

# Radio Stars

FEBRUARY

10

CENTS



**"I'M THE PERFECT  
FOOL!"—ED WYNN.  
READ ABOUT HIS  
GREATEST MISTAKE**

Story on page 14

Posed by  
**GRACIE  
ALLEN**



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Stormin' and Budd



Little Jackie Fisher



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Ernest V. Heyn, Editorial Director  
Associate Editor: Mary Burgum  
Curtis Mitchell, Editor  
Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

# ONE AGAINST TWELVE...!

*A moment ago he had led them ... but now he turned the sword upon his own men!*

- Swords clashed and rang, men swore murderous oaths, breath came in gasps, boots stamped noisily on the old inn's stairs—the Duc de Mayenne's hired ruffians were at work!

- There was Heloise de Chartres, beautiful and frail; there were the documents she carried and the de Chartres jewels. Voila, a simple task! But no, for here at the very moment of success, Jean d'Aubry, their leader, turns in his path to battle his dozen burly followers!

- Why? Could his amazing audacity succeed? And how did Heloise de Chartres repay him ... if at all?



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which is now on sale everywhere. This splendid magazine brings you four more fast-moving stories: DEATH JOINS THE SHOW (a corking circus murder mystery!), THE RED STALLION (the wild and woolly West!), TOMORROW'S SUN (by Princess Radziwill), and DOUBLE KNOCKOUT (a prize-fight yarn with a punch!).

- Why not stop at the next newsdealer's for this highly entertaining, super-value magazine? Ask for

# FIVE NOVELS

EVERY STORY COMPLETE—FEBRUARY ISSUE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW

# ... RADIO STARS' BOARD OF REVIEW



Si Steinhauser  
Pittsburgh Press



Norman Siegel  
Cleveland Press



Vivian M. Gardner  
Wisconsin News

Once again the air has two 5-star programs. To Rudy Vallee and his Variety Program and to Freddie Rich and his Varieties, go top honors.

Sorry, but a few more tumbled into the 2-star class. Perhaps as better programs come on the air, the poor ones seem even poorer.

Something to look forward to next month will be the Board's reaction to the Chesterfield series presenting Leopold Stokowsky and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra fifteen minutes a night for six nights a week. It's something so novel in commercial programs that we can't help but be a bit anxious to get the first reaction.

Of the comedians, it's interesting to note that dry, droll Jack Benny rates first.

WHEN RADIO STARS first conceived the idea of a coast-to-coast Board of Review, invitations were extended to seventeen leading radio critics from leading newspapers in seventeen states. These seventeen men and women accepted the task of passing judgment monthly on a number of the air's leading programs.

These men and women are qualified for this task through long years of service in the radio writing field. Several of them are also experts in the scientific phases of broadcasting.

We want you to become better acquainted with our Board members. Radio Stars, in the next few months, will present their pictures. It is the composite opinion of these seventeen men and women, with the editor of Radio Stars, that we present in final form on this page each month. We sincerely hope it will be of value to you. If you disagree with the ratings, we shall be glad to have your letter.

The entire purpose of this department is to suggest to you those programs that we think will give you the most radio enjoyment.

## FIVE STAR ROLL-CALL Symbols

- \*\*\*\*\* Excellent
  - \*\*\*\* Good
  - \*\*\* Fair
  - \*\* Poor
  - Not Recommended
- \*\*\*\*\* FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS WITH MILDRID BAILEY, ETON BOYS, DO RE MI TRIO, JACK WHITE (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY ALLEE (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* The nation's favorite still tops the bill.
  - \*\*\*\*\* OLD GOLD WITH FRED WARING (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* A hundred imitators cannot compare with the Pennsylvania.
  - \*\*\*\*\* HUDSON-ESSEX WITH B. A. ROLFE (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Splendid, high-class production.
  - \*\*\*\*\* EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* GOLF PROGRAM WITH IRVIN S. COBB (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Good listening.
  - \*\*\*\*\* CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAG. ONETTE (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* One of the best.
  - \*\*\*\*\* WHITE OWL PROGRAM WITH BURNS & ALLEN AND GUY LOMBARDO (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* SALAD BOWL REVUE WITH FRED ALLEN (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* They say he's going off the air soon.
  - \*\*\*\*\* COLUMBIA SYMPHONY WITH HOWARD FARLOW (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Worthwhile for serious listeners.
  - \*\*\*\*\* A & P GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORN LICK (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Rich and satisfying.
  - \*\*\*\*\* AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Very smart or bawdy.
  - \*\*\*\*\* LITIT HOUR WITH JANE FROMAN, NINO MARTINI, JULIUS TANNEN, ERNO RAPEE & TED HUSING (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Sings and starts in parade.
  - \*\*\*\*\* WOODBURY WITH BING CROSBY & LENNIE HAYTON.
  - \*\*\*\*\* LUCKY STRIKE WITH JACK PEARL (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Goodby, please, baron.
  - \*\*\*\*\* NINO MARTINI (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Verdy, verdy operatic.
  - \*\*\*\*\* DEEP RIVER WITH WILLARD ROBISON (CBS).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Stimulating, new-sort-of music.
  - \*\*\*\*\* KRAFT-FRENK WITH PAUL WHITE-MAN (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* A small program.
  - \*\*\*\*\* BUICK WITH GUSTAVE HAENSCHEIN (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* TEACUP WITH ED WYNN (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* Choking again, our scouts say.
  - \*\*\*\*\* NESTLE WITH ETHEL SHULTA, DON BESTOR & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
  - \*\*\*\*\* A sweet team: O'Keefe and Shulta.

Check your opinions of current radio programs with the opinions

# RADIO STARS



Lecta Rider  
Houston Chronicle



Andrew W. Smith  
Birmingham Herald



James E. Chinn  
Washington Star

- \*\*\* ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THIBAUT & DON VOORHEES' ORCHESTRA FOR CASTORIA (CBS).  
A welcome addition to the winter's entertainment.
- \*\*\* THE AMERICAN REVUE WITH ETHEL WATERS, GEORGE BEATTY AND DORSEY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- \*\*\* THE IPANA TROUBADORS WITH FRANK BLACK (NBC).
- \*\*\* JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS (NBC).  
Thanks, Jack Frost, for those tasteful ads.
- \*\*\* NBC SYMPHONY CONCERT WITH FRANK BLACK'S ORCHESTRA AND EGON PETRI, PIANIST (NBC).  
Grand and glorious music for a quiet home evening.
- \*\*\* CHEVROLET WITH JACK BENNY (NBC).  
Some of us thought Benny should get five stars "plus."
- \*\*\* JOHN MCGORMACK WITH W. DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- \*\*\* SINCLAIR MINSTRELS (NBC).
- \*\*\* THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
- \*\*\* Sweet sincerity is a hard formula to beat.
- \*\*\* LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- \*\*\* SUNDAY AT SETH PARKERS' (NBC).
- \*\*\* POND'S PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG & LEE WILY (NBC).  
A novel idea that improves as it grows older.
- \*\*\* YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN CARBER (NBC).
- \*\*\* LAD AND ESTHER SERENADE WITH WAYNE KING (NBC & CBS).  
Sweet music.
- \*\*\* REAL SILK WITH VINCENT LOPEZ (NBC).  
They've shelved Lopez, the news says.
- \*\*\* MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND (NBC).
- \*\*\* PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
- \*\*\* CUTEX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).  
Building up some, we hear.
- \*\*\* ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
- \*\*\* EVENING IN PARIS (CBS).  
Please send that French dialect back where it came from.
- \*\*\* FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. NUCHES (NBC).  
Adroit show producing.
- \*\*\* GULF PROGRAM WITH WILL ROGERS (NBC).  
Will seems a little tired of it all.
- \*\*\* CHASE & SANDORN WITH RUTH LYTING AND JIMMIE DURANTE (CBS).  
Good guys while they had it.
- \*\*\* BLACKSTONE PLANTATION WITH SANDERSON & CRUMIT (NBC).  
Circle, circle, who's got the electric.
- \*\*\* BOND BREAD PROGRAM WITH SANDERSON & CRUMIT (CBS).  
Ditto.
- \*\*\* ROYAL GELATINE WITH BERT LAHR AND GEORGE OLSEN (NBC).  
Olsen's music holds this up.

- \*\*\* PABST BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).  
Too much Pabst, Mr. Bernie.
- \*\*\* EX-LAX WITH GERTRUDE NIESEN, LULU MCCONNELL & ISHAM JONES (CBS).
- \*\*\* MYRT & MARGE (CBS).
- \*\*\* AMOS 'N' ANOY (NBC).
- \*\*\* ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).  
Consistently good and bad in spots.
- \*\*\* DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
- \*\*\* BAKERS BROADCAST WITH JOE PENNER & OZZIE NELSON (NBC).
- \*\*\* WARDEN LAWS IN 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).
- \*\*\* WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN & FRANK MUNN (NBC).  
Some like and some don't.
- \*\*\* ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).  
Consistently absorbing but loosely produced.
- \*\*\* CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE (CBS).
- \*\*\* EASY ACES (CBS).  
Their day-time lame is almost equal to their night show.
- \*\*\* THREASDS OF HAPPINESS WITH TOMMY McLAUGHLIN (CBS).
- \*\*\* ELDER MITHAUX AND HIS CONGREGATION (CBS).  
Good if you like hot-cha religion.
- \*\*\* GEORGE JESSEL (CBS).
- \*\*\* WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).
- \*\*\* His Girl Friday was a pleasant surprise.
- \*\*\* HAZEL M. SERENADE WITH MALI JOHNSON SINGERS (CBS).
- \*\*\* LIVES AT STAKE (NBC).  
Old-fashioned but effective.
- \*\*\* RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ROXY (NBC).
- \*\*\* SHIP OF JOY WITH CAPT. DOBBSIE (NBC).  
For lonely and simple souls.
- \*\*\* BEAC-CHUNNINGHAM WITH COL. LOUIS MCHENRY HOWE (NBC).  
How's a stuff just doesn't rate serious attention.
- \*\*\* FORD'S W/ LUM & ABNER (NBC).
- \*\*\* SINGIN' SAM (CBS).  
He's retiring, they say, which is just okay.
- \*\*\* OLDSMOBILE PROGRAM (CBS).
- \*\*\* MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).  
Good, but a little too much of the Rowing Bowes.
- \*\*\* SWIFT REVUE WITH OLSEN AND JOHNSON & SOSNICK'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- \*\*\* COLUMBIA NEWS SERVICE (CBS).
- \*\*\* LUM & ABNER JUICE WITH IRENE RICH (NBC).
- \*\*\* LUM & ABNER JUICE WITH IRENE RICH (NBC).
- \*\*\* SALESMAN (CBS).  
A recent change may improve this.
- \*\*\* THE GOLDBERGS (NBC).  
Mother love at its best and worst.
- \*\*\* PULCHER NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).  
NBC news and less half-baked opinions, please.

Curtis Mitchell  
RADIO STARS Magazine, Chairman  
Alton Cook  
New York World-Telegram, N.Y.C.  
Larry Walters  
Chicago Tribune, Chicago, Ill.  
S. A. Coleman  
Wichita Beacon, Wichita, Kans.  
Norman Siegel  
Cleveland Press, Cleveland, O.  
Andrew W. Smith  
News & Age-Herald, Birmingham, Ala.  
Lecta Rider  
Houston Chronicle, Houston, Texas  
Si Steinhauser  
Pittsburgh Press, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Leo Miller  
Bridgeport Herald, Bridgeport, Conn.  
Charlotte Geer  
Newark Evening News, Newark, N. J.  
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Florida Times-Union, Jacksonville, Fla.  
Dan Thompson  
Louisville Times, Louisville, Ky.  
R. B. Westergaard  
Register & Tribune, Des Moines, Ia.  
C. L. Kern  
Indianapolis Star, Indianapolis, Ind.  
James E. Chinn  
Evening and Sunday Star,  
Washington, D. C.  
H. Dean Fitzer  
Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.  
Walter Ramsey  
Dell Publishing Co., Hollywood, Calif.  
Vivian M. Gardner  
Wisconsin News, Milwaukee, Wis.

of some top-notch critics—who know all their critical radio onions!

# HAVE YOU VOTED . . . ?

More fun and excitement! Cast a ballot for your favorites.  
And help elect the kings and queens of radio!

**W**HO'S your favorite announcer . . . ?  
Who's your favorite comedian . . . ?

Who's your little whoozis?

All of which introduces RADIO STARS Magazine's first annual National Radio Popularity Poll.

All over America, folks are voting for their radio favorites. Ed Wynn is locked in a death grapple with Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee and Ben Bernie are tangling batons for the honor of being the U.S.A.'s white-haired ork conductor. The air is filled with the hoots and huzzas of fighting fan clubs. Every vote counts. If you've a yen for the dese, dem and doze of Etting, Wiley, Morgan or Joe Penner, put your heart's desire

in black and white and mail to your favorite radio magazine.

And if you don't think those votes of yours are important, listen to this, Graham! RADIO STARS Magazine is having designed, at tremendous expense—positively colossal—a group of awards appropriate to the occasion. These awards, emblematic of membership in the royal family of my and your radio kingdom, will be given to those fortune's favorites that you elect.

So vote! Exercise your franchise as a listener. Fill in the spaces on the ballot printed below. Don't forget your name and address. Age, too, if you aren't too coy. And mail before February 15, 1934.

## The RADIO STARS Magazine's National Radio Popularity Poll OFFICIAL BALLOT

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. ....<br>(Favorite Announcer)        | 6. ....<br>(Favorite Actress)                |
| 2. ....<br>(Favorite Comedian)         | 7. ....<br>(Favorite Male Classic Singer)    |
| 3. ....<br>(Favorite Orchestra Leader) | 8. ....<br>(Favorite Female Classic Singer)  |
| 4. ....<br>(Favorite Orchestra)        | 9. ....<br>(Favorite Male Popular Singer)    |
| 5. ....<br>(Favorite Actor)            | 10. ....<br>(Favorite Female Popular Singer) |

Your Name .....	Type of Radio You Have .....
Street and No. ....	Year It Was Purchased .....
City and State .....	Your Age .....

Mail all entries before Feb. 15, 1934, to RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Ave., New York City

## WHO'S WHO BEHIND THE MIKE



**WILLIAM ADAMS . . .** It's natural that Bill take the part of President Roosevelt in the March of Time program. His father was a Democratic leader, his mother a cousin of Maude Adams, Roosevelt, and Bill graduated from Heidelberg College in Ohio with a major in law and politics. Born in 1887 in Tiffin, Ohio, pitched professional baseball, studied music and drama; is married.

**ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT . . .**

The Town Crier, as he's known at CBS, was born in Elizabeth, N. J., Jan. 19, 1887. A few years after graduation from Hamilton College in 1909, he entered upon the successive jobs of dramatic critic on the New York Times, Herald-Tribune and World. He's written books, acted on Broadway, writes magazine articles and is a contributor to the *Acting Career*.



**ROBERT TAPLINGER . . .** Bob, of "Meet the Artist" fame, at CBS made his first broadcast in Philadelphia in 1909. When the family moved to Atlantic City, Bob got a job as a life guard. Now he spends his time running around with radio editors, eating cake and drinking milk, and falling in love with movie stars. He's single, stands 5 feet 10 and weighs 170 pounds.

**CAROLINE GRAY . . .**

Although she looks Irish and has a Southern accent, she was born and reared in Pennsylvania. She went to Carnegie Tech to study piano, then became hostess pianist at WCAU in Philadelphia. She has blue eyes, black hair, is 5 feet 6 inches tall and calls herself the studio pianist at CBS. She's the girl who plays those piano interludes just before you hear the chimes.



**WILLIAM DALY . . .** He left his job on Broadway because of the long hours and joined NBC because of his interest in radio. His life has been that of a composer, railroad employee, magazine editor, grand opera conductor and band director. Born in Cincinnati of actor parents. Attended Harvard. Is medium-sized and slender, and has an uncontrollable mass of brown hair.

**J. HARRISON ISLES . . .**

Isles became musical director for the radio broadcasts, those early morning war reports, after a wide experience as a conductor, arranger and composer. His specialty for many years was in building vaudeville acts. Then he organized his own orchestra, Montgomery, N. Y., is his birthplace. Got his musical education at Ithaca Conservatory of Music.



**ORTIZ TIRADO . . .** Mexico's contribution to radio (this one, anyway) is both a fine surgeon and a fine singer. First Dr. Tirado specialized in medicine and surgery, then began to take his hobby—music—seriously. He became the featured tenor of the National Opera of Mexico, sang for two years on NEW and then NBC signed him. While in New York broadcasting he's still studying surgery.



**IRENE BEASLEY . . .** On her father's farm near Whitehaven, Tenn., Irene studied piano from her 85-year-old grandmother. When six, she moved to Texas where she studied some more. Then came Sweet Briar College in Virginia. Then school-teaching in Mississippi. Her radio career began on a small station; then she went on the air in Chicago, did recordings and, later, broadcasts.

**MILDRED ROSE . . .**

Mildred's mother taught piano. Her grandfather, Valentine Rank, was General Grant's band master during the war. Mildred was born Jan. 2, 1901, in Brooklyn. She studied piano and voice, played in a movie house when in high school, and made her debut at WEAJ in 1924. Columbia got her in 1932. She's on the Cathedral Hour, that pleasant interlude on NBC.



**STEPHEN FOX . . .** He was born in New Orleans and educated in Eton School and Dublin University in Ireland. His mother's family has been in the Irish theatre for generations. As an adventurer, Stephen has held all kinds of jobs during his career. Served in the war and came back with loads of medals. His principal program is the "Theatre of Today" on CBS.

**WENDELL HALL . . .**

He's the guy that gave us "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More." It was only an accident that he wasn't born in Decatur, Ill. It so happened that Wendell's mother was visiting in St. George, Kansas, when the future music maker arrived. Chicago has been his home most of the time. There's a Mrs. and two little Halls. Started radio in 1921.

**ROSARIO BOURDON . . .**

A native of Canada, a student in Belgium, a cellist with the world's leading symphonies, a concert soloist in Germany, France, Spain, the Scandinavian countries and the Balkans—that's the life of this forty-odd-year-old man who has conducted the Cities Square Orchestra since 1927 and directed the orchestral accompaniments for Jessica Dragonette.

**VIDA SUTTON . . .**

Miss Sutton is in her sixth consecutive season as director of the "Magic of Speech" program on NBC. Recognized as an outstanding American authority on correct speech, her articles on the subject appear frequently in leading magazines and she is in demand as a lecturer. She belongs to the Academy of Arts and Letters and is NBC's check on speakers' diction.



**MARY MCCOY . . .** From Great Bend, Kansas, came this petite blonde to do musical work in New York. She came after Mme. Schumann-Heink heard her in her home state and asked her to try the concert stage and radio. Mary is blue eyed, weighs 110 pounds and stands 5 feet 4. She was soloist on the Richfield Country Club and is also the Eugenia Skidmore on the Cuckoo program.

# THE SECRET STORY OF ED WYNN'S GREATEST MISTAKE

He had an ambitious idea, plenty of money, and faith in his co-workers—all the ingredients necessary to insure success. Yet, they failed him and left this fine comedian a somewhat disillusioned, but infinitely wiser man

**T**HE grinning mask of the comedian has always been destined to conceal tragedy. It's the pathetic tale immortalized in "Pagliacci." A few years ago, millions were singing the same story to the tune of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh."

Ten minutes before, Ed Wynn had been on the stage of the NBC studio, joking with Graham, hooting his ridiculous laugh, convulsing a studio audience of hundreds and invisible listeners to the number of forty million. Now, sitting in the ante-room of the studio, he was haggard and worn. The grease paint and powder served, not to hide, but to accentuate the lines of pain and trouble which creased his face.

Ed Wynn was sick. Even in the chair, he was unable to relax. His body was strapped with leather and adhesive tape. "Sacro-iliac trouble," he explained. But it was the mental torture which twisted his countenance so grimly. Men in such a state say, "What's the use of trying to go on?" Was Wynn ready to give up? He had every reason to be.

Ed, you see, had put his faith in his friends and had found them wanting. Business men often believe they could be good actors. Wynn, like many another actor, thought he'd be a good business man.

He'd had lofty hopes then. He'd had visions of himself as the master mind of a network stretching from coast-to-coast through which he'd intrigue the nation with the magic of master showmanship he'd learned in his years on

Broadway. It was to be a profitable enterprise too. Radio should be financially generous to him as it had been to the Columbia Broadcasting System and to the National Broadcasting Company.

He lavished his enthusiasm on members of the press when he made the formal announcement of the formation of the Amalgamated Broadcasting System. He told them of the important advertisers who stood ready to support him with their sponsorship of programs. Rumors flitted about the radio world that the chain had the moral support of President Roosevelt. The supposition was strengthened when Curtis M. Dall, son-in-law of Mr. Roosevelt became one of the executives of the organization.

**B**UT experienced radio men shook their heads dubiously. They were thinking of such barriers to Wynn's success as the difficulty of obtaining good outlets for his programs. If you couldn't

reach a large audience, what was the sense of trying to organize a new network? They advised him against it. It couldn't be done.

Couldn't he do it? Ed was certain it could. He knew that his dream couldn't fail to become real. But the first thing was to get the organization together. The stations could come later. They needed fine offices, offices that would instill in his lieutenants the spirit of success. He'd show those unbelievers.

The offices were expensively decorated and furnished.



In spite of everything—and he has been through plenty—Ed Wynn can still laugh. Even when he thinks of the \$180,000 he spent over a period of seventeen years to build himself as "The Perfect Fool"—and the fact that when he was but two weeks on the air everyone knew him as "The Fire Chief." For, he says, "My business is to make people laugh, not to make myself feel like crying."

By JOHN  
SKINNER



At first the radio world was impressed. But as weeks slipped by with little seeming to materialize in the Amalgamated headquarters, it began to wonder. Ed, however, wasn't the least bit worried. He knew everything was going to be just fine. Why in a few days, they'd move into new and larger quarters on Madison Avenue, just across the street from the Columbia Broadcasting System building. Work on the studios had already begun.

The cynics became temporarily less raucous in their predictions of failure when Amalgamated finally did move, and Ed, himself was full of confidence. And he expected to be able to register satisfaction soon. Here in the new headquarters, was something reassuringly tangible. The studios were being equipped in up-to-the-minute manner. The executive offices and a board room, for lavishness of design, were exceeded by few in New York.

A date had been set for the formal opening. Now he'd be able to prove the skeptics had been hasty in their forecasts of failure. But that opening was postponed. And again it was put off. And again. The critics opened fire once more.

**W**YNN wouldn't listen. Things were going all right. Too bad he'd have to be in Hollywood for the filming of his picture, "The Fire Chief," when the opening finally did take place, but he'd have his day of triumph later.

Now a star engaged in making a motion picture is a pretty busy person. Wynn was particularly occupied with his trying, wearing work, for he was eager to get back to New York to watch the progress of his network. But he could always steal a few minutes to study the reports wired to him each day. They were full of hope. Sponsors seemed eager to pay good fees for time on his chain. Then he received word that the long-delayed opening had taken place. At last his network was on the air.

But his elation was destined to a short life. Soon came the first day of a week of tortured doubt, suspicion. Rumor had whispered that all was not well within the Amalgamated Broadcasting System. It is said along Radio Row that a syndicate radio column written by Peter Dixon was shown to him. It revealed the (Continued on page 66)

# ••• THE LUCKIEST

First they thrilled to a star's voice, then chance arranged a meeting between them—and soon they were fast friends

By JEAN PELLETIER

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

SOME people have all the luck.

And I'm not talking about radio artists whom kind fortune raised to dizzy heights of fame, but the listeners like you. Listeners who have dreamed dreams of hope.

The mystic allure in the far-flung voices of broadcastland clutches at the heart and mind of the listener whether he be in the remotest hamlet or in the greatest metropolis. It stirs a longing to know or just to be near the star in whose voice or music there is a strange appeal to the heart or intellect or soul. Many have heard those sounds, impelling as the pipes of Pan, but few have been able to respond.

Some day you who dream of the thrill of such an experience may have your hope fulfilled as did those listeners of whom I'm going to tell. It's even possible that you, like pretty Peggy Healy, once just an adorer of Paul Whiteman's music, might become a radio star in your own right because you met the artist you most admired. Or again you might become the friend of a star as others have. You never can tell.

Nino Martini is a romantic soul. He is, in fact, the soul of romance. That tenor's voice, soaring through the night, is the spirit of evenings in gondolas and days in sunny olive groves. Women dream as they sit before their loudspeakers and listen to the mellow power of his voice.

Now not even lovely Park Avenue debutantes always meet the radio star to whom they've listened and of whom they've dreamed. Virginia Hillary had long been a devoted follower of Nino's broadcasts. Both were guests



When a popular broadcaster approaches his studio the autograph-seekers are ready with their albums, for the nearest most of us come to contacting celebrities is when they're "on the wing" and too busy to remember.

at the gay election night party given to Fiorello H. La Guardia to celebrate his election as Mayor of New York. She had pictured the singer as a tall heavy set man with an opera tenor's traditionally prominent stomach. When he was presented to her, it was only the soft fire burning in the eyes of this handsome, slender fellow which convinced her it really was Nino.

He asked her to dance. For a moment her fine poise almost deserted her. Even for a young woman of the sophisticated New York world to find that someone she had admired so ardently from so far surpassed the hero of her imagination, the situation was momentarily upsetting. But they whirled gracefully away.

The next morning, the beginning of a crisply autumnal day, two riders cantered along the bridle path of Central

# FANS IN THE WORLD •••

Park. They talked of the beauty of Venice, the glory of Italian song. It was Virginia and Nino. Two nights later, Virginia is gazing at him adoringly as he sings into the microphone. I regret that at this point we must leave them, but, may I remark that it looks like the beginning of, shall we say, a beautiful friendship?

There's a slender, pretty blonde of soft and thrilling voice on Columbia programs. How many of you are there who'd like to meet this creature, sweet and unaffected in the hard, glittering world of radio. Would you like to know her as

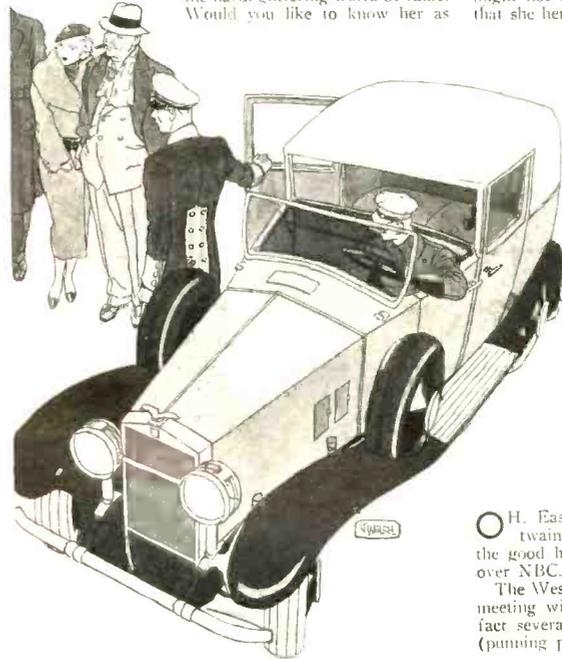
much as did Sylvia Malone, the girl who was sure she never could?

Though Vera Van was just a voice, Sylvia had created a beautiful conception of the singer. The little Malone girl had a distant hope of someday caroling to a great audience herself. If she could only speak to Vera, tell her of her aspirations. But she was afraid. Afraid because to the star she might be just another of the thousands a radio celebrity meets every month, troubled because Vera might not meet the ideal she'd built of her, frightened that she herself might feel too inferior.

Fortune and an understanding mother took a hand in the matter. Vera was singing with Ted Fio Rito's orchestra in the Hotel St. Francis in San Francisco. And Sylvia's mother happened to have a professional connection with the hotel. Timidly she approached this singer whom her daughter admired so much. Could she have a picture for Sylvia? Of course she could.

Oh, how grateful was the daughter. But still Sylvia didn't know the singer. She'd probably bothered her enough already. With great care her sixteen-year-old hands fashioned a lovely decorative doll. Even if she couldn't know Vera, she could show her appreciation by sending the doll as a Christmas gift.

A few days later came the greatest surprise in Sylvia's life. She was invited to a tea dance at the St. Francis by the blonde songbird. She found Vera as genuine and as sweet as could be imagined. From that day to this the two have been friends. Vera says Sylvia's her best advisor. Now, though separated by 3,000 miles, they are faithful correspondents.



OH, East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet, except that they once did through the good humor of Gene and Glenn's melodic frivolity over NBC.

The West, being Gene and Glenn, had its first hint at a meeting with the East when it received a charming, in fact several charming, letters from one Gann Ho Bow (punning prohibited); a little (Continued on page 84)



Paul Whiteman believes in giving youth a break. (Right) Peggy Healy who auditioned and now works for the maestro.



Here is Marjorie Geotschius, one of Jessica Dragonette's (right) many admirers. She met the star and was invited to sing for her.









# IT'S WHISPERED THAT ...

Get your slippers and a cigarette and settle down for a nice gossipy moment with the radio folks

*divorce from Roy Scelley became final recently. Harriet has denied any love plot with Oliver Nelson, her band-leader boss.*

**B**y the time you read this, the Rudy Vallee wife troubles will probably have been completely aired, and we'll wager that Rudy comes out on top. His wife, Fay Webb, was the one who took it into the courts this time. Thousands of women hold Rudy as their idol. Yet Rudy remains a lonely bachelor with a chow dog as his only home companion.

**R**USS COLUMBO and United Artists are being sued by Con Conrad, the man who first managed Colombo, and piloted him to fame. Con says his contract with Russ is still in effect, and says Russ and U. A. didn't consult him when the movie "Broadway Through a Keyhole" was filmed with Russ in an important role.

*Just so there'll be no more money troubles, Conrad has taken out \$100,000 insurance to protect his interests in Del Campo, his new tenor "find" who is enjoying a CBS buildup.*

**U**NLESS SOMETHING has gone haywire, Norris Goff (the Abner of Lum and Abner) has an addition to the family—his first—by this time.

**BARBARA BLAIR** ("Snoomy") has had a bit of bad luck. When she went off the air last year, she couldn't seem to grab another sponsor. And then she had an accident, resulting in the loss of fifty pounds. Now she's throwing up her hands at radio for the time being and is in Hollywood dickering with movies.

*"Radio Romeo" is the title of a new radio music recently completed by Warner Brothers. It was written by Jerry Wald, whose stories have appeared in RADIO STARS from time to time, and gives the low-down on lots of things in radio.*

**V**ERNA BURKE, NBC singer, hasn't been doing so well lately in getting new jobs. So she's trying other things, among which have been auditioning for a series of beauty talks.

**L**EE SIMS, with his wife, Honay Bailey, is at home in Forest Hills, Long Island, writing a text book on piano playing. When that's through, he and his wife may be back on the air it and when a sponsor is found who will pay the price.

*Oliver Hakefield, the English comedian you've heard a couple times on the Rudy Vallee program, was recently married and is now on the West Coast. Could it be the movies?*

**T**IS whispered that Muriel Wilson was dropped from the Maxwell House Showboat because she had two other commercial programs. And Maxwell wanted her voice exclusively.

**P**ROPHECIES are the style, so here goes!

If his material holds up, Joe Penner will be the out-standing comic of 1934. Ethel Waters will remain the hottest—and also the saddest—of the songsters. Del Campo will be Columbia's next big name artist. Lanny Ross will make a name for himself in movies. Jack Benny will be the one "old comedian" to hold his own. No matter what new names come forward or what present artists increase in popularity, Rudy Vallee will still finish 1934 on top. Orchestras will continue to have lousy singers. Drama will be officially recognized.

*The following can pass into oblivion in 1934 and not be missed. Sunderson & Cramit, Potash & Perlmanter, one-half of the girl trios, three-fourths of the males who sing with orchestras on sustaining, and the hisping of so many Columbia announcers.*

**L**EOPOLD STOKOWSKY believes in comfort. And why not? When the Chesterfield series opened in Philadelphia, Stokowsky perched himself on a high three-legged stool, jerked off his vest, coat, tie and collar and then tucked his unbuttoned shirt inward. "Conducting makes me very warm," he confessed. And then he added, "Clothes are a nuisance anyway." Now we know that the director of the Philadelphia 5 is another who won't let convention interfere with art or his own personal comfort.

**D**O you remember that picture of Muriel Wilson we printed two months ago. Well, a Mrs. Pfeiffer of Muncie, Indiana, saw that picture and thought it was her daughter, Jane, who had been missing for several months. The daughter left Indiana for New York to study voice and seek a career in radio. For some reason, she failed to let her parents know her whereabouts.

So when Mrs. Pfeiffer saw Muriel's picture in RADIO STARS and noticed the similarity, she thought maybe her daughter was working under an assumed name. Not only did the picture resemble Jane, but some of the likes and dislikes of Muriel fit the missing girl.

With a neighbor, Mrs. Pfeiffer came to New York and visited the National Broadcasting Studios for several days in succession until she met Muriel. Her hopes were dashed. She realized she was wrong. And so back to Muncie she went, disappointed.

**I**T'S not a thing generally mentioned, but you older folk who remember the original Old Taylor whiskey might care to know that that beverage was manufactured by the grandfather of Beatrice Fairfax of radio, Dr. M. S. Taylor (Voice of Experience to you). But the radio doctor of hearts follows the footsteps of father rather than grandfather. The Doc's poppa, you see, repudiated grandpa's business by becoming a militant dry crusader. And the V. of E. never touches the stuff himself. Fact is, at a recent radio party, we saw him quite firmly refuse highballs made from that very potion his grandsire made famous.

*Harriet Hilliard, singer on the Baker's Broadcast, is free again. Her*



Connie Boswell learned to smile at Old Man Trouble years ago. It was he who challenged her courage and determined her to succeed

## BRAVEST GIRL IN RADIO

By HELEN HOVER

CONNIE BOSWELL'S life lies in her eyes. They are black and flashing, and show fire and gaiety. And yet in their luminous depths is a hint of past sufferings.

Connie, the throaty warbler and soloist of the Boswell Sisters, has proven that no obstacle is too great. And Connie knows. Because she has fought her way to the top in spite of the greatest handicap that nature can impose on a woman. And because Connie's life is the story of her great triumph over ill health and a terrible affliction, I want to tell you about it.

Perhaps if you've seen the Boswell Sisters on the stage, you've noticed that the three dark-eyed girls are grouped very closely together on the piano bench. And perhaps you've wondered why they never stood up to take a bow, no matter how many curtain calls they received.

They can't. Connie is crippled, from the waist down. And what the audience doesn't see is that moment just before the curtain rises on them, when the girls' manager, Harry Leedy, lifts Connie in his arms like a baby and seats her in the bench. And then carries her off again at the end of their act to the invalid chair that is always waiting for her in the wings.

There was a time when Connie was roller-skating and riding a bicycle like any other happy-go-lucky kid in her home town, New Orleans. The neighbors used to laugh

Mrs. Boswell's beautiful daughters. Vet, Martha and Connie as they appear in "Moulin Rouge," a musical movie starring Constance Bennett.



at the funny sight of little Connie valiantly trying to seat baby Vet on the handlebars of her bicycle to give her a ride. And Martha, the big sister, would rush out from her laborious piano lessons and rescue Vet from her precarious position.

And then, one day, right after Connie's fifth birthday, Martha and Vet came out of the house alone, with no madcap Connie along to tease them. Their faces were serious, their eyes big with some secret trouble they could not quite understand, and they didn't join in the games the other children were playing.

"Connie's sick," they whispered. "Connie's inside and she's very, very sick indeed." (Continued on page 86)



## THERE IS NO DUCK!

**J**UNE in on the NBC blue-WJZ network some Sunday evening at 7 E. S. T. and see if you agree that Joe Penner seems destined to become one of the outstanding comics of 1934. Less than ten years ago Joe was a mechanic in an automobile factory. One evening he was persuaded to go on the stage at an amateur night show and it was then and there that he pulled his now celebrated line, "Wanna buy a duck?" No one did, but vaudeville scouts in the audience liked the idea and engaged him on the spot. Soon he was on Broadway. Movies grabbed him and he made twenty-four shorts. One night he was presented to radio on the Rudy Vallee program. Immediately broadcast moguls awoke to the fact that he had that something called radio "it." So they put him in an ether show with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard and let him ask the whole country if it wanted to buy a duck. Up to now, no one has made an offer. If they did, Joe would surely be embarrassed, for—here's a deep, dark secret—Joe hasn't a duck.



### HER HABIT'S BEING BUSY

**I**RENE RICH is the backward girl of the movies who's making good on the air avenues. Backward, not in personality, merely in the way she goes about things. Instead of starting on the stage, shifting to the flickers and then getting married and raising a family, Irene did it all vice versa. First she fell in love and said it before a preacher; became the mother of two daughters; then, at the age of twenty-six, she entered the movies. Of course she didn't make pictures at the start. Fact is, there were six weeks when she couldn't find a blessed thing to do. But along came a few extra parts, and within a year she was given her first lead, playing opposite Dustin Farnum in "The Man in the Open." After she made quite an enviable name for herself in Hollywood, she consented to sing the praises of Welch Grape Juice for NBC listeners. Irene appears much younger than forty-one, weighs less than when she was 16, and has made a life-long habit of being busy.

Her advice to all women who would keep their youth and beauty—clear through the forties and afterwards—has to do with that same habit of busy-ness. And being interested. And having a hobby. Irene's hobby is her garden—in which she really and truly works.



LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI sets a new pace in radio trends. He is directing what many say is the finest symphony orchestra in the world in a series of nightly fifteen minute broadcasts. Never before has radio attempted the difficult feat of bringing symphonic music to the loudspeakers nightly. Or in fifteen minute batches. Chesterfield Cigarettes are paying the bills and wondering just how their valiant experiment is going to turn out. Stokowski was born in London in 1882. As a child, he studied piano, violin, organ and theory of music. After a session in the Paris conservatory and later serving as a London organist, he came to New York as organist for St. Bartholomew's Church. That was in 1905. Four years later, when Cincinnati was looking for a leader to lift its symphony orchestra out of the doldrums, he was invited to preside. In three seasons he had done such a dynamite job, he was asked to take over the direction of Philadelphia's famous symphony and has conducted it ever since.

Stokowski is ever the friend of the present-day composer—if his compositions show merit. He isn't afraid of musical novelties—in fact, he is noted for going out of the way to avoid the stereotyped in symphony programs and to encourage the struggling musician.





Photographs by Ray Lee Jackson

WHEN just a little shaver, Robert Simmons, who carols between Lucky Strike's Munchausen yarns, was the squirrel-voiced pride of a tank town stuck between the corn-rows of Missouri, a place named Fair-play. He studied music because it was fun—believe it or not—and sang until the neighbors hollered "Uncle." At eighteen, his parents moved to St. Louis, but Bob went on to study and graduate from Boston University and the New England Conservatory of Music. His first pay check came when the Conservatory engaged him to return as a teacher. Back in St. Louis, folks were hearing of him. The local Civic Light Opera Company needed a tenor, and the spot was offered Bob. He made his début before a packed amphitheatre while his proud pa, a Methodist minister and singer, pounded his palms together until they ached. Two brothers, that singing father and Bob used to form a village quartet in Missouri. William Simmons was his name until a fast-talking manager persuaded him that the public would go for a Bob sooner than a Willie. So it's Robert to you and you and his girl friend. No, sir, he's not married. Free, white and twenty-nine.

Recently Bob wanted to find out just what kind of music the public liked. So he applied (incognito, of course) and, to his surprise, secured a position as salesman in the music department of Bloomingdale's, the big New York department store. All day he sold radios, phonographs and records and slyly asked his customers what they liked and disliked. Valuable experience.



HE STUDIED FOR FUN



**AMERICAN MAKES GOOD**

**A**LBERT SPALDING is the man who proved that a native American artist can rank with the world's greatest. Listen in to his Wednesday night recitals—8:30 E. S. T. over CBS—if there is a doubt in your mind. Born in Chicago of wealthy parents (the Spaldings of sporting goods fame), he automatically suffered handicaps when he began to study the violin. Rich man's son . . . fiddler . . . fooler. Thus he had to fight his way through skeptics and back-biters. By the time he was fourteen, he had graduated from the Bologna Conservatory. When he began to appear with symphony orchestras, and was invited back for repeat engagements, some of those unbelievers began to admit that the boy could play. When he, the only American ever to appear at the famous La Scala, returned home in triumph, they filled the streets with ticker tape and red fire. Since then he's added a basketful of honors, among them France's Cross of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and Italy's Cross of the Crown of Italy. Also, he has played in every civilized city in the world.

In twenty odd years of his American recitals, he's established a record of almost 100 performances a year. And his concert fees alone usually total close to a hundred thousand dollars a year. Who says good music doesn't pay? Imagine making \$100,000 a year selling tennis rackets, had he followed the trade of his family. On his present program he gets lots of support from Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Don Voorhees' orchestra.



# BEHIND STUDIO DOORS



1. Joe Penner and Ozzie Nelson go over their lines before the "Bakers' broadcast." 2. Here are a group on the "Meet the Artist" program. (Left to right) Myrt, Guy Lombardo, Norm Sherr, Marge, Tom Shirley, Vincent Lopez, Francis X. Bushman, Harry Richman and Bob Taplinger. 3. Some of the Sinclair Greater Minstrels—Gene Arnold, Bill Childs and Cliff Soublair. 4. Jack Pearl, the "Baron Munchausen," and his pal, "Sharlie," arrive at a movie premiere. 5. Jimmy Durante unleashes his "poisonality" with the assistance of Ruth Etting and Rubino. 6. All set for some of Jack Frost's Melody Moments—Josef Pasternack's orchestra, John Fogarty and Alois Havrilla. 7. The Ipana Troubadours ready to face the mike. 8. (Left to right) Jack Benny, Mary Livingston, Alois Havrilla, Frank Parker and Frank Black, principals on the Chevrolet program.

# The unknown story of the



You couldn't find two greater opposites than Eddie Cantor—serious, hard-working Eddie—and Georgie Jessel, who has an in-born talent for getting into scrapes.



Norma Talmadge. Will she marry Georgie Jessel? Gossipers have talked and written about it for months. There's no doubt about their devotion to each other.

A BEAUTIFUL tradition has died. Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel aren't the same Cantor and Jessel the world knew—and loved. Something has happened to this greatest and most famous of all theatre friendships. Some people say there was a fight between the two in Hollywood. Others give different reasons. But the real cause of the rift goes pretty far back.

What people must remember is that Georgie Jessel and Eddie Cantor have the average human faults and weaknesses. Even their twenty-year friendship couldn't withstand petty quarrels, petty jealousies and petty misunderstandings. I want you to know just what Georgie and Eddie meant to each other. Then you'll understand why people who knew them shake their heads sadly and mourn the end of their friendship.

Georgie Jessel as a child was like so many other hundreds of poor New York boys who were allowed to tear around loose. He was a tease and a pest. He was the freshest kid on the block. Only one thing kept him from being the most disliked. That was his swell sense of mimicry. Whenever he stepped on the toes of some of the older boys, he'd start grimacing and singing his way out of a beating. And so it was only natural that this fresh little Harlem boy ended up where many fresh little kids did—in Gus Edwards' kid show. He sang the gay songs of the Nineties in a piping voice along with

another incorrigible—Walter Winchell by name.

ONE day, a new boy came into the show. He was a few years older than Georgie and Walter, and it was whispered that he was going to be a "somebody" some day.

Jessel was too busy doing other things at the moment to notice the new boy. He was engaged in one of his fights. He had played a trick on one of the bigger boys in the act and was caught—and at this point the whole argument was boiling down from words to fists. Just as the bigger boy was about to teach Georgie a thing or two, the new boy came from behind, slyly stuck his foot in the other's way, tripped him up, and then, grabbing Georgie's hand, ran off with him.

When they were in a vantage spot, they stopped running. Georgie looked up at the new boy. "Gee, thanks a lot. What's your name?"

"Eddie Cantor," he answered. And then, to Georgie's surprise Eddie began to hawl him out. "Why did you pick a fight with that guy? Why don't you learn to keep your hands out of trouble?"

And on and on it went. Georgie took it all in with wide open eyes. This was the first time some one had rushed to his defense and then bawled him out. And gradually Georgie looked on him with a deep respect.

# CANTOR—JESSEL

*Jessel*

Pals since boyhood. Staunch professional allies. And now—coldness and misunderstanding. Was lovely Norma Talmadge responsible? Or professional jealousy?

By PEGGY WELLS

That lecture didn't reform Georgie by any means, but he was never fresh to Eddie Cantor. He liked him too much.

And that has always been the relationship between the two. Georgie, impulsive and cocky, was always getting into some sort of scrape. And Eddie, older and more level-headed, was always nearby to get him out of it.

That was the beginning. After "Kid Kabarets" they separated and each went his own way. But only professionally. The Cantor and Jessel friendship was already becoming a legend on Broadway.

Georgie went to Europe and played the English music halls. When he returned he went into vaudeville. It was while on tour that he met and married the gay Florence Courtney, one of the dancing Courtney Sisters.

Then Jessel came back to Broadway and made his biggest success, "The Jazz Singer." Cantor, at this time, was already acknowledged one of the greatest comedians of the day. Every evening, after their respective shows, Georgie and Eddie would get together at the Friars' Club and talk for hours. Georgie would look to Eddie for counsel—and Eddie still kept that big brother watch over his impetuous friend.

I think that their friendship was at its height then. At any rate, from that time on, little things cropped up which were to culminate in their split-up in Holly





Cantor and Jolson and Jessel. Taken some time ago, when Eddie and Georgie were as thick as thieves.

Wide World

wood, which definite break occurred this past summer.

It began with their famous vaudeville act at the Palace two years ago. You may remember the sensation it caused there. And because Cantor was already embarked on the Chase and Sanborn radio hour and had a few successful movies to his credit, there was consequently more power and prestige to his name. He was billed over Jessel. He received \$8,000 a week, Jessel \$4,000.

Jessel would laugh, "I'm the highest paid stooge in the world."

That was all right—when Jessel said it. But when the newspapers took up the cry, "Jessel is Cantor's stooge," that was an entirely different story. He resented playing second fiddle—even to his best friend.

They went on tour. Working and playing together, they became acutely aware of the great differences in temperament between them. Their natures are so decidedly opposite, in fact, that those who know them well often wonder how they ever were such close pals.

Cantor is a family man. His Ida and his five daughters mean more to him than anything else in the world. Serious-minded, in spite of his dizzy professional humor, and a genuine plugger, he works as hard over his gags as a bookkeeper over his figures. Jessel, on the other hand, is flightier. His marriage had gone on the rocks, and he was a little cynical. He has a remarkable, extemporaneous wit and was known in New York as "the greatest after-dinner speaker in the world." He was an intimate friend of gay ex-mayor Jimmy Walker, and was his favorite toastmaster.

So while Cantor kept pretty much to himself, Jessel took in the gay spots. Eddie couldn't stand the sight of Georgie throwing his money to the winds. He began to rebuke him about this. Once they were both invited to a party that was being given in one of the cities they toured.

"I can't go," Cantor said. "I can't keep late hours and do the show."

"But Jessel's going," argued his would-be host.

"Well," remarked Eddie drily, "Georgie goes out for the two of us."

When, with two friends, one is the flippant spender and the other is quiet and conservative, breakups are

always threatened. Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler, the popular comedy team, have often had words because Woolsey objects to Bert's thoughtless squandering. Such was the case, too, with Cantor and Jessel.

**P**ERHAPS Eddie overdid the lectures, and Georgie resented his fault-finding. But at any rate, you can see how these little flare-ups and petty arguments slowly but surely started to wear down the friendship.

But all these things were forgotten when they returned to New York. Cantor was busily working on his Chase and Sanborn hour, when he got a telegram from Hollywood. They needed him for a new picture. He must rush there.

He saw here a chance to help his friend. Cantor went to his radio sponsors and argued them into hiring Jessel to take his place while he was in Hollywood. A great little fixer he was, and a great pal. As a matter of fact, Eddie even stayed a week longer in New York so that he could appear on Jessel's first program, and "break him into radio." After that Georgie carried on alone.

I don't know what it was that caused Jessel to flop on that hour. Perhaps it was because it was almost impossible for anyone to buck the tremendous popularity of Cantor. Perhaps it was because he wasn't quite on to radio technique at that time. But whatever the reason, Jessel heard the fans clamoring, "We want Cantor! We want Cantor!" It was a pretty heartbroken Jessel who left the air.

I must bring in Norma Talmadge at this point because she figures so prominently in Jessel's life. Georgie first met her in 1925. He was playing in "The Jazz Singer" in California at that time, and he noticed the beautiful Norma seated in the first row of the theatre three nights in a row! One night she walked backstage with another man who was also a friend of Jessel's. Thus they met. Norma knew, from the first time she saw Jessel on that California stage, that he was the man for her. And Georgie, looking into Norma's deep brown eyes, fell under her spell. From that time on, a beautiful friendship and a deep love grew up between the twin.

While Cantor has a great respect for Miss Talmadge, several of his friends tell me that he couldn't quite understand Georgie chasing around. (Continued on page 74)

## RADIO'S REBEL

After a couple of false starts, Will Rogers has become an air favorite. However, he's also become a good boy and doesn't wisecrack about the big powerful politician any more

By PETER DIXON



**T**HE third time has worked its charm for Will Rogers. Today, he is an established air favorite and there is every indication that he will continue to be. His recent appearances on the Gulf Oil program were certainly of fourteen karat quality, and that alarm clock of his—say, it's reported that almost every Kiwanis and Rotary luncheon these days has an alarm to choke off its windy speakers. What's good enough to stop Will certainly ought to stop almost anyone else in the world, they figure.

Six years have passed since Rogers made his first network appearance. Folks still haven't forgotten it. It was on the occasion when Rogers staged his famous imitation of the late President Coolidge. The imitation was so good that serious-minded citizens didn't approve, and so nothing more was heard of Rogers on the air for quite a while.

A few years later, Will did a series of air lectures for a tooth-paste manufacturer. For some reason or another, they didn't click. Rogers again went off the air.

As early as last January, the Gulf Oil Company started negotiations with him. The famous cowboy wasn't interested. He had plenty to do to keep him busy, and radio hadn't been so kind to him. Finally, someone remembered his weak point. It was charity.

"We'll pay you so much and you can give the money to your favorite charities," it was suggested. So Rogers went on the air.

And did the listeners like him this time? They did! Almost over night he became one of radio's three most popular comedians. Folks stayed home on Sunday nights

to hear him, and his alarm clock rang from coast to coast.

Just why Will Rogers, after what might be called a couple of false starts, should become one of the greatest stars on the air is puzzling radio executives. But almost any listener knows why. It was because Rogers was just himself and didn't use Broadway wise-cracks or ultra-sophisticated stories. He talked about things everybody was discussing, such as beer, President Roosevelt, the tariff, the Morgan investigation and the weather.

**H**E was really a radio radical. He didn't hire a corps of gagmen to write material for him. He was so careless about that precious thing, radio time, that he introduced the now famous alarm clock into his broadcasts just to check up on himself. And he laughed at his own jokes. He was bashful about newspaper interviews, too.

Want to know about Will Rogers? Not all about him, because that would be almost a two volume biography, but some of the things that will make you like him even more than you do now.

He was born in eastern Oklahoma—Indian territory in those days—and his father, Clem Rogers, owned a cattle ranch. Will had a little schooling, and when he grew into his teens, he became a cowboy. He was pretty good at it, too, and excellent at throwing a rope.

Things were sort of quiet around the home ranch and then came a chance for Will and one of his buddies to go to South America with a shipment of cattle. They went. He was only seventeen then. (Continued on page 71)

## IF YOU WANT A

they're

The air avenues are peopled  
with attractive bachelors

**A** BROOKLYNITE, a singing cop, a tenor—Phil Regan of CBS—and he's eligible.

Irish as the Blarney Stone. Phil is black-haired, gray-eyed and as handsome a young man of twenty-five as New York ever looked twice at.

Has not only looks, but talent. One CBS executive says Phil has the silvery-like tones of Downey, the soulfulness of Crosby, the patience of Job and, well, er, the bank account of John D. the seventh—if there was a John D. the seventh.

Meet him, girls. Then pass judgment. He was born in Brooklyn, May 28, 1908. For some reason or other—could it be his heritage?—he was singing "My Wild Irish Rose" when other neighborhood infants could barely say "Mama." Now 'tis said he's sung it over two thousand times, doing it best when Little Jack Little is at the piano to run the majors and minors to Phil's confusion and the onlookers' amusement.

In those early days in Brooklyn, Phil had one ambition. It was to be a policeman. And perhaps a mounted cop. One unforgettable day in the Regan annals was when son Phil brought home two huge steeds from a dump truck, and tethered them outside the house. A vicious storm came up, thunder and lightning and rain, and Phil's "old man" had to go out in the wet and hold the horses while Phil was being walloped thoroughly by his mother.

**S**TILL, Phil wanted to be a policeman. One day he and a school crony were playing with a loaded gun. The gun went off and plugged Phil in the shoulder, narrowly missing one lung. He ran all the way to the hospital without benefit of ambulance, and spent some months recuperating in the care of good-looking nurses.

Even that couldn't keep Phil from his coppish ambition. He took exams, studied hard, and got an appointment. Then, in the blue uniform of order and justice, he swung his black-jack down the streets of Brooklyn to the tune of a whistled "My Wild Irish Rose."

But alas! Phil sang that song once too often for a cop. Voice-teacher John Hutchinson heard him, convinced him that he was missing a real career, and trained him until the day Phil trotted up to the studios for that gosh-awful audition that studios always have.

He flopped. But about that time he captured a murderer, which made him feel better.

Next, he did what any ambitious kid would have done. He tried radio again and clicked! So in 1932, he went on the air with Abe Lyman, was later featured with Guy Lombardo, and now is presented regularly on sustaining spots.

Again the legend is smashed, and your RADIO STARS Department for Finding Handsome Men scores. We're off to continue our search. Curtain.



PHIL REGAN LIKES THE LADIES



## RADIO HUSBAND

eligible

They have "what it takes"  
to make good life partners

**L**AST month RADIO STARS challenged the legend that radio performers are a bunch of lonely hams hiding behind the mike that hears but doesn't see. And that challenge is bringing to the front radio's own matinee idols—the kind that cause the hardest of hearts to flap and flutter.

This time we give you Ray Heatherton.

His voice is a fixture around the NBC studios. He sings romantic words to romantic music five times a week over both the blue and red networks which means twenty-five songs each week for your ears if you tune your set right.

Ray is more than eligible. Fact is, he's never been in love at any time in his twenty-four years. Can you believe it? So step right up, folks, and meet a guy who's waiting for his first love.

Raymond Joseph was the monicker given him in Jersey City, June 1, 1909. To be exact, he says it was on a Monday and at 6 p. m.—Presently the family moved to Floral Park on Long Island, and there Ray now lives with his parents and a younger sister.

This business of singing started on a boat bound for Virginia. Ray was five and the family was en route to visit grandma. Five-year-old boys sometimes get lost, and that's what happened to Ray on this boat. Mother hunted him a couple of hours, and then he turned up—with \$4.27 clenched in his fist, tips for singing in the bar.

**A**FTER attending a dramatic school, he became soloist for three years with the Paulist Choir, toured the country with a sextet, was a comic in the last "Garrick Gaieties," did vaudeville for RKO, had his first radio audition in April of 1928 for Paul Whiteman, and appeared on such radio programs as Old Gold, Blue White Diamonds, Women's League of Voters (his looks ought to get votes) and Hind's Honey and Almond Hour.

He's learning to play polo and shouldn't have much trouble for he rides like a Cossack. Doesn't like bridge or movies. Too efficient women are his pet aversions. Striped neckties and loud colored socks are his greatest extravagances. He doesn't smoke, doesn't like night clubs and doesn't diet. Likes to travel, to lie on a beach in the raw, and attributes his success to diligent application to the task at hand and clean (ahem) living.

There's drama, too, in his life. Take for instance the time he was held up and slugged by gunmen who took his car while he was driving to the studio for a broadcast. He walked three miles and borrowed an old Ford loaded with bananas in order to reach the studio just five minutes before he went on the air.

Has he an ideal girl? Lissun . . . she must be sympathetic, tolerant and intelligent. And if you corner him some night, he'll tell you that he prefers blondes.



RAY HEATHERTON DOES, TOO



# FOR *Distinguished*

To the National Broadcasting Company itself and to the canny triumvirate who make it tick goes this month's award

**T**HROUGH yammering static and the man-made caterwaulings of day-in-and-day-out radio programs there came during the third week of last November the first broadcast from the National Broadcasting Company's new home, Radio City. Millions of us heard it and wondered if it were a harbinger of better times and tunes. For one day or two, we listened with fear balancing our hope. And then we knew, as those programs sang in our ears with a firmer confidence, that we were witnessing the birth of a new era in broadcasting.

And so we present this month's Radio Stars Award for Distinguished Service to the National Broadcasting Company. To our mind, the thing must be issued in triplicate. Perhaps the major part goes to the man who heads NBC, Merlin H. Aylesworth, the fighting Coloradoan who came to Gotham with a chip on his shoulder and a bite to his personality. He moulds broadcasting's broader policies and the impact of his single influence on the recreation hours of American life is beyond estimate. As lieutenants, he has John Royal and Frank Black, two titans in this pretty business of broadcasting. To them go the other two parts of our fictitious award. John Royal, you may not know, is the man behind every program that goes on NBC's air. His title is Vice-President in Charge of Programs. You rarely hear his name, but if ever you damn a radio show, he's the man who takes the rap.

Frank Black is NBC's musical director. Dealing more directly with the essence of almost every broadcast, he soothes or sways you whether you know it or not. His administration of the musical details of that Inaugural Week's distinguished programs was well-nigh perfect.



Newly designed and built studios do much to improve standards of broadcasting, but no system of broadcasting can be better than the men who direct it. So, full of hope for our future air-fare, we congratulate NBC on her New Deal programs and the talented triumvirate that gives them to us.

*On the other hand . . .* may we sling a slug of mud in the direction of those advertisers who permit the budding brilliance of potential stars to be dimmed by sickly material. Specifically, we refer to Joe Penner. Penner is 1933's solitary comedian to challenge the leadership of Cantor, Wynn, and Pearl—all last year's stars. He started fast. Last night, I writhed as he tried to amuse you and you and you with the palest of jokes, the unfunniest of gags. Certainly, real humorous material is available. Such tripe as soared through a million loudspeakers last evening is unfair to Joe

Penner and to those of us who had expected a gay evening with him. A word, also, about female harmony teams. Please, Mr. Broadcaster, won't you strangle four out of five of those untidy trios who infest your programs? Or at least three out of four, please. We can think of nothing that would help the country more.

Already, the air is beginning to throb with liquor advertisements. What does this mean to you? Will you permit a broadcaster to fling a liquor blurb at will into your parlor? On Page 9 of this issue, I have asked for your opinion. Please turn to that page now, if you missed it. I want to hear from you on this very important subject which will soon concern all of us.

*Curtis Mitchell*

# SERVICE TO RADIO



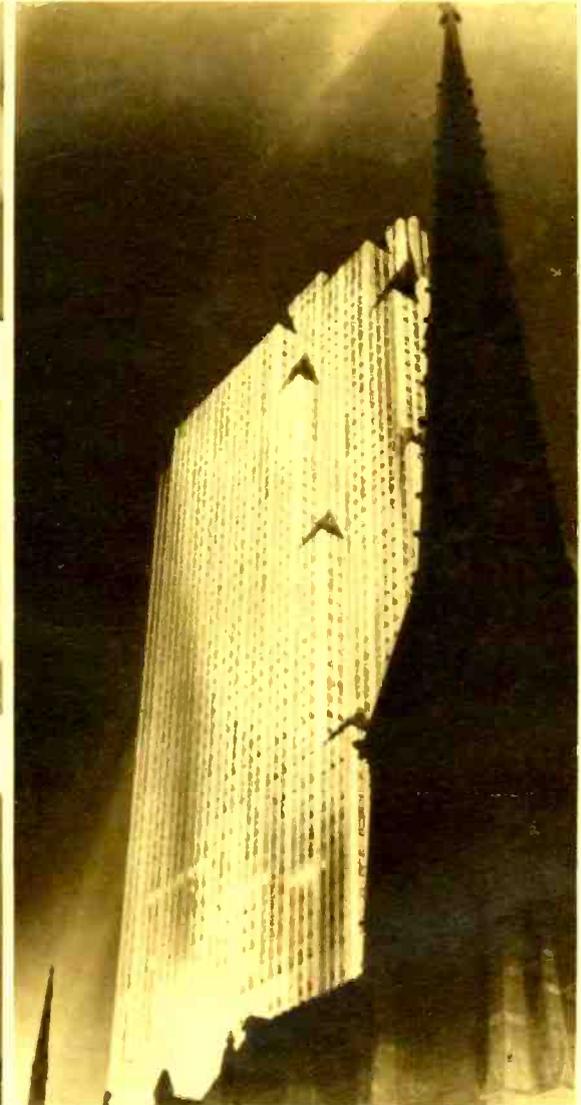
(Above) Merlin H. Aylesworth, president. (Below) John Royal, vice-president.



(Below) Frank Black, musical director. (Right) NBC's new home.



Photograph by Ray Lee Jackson





# LET'S *Gossip,* ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



**P**HIL NAPOLEON, ace trumpeter at NBC and the organizer of the original "Memphis Five," holds a coveted place in the history of the National Broadcasting Company. Few people outside of New York know Phil, but there's history in that thar boy.

On the evening of November 15, 1926, NBC went on the air for the first time from its new studios at 711 Fifth Avenue in New York City. It was a gala occasion. It meant the beginning of an experiment which was destined to make radio history. Celebrities were there. Big business turned out. All eyes were on this new venture.

When the switch was thrown, and the announcer opened the first network program, Phil Napoleon was one of the featured instrumentalists of the first musical number on that first program. For the first time, a network program was on the air, and thousands of people heard the wailing notes of Phil's trumpet.

Many things can happen in seven years. Today, NBC has outgrown those studios at 711 Fifth Avenue. Radio City now stands as the realization of that first experiment. On the evening of November 11, 1933, when 711 was all deserted save one studio, Phil was in that studio ready to give the last program from the old building. The control engineer gave his last opening signal. An announcer stepped to a microphone and announced his last program from the building that has brought kings and queens to your loudspeakers. Then music. And there was Phil, featured in a trumpet solo.

At the conclusion of the program, the giant switch that was to forever

cut off 711 from the networks was thrown. A blare of trumpets on the roof of Radio City announced the opening. The last program from the old studios had ended. And Phil became a maker of NBC history.

None other than the glamorous Helen Morgan, piano-sitter and star of "Showboat" and "Sweet Adeline." She's on the air now—with Columbia's "Broadway Melodies," Sunday afternoons at two, EST. (Middle) The Mexican tenor, Tito Guizar, with his wife and very cute young daughter. (Bottom) The Dairymaids—Grace McCarty, Hollie Collins and Ruth Doring. With Olsen and Johnson on the Swift Revue, Columbia.



cut off 711 from the networks was thrown. A blare of trumpets on the roof of Radio City announced the opening. The last program from the old studios had ended.

And Phil became a maker of NBC history.

**T**HERE were tears in Engineer Mitchell's eyes as he threw that last switch in 711 and leaned to the mike to say "Take it away." He, too, had officiated at that opening broadcast seven years ago, and, hard-boiled as he had seemed to be in his daily work, the sentiment connected with this last official act was too much for him.

**L**ITTLE thirteen-year-old Shirley Bell has been welcomed back as the Little Orphan Annie of the air by her many young followers. The





[Top] Phil Dewey, the popular bar-ee-tone, finds time between his umpteen radio programs for an evening at home with a good book. (Middle) Jessica Dragonette an autograph hound? Never. But when the autograph belongs to Egon Petri, the great Dutch virtuoso who is favoring the NBC networks with such grand piano recitals, she must be forgiven. (Bottom) Buddy Rogers, Irene Rich, Fred Waring, Wayne King and Jan Garber at a WGN celebrity broadcast.



sponsor had tried Floy Margaret Hughes, a West Coast adult actress, in the part the past season. Shirley is a Chicago school girl.

**D**URING the recent New York election, a youthful aldermanic candidate didn't receive a vote in the official count even though he voted for himself. And now Frank Gould, new radio actor at CBS, comes forth with a similar complaint.

Gould made his radio debut on the March of Time broadcast, during which he impersonated four men—Maxim M. Litvinov, Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs; George Dnistrov, the Bulgarian Communist agitator; Milo Reno, leader of the militant farm strike; and the almost-inimitable Jimmy Durante. Naturally, it was a big evening for Frank, and he felt that he should get some fan mail, even though his name wasn't announced on the program.

Perhaps, he thought, his family would write. But they didn't. So Frank decided to mail one himself—and it hasn't arrived yet!



**M**R. AND MRS. GOODMAN ACE, the Easy Aces of bridge fame, are all ready for repeal. When they came to New York recently from Chicago to go on the air from CBS, a friend offered them his apartment, furnished, and they moved in to find it equipped with a complete bar. The ironical part of it is that the Aces don't drink. So they use that glorious mahogany bar for concocting milk shakes.

**J**UST a word to the wise: All of you who have radio sets with tone controls will find you'll get much better reception when tuning in NBC

## RADIO STARS

programs now if you'll regulate the tone higher. The new studios are built on the principle of "live" sounds rather than "dead" ones. As a result, better reception comes from pitching your sets higher.

**AND** now it's the microphone thief: Posing as a repair man, the pilferer entered the swank Blackstone Hotel and carted off a WGN mike, then went to the Canton Tea Garden and took a KYW instrument. They caught him at the Bismark Hotel, posing as an NBC technician sent over to look at Ted Weem's equipment. The missing WGN mike was found in his room. He got six months in the workhouse.

**SOME** funny things have happened over in Radio City lately. When the staff moved into the new building, George Milne, division engineer, worked a week in his new office without heat. He shivered so much that he reported the trouble. Investigation showed that Milne had placed his radio directly under the thermostat and that the heat from the radio kept the thermostat so high that the heat was constantly cut off.

**ANOTHER** story they tell: When the Landt Trio and White first went into Radio City, they wandered into a beautiful room. "We want this room for our studio," they said.

"But," came back a janitor who happened to be passing. "That's a broom closet."

**RADIO** is the life-blood of E. Z. Jones of Greensboro, N. C. First, he earns his bread and butter as chief announcer of WBIG, and second, he saved himself from disaster by recently listening to a radio program as he was motoring home from the studios.

He was approaching a five-point intersection as the radio in his car was warming up. As he was speeding into the intersection an excited masculine voice shouted, "Look out!" Jones immediately jammed on his brakes, stopping dead still, and he was just in time, for another car whizzed by and scraped his bumper.

Well, the warning voice came from the radio, and was one of Jones' fellow announcers. "Look out!" was part of a program on the radio.

**MYRTLE** VAIL and Donna Dammerel (Myrt and Marge to millions), radio's outstanding mother and daughter team, celebrated their second anniversary on the air November 2nd.

That evening Myrtle, who writes the sketch as well as plays the leading part, recalled the rather phenomenal birth of "Myrt and Marge."

A veteran trouper, she conceived the idea of a radio sketch built around back-stage life. She had Wrigley's in mind as a sponsor when she wrote the sketch. She didn't know that they had already auditioned 175 programs without finding anything to suit them. But that wouldn't have made any difference to Myrtle. She knew she had a good idea and she felt the Wrigleys would like it. She was right.

P. K. Wrigley has given Myrtle a lot of freedom in handling "Myrt and Marge." Off the air five months last summer, they were paid just as if they had performed nightly. During this time, Myrtle made a 26,000-mile journey through South America at Phil Wrigley's suggestion gathering material for this season's episodes.

Already she is thinking of an even more extensive jaunt next summer. She may visit Africa; perhaps Asia.

Myrtle would like to travel all the way from Cairo to Capetown. China and India intrigue her, too. She would like to travel by elephant, perhaps in Siam.

But now, over the holidays, Myrtle is much occupied with her family. George Dammerel, her 16-year-old son, a cadet at Pacific Military Academy in Culver City, Calif., is home in Chicago. Myrtle doesn't see him often. So there's a rare and happy reunion in the Myrt and Marge real life household.

**THE** world's dumbest man has been discovered. At least evidence of his existence has been uncovered in Chicago. The fellow stole Guy Lombardo's violin from his dressing-room at the RKO Palace Theatre in Chicago while the Royal Canadians were playing there. Guy, who never plays the violin, went out and bought one just like it for five dollars. The thief probably thought he was getting a Stradivarius.

**FLORENCE LAKE**, who, with her brother, Arthur Lake, is featured in the NBC skit, "Babes of Hollywood," and Jack Good, actor, were married in Chicago, October 20th. Fred Waring's bride of a few weeks, dancer Evelyn Nair, accompanied them to the altar.

**TWO** nights after NBC began broadcasting from Radio City, a special program, featuring Jerome Kern, George Gershwin, Sigmund Romberg. (Continued on page 74)

# LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

[Opposite page, top] Ann Leaf, the pocket-sized organist, at home. Next to her picture, Peter Dixon, who writes Columbia's H-Bar-O Ranch sketches. Taken outside his country home. [Middle] Pick Malone 'n' Pat Padget—whom you probably know better as Molasses 'n' January of the Maxwell House Show Boat. Next, Seth Parker is now a Lieutenant in the United States Navy. He's setting forth soon on a globe-encircling cruise, you know. Here he is receiving his commission from Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, while Commander Bruce R. Ware, Jr., looks on. [Bottom] You know that Jane Froman is appearing in the Follies this year, don't you? Here she is with dance instructor Bobby Connolly and a bevy of Grade A Glorifieds. And—last picture—meet the Davidson twins, Harriet and Gretchen, who have recently joined Columbia Broadcasting's dramatic staff.



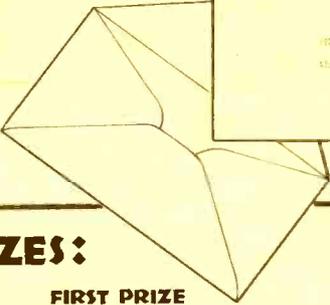
# GET INTO THIS

*Last chance*

## WHAT YOU MUST DO

First, read Janie's letter. Second, pick out the boners. Third, write Janie a letter telling her about the mistakes she made and your corrections. Fourth, write a paragraph of fifty words or less, naming your favorite radio star and why you would like to meet him or her. And pull-eez be neat. Simple, isn't it?

All you need is an envelope, a stamp and a spot or two of thinking!



## PRIZES:

### FIRST PRIZE

No matter where you live, if you win first we pay your way to great big New York City. We give you an apartment in the swanky Hotel Roosevelt on Madison Avenue. Free meals—four a day if that's what you're used to. Private visits with your favorite radio stars. Night clubs... a tour through Radio City... attending favorite broadcasts... dancing to the tunes of Whiteman, Vallee, Calloway and others just as famous. All for three glorious days—at absolutely no expense to you, if you win first.

### SECOND PRIZE

Ten second prizes will be awarded of \$5.00 each.

### THIRD PRIZE

Fifty third prizes will be awarded of \$1.00 each.

Journal Vee,

Just a hurried note to tell you about a tea given yesterday by Anthony "Toad," the dramatic actor, after the rehearsal of his "First Fighter" show. Anthony has the most darling tea, and such gosh-almighty friends.

You should have seen Eddie Cantor and George Jessel, the organist, chatting about old times. And there was Robert Simmons, the fellow who was born in our old state, Ohio. He's on the new Tom's Green program, you know. Ed you told us all about the success of his Amalgamated Broadcasting System, and Connie Boswell, the new girl co-ed on the Ex-Lax program, cracked a few jokes with Phil Baker's stooge, Leopold Stokowsky, better known as Bottle. Ray Westerton was there too, but poor Ray is getting so old, you know he's nearly 70 now, that he could only stay a few minutes. Raymond Reige, editor of RADIO STARS, dropped in to get a few items for his magazine.

It was such a grand gathering it would take reams of paper to tell it. But come up and see me and I'll take you over to the new Columbia Broadcasting studios in Radio City and then you can meet these folks.

Harriely,

*Janie*

(Note: All corrections to this letter can be found in this issue of RADIO STARS.)

## RULES:

Any reader of RADIO STARS may enter. Big, little, fat, skinny—you are all welcome to try your hand. All except the employees of RADIO STARS and their families. They're just out of luck. Now, listen carefully. Regardless of whether or not you entered the first two RADIO STARS boner contests, you are eligible to enter this one. If you didn't win one of the other two, this is your third chance. All entries must be mailed before midnight of January 31, 1934. We'll look at the postmark to see if you did. Address your letter to Contest Editor, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Entries shall consist of your letter to Janie pointing out her mistakes and correcting them, plus a paragraph of fifty words or less naming your favorite radio star and why you would like to meet him or her. The person who finds the most boners (and boners means misstatement of fact and not grammatical mistakes) and writes the most interesting paragraph naming his favorite and why he would like to meet him will be judged the winner. In case of ties, each contestant will be awarded the prize tied for. And the decision of the dear old judges, who are the editors of RADIO STARS, will be final. Step right up, folks.

# GREAT CONTEST



Jane Froman Rudy Vallee Jessica Dragonette



Fred Waring

*Meet these stars*



Ed Wynn



Bob Taplinger



David Rubinoff



Jack Pearl



Lanny Ross



Kate Smith



And spend three grand days at the Hotel Roosevelt!

## WIN A FREE TRIP TO NEW YORK

ALL 'BO-A-A-R-RD!

Leaving for New York, Radio City—the Hotel Roosevelt—to see a flock of radio's princes and princesses.

Tickets? Certainly, not, suh. RADIO STARS magazine is footing this bill.

How, why and wherefo' you all getta thata way?

The contest—the *great contest*—with the winner being dubbed a millionaire for three days in the city where buildings run up and down instead of sideways and where the underground is swarming with trains instead of good fishing worms. That's the reason.

Hop on! Take a stab at this contest. Let's see how you make out.

Hereabouts you'll find the "What You Must Do" instructions. And beside it the letter from that idiotic Janie to her darling Vee. And then, a cute little para-

graph labeled "rules." Still another called "prizes." Read 'em all. Then take pen in hand and set about the simple task of showing Janie wherein she's all wet. Let her know that you know your radio and that you won't let her get by with this wholesale slaughter of your favorites.

And if you win first place, you come to New York (leaving your wallet in the top dresser drawer, as you won't need it) and let the editors of RADIO STARS grow gray hairs trying to show you the greatest collection of stars, and sights, and broadcasts, and life in it's gayest form that's possible to crowd into three days.

Somebody's gotta win. It might as well be you. Then consider the weighty question.

Wouldn't you like to have a bite of tasty food at the Cotton Club while Cab Calloway and his crew entertains until the sun comes over the skyscrapers? Would you mind a tour of the ballrooms (Continued on page 73)



## WELCOME, MAE WEST

You've turned the cinema temples topsy-turvy, Mae. You've put hips back where they used to be and made curves fashionable instead of feared. Now the tidings are that you're coming on the air under the pennons of a cosmetic manufacturer. So, welcome, Sister. We don't know how you're going to register your glittering buxomness via the mike, or how you'll parade your provocative person in the loud-speaker parlors, but we wish you heaps of luck. We wish you heaps of luck because we've heard you're planning some sly things to spring on Mr. Tired Family Man, and it's hinted, my dear, that you're no angel.





# WHAT EM MEANS TO CLARA AND LU

By MARGARET MCKAY

Her courage inspired her partners and gave her the invalid's viewpoint

**T**HERE is a story of struggle behind the fame of Clara, Lu 'n' Em that most of you wouldn't expect. It is a story of their struggle to get on the air without Em fainting away. For a while it looked as though Clara, Lu 'n' Em would never exist, for what was their idea without Em?

Old Man Health denied Em his blessing and her story of stick-to-it-ive-ness is one that should fan the flame of ambition to those who are radio minded, but have become discouraged.

For a year, Em was a shut-in and listened to radio like the many shut-ins of today. Radio was the one thing that connected her with the outside world. She knew all the sorrow of being away from activity, of being lonely and wondering whether, with such handicaps, life was worth bothering about.

As she lay in bed for a year, the radio dial twisting here and there, she enjoyed the variety of entertainment that

(Above, left) Em and her husband off for a sail in the boat her fans will name. (Right) Something snappy in sports clothes! And Clara, Lu 'n' Em model them!

radio offered. But there was one thing she could never get enough of—gossip! Just good old-fashioned, everyday gossip!

Today Em has a soft spot in her heart for shut-ins and her most ardent wish is that Clara, Lu 'n' Em may offer a little synthetic sunshine to them.

After a year in bed, Em recovered sufficiently to get about, but she was in extremely bad physical condition. It was then that she wanted to get into radio. To offer something that would both amuse and afford a sort of human contact to those bed-ridden souls, of which there are legion.

**A**S Em said, "Most people don't realize how many invalids there are in the world because they don't see them. But when you're on the receiving end of fan mail from a radio audience, you fully realize how many exist."

"I believe Providence let (Continued on page 95)



Out to Lunch

**R**ADIO'S greatest show doesn't take place in any studio. And it isn't "produced." It just happens. What's more, it's free.

Almost any time of the day and night, if you drop into the right restaurants, you can see it. See what? Just this. Our great big glorified gods and goddesses of the ether feeding themselves like any other two-legged animal.

One of the right restaurants is Lebus' in the CBS building at 485 Madison Avenue, New York. Another is the restaurant in the Merchandise Mart in Chicago. A third is the cafeteria in the basement of Mr. Wrigley's famous building that houses WBBM in Chicago. A fourth is in New York's new Radio City, to which the National Broadcasting Company has just moved. It's a treat, ladeez and gents. It's a three-ring circus. And will you be surprised? A soprano whose voice sounds as if she dines on humming bird wings and caviar goes for mashed potatoes and corned beef. A tough guy who plays villain parts on the air just loves *paté de foie gras* and endive salad. (Continued on page 70)



1. Conrad Thibault doesn't have to watch the calories, so what could be sweeter than a chocolate sundae? Nothing? Right? 2. Here are the Tastyest Jesters enjoying a snack after a broadcast. 3. Shirley Howard, Leon Belasco and Vivian Janis discuss future plans over the tea cups. 4. A tempting lunch is apt to put an interviewer in a good mood, Tony Wons has learned. 5. Meyer Davis and Phil Dewey enjoy a bite together. 6. The Cris Cagles dine with Vaughn de Leath and "Shipwreck" Kelly. These men are football stars, you know. 7. Our own John Skinner drinks a little "3.2" with "Smoothie" Ross, Mark Warnow and Harry Von Zell. 8. And here is M. Lebus, owner of the restaurant in the CBS Building, personally supervising a luncheon for Rosemary Lane, Babs Ryan and Fred Waring.



RADIO STARS





The song in his heart  
gave Anthony Frome  
courage to reject security  
for the uncertainty of a  
vocal career

MRS. BLITZ, who was dead, lay in the little room between the shop and the living quarters of Herbert Ferren, the Bellaire, Ohio, undertaker.

Little Anthony Frome had seen her there when he had arrived for the usual evening of song. He had known it was Mrs. Blitz because he had heard his mother and the neighbors say they'd taken her to Ferren's. In the crowded little Blitz house there was no room for death. But never before in all the years they had lived side by side had Anthony seen Mrs. Blitz still like that, her hands idle and folded.

Herbert Ferren sounded a note on his pitch pipe.

"La," he sang in his booming baritone.

"La," sang Anthony in his boy soprano.

It never occurred to Anthony that it might be disrespectful to the dead for him and Mr. Ferren to go on with their lesson that particular evening. It never occurred to Anthony that there could be anything disrespectful about singing under any circumstances. On the contrary...

Anthony was born with a song in his heart. He sang when he was happy. He sang when he was sad. He sang as he poled his raft along the Ohio River. He sang as he went his evening rounds, flinging twisted copies of the local newspapers onto Bellaire's respectable front porches.

Besides, how could it possibly be disrespectful to sing hymns. And it was always with hymns that Herbert Ferren, a fervent Baptist, elected to teach the young Anthony what he knew about singing. What if those hymns were opposed to Anthony's faith and he and his people worshipped only the God of Israel?

The main thing was that Anthony had a voice. That Anthony had a voice and if he didn't help him cultivate it, no one else would. Families who lived along the river banks certainly had no money for anything like singing lessons.

It never troubled Anthony, however, that he was desperately poor. Between the home of his boyhood and Anthony Frome's present home there is dramatic contrast. He lives high above a busy street, adjacent to New York's Plaza, in charming rooms furnished with comfortable lounging chairs and a few pieces enriched by the patina that comes only with age.

"Do you ever go back to Bellaire now?" I asked him.

"I was there just a few weeks ago," he said. "To see my mother. She isn't well. It is hearing me sing over the air, so she says, that keeps her alive." He smiled. "Actually, of course, it is her amazing fighting spirit.

"As a boy," he went on, "I never realized how hard my mother worked. The Italian mother in the house next door worked hard, too. And always my mother seemed to have time to spare. She would run down the road to clean house and cook dinner for some wife who was ill."

On Saturdays Anthony went with his mother and father and nine brothers and sisters to the poor little

synagogue. On Sundays he went with his friend, a little Irish boy, to the Catholic Church which stood in Gothic grandeur on the hill.

"It wasn't, in fact," he told me, "until I was thirteen that I knew I had any fault to find with life, that I realized I was poor and, at the same time, became aware of the rich people who lived up on the hill, the mill and factory owners, those who controlled the coal mines where most of the men I knew crawled about under the earth like worms.

"And it was at about the same time that I also began to hear the neighbors' grumbling how they could keep their families for a year on less money than the hill men lost over a card table during a single evening."

Anthony, going on fourteen now, wanted to ask those grumbling men and women. "But why do you stay on here? Why, in all the years, haven't you done something towards getting away?" What he said instead was:

"I'm going to work. I'm going to save money towards college. I'm going to get away from Bellaire. One day I'm going to be rich."

Whereupon he would turn his back on their grumbling and walk off, young Jewish boy, ambition and dreams lighting a fire in his eyes, singing one of the lusty Baptist hymns Herbert Ferren had taught him.

It was 1915. Europe was at war. In the Bellaire steel mills they needed men. Anthony Frome worked there, on the night shift, during his summer holidays. It was his job, while sparks flew about his head, to catch in an iron ladle a little of the steel they poured from a white hot cauldron. When this had cooled he had to run with it through the night, a mile

through the rain or a mile under the stars, to a laboratory where it was tested and then given back to him to return to the mills. Eleven hours a day he worked for thirty cents an hour. Not a husky boy, sometimes Anthony fainted. But he never quit. This work meant three dollars and thirty cents a day towards another life.

Sparks flying about his head, risking agonizing burns from the white hot metal, running mile after mile to and from the laboratory, Anthony sang, "Tipperary." "The Marseillaise." The songs soldiers (Continued on page 90)

## FROM PAUPER TO POET PRINCE



By

ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

Photographs by Ray Lee Jackson



Wide World

# BEHIND THE SCENES OF RADIO'S WONDERLAND

By OGDEN MAYER

**T**HE world knows of this place as Radio City. I call it radio's wonderland. Alice, when she stepped through her magic looking glass, found no more incredible place.

The pyramids of Cheops, the tight-lipped Sphinx, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa must be moaning and muttering with discontent these coolish days. Why? Because man has reared a glittery pile of steel and stone into our mid-Manhattan skyline that sweeps one's imagination and hurls it across the universe on marching kilocycles.

Tonight, it is this incredible air castle that we visit for a peek behind the broadcasting scenes. We shall see—if our eyes are alert—many a gilded favorite and his girl friend, and many a modern miracle of science that would have sent our great-great-grandmothers galloping to our great-great-grandfathers crying "Witchcraft!"

Just the other night, for instance, from this crossroads of the air were hurled messages picked up without benefit of wire from London, Rio de Janeiro, Rome, Moscow, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Berlin. Just the other

evening an inventive jackanapes arranged for Owen D. Young and David Sarnoff, though separated by the swelling Atlantic ocean, to speak to each other as easily as though they were in adjacent hotels.

Before we start our tramp, however, fortify yourself with these juicy morsels. This pile, this soaring footstool of the gods that houses NBC's modern studios, reaches seventy-two stories into the sky. The studio section that we shall visit is ten floors high. In it, 1,250 miles of wire are used to connect various pieces of equipment. Last night, an expert told me this wire had to be cut into ten million pieces before the job was finished. And ten million pieces means *twenty* million ends to be attached to this, that, and them. *Twenty* million connections to be made before you in Little Puddle, Arizona, or Smithersville, Arkansas, can hear Graham McNamee giggle at an Ed Wynn silly-sally that was a whiskered pun long before this edifice rose to confound the world and all of the radio fans who live therein. Are yuh dvin'?

Step through the looking glass, Alice, into Radio City! Tread the corridors of this Palace of Sound and—yes—peek inside closed doors, too. And dare say that miracles have ceased!

On the opposite page—a view of the outer portals which lead to wonderland. More prosaically, the entrance to NBC's new studios. It would rain, of course, on the opening night. (Right) Frank Black, NBC's Director of Music, leading his 100 piece orchestra, while Jessica Dragonette sings one of her sweet songs for the opening night audience of over a thousand. (Below, right) Paul and Margaret Livingston Whiteman, with Rudy Vallee, arriving on the opening night. (Below) James Wallington chats with two of NBC's attractive hostesses. All in best bib and tucker for the opening.



Culver Service



Wife World

ENOUGH of that. Let's get into the innards of this building and see for ourselves the wheels and the pistons and the funny two-legged animals that preen themselves on their accomplishment of lifting this radio city into the sky.

The entrance! Modern and crisp, with a spotlight hanging a yellow curtain of light about it. Men in topers and ladies in ermine spin through the golden revolving doors. Within . . . Look! It is all black and silver. Walls and floors gleam like obsidian, throwing a thousand reflections along the endless corridors.

But here is a guarded gate through which all visitors must pass. And beyond we see the sweep of a stairway lifting into invisible heights. The pouter-pigeon in immaculate uniform seeks our tickets and admits us. He is an NBC page boy. Forty-six others like him help you and me and Aunt Sophie wherever we wish to go.

These stairs rise to a mezzanine that is striking, circular. Laceywood columns blyk on either flank of the stair.

Walls are black and white under titan photographic enlargements. Scenes that depict broadcasting. On this side are impressionistic compositions. Hands holding a violin, a French horn, the keys of a piano depressed under ten blunt fingers. On the other wall are engineering pictures . . . giant tubes as large as a man, and cables that writhe and twist like snakes.

Here and there are show cases holding a museum of early broadcasting equipment. Old, smoke-blackened tubes, wire contraptions. In one spot is a mike that was made up for Mary Pickford the first time she visited a studio. It is a globe of silk built to hide the metal mike, so the fluttery cinema star might not be nervous.

Second floor! This is a spacious spread of thickly carpeted flooring, walls in brilliant butternut. In its heart is a long desk at which three hostesses await our bucolic questioning. A blond, a brunette, a red-head. They're all beautiful. Isn't that wonderful, Graham?

Remember, now, for the first time this company is able



(Above, left and right) Announcer John S. Young asks top-hatted Major Bowes to say a few words to the radio audience. (Right) Owen D. Young. (Below, left and right) Tenor John McCormack arriving—and Jimmie Melton, chatting after the program.

Pictures by Wide World and Culver Service

to plan for comfort. At 711 Fifth Avenue, the old New York home, things were much too crowded. Here on the left is a client's waiting room. A sponsor, meeting guests for a broadcast, is not thrown with the mob but has his own chambers in which he can relax. Desks are there, too, if he feels industrious.

Opposite, down past the reception desk, we find the answer to an entertainer's prayer. This is his room, his lounge and penthouse and sun-parlor all combined. He rests here between broadcasts.

Through that door you can reach the quarters of the staff of workers in this city of sound. The announcers have a room not far away. Peek in . . . and see that ping-pong table on which they amuse themselves. Ranging the walls are lockers in which they keep their starched shirts and Tuxedos. NBC announcers must never be caught in their business pants after sundown, you know.

Another door leads into the musicians' room. They've lockers, too. And space in which to park their instruments. Yes, even a spot for the hull fiddler whose Herculean sound-box was a constant problem over at old 711.

**THIRD floor!** Another staircase leads to it. This is the main studio floor. Here are benches and chairs where people may wait. The room is really a vast alleyway that stretches between two long rows of studios. Those double doors on either side lead into NBC's charming chambers.

Let's peek into one. That's the door. U-u-u-ugh, what a weight. It's heavy, and why not? In it, running from floor to ceiling, are three sheets of heavy lead. The rest is wood and wool and perhaps even bird feathers, for all

I know. The thing's as sound-proof as can be. Their list price, in case you want to get rid of your mother-in-law's price, is just \$600 each. NBC's got quite a few around . . . 296, to be exact. Figure it out yourself.

But let's leap to a studio as it is a studio. The elevator will take us there. "Eighth floor, Jehu!" You'll hear a lot about this studio 8H before NBC goes off the air. It's the biggest in the world. In length 132 feet, in width 78 feet. Twelve hundred people can sit in it at one time, provided NBC porters haven't forgotten to put out the chairs. There's a balcony for three hundred more. And the stage—get a load of that, Agnes—will hold a 100 piece orchestra. I thought you'd like to know.

The next largest room is called the Guild Studio. It is expected to replace the old Times Square Theatre which has given you such glittering presentations as Rudy Vallee's Varieties, Jack Pearl, Eddie Cantor, and others. Here are seats in green leather, and a glass curtain that can cut off the sound of an audience pounding its palms, and a real stage with lights and mikes that make it as complete a little theatre as you could ever want.

And the kiddies, God bless 'em. They've got a special studio all their own up here. You don't have to be around a radio station long to learn just how much of a nuisance child actors can be. They play in the halls and step on your feet and get in your hair. Nice children, sure, but a bit crummy, if you get what I mean. NBC settled all that by building a playroom for these youngsters with many Peter Rabbits chasing Mickey Mouses all over the walls. Even the studio itself looks like a nursery and Madge Tucker (she's the Lady (Continued on page 66))

## How WINCHELL'S girl

FRIDAY

made  
good

When Broadway's most famous columnist suddenly collapsed, Ruth Cambridge stepped into his shoes and the Jergen program, and came out with flying colors

COUNTLESS listeners were startled a few Sundays ago when, from their sets tuned to the Jergen program, there snapped, not the harsh staccato of Walter Winchell's words, but the smoother, higher-pitched voice of a woman. What had happened? The columnist had suddenly succumbed to illness brought on by the grind of newspaper work, the energy-draining nights on Broadway, the remorseless time demands of the news broadcaster.

Only a few hours before everyone had expected him to go through with his broadcast as usual. Then came the collapse. What were the sponsors to do? What was the National Broadcasting Company to do? Somebody had to step into the breach.

No one more logical than Walter's secretary, Ruth Cambridge, the girl he fondly called his "Girl Friday." She knew all the confidences, the inside stories which that astute reporter gathered. But she was a secretary, not a broadcaster. They didn't know whether her voice would stand the necessarily severe "mike" test. And, untutored in the art of broadcasting as she was, could she speed those flashes over the night air without breaking under the strain which has unnerfed many a seasoned professional, to say nothing of an amateur whose business in

By CAROLINE  
SOMERS HOYT

life was being a columnist's secretary. Could she fill his shoes? Could you have?

That was the question that hammered at the minds of harassed executives as the hour for the broadcast drew near. Would she, like some women, lose her head under nervous tension, or would she, like others, become suddenly calm and self-possessed in such a moment? Perhaps her background might indicate to them whether or not to chance it.

She had been working with Walter for four years. Before that she had been secretary for Harry Hanson, then literary editor of the old New York World. Certainly she had paced her life and thoughts to the swift tempo of newspaper offices.

ON the other hand, she wasn't a good reporter. She admitted it herself. When she first came to the New York Daily Mirror, where she works with Winchell, she was sent out on assignments. One of her first was to cover a particularly gruesome suicide in the Bronx. After that one, she decided that she no longer cared about reporting. That's when Walter took her under his wing. Would she fail him now?

She had come to New (Continued from page 70)

He liked to go places and see things. Important places where folks made whoopee. He longed to be "accepted." And so, Cab Calloway set about finding a key to open the great social door. Discarding the advisability of becoming a lawyer, he decided upon music. And his tantalizing tunes and rhythms turned the trick for him.

By K. ROWELL BATTEN



## S C A T

**C**AB CALLOWAY! The maddest man ever let loose before an orchestra. The guy whose yelling, screeching or what-have-you started a vogue in popular singing. The guy whose ho-de-ho and hi-de-hi has become familiar to just about all the hundred and twenty million minds which comprise the U. S. A. from Park Avenue to the Bowery, from San Francisco to Florida. Everyone—high and low alike, white and colored—is yelling hi-de-hi and ho-de-ho. Cab started it all.

Have you ever seen him lead his orchestra? He dances around like a windmill gone crazy, or a mechanical figure whose arms have been wound too tight. He gives the mad impression of having been born with an overdose of animal spirits and an underdose of cares and worries; the sort of happy-go-lucky colored boy to whom nothing matters except singing and dancing, and who achieved his terrific success through the possession of those wild spirits and little else. That's the sort of person Cab Calloway seems to be, but—

That isn't the real Cab Calloway. He isn't like that at all, really. Those extravagant gestures are not his. That jungle-like, wild-man air isn't really his. Why should it be? Cab comes of an excellent colored family. He was educated at Douglass High School in Baltimore. He's studied law. He has one sister who is a teacher,



## S I N G E R . . . !

another who is a physician. His wife, to whom he has been married for seven years, is a lovely, poised woman. Where, then, does he get those animal spirits he perpetuates when he is taking you through the marvelous rhythm of "Swanee Lullaby" or "Minnie the Moocher"?

Here's how it happened.

With his background, Cah can't help being a sensitive person. He loves and hates and is violently emotional. Fortunately, this emotion is tempered with intelligence.

As a kid, he was hurt pretty often. Spiritually. After all, he's colored. And no matter how pleasant he might be, no matter how intelligent, no matter how his childhood friends—those white childhood friends—liked him, there was always *that* difference. And while it didn't matter so much informally, when it came to important things, like social functions, well, Cah was never invited.

**A**N insensitive person wouldn't care. Cab did care, although he didn't show it. He isn't *that* type. But he began to think. He began to think of some way in which he could make those white folks like him, make them accept him for what he is, an intelligent, decent sort.

But how? That was the question. Although he was only a kid, Cab clung to this ambition. That was why he began to study law. After all, a colored lawyer was as

good as anyone else, for he had professional standing.

But, Cab's real joy had always been to sing. And, while you can get a lot of things for a song these days, acquittal for a client accused of a crime is not one of them. And, furthermore, there wasn't the sort of *big* success in it which Cab wanted to make up for his feeling of inferiority. So, reasoned the young man, why not sing for a living?

The more he thought of it, the more he liked the idea. Look at all the colored people in show business who were invited everywhere, to whom the best people in the land opened their doors. Duke Ellington was one of them. And there was Ethel Waters.

Cab set about getting into show business. Although he had studied singing at Douglass High, he had never actually studied the saxophone. He could play a little. So, with singing and saxophone to his credit, he got a job in an orchestra playing the drums. That's show business for you!

He didn't make much money. And, as a matter of absolute fact, didn't have much fun, either. But he *did* get a good idea of just how a jazz orchestra ticks. He traveled with the orchestra. He got a job in a colored show. He began to get a name in a small way. When "Hot Chocolates" was put on he (Continued on page 90)

Cab Calloway added a bit of Africa to the motif of a Jewish

folk song—and served hot Something sensational resulted



# A REVEALING STORY OF "THE FIRST NIGHTER"

By JOSEPH KENT

"I'm taking no chances, ladies and gentlemen. From the safety of my RADIO STARS office I'm going to explode this illusion which is a reality to so many millions of listeners. There is no "Little Theatre off Times Square." I quite realize that countless "First Nighter" program devotees will howl protests that I don't know what I'm talking about. And if I further assert that most of these people have never attended a first night, I'd do very well to scramble hastily to the top of NBC's highest transmitter tower until the fuss blows over, or rather, under."

This Little Theatre, *messieurs et dames*, is all trickery. Very deft, to be sure, but none the less, trickery. Unquestionably, hordes of listeners will cry, "We know that as well as you do. But in our imaginations this theatre and its first nights are as real, as tangible as the Rocky Mountains or the Washington Monument."

Quite so, listeners. In fact, you'd be pleased to know that there are even residents of that supposedly sophisticated city of New York who have been so deluded by the charm of this dramatic series, that they write in to ask the location of this imaginary theatre. They think they

(Above, left) Charming June Meredith, leading lady of "The First Nighter," and Charles P. Hughes, the theatre-going gentleman himself. (Right) Cliff Souhier, the "heavy." He's been a trouper since he was knee-high to a make-up kit.



can visit it and actually see the performers at work.

You turn on your set some Friday night and just see for yourself how persuasively real it is. From the loud-speaker comes the voice of the First Nighter, a dashing gentleman in his gleaming topper and well set evening clothes. You hear the roar of waves of traffic pierced by the shrill of police whistles, the bright flashes of conversation as the First Nighter slips through the lobby, the rustle and hum of the inattentive audience, the opening overture by the pit orchestra, then the first act. And when the final curtain drops, you emerge once more into the surging clamor of the streets to hear the newsboys hoarsely crying out the morning extras.

You can fool a lot of the people most of the time with



(Above, across the two pages) "The First Nighter" program in rehearsal. Miss Meredith and Don Ameche are in front of the mike. Hughes is way over at the left. (Left) Don Ameche, "The First Nighter's" young leading man.

such clever auditory background as they create. In fact, I know of one fellow who misses his after-theatre scrambled eggs at Child's so much he always feels impelled to make for his icebox at the end of the program.

What kind of microphone magic is this which is so convincing to so many? Is it as simple as an expert magician's most mystifying tricks usually are? Well, if you'll promise to let me alone if I climb down that tower, I'll take you behind the scenes of this ingenious illusion so that next Friday night you'll know what catches you in its spell.

Wait. Before I do this, I should reveal other amazing facts not generally known, but which make the program seem more than ever like sorcery.

All the glamor of a first night on Broadway comes through your loudspeaker when this program goes on the air. Millions revel in it. What's the inside story of this exciting show?

After three years of broadcasts, it has built up an audience estimated at 20,000,000 weekly. That's a walloping big bunch of listeners, even if you don't ask me. And just see how many programs you can count that have stayed continuously on the air that length of time. Not so many, are there? Fact is, according to that Crosley report, guidepost of program importance, the "First Nighter" rates just below Amos 'n' Andy on Friday nights, or third among twenty-one outstanding programs. Besides, 20,000,000 listeners can't be far wrong, can they?

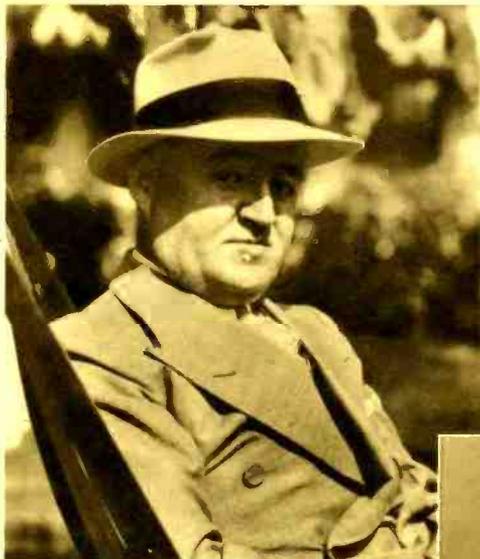
If you think those devotees don't appreciate being whisked off on a magic carpet to the bright lights and glamor of the Manhattan theatre district, you should ask Mr. Campana how much (Continued on page 72)



1. Can it be that Max Baer, the fighter, is falling for that famous "Baron Munchausen" line Jack Pearl is so adept at delivering? Be careful, Maxie. 2. Dorothy Carpenter pins Red Cross buttons on Amos 'n' Andy, who promise the support of the Fresh Air Taxicab Co., for this worthy cause. (Wide World). 3. "Here's looking at you!" Lanny Ross amid the Bermuda palms. 4. The Deems Taylors enjoying autumn in the garden of their Stamford, Conn., home. (Culver Service). 5. Margaret Livingston promised Paul she'd marry him when she could get her arms around him. Now she's Mrs. Whiteman. (Wide World).

1. Ethel Waters rehearsing a hot tune just before appearing on the "American Revue" program. 2. Here is Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt at the mike in the Court of the Hall of States, A Century of Progress—at the World's Fair. (Wide World). 3. Paul Douglas, CBS announcer, was on his way for a sandwich when the photographer caught up with him. 4. Could you learn to care for a pet like this? Dollo Sargent, NBC organist on the West Coast, claims he has no depression appetite, either.

INTIMATE SHOTS OF YOUR FAVORITES



(Above, left) Walter Donaldson is the lyric-writer's delight. He consistently turns out tantalizing tunes. However, "My Blue Heaven" travelled a bit before it acquired its later-to-become famous words. (Right) When these bright boys put their heads together a "smash" musical comedy is the result. They are, left to right, Buddy De Sylva, Lew Brown, Ray Henderson, and George White, the producer.

# HOW SONG HITS ARE BORN

By AL GOODHART  
As told to MURRAY BOLTINOFF

**H**ERE is a glimpse into the craziest business in the world. It rivals Hollywood and beats raising crickets for exhibition battles. It's all dizzy but delightful. When you finish reading this article, you will come to understand why song writing is all that I have just said.

To wander for a moment from the ridiculous to the sublime, ask anyone associated with the radio business, "How important is music to radio?" The answer might well be, "Radio today depends entirely upon music. Without it, it is doubtful whether radio could exist in this commercial era."

True enough. And to go further, perhaps 90% of the daily program, from the moment a station comes on in the morning until it signs off, is devoted to music. Radio and music go hand in hand like the traditional ham and eggs.

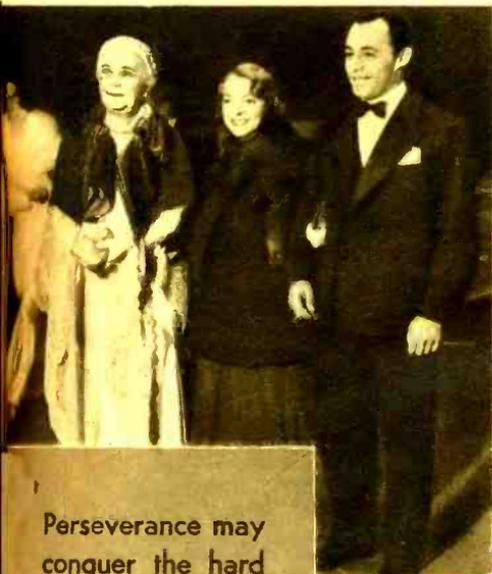
How marvelous is radio! Truly the eighth wonder of the world! Yet what is behind these scenes? How many restless nights, feverish faces and poor digestions are worked into each composition which gives but a fleeting joy. Consider the poor song writer! He has a case.

The average program begins and ends with music.

How many times have you deftly twirled a dial, listened to several bars of a melody, and before the announcer comes on the air, said to yourself: "Ah, that's the Soandso Soap Company." So many theme songs introduce programs that the majority of entertainments can now be recognized by the salutation alone.

Let's note several of the more important artists who are identified by the strains that open their programs. Kate Smith is introduced by "When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain." Bing Crosby is synonymous with "When the Blue of the Night." "Old Rockin' Chair" is Mildred Bailey's signature. The voice of Rudy Vallee follows "My Time Is Your Time." "Here Comes the Showboat" serves as The Maxwell Coffee Hour's harmonious announcer and Ben Bernie's "In a Lonesome Old Town" is as familiar as his "Yow suh!"

Like plays and books, no matter who has created them, no one can look at a manuscript and declare, "Here is a hit." A hit, incidentally, which must sell 200,000 copies before it is placed in this category, comes about by accident. It is a freak of the business. Nobody can gaze into the musical crystal and foretell that a certain number will attain the peak. In Uncle Hiram's words, "There



Perseverance may conquer the hard heart of a music publisher, but only a happy accident makes for a popular tune



(Above, left) Dick Rodgers, with the late Louise Closser Hale and Helen Hayes. Dick is a talented member of M-G-M's musical staff. (Right) And here is Larry Hart, Dick's collaborator, doing a Tarzan at a costume party. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Sutherland are his companions.



(Above) Al Goodhart, author of this story, composed among other hits, "Auf Wiederseh'n," "Fit as a Fiddle" and "Two Buck Tim." (Left) Remember the late Ziegfeld's "Betsy"? Richard Rogers wrote the music.

gotten them as far as a Communist in the Stock Exchange. For the *n*th time they had just left the office of a prominent publisher with refusal resounding in their ears. They stood on the curb downcast, all hope abandoned. Slowly, Klenner said, "Gosh. Al, this business is nothing but heartaches."

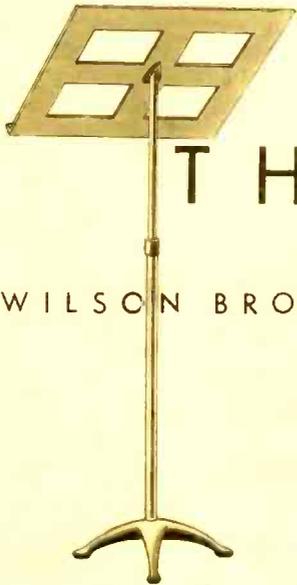
HOFFMAN stared at him for a moment, mumbling the words, and suddenly a smile lit his face. He clapped Klenner on the back enthusiastically. "John, that's an inspiration. A swell title for a song. 'Heartaches.'"

Whereupon the boys hurried home and set to work. Came the dawn and the song was completed. Guy Lombardo liked it, and within a short time, "Heartaches" became a popular number, and lo and behold, a hit!

Writing Hoffman's name reminds me that I collaborated with him on "You're a Pain in the Heart to Me." That was a few years back, our maiden effort as co-workers. An obscure publisher favored us by buying it for the munificent sum of \$8.00. Since then, we've had our names printed together on many title sheets, among them "Auf Wiederseh'n." "I (Continued on page 68)"

ain't no sech animal." Your guess is as good as anyone's. As I said, most song hits are accidents. And if you'd care to skip down to Tin Pan Alley and interview some of the lads whose melodic brain children have become established hits, you'll learn that it is so.

Let's take "Heartaches" by John Klenner and Al Hoffman, my current partner-in-rhyme. Not so long ago they were a couple of composers whose efforts had not

# THE BAND-BOX...

By WILSON BROWN

(Start at the top right and proceed to the left and down) Maestro Meredith Willson, supervisor of orchestras in NBC's San Francisco studios. He is very young, very talented, and very enthusiastic about "American music for Americans." Next, Phil Harris and Leah Ray—of "Let's Listen to Harris" fame. NBC-WJZ blue network at 9 p. m. EST on Fridays. Now, we don't suppose you need us to identify Paul Whiteman for you. That's Doems Taylor with him—both of the Kraft-Phoenix program. Finally, Little Jack Little—now in the Hotel Lexington silver grill. Hear him over CBS stations.



This is Arthur Wright, featured tenor with Leo Reisman—heard over NBC. Wright has also made Brunswick recordings with Reisman.



Ted Lewis, one of the old timers in the band business, with Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Crawford, those organists par excellence.

# THE BAND-BOX...

Lowdown notes on radio's music-makers. Written in a snappy tempo. And right up to pitch as far as accuracy goes

HERE'S one of those "Believe It or Not" incidents which even I would have doubted had I not been present when it all took place.

On a Tuesday night not so long ago, the word leaked out that Babe Miller had left Barney Rapp's orchestra to take a try at movies. So from East Side, West Side, all around the town, came little girls and big girls, blondes and brunettes, all after the job. Barney, you know, was playing in the Hotel New Yorker at the time with a CBS wire. So every girl singer in town who didn't have a job or didn't think she had enough jobs, took a stab. Barney auditioned them all.

The next night I had dinner with Barney—at a table beside the orchestra where Barney could sit down and eat bites between waltzes. "I've got to have a girl singer tonight," he said. "This is my last night here," he continued. "I've got to leave the city by 2 a.m. tonight. I'm to open at the Loew's Theatre in Washington Friday and rehearse tomorrow morning."

I looked at my watch. It was exactly 10 p.m. "Of all the girls I've heard, I believe I like Jean Paul the best," he told me. "She's Lee Wiley's sister." I knew her. She had come to New York only three

months before to visit her sister, the NBC singer, and to study voice. In fact, I had arranged a program for her on a small station a few weeks before and was pleasantly surprised at her fine work. I told Barney all about it.

"Well, I've got to have a singer. Get her on the phone."

I did. Jean (who is really Pearl Wiley) naturally said she'd be tickled to go. I hurried up to her apartment, congratulated her, and by the scheduled time to leave—2 a.m.—she was on her way. The next morning she had her first rehearsal. The day after, she made her first appearance—on the stage of Loew's Theatre in the nation's capital. A week later, she was on her way to Cincinnati for an engagement at the Netherlands Plaza, then to New Orleans. Soon, they were due back in New York.

That is what can happen to little gals who come to big cities searching for fame and fortune. That's the sort of lucky break that keeps the trails to Radiotown crowded with ambitious boys and girls.

BAND leaders have weaknesses, all gossip to the contrary notwithstanding. Glen (Continued on page 75)

# fashion parade



1. Katherine Carrington has chosen this luscious gown for evening wear. It is decidedly contradictory, for its back dips to a low décolleté with a narrow cape outlining it, while the front comes up high with a cowl draped around the neck—a silver lace bodice with a clinging skirt of black chiffon velvet. 2. Here is a glorious blue and silver Chinese silk pyjama suit. The coachman-like coat boasts lapels, double-breasted arrangement of buttons 'n everything. The pyjama itself has a natty ascot. 3. How do you like this rhinestone "Alice in Wonderland" headband? Charming and youthful? We think so. 4. The star's favorite suit is of red wool. 5. Here is Katherine in a black chiffon hostess gown trimmed with silver flowers.

Two of Radioland's smartest songbirds present their "fine feathers" for your approval and model the beautiful gowns themselves

ARRANGED BY HELEN HOVER

Pictures by Harold Stein



1. This is Loretta Lee's smartest evening hat. It's fashioned from the shiniest sequins and boasts simply stunning lines. The veil has a perky flare and dips alluringly over one eye. 2. The less shoe the better! These silver kidskin evening sandals are an intricate maze of thin straps, revealing as much of the foot as possible. 3. How do you like Loretta's brown wool plaid suit? Don't let the collar fool you. It's really an ascot with a tricky arrangement. It ties over and is thrown across each shoulder. 4. This black velvet gown has a definite dramatic appeal, with a bright red belt with rhinestone clips to lighten its severe lines. 5. Here is Miss Lee's evening gown of black satin and glistening sequins. The cape sleeves are the newest note in formal clothes.



FOOD  
FIT FOR  
KINGS  
OF THE  
AIR

By MRS. ALICE  
PAIGE MUNROE

Mary Livingstone, the cute wife of Jack Benny, is a "professional" and hasn't much time for housekeeping. But she can—when she must—prepare a delicious, nutritious meal in record time. Mrs. Munroe tells you how.

COME on up for dinner," Mary Livingstone called out to me gaily. She and Jack Benny had just finished a strenuous rehearsal that had taken longer than they had planned, and as Jack put it they were "hungrier than two round-the-world fliers."

"This is the maid's night out." Mary explained as we taxied to their charming apartment. "but I'll see what I can get together."

So while Jack and I had a little chat in the living-room, Mary pattered about in their cute little kitchenette. In what seemed just a few minutes, Mary stuck her head out. "Dinner's served. Come on in."

"Crackers and cheese." I thought to myself. "That's about all she had time for."

But I was in for a great surprise. There before us was a most appetizing, steaming hot dinner that would have satisfied the appetite of a hungry day laborer.

"How did you do it?" I asked.

"Oh, it's a trick," Mary laughed. "It's easy to get together a big dinner in a few minutes if you know how."

SO Mary and I talked over this business of getting a healthy-sized meal together in a jiffy, until Jack started to refer to us as *hausfrau*, and then we stopped. But I left with some perfectly grand ideas on short-cuts in preparing meals. If you follow these tips, you'll find that you'll have almost your whole day for yourself, to spend at bridges, matinees, relaxation, or doing the hundred and one things you've promised yourself you'd do the moment you "had enough time." It's so unnecessary for a woman to be tied down to her kitchen, once she knows the secret of preparing a nutritious and attractive dinner quickly.

The answer is *advance* (Continued on page 77)

CANDY MAGIC RECIPES

RADIO STARS RECIPE DEPARTMENT  
RADIO STARS Magazine

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# If you Want to be Beautiful



Harriet Hilliard, the sweet singer with Ozzie Nelson's band, obligingly shows you the three-dot way to apply cream rouge.



And when it comes to powdering, press on an excess of powder. Then brush away that excess with a camel's hair brush or bit of cotton.



There's a lot to learn on the lipstick subject! Miss Belmont gives you various and sundry helpful hints on lipstick virtues and sins below.

Photographs by Ray Lee Jackson

WHAT can be done with make-up? What *can't* be done with it? That's why I'm placing it second on the list of these articles. Last month, you may remember, this department was devoted to a few simple rules for keeping or acquiring a good skin. We'll go back to skins again at some later date. But in the meantime we'll take a peek into the fascinating business of helping nature out with the task of being lovely.

Make-up is a very complicated art. You can study it for years—and *then* there'll be plenty that you don't know. Naturally, one couldn't possibly cover even a fair-sized portion of the territory in one article. One couldn't touch upon many individual needs and requirements. That's where the United States mail comes in: if you have some pet make-up problem of your own that's bothering you, write and ask me about it. Meantime—let's get down to work.

First, the broad, general rules.

1. Make-up should always be applied to a spotlessly clean face. (You knew that right along, did you? Well, see that you practice what you know.)

2. If you use a foundation (and, me, I don't hold with them for general use—they're apt to clog pores) use it sparingly. The best way is to wring a pad of cotton out in cold water and apply the foundation with the damp pad. Foundations come in tints to match your skin nowadays, just as powder does. So don't go using white if you're a brunette, or flesh-color if you're a gypsy-tan.

3. If you use cream rouge or liquid rouge, this goes on next. Cream rouge is the safest for your skin, though it's a little harder to apply than dry rouge. Liquid rouge is the most natural, if skilfully applied. (It's very difficult to apply, I might add.) Above on this page, Harriet Hilliard—who is a good scout if ever there was one—is

By CAROLYN  
BELMONT

bravely permitting herself to be photographed with three clown-in-the-circus dots of rouge on her face. That shows one of the ways—the most efficient way—of applying cream rouge. A little more or a little less, depending upon how

you want your roses. Then blend the three dots into each other—upward and outward. And do, do remember that cream rouge has a way of suddenly becoming much brighter after it has been on your skin for a spell.

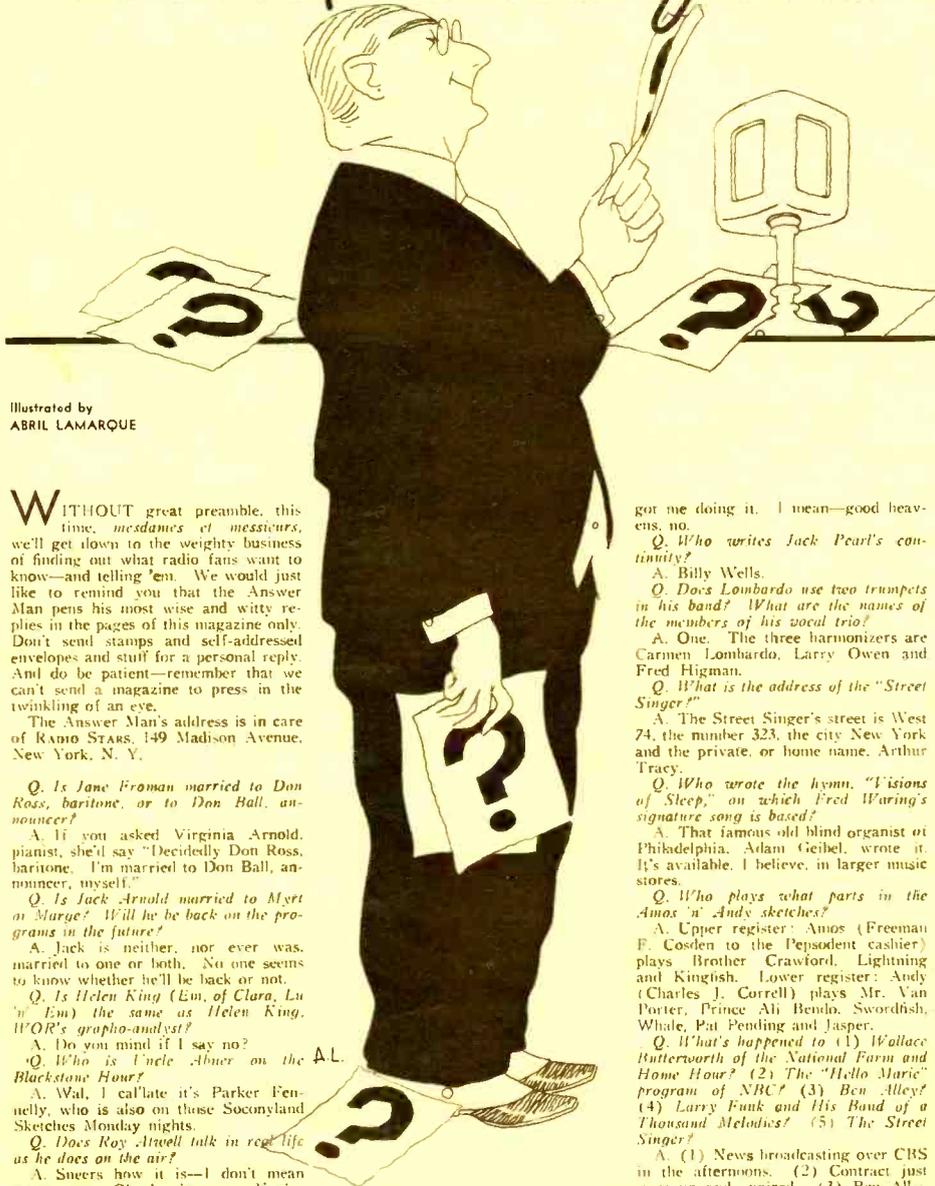
With liquid rouge, you wet a pad of cotton and apply the rouge with it. Work upward and outward, always. Blend away the edges so that there is no sudden stopping of color. Don't let the color extend much below your nostril line—it gives faces an old, hang-dog look. If your face is thin, the brightest color should be further away from the nose. The contrary if your face is plump. But remember that the best place to put color is where nature would have put it had she been in the mood: high rather than low, extending over the cheek bone and a bit below, out toward the ears and up toward the temples rather than the reverse.

4. This is the ideal way to apply powder: with the hair protected by a towel, press—don't rub in—with a *clean* puff a more-than-sufficient amount of powder onto your face. And don't neglect your neck unless—but there, that's a hint I'll save, for the moment. Then, take a small, soft baby's brush and gently whisk away the excess powder. Be especially thorough with your whisking when it comes to the eyebrows and crevices of the nose and chin.

REALIZE that we don't often have time enough to tie the bean up in a towel and go through that rigmarole with the brush. So, for a hurried powdering, just remember to fluff the powder onto (Continued on page 79)

Letting you in on the fascinating secrets of the art of make-up

# What radio fans



Illustrated by  
ABRIL LAMARQUE

WITHOUT great preamble, this time, *mesdames et messieurs*, we'll get down to the weighty business of finding out what radio fans want to know—and telling 'em. We would just like to remind you that the Answer Man pens his most wise and witty replies in the pages of this magazine only. Don't send stamps and self-addressed envelopes and stuff for a personal reply. And do be patient—remember that we can't send a magazine to press in the twinkling of an eye.

The Answer Man's address is in care of RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**Q.** Is Jane Froman married to Don Ross, baritone, or to Don Ball, announcer?

**A.** If you asked Virginia Arnold, pianist, she'd say "Decidedly Don Ross, baritone. I'm married to Don Ball, announcer, myself."

**Q.** Is Jack Arnold married to Marge or Marge? Will he be back on the programs in the future?

**A.** Jack is neither, nor ever was, married to one or both. No one seems to know whether he'll be back or not.

**Q.** Is Helen King (Em, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em) the same as Helen King, WOP's grapho-analyst?

**A.** Do you mind if I say no?

**Q.** Who is Enele Abner on the *Blackstone Hour*?

**A.** Wal, I callate it's Parker Fenelly, who is also on those Soconyland Sketches Monday nights.

**Q.** Does Roy Atwell talk in real life as he does on the air?

**A.** Sneers how it is—I don't mean tears now. Oh, let it pass. You've

got me doing it. I mean—good heavens, no.

**Q.** Who writes Jack Pearl's continuity?

**A.** Billy Wells.  
**Q.** Does Lombardo use two trumpets in his band? What are the names of the members of his vocal trio?

**A.** One. The three harmonizers are Carmen Lombardo, Larry Owen and Fred Higman.

**Q.** What is the address of the "Street Singer"?

**A.** The Street Singer's street is West 74, the number 323, the city New York and the private, or home name, Arthur Tracy.

**Q.** Who wrote the hymn, "Visions of Sleep," on which Fred Waring's signature song is based?

**A.** That famous old blind organist of Philadelphia, Adam Geibel, wrote it. It's available, I believe, in larger music stores.

**Q.** Who plays what parts in the *Amos 'n' Andy* sketches?

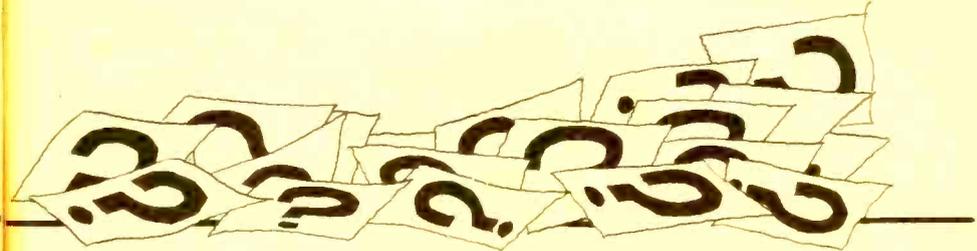
**A.** Upper register: Amos (Freeman F. Coslen to the Pepsodent cashier) plays Brother Crawford, Lightning and Kingfish. Lower register: Andy (Charles J. Correll) plays Mr. Van Porter, Prince Ali Benda, Swordfish, Whale, Pat Pentling and Jasper.

**Q.** What's happened to (1) Wallace Butterworth of the *National Farm and Home Hour*? (2) The "Hello Marie" program of NBC? (3) Ben Alley? (4) Larry Funk and His Band of a *Thousand Melodies*? (5) *The Street Singer*?

**A.** (1) News broadcasting over CBS in the afternoons. (2) Contract just gave up and expired. (3) Ben Alley

# went to know

Paging the Answer Man! Paging the Answer Ma-a-an! A flock of questions—with answers that match them perfectly!



is now on WABC Sunday mornings 10:45-11:00 EST and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 11:45 to 12:00 noon. (4) Just drifted out of radio's life for a time. (5) Well, no one'll pay the price he thinks he's worth.

**Q.** Are Stoopnagle and Budd coming back soon?

**A.** By the time you read this you'll doubtless discover that they're already on.

**Q.** Tell me something about Jack Arthur of the *Cuekoo* program.

**A.** Been through several battles, although still unmarried. The battles were in Amiens where he was wounded. Played in "What Price Glory?" "Paddocks," "Desert Song," "Follow Through," "Ziegfeld Follies of 1931," and oh, lotsa others. He's thirty years old, dances, swims, plays tennis and likes motoring. Comes from Brooklyn, N. Y., originally.

**Q.** What is the new address of the National Broadcasting Company's New York studios?

**A.** Try this on your Cuh-rona: NBC, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, Radio City, New York, N. Y.

**Q.** Can you sketch the life of Florence Halop?

**A.** Oh my, yes. She was still a mere tottler when she first went on the air six years ago. Now she's nine, goes to schools, public and professional, collects dolls and just dotes on horseback riding. She's been on the Wheatonville, Lady Next Door, Radio Household Institute and Chase and Saurborn programs.

**Q.** What are the names of Jimmy Wallington's twins? Is he married?

**A.** (Asked, I might explain, by different readers.) The twins haven't any names because there ain't any. He has a dog named Pat, however. Sorry, he's married, though he isn't sorry.

**Q.** What are the names and ages of Myrt, Marge and Clarence?

**A.** Myrtle Vail, 37; Donna Damerel, 20; Ray Hedge, 21. Ages not unconditionally guaranteed.

**Q.** (1) Are Nancy and David of "Just Plain Bill" married? (2) If so, to whom?

**A.** (1) No. (2) I just told you, no one.

**Q.** Please tell us something about Spencer Dean of the *Eno Crime Club*.

**A.** Pretty please? Well, Edward Reese has been on the stage twenty years, nine of it in stock. He was born in Baltimore in 1891, and instead of going to Johns Hopkins he got a job in stock in Cleveland for \$10 a week. Since then he's been leading man for Fay Bainter and has co-starred with Helen Chandler. On the air he's played in the *Collier's Hour*, *Soconyland Sketches*, *Canada Dry* and others. You're entirely welcome.

**Q.** Please tell us something about Paul Whiteman.

**A.** Whiteman? Oh, yes, I remember. He's been a taxi driver, conductor of a forty-piece Navy orchestra during the war and was the first to raise jazz to an intellectual level. He was born in Denver in 1891, where for fifty years his father has been supervisor of music in the public schools. He's married to Margaret Livingston, actress, and is quite in love with her. He moves in high social and entertainment circles, and is one of the best

dressed, most popular men about town.

**Q.** Is Baby Rose Marie a sister of Guy Lombardo and brothers?

**A.** If she is, Guy doesn't know anything about it. I didn't bother to ask the others.

**Q.** What has become of Pat Kennedy who used to sing with Ben Bernie's orchestra?

**A.** Got stage struck on account of he got a nice contract for a vaudeville tour through the Middle West which will last all through the month of February. He'll be back on the air sometime.

**Q.** Is Cherio married?

**A.** Yes, though despite that fact that he's optimistic in the mornings, yes.

**Q.** Who plays the part of Kerry Donagan in "Just Plain Bill"?

**A.** Ever see Thomas Meighan on the screen? Well, it ain't him. It's his nephew, Jimmy.

**Q.** What's Ozzie Nelson's real name?

**A.** Promise you won't tell? All right. It's Oswald George Nelson.

**Q.** Are Betty and Bob sweethearts off the air?

**A.** Wouldn't you think they'd have enough of it on the air? They do.

**Q.** Why isn't Andrea Marsh singing with Ted Weems any more? Is Ted married?

**A.** Oh, NBC says just cuz. Second, you bet. To Eleanor Constance Logan, who is just a swell wife.

**Q.** I saw a fellow in burlesque in Detroit some years ago who reminds me of Joe Penner. ('Z th' so!) Could it be he?

**A.** Yes, it could be, and doubtless was! But doo-oh-n't nooever ask that again. He wants to forget those days.

# Behind the Scenes of Radio's Wonderland

(Continued from page 48)

Next Door) you know, says her charges have been much happier in their own little workroom.

**B**UT if you're a speaker and you've a spot on the red or blue network, you're the man of the hour in this air castle. Four speaker studios have been provided by the orators. Walter Winchell, John B. Kennedy and Lowell Thomas, the lucky stiffs, broadcast these days from surroundings that would make a potentate of old Persia feel like a heel.

There's a Tudor room, a Georgian room, an Early American room, a Louis the Umpteenth room.

Here is luxury. Paintings and plush rugs and antique furniture that would look good in a museum. Does the thought arise momentarily, who pays for all this? Of course it does. And the answer? You do! I do! We all do! Every time we reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet, we're paying.

Seen enough studios yet? Good. We'll move on to something else. There'll be thirty-five of 'em in operation when things are running right. Here's an item you'll want to remember. Folks have been saying that television is just around the corner. If you're like me, you've scoffed at the notion. Just the same, if you've kept your eyes peeled, you've noticed two control rooms in every studio instead of one. But one is empty and locked. Why? That locked control room is for television if and when it comes.

What next? Well, there's the music

library. It's on the third and fourth floors. In it are a half million pieces of music. To move various of these half million to the studios in which musicians will need them, a dumb waiter system has been devised.

**N**OW that we're talking about gadgets, let's hop up to our air conditioning plant. It's the biggest in the world and it sends a constant stream of air through every studio and hallway in NBC's ten floors.

Maybe you don't know much about the necessity of air conditioning in a studio. Think of this, then. A studio must be quiet and silent; so no windows can be punched in its walls that would let in street noises. Even noises in halls must be eliminated, so air-tight doors are provided. That means that every studio is hermetically sealed. Suppose, now, Studio 8H, with a mob of 1,500 people in it, were suddenly cut off from the outside air. In ten minutes you'd have folks choking to death, smothering, suffocating.

See those sixty-four clock-face dials on that wall. We're on the tenth and top floor, remember. They're gadgets invented to tell just how hot and just how fresh is the air in every studio and hall. They're sensitive to heat, plenty. If a fellow lights a cigarette even, they say, it shows on a dial. Wonder what will happen if anybody ever brings around Lupe Velez?

Those whirring sounds you hear come from the fans. They're churning fresh air into a hundred yawning tun-

nels that slant through these ten tall floors. If any fan should stop, a red light shows on the giant control board before us. An engineer is on duty there at all times. Listen, mister. Including us, there are over four thousand visitors in the building tonight. Keep those fans turning, pull-eeze!

One more thing. How'd you like to put up a ten-story building and then be told you couldn't use a scrap of wallpaper in it? That happened here. Engineers decided the wallpaper thing. Hard walls and flat surfaces cause echoes or something, and next to a crooner, an echo is the most unpopular item around a studio. So NBC went out and bought itself a lot of sound-proof material that it used instead of plaster, and to cover it they purchased 244,908 (or was it 244,909?) square yards of specially woven fabric to replace the wallpaper. Forty different fabrics, if you please, for every studio and hallway.

Hey! Look at that clock. It's been hours since we started. (That clock, by the way, is the only one of a battalion of 325 used by NBC.) The complete tour of this here temple consumes close to five hours. But not for us tonight. I see Uncle Almer over there with his hand on his back, and Cousin Kate with a glaze coming across her eyes. So let's call it a day, and come back for a show some other time. As for me, Agnes, I'm going to remove my aching dogs from this Castle of Kilocycles, and take them tenderly home and put them tenderly to bed.

## The Secret Story of Ed Wynn's Biggest Mistake

(Continued from page 13)

Amalgamated Broadcasting System as an unstable organization with little hope of success.

Oh, but this couldn't be possible. Nothing like this could happen to his brain-child. But he must know. Were all his ideas, his investment of \$112,000 to vanish? That couldn't be. But he must make sure.

Telegraph wires hummed with a sharp query. Long distance telephone conversations followed. Confidence struggled with the bewilderment of fear and doubt in Wynn. He must take a fast train to New York instantly. He must find out the truth.

The train rushing across the continent hummed a steady dirge. If all this were true, how would he be able to face the radio world again? They would laugh at him. His ears would catch "I told you so's" from every side.

**B**UT he was determined to see the thing through. Immediately on his arrival, he went into a conference which lasted far into the early hours of the

morning. Every hour brought him new revelations. Each revelation was a sharp blow which drove a burning shaft of shame deeper into the pride which so shortly before filled him.

What bitter irony was this that, though Amalgamated had had beautiful offices and studios and a Rolls Royce for executives, that for weeks the employees had worked without pay. And when they finally had begun to draw salaries, it was half pay. Many of them were competent radio workers, long out of employment, hoping for a future with this network.

And the artists? He'd known that they'd agreed to wait for the sponsor's money to start pouring in before they were paid. But he'd been so sure that sponsors were ready to start. Yet there wasn't a single account in sight. Now he was told that the artists, some of them once-famous names, almost all without money, watched enviously as the Columbia artists stepped from their fine cars and entered the studios across the street. A few of the Amalgamated

artists, evicted from their homes while waiting with blind hope, had begged to be allowed to sleep in the studios.

That opening too, he learned, had been a disgraceful affair. The world and its brother, apparently, had been invited. It had been like a milling subway jam. Many of his old Broadway friends had been there and gone away disgusted. What could they have thought of him? What could they be thinking now?

And what about the programs up to the time they went off the air? At least they must have been listened to. No? The audiences had been small. The stations were too low powered. Too difficult to tune in. But why all this? Why?

**T**HERE had been competent men in the organization, to be sure. But there had been others who hadn't the slightest idea how to conduct the business of a network. Amalgamated had split into two factions, then tottered and crashed around Ed Wynn in ruins.

Radio Row had snickered at him before. Now it was laughing openly. Employees were besieging the disillusioned comedian for unpaid salaries. Some of the final pay checks had been dishonored by the bank. He was faced with the threat of litigation on other counts for years to come. Men discouraged, desolate, humiliated, have committed suicide for less. What does a man like Wynn do under such circumstances?

He was asked why, when he was a successful radio comedian at \$5,000 a week, when he was to return to the air at \$7,500, he should have attempted to become a broadcast baron.

He shook his head in a slow, sad, puzzled manner.

"I never dreamed it would be like this."

He thought bitterly of the \$180,000 he'd spent in seventeen years to build himself as "The Perfect Fool." He pondered on the fact that he'd been on the air but two weeks and everyone knew him only as "The Fire Chief."

"Gentlemen," he said with a wry smile to the reporters gathered around him, "you may once more characterize me as 'The Perfect Fool.'"

But let's return to talk with him after this, his second broadcast following his great misfortune. Like a true trouper, his first thought is, not of his own troubles, but of how well he'd done on the program.

"All night I've been in pain," he says. "I could never say such a thing on the air, but I'm sure my audience must have suspected it. My performance was bad, very bad. The Texas Company didn't want me to go on tonight, but I had to in spite of everything."

We attempt to reassure him.

"No," he answers with a sigh. "I know when I'm good and when I'm not. All this trouble I've had—oh, well, I brought it all on myself. I have no one but myself to blame."

Would he make another attempt at organizing a network?

Lines of determination drive away the creases of pain on his face for a moment.

"Never again," he declares vehemently. "My business is to make people laugh, not to make myself feel like crying."

The same day, Wynn was being shown through the enormous studios in Radio City. The tour consumed considerable time.

"Now, boys," said Wynn when two hours had passed, "if you'll just give me one second, I'll take you over, and show you Amalgamated's studios."

In spite of everything, Ed Wynn can still laugh. That's right. Laugh, clown, laugh. And a world that is full of friends will laugh with you.

ARE YOU TALENTED?

If you are, a certain story in next month's RADIO STARS may change your whole life!

● "Got my foot on the first rung of the ladder, all right! Grandpa says it's kind of a hard climb. But not for athletic fellers like me! I'll get there!"



● "Oooh—going up! 'Course this stunt might bother some kids—but it's a cinch for me! No matter how hard I exercise, I never get chafed and uncomfortable, 'cause I use plenty of the best kind of baby powder—Johnson's!"



● "Whee—right next to the man-in-the-moon! And I wasn't hardly half trying! My trainer certainly keeps me in championship condition with those Johnson Baby Powder rubs. And that reminds me—I've got a tip for all you Mothers..."



"Try different baby powders between your thumb and finger, just like this. Some of 'em feel gritty—but Johnson's is soft as silk! And our doctor told my mother, 'There's no zinc-stearate in Johnson's—and no orris-root.'"



Send 10c in coin for samples of Johnson's Baby Powder, Baby Soap, and Baby Cream, Dept. 131, Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, New Jersey. 

JOHNSON'S *Baby* POWDER

# How Song Hits Are Born

(Continued from page 57)

Apologize," "Suzanne" and "Fit as a Fiddle."

If you happen to be in this business of song-writing, you've probably heard many versions of the manner in which "My Blue Heaven" was born. This is the lowdown. All the men figuring in the yarn will corroborate these facts.

Walter Donaldson, since then, has authored "Mammy," "You're Driving Me Crazy," "Those Little White Lies," and many others. At the time, Donaldson had a pleasant little tune which he brought to Sammy Lewis and Joe Young to supply the lyrics. But they were busy, so they asked a mutual friend, George Whiting, to furnish the words.

Whiting, at the time, was on the vaudeville stage, a member of the team of Whiting and Burt. With much pleading, by Lewis and Young, Whiting consented as a friendly gesture.

And so, after several huddles with Donaldson, the words were adapted to the melody, labeled "My Blue Heaven" and placed at the mercy of Feist, Eureka! But the yarn begins to be woven at this point on. Feist took it and for three years it gathered dust on one of the office shelves.

**TOMMY LYMAN**, a young night club entertainer, obtained a manuscript copy. The guests at his club liked the song. He was always called upon for an encore. And before long, Lyman had sung it so many times that it became a part of him.

The lifting strain spread. People began to ask for it at music counters. And the reply was invariably the same, "Sorry, we haven't it, but we'll be glad to get it for you."

And so many telephone calls did Feist get, and so many visits from agency men, orchestra leaders and arrangers that he had to replace the worn carpet leading to his office and print "My Blue Heaven." The rest is musical history.

Appropos of this, it is interesting to note that Gene Austin made a Victor record of the song. So much royalty did he realize on the sale of these discs, that he was able to buy a yacht and christen it "My Blue Heaven."

And now a story about Al Lewis. Lewis was thrilled when Fall weather and the sight of the pigskin boosted his spirits. Flash! An idea! He pounced before the piano keys. When he rose, he had a rough copy of "All-American Girl" in his hands.

The next day he placed a copy with a publisher who had Rudy Vallee under his wing. Vallee's thoughts perhaps were elsewhere. No consideration was forthcoming and the publisher turned as cold as an Eskimo's kiss. He returned the script to Lewis. Meanwhile, the football season had heard its last whistle, and rah-rahs died from the field. Christmas was on the way, then Spring, Summer, and Fall came around again.

Once more the cry of the gridiron was heard.

This time Lewis confronted George Olsen and all his pearly teeth. The publisher's record will show you that "All-American Girl" was the Number One seller in 1932.

It would be futile to attempt to set down everything DeSylva, Brown and Henderson have composed. A short while ago, these ambitious fellows decided to combine their talents. Discouraged in their attempts to obtain new tunes for their catalogues, they chose to write their own.

"It all depends on the public," said Brown one afternoon to his confederates.

And that was the birth of their initial production, "It All Depends on You." Thus their first song was dedicated to the multitude of music lovers. The people had faith in them, they had faith in the people and it all led to one of the strongest trinitaries in the business.

**THEN**, for some reason or other, the lads drifted and went their separate ways. Buddy DeSylva is directing motion pictures for Fox. Lew Brown is also associated with that camera company. Ray Henderson is thinking up funny songs and sayings for George White's "Scandals," which the latter will construct for Fox. After all, they will be under one banner again, and it may result in their putting their shoulders to the same wheel once more.

Intimate friends of Bing Crosby will tell you that Bing croons "I Apologize" to his wife each time he commits a *faux pas*. The song is linked with him and whenever he asks for a suggestion, someone in the audience is bound to call out, "I Apologize."

Bing was instrumental in the success of this number. Secondly, let me say that it came from the hands of Al Hoffman, Eddie Nelson and myself. Every important publisher was sought and refused to have anything to do with it. We became desperate. We would sooner listen to the death penalty inflicted upon us than another "No."

Much to our surprise one day, we learned that we had skipped Bobby Crawford of the aforementioned DeSylva, Brown and Henderson. Here was the last straw.

Whether Crawford sympathized or actually liked it, we didn't know. But he did take it and allowed it to liberate for nine months. Crosby was on the West Coast and fast becoming popular. The Coconut Grove in California was beginning to rival Niagara Falls and the Thousand Islands for guests.

My patience was coming to an end. I broke into my penny bank and mailed Crosby a copy of "I Apologize." You probably know how the song was received. Let me mention, in passing, that this was the first of the torch songs and was responsible for creating

a vogue which has become permanent. Now, let's hop from torch songs to nursery rhymes. No doubt you've seen Walt Disney's classic, "The Three Little Pigs."

To begin with, Ann Ronnell, who is to be given most of the credit for "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," is a member of Disney's staff. Before this, she wrote "Baby's Birthday Party," the best remembered of her compositions until this. When she and Frank E. Churchill, who collaborated, saw and heard their brain-child on the Trans-Lux screen, when they heard the people exit from the theatre, humming the three little pigs and the big bad wolf, Miss Ronnell suggested to Mr. Churchill that they work on the strain and attempt to draw up a standard size piece of music.

**FOR** a time "The Three Little Pigs" and its theme song, "The Big Bad Wolf" became a mania. The conductor on the train hummed it as he punched your ticket. The waitress drummed it on the table as she took your order.

The reception of "The Big Bad Wolf" had an immediate effect on all Disney products. Now, they are to be accorded the same respect as feature pictures insofar as advertising, exploitation and publicity are concerned.

The movie-minded radio fan might like to know that Disney spends an average of \$20,000, on his single reels which require three months for a staff of technicians to complete. "Mickey Mouse" incidentally, earned Disney more than \$2,000,000. Which all goes to prove to the poor song-writer that he doesn't need a star or an inspiration or a popular jazz major-domo to make his song. Even a little pig will do.

"Poor Butterfly" made Raymond Hubbel a rich man. Also, it gave John Golden, the theatrical big gun, a push up the ladder of success and enabled him to begin a partnership with Winchell Smith. Hubbel is now an officer of the American Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers.

Charles Dillingham had assigned him to write the music for a show. Golden was to furnish the lyrics. After many paw-woos the task was completed. "Poor Butterfly" was in the production ladder. For divers and sundry reasons, Dillingham and the other overlords wrinkled their noses at it.

Another number would have to replace it. But time and the premiere crept forward and before you could say "Charlie Dillingham," it was opening night. It was too late to accept any substitutes. Several had been tried but failed, and "Poor Butterfly," per schedule, swept across the auditorium. Suffice it to say that Raymond Hubbel's tune and John Golden's lyrics remained in the show. Myrt and Marge sue it to introduce their program each evening over WABC.

Should you study the career of Irving

Berlin, you would notice that he is an "autobiographical" song writer. The more important events in his later life protrude from his memory and furnish the basis for his compositions. To illustrate this point, "When I Lost You" was invented on the death of his first wife. When he fell in love with Ellen Mackay, he wrote "Always," and "Remember," "Russian Lullaby" and "The Little Things in Life" were created when he learned that he was to become a father.

A good composer is always alert, ready to overtake an idea and prepare it for the music-loving millions. Intrinsically, he must be a good reporter, possessing a news sense. Not the news events of the day necessarily, but a new twist, an intangible something that can easily be recognized.

Titles always have been mysterious to the layman. Here a composer can illustrate the quality of his new-bounding by seeking a name in his daily contacts with the outer world. Just as "Heartaches" was suggested by a couple of disconsolate musicians, so are numerous other numbers born by similar cases.

Take that of "My Heart Stood Still." The scene takes place in London, the usual fog as thick as the crust of Ann Mathilda's pies. The characters are Larry Hart and Dick Rodgers, both at present associated with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's cleft and chord division.

Hart and Rodgers are rolling along one of the busy thoroughfares in their automobile, and suddenly there is a grinding screech, like chalk on a slate, as Rodgers draws the emergency hand brake. Another automobile had come within an inch of them. A collision, with perhaps terrible results, might have been the conclusion to the story.

A moment or two of verbal cross-fire on the part of the two drivers and Rodgers and Hart are once more on their way. "Say, Dick," said Larry, "that was a close one. I think my heart stood still." He blinked for a moment, then prodded Rodgers' side with his elbow. "Hey!" he shouted. "That would make a grand title for a song, 'My Heart Stood Still.'"

It didn't take long for them to write it. Neither did it take London very long to whistle it. The boys returned to this country and placed it in "A Connecticut Yankee." And that's the genesis of "My Heart Stood Still." Another little accident.

One more thing. Some time ago, a composer would sit down at his piano and develop his tune with a particular stage star in mind to present it. Signor Mareoni's invention, now called the radio, has changed all this. When a song man begins to labor over his melody, he sees nothing but dial- and tubes. And, of course, if one has to mention it, Lady Censorship and her blue pencil.

HAVE YOU VOTED IN OUR POPULARITY POLL? SEE PAGE 8 FOR DETAILS!

# MILLIONS END UGLY SKIN FAULTS

*with this famous "miracle cream"*

- 
- LARGE PORES
- BLACKHEADS
- PIMPLES
- OILY SKIN
- RED ROUGH HANDS
- 



YOU can be smartly dressed—you can have the most appealing personality—but if your complexion is blemished, coarse-textured, oily—or if your hands are red, rough and chapped, then much of your charm is lost!

That's why over one million of the smartest women in America today use Noxzema Cream regularly—on their faces and on their hands. For Noxzema is a "skin medicine" in cream form—designed especially to correct skin

troubles and to restore the skin to normal, healthy beauty.

When you suffer from pimples, oiliness, large pores or blemishes, the trouble usually can be traced to *poisoned pores*. Ordinary creams cannot help this condition. A *medicated cream* is needed to purge the pores of clogging, festering impurities—to soothe tender, irritated skin—to refine and soften rough skin. That's where Noxzema and Noxzema alone helps.

Noxzema Skin Cream was originally prescribed by doctors as a greaseless, stainless remedy for skin irritations like sunburn, chapping, itching, etc. Nurses discovered how wonderful it was as a *corrective* beauty cream and for badly chapped hands. Today 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used!

**HOW TO USE:** Apply Noxzema every night before retiring after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water—then apply cold water or ice. Apply a little more Noxzema when you powder as a protective powder base. For hands—see directions at left. If hands are very chapped apply Noxzema several times, as much as skin will absorb. With this scientific treatment every day—in 10 days you'll note a big improvement—and soon you'll glory in a skin faultlessly clear and lovely—hands delicately smooth and white.

### Special trial offer

Get an inexpensive jar of Noxzema today at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send 10c to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 52 Baltimore, Md.—and you will receive a very generous trial jar of Noxzema—enough to make a real improvement in your skin.



**WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO**

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand is! Noxzema improves hands overnight!

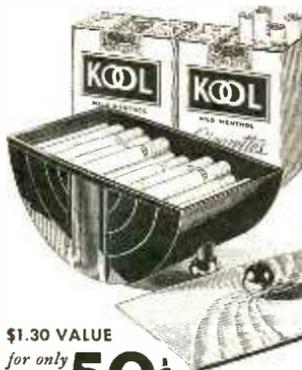


After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

**STUNNING NEW  
CIGARETTE BOX**  
*and*  
**TWO PACKS OF  
KOOL  
CIGARETTES**



**T**HIS cigarette box is a beautiful Sleek lines, dashing color combination. It's an eye-catching ornament in a living-room or on an office desk. Holds 70 to 80 cigarettes.

It sells for a dollar in high-class specialty shops along Fifth Avenue and Michigan Boulevard. Body lustrous jet-black General Electric Textolite; lid contrasting jade green; legs and knob silvery chromium-plated balls. (Lid fits snug to keep cigarettes fresh.) Makes a wonderful gift. No advertising on it.

KOOLS are mildly mentholated by a special process that actually cools the smoke to prevent throat dryness, but doesn't interfere with the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. And KOOLS are cork-tipped; won't stick to lips.

The supply of boxes is limited. You should save 80 cents if you act immediately.

BROWN & WILKINSON TOBACCO CORP.  
Dept. 1, Louisville, Kentucky

Enclosed find 50¢ (stamps or money-order or coin—if latter, please protect) for which send me—postpaid—KOOL Cigarette Box (no advertising on it) and two 15¢ packs of KOOL CORK-TIPPED CIGARETTES.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Good in U. S. A. only

## How Winchell's "Girl Friday" Made Good

(Continued from page 49)

York from Pittsburgh with great stage ambitions. Ruth had studied the drama in Carnegie Tech and at Pittsburgh University. She has not become a stage name, though she did play on Broadway in "The Intruder," "The Barker" and "Silver Swan." That might contribute to her studio poise.

An intense curiosity drove me to the NBC studios in Radio City to see for myself how she'd handle the situation. And I was apprehensive that something would go wrong.

In the studio is a great, three-table phonograph pick-up. That's what furnishes the roar of the presses which is the opening theme of the Jergens broadcasts. A sound effects man is adjusting the telegraph key actuating the sounds you hear before each news flash. Ben Grauer stands at the announcer's microphone testing it for voice level. Norman Sweetzer, production man, paces about.

In the very center of the studio at a small table Ruth Cambridge, Walter's "Girl Friday," sits fingering her script, news which she's gathered herself and written herself. From time to time she'd read a few lines in a low voice into the microphone on the table before her.

Three minutes to go and the air is alive with tenseness. Grauer goes to her table and blue pencils a line of her copy. On this program, he's delegated to edit any dangerous material. Ruth looks around the room with a fleeting smile and glances at the clock.

A page boy, smart in the new uniform of Radio City, enters with a carafe of water. The red second hand sweeps memorably toward the hour. Ruth's hand shakes just a little as she puts the paper cup of water to her lips and drains it.

"Quiet, please." Ben presses buttons on the little control panel before him. He watches seconds rush by, then makes the local station announcement. "Girl Friday's" eyes are glued on the sound effects man as he starts the roar of the

presses. Then her gaze flicks to Grauer. He is extolling Jergens as an aid to bad beauty. Ruth unconsciously rubs her hand together under the table.

**T**HE production man holds his hand in the air for a moment, then drops it. She begins to read. Here is the crucial test. If she can get through the first few paragraphs, she'll be all right. She hesitates ever so slightly. Then she falls right into the tempo. Perhaps it's because she's directing the column directly to Winchell, who is speeding toward Florida. Fortunately she doesn't know that he can't hear her.

As Ben Grauer steps to his microphone for his final announcement she leans back again, stretches, then looks up, seeking nods of approval. She gets them. The final few seconds of silence, then the sincere congratulations.

Ruth Cambridge, Walter Winchell's "Girl Friday," tonight his "Girl Sunday," had done it.

How did she react? Well, she leaned back in her chair and rested while porters were clearing the studio. Within another two or three hours, she had another broadcast to do for the West Coast string of NBC stations. Those who knew her feared those two or three hours. They thought they might make her fidgety or scared. Reaction might set in that would hamper her late hour show.

"What'll you do now?" they asked. "Guess I'll go in and watch Jack Benny's show," she said. That was all the answer they needed. This "Girl Friday" still had her feet on the ground and her hands on the wheel.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, particularly ladies, is how Ruth Cambridge faced an emergency and met it squarely. Whether or not you heard her pleasant voice during the brief weeks she pinch-hit for her big, bad boss, you'll know now the affection and feeling in Walter Winchell's heart when he speaks next of his amazing "Girl Friday."

## Out to Lunch!

(Continued from page 42)

Paul Whiteman! Now there's a man who used to eat. But not since his marriage. He's on a grapefruit juice diet. And how his mouth waters whenever he passes a hot dog. Jack Benny? Swiss on rye with beer is his. Don Voorhees? He's the kind of guy you must keep your eye on. Dumps Worcestershire sauce in your soup when you aren't looking.

Walter Winchell always eats standing up. Too jumpy to sit, he says. B. A. Rolfe doesn't sit much, either.

Those little stools, you know, aren't too roomy for a man who carries his weight around. As for Jimmie Wallington (he won the diction award for 1933, you know) he's a sandwich fiend.

At the Lebus restaurant, you're liable to see Andre Kostelanetz eating alone. He's funny that way. Likes to do his munching without company. Bob Taplinger, the guy who interviews all the celebrities on the air, invariably has someone at his table. Probably a CBS star that he's questioning about his

life. Tod Husing accomplishes the impossible by eating and talking at the same time! It's a good trick if you can do it.

There's one more place where you catch the big shots with their mouths open. Especially in the wee small hours—Lindy's on Manhattan's Broadway. Possibly, it's the most famous restaurant in New York. When Arnold Rothstein, the gambler, was shot, remember, he received the phone call that hurried him to his death while sitting in Lindy's. The Streets-wise ones compare it to the Brown Derby in Hollywood. Here, they visit-per, careers are made. Here gather the men who pull the strings that pour golden doubloons into the pockets of this or that crooner, or condemn a filtering funny man to exile from the mike.

Drop in some time. Comedy, tragedy, pathos, whatever you want. It's the greatest show in radio.

# Meet the GIRL MEN Want to KISS



She knows how to Accentuate Natural Loveliness  
without risking that painted look

## Radio's Rebel

(Continued from page 22)

Will liked the Argentine so well he stayed there for more than a year and became an Argentine cowboy—a gaucho. He grew restless again and headed for South Africa with a shipment of horses destined for service with the British forces in the Boer War.

He had more adventures in South Africa and finally spent all his money. He was, in his own phrase, "awful hungry" when he met another American, Texas Jack, who had a wild west show in South Africa. Texas Jack gave Will a job and billed him as The Cherokee Kid. It was a truthful billing for Rogers is part Cherokee Indian.

He returned to the United States and trouped with a combined circus and wild west show as a rider and general utility man. Then one of those things happened that changed his whole life.

The circus was playing at Madison Square Garden in New York. One day, a very wild and vicious steer broke out of its pen and went charging out into the arena bent on attacking any humans that crossed its path. Children screamed and women fainted. The circus folks couldn't catch the angry steer. Then a rider dashed through the crowd whirling a rope around his head. The rope spring out like a striking snake and the loop settled around the steer. In another moment, Rogers had the animal helpless.

THE next day Rogers' picture and the story of the steer's capture appeared in every newspaper. Vaudeville managers saw possibilities in this young cowboy.

He went into vaudeville doing rope tricks. One night, his rope slipped and he bungled a stunt. To cover his embarrassment, he made some remark. The audience laughed. He spoke again, and again they laughed. And they've been laughing ever since at almost every remark he makes.

MEN don't want to kiss paint. Many a man has said: "It spoils all the illusion if you have to wipe your lips after kissing a girl." Men want to kiss. Her lips are neither a coarsening streak of paint, nor a faded, colorless line. Instead she has accentuated the cupid's bow of her mouth with a lipstick that gives the healthy, youthful glow that men admire without that painted look. Only Tangee could do this for only Tangee incorporates the magic color-change principle that makes it intensify natural coloring.

### LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. But put it on and notice how it changes on your lips to the one shade of rose most becoming to you. No smearing, and no red spots on teeth or handkerchiefs when you use Tangee. Tangee becomes a very part of you, instead of a greasy coating, hence is longer-lasting than ordinary "paint" lipsticks.

Moreover, Tangee is made with a special cream base so that it soothes and softens lips while it adds to their allure. No drying, cracking or chapping of lips when you use Tangee.

Get Tangee today—39c and \$1.10 sizes. Also in theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or send 10c with coupon below for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Kit containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

Cheeks must not look painted either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives you the same natural color as the Lipstick. Now in new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee Refills and save money.

**UNTOUCHED**—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

**PAINTED**—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

**TANGEE**—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Don't be switched!  
Insist upon Tangee.  
And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



# World's Most Famous Lipstick TANGEE ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP KIT—10¢  
THE GEORGE W. LUFK COMPANY, Inc. (M-21)  
117 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.  
Rush Miracle Make-Up Kit containing miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. Enclosed find 1¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade  FLESH  RACHEL  LIGHT RACHEL  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



● Maiden's prayer—matron's prayer, too, for that matter: "To have and to hold a soft, smooth skin."

Day in and day out—you must protect your skin against blemishes and ageing. And day in and day out, Campana's Italian Balu will guarantee you skin beauty that men will adore and women will envy.

This famous, original skin softener conquers chapping and roughness more quickly than anything you have ever used before. Perfectly safe, too. No caustic bleaches, no drying astringents. Here is a scientific blend of 16 ingredients—a formula invented by an internationally known, Italian dermatologist—that will keep your skin satiny smooth regardless of the weather or the tasks your hands must do.

Italian Balu spreads widely—lasts long. Every package—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottle, and 25c tube—bears the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.

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ITALIAN  
BALM

THE ORIGINAL  
SKIN SOFTENER

Now also in  
tubes, 25¢



Let's jump back about seven years for a little incident that Rogers may have forgotten, but which will always be remembered by this reporter. It happened in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The occasion was Rogers' first appearance in his home state after winning international fame as a comedian. It was a big day in Tulsa!

Convention Hall, Tulsa's biggest theatre, held more than three thousand Oklahomans who had come from all parts of the state. Rogers himself estimated that at least one thousand of them were "kin folks." And where was the star of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies" at the time scheduled for his appearance before the crowd? He was back-stage, pacing up and down, chewing gum frantically and trying to get up enough nerve to go out on the stage.

Time after time, he signalled from the wings to the De Rezke Singers, a male vocal ensemble traveling with him, to sing "just one more." To the folks back-stage with him—I was one—he said:

"Gosh. Everybody I ever knew is out front. They think I am big stuff just 'cause these New York folks like me. Truth is I done all these tricks for nothing when I was up on the ranch near Claremore. They sure are going to be disappointed in me."

He really had stage fright. Finally he went out on the stage and the three thousand roared a welcome. About one-thirty that morning, Rogers had to take off his coat and start to remove his shirt before the curious-istic Oklahomans would leave the hall.

THAT'S a pretty good example of how Will Rogers felt just before he started his last series of broadcasts. The man doesn't quite understand why folks think he is funny. Before his first broadcast in the new series, staged in one of NBC's most elaborate studios, Rogers sat with his face in his hands. He was visibly nervous. Only when the Revellers started to sing, did he look up. Then, before he realized it, it was time for him to begin his "sermon."

Invited guests in the studio gasped. He didn't have a script. He just stood in front of the microphone, grunted at Irvin Cobb and Fred Stone, waved a hand at Walter Winchell in the rear of the studio and started talking. He might have been talking directly to Cobb. Or he would turn and address his remarks to Stone. Every once in a while he would hang his head like a hapless school boy reciting a piece and then, when he straightened up, he would have to shove that obstreperous eyelid out of his eyes. He seemed to ignore the microphone, though he kept within its range. He might have been talking to a lot of folks at some informal party and, after he had been speaking for a few minutes, he was as much at ease as he ever is. Part of his charm is his awkwardness of expression.

It doesn't do Rogers any good to plan his broadcasts or work from a prepared manuscript. Invariably he gets a new idea three minutes before time to go on the air, so he just talks about that. And

don't think all those funny remarks of his are carefully thought out. They come naturally and in conversations with friends he is just as witty as he is before a packed theatre.

He can be quite serious, too, and he doesn't tackle a subject like war debts or the tariff until he has considered all available information on the issues. He'll hunt up an expert and let the expert do the talking while he listens with eyes closed and with his jaws moving rhythmically on a piece of gum. The expert is usually amazed at Rogers' next speech. The man grasps fundamentals quickly.

ROGERS who, an impolite language, doesn't hesitate to "kid the courts off" the United States Senate, is courteous and thoughtful in private life. I'll never forget an incident of that Tulsa visit. Will, escorted by the mayor of Tulsa and most of the important citizens of Eastern Oklahoma, was leading an impromptu parade down Tulsa's main street.

A little old lady stepped to the curb to let the important folks go past. Suddenly her eyes brightened.

"Willie," she exclaimed. Willie stopped and looked at her. Off came his hat.

"Aunt Elsie," he said. "My goodness, I haven't seen you in twenty years. How's the folks up in Oologah, Uncle Tom's rheumatism any better?"

And right then and there traffic halted. Aunt Elsie wasn't a real aunt. Maybe a twenty-second cousin. But Rogers hadn't forgotten her.

Incidentally to the "kin folks" back in Oklahoma—and Rogers has plenty of them—he is Willie or Cousin Willie or Uncle Willie. Just a few old friends call him Bill.

He is proud of his Indian blood as is every one else in Oklahoma. A cousin, Senator William Gulager of the Oklahoma legislature, is still known by his Indian name of "Clo Clu," meaning Martin bird.

Though Rogers apparently is careless about his speech, don't let that fool you. His "cherce of words" in ordinary conversation is excellent and no even an English instructor could find fault with his speech when he steps out of character. He has had a remarkable education for he has been around the world and has traveled extensively in every country. He has talked with every important man in America and Europe. Not so many years ago, he refused a doctor's degree from the University of Oklahoma.

Rogers enjoys his food and a yellowed newspaper clipping reveals that "I'm hungry" was an expression used seven years ago as well as today. The folks who work with him think he is a swell guy. Even on the movie lots, where people seem to be suspicious of all associates, everyone likes Rogers.

Though he is an ex-cowpuncher and is usually portrayed as a rough-and-ready character, he is careful about his clothes. They are so well tailored that one is never conscious of them. Perhaps he likes yellowish shoes, but some people like purple neckties.

His charity is known to all but all his charity isn't known. Rogers helps dozens of people and dozens of causes, but he doesn't believe in discussing it. In fact, he didn't like it any too well when the fact was publicized that his huge fee for broadcasting was turned over to charity. Though he is generous to deserving people and causes, he has developed into a shrewd business man and there aren't many people who can boast that they've bested Rogers in a business deal.

There was a serious movement in Oklahoma some years ago to recall Rogers and have him run for governor. He would have been elected easily. And at national conventions there have been times when it would have been possible to nominate him as a vice-presidential candidate. But no matter how much copy Rogers makes out of his potential political career, he isn't seriously interested.

"Me go into politics?" he exclaimed. "No sir. I've seen too much of it."

## Get Into This Contest!

(Continued from page 39)

where Rudy Vallee, Paul Whiteman, Leon Belasco, Abe Lyman, Little Jack Little and other such music masters wield the baton? And how about sitting down in one of Radio City's intimate studios and getting a load of Capt. Henry's Maxwell House Showboat steaming up the Mississippi? Or over to the Columbia studios to be soothed by the soothing music of Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians and the smooth announcing of David Ross? And Jimmy Wallington is just itching to shake your hand and show you that grand diction medal he just won. And over at the Hotel Roosevelt, 45th and Madison, Freddie Martin is waiting to play while you eat. You know Reggie Childs, who used to be there, has moved out, and Martin is the big boy there now. And what food is served there! And think of the fun in passing up the cashier. Shows? Why, this is the big season of shows in New York.

All the hits are running. Musicals, mysteries and dray-ma. We pay our money and you take your choice.

So-o-o-o-o (and Ed Wynn wants to show you how to say it) find the boners in Janie's letter—and boners, it should be understood, are merely mis-statements of fact, and not grammatical mistakes—then write a paragraph of fifty words or less telling who your favorite radio star is and why you would like to meet him or her, and mail the entry to Contest Editor, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Even if you entered either one or both of the last two contests, you're still welcome to enter this one. But yuh better hurry up!

Ready—aim—fire!



# Kleinert's

## DRESS SHIELDS

give all your dresses guaranteed protection . . .

You—as well as Hollywood stars—will find that any intense emotion instantly increases underarm moisture even in the coolest weather.

Kleinert's Dress Shields protect your frocks not only in such emergencies but also from the friction of daily

wear and the deteriorating effects of strong underarm astringents.

It is the truest kind of economy to insist on this guaranteed protection—especially when 25¢ will buy genuine Kleinert's Dress Shields in the store where you purchased this magazine.

# Kleinert's

T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
GUARANTEED DRESS SHIELDS

as low as 25¢ a pair



## FOR ABSOLUTE SAFETY

in darkening your lashes  
use genuine, harmless

*Maybelline*



**NON-SMARTING**, tear-proof Maybelline is *NOT* a *DYE*, but a pure and highly refined mascara for instantly darkening and beautifying the eyelashes.

For over sixteen years millions of women have used Maybelline mascara with perfect safety and most gratifying results.

Pale scanty lashes are instantly transformed into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe with Maybelline mascara—by far the largest selling eyelash darkener.

Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.



**SOLD BY REPUTABLE  
TOILET GOODS DEALERS  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD**

## The Inside Story of the Cantor-Jessel Feud

(Continued from page 28)

after Norma like a young college boy. Norma was sick a few months ago and George flew out to California from New York, stayed by her side for one day, and then flew back! Jessel is impetuous enough to do a thing like that. Cantor is not.

This summer, indirectly through Norma Talmadge, the whole affair came to a head. Her mother was dying and George rushed to Hollywood to be near Norma and comfort her in her moment of distress.

There, he came face to face with Cantor again. But somehow, they were strangers now. They didn't talk the same language. Cantor spoke of nothing but Hollywood. Jessel was practically a stranger in the town. What memories he did have of the Cinema City were none too pleasant.

JESSEL could hardly get to see his old friend now. Eddie was all wrapped up in his picture, "Roman Scandals," and they couldn't talk shop or any other kind of talk any more. Jessel is very sensitive. He felt hurt and relieved.

A big dinner was given. All the big shots in Hollywood were invited. Cantor was there. But not Jessel. The next day, a widely read chatter writer asked in his column: "What's happened between Jessel and Cantor? They're ducking each other now. Cantor was at the big dinner last night, and that's why Jessel wouldn't come." The simple and rather ironic truth of the mat-

ter is that Cantor was invited. Jessel was not.

Jessel felt the friendship slipping. He longed for the happy days when they were both stars together on Broadway.

One day he approached Eddie with a proposition. "How about teaming up together again in vaudeville, Eddie? You know—like we once did."

"Oh," answered Eddie hurriedly, "I can't, Georgie. Don't you see, I've got too many other things to do. I've got my pictures."

Georgie's face fell. "Yes, I see Eddie," he said, and walked away. He knew then, definitely, that their interests were no longer the same, and that the old feeling between them was gone—lost forever.

And now Georgie's future is all wrapped around Norma. Will they marry? Jessel told me, "There are two very good reasons why Norma and I can't marry. First, she happens to be married. And secondly, I'm not rich enough to support her in the style in which she's been accustomed. She's got a home in California, Palm Beach and New York, and I could never give her those and other luxuries."

I think Jessel's life lies at the two ends of his watch chain. At one end is a beautiful platinum watch. On it is inscribed, "To Georgie from Eddie, Pal forever, 1912-1932." And on the other is a gold watch charm with a half dozen pictures of Norma. His life is continuing from there on and his future is bound to be colorful.

## Let's Gossip About Your Favorites

(Continued from page 27)

and Irving Berlin, was one of the big events. Just before it went on the air, a photographer snapped the famed composers grouped around a piano. Kern, who has produced such works as "Show Boat," was seated at the piano. As the photographer's bulbs flashed, Kern was softly playing a piece which the audience didn't seem to recognize, but which brought a good laugh to an old timer who stood near. The number Kern was playing was, "I Don't Belong to the Regulars; I'm Only a Volunteer."

PHIL PORTERFIELD, baritone in the NBC-WEAF Red "Galaxy of Stars" program, set out to become a department store executive after he got out of the University of Illinois in 1924. The wife of his Pittsburgh Kauf-

mann's boss heard his voice, put him on Pioneer KDKA. Phil jumped to Broadway, appeared with the Marx Brothers in "The Cocoanuts," and in such musical shows as "Rose Marie" and "Golden Dawn." Two years ago he returned to radio work over the Columbia network. Now he's back with NBC.

THE famed Cherry Sixes of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, have been making the rounds of Chicago stations seeking radio connections. Despite their seventy years, and their fifty years of derision from the amusement world, they still have that "Ti-Ra-Ra-Boon-De-Ay" spirit of the turn of the century. At WLS they reported that they had been assured of several auditions on that dear station.

## The Band-Box

(Continued from page 59)

Gray, director of the Casa Loma band, which you hear over CBS wires, is the subject in this case.

He was asked to give a talk on "The Influence of Collegian Life on Jazz Music" before the American Creative League of Music Students in the Washington Irving High School in New York. The invitation came three weeks before the time scheduled for the speech and Glen accepted the honor smiling! Sure he would give a speech. He'd tell some of the things he always wanted to get off his mind and never had a chance to say.

Came the day before the meeting. Glen got cold feet. The speech had been written, had been read and okayed by his associates, but Glen had just decided that he could never get up on a stage and read it.

To make a long story short, he went to see his press agent, K. K. Hansen, laid the cards on the table, sat down as pale as a ghost and let out a "What'll I do?" expression. A call to the officers of the League let the scared director know that it was too late to back out. So it was decided that Glen should develop a sudden case of laryngitis and Mr. Hansen would read the speech after Glen got up and took a bow. So the two trotted over to the gathering of music students. Glen felt none too happy, you can bet.

At the auditorium, they found a public address system where the speaker would perform before a mike and his words amplified to the corners of the room. That mike gave Glen the confidence he needed. The president of the League opened the meeting, Glen got over his laryngitis in two minutes, Hansen turned over the speech, and all went well. No one would ever have known the difference if a RADIO STARS' reporter hadn't had his nose for news in the right place at the right time.

● Some years ago an unassuming man walked in a Great Barrington, Mass., hotel, registered and started for his room. He noticed one of those old time organs over in the corner (the kind you pump with your feet), walked over to it for a look. It interested him. He put his foot on the tread, found it out of order and set about to diagnose the trouble. Up came the proprietress to inform the unassuming man that this was a fine organ, that she had a man from the company come out each month to give it the once-over and that she'd rather he would leave it alone. The man did. He went out for a walk. The proprietress looked at the hotel register. Imagine her face turning red when she found out the man was Jesse Crawford, the king of organists. When Jesse came back, the organ was open, half the town was there and he was begged to play—on a pedal pumped affair. What a difference a name sometimes makes in this funny world.

# WHY BE SKINNY WHEN NEW WAY PUTS ON POUNDS —double quick!



**Gains of 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron**

**T**HOUSANDS who but a short time ago were "skinny", sickly and weak, no longer have to be ashamed of their scrawny figures and are making plenty of new friends. They have simply taken this new easy treatment that is giving hosts of thin people good solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

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

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

### Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add new energy.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

### Results guaranteed

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

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 32, Atlanta, Ga.





## Food Fit for Kings

(Continued from page 62)

preparation. You'll hardly believe how much simpler your work will be if you plan your marketing and menus ahead, attend to details all in one lump in advance, and work intensively for a short time each morning. By doing most of the work in the morning, you do not need more than fifteen or twenty minutes to serve the meal in the evening.

PUT aside one morning a week to do intensive preparation of incidental dishes that are used in your meals. That is, make a quart or more of tomato or fruit juice cocktails, a pint or more of mayonnaise, French or Russian dressing, and white or other sauces that can be reheated at serving time. Bake two or more pie shells at the same time and later on you can fill them with custard or fruit.

Here is the delicious dinner that Mary served, and is a typical meal that can be gotten up in about fifteen minutes—with careful planning:

Cranberry Juice Cocktail  
Tournaoies of Lamb  
Fried Tomatoes  
Salad  
Hot Tea Biscuits with Butter  
Baked Peaches  
Coffee

### CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

Four cups cranberries, 4 cups water, 2/3 cup sugar. Cook cranberries in water 5 minutes; strain through cheesecloth; bring juice to boil; add sugar, cook until it boils 2 minutes. Serve cold. (Prepare this in a large quantity and keep it handy in refrigerator for use at several meals.)

### TOURNAOIES OF LAMB

Order six lamb chops (preferably kidney lamb). Cut two inches thick. Remove fat and bone and shape lean meat into six circular pieces. Coil around each a thinly cut strip of bacon—having bacon overlap one inch. Wooden skewers are very handy in fastening the bacon. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and pan-broil. Remove to hot platter and garnish with potato chips and parsley. Mint jelly is a delicious accompaniment to this dish.

### FRIED TOMATOES

Drop tomatoes in boiling water for a minute, then plunge into cold water. The skins peel off easily. Dip in beaten egg (one tablespoon water to each egg), and roll in fine bread or cracker crumbs. Place in frying basket, lower into deep fat 375 degrees Fahrenheit and fry until brown. If tomatoes are large, cut into quarters before preparing.

(Continued on page 79)



## ...about the NEW IMPROVED\* CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES FOR 15¢ EACH!

A Revolutionary Advance in the Clopay Shades Approved By Millions of Women . . . Added Durability and Extra Features Make Clopay at 15c a Greater Bargain Than Ever . . . FREE Color Samples

YES, constant research and a mania for questioning users has at last accomplished the seemingly impossible—vastly improved Clopay Shades, which women always called perfect. Now, with the prices of ordinary cloth shades constantly rising, the new improved Clopays at 15c are positively the greatest value yet offered in window shades.

### Never Before Such Shades!

The new improved Clopay Shades are heavier and stronger than formerly. A wooden slat at the bottom is included. And a molded shade but-

ton that makes trimming these full size shades for narrow windows much easier than ever before. Four new stunning patterns just added, too.

Surely there's no excuse now for you to put off replacing soiled or cracked window shades. So inexpensive—and such a blessed change besides—to have bright new Clopays at every window!

Send a 3c stamp (to cover mailing cost) and you will receive complete color samples FREE—a hint of what to expect in this unusual bargain value. Address: Clopay Corporation, 1222 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

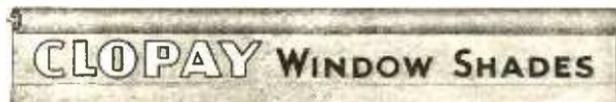
#### \*NOTE THESE ADDED FEATURES

Heavier and Stronger

•  
Wooden Slat at Bottom Included

•  
Molded Shade Pull Button packed with each shade

At All 5c and 10c Stores and Most Department and Neighborhood Stores





## Food Fit for Kings

(Continued from page 77)

### BAKED PEACHES

Drain halved canned peaches thoroughly, place hollow side up in a baking dish, put a marshmallow in the center of each and put in the broiling oven until the marshmallow is softened and the peach is heated through.

Wouldn't you love to make delicious little candies at home in a jiffy? I've prepared a special leaflet called "Candy Magic" with some grand candy recipes that I'd like you to have. You can make a whole batch of these candies very inexpensively (there's even one particular kind of candy that you can make out of stale bread), and in less than five minutes. They're really so attractive and delicious, you can serve them at your most swlegant parties, or do them up and present them as gifts. Just fill out the coupon on page 62 and mail it to me, and I'll gladly send the leaflet on to you.

## If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 63)

your skin. Don't rub it in. That's very bad—very bad—for your skin.

If you use dry rouge, it should, of course, be applied after the powdering. And follow the same general rules laid down for cream or liquid rouge.

4. Lipstick—more sins are committed in thy name . . . ! The vogue for larger mouths brought on by some of our favorite movie stars, has been the cause of some pretty quaint spectacles, I think. Remember this: You can't materially alter the shape of your mouth. It's never convincing—in real life. On the screen or in a photograph it's possible to change thin lips to full—and vice-versa.

You can, let me hasten to add, do a great deal to deceive people about the size and shape of your mouth by the judicious use of lipstick. You can create the *illusion* of a pretty mouth when your mouth may not be pretty. But you can't do it by outlining a great Cupid's bow or by adding a quarter of an inch of lipstick above the natural line of your mouth. "Then what can we do?" do I hear you say?

First, you can choose the right shade—and there's more about that to be written later on in this article. You can vary your shades with your frocks and the time of day or night. But the actual putting on of the stuff is the most important. You *must* follow the natural line of your mouth. Now, you need not follow that natural line all the

(Continued on page 81)



"It's funny, Molly—Peggy's always loved the ride before. But she's been acting just this way for a whole week!"



"She's not hungry, either. I've found, Nan, that these symptoms mean it's time for a laxative. Give Peggy Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"We want to report that Peggy's fine today—a perfect lamb! We both can't thank you enough for suggesting Fletcher's Castoria."

"A good laxative was all the child needed, Nan. And Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. It's easy to take—tastes good, and hasn't any of the strong drugs in it that make most grown-up laxatives so harsh. But one word of caution—make sure that the signature Chas. H. Fletcher is *always* on your carton!"

*Chas. H. Fletcher* **CASTORIA**

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Mother, whenever your child needs a laxative—for the relief of constipation, for colic due to gas, for diarrhea due to improper diet, for sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach, and as the very first treatment for colds—give Chas. H. Fletcher's Castoria.





## If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 79)

way to the corners if you think your mouth is too wide. And you *should* trace a lipstick line all the way to the corners if your mouth is too small. You may make the lower lip just the tiniest bit bigger if your mouth is too thin. But it must be the very tiniest bit. The shadow of the lower lip, you see, will keep this from being obvious. But you really shouldn't try the same trick with your upper lip. That's where so many people make a mistake these days. I repeat, it can be done on the screen or in a photograph, but in real life, your own skin will show through the lipstick.

To give an upper lip more shape than it naturally has, highlight it with lipstick. For instance, if the indentation is very shallow, don't rouge the middle. If your upper lip is too long (a very unattractive thing, a too-long upper lip) put the rouge on rather heavily at the center and blend it away to nothing long before it reaches the corners. You see? Experiment in front of your mirror. Learn the stunt that works best for you. And always stick to it.

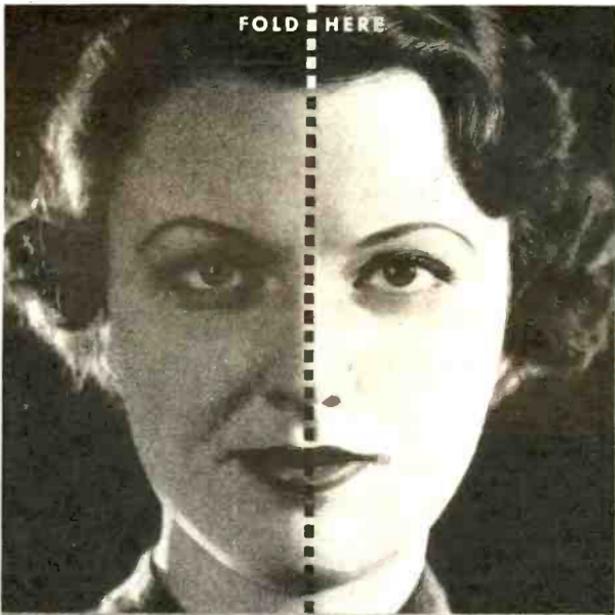
5. Mascara and eye-shadow. Here's where the real artistic touch comes in. I hate to set down any rules because there are so many exceptions. However, let's regard these two aids to glamor as they should be used in the daytime and in the evening.

**SPARINGLY** is the word for daytime. No matter how skillfully you apply mascara and eye-shadow, they will look a bit artificial in a strong natural light. So, leave eye-shadow for the evening hours and in the daytime use mascara on the upper lashes only. A bit of cream or oil on the eyelid gives a fresh, dewey look that is very attractive on young people. It should be blended in very well so that, if you do apply mascara, your lashes won't blot off on your be-creamed eyelids.

In the evening, a bit of eye-shadow can do marvelous things for a gal. It should be applied on the upper lid—never under the eyes. Cream eye-shadows are easiest to use and there are so many shades these days that you'll just have to experiment for yourselves to find the right color. Here's one hint, however: choose the shade that belongs with your general coloring, rather than a shade which matches your eyes. In other words, blue eyes are not always a good reason for blue eye-shadow. If the skin is deeply tanned, better use brown. If the skin is very fair, green or mauve give an ultra-glamorous effect. Vivid brunettes can go in for purple—very cautiously applied, of course.

The shadow should start right above the lashes at the inner corner of the

(Continued on page 83)



## HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

### Pavlova's Experience

**ANNA PAVLOVA**, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

### Your Face Powder Shade— Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that you, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

### One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—youthifying—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

### At Lady Esther's Expense

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove the one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER, 2010 Ridge Ave.,  
Evanston, Ill.

I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

This offer not good in Canada. (3)



## If You Want to Be Beautiful

(Continued from page 81)

eye and broaden out a bit toward the outer corner of the eye. The edges should just fade away to nothing. And, again, a bit of cream or oil over the shadow is most enticing.

Now, finally, a word about shades. I'd rather have an operation than try to tell people what shades of make-up to use. Each case is so different. But here are some broad general rules—and for the rest, you must experiment yourselves.

**C**HOOSE your powder to match your skin tone no matter what general type you are. If you have freckles, choose a powder a bit darker than your skin—it will help to conceal the freckles. Blondes, brunettes, and redheads should always select a powder with some pink in it—somewhere—it may be on the flesh side or tan side, but there should be a pink cast. There is a place in New York—and I don't doubt but what there are similar places in other large cities in the country—where they make up powder to match the skin of your neck. (That's the hint I was saying.) You see what this does? You don't have to powder clear down to your collar bones in order to look all-of-a-piece. A very good idea, too, I think.

But to go on with our shade-choosing. Brimettes only can wear the exotic shades of powder. A very suntan, if they look like gypsies. Mauve or light green or light blue if they're sallow-skinned. Even dead white—funny as it sounds—blends beautifully with a clear, true olive skin. Try it and see.

To choose the right shade of rouge, pinch your cheeks lightly until the blood comes to them. Then choose a color to match that. Your lipstick should be a more vivid tone of the same shade. No one should ever wear a lipstick that has a purplish cast. And the very wild orange shades, I'm glad to say, have gone out of vogue.

There's little to say about shades of mascara that your own common sense won't tell you. Black should be used only by decided brimettes. Dark brown is best for brunettes and redheads. Decided blondes should use a light brown. There are shades of green and blue which do exciting things to line and green eyes under artificial light. They should not, however, be used in the daytime.

Carolyn Belmont is sitting at her desk, waiting for mail from you. Mail containing questions about your own beauty problems. She promises you a prompt, personal reply. No questions will be answered in this magazine—so you may be assured of privacy. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. Address your queries to Carolyn Belmont, RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## Unkissed Mary gets "LIP ALLURE"

**1** JACK NEVER KISSES ME LIKE THAT WHAT MAKES THE LIPS OF THE MOVIE STARS SO ALLURING?

**2** AFTER THE SHOW EVER LISTEN TO JEAN SARGENT ON THE RADIO? SHE KNOWS IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT IT DOES!

**3** LOOK, THE KISSPROOF LIP-STICK MISS SARGENT TALKS ABOUT GIVES A SPECIAL LURE TO THE LIPS MEN LIKE TRY IT—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!

**3** MARY'S NEXT DATE WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOUR LIPS... I'M GREEDY—BUT THEY'RE SIMPLY IRRESISTIBLE!

JUST AN OLD HOLLYWOOD CUSTOM... CALLED KISSPROOFING

SMAA-AACH

### Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick!

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

Use **KISSPROOF** tonight! You will be thrilled! You can get it in all shades, including the new **Special Theatrical Color**, at any drug or department store and at the 10c stores.

## Kissproof Indelible LIPSTICK



I was so lonely and friendless with only long, dreary evenings to stare me out. Then one day I read about a new way to learn music that had made popular musicians of thousands.

The Free Demonstration Lesson showed me that this new way of learning was as easy as A-B-C.

Then came Janet's party a few months later. How embarrassed they all were when I played. I thought they'd never let me stop. No more lonesome evenings now.

## Learn MUSIC this Quick, Easy Way

—shortest road to friends, popularity, good times

The interesting story told above is not just an unusual case. It is typical of the experiences of more than 600,000 other folks who have learned music—who have become socially popular. This quick, modern way, as A-B-C, was:

You, too, can learn to play, to entertain others, to pep up any party. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher, right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and hundreds finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best time you ever had.

What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send today for Free Demonstration Lesson and Exploratory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music, enjoy good times—mail for coupon below. Don't delay. Act NOW! Instrument supplied where needed. Cash or credit. 18 Second St. Music, 652 Frankfort Bldg., New York City.

### U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

352 Frankfort Bldg., New York City

Send me your amazing free book. How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home—with inspiring messages by the most famous and famous musicians in America. This does not put me under any obligation.

### LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin  
Guitar Saxophone  
Organ Ukulele  
Trumpet Banjo  
Hawaiian Guitar  
Piano Accordion  
or any other instrument

### Easy as A-B-C

The U-S School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Instrument \_\_\_\_\_  
How you instrument \_\_\_\_\_

# The Luckiest Fans in the World

(Continued from page 13)



## Make yours a KISSABLE COMPLEXION

End blackheads, pimples

● Clear up your skin the way a doctor has proven you can do it quickly. Use Ambrosia, the liquid that cleanses pore-deep. Apply Ambrosia with cotton; you feel it tingle—you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Doctor's tests prove the daily use of Ambrosia ends blackheads, pimples, closes large pores, clears up sallow complexions. An old French recipe, first made in this country only to private order, this pore-deep cleanser is really a 1-minute face. Cleanses, tones, stimulates. Follow with Ambrosia Tightener for muddy, blemished complexions. You'll soon have the rose-petal skin that wins men's admiration.

Ambrosia Cleanser and Ambrosia Tightener, at all 10c stores. Also in 75c and larger sizes at drug and department stores.



**AMBROSIA**  
The Pore-Deep Cleanser

**U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS**  
\$1260 to \$3300 a year

MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50  
Common Education usually sufficient.  
Short hours. Write immediately for free 32 page book, with list of openings and full particulars (with a box to get them).

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. T-313  
Rochester, N. Y.

**UNSEEN BEAUTY**  
is YOURS with

**RADIO GIRL**  
PERFUME and FACE POWDER

Using this secret of charm—this bewitching fragrance that has all the glamour of costly imported perfume. Radio Girl Perfume, though made from French essential oils, is compounded in this country—for modern, thrifty American girls. Radio Girl Face Powder has the same alluring fragrance. A flattering new shade—Dermation—blends with all complexions. Send for free samples.

Use this COUSON for FREE SAMPLE

Radio Girl, 30, Park, Minn.  
Send the FRG Face Powder, Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing the form for this offer. For each of orders (this offer good in United States only)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_  
Address: \_\_\_\_\_  
City: \_\_\_\_\_

lady of the Chinese empire who managed a restaurant in Cleveland, the city from which G. and G. were broadcasting. The boys were intrigued. Eagerly they awaited acceptance by the slant-eyed maiden of their invitation to attend one of their broadcasts.

Gam came. When the program was over, she invited the boys to dinner at her restaurant. "Why not?" Gene and Glenn acquiesced. A nice dinner in a quiet Chinese restaurant would go very well.

But Gene and Glenn got more than they bargained for. When they arrived at the temple of rice and bamboo sprouts, they found what appeared to be not only the entire Oriental population of Cleveland, but a large portion of its Occidental residents. The proprietress had taken care to spread the word beforehand.

The ovation they received was tremendous. So, too, were the receipts which poured into Mme. Ho Bow's till. But it was all right with the two stars. They have a sense of humor in their private as well as their professional lives. And now Gam is their favorite fan and business woman.

The most startling case of a fan who arrived was the admirer of Frank Black who had never even listened to the sweeping music of that conductor-orchestra. Sounds a bit ridiculous, doesn't it?

But it wasn't ridiculous, it was touching. The admirer had been deaf for twenty years. He had once been an able musician, but he had never been able to listen to a broadcast. The words shouted into his ear trumpet came to him as whispers—the only sounds he could hear. He'd known Frank Black in the old days when he was professionally active and he determined that even if he couldn't hear a broadcast, he might be able to see one. He wrote asking permission to visit the studio

FRANK didn't invite him. Instead, he sent for his ear trumpet. When it arrived, the conductor had sound experts measure it for frequencies. Then he did invite the former musician to the studios. And when that fan who had never heard, arrived, he not only witnessed, but listened to the entire broadcast. For Frank Black had presented him with a pair of especially designed set of headphones. And I doubt that Frank has a more constant listener than the old musician who came to see and remained to hear.

When Admiral Richard Byrd made his first long stay in the Antarctic wastes, one of the things which made the long, lonesome hours bearable for him and his men, were the special programs dispatched through the short wave transmitter of WGY in Schenectady, N. Y. James Wallington was then a member of that station's staff,

and to him fell the duty of announcing most of these programs.

Then came the time when Byrd's ship, "City of New York," fought its way back over 10,000 miles of water. Men from NBC were aboard the sea-going tug "Relief" which put out to sea that dark early morning to broadcast a welcome even before the Byrd ship sighted land. By wireless, the vessels knew they were nearing one another. It was too dark to see beyond the prow of the "Relief." Suddenly those aboard the NBC ship discerned a ghostly shape but a few hundred yards away. An announcer grabbed up a megaphone.

"Alooy, City of New York!" he shouted. "Alooy, Admiral Byrd!"

The engines fell off to a slow beat and the ships lay heaving in the sea.

"Alooy, Relief!" came the answering hail. "This is Byrd. Is that you, Jimmy Wallington?"

FOR all the Admiral had known, Jimmy was well inland in Schenectady. But he'd been such a devoted listener, he'd immediately recognized that first hail as sent by Wallington. Since then, the two have become fast friends. Now, whenever they meet, they recall that shiver which, despite the already penetrating chill of the sea air, coursed their spines at the hail and answer in that eerie, unreal meeting at sea.

It's not in the cards that very many of the millions who listen raptly to the liquid silver of Jessica Dragonette's voice will ever meet her.

The grandfather of Marjorie Goetschius, the youthful adorer of whom I write, had once coached Harold Sanford, conductor of the Pileica Hour orchestra, the program on which Miss Dragonette was then singing. Through Mr. Sanford, Marjorie obtained passes for the program. Incidentally, I'll stake the check I get for this story that the now nineteen-year-old supporter of Jessica, will be a radio star in her own right some day. But I'd better let her tell of her meeting with Jessica as she related it to me.

"I was pretty excited, waiting in that studio for Jessica to arrive. When she finally came in, I gasped. She was a tiny girl with copper-blond hair. She wasn't at all as I'd imagined her, but I wasn't disappointed. When Mr. Sanford introduced us, I was too paralyzed with awe to speak. But in her own gracious, sympathetic manner, Jessica spoke so tactfully and charmingly that I felt easier.

"The next time I was in New York, Jessica invited me to her home to sing for her. I felt the same paralysis again. I guess that first note of mine was a pretty weak squawk. But the understanding Jessica opened a window—I imagine I looked rather pale—and told me to try again. This time I had

more success. I was too excited to eat at the tea she served afterward.

"Since then there have been operas, teas and many delightful visits. Of course, I treasure my friendship profoundly. She's my ideal."

**JOHN S. YOUNG** has fans, lots of 'em. And quite a few have met him, too. Doubtless none stand out in his memory more than Frances Poist of Hanover, Pennsylvania.

From the night more than four years ago when Johnny used to announce Rudy's broadcast from the Villa Valée, Frances has been writing him faithfully. What's more, her letters have been treasured by him as intelligent criticism. The announcer decided that when she came to New York he'd show his appreciation.

Frances was taken to two shows and dinner by Johnny. You can imagine how thrilling it all was to her. And when John sent her that beautiful bag fashioned of tiny carved bits of wood, she was pleased beyond expression.

I'm certain John S. Young has no more devoted follower now than Frances. Proof of that lies in the fact that whenever there's a popularity contest, she garners thousands of votes for him.

Now let me tell you about Pretty Peggy from Paterson, New Jersey. Margaret was one of these gals who dance yell, talk intelligently and sing entertainingly enough at parties to make them popular. In fact, Peggy Healy was just about all a rising young Jersey business man could want as a good wife and provider. And she might have become that before long, had she not a deep interest in modern American music, which meant that she was thoroughly fond of Paul Whiteman's broadcasts.

Perhaps, she thought one day when she was in New York, she could just meet and speak to this idol of hers for a moment. Then came the inspiration that changed the whole course of her life. She'd heard Paul was holding auditions for amateur girl singers. She'd try it. Oh, she knew she didn't stand a chance but at least she would gamble. Peggy applied, but didn't even get a chance to try.

Apprehensive, but still determined, she made another effort a few days later. This time Whiteman listened to her. A new but uncertain hope stirred in Peggy Healy's heart. Could Paul really be interested in her? Well, her Irish was up. She'd come back anyhow.

When Peggy had sung the second time, there was no comment. She waited a little while, then turned to go. As she moved toward the stair, Paul came over and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Well, Peggy," he said, "I guess you have a job with us."

It wasn't all luck for Peggy. She hadn't realized she could sing. She'd only wanted to meet the radio artist whom she most admired. In so doing, she became a star in her own right. What fan could have arrived more than that?

No, you can never tell.

# POPULAR PEG TELLS THE SECRET OF "MOVIE EYES"



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Get it at any drug or department store and at the 10c store.



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I WAS frightened. My husband thought that fat was unorgivable. Yet try as I would I could not get back my slender, youthful lines.

I tried almost everything before a friend suggested Marmola. I had heard of Marmola, of course, but I did not fully realize how effective it was.

How foolish I was to torture myself with diet, exercise, girdles and dozens of baseless fads, when Marmola employs a reducing principle that the whole scientific world recognizes. Why, doctors regularly prescribe the same ingredients. It is the outstanding fat-reducing method. It has stood test after test for years. Over 20 million

boxes have been sold. Men and women swear by it. They ask for it in over 40 different countries.

And Marmola is so simple! No rigid diet watching, no exercises. Merely take 4 tablets a day. Why should anyone who wants to reduce—whether 40 pounds or 14—fail to try this delightful way that has been so thoroughly tested so many, many times? The formula is printed in every package. Ask for Marmola at any good drug store. Do not accept substitutes.

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A WILDROOT PRODUCT  
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Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Probstin almost danced for joy. He lifted up little Rita Helene excitedly. "You're going to a big specialist, Rita," he cried. "You're going to be well."

THE next day he brought his baby to the doctor. After a lengthy examination the doctor said, "Your little girl can be cured. It will take time and treatments, but she'll be able to walk again. Come back tomorrow."

Probstin left. He suddenly remembered that the Boswell Sisters were playing at the Paramount Theatre.

A few minutes later, Probstin was in the Boswell Sisters' dressing-room, looking into the largest pair of brown eyes he had ever seen. They belonged to the girl who was sitting in the wheel chair before him.

"Yes," she was saying. "I'm Connie Boswell."

And before he knew it, Probstin was pouring out his story to her.

Next day, Probstin arrived at the specialist's office, and after the visit, drew out a ten-dollar bill. He knew it wasn't enough, but it was all he had. The doctor wouldn't take it.

"Miss Boswell wants to do this for Rita Helene herself."

Probstin didn't know what to say. He thanked the doctor profusely.

Recently, the Boswell girls returned to New York from an extended vaudeville tour with Paul Whiteman and Jack Pearl. As Connie was being lifted off the train, a little girl ran toward her with a bouquet of flowers. It was Rita Helene. Her legs were a little wobbly, but they worked.

DO you pity Connie? Please don't. There's no one who needs it less. Outside of walking and dancing, she does everything she wants to. She has everything. A devoted family whom she adores, friends, an enviable position in her profession and a keen sense of humor. She doesn't go in for much night life or parties; but then, neither do her sisters. They do their best work at night, and are up very often until four in the morning working out their unusual arrangements.

This past summer she got a real thrill. The girls were booked to appear in London. They had never crossed the Big Pond before.

The first night they were due to appear, they were trembling. But they needn't have worried. They were a tremendous hit there. The English people took Connie particularly to their hearts, and at the end of each show, to quote an English paper, "Connie was almost completely surrounded by flowers that her admirers tossed to her."

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# Scat Singer

(Continued from page 51)

had a good part, and created a mild hit when he sang, "Ain't Misbehavin'."

It was success of a sort. But not enough of a success to please Cab. He wasn't talked about by people. He wasn't invited to any really swanky homes. No, it wasn't enough. If only he could think up some original idea which would give him that big success.

It is here that Cab Calloway becomes Cabell Calloway to me. Cabell Calloway, the other Mr. Calloway, the real Mr. Calloway.

Real because the Cab Calloway we all knew could never think up anything. He's too harum-scarum. Too song-and-dancey. But Cabell! Well, that boy can create ideas and thoughts!

For months he thought and planned — unsuccessfully. Then, at last, he got an idea which seemed to have possibilities. It was so simple that it would take someone mentally on his toes to realize its value, as he did.

It partly came about, curiously enough, through a falling of his. Cab has always had a habit of forgetting the words here and there in his songs. Naturally, he covered up his lack of memory as neatly as possible by tum-tumming along until he remembered the next phrase.

But, suddenly it occurred to him that if he played up those blank stretches, if he made them the *big moment* of the song provided, of course, that the moment was made highly impressive by some amazingly different touch he'd have a new kind of singing which would knock the customers into the well-known aisles.

And that's where Cab has to thank the Jews—and his own cleverness. He had often heard Jewish hymns sung. He knew the peculiar wail which belongs to them. You've probably heard it in "Eli Eli." That wail had an amazing fascination for him. Why not take it, add a bit of Africa to it, and serve hot?

It ought, reasoned Mr. Cabell Cal-

loway, to knock them for a loop—in Chicago or anywhere else.

When he tried it with one of his regular numbers he found, that although he was greeted by amazement at first, his audience soon went wild with enthusiasm. To them it spelled jungle and Africa and black bodies dancing to the beat of the tom-tom. It sounded as if a native had been brought from the dark Continent and set down on the stage and told to sing.

THAT'S where Cab is so clever. Only an extremely musical and intelligent person could take those amazing sounds and fit them into a musical pattern. Only a man who is highly civilized could have the wit to do it. That's why I say we don't know the real Cab Calloway at all when we think of him as just another colored boy who got by on native wild spirits.

That's how the now famous "scat" singing was born. How hi-de-ho and lo-de-ho came into the world.

That was the signal for Cab to start his own orchestra. He saw his big success coming true at last. From the first minute it was organized, his orchestra was a terrific success.

His crowning moment came when he and his orchestra were invited to follow Duke Ellington into the Cotton Club in Harlem. The Cotton Club, just in case you don't know, is about the snootiest night club anywhere. Only the swankiest people go there. And the night Cab opened, the audience was full of society people, famous stage and screen folk, and important "names." He had arrived. Afterwards, he was invited to join parties at the most exclusive homes in New York. His darker skin—which, as a matter of fact isn't very dark—was forgotten in the enthusiasm with which people crowded about and congratulated him.

I don't doubt that as he smiled and shook hands, he had a much deeper smile in his soul. This was his moment. He had achieved his big success.

## From Pauper to Poet Prince

(Continued from page 45)

marching in Europe were singing.

Year-in Cincinnati followed. There Anthony went to the University and also attended classes at the theological seminary. He had decided he would be a rabbi. Not an orthodox rabbi such as his father had been in Lithuania, but a reformed rabbi, as helited so modern a young man.

"For the most part," he told me, "those were very happy years. I had to work. Because I was taking the university course and the seminary course at the same time my classes lasted until five in the afternoon. Sat-

urdays I clerked in a clothing store. Several times a week I was a singing waiter in one of the beer gardens. It was the "Pardanaella" period. But having to work and cram my outside-study in where I could manage it didn't matter. In Alois Bart-chivvli, the choir-master at the university, I found a good friend. Nights when I was free I went to his little house and he taught me singing. Other things, too. Patience. Tolerance. Philosophy.

"And when I fell madly in love with a girl I met in Chicago, he was sympathetic and understanding. He seemed

to know instinctively when we had quarrelled. When I first faced her parent's disapproval, when I first realized myself that two years of study ahead of me, I didn't have the right to court her.

"NELDIE the friend Aloys Bart-schmidt told me I can tell you." He laughed. "You know how first love is. There's a deeper pain about it, a greater despair."

"I went with you too, so, sitting up all night, of course, I would have the railroad fare to Chicago and a new blouse to wear with this girl in Lincoln Park."

"Aloys Bart-schmidt always seemed to know when I had done this, too. The next evening I spent with him he would serve more substantial refreshments than the usual glass of beer and crackers and these always were accustomed to sit over when food finished singing."

"When I wanted to talk he would listen. Unable to endure any more of my continual intensity probably, he'd coax me away from my trouble with me I came across a new song today." "Wait, I know an old ballad that expresses just the emotion you're feeling."

It might be a love song; it might be an old folk song. It wasn't the song that mattered after all. It was the singing.

It was while Anthony Frome was still young that he was given his first charge. It was a poor little congregation at Niagara Falls, New York. The income it yielded him and part of which had to be sent home to Bellaire hardly permitted him a choice. So he boarded. With a Christian family. To the great consternation of his flock. Now Anthony Frome had religious prejudices. He was, he declared, no longer living in a world where you could go to the synagogue with one people on Saturdays and to the temple of another denomination with your friends on Sunday.

He had been a boy once he had a charge and he had to help at home he would be happy. He was increasingly unhappy instead.

"Suddenly," he told me, "I found myself looked upon not as a human being at all, but as a rabbi. If I went to a party and during the whispy went round, 'Why, he's a rabbi, yes.' If I laughed the next day went round 'Why, look! Look, he's a rabbi! Why, why he's gay!'"

HOWEVER all of this may have worked Anthony Frome, he was, nevertheless, highly successful in his profession. For the first charge that was entrusted to him was larger and more prosperous than the charge he had had previously. It was not long before he was able to eliminate poverty from the family life back in Bellaire. Difficult to say what brought him his outstanding success. Perhaps it was his youth. The musical endowments of his speaking voice. A dramatic quality inherent within him. Perhaps it was his intelligent point of view and his clear,

straightforward way of putting things. In any event in his middle twenties he found himself one of the most distinguished rabbis in New York City, in charge of a large congregation, and earning twelve thousand dollars a year.

He was, however, unhappier than he ever had been before in his life.

In New York City there are no wooded hills to climb while you sing lustily. But there are studios of famous teachers where a young rabbi could go incognito and in his singing find release. To one of them Anthony Frome went. . . three afternoons every week of his life. Without knowing or reasoning why he went, why he paid his teacher the small fortune he charged for his instruction.

"When I finally left my church it wasn't because I had ceased to be religious enough to carry on in it," Anthony Frome told me "I left it, curiously enough, because I couldn't reconcile remaining in it with my ideals."

HE might never have found the courage to leave the church if it had not been for a girl. This girl was a member of his congregation. Of course they gravitated towards each other.

She soon knew all about his singing. And with that instinctive wisdom women have about the men they love, she encouraged him to continue with his lessons. And finally she said to him:

"You don't want to preach. You want to sing. Why won't you be honest with yourself? Why won't you find the courage to quit this and do what you really want to do?"

"How do you know that in singing, stimulating people's imagination, you can't help them more than by preaching to them?"

Most girls in love with a man, hoping to marry him, wouldn't influence him to give up twelve thousand dollars a year for uncertainty. But as Anthony Frome pointed out, this girl was different.

(And indeed when Mrs. Frome joined us later that day I realized that she was.)

At last he went back to Bellaire, to see his family, to explain to all of them how he felt. He had this to do. They had made sacrifices for him. But they understood.

"I know whatever you decide will be right," his mother told him.

So Anthony Frome resigned his large, prosperous charge. With his savings to take care of his responsibilities while he was gone he axed himself of a scholarship at the Conservatory of Four Ambles in France.

He came back to America, his heart set upon concert or operatic work. But almost immediately, singing over the air as a favor to a friend he found himself in demand. Contracts were thrust at him. He became "The Post Prince," a radio headliner, a celebrity. What had appeared to be a gamble turned out not to be a gamble at all.

And happier than ever before is the song in his heart. . .

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**The Zoro Co., 361 W. Superior Street, Chicago**

The Revealing Story of "The First Nighter"

(Continued from page 53)

Italian Balm his corporation sells. You know, for it displays in store windows the company used to use pretty girl pictures. Suddenly inspired one day, it substituted pictures of the "First Nighter" cast. Did it work? Well, if you consider a nine hundred percent increase in sales a help, it did.

**O**F course, there are those few who don't quite get the idea. I refer to such people as the cowboy who wrote in:

"Please send me one of your Italian bombs. I have some skunks under the meathouse and I want to get rid of them."

You'd think the Campna people would have been convinced by the results of the window display change. But no, they must make sure once again. They had June Meredith—they know that charming leading lady—step up to the microphone and ask listeners if the series was becoming tiresome. For the next three days there was a cloudburst of letters, some 55,000 in all, pleading that the show might continue. That, incidentally, established a network record. The sponsor, I believe, was quite satisfied.

If those list-letters—upon whose imagination the magic of these radio dramas has worked to such an extent that they really think there's a "Little Theatre off Times Square"—lived in Chicago, they might at least have a chance to visit the broadcast. That is, if they were patient and expected to live long enough. You see, the studio has audiences of from three hundred to five hundred at each broadcast—over thirty thousand in three years—and right now they are about 5,000 requests behind. That's something to imagine.

It hardly seems possible that it all began with the bumps on the skull of that suave, top-hatted gentleman known to you as the First Nighter, Charles P. Hughes. Gentleman Hughes, you see, had come out of the World War, in which he was an Adjutant under Major General Wood, decidedly broke. His future seemed just about as certain as that of a flozolee sifter in Siberia. That is, it did until he took the advice of the phrenologist who dry-shampooed his cranium. And he went to Hollywood to become a gub-rater actor.

Now it's an oft-emphasized fact that it takes a lot more than just going to Hollywood to make a screen star. First Nighter Charlie found that out quickly enough, just as he was later to discover that his success in casting a spell over a radio audience was achieved only by ingeniously applying hard-earned show-world experience.

But if you can bear, for a moment, the thought of leaving former Adjutant Hughes kicking about as an extra, I think we should walk into a dressing-

room backstage of a very real theatre off Times Square a few years back. Oop! We're so sorry Miss Meredith, we didn't realize you were—ah . . . oh . . . in negligee. Oh, I see. Thank you, we will sit down. Now before you started in this "Seventh Heaven" show you're in now, what roles did you play? You were in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"; oh, yes; with Richard Bennett in "He Who Gets Slapped"; of course; and then there was your part in "Rain". Tell us, June, did you ever think of going into radio? What, you didn't think you'd do well at it? Well, that certainly is a riot, isn't it?

**N**OW, if you don't mind, please, sir—and ma'am, I'd like to take you back to the Gay Nineties. I'd like to have you meet Cliff Souhier, travelling with a road show. That's he over in that trunk tray. Cute, isn't he? He has to travel with the show whether he likes it or not. His mother's in it and he's too young to do anything about it. Fact is, you'll see him on the stage in a white negligee as Little Eva in a few minutes. . . . Can we predict the future of that harbling youngster? Certainly. He'll start trouping when he's about five, get into a medicine show as a tight-rope walker at twelve. At eighteen he'll arrive in the United States from his native Canada and—oh, joy for a hungry young stage aspirant!—will land job after job in stock companies. He'll play in "Seventh Heaven," the scientist Van Helsing in "Dracula," and the father in "Strange Interlude."

He'll go on the air—but wait, I'm forgetting that handsome young leading man, Don Ameche. Of course you know Don from his many other dramatic programs, but it is in the "First Nighter" that he stands out to greatest advantage. He, too, went through that best of all schools for actors—stock—after he'd studied dramatics at the University of Wisconsin. Doubtless his season in a New York theatre gives him the proper feeling for the leading man of the "Little Theatre off Times Square."

But don't you think we've let our general First Nighter starve as an extra out in Hollywood long enough? What, he isn't starving? Why, certainly not. He's in films with Jack Holt and Lila Lee and Richard Dix. He's doing all right.

Well, let's let the rabbit out of the hat or the cat out of the bag right now and see how Charles P. Hughes conceived this clever dramatic device employed in the Campna shows. Years back, he was secretary, if you want to call it that, of the Illinois Theatre in Chicago. I say if you want to call it that, because one of his duties was to don a dinner coat and take tickets from

(Continued on page 95)





# The Revealing Story of "The First Nighter"

(Continued from page 92)

the swank audience which went to the first nights of the many great shows which came there. Though he didn't realize it, he was storing up the impression of the sparkle and glamor of those evenings, which, added to his knowledge of Hollywood, was to be so valuable to him later on.

Now at the beginning of his radio career, Mr. Hughes was troubled by the fact that there were millions who had never attended, might never attend a first night. Could he convey the image of the scenes so familiar to him, to his listeners? He felt strongly that he should. He wanted, in presenting his plays, to take people from the walls which they saw every day and set them down in a diamond-studded, sleek-limousined atmosphere. It was then that his character, the First Nighter, was born.

That's how it's done, partly. The play itself is not so easy. In fact, it's decidedly difficult. You just try writing a three act play with a running

time of but sixteen minutes. But it can be done. Yet, though manuscripts from all over the country are constantly being received, even experienced writers find it hard to adapt themselves to this new technique the programs have created. What makes it even harder is that only the three principal characters, Jim Meredith, Don Ameche and Cliff Soubier, together with one incidental character, male or female, can be written in.

Despite such complexities, their presentations are smooth and convincing, dramas which have evoked favorable opinions from authoritative critics. Their versatility is amazing; their programs range from dramas of the baseball diamond and prize ring to adaptations of such plays as Wilde's "Lady Windemere's Fan." Yet week after week, an audience is spellbound.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, it's all a trick to stir up your imaginations. But then, where can more beauty be found than in the play of fancy.

# What Em Means to Clara and Lu

(Continued from page 41)

mankind discovered radio so that shut-ins might have a substitute for life. After all, radio is a magic box of all that life has to offer—athletics, education, music, drama, news and the next best thing to being present at big events. When Balbo landed in Chicago from his history-making flight across the ocean, a number of folk who were invalids couldn't see this exciting historical event, but they could tune in and get a mental picture, and that is better than lying in monotonous quiet, wishing you could get there, see it or take part in the celebration in some way. I know!

Em's eyes grew reminiscent as she talked. "So that's why I wanted to get into radio. I felt that Clara, Lu 'n' Em would fill the need of shut-ins. And oh, how a shut-in loves a good gossip."

While Em was visiting the radio stations and auditioning Clara, Lu 'n' Em, she lived in Evanston, which is about thirteen miles out of Chicago. Each trip that she made to the Loop would put her back in bed for a week or so. The doctor told her she could never do work that would use up her nerves. "And looses radio use one's nerves?" Em quizzed as she went on.

She thought that final arrangements would never be made for Clara, Lu 'n' Em if it depended upon her, but when Lu (Isobel Crothers) and Clara (Louise Starkey) told her that they could never go on without her, she made up her mind that it could and

would be done! She remembered something she had read once about all geniuses suffering before recognition was gained. She hoped that perhaps that was the reason for her hard luck.

ONE station in Chicago told them there was no place in radio for a feminine skit, no place for women. "Can you imagine that?" Em asked. "No place for women, I think I had a couple of my spells upon receipt of that information."

Just when things looked the worst for the girls' idea, Clara was offered a part in a road company, but she had a hunch and didn't accept it. The next day she called came. When could Clara, Lu 'n' Em go on the air?

That was the question. She had saved the day by not accepting the other offer, but what would Em do? Would she be able to go through with it? Would her health stand up under the heavy strain?

Perhaps it was the happiness of gaining a tooting on the radio ladder that slowly brought back a bloom to Em's cheeks, but whatever it was, it did begin to come back. At first it was a terrific struggle, but as Clara, Lu 'n' Em went bounding up the ladder of fame, Em also took the elevator for health.

If you have wondered how Em portrayed the pathos of her air character so realistically, perhaps you have found the answer in this story.

Today, however, Em's health, al-



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though not perfect, is better than it has ever been and spending long hours on her sail boat in sunny Lake Michigan has brought a healthy tan to her skin, which makes her look as sturdy as a physical culture contest winner. It has been sheer perseverance that has made Em one of the three girls whose name is a household word, the girls whose comment on things political, warranted their official hospitalities in Washington, D. C., at the last inauguration, luncheon with Alfred E. Smith in New York and other courtesies from the country's big shots.

SHE had more hurdles to jump than a track star, more troubles to overcome than most people, but she reached her point of happiness and the following excerpt from a fan letter explains just what it all means to her and the other two girls:

"Dear Clara, Lu'n Em:  
I have been a shut-in for two years. My children are married and live in other cities and a paid house-

keeper is my only care-taker. Sometimes I have looked at my window, four stories high, and wondered if maybe I couldn't use it as a method to shorten my lonely last years on this earth but one morning I tuned in on your girls, chattering away about this and that, and I suddenly began to get a bit of your animation, your gaiety. I began to take an interest in life again. Here were real people and I could sit in on their gossip. At last I had found some friends. People who talked about everyday things. I became so interested in your troubles, your hopes and your families that I forgot about my morbid temptations and today I'm no longer a lonely old woman. Surely you must have had people like I in mind when you thought up your gossip-kit."

The lonely lady guessed right and that's why Clara, Lu'n Em rate with the shut-ins. And that's how they know just what to say to those people, who, like all of us, must have a good gossip!

## Notes From Our Memo Pad

● On November 8, the Old Todd broadcast with Fred Waring's orchestra came from New York's Merca Temple before a crowd of 3500. This is believed to be the largest visible studio audience for any regular show.

● Don Bestor has gone in for vocalists in a large way. He has six of them now.

● It's catching. When Mark Warnow was chosen to conduct the college songs on the All-American Football Show over Columbia, he became at once a tabloid griffin follower.

● Evidently, it wasn't the clashing elements that impressed Mark at first, however, for when he returned from his first game, a friend asked him how he liked it.

"All right," Mack replied, "but the instrument in the school band were badly balanced."

● Not many years ago a pair of middle entertainers named Leonard and Small, respectively, met in Chicago and decided to form a team. To make things sound better, they decided to use the name of Little and Small. Little is the Little Jack Little who is maestro at the Lexington Hotel this season, and Paul Small is featured soloist with Jack Denny's orchestra.

● Among the oddities of radio, the story of Jack Golden, Harry Richman and Mae West was one to come to light when Mae answered the call of the airwaves to "come up and see me sometime." When Golden came to New York in 1922 to organize a band, he found the going not so good and decided to take whatever job came his way. The first job was a call from Mae West. She

wanted a pianist and singer to share a variable program with her. But Mae was to take the glory and bows and that didn't strike Jack so well. In those days, Mae was just another Mae and so Jack said, "Who am I to play second fiddle?" He didn't take the job.

Act two shifts to a small theatre in upper Manhattan. Jack dropped in on the show to let a few hours' slip by a bit more easily. There on the stage was Mae West doing her act. And at the piano sat Harry Richman.

Act III. Now Golden has been directing the band on the Richfield Country Club over NBC; Mae West is drawing down \$5,000 a week for exploiting the merits of Hinds' Honey and Almond Cream; and Richman has been featured on the Old Gold program and later by Studelaker at a fancy price. Ho—hum

● Wayne King, the Waltz King, who has been playing at the Arizona ball room, Chicago, continuously for seven years, has signed a contract with Andrew Karpas, his boss, to play two years more. Probably no radio orchestra leader has a record comparable to that. King is also the only dance maestro playing four commercial programs weekly on the networks—three on NBC and one on Columbia.

● Carlos Molina, the handsome maestro who followed Vincent Lopez into the proud Urban room at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, and supplanted him on his NBC sustaining programs, plays some of the brightest tangos on the air, but he doesn't come from Buenos Aires, Molina was born in Bogota, Colombia. And he may have inherited some of his savvy from his father who was ambassador to Costa Rica.







said his lips . . . but his  
eyes said, "Marry ME!"

• Did ever a woman have stranger lovers than Queen Christina? There was Magnus who loved her passionately . . . but advised her to marry Prince Charles, for his own good reasons!

• And there was Don Antonio, came from sunny Spain to ask her hand for his king, but now a slave to his own love for the woman who belonged to his monarch.

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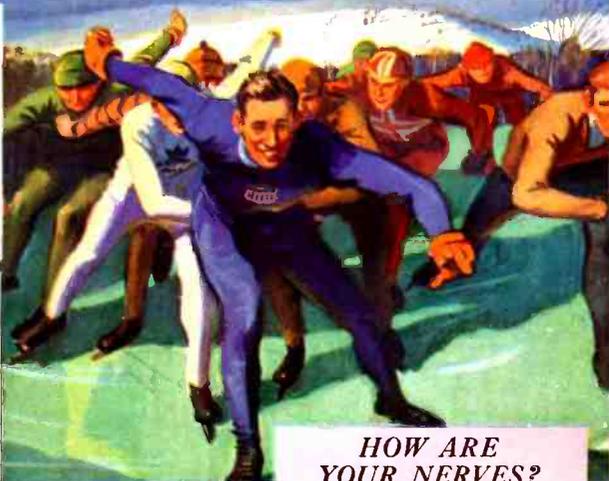
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