeated by others as to have become practically part of American joke lore, are said to have originated with the Cantor children. Some of his best jokes, at that.

It was not always so rosy for Eddie Cantor. His rise from a poor boy, born in a poverty-stricken part of the East Side, New York, did not come overnight. There were lean years, many of them. The climb to success was an uphill struggle. It took courage and the needs of a growing family to spur him on.

This happened when pickings were not so good for Eddie Cantor. He had to take what he could get to buy shoes for little feet. His home, then as now, was the center of his universe.

Eddie was with a road company. For seventy weeks he was on tour. Natalie was the youngest then. She had just reached the talking stage when Eddie went away. When he returned after that long absence, Natalie had but a vague memory of him.

"Mamma," she lisped, "there's that man again."

It struck Eddie as funny. He used it. He still uses it. So do many others.

A little later Eddie bought a car. It wasn't much of a car, but at least it would take the family for a ride. He drove it himself. He had no money to pay a chauffeur.

At this point fame came rapidly. The family purse fattened in proportion. Eddie hired a colored chauffeur. Edna, the third, had never seen a colored man except her father in black-face. (Continued on page 46)





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# BACKSTAGE AT A BROADCAST

By OGDEN MAYER

(Above, left) Tongue-twisters don't thean a ming . . . I mean don't thing a mean . . . er-r-r, don't mean a thing to gis duy . . . er, this guy Roy Atwill. (Above, right) that rather stoutish chap is Jack Smart—he's being tickled (read about it in the story) and is making it seem realistic.

Pictures by Culver Service

(Above, left) Here's Fred Allen himself. That nice-looking piece of femininity with him is his partner in comedy and, incidentally, his partner in real life. Her name is Portland Hoffa. (Above, right) Taken during the rehearsal of the Fred Allen Linit Bath Club. Behind those windows is where the sound controller sits.

WANT to join the Bath Club? Want to mingle with the mystic Inner Circle of Fred Allen's festive fraternity? Would a laugh do you good? Then walk right in, ladeez and gents. There is no charge, no price of admission. Just three things do we ask. You must not talk, you must not smoke, and you must not leave the studio until the program is over.

The Linit Bath Club is easy to join. Just take a bath the Linit way and you're in. Have I? Sh-h-h-h! I haven't, but that won't keep us out. Come on!

We're in the CBS building on Manhattan's amazing Madison Avenue. The big reception room on the top floor is chock-ablock with visitors. Ladies in orchids and ermine, men in their most formal dds. It is just 8:45 p. m. E. S. T., Sunday. "Hey, page! Where's the Linit Bath Room?"

He leads us up a flight of stairs. A massive door swings open and a wave of sound rolls out. The orchestra is still rehearsing, actors are spieling their lines. This is the studio, jammed with chairs and music racks and mikes. Other people are coming in, chattering, surrendering their precious tickets to the boy in blue.

Two girls, sub-deb age, pop their great big, round eyes through the door.

"I'll die if I don't see Rudy Vallee."

"Sh-h-h, you scrunch. He works for the other network."

An imaginary line splits this biggest of CBS studios down the center. A grand piano sits squarely astride it. The musicians are ranked beyond. On this side is the crowd. To our left, in a corner cozily close to a picket fence of mikes, are a dozen chairs. *Our* chairs.

"These are for the press and special guests," a thin chap explains. "The others are for the hoi polloi."

A PAGE looks at him and says, "Anybody who gets into *this* broadcast isn't any hoi polloi, mister. He's darn lucky."

Grab a seat and cling to it. The other pews across the aisle are filling rapidly. Look! See the stocky man with the black mustache. That's Jack Smart, radio actor. We'll see him in action.

The clock says 9:50 p. m. Ten minutes to go. Who's the stout chap on the box leading the orchestra? Name of Louis Katzman. Actually, *the* Louis Katzman. Can I help it if he looks like he's been in a wrestling match with Strangler Lewis? That's one of Louis' failings. You can dress him fresh from shirt to sox and press his pants ten times a day. Five minutes after he puts them on, they wilt. And look like a Heywood Broun suit. Katzman's a great guy, though.

"I'll never be the same," he shouts for no apparent reason.

Fred Allen slides through the door, sober-faced, looking a little like Cousin Ezra come to town for the Hog Fair. He carries a sheaf of papers.

The door of the control room opens and a half-dozen persons stride through. They all carry papers, too. Sit straight, you. They're the Inner Circle of this Bath Club. They put on the show.

The tall, slim chap with the pointed moustache is the director. Fred Allen collars him as he passes us. He says, "But what's the harm in those four words?"

We don't get the answer, but here is a hint. That plaintive query from Broadway's Mister Allen is a tip-off to the situation that is almost every radio performer's pain-in-the-neck. I mean air censorship. It's a harmless sort of restriction imposed by the broadcasters themselves but when some gagster sees his favorite pun blue-penciled, he usually burns. Just now, Allen isn't burning, but he isn't pleased either, I'll bet.

Time is sliding by. Performers are getting into their front row seats beyond the mikes. The loudspeaker brings a din of music into the studio. It is the preceding program.

Suddenly it stops. The director faces the control room and sings out, "Quiet, please." The voice of the radio says a polite, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

The director's arm is now held straight over his head as he watches the engineer through the control room window. Louis Katzman, whose back is to the window, watches the director. Seconds tick past. No one breathes. The director's arm cuts air. Katzman strokes violently. Music leaps from two dozen instruments.

A MAN at a mike begins to talk. Dark, saturnine Kenneth Roberts, the announcer . . . "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. We welcome you to the Linit Bath Club. . . ." He fades back.

A swarm of violinists and clarinetists gather about a mike just below Katzman. He leads them into a lively tempo. But look yonder. The musician coming up from the last orchestra row wears a battered, brown fedora on the end of his trumpet. He places it near a microphone and blows amazing, sugary notes.

At the end of the song, another tall dark chap steps forward. (Why are all these tall and dark fellows?) Fred Allen is the shortest of the lot—and he's not a small man by any means—except for Katzman. This is Master of Ceremonies Webster. *(Cont'd on page 46)*

**Fred Allen's Linit Bath Club is one of the best radio programs today**

**Come with us behind the mike and see just how this program is broadcast**





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RADIO STARS

# LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

(Right) Sees all! Hears all! Knows all! Meet the Shadow. He's the guy who tells what's going to be. You can hear him every Wednesday at 8 p. m. over the NBC network. (Further right) The Boswell Sisters and Nick Kenny.

(Left) Harry Barris, the boy who got started as one of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys. He composes sweet things but can't sing 'em. (Further left) Hal Kemp, who batons one of radio's nicest dance orchestras, and his vocalist.

(Right) Elsie Hitz. She has played in "Joe Palooka," "Eno Crime Club," and "Mysteries in Paris." Her latest vehicle is the "Magic Voice" program.

(Left) Ruth Etting gets chummy with a Frigidaire. Incidentally, that one is the two and a quarter millionth—ice box; that is, not Etting.

HAVE you tuned your set to 1130 kilocycles and got the big noise of the Golden West? Station KSL is up among the big boys now with its brand new 50,000-watt transmitter. It is one of the most amazing stations in the world. Its aerial is a copper web that covers ten acres. The ground attachment is a copper cable buried in the waters just off the shore of the Great Salt Lake itself. That little hook-up with this salty solution provided by mother nature, engineers figure, will give KSL the power of a 100,000-watt transmitter. And that's just twice as strong as anything else in these here United States.

*Ed Wynn writes us that an actor friend of his was playing in a small town recently and got hit by a cowardly egg. Cowardly egg, get it? One of those that hits and runs.*

MILDRED BAILEY used to be a ghost. That was in Hollywood a few years ago. She ghosted for most of the better ladies of the silversheet. Now . . . well, have you seen her? It's a standing gag that she came into the world weighing five pounds and has multiplied that until she tips the well known beam at one hundred and ninety. So there will be no more ghosting for Mildred. Who ever heard of a one-ninety-pound ghost?

Nowza! It just wouldn't do.

*Ray Perkins, who puns his way into our loudspeakers every now and again, was recently in the market for a new name for his freshly erected home near New York. What to do about it? He asked all his friends for name suggestions. And the winner? The Perkins shack will be called "Broadcastle." Yowza!*

GERTRUDE BERG, who writes and acts in "The Rise of the Goldbergs" skits, is a dyed-in-the-wool realist. When her script calls for a crying baby, she wants a crying baby. Next time, though, she'll probably take whatever she can get.

Recently, she needed a baby's whimperings so she went to a Bronx hospital and found two-months-old Malvin Sadowsky. His mother guaranteed his crying. "Whenever I put on his hat," she said, "he cries louder than any baby in the state."

They brought the child to the studio for Mrs. Berg's program. As a test, she asked the mother to put the cap on her kid. It was done. And the infant smiled like a cherub. Consternation and panic spread through the studio. The mother was aghast. For the first time in its life, the baby was wearing a hat and not crying.

Here was a major crisis. Mrs. Berg got on the phone and summoned a girl named Sally Belle Cox. You've heard Sally Belle many a time without knowing it. She is nine-tenths of all the babies that you hear on the air. A professional baby-noise-maker is Sally. She came, whimpered and squealed and yowled abundantly. And little Malvin Sadowsky went back to the Bronx in disgrace.

RIGHT through immense Manhattan there walks unnoticed every few weeks a motherly old woman. She carries a basket that holds fresh eggs, tomatoes, and wild flowers. At 711 Fifth Avenue, headquarters of the NBC, she goes to the reception desk and says, "Please give these to Catherine MacKenzie. I've enjoyed her programs so much." No one knows who she is. She has never given her name. The only fact known about her is that she lives on a farm fifty miles from New York.

FORD BOND was seen dancing in the streets and tossing a badly damaged derby the other dawning. Upon questioning him, it was learned that Mrs. Bond had just given birth to six-pounds-plus of baby girl. The name is

Don't miss the name of Ray Perkin's new home. "Goldbergs" in a crisis

Peter Van Steeden has a good gag. Arthur Tracy has gone and got married





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# LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

In Ted Husing's buttonhole you'll see a little gadget which happens to be a honest-to-goodness microphone, for getting opinions on current events from people.

Ever heard of Molasses and January of Captain Henry's Show Boat? Well, here they are: Pat Pidgett, from Georgia, and Pick Malone, from Texas, suh.

Mathew Crowley as Buck Rogers and Adele Ronson as Wilma in what the world may be like years hence. They're holding disintegrator pistols. Nice things to have.

WHAT will the world be like in five hundred years? Or do you care? Well, if you've listened to "Buck Rogers in the Year of 2432" on the air, you've got a red-hot idea. Kellogg of Battle Creek is the sponsor. Somehow, we can't work up much excitement about what will happen to our grand-children's grand-children's grand-children's grand-children. But evidently a lot of folks do, for this here yarn with its Tiger Men of Mars, rocket ships, and guns that shoot death rays instead of bullets, is packing 'em in around the early evening loudspeakers.

A RADIO celebrity often leads a curious life. Look at a week in the hurly-burly that Ray Perkins (why does he get in the news so often) calls existence. In one week, mind you, Ray appeared at a refrigerator show, made a personal appearance at a department store, was a guest at a cooking school (ah, there, Ray), sang over a tiny radio station near his home, and performed at an American Legion. Incidentally, he did his regular network broadcasts. "Other than that," says the quick-thinking Perkinese fellow, "I just sit and knit."

PIERRE OLKER, tuba player in Rex Maupin's orchestra heard on KYW, is the only tuba player in the world who has accompanied Tetrazzini, the opera singer. It happened at a Cleveland concert when the celebrated soloist hushed all the other instruments in a symphony orchestra while Olker grunted his bass notes. Believe it or not, the result made the most popular number in her concert.

MAY SINGHI BREEN wants to insure her ukes. May is the NBC songstress and uke strummer who is Peter de Rose's mike partner. She has more ukes than a porcupine has quills but uses them for a different purpose. Her desire for insurance is the result of the scores of famous signatures with which the instruments are covered. Ten thousand dollars, she says, is about the right value. Ten t'ousand dollars for Hawaiian harps, t'ink of it.

RUTH ETTING, sweet singer on that "Music That Satisfies" period over CBS, is going to make a full-length movie. Probably you've seen her in short subjects. Well, the movie mahouts have decided that Ruthie has that certain something and they're signing her up.

IF you ever drop in on Elsie Hitz, the gal in that absorbing "Magic Voice" series, you'll probably see some amazing things. You see, Elsie collects buttons. That box on the piano holds buttons. Most of her dresser drawers are full of buttons. In the kitchen, there are pans-full of buttons. Some time ago, a press agent wrote a story in which he stated that Miss Hitz was a great button collector. Since then, she has had thousands of contributions from every state in the Union. Yessir, she's got a great button collection. And she's as mad about it as a wet hen. For the press agent invented that tale about her being a collector. This story is just to tell you that Elsie Hitz detests buttons.

DESPITE his thirty-six years, "Whispering Jack" Smith won't go shopping alone. Invariably, he takes "Ma," "Ma" being Mrs. Smith, a woman who knows a bargain when she sees one. She buys all his socks and shirts and picks out his new suits. It's a form of criticism, Jack says. When she is pleased with his programs, she gets him lovely shirts and matched colors in his socks and ties. When she is dissatisfied, she decks him out in rainbow duds until he straightens out the program.

Ruth Etting's going to make a full-length talkie. Isn't that nize?



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# WHEN FLOYD GIBBONS RETIRES

By ANNE PORTER WEST

**When Floyd Gibbons retires! You might as well say when the sun stops shining! This interviewer certainly got an entirely unexpected surprise**

(Left) The gentleman who pals around with Pancho Villa and Marshal Pilsudski, has been blown up on a boat, dipped into the Irish rebellion and trekked across the Sahara on a camel. The name is Gibbons.

In his sheik outfit. He used it when he went calling on desert chiefs. It's in the "lodge" now. Don't fail to read about the "lodge" in this story.

ADVENTURES! It doesn't seem possible one life could hold them all.

Riding with Pancho Villa, being blown up in mid-ocean on the *Laconia*, getting an eye shot out at Belleau Wood, dodging bullets in the Irish Revolution, trekking across the Sahara by camel, trailing Abdel Krim in Morocco, chinning with Marshal Pilsudski in Poland, getting bombed in Shanghai. And that's just skimming the high spots. With time out, too, for writing three books—"And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight," "The Red Knight of Germany," "The Red Napoleon"—for giving lectures, making movies, and shooting about a thousand or so—he can't remember the number—of those mile-a-minute talks into the mike.

"What's he going to do when he stops having adventures? Has he an old farm staked out somewhere, or a ranch, or a South Sea island? Some place where he can unpack his duds, stretch out those long legs of his and say, "Hello, Everybody, here's home."

Well, that's what I am on my way to ask him.

Right now Floyd Gibbons lives in a hotel in the East Forties in New York City. While I wait for him—an apologetic secretary says he is at the gym for a work-out and will be back any minute—I roam around this "home" where one of the world's great adventurers hangs his hat.

It's a large room, this combination office and living room, simply and comfortably furnished. Plain taupe rug on the floor, a big davenport, some easy chairs, a radio. A long table piled high with a batch of Elgin Watch adventure yarns (every Friday night at ten-thirty over NBC stations) that have just come in. Two desks where the secretaries are working. Two huge bookcases stretching from floor to ceiling. All kinds of books. "Henry the Eighth" leaning up against "Who's Who in China." A long shelf of Baedekers, of Encyclopedias Britannica.

(Left) When Floyd Gibbons went over to take part in the Chinese-Japanese recent war. Those are marines he's with and that trench was only fifty yards from the firing line. (Above) As he looks at the mike.

A LARGE globe of the world in one corner, and a big fat dictionary on a stand. On the davenport a pile of photographs waiting to be autographed, and a copy of "And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight" with a note clipped to it: "Autograph for the Imperial War Museum Library of London."

On the mantelpiece a slender gold-plated vase engraved in Japanese. "From the Japanese Government," says one of the secretaries, "after the Mukden broadcast."

On the mantel, too, a framed letter. The date, October 7, 1893. From Floyd's aunt to Floyd's mother. An aunt-like warning, "The boy will never amount to anything." Beside the letter a framed check from the United States





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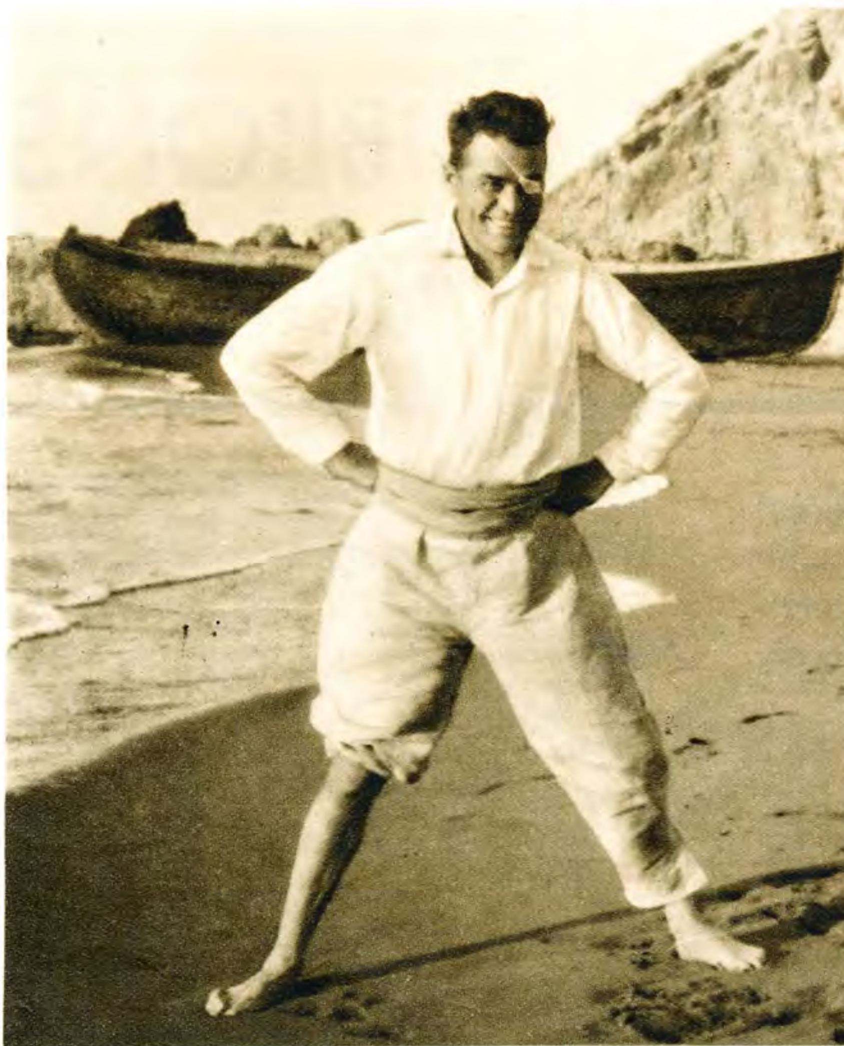

**There just isn't anyone who has the frightful energy which Floyd has. Even here, playing some kind of beach game, you can see how eager and keyed up he is. His sort of energy is a gift—you can't acquire it, no matter how much you might want to.**

A smile and a word in my direction. A big brown hand reaching for the telephone a secretary is holding out to him. His one bright blue eye running over the messages in the memo book as he talks. It's Smedley Butler on the 'phone. They are discussing the radio speech Gibbons is to make in Philadelphia.

Knock, knock at the door. A Western Union boy with a telegram. Knock again. A small package. Gibbons reads the address of the sender. "Good old Auntie." Then he explains. "She knits these eye patches of mine. I was getting kind of low on them."

(Right here is a good place to say that the reason Gibbons doesn't wear a glass eye is that so much of the eye socket was shot away by that machine gun bullet, that a glass eye wouldn't fit.)

"Those Elgin Watch yarns," asks Gibbons abruptly, "did they come in?"

"Right there on the table, Mr. Gibbons."

"Okay, I'll get to them. Gosh, talk about adventures. After reading all these stories the boys and girls send in, I'm getting so I dream about falling down coal mines, being clawed by grizzly bears, driving runaway trains. Don't have to be cooking up any excitement of my own these days."

Now . . . just the place for the question.

"What are you going to do when you retire, Mr. Gibbons?"

"When I retire? Well . . . come over here."

I go with him to the large globe of the world in the corner.

"See the tip of South America here. See the tip of Alaska here." His forefinger picks out Tierre del Fuego and Nome. "Well, I want to blaze an automobile road from Tierra del Fuego to Nome, Alaska—the Western Hemisphere Trail.

Treasury for seven dollars and twenty cents. "For Fire Fighting."

YES, summer before last Floyd Gibbons was making a a pack trip up in Wyoming—his first vacation in years. He wasn't after any story. All he wanted was to ride all day—and gosh, how hard that saddle could get—eat three big hearty meals, and crawl into his sleeping bag at night.

But "big stories" had been breaking under his nose for too long. He couldn't lose the habit. So he ran into a nice big forest fire, the kind of a forest fire that surrounded him on three sides, and the fourth side was a lake, and his horses were the only pack-animals up in that neck of the burning woods. So, of course, he put his outfit at the command of the Forest Service. In fact, he rode from dawn to midnight to get up to the lake where supplies for the fire-fighters were being landed. Then he turned fire-fighter and earned his seven dollars and twenty cents.

But here's the man himself coming in.

Coming in, did I say? Bursting in, I mean. Grey felt hat sailing onto the table, grey overcoat following it, yellow pigskin gloves missing and falling to the floor. A hasty hand adjusting his white eye-patch, running through the thick brown hair that is already too much rumpled.

"I want to get a flock of cars and about forty men—experts and scientists—and we'll push that road across rivers and mountains and swamps—right up through South America, and up the Isthmus, and through Mexico, and across the United States, and up through Canada, and right out there to Nome, Alaska. There's no reason why such a highway shouldn't exist and I want to be the man to help build it."

It didn't sound like retiring to me. "After you build the road, then what?" I insist. "Haven't you any idea of settling down some time?"

Suddenly a grin spreads over his face. His blue eye twinkles. He walks over and picks up the telephone, gives a number—a long distance number.

"Ed? That you Ed? How'd you like me to send up a young lady to see the place, and listen to some of your yarns?"

Ed evidently said he wouldn't mind.

"Okay. Meet her at the station. She'll take the six-thirty-five. Got any grub in the house? Roundsteak and onions. That'll be fine."

"You like steak and onions, don't you?" he asks, hanging up the 'phone.

"Love them. But who's Ed, and where's Ed?"

"Ed? Why, Ed's my kid *(Continued on page 42)*



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(Right) Andre Baruch. (Further right) Harlow Wilcox. (Furthest right) Norman Brokenshire. (Below) J. M. Kendrick, Associated Press news editor; James Wallington and George Hicks, announcers.

# WHAT CHANCE HAVE YOU IN RADIO?

**If you're wondering how to get into the radio industry here's how. You'll be amazed at the number of possibilities there are**

By CECIL B. STURGES

STEP behind the scenes for a moment and you will learn that there is nothing more thrilling than radio. I find it more exciting than backstage at a Broadway show. Stars are made or fade overnight. Rehearsals last all day long. Announcers recite sales talks from little slips of paper. Crooners sign autographs for fans. Audiences become part of the show by laughing or applauding at exactly the right time. And engineers, reaching for music and merriment with electrical fingers, bring it right into your living room.

Is there a place for you in this magic world?

Last month, I told you that many unknowns have skyrocketed to success. Their names are now household words from coast to coast. This month, we are publishing a chart that will tell you where to go and whom to see in order to secure an audition. (See page 44.)

That audition is the gate through which every radio artist must pass. Once you are through, new worlds are yours for the conquering. But remember last month's advice; be original and don't set your hope too high. Select a small station near your home at first. Use it to secure the training in "mike technique" you must have before you can become a proficient broadcast performer.

And now, what of the announcer? Must he always be a man? Must he always be a baritone or bass? I have been asked those questions a hundred times recently.

Yes, he must always be a man . . . except in isolated instances. For some unknown reason, America likes its male voices. On the other hand, Italy will have nothing but women. Funny, isn't it?

AND almost invariably, his voice must be pitched in a fairly low register. The mike itself is responsible for a considerable part of this *basso profundo* effect. It influences all voices differently and one never knows just what it will do. Milton Cross, for instance, is a tenor singer but when he talks his voice is pleasantly low.

Some of the big stations consider their announcers as salesmen. A good announcer, they assert, makes it seem that he is addressing one family. . . . *Your* family. Intimacy is a great factor in securing this effect. Harlow Wilcox, who announces many of the Columbia chain features from Chicago, actually was a salesman before he went to work with "Myrt and Marge." Fred Uttal has sold greeting cards, washing machines, and motion pictures.

A good education is essential, of course. The ability to speak a foreign language will help. Andre Baruch happens to speak seven. You yourself may have heard him on occasions. (*Continued on page 42*)



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Mary Lou Dix. She is a dramatic actress of exceptional ability. Amazingly enough, her present engagement is positively her first. Pretty good, that. You can hear her on the Linit Bath Club program, which is broadcast every Sunday over the Columbia network at exactly 9 p. m.

Jean Fay is this young lady's name. Just in case you don't know, she is a blues singer. And a very darned good blues singer, at that. She made her radio début over the NBC network in October. Before she found she could do those blue notes so well she was an excellent dancer.

## RADIO OPENS UP ANOTHER REVENUE FOR PRETTY GIRLS LIKE THESE— IF THEY HAVE TALENT—ACTING OR SINGING—AND LOOKS, TOO

Adele Harrison can be heard during Paul Wing, The Story Man program which is broadcast for children over the NBC network every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5.15 p.m. Adele had already done some acting when she went on the air—she used to be one of them movie actresses.

Know that lovely soprano voice you hear during the "Two Seats in the Balcony," "Sweetheart Days" and "Vocal Art Quartet" programs? Well, this is the lady who owns it. Carol Deis is her name. She was the 1930 prize winner of the Atwater Kent Auditions. Isn't she lovely looking?





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# Album

**Georgie Price started to work at five—quite unintentionally**

GEORGIE PRICE, Chase & Sanborn's tea-time clown, cannot remember the day when he wasn't an entertainer. Down in New York's celebrated East Side, he was always the corner cut-up. Always the kid who pulled chairs from under people as they sat down.

He started to work in his fifth year, unintentionally. The day was bright with sunshine when wanderlust gripped him. A winding street lured him far away to a crowded corner where the air was gay with sounds of revelry that came from a second-story window. He scooted up some steps and pushed at a door. Within, people were dancing and eating. He slid alongside a table and began to shove food into his shirt front.

A waiter collared him. "Where's your father, kid?" Georgie's answer was a shrug. "Sit down and eat like a gentleman," the waiter commanded, thinking Georgie's papa was one of the guests. So Georgie sat down and ate like a gentleman.

At the hall's opposite end, an orchestra played a bright tune. Master Price recognized it and felt the merry mood of celebration upon him. He climbed atop his table and began to sing. Here and there, couples stopped dancing. Presently, the whole room was listening. When he finished, he was applauded by every pair of hands in the place. And there was born a glittering career.

Next day, with his wagon hitched to a spotlight, he visited saloons and shops, warbling for pennies. Success was inevitable. Somebody took him to Gus Edwards and he found a place in a show with other talented kids. At seven, he was a principal in a revue. President Taft visited his theatre one night and sent for him. "I saw your show," Taft said. "I like your work very much," he added.

"Thanks," Georgie answered, "but what do I have to do to get a job like yours?"

Georgie does other things besides act. He writes shows, skits, songs. "Angel Child" was his, remember? He boxes. Plays baseball. Billiards . . . at eleven, he won the national championship for boys.

Two years ago, he was planning to retire. Twenty-three years in the amusement business had fattened his purse and whetted his desire to do other things. That was before radio discovered him and changed his mind. Today, he is thirty, happily married, and looking for new worlds to conquer—and working harder than ever.



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# Album

## Heywood Broun is probably New York's worst-dressed man

ANY history that may be written about New York of the 1920's and 1930's must certainly include the name of Heywood Broun. Somehow, he has found time to write a newspaper column every day, write several novels, produce a revue on Broadway, act in two others, give a one-man show of his paintings, be heard up and down America as a toastmaster and lecturer, and to run for Congress.

Broun (pronounced to rhyme with "soon") is a Harvard man. But how he drawls out his words! That is a heritage that even Back Bay culture couldn't eradicate when he lived in Cambridge.

In appearance, he is a big fellow over six feet tall, wide of shoulder and chest. His hat, when he wears one, is a relic of worse days. His clothes, he modestly admits, are rarely pressed. Broun is an individualist and a prophet. He believes in comfort and preaches it. And practices it. On those occasions that demand his appearance in formal dress, he wears a tuxedo with a *soft* shirt.

Last year, he conducted a one-man campaign in his column to get jobs for a thousand unemployed men. And he got them. Before that, he ran for Congress in a Tammany district on the Socialist ticket. And was snowed under.

He is a fighter who fights with humor or with a bludgeon, whichever fits the circumstance. When he was writing for the old New York "World," he wrote an article for a magazine telling what he thought of the "World's" editorial policies. When his employers demanded an apology, he refused. And was fired.

The "Telegram" grabbed him immediately. At a salary of $28,000 a year.

His career began in Brooklyn as a baseball reporter. That was in 1888. Presently, the town was calling him its best baseball reporter. One night, the paper's dramatic critic was absent and Broun went in to pinch-hit. Within a couple of years, the town was calling him its best dramatic critic.

He's that kind of a guy. He has a lot of enemies (because he fights so often for what he considers right) and a host of followers and friends. He knows a great deal about a lot of things.

His radio talks have added a great deal to his prestige. He's considering a half hour broadcast every day for the next few months. It is doubtful if he can do it, for it would add a huge burden to his already full life.



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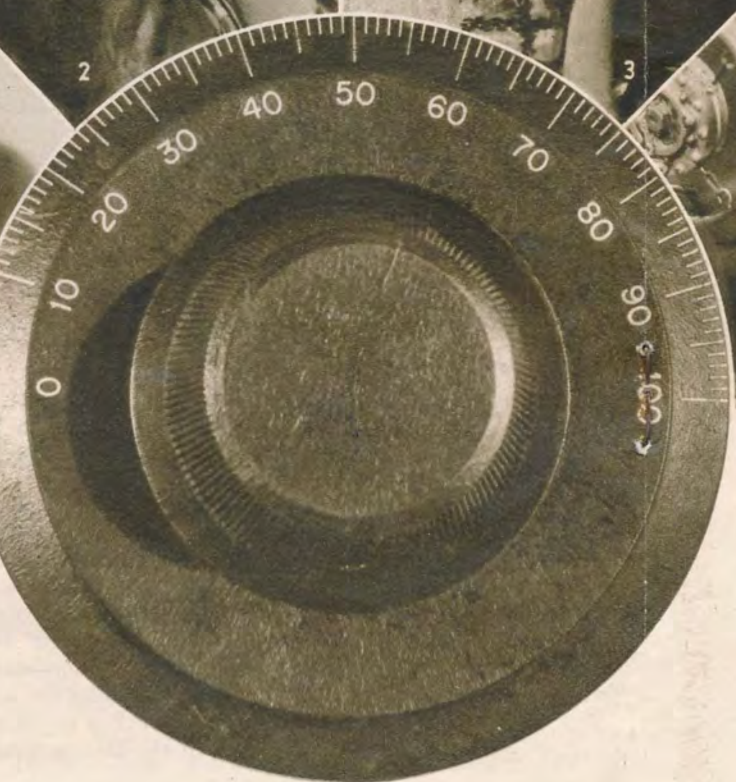

# ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the number here. 1. Marge, the younger half of Myrt and Marge, whom you hear five times a week over the Columbia network. 2. Jean Sargent, a grand torch singer who was "discovered" last year in Ziegfeld's Air Shows. 3. Arthur Tracy as he appears in his new short movie film. 4. Uncle Don, of WOR. He needs no introduction. 5. S. L. Rothafel. He presented the first broadcast from Radio City. 6. Jack Denny and some of the débutantes who have sung with his orchestra. The gal with the burned cork on is Jeannie Lang. 7. Annette Hanshaw, Lanny Ross, Andrey Marsh and Charles Winninger, of the Maxwell House Showboat. 8. Urban Johnson and Helen Earle, of the sound effects department of the "Fu Manchu Mysteries." With those contraptions they make the noise of a waterfall (the tub), wind (the rattans), a plane (the drain pipe). They are working on getting the sound of greased lightning now. (Of course, silly, we're only funnin'.)





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RADIO STARS

# "BEST FRIEND"

Ben Bernie's mother—God bless her!—was one of those amazing women whose memory will live forever in the minds of those who came in contact with her

Ben Bernie's mother. She bore eleven children—and still retained her sense of humor! (Right) Dave and Ben, of the Williamsburg Bernies, and Pat Kennedy, a friend.

In spite of the fact that his father wanted Ben Bernie to become a civil engineer, his mother—who knew he wanted to be a violinist—never ceased to encourage him to do the thing he favored. She understood him thoroughly.

Mrs. Bernie listened to every broadcast her son ever made. And afterwards she'd always call him at the studio and say, "Okay, Chicago—Bennie, you were wonderful." She was a grand person. Loving, but not sickly sentimental.

By JO RANSON

WHEN Ben Bernie—the "old maestro"—starts clowning over the radio and playing the fiddle in his inimitable fashion there comes to his mind a fleeting and a sweet picture of an old lady sitting in a wheel chair with her head turned to catch every word and every note of the violin.

For years, Ben has had this picture before him and always, after every broadcast he has heard the same bright words, "Okay, Chicago—Bennie you were wonderful."

Now he hears those words no more. And the dear old lady sits no longer in the wheel chair listening to her son. But the story of Ben Bernie's mother—her constant encouragement, her unfailing buoyancy of spirit and her great love for her children remains one of the most charming stories in radio history. Even now—and she has been dead for several months—Ben cannot mention her name without having real tears spring to his eyes. And—what's more—he is not ashamed to weep for his mother.

Mrs. Anna Ancel was the wife of the best blacksmith in Kovna, Poland. The two were married when the little country was torn by revolution, war and terror. But the blacksmith's wife knew that her duty lay in caring for her family.

She bore eleven children—five sons and six daughters—Ben, Herman, Dave, Jeff, Harry, Rose, Sarah, Ethel, Bessie, Lea and Bertha.

And while they were little—the Ancel family emigrated to America and settled in Williamsburgh, New York, a lowly strip of the huge Borough of Brooklyn. The good Anna knew nothing but to cook for them, to mend their clothes, to scrub floors and give them all the great love of which she was capable. How well she was rewarded by her devoted children—who, Ben in particular, were able to make the last years of her life full and rich! While Ben did the most, the others helped, too.

BEN'S father carried on his trade—that of blacksmith—in America and when Ben first confided to him that it was his ambition to become a musician the father denounced fiddlers as a lot of lazy loafers and insisted that Ben become a civil engineer. But all the time that Ben was going to City College in New York, trying to study for a profession which he did not like, his mother was encouraging him, insisting that he practice the violin and sharing with him her hope that he would be famous.

Ben's father died before Bernie made his great success, but if he were alive I believe he would have bowed to a wiser judgment on his boy's future than his own.

It was not easy for Ben to achieve his goal but he knew always that his mother's love and her stalwart peasant philosophy were back of him—and that no problem was too small for her to tackle if it added to Ben's happiness or made his future more definite.

Of course, she was rewarded—by the devotion and luxuries given her in her last years. (Continued on page 45)





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# THE LOVE STORY OF BREEN AND de ROSE

By ROBERT EICHBERG

May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose fell in love at first sight. They like almost all the same things and never, never argue. (Above, left) In their attractive apartment.

IF there ever was a real radio romance, it is the story of how May Singhi Breen, "The Ukulele Lady," and Peter de Rose, the composer, met at the old WEAF studios, fell in love, eloped, and lived happily ever after. The Sweethearts of the Air are sweethearts when they're off the air, too.

May and Peter have idolized each other ever since the day they met. It was in the latter part of 1923 that Peter de Rose visited the studio from which May Breen was broadcasting with her Girl Syncopaters. They looked at each other and knew that there was nobody else in the world for either of them. That evening Peter carried May's ukulele home for her and he's been holding the same job ever since. Whenever he recalls those first days of courtship, Peter shakes his head humorously and says, "Gosh, don't you think I'm lucky she didn't play a harp?"

But even if she had played a piano, he would have carried it for her.

It was right after they met that they got the inspiration for their Sweethearts of the Air program, for which most of the music is written by Peter, the continuity and announcing being the work of May.

One of the odd things about their program is that, though they are one of the most attractive couples on the air, and get loads of fan mail, neither of them ever receives a "mash note." Since their first program together there has been something in their voices—some delicate nuance of intonation—that made the public aware of their love.

But May missed one thrill that almost every girl gets, though she did get something better. She missed the proposal, for she can't remember that Peter ever asked her to marry him. "I don't think he ever did propose," says May. "Somehow, it didn't seem necessary. Somehow, we just *knew* we were going to get married some day, and that's the most glorious feeling in the world." Peter gives this explanation for not proposing. "It wasn't a case of 'Will you marry me?' It was, 'When are we going to get married?' I knew 'No' would not fit as an answer to that question."

They announced their engage- (*Continued on page 48*)

It reads like the most romantic fiction—this story of the Sweethearts of the Air who are truly sweethearts all the time





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# INTIMATE SHOTS OF YOUR FAVORITES

Amos 'n' Andy (below) have had all their broadcasts put in manuscript form and bound. Here they are looking over some of the ancient history. (Right) That's Peggy Healy, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. She sings with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. She's a nifty blues artist.

Culver Service

Culver Service

(Left) Red McKenzie and Ramona. They also are part of Paul Whiteman's feature. Red McKenzie sings and Ramona sings the blues and also plays the piano very snappily. (Above) Gracie Allen, George Burns, Goodman Ace and Mrs. Ace. Each chap insists his wife is radio's brightest dim-wit.

Culver Service

(Left) Jessica Dragonette—who, if you don't know, spent her younger years in India and then came to this country to enter a convent—at home. (Below) Only a man making a great deal of money could afford to wear such a greatcoat as that. Yes, it's Rudy in an informal moment.

Culver Service

Culver Service

(Above) Jack Pearl, the comedian of the Lucky Strike hour, being interviewed by a high school journalist. Do you suppose she's asking him what his favorite cereal is? (Right) Even orchestra singers have to play—at least, these Whiteman Rhythm Boys did—it's at the Biltmore.

Culver Service

See them as they look when they're in and around the studios

Fascinating close-up pictures of them as they "really are"





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# Jack Pearl, Nat Shilkret, Audrey Egan, Walter Tetley and Tony Wons—in informal poses of "around the studio" life

Culver Service

Culver Service

(Above) Jack Pearl again—you just saw him on the preceding page. This time he's in the uniform of Baron Munchausen—for the Lucky Strike program. (Below) Nat Shilkret, the man who leads the Chesterfield "Music That Satisfies" orchestra. When a sour note is hit he always knows who did it.

(Above) Audrey Egan and Walter Tetley. Audrey is the leading lady of the Lady Next Door program. Walter is known as the "Wee Sir Harry Lauder." He has been in some of the Lady Next Door programs, too. (Below) Tony Wons in action. The gentleman who forgot to remove his hat is the announcer.

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When the movie stars face the radio mike during those Hollywood broadcasts, the excitement runs high, wide and very handsome

By WALTER RAMSEY

# HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR

(Directly above) Adela Rogers St. John's, Edward Everett Horton, Lucille Gleason, Robert Armstrong and Jimmie Gleason and the mike. Everybody was happy. (Above, left) Mary Pickford arrived at the studio three hours ahead of time to be sure her lines were perfect. Thorough girl. (Left) Horton, again, and Ann Harding, ready to do their bit.

FOR years, the movies and the radio have been more or less in competition . . . with the movies having a bit more complaint coming than the radio. It is a cinch that Kate Smith and Marlene Dietrich have been fighting a battle . . . Rudy Vallee and Clark Gable . . . Amos 'n' Andy vs. Laurel and Hardy! Whether they all realized it or not they were trying to get the public attention at one and the same time . . . which is impossible and which is really one of the main reasons for the falling off in box-office receipts!

*But the war has been called off at last!*

The radio and the movies have decided to get together for "mutual benefit." Every Thursday, over NBC, between eight and nine in the evening (Pacific Standard Time) the most interesting and colorful current events of Hollywood go over the air direct from the studio stages . . . or the Cocoanut Grove . . . or the Hollywood Bowl . . . or maybe the Club New Yorker—in fact wherever the most colorful event is taking place! Thirty uninterrupted minutes the world may listen in on the movie stars in their native haunts of work and play!

The idea originated in the New York offices of the NBC and is open to all studios and all players currently in the limelight. It is not a "plug" program for any particular studio or set of players. Because of their affiliation with the radio world, RKO studio was assigned the radio editorship of Hollywood's half hour on the air . . . but that doesn't mean that you won't hear Wally Beery, Marie Dressler, Lew Ayres, John Boles, Mary Pickford, John Barrymore, Will Rogers and other stars and players over the "twenty-million-listeners" program.

And maybe you think (Continued on page 50)



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**Most any girl who is pretty, small, and very feminine is bound to get along—for what man doesn't fall for such a combination? But when Ann Leaf—who is all of those things—started out to become an organist, she found it would have been better to be rid of such qualities**

(Left) Two pictures of Ann at home. She is happily married—and has been for some time. She gave up playing professionally when she married, then changed her mind and decided to take it up again. That's why you hear her on the air. (Right) Why didn't theatre managers want to give such an attractive girl a job?

# THEY TOLD HER SHE WOULDN'T DO

By CURTIS MITCHELL

THIS is a story of a remarkable battle waged by a little woman. It tells of a girl who found the trail to glory blocked by her stature and her sex. It is flavored with faith and fight. And is a precious tonic for those of us who stub our toes on life's curbstones.

Out in California a few years ago, they were telling Ann Leaf that she wouldn't do. Can you imagine people saying that to the Ann Leaf we know, the lady of nimble fingers and thrilling organ harmonies? Ann can remember; its memory is still as vivid as a burn.

She was trying to get a start. Just one of a thousand talented and ambitious youngsters crowding at the gates of life. Certainly no one would have picked her out of that thousand. She was too little . . . just an inch less than five feet tall. And she was a *woman*. That was wrong, too.

When Ann decided to become a theatre organist, she did it in all innocence of the harsh truth that theatre organists were invariably men. She did it full of girlish enthusiasm and confidence and then proceeded to run smack into the stone wall of masculine prejudice.

There was no reason for it. Can you think of any? Do you see any reason why the person at the Wurlitzer should always be male? Of course, they always *had* been men, in the big theatres, that is; and with the precedent established it was like blasting granite to get a foothold.

Ann got her foothold, all right. But it was a struggle. Her only other job had been behind the counter of a music store where she pounded out jazz harmonies from dawn to dusk. The salary was $3.00 a day. She hated it.

Actually, she was taunted into her big adventure. Her sister Sheila was the taunter. In Sheila was mingled a sisterly devotion and a blind faith in Ann's talent. She knew that Ann should be playing in a great theatre instead of a store and when she found an advertisement that sought a theatre organist in a Los Angeles newspaper, she carried it home and read it emphatically to her sister.

YOU almost have to see Ann to believe her. She is such a tiny thing. And the baby of the family. Many a time, probably, from the day of her birth in Omaha, Nebraska, her path had been smoothed and her falls softened by doting sisters and brothers. But now—now this chance lay ahead, challenging her. She couldn't refuse.

At the theatre—later she was to have the same experience in other theatres—a man took one look at her and told her that the job had been filled. And Ann knew by the way he said it that the job hadn't been filled at all.

"But I really can play. Won't you give me a chance?"

Put yourself in her shoes, a kid hardly beyond childhood, a thin bit of a girl that a strong wind would blow away. Could you make somebody believe that you were a great organist? Then put yourself in the shoes of that man. Would you believe, if that wisp of a woman came for your job, that she was the person for it?

You see, don't you, what Ann was up against?

When one is seventeen, rebuffs are as mountains. That first one might have overwhelmed the spirit of this girl had not a fierce pride stiffened her lips.

A little later, she found another ad. She went out anew with a set to her jaw and a crafty plan in her heart. For here is a surprising truth . . . Ann Leaf was a fine pianist but a very inexperienced organist. She had never handled a real theatre console. She knew, secretly, as little about it as most folk do of piloting a plane.

This manager asked her, "Can you play a Wurlitzer?"

"Of course." She had never touched a Wurlitzer.

"Are you ready to play now?"

"Tomorrow," she said. "Tomorrow afternoon."

"I'll meet you here," he told her.

So far, so good. But could she play the Wurlitzer? Ann worried about it on her pillow that night. At seven the next morning the alarm clock's jangle lifted her from an uneasy slumber. She dressed quickly and, a half hour later, stood at the door of the theatre. A cleaning crew was just starting on their work.

"I'm the new organist," she said. "I've come down early to try out the Wurlitzer."

She practiced for two hours on that big console, gaining confidence steadily. Then, before the manager could arrive, she vanished. That afternoon, her fingers danced like magic over the familiar keys. In turn, she enchanted and hypnotized the manager who came to listen to her. And she got the job.

That theatre was the old Garrick that was torn down several years ago. On the same spot today you will find the Tower. If you are a Californian, perhaps you heard her at that modest neighborhood auditorium.

WITH accurate insight, she realized that this was only a start. So when a chance came for a job at a bigger theatre, she leaped at it. Again, her sex was against her.

"People are accustomed to seeing a man at the console," she was told. "You won't do."

"But I can do just as well as a man—as *any* man."

The executive was almost impressed. "But you're too young. You can't know enough to follow a picture all the way through." That was the result of her size, that appearance of childishness that she will never outgrow.

But he gave her a chance. He took her into the empty house, directed the projectionist to start the picture, and told her to follow it. You remember how organists used to do it in the "silent" days. Fortissimo thunder of the bass notes for storm effects, sweet musical nothings and trills for love scenes. . . . She followed the picture perfectly, fitting her music to every mood and scene.

At the end, the manager was (*Continued on page 41*)





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# Album

## George Hall is a swell weather prophet

GEORGE FLAGG HALL—you hear his orchestra from the Hotel Taft in New York—is on the air (at the moment of writing) just eleven times each week. That means—doesn't it?—that somebody must think he is pretty good.

Pretty good or just so-so, according to your lights, George Hall is the kind of guy who fits almost anybody's idea of a big city man. Tall, black mustache with ends neatly waxed, smoking twenty cigars a day, wearing a flower in his buttonhole day and night, suave, pleasant . . . that's George Hall.

George comes by his musical ability naturally. His father was a skilled cellist with Victor Herbert, and out of six children, George is the only one who inherited this talent.

He was just eight when he began to study the violin. At the very first he showed unusual skill. One of his most pleasant memories is of the day he was suspended from high school for some bit of juvenile deviltry and was summoned back immediately by an apologetic principal just in time to lead the orchestra.

By the time he was fourteen, most of the musicians in Brooklyn, his home town, knew him as that tall, skinny kid of Hall's, for it was his habit to sit beside his father in every orchestra for which he played.

Baseball was an early obsession with him. He wanted to be a Big League pitcher. His chance never came because his parents were afraid to risk his fingers at the game. So he played football—and broke a toe.

Today, that toe makes George one of the best weather prophets in Manhattan. It is still super-sensitive and begins to throb a full day before every rainstorm. To date, George has a perfect record; he hasn't gone on a single picnic and had to come home in the rain.

With wartime, he left school and joined the navy. And saw the world around the big end of a horn at the Great Lakes Naval Training Camp. His job was to train bands.

Joining Victor Herbert afterwards, he remembers the opening of the great composer's "Dream Girl." Herbert stood behind the last row watching the show, commenting on that, objecting to this, making fresh plans for the next performance. After a while, a young lady who could stand it no longer turned to Herbert and said, "If you could write pretty music like that, you wouldn't be standing there criticising it." We don't know what Herbert said.



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# *Album*

## Tito Guizar studied medicine—for a while

TITO GUIZAR is a son of the south that lies below the Rio Grande. And a modern Mexican miracle. In Guadalajara where he was born, the customs of the old world still prevail. Sons follow in their father's footsteps and parental decisions are not challenged. More particularly, those of the blood of Castile do not sell their gift of song for money.

Tito Guizar knew all that when he left his home for the great adventure of college. At the Mexican National University in Mexico City it was known that he was studying to be a doctor. Presently it also became known that he possessed a remarkable voice.

In the course of time, Tito found himself at a crossroads. Left alone, he might have drifted along and become a competent but uninspired physician. However, the good college professors would not leave him alone. They uncompromisingly demanded his attendance at classes, even on those numerous mornings after he had sung and celebrated in amateur theatrical productions.

It taught Tito the direction of his real interests. And filled him with rage. He went to the laboratory, smashed his entire apparatus, and resigned from the school.

Back in Guadalajara, he told his father that his voice meant more to him than all the medical courses in the world. And the father surrendered to youth and modernity by sending him to Milan, Italy, for two years of study.

The trail from Mexico City to New York is short but bright. Returning to his country from Italy, he went immediately into one of its opera companies. One by one, he sang the great operas, and failed to find in them the exultation that he had anticipated. So he went away again to study. This time he went deep into Mexico and learned the native airs, the folk music of his people. His return to the stage was a six months' triumph.

Tito came to New York in 1929 to make records of his unique Mexican songs. During his visit, a CBS scout heard his voice and signed him for a series of radio performances. Tito was frankly afraid of the microphone.

The first six weeks of his contract dispelled all his fear. That was over two years ago and Tito's voice is still with us, mingling the best of his and our songs in pleasant presentations. And among his proudest listeners are those same professors in the Mexican National University who demanded his presence at those early-morning classes.



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# Album

## The Lady Bugs like to sleep. And no wonder!

THOSE la-de-da ladies of the pianoforte called the Lady Bugs are really a couple of other fellows. They aren't bugs, they are ladies, and their real names are Muriel Pollock and Laura Lawnhurst. Molly and Vee to you and you and me.

Up at the NBC, everybody knows Molly. She is little and blithe and bright. Somebody once called her elfin. She is French and Russian and piano player *par excellence* all rolled into one.

She played her first piano at the age of six and has rarely been seen without one since. At fourteen, she started to work in a movie house. At sixteen, she wrote a musical comedy. At eighteen, she was famous for her two-piano arrangements.

When she was just a kid—five, to be exact, her parents took her to Europe. She remembers that the German lollipops were swell.

Not long ago, she wouldn't play jazz for love nor money. Today, she is called one of the best jazz pianists in America.

Vee Lawnhurst (she was Laura until she decided it sounded too much like a dime novel heroine's name) is Molly's pal and partner. Her long, supple fingers are Molly's despair and envy. She will talk about her seven year old son on every possible occasion.

New York was her birthplace. Sometimes, she says, she plans to visit the United States. At six, she was introduced to her first piano. At fourteen, she was making piano rolls and selling them all over America. In 1923, she went on the air for the first time.

For fun, she ice-skates and sleeps. The Lady Bugs are an early morning program, you know. They get up regularly when a lot of folks are just settling down for that last precious hour. When they retire, they both promise to go away and do nothing but sleep. Vee's personal idea of a nice quiet evening is to go to bed at six, slumber until midnight, then get up and start going places.

Don't get the idea that she's a night-owl or a hey-nonny-nonny good-time gal. She had never tasted a cocktail until six months ago, and she is still trying to make up her mind about that one.

If you ever meet her, ask for a cough-drop. She carries them by the dozen. Likes them better than candy.

Among her fans is one regular correspondent. His letters both please and scare her. He is one of the country's richest. And he thinks she's his long-lost daughter.



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# They Told Her She Wouldn't Do

(*Continued from page 37*)

displeased. "I think you did that a bit too well, young lady."

"But I did what you told me."

"Come back tomorrow, please."

That manager was a sly one. He suspected that Ann had already seen the picture. In his mind, that was the reason for her skill.

ON the morrow, Ann was back. The manager was there with a picture fresh out of the can. It was a film from a Hollywood studio, one that had never been exhibited. This was a "preview" and Ann could not possibly have seen it.

He put her to work at the console as it flashed on the silver sheet. "Follow it," was his terse command.

Ann obeyed. It was no easy job. She had to guess what turn the plot was about to take, then mentally skim through her repertory for the music that would fit, all the while blending one tune with the next.

At the end, she was limp. The manager found her and his smile was unreserved for the first time since she had seen him. "I've got two jobs," he told her. "You can have either one you want."

That theatre was the Roosevelt at 8th and Larchmont in Los Angeles. After a while, she moved again. This time to a down-town house. The wider range of the de luxe house instrument lured her. And again, as ever, she had to buck that inane prejudice against a woman organist. And each time, through the unceasing will to show them that she could do all and more that might be demanded of a man musician, she sold herself and her music to them and to the public.

That public is magnified a million times today. It writes her hundreds of letters. Particularly, *little* women write to her. They ask her for advice and suggestions, for evidently size and sex are almost universal handicaps.

Whenever possible, she answers. Almost always she talks the problem over with her husband who is E. H. Kleinert, also a musician and the man who is indirectly responsible for her being on the air.

But you'll never hear him claim the credit. For a long time, he was in the music department of a concern closely affiliated with the Columbia Broadcasting Company. He was in a position to boost his wife if he wished. But he leaned over backward in his effort to be unprejudiced about her ability.

IT was his boss, finally, who remembered that Kleinert had met Ann Leaf when playing in a California theatre orchestra and then married her. It was he who finally asked Kleinert if his wife were working or if she wanted work. To which the modest husband replied, "No, and yes."

So it was arranged that Ann Leaf, who hadn't played since her marriage almost a year earlier, should have a try-out. The job, she vaguely understood, had something to do with radio. It was decided that Jesse Crawford, an organist and a merciless critic of other organists, should listen to her.

Ann asked for time to practice. The request was not granted. She met Crawford and they went to an organ studio. She played for him, warning her fingers as she went along. He listened for a while. Then said, "Let me have it."

Jesse Crawford played a piece for her in the famous Jesse Crawford manner. It was something he made up as he played, something Ann could never have heard. When he got up from the bench, he said, "Now you play it."

There was Ann's chance to plead that she had not been at an organ for months, her chance to avoid the issue. Instead, she sat down and played that piece Crawford had just invented. Played it note for note, perfectly. At the end, she was thanked politely.

Next day, Ann heard nothing of her try-out. Nor the next day. She has the very human habit of home-sickness. This disease, plus what was probably disappointment, suddenly gripped her and she decided to go home to her mother in California. Obviously, Crawford had not liked her work.

She went to California. And received a telegram on the very first day begging her to come back to New York. Jesse Crawford's high praise had gained for her the job of playing the organ for the millions-big audience of the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

When she returned, she went on the air immediately. That was three years ago. Since then . . . well, you know.

She's now one of the members of the Linit Bath Club.

# Al Jolson Surrenders

(*Continued from page 9*)

Broadway entertainer at the top of his craft. He had made mammy songs famous and mammy songs had made him rich. The motion picture director, D. W. Griffith, saw in him unplumbed depths of talent. A movie was written and Al consented to play the lead.

His closest associates remember his unhappiness. Each day Griffith spurred him on with honest hosannas. Each night, Al retired to his apartment to think. One evening he reached a conclusion.

"I'm a rotten motion picture actor," he decided. And he refused to finish the film.

Griffith pleaded, friends pleaded, relatives tried to intercede. "Ixnay," retorted Al over his shoulder in a way he still has. And that was that for the time being.

But remember the part he played in the first talkies? Vitaphone presents Al Jolson in "The Jazz Singer." Vitaphone presents Al Jolson in "Sonny Boy." He *made* the talkies, you know.

Now, he is on the air. For years, he stayed away because he was afraid of what the mike would do to his voice. Today, you know the answer. An artist who is really a great artist remains so whether he is visible or invisible to his audience.

Has Al Jolson climbed to this new height as one of Fate's favorite sons? Or has he earned his way? Believe me, he has earned it. In an earlier paragraph, I told you that he has always been a lonely man. A few years ago, he married talented Ruby Keeler, the dancer. I think she understands better than any of his friends what he has been through.

You may be surprised to learn that Al is a Russian. He was born in what was St. Petersburg and is now Leningrad. His real name is Asa Yoelson. His parents were unhappy in the swampy city of the Czars. They migrated to America and settled in Washington, D. C., where the elder Yoelson became a cantor in one of the capital's synagogues. Asa was trained to follow in his father's footsteps, to become the seventh in a direct line of Yoelson cantors and Asa rebelled.

There followed the usual run-away-from-home episode. New York . . . The goal of runaways.

HE was wearing his first suit with long pants when he went into vaudeville (as Al Jolson, mind you) with his brother Harry and another pal. They reached San Francisco in time for the fire of 1906. In the shanty city that grew up, Al became a café entertainer, a song shouter who stood on top of a piano to put his numbers across. From that to black-face, to New York's Winter Garden, to see his name presently stretching across theatre marquees in blazing mazdas. Then movies. And now . . . broadcasting.

It took a lot of talking to induce him to invade our air temples. The money involved was a minor matter. Not that he can't use the stuff. When stocks and bonds did their Jack and Jill drop in 1929, Al Jolson's name was at the head of the list of losers. But money to him has not the meaning it has for you or me. He has been a big earner for years and will be for many more.



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# When Floyd Gibbons Retires

(Continued from page 20)

brother. He lives up state a ways, and he's got the nearest thing to a farm, ranch or island I'll ever have. Go up and take a look at it. You get off at . . ." He tells me the name of the station. "You'll know Ed; he looks like me, only he has a moustache. You can get a late train back."

"But . . . but," I say, still a little dazed.

THE bright blue eye glances at the watch on his wrist. "You've got twenty-two minutes to get down to the Grand Central. Can you make it?"

I make it. Off for Floyd Gibbons' ranch, farm, island, or the nearest thing to it.

It turns out to be no farm, ranch, or island, but a great stone lodge, miles out in the country from the station where I got off.

Ed Gibbons—a younger, less heavily built edition of Floyd—who runs a travel agency when he isn't stealing time off to work on the lodge, says dinner must come first, the tour of inspection later.

I try to gobble steak and onions and examine the room at the same time. It's one of those places you think you wouldn't find except in the movies. A huge, high gabled room, the roof supported by great cedar logs. The walls—where they aren't covered by bookcases, Mexican serapes, Javanese batiques, African shields and tom-toms—are of rough grey stone. There's a fireplace in the middle that I could stand up in. Lamps—hundreds of them, it seems—give a soft weird light. The one above our table is made from a south sea island girl's dancing skirt. Another one is made from the headpiece of an African chieftain. A German trench helmet makes another.

AND everywhere—on the walls, on the great mantelpiece, on the chests and tables and desks, even hanging down from the great cedar cross beams—are the trophies of Floyd Gibbons' adventures.

"Sit down in front of the fire," says Ed Gibbons after we finish our meal. "Look up there on the mantel. See that saddle."

I look at a queer contraption—why, yes, it is a saddle—with a two foot high pommel.

"It's a camel saddle. That's the thing Floyd sat in fifteen hours a day crossing the Sahara. At a temperature of from 115 to 145 degrees, too. It got so hot the canned goods they were carrying used to explode every now and then.

"See that flag up there?"

From a cross log hangs a tattered American flag.

"Floyd took that to Timbuctoo. He got there on the Fourth of July. The natives borrowed the flag to fly it in his honor, and they flew it upside down."

Ed chuckled. "Did Floyd tell you about one of the first messages he sent out from Timbuctoo? Well, it was to his old boss, Bill Shepherd. One day —back there in 1908 it was—Shepherd bawled Floyd out for something, told him, 'Oh you go to Timbuctoo and learn to be a reporter.'

"So Floyd cabled, 'Dear Bill, here I am in Timbuctoo, carrying out your instructions.'

"That sword on the wall, that's a Touareg sword. The king of the Touaregs gave it to Floyd. Floyd gave the King a present, too. Know what it was? Two hundred pounds of carbide. Yes, they had that much extra, and the king got a big kick dropping water on it and watching it sizzle."

HERE"—Ed gets up and lifts the lid of a carved Moroccan chest—"is Floyd's sheik outfit. He used to doll up in it when he went calling on the desert chiefs. He figured those pantaloons, and all that turban and sash would make an impression. And he grew a beard to go with the costume."

Ed picks up a steel helmet which has a big hole turned through it. "That's what Floyd was wearing when the German machine gun bullet took out his eye."

I put my finger into that two-inch long hole. "He's lucky to be alive."

We go up the stairs to the two top bedrooms. The entrance hall Ed calls "The Chamber of Horrors." On the wall are pictures of Villa executions, and some of the more gruesome illustrations from "The Red Napoleon." The entrance hall to the lower bedrooms Ed calls "Hall du Sahara." There are hung the cork helmets, the canteens, the goatskin water bags, the camel blankets that Floyd used on his desert trip.

The bedrooms, like the great living room, are filled with the souvenirs of the Headline Hunter's wanderings. A Moorish blanket on the bed, a Javanese tapestry on the bureau, a Japanese kimona hanging from a hook. And pictures, pictures, pictures. Calvin Coolidge looking at you—remember the White House breakfast broadcast?—and General Pershing, and Marshal Pilsudski, and Queen Marie of Roumania, and Pancho Villa, and Mary Garden, and Dick Maitland, and Kemel Pasha, and Marshal Foch, and hundreds more.

One ought to have a week for a place like this with the slow-speaking Ed yarning away. But the hands of the clock are spinning around. I have to get that last train back.

I thank Ed for showing me the lodge. I say I can just picture Floyd sitting in the big chair before the fire in the midst of all his trophies.

Ed says, "What's that?"

"But isn't this the place he's staked out to retire to?"

"Retire? Floyd?" Ed laughs.

"But he sent me up here. He said . . ." (That's right, he said the *nearest* thing to a farm, ranch, or island.)

"This isn't Floyd's place," Ed goes on. "This is mine. And the trophies are mine, too, because I saved them. Floyd would never have kept them. He's too busy getting new ones. Besides," and Ed chuckles, "by the time he's ready to retire, I'll have so much of his stuff there won't be room for him. But he won't; Floyd'll go out with his boots on. Come on, or we'll miss that train."

Well, there you are. How can you write a story about what a man is going to do when he retires, when he isn't going to retire? I ask you.

# What Chance Have You in Radio?

(Continued from page 21)

Above all, the prospective announcer must know how to pronounce words. Do *you* know your dictionary? How do *you* stack up alongside such jaw-breakers as Piatigorsky . . . Drdla . . . athenaeum . . . bel-esprit . . . Yradier. . . .

Maybe you read the newspapers recently that carried part of a test used last year by the Columbia network's stations for would-be announcers. Here is what applicants had to read:

"Judging by the demands made upon the modern radio announcer, that individual must be a perambulating encyclopedia like the ancient curator of some athenaeum, for whom the entire subject of *belles lettres* has become the *sine qua non* of the intelligent citizen. Moreover, he is required to air his profound knowledge of the apothegm with the romantic grace of a caballero. . . ."

And just try this.

"A résumé of a few programs of the New York Philharmonic Society's broadcasts gives a fair idea of the *genre* of the announcer's work during a symphonic hour. His knowledge of musical terminology must be facile, for, although he may have prepared his continuity for the Handel Concerto Grosso, he may be asked to announce the program notes . . . of Haydn's Symphony in B Flat Major. The following week his linquistic *savoir faire* may again be put to the test when he announces the cello virtuoso, Gregor Piatigorsky." After which



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the list hurls such names as these at the aspirant: "Prokofieff's suite of the Prodigal Son . . . Antonin Dvorak . . . Trauermarsch . . . the Scherzo of Mahler's Fifth Symphony . . . Goethe's 'Triumph der Empfindsamkeit' . . . Kamennoi Ostrow . . . Weiniawski . . . Yradier . . ."

THAT was a part of last year's test, remember. This year's is something different, providing a hundred new stumbling blocks to those who would address the radio world. You're right. It is no cinch to get a job as a network announcer. But those small stations that I've talked about . . . there is your spot, your school, if you please. From it, if you are capable, you can step upward.

Now for the other jobs in radio. Maybe you would like to be in the writing end of the business, the "continuity" department. You've seen pictures of stars holding a sheaf of papers in their hands. Those papers are the "continuity."

Now here is a surprising fact. Almost everything that goes over the air is written before it is uttered. The sales-talk of the announcer. Even his description of a singer or a song. All this writing is done either in the "continuity" department of the station or a similar department in the advertising agency that handles a program.

Just a minute here to explain this agency set-up. I wonder if you understand the many steps that must be taken before a program hits the air.

Let's suppose the Amalgamated Tire Company wants to advertise its tires on the air. How will it advertise? What talent, what sort of program should it present? The entire job is turned over to an advertising agency which is a business organization formed for the special purpose of helping companies to advertise efficiently.

All right, the Amalgamated account is given to the Federal Advertising Agency. The Federal showmen start to work. They develop different sorts of trial programs . . . a crooner and a band with a commercial announcement worked in between songs . . . a comic act like Burns & Allen . . . a mystery drama such as "Sherlock Holmes" or "The Shadow." In some cases, the Federal people may turn to another even more specialized agency that devotes itself exclusively to radio business and ask them for help. Eventually, each of these air acts is "auditioned" or listened-to by the big executives of the Amalgamated Tire concern. And one is selected; in this case, say the mystery drama.

IT now becomes the business of the advertising agency to produce that show as many times a week as the sponsor (the tire company) wants it. The ad agency has a special department for writing and producing its shows. The mystery drama, commercial announcements, *everything* is put down in black and white weeks before it goes on the air. It is okeyed by Amalgamated officials, by broadcasting officials, by agency officials. Finally, it gets to your loudspeaker and then into your ears.

Now all this must sound most bewildering to you. But it needn't be. The wheels are well greased and few hitches ever occur. The picture, I hope, does show the multiplicity of positions available "behind the scenes."

Some are stenographers jobs—the girls who copy the scripts—and others are highly-paid creative berths. I have known the writer of a morning program script who got just $25.00. And I have known an evening program script that brought the author $500.00. I mean $500.00 for each night . . . which is considerable money in these dyspeptic times.

If you are a writer, you may have an idea what the radio needs. Don Clarke, head of the CBS continuity department, says "Naturalness is one of the first requisites of success." Look at "Myrt and Marge." And the "Rise of the Goldbergs." It is everyday, real human stuff.

Write your script. Send in two complete numbers of the series, the first and the fifth or the first and eighth or ninth, with a complete synopsis of the whole series telling what the characters are going to do from time to time. You may sell it.

Another division behind the scenes is that of engineering. And this is a paragraph for men only. There are no women engineers. It requires technical knowledge of the mysteries of electricity. Mr. Cohan, one of the CBS heads, says "Engineers are the messenger boys who receive the program package from the studio and do their utmost to deliver it to the listener without any damage." Believe me, that is a big job.

Government licenses are among the requirements. Many of the engineers at the very large stations have worked on ships before getting into broadcasting. Nelson Smith, the operator aboard the *S.S. America* under Captain Fried, is now with Columbia. When the *America* saved that Italian freighter a few years ago, he was at his key for thirty-six hours without sleep.

Tommie Thompson got his start with an airline and shipping company. Now he is relaying music to you and you and you.

The business of getting a job in an engineering department is just about as difficult today as it is to get any job. But the field is there and if you are alert, you may get the break that will put you through.

There are other departments galore in this amazing new industry. Maybe you would like to create radio sound effects. Every station has its noise inventors. Or would you rather select talent? The network Artist Bureau is a huge department devoted to selecting the wheat from the chaff of talent and placing its clients on profitable programs. There are program directors and gag writers (the chap who works with Ed Wynn is reputed to get $500 a week for his help) and publicity men, all in the army that coordinates to give the world its unceasing "big broadcast."

(*See the chart on next page.*)

**ARTISTS EARN MORE**

**WHY not train your ability along art lines if you like to draw? Art is a vital part of today's business. Advertisers and publishers are paying large sums of money annually to those who are trained in Modern Art. Successful magazine and newspaper artists are making fine incomes today. A great many successful students of the Federal School of Illustrating now earn from $2500 to $6000 a year—some even more.**

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**Minneapolis, Minnesota.**
**Please send me free book "A Road To Bigger Things" and Standard Art Test.**

*Name* ______

*Age* ______ *Occupation* ______

*Address* ______

# THIS CHART TELLS YOU HOW TO GO ABOUT GETTING A RADIO AUDITION IN YOUR OWN TOWN

| STATION | CITY | AUDITIONS | HOW ARRANGED |
|---|---|---|---|
| WADC | Akron, O. | By appt. | Write or phone Mr. Merv Robertson |
| WOKO | Albany, N. Y. | By appt. | See or write Mr. Weir |
| WWNC | Asheville, N. C. | By appt., Thurs. 3-5 pm | Write, phone or see Mr. Robert Mackelfresh |
| WGST | Atlanta, Ga. | Sat. 10:30 am | Write or phone Mr. Stapp |
| WPG | Atlantic City, N. J. | Fri. 3-4 pm | Write Norman Reed |
| WBAL | Baltimore, Md. | By appt. | See audition supervisor |
| WBCM | Bay City, Mich. | By appt. Saturday | Write Mr. L. DeRemer |
| WBRC | Birmingham, Ala. | Mon.-Fri. 3-4 pm | Write or phone Miss Elliott or Mr. Young |
| WAPI | Birmingham, Ala. | On audition system By appt. | Program department |
| KFYR | Bismarck, N. D. | By appt. | Write Mr. F. Fitzsimonds |
| WBZ | Boston, Mass. | Tues. 10-12 a.m. | Must have radio experience. Write Aiden Redmond or Doris Tirrell |
| WBZA | Same as WBZ | | |
| WEEI | Boston, Mass. | By appt. | See Mr. Arthur F. Edes |
| WICC | Bridgeport, Conn. | By appt. Mon. 7-8 pm | Write or see Mr. Judson La Haye |
| WBBC | Brooklyn, N. Y. | By appt. | Fill out application at station |
| WBT | Charlotte, N. C. | Wed., Fr. afternoon | Write to Mr. L. A. Laudeman |
| KYW | Chicago, Ill. | | See Parker Wheatley |
| WDSU | Chicago, Ill. | Any time | See station manager |
| WLW | Cincinnati, Ohio | Mon.-Fri. 4:30 pm | No appointment necessary |
| WKRC | Cincinnati, O. | By appt. | Musical Dept. |
| WFLA | Clearwater, Fla. | By appt. Mon., Wed., Fri., 7-10 pm | Write, phone or see Mr. Bert Arnold |
| WTAM | Cleveland, O. | Thurs., 7:30-9:30 pm | No appointment necessary |
| WHK | Cleveland, O. | Mon., Wed., Fri. 2-3 pm | Special appointment with Mrs. Miller |
| KOIL | Council Bluffs, Ia. | By appt. | Write, phone or see Miss Berry, or Mr. Vinsonhaler |
| WCKY | Covington, Ky. | By appt. Fri. 10 am-1 pm | Write or phone Mr. Maurice Thompson |
| WFAA | Dallas, Tex. | Tues. evening | Mr. Alexander Keese; no appointment necessary |
| KRLD | Dallas, Tex. | Tues., Fri. 11 am | Program director |
| WJR | Detroit, Mich. | By appt. | Write or call Miss Foley |
| WWJ | Detroit, Mich. | Thurs., 11-12 am | Miss Marion Martin, no appointment necessary |
| KLJ | Denver, Colo. | By appt. | Write Mrs. W. Reynolds |
| KOA | Denver, Colo. | Wed. mornings | See C. C. Moore |
| WLBW | Erie, Pa. | By appt. | Write or see Mr. Neave |
| WDAY | Fargo, N. D. | By appt. | See Mr. M. Marget |
| WBAP | Fort Worth, Tex. | Thurs., 3 pm | Mr. George Cranston, director; no appointment necessary |
| WRUF | Gainesville, Fla. | Thurs. | Write Garland Powell |
| WHP | Harrisburg, Pa. | By appt. | Write or phone Mr. A. Redmond |
| WDRC | Hartford, Conn. | By appt. Tues., Wed., Thurs., 2:30-3:30 pm | Write or see Mr. Sterling Couch |
| KTHS | Hot Springs Nat'l Park, Ark. | By appt. | Write or see Mr. Campbell Arnoux |
| WFBM | Indianapolis, Ind. | Yes, if you convince station of your talent Tues., Thurs., Sat., 3-5 pm | See program director |
| KMBC | Kansas City, Mo. | By appt. | Write or phone Mr. Smith |
| WNOX | Knoxville, Tenn. | By appt. | Write or see Mr. Miller |
| WKBH | La Crosse, Wis. | By appt. | Write or see Mr. Edgar Roemheld |
| KFAB | Lincoln, Neb. | By appt. | Program director |
| KLRA | Little Rock, Ark. | By appt. | Write or phone Miss A. Roberson |
| KHJ | Los Angeles, Calif. | Wed., 11:30-2:00 pm | See or phone Mr. J. Rosenstein |
| WHAS | Louisville, Ky. | Fri., 10 am or by special appointment | See Mr. George Wiederhold |
| WFEA | Manchester, N. H. | By appt. | Write Charles Evans |
| WQAM | Miami, Fla. | Sat., 3:30 pm | See Norman MacKay |
| WISN | Milwaukee, Wis. | Mon., Wed., Fri., 3-4 pm | Mr. A. P. Buettner, in charge; no appointment necessary |
| WTMJ | Milwaukee, Wis. | By appt. | Write to W. J. Benning, or Russ Winnie |
| WCCO | Minneapolis, Minn. | Wed. 2-4 pm | Mrs. Nyril Mallon; manager; no appointment necessary |
| WODX | Mobile, Ala. | By appt. | Write to see Mr. Jack Bailey |
| WMCA | New York, N. Y. | Yes, after satisfactory information. Each Mon. evening | Program director |
| WABC | New York, N. Y. | No, unless you're already quite famous | Try to see the program director |
| WEAF | New York, N. Y. | It will take lots of convincing By appt. | Write to program director |
| WJZ | New York, N. Y. | Same as WEAF | |
| WOR | New York, N. Y. | Yes, after satisfactory letter Tues. afternoons | Program department |
| WSMB | New Orleans, La. | Mon., 11-12 am | See program director or assistant |
| WTAR | Norfolk, Va. | | Write or see Grace Gatling |
| WOW | Omaha, Neb. | Mon.-Fri., 3:30-4:00 pm | See Mr. J. Gillin, Jr. |
| WKY | Oklahoma City, Okla. | Mon.-Fri., 1-2 pm | Write, phone or see Daryl D. McAllister |
| WDBO | Orlando, Fla. | By appt. | Write or see Harold P. Danforth |
| WMBD | Peoria, Ill. | Tues. 6:30 pm | See Ivan Streed |
| WCAU | Philadelphia, Pa. | Mon.-Thurs., 2-4 pm | Margaret Schaeffer in charge; appointment not necessary |
| WFI | Philadelphia, Pa. | Daily, 2-3 pm | See program director or assistant |
| WIP-WFAN | Philadelphia, Pa. | Thurs., 4-5 pm | Write for audition card |
| KDKA | Pittsburgh, Pa. | Wed. by appointment | See or write Miss Lanning |
| WCAE | Pittsburgh, Pa. | By appt. | See or write E. D. Harvey |
| WJAS | Pittsburgh, Pa. | By appt. | Write James Hughes |
| KEX | Portland, Ore. | By appt. Tues. 7-8 pm | See musical director |
| KOIN | Portland, Ore. | By appt. | Write production mgr. |
| KGW | Portland, Ore. | Mon. 10-12 am | Robert Red in charge; no appoint. necessary |
| WCSH | Portland, Me. | Sat. 10-12 am | Write or see Arthur Bucknam |
| WEAN | Providence, R. I. | By appt. | Write, phone or see Charlotte Presel or Frederick Long |
| WPTF | Raleigh, N. C. | Mon. 7-8 pm | See Miss Christie Maynard |
| KOH | Reno, Nev. | By appt. | See program director |
| WDBJ | Roanoke, Va. | By appt. | See R. P. Jordan |
| KMOX | St. Louis, Mo. | Mon. afternoon | Write Miss Margo Clarke |
| KWK | St. Louis, Mo. | Yes, after you've passed a hearing by program dep't. Fri. 11 am | By program department |
| KSTP | St. Paul, Minn. | 1st and 3rd Sat. of each month, at 2 pm | No appoint. necessary |
| KDYL | Salt Lake City, U. | By appt. | See R. T. Harris |
| KTSA | San Antonio, Tex. | By appt. | See Joe Luther |
| KFSD | San Diego, Calif. | By appt. Wed. 2-4 pm | Write or see Mr. John Wells or Mrs. Leah McMahon |
| KGB | San Diego, Calif. | Wed. 2-4 pm | See Robert Bowman; no appoint. necessary |
| KFRC | San Francisco, Calif. | Yes, but limited number By appt. | Production department |
| WTOC | Savannah, Ga. | Mon.-Fri., 10 am | Write, phone or see Kenneth Wolfe or Henry DuBois |
| WGY | Schenectady, N. Y. | By appt. Tues. afternoon, Thurs. evening | Write phone or see Chester Vedder |
| KOL | Seattle, Wash. | Wed. 2-3 pm | Ken Stuart in charge; no appoint. necessary |
| WBS | Seattle, Wash. | By appt. | Write or phone Mr. Henri Damski |
| KTBS | Shreveport, La. | Mon.-Fri. | Appointment with program director |
| KSCJ | Sioux City, Ia. | By appt. | Write or see Bertha Reese |
| KGA | Spokane, Wash. | Thurs. afternoon, by appt. | See Dorothy Irvine |
| WFBL | Syracuse, N. Y. | Wed. evening, by appt. | Write Jack Shannon |
| WDAE | Tampa, Fla. | Mon.-Fri., 2:30-5:00 pm, by appointment | Write, phone or see Mr. Kenneth Skelton |
| WSPD | Toledo, O. | Tues. & Thurs., 10:30-11:30 am | Write or see Glenn Hardman |
| WIBW | Topeka, Kan. | By appt. | Write or see K. F. Schmitt |
| CKGW | Toronto, Can. | Mon. morning, by appt. | Phone or see Mr. Stanley Maxted |
| KVOO | Tulsa, Okla | Mon.-Sat., 11:30 am | See Mary Houk; appoint. unnecessary |
| WMAL | Washington, D. C. | By appt. | Phone, write or see program director |
| WRC | Washington, D. C. | Tues., 8-11 pm | See station hostess |
| WWVA | Wheeling, W. Va. | Mon.-Tues., 2-4 pm | Write, phone or see Howard Donahoe |
| KFBI | Wichita, Kan. | By appt. | Write Miss Mildred Orr |
| WORC | Worcester, Mass. | Wed. 7-8 pm | Write or see Raymond Peat |
| WTAG | Worcester, Mass. | Daily, 4-5 pm | Program director |



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# "Best Friend"

(*Continued from page 29*)

For many years she lived in a wheel chair. Both feet had been amputated during a terrific illness—but this did not seem to matter to her. Around her chair her children and her friends gathered and the warmth of her spirit, the sweetness of her smile and her grand sense of humor made her the charming woman she was.

Anna Ancel was the showman of the family—an even better showman than the "old maestro" himself. Whenever Ben was on the air silence was demanded by her throughout the house. "My Bennie is playing and please to be quiet," was her order—no matter who was visiting her or how many were in the room.

Always when the broadcast was finished she would call her son and say, "Okay, Chicago. You were wonderful Bennie!"

Ben was her favorite but she could never resist kidding even him. Every time he came to see her he would say, "Mama, won't you come downtown and let me buy you some new dresses?"

"What do you think I am?" she would answer. "Do I look like a débutante?"

IN spite of the fact that she was bound to her chair for five years she liked to do things for herself and whenever anyone offered to help her to a better position or to bring her something she wanted she would laugh, "What do you take me for? A cripple?"

For her bright disposition she was noted and she was never known to speak an unkind word about anybody, nor did she ever want to dwell upon unpleasant things.

Every week her chair was moved to the Palace Theatre and there she watched her favorite performers. But when Ben was on the stage she watched the audience.

She learned to smoke in her last years and played a magnificent game of poker—those who lost to her said.

She was, in fact, the axle around which her enormous family turned and her death was a blow that none of them will ever get over. When he learned that his mother was dying, Ben flew from Chicago to be near her, giving up his broadcasts and his business. Nothing else mattered when he realized that she was going.

Like the gallant fighter she was, she waited to die until Ben got there. All her children were with her and she begged them not to cry. She died with a smile of triumph on her lips.

In a huge penthouse in upper Manhattan Ben (when he isn't playing out of town) and his brothers and sisters are congregated and somehow they still feel that bright spirit in the wheel chair. She is still among them and they speak of her, tenderly and reverently, always.

And now—when Ben finishes a program—he can still conjure up in his mind those well loved words, "Okay Chicago. Bennie, you were wonderful."


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# Eddie Cantor's Toughest Audience

(*Continued from page 11*)

"Ed," she said to the chauffeur—thinking it really was Ed—the first time she rode with him, "you forgot to wash your make-up off your face."

Out in the Cantor home, a palatial domain in swank Beverly Hills, Hollywood, with a swimming pool, tennis court and everything, Eddie and his wife, Ida, do not act as parents and elders to their children but as equals. They're all the same age. They play together and work together.

The girls know Eddie's plans. He discusses things frankly with them. They know his yearly earnings. They know the amount of his savings and his gross income. They know just what he can give them and still provide for their future.

BEFORE the depression Eddie Cantor was a rich man. He was about to retire from theatrical life. His retirement was announced. Then came the crash. It wiped out Eddie's fortune. He had to start all over again.

There was no wailing in the Cantor home. Each child felt it was her problem as well as Ed's. Each voluntarily announced an individual sacrifice to lessen expenses.

Eddie Cantor is no worshipper of money. He does not seek it for the thrill of possession. He considers it merely the medium for comfort and safety. He believes in living well but he loathes extravagance.

From the moment each of the five Cantorettes reached the age of comprehension he taught them to appreciate the value of a dollar. Young as they are they know the effort required to earn money. They realize it is to be spent wisely and not wasted.

What Eddie Cantor has belongs to his children. On the few occasions when they have made an extravagant request, he has not said no. Instead he has allowed each of them to use her own judgment.

Not long ago one of the older girls asked for an expensive new car. Eddie saw the eager look in her eyes. She wanted that car and wanted it badly. He, deeply aware of present day pressing needs, felt it would not be right to spend thousands for a new car when there were plenty of usuable ones in the garage.

"You know exactly what our income is," he said to her, "You know exactly the demands made on us for help and how much we give. If you feel we can afford the car, you may buy it."

The lass did not buy the car.

Eddie Cantor, bless his heart, drives the blues away. Dull care flees from the sound of his voice. He sends a laugh through the air to millions of American homes. He brings joy to them. His own leads all the rest.

"Laughter, like Charity," says Eddie, "should begin at home."

Not that he turns his home into a theater. He does not play the jester. His work is a business with him as well as an art, but outside of acting hours he submerges it. In private life he is modest, quiet and somewhat shy. But laughter means happiness and the Cantor home is a happy one. Comradeship is the basis of it.

IDA, his wife, is the only girl Eddie has ever loved. He loved her when he was poor and unknown and she was just a sweet girl in the neighborhood. He's gone a long way since then. He's a big name. He earns big money. Ida is still the only girl he has ever loved. He's a one-woman man entirely. But he has six girls now, six playmates. Ida and their daughters.

Every one has heard of Mrs. Cantor —but only as Eddie's wife. Her home is her castle, the private stage upon which her life is played. She's been a real helpmate. She shared the early struggle, now she shares his great success.

She's a charming woman. A sincere, wholesome personality. There is warmth in her smile, warmth in her manner, warmth in her dark eyes.

Eddie Cantor never goes anywhere alone. One or two of the girls, if not the whole gang and Ida, go with him.

"How about a little trip?" he will say to some of them when the notion for a change of scene strikes him.

Instantly the invited ones pack suitcases. They adore going on jaunts with Ed. The group, now become a boy and some girls at play, jump into a car and go on a motor trip. They return rested and refreshed and better chums than ever. Those left behind feel no envy. They know their turn will come.

Cantor clothes are a family affair. They shop together. They discuss styles and color and becomingness. Eddie would not buy a garment or as much as a necktie without the girls' approval. They would not buy a hat or dress without Eddie's okay. The result of their combined taste and judgment is always highly satisfactory—at least to the Cantor family.

Everything in the Cantor abode is on the cooperative basis. Eddie shares with Ida the delicate task of coping with Juvenile temperament. Not long ago he found Ida greatly distressed. On this day Janet, the youngest, was under the bed and would not come out. She had committed some childish misdemeanor and had been scolded by her mother. Maternal persuasion failed to affect her. She was under the bed and there she stayed.

Eddie called her. Still she refused to budge. There was but one thing to do. He did it. He crawled under the bed to get her out. Janet looked at him. There was pity in her voice and sympathy, too. She knew what it was herself.

"What's the matter, Ed," she whispered, "'is she after you, too?"

Eddie saw a good gag in that. He decided to use it in his next national broadcast.

Then he flew to New York to go back on the air. He wanted to take Janet and her nurse with him but Janet refused to go because she could not take her dog.

The hour for the broadcast came. Previously he had sent word to the girls back home to listen in. Janet heard her name. She heard herself as the heroine of the story and what did Janet do but get stage fright. She crawled back under the same bed and it took hours to persuade her to come out.

A great artist is Eddie Cantor and an all-around swell fellow. He's ultra modest. He does not think success once won is his for keeps. He knows he must earn it. He works tirelessly for it. He listens to criticism and advice. More—he welcomes them.

And every time his voice comes over the air in song or jest, you may be sure that each melody and each word has passed that severe board of censorship, Eddie Cantor's toughest audience.

# Backstage At a Broadcast

(*Continued from page 13*)

Van Vorhees or Hugh Conrad. He plays the radio theatres under both names and you've probably heard him plenty. He's introducing Fred Allen, setting the scene for tonight's celebration to the water gods and the appointments of the bath.

Charles Carlile steps up and sings a solo. He is no crooner. You can hear his words clear to the back of the room. A skit. Then, more music until the clock hands stand at 9:12.

Katzman has earphones over his ears, red-rubber padded. The orchestra is quiet. The big room grows tense. Katzman's hands wave vaguely, indicating a tempo. His musicians watch but no one plays. Minutes pass. Through the closed, thick studio door, we hear faintest of faint organ strains from the loudspeaker in the reception room. Katzman suddenly gives a signal. The orchestra swings into a phrase, stops, starts anew and slows to Katzman's im-



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perative signal. Do you get it? This is Ann Leaf's selection. She is playing in the Paramount Building miles across town. Here, the orchestra is chiming in with incidental music, directed by Katzman's waving hands. He hears Ann through those earphones. Down there, she is wearing earphones, too, and she hears his orchestra as it swings into her song. In that wise though separated by half a city they are able to play together.

THE number is over and we have another introduction. We learn that Fred Allen is a warden in charge of a prison. We learn in an amazing fashion that his prison is the most popular in the country. Visitors come from all the world seeking admittance. One is an Englishman. There he is . . . see, there! The British voice—the broad *a*, the pip-pip, toodle-oo accent.

But who is it? The guy is that same Webster Van Vorhees or Hugh Conrad that acted as an honest American a moment ago. Now he makes arrangements for murdering his mater-in-law so he can secure the best room in the popular prison. As he leaves, he remembers that he hasn't a gun. So Warden Allen loans him his.

Notice how that dry, hay-in-his-hair voice of Allen's lends an added punch to every thing he utters? Makes his lines doubly funny? But get this . . . look at those girls. They're actresses hired by Mr. Linit to represent clubwomen who are intent on investigating the horrors of the third degree.

"We don't maltreat our prisoners," Allen assures them. "We kill them with kindness."

To prove it, he brings in a prisoner who testifies. He is a dapper, brown-suited little fellow, the sort of chap you'd find in a Park Avenue salon. Bostonish looking with a Harvard accent, I'll bet. But he gives his answers in purest Bowery stumble-bum language. Tough talk, believe you me. Well, you've got to learn never to be surprised in this radio business.

Next, Warden Allen demonstrates his third degree. He orders in an extra hard-berled prisoner for the test. And the prisoner is roly-poly Jack Smart. He is forced to eat and eat and eat, things like chocolate sundaes and apple pies. That is Allen's kill-'em-with-kindness third degree. In imagination, Smart is stuffed until he is ready to burst.

"Tell where you hid them poils" demands Warden Allen.

"No," says Smart.

"Feed him another sundae," is the order.

Smart howls and protests. He stuffs his fingers into his mouth, the first three of his right hand. His talk flows around them into the mike. Try it on your own digits some time. It sounds exactly as if you're talking with your mouth full. But still he won't tell where he hid them poils.

"Then we'll give him the works," says Allen.

The hardened trusty shudders. "You mean . . . *tickle* him?"

SO the trusty starts to tickle Jack Smart. And this is where Jack begins to act. Hold your chair if you're nervous. Jack is twisting, giggling, screaming, making funny faces, going through all the antics of a touchy fellow in the throes of his favorite torture. Yet, not a finger is touching him.

"Stop, he-he-he, I can't stand it, he-he-he. Stop . . . whoops!"

The whole studio is holding its sides. Everyone is gurgling and gushing, wiping tears from eyes. In a veritable paroxysm of tickling, Jack breaks.

"I'll tell, tee-hee, I'll confess everything if you'll stop. Hee, hee . . . hee-hee . . . wheeee!"

So he tells all about them poils.

As he fades back from the mike, still laughing, still writhing from imaginary tickling, he staggers to an unused bench near us. Sweat bathes his face. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, wipes it, and heaves a Golly-I'm-glad-that's-over sigh.

Music again. A quartet and Charles Carlile. As they sing, a man runs out of the control room, puts his hand over the shoulders of two of the quartet and shoves Carlile ten inches closer to the mike. Glancing hastily through the window at the engineer, he reaches for Carlile again and drags him back four inches. After that, his work well done evidently, he saunters off to a corner and chews his lips.

The hour is almost over. Funny, this sense of something impending. Everyone seems to be increasingly nervous. They look at watches and embrace like long lost brothers for the mere purpose of whispering to each other without the sound filtering to a nearby mike.

Fred takes his manuscript, looks at it, and reads, "Good night."

Ken Roberts leans his tall form over a black tube and states, "Your announcer, Kenneth Roberts." Charles Carlile comes on the run from his corner. Legs apart, hands in pockets, he steadies himself and sings. The Bath Club theme song is on the air.

Look at that minute marker on the studio clock. It is nearly at the half-hour mark. There! It passes. Katzman drops his hands. The program director waves to the crowd. A discordant blast blurts from every instrument in the orchestra. It grates, like a fingernail drawn along a file. That's a trick those musicians have. At the end of every broadcast, when the "off the air" signal hits them, they blow the first note they can think off. It sounds like a lunatic's band. Seconds later, they are packing their instruments and going home.

And that's our next stop, too. So, good-night, all. You're now members of Fred Allen's Linit Bath Club. Don't forget next Sunday night.

DON'T MISS THE SPLENDID CHART ON PAGE 44. IT TELLS JUST HOW TO GET A RADIO AUDITION

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# Love Story of Breen and De Rose

(*Continued from page 31*)

ment in 1927, and they planned to have the ceremony performed on December 9, 1929—and by a real radio fan. One day, when they played May's own arrangement of "The Rosary" as a ukulele and piano duet, they received a letter of appreciation from Dr. David Minor, a retired minister. He said that he hadn't thought it possible to play an air of this type on that little music box. (It's status in the world of musical instruments, you know, was doubtful until Paul Whiteman engaged May to appear as soloist with his concert orchestra.) Dr. Minor added that he would like to meet the two people who could perform one of his favorite selections so charmingly and asked to be invited to the studio so that he might meet them.

May and Peter promptly invited him (they always send personal answers to all their listeners, even though this takes up the greater part of their spare time) and in a few days he appeared at the station. A firm friendship grew between the elderly clergyman and the young lovers, and they decided that when they married, no one but he should perform the ceremony.

The day was set; the ring was ordered; friends were notified. They were told that it was to be a very quiet wedding, with only a few members of the immediate family present. Then, three days before the wedding was to take place, a friend confided to May that some hundred or so radio artists planned to storm the minister's home, where they were to be married, and put on a big party.

May immediately had visions of the effect such a demonstration would have upon the aged clergyman. She wanted to change the date but she had been told that this was bad luck and, anyway, the ring had been ordered with "Peter to May—I Love You—Dec. 9, 1929" engraved in it.

On Saturday the ring was delivered. Through an error, the engraver had inscribed "Dec. 8." May felt that the fates were giving her a break, so they called Dr. Minor and asked if he would marry them on Sunday instead. He agreed, and the friends who had planned to surprise them received the surprise instead, when May telephoned them from a gas station en route to Atlantic City, and told them that she and Peter had married a day ahead of schedule.

THEY ascribe their marital happiness to a community of interest. They're both composers.

Then they're both broadcasters. They always go to the studio together, play on the same program, and leave together. They eat at least three meals a day together, and when one of them is sick, they both go to the doctor.

May has only one fault to find with Peter. "It's so hard to make him get up in the morning!"

When Peter was asked what fault he had to find with May, he had to think for a long time. Then he said, "Well, if she has any fault, it's taking too good care of me. If she didn't bring me my breakfast in bed, I'd get up for it. And she makes me eat too much. I have to eat everything she gives me, or she thinks I don't like it, and she's really the grandest cook that ever lived. You must come up to the house of spaghetti."

THEY both like to cook, and all their friends look forward to the famous Breen and de Rose Spaghetti Parties, for they specialize in this dish. May's father is of Italian descent, and Peter's parents were both born in Italy. It is therefore no surprise that they both favor this famous Italian recipe.

Another point they have in common is their hearty dread of going to the movies unless they know that there's only going to be one feature, and that one a comedy. Both May and Peter are extremely sentimental and emotional, and a sad picture simply breaks them up. They have six favorite stars. These are Charlie Chaplin, the Four Marx Brothers and Mickey Mouse. (They have a little mechanical mouse orchestra, which really plays, atop their piano.)

Nor do the Sweethearts of the Air play bridge. It isn't because they're afraid of those fights which usually crop up between married partners. It's simply because whenever they go visiting or have people call, their friends insist that they sing and play.

Their chief amusements are entertaining and helping people out with love problems. The greater portion of their fan mail—except, of course, the letters of appreciation—is from people who want help in winning the objects of their affections. So May is requested to sing, "You'll Always Be the Same Sweetheart," or "Somebody Loves You" or some similar de Rose composition—"and please announce that this song is for Emma and that Oswald requested it."

Then a few days later they will receive another letter to the effect that Emma's affections had been straying, but that after hearing the Sweethearts of the Air, she realized that, after all, the world holds no treasure like a good man's love, and flew back to the longing arms of Oswald.

The above may sound jocular, but it is typical of a number of letters that May and Peter receive. One woman has been writing them daily for years, telling them please to broadcast that Cora would like to hear from Malcolm who left her in 1927 to go to Jackson, Tennessee, and hasn't been heard of since. Apparently Malcolm does not listen in. If he reads this magazine, however, maybe Cora will hear from him.

May and Peter ought to be ideally suited to giving advice to the lovelorn, for they have worked out a formula for happy married life. It is this: never argue. If Peter wants to go to some party and May says, "Oh, let's stay home tonight, Honey. I'm tired," it's all right with Peter, and vice versa. They have plenty of entertainment right at home. Behind one door is a full-sized folding pool table, behind another is a thirty-six hole miniature golf course, which is played with regulation clubs and ball. The apartment has no hall, or they'd have a bowling alley.

Outside of these indoor sports, May swims—she has several medals for swimming and diving—and ice skates. Peter is a better-than-average boxer, and knows jiu-jitsu like a Samurai.

May likes to wear satin slippers with French heels. She never wears bedroom slippers or leather shoes. Peter hates to wear a tuxedo.

But what both of them like best is just being together all the time.

# Watch Your Step With Downey

(*Continued from page 5*)

and studio attachés. Page boy to executive have found themselves not immune to his gags.

When he came to radio, it was with this reputation—and he's done his best to uphold it since. Friends recall the prank he played on Harry Rosenthal, the actor-orchestra leader, down in Florida a few years ago.

Harry, then playing at a popular Palm Beach night club, had rented a lovely stucco bungalow, imbuing it with the finest furnishings he could obtain. Proud of his home, he always was extolling its attractiveness to his friends. One of them was Downey. And the latter's success in the practical joke field lies in his aptitude for discovering the other person's weakness. He had no trouble in discovering Rosenthal's vulnerable spot.

One night, while Harry was playing at the club, Downey and a friend stole into the bungalow. After several hours of hectic labor (anything for a laugh), the two succeeded in removing every bit of furniture into the back yard. Even the baby grand piano was deposited in the garden.

When Rosenthal returned home in



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the early hours of the morning, feeling slightly exhilarated, he opened the front door, and peering in at the vast emptiness, hastily shut it. He thought he was in the wrong place. He tried several similar-looking homes along the street, arousing their occupants and their occupants' ire, before he discovered what it was all about.

And it wasn't until four years later that Rosenthal learned the identity of the joke's perpetrator.

Downey's always up to some sort of mischief. During the Camel vaudeville tour last spring, he always was a source of worry to rotund Jacques Renard and Tony "Are you listenin'?" Wons.

FOR instance, there was the time that Renard was to play a violin solo on the stage. He picked up his fiddle and placing it to one of his chins, began playing. With the first few notes, his nostrils began twitching. Then came an anguished look on his face. He paled. Finally, he interrupted his solo, and turned towards his musicians and struck up the band.

The trouble? Nothing serious. Morton Downey had seen fit to rub some antiquated limburger cheese on the violin.

Another time on another stage, Renard finished a number, struck his customary pose, violin in left hand and right hand in coat pocket and began bowing. But the bow only reached the half-way mark. Renard's hand flew out of his pocket, and despite his large avoirdupois, he dashed into the wings with the speed of a sprinter. Greatly excited, he took off his coat, and kept pointing to it. "In the pocket," he cried. A friend, picking up the coat, put his hand in the pocket. With an "ugh," he also dropped it.

Finally, the pocket was turned inside out, and several goldfish fell out. It was Downey's fine Italian hand.

Tony Wons was one of Downey's major victims. The radio philosopher, as you know, publishes a scrapbook of poems that has been highly profitable in sales returns for Tony. When it comes to scrapbooks of that nature, Tony is without competition, but in regard to airing philosophies, etc., he has somewhat of a rival in a voice known as "Old Hunch" on another network.

One day at rehearsal, Downey brought in a volume, entitled "Old Hunch's Scrapbook." But inside were the pages of "What Every Young Man Should Know" or some similar work. Mort had the special cover made as a gag. He showed it to Tony. The latter didn't even stop to glance inside which would have saved him considerable agitation. Instead, he stormed up and down the studio, denouncing every proper name he could think of in hardly proper language. He was enraged at the thought of another stealing his scrapbook idea.

The following day Wons sat down and wrote at great lengths to his sponsor, admonishing them for permitting such a transgression of his rights. Complications were beginning to develop all around, when Downey decided the joke had gone far enough and, mailed Wons the fake book. To Wons' credit it must be said that when the gag was revealed, he could take it.

ONE of Mort's friends is a politician who can simulate almost any nationality. One evening the tenor brought him to the Columbia studios as a Polish emissary, sent to this country to purchase 3000 taxicabs and to arrange financial matters with the United States.

Frederick William Wile, Jr., Columbia's night publicity man, spent an entire evening escorting the distinguished visitor through the studios, explaining to him all the intricacies of broadcasting. Wile, who saw service in the diplomatic corps in Rome, used all his gallantries to best advantage to make the other's visit enjoyable. He even let him talk through a microphone into the control room, and introduced him to the various artists. Wile, after the gala introduction to the "diplomat," was much impressed with the great man's importance.

After several hours of courteous attention to the Polish dignitary, he turned him over to Downey who thanked the publicity man profusely. Then, as the two were about to depart, the friend, dropping his dialect, broke out in beautifully unexpurgated Manhattan slang.

Downey often calls up his friends, and speaking in a high falsetto as only a top-note tenor can, pretend he is a certain young lady in town for a spell. He has all his male companions making dates with him at various rendezvous where he "just happens to be coming along." Then, he proceeds to rib them unmercifully.

But Downey doesn't always finish first in those pranks of his. Not long ago, he was playing a vaudeville engagement in Newark. A visitor came backstage and asked to see him on a matter of business. The message was relayed to Morton, who, thinking it was someone who sought a favor as do most backstage callers, decided upon a way out. He summoned an unkempt, overalled stagehand, and told him to represent himself as his personal manager, and no matter what the other said, he was to stick to his story.

The stagehand carried out his part perfectly. But, it was too perfect. The visitor who was confronted by a stagehand in the place of Downey himself, became angry at the episode and excited. Later, Mort learned that he was the president of a large civic organization who had sought to engage him for an appearance at the club's annual dinner. In other words, Mort, through his prank, had dropped a $1,200 check. And was he mad!

However, even though the tables have been turned upon him several times, Mort will continue his practical joking. It's second nature with him. He'd rather tell you of these incidents than of his singing.

There's one person on whom he'll never play one. It is his wife—the former Barbara Bennett. He's too much in love with her. But as for you and you and you—watch out for Downey!

***"I've never seen anything yet I couldn't walk out on!"***

**That was Jerry Stewart's challenge to Kay Everly—to womankind in general—to the whole world. But he was not quite as hard-boiled as he thought, and it took a naive, small-town girl to prove it to him.**

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Look for this absorbing tale in the February issue. You'll find nine other complete stories of the finest and latest motion pictures, including THE ANIMAL KINGDOM (Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy), THE KID FROM SPAIN (Eddie Cantor), FLESH (Wallace Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez), LAWYER MAN (William Powell, Joan Blondell), and EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE (Warren William, Loretta Young, Alice White).

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# Kate Smith's Path to Glory

(*Continued from page 8*)

was at the restless, irresponsible age. On this day, she found a pair of scissors.

One of Bill Smith's trophies of the chase was a beautiful stuffed bird. It sat on a mantle, its tail feathers spread in radiant array. Kate climbed aboard a chair and chose the brightest feather of all. Snip! It floated to the floor. The way it fell fascinated her. She snipped another and watched it spiral downward. And another. Presently, there were no more tail-feathers.

A scarf lay over a table, tassels dangling at each end. She toyed with the tassels, tried the scissors gently, and thrilled to the feel of steel slicing through silk. One, two, three, four—until not a tassel remained.

Her mother found her then. What happened?

HER first school day was torture. Can you imagine this strapping outdoor youngster penned into a rigid seat? Can you imagine her happy with only blackboards for a horizon? She hated it. That first day, she sat behind an Italian girl who wore her black hair in long, thick braids. All morning, the slap-slap of those braids beat a sullen, infuriating tattoo on Kate's desk as the Italian miss tossed them over her shoulders. Before noon, the teacher left the room for a moment. When she returned, Kate's bench was empty.

Kate threaded her way home through alleys that she knew from her gang-girl days. Afraid yet rebellious, she did not know quite what to do. Even the haven of home with an outraged mother might not be so pleasant. So she hid in the vestibule at the front of the house, waiting in numb terror for the day to pass. Right through lunch, right through the afternoon. Her father, coming home to dinner that night, stumbled onto her.

Bill Smith must have been a fine parent. Certainly, Kate adores his memory. Perhaps, when he found her in that cold, dark vestibule, he remembered his own first day trials for he took her into his study and let her tell her story. That night, though dinner grew cold on the table, Kate and her dad had a heart-to-heart talk. Next morning, he walked to school with her, went in to see her teacher, and then smiled a good-by.

Kate stayed at school after that because she had promised him that she would, and because the Italian girl was moved to another seat.

The next years, she remembers now as swift-moving but eventless. The Smiths had a bungalow at Colonial Beach, Virginia. It was heaven to Kate. The summers were lived in the sea and sand and sun. She became an expert swimmer, a life-saver twice.

Growing up, she was a sure-voiced youngster with a way of getting things that she wanted. Boys interested her only as playmates. But one girl became her pal. Her name was Ann. After grammer school where they were inseparable they went to different high schools. Today, Ann is married and has three children.

Those careless, thoughtless years sped by fast enough. Their highlights were those occasions when she sang at festivals and entertainments. Never a music lesson, mind you. Just the instinctive touch of the born artist. That is all she had, all she ever needed to be able to sing.

Until the time she stood at a crossroads, when her life might have careened into a dead-end avenue. Until the night she waited for the sun to rise, shaken and bowed with sorrow, broken of heart and through with the world forever. Life hadn't yet taught her to meet tragedy. She had to learn through grief.

And the learning of it put an acid into her heart that time has never quite eradicated. It still edges her sweetness. And makes her do things that you or I might regret.

(*To be continued*)

# Hollywood on the Air

(*Continued from page 35*)

Hollywood isn't having fun with her first regular broadcast!

UNDER the clever sponsorship of H. N. Swanson as radio editor (formerly editor of *College Humor*) plus the directorial ability of John W. Swallow and the swell "air scripts" of Wilbur Morse, the stars take the *mike* and do their stuff with all the enthusiasm they give a new rôle or a new starring picture.

"We've had thirteen programs featuring a list of stars each time that would make 'Grand Hotel' look like a piker stellar attraction," laughed Morse.

"But to me, many of the most entertaining features of Hollywood's radio experiment are the 'behind the scenes' hapenings that so seldom reach the microphone. I've been associated with the movies for many years, but the microphone of the radio has given me an entirely new slant on Hollywood favorites. For instance, who would expect Mary Pickford to be the most painstakingly-careful woman who ever set foot inside a radio station?"

The evening Mary Pickford was scheduled to be interviewed for "Hollywood On The Air" by Adela Rogers St. John, the talk was to start about eight-fifteen. Yet Mary arrived at the studio of N. B. C. about five o'clock and for almost three hours rehearsed and studied her lines—even attempting to memorize her dialogue just as she would attempt to prepare a scene for the screen!

One of the most amusing of the many near-calamities that have occurred in connection with the broadcast, came the night we offered Marie Dressler as the *piece de resistance!* The beloved Marie arrived at the station in plenty of time . . . as usual! She stood waiting with her script in hand. In fifteen minutes she was to go on the air . . . when, horror of horrors, Marie suddenly discovered that she had left her glasses in her studio dressing room and couldn't read a line without them! It was too late to do business with an oculist . . . strong measures were needed! A call was sent out to the M-G-M studio (ten miles away) to start toward the station a car containing the glasses. The studio car was to come by a certain route and meet a station car at a certain corner. What a wild ride *that* was . . . but believe it or not, the glasses were in Marie's hands just *one minute* before the master of ceremonies announced: "Introducing that beloved star, Miss Marie Dressler. . . ."

ON another broadcast, popular young Richard Cromwell had been invited to say a few words over the air. The time approached . . . and still Mr. Cromwell did not appear! The directors began to be very nervous and warm under the collar. When such stars as Barrymore, Pickford, Dressler and Boles could be on time for their broadcasts . . . who did this kid think he was to keep a national hook-up waiting? Finally, in desperation, someone threw open the door of the studio and found Mr. Cromwell calmly sitting on the floor in front of a "dark station" down the hall. "I've been here for hours waiting to get in!" sighed Dick. And that was all he had a chance to say before he was shoved in front of the microphone.

The most successful programs so far have been the three events broadcast from the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel! One was the John Barrymore birthday party. Another "Mickie Mouse Night" and the other was called the "Night of Song Writers Revue" which was a tribute to George M. Cohan. We can't eactly plan these events because we can never be sure who will be there . . . or what they will be willing to do for us. But on the night of the Mickie Mouse Party we ran into such a galaxy of stars and such a room full of talent that we could have kept the old mike going for hours!

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| **Actor** | **Advertising** | **Writer** |
| **Musical Director** | **Publicity** | **Director** |

**or any other field of Broadcasting**

**Excellent opportunities in Broadcasting are open to talented men and women after they have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read below how you can prepare yourself for your share in Broadcasting.**

# Let FLOYD GIBBONS train *you* for a Broadcasting career

HAVE *you* an idea for a radio program? Can *you* describe things? Have *you* a Radio voice? Are *you* musically inclined? Have *you* the ability to write humor, dramatic sketches, playlets, advertising? Can *you* sell? If you can do any of these things—*Broadcasting needs you!*

Last year alone, more than $35,000,000 was expended for talent before the microphone to entertain and educate the American people. The estimated number of announcers, speakers, musicians, actors, etc., who perform yearly at the 600 or more American Broadcasting Stations is well over 300,000 persons.

## The Fastest Growing Medium in the World

The biggest advertisers in the country recognize the business strength of Broadcasting. They rely on it more and more for publicity, promotion and sales work. They are seeking new ideas, new talent every day.

If you are good at thinking up ideas; if your voice shows promise for announcing or singing; if you can play an instrument; if you can sell or write; if you possess hidden talents that could be turned to profitable broadcasting purposes, you can qualify for a job inside or outside of the Studio. Let Floyd Gibbons show you how to capitalize your hidden talents!

No matter how much latent ability you possess—it is useless in Radio unless you know the technique of Broadcasting. Unless you know how to get a try-out. How to confront the microphone. How to lend color, personality, sincerity and clearness to your voice.

Merely the ability to sing is not sufficient. It must be coupled with the art of knowing how to get the most out of your voice for broadcasting purposes. Merely the knack of knowing how to write will not bring success as a radio dramatist. You must be familiar with the limitations of the microphone, and know how to adapt your stories for effective radio presentation. It is not enough to have a good voice, to be able to describe things, to know how to sell. Broadcasting presents very definite problems, and any talent, no matter how great, must be adapted to fit the special requirements for successful broadcasting.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the broadcaster. Floyd Gibbons, one of America's foremost broadcasters, has developed a unique method for training men and women at home for this fascinating work. This home-study course offers you a complete training in every phase of actual broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. You can develop your talents right at home in your spare time under his guidance, and acquire the technique that makes Radio stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Andys, Graham MacNamees, Rudy Vallees, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses whose yearly earnings will be enormous.

## Unlimited Opportunities for Men and Women

Men are needed to do special broadcasting of all kinds: Descriptive broadcasting of political events, banquets, football games, boxing, wrestling, baseball and hundreds of other occasions of a similar nature.

Women, too, have found Broadcasting a profitable new field of endeavor. Broadcasting Stations are always interested in a woman who can present a well prepared program devoted to domestic science, interior decorating, etiquette, child welfare, styles, beauty and home making.

## A Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting By FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

## Booklet Sent Free

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered in our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long profession—to fill an important rôle in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 3B37, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

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# This was an amazing triangle!

THE two women in Tom Collier's life were as far apart as the poles. But the difference between them dawned upon him too late.

With sudden horror he realized he had married a girl who might have been his mistress, while his wife in spirit became "the other woman."

This really unusual love tangle is the sensational play which gripped New York as "The Animal Kingdom." Hailed by all as a really different love story, it faces life with a frankness and sincerity which make a masterly tale.

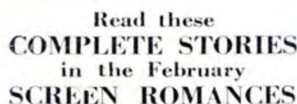
Leslie Howard, star of the play, is also in the picture production, with Ann Harding and Myrna Loy. And SCREEN ROMANCES this month brings you the complete fictionization of the picture, illustrated by many vivid scenes from the production.

**But that's not all. Nine other screen stories appear in the same issue. Think of it! The complete, absorbing love stories of 10 fine, new motion pictures between the covers of one magazine. And *what* a magazine. Be sure to try it this month for real reading entertainment!**

**Screen Romances**

***At All Newsstands—Now!***

*Ann Harding, Myrna Loy, and Leslie Howard in a scene from "The Animal Kingdom."*



**Read these COMPLETE STORIES in the February SCREEN ROMANCES**

- THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. *Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Myrna Loy.*
- NO MAN OF HER OWN. *Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Dorothy Mackaill*
- THE KID FROM SPAIN. *Eddie Cantor, Lyda Roberti*
- FLESH. *Wallace Beery, Karen Morley, Ricardo Cortez*
- NO OTHER WOMAN. *Irene Dunne, Charles Bickford, Gwili Andre*
- MADAME BUTTERFLY. *Sylvia Sidney, Cary Grant, Charlie Ruggles*
- LAWYER MAN. *William Powell, Joan Blondell*
- CENTRAL PARK. *Joan Blondell, Wallace Ford*
- THE MUMMY. *Boris Karloff*
- EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE. *Warren William, Loretta Young, Alice White*

***(All stories profusely illustrated with scenes from the motion picture productions)***

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