RADIO STARS

NOVEMBER

10¢

FIRE CHIEF

RUDY VALLEE

KATE SMITH

MYRT and MARGE

PAUL WHITEMAN

SETH PARKER

BURNS and ALLEN

Posed by ED WYNN

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED!

would you make the same decision this girl made?

DROP a tear for dear old Leslie McWhinney, head over heels in love with the nicest girl in Texas . . . and she completely gone on Bing Crosby! Tsk, tsk!

Many a young man plays the green-eyed monster just watching his sweetie get an earful of Bing over the radio. But poor Leslie—gee whiz!—**his** girl knew Bing in the flesh! And if you had a voice like Stuart Erwin (who plays the part of Leslie) you'd be plenty worried by your competition. Things look pretty black for Les until one day, Bing—ah, but that'd be spoiling the cutest story you've read in a long time!

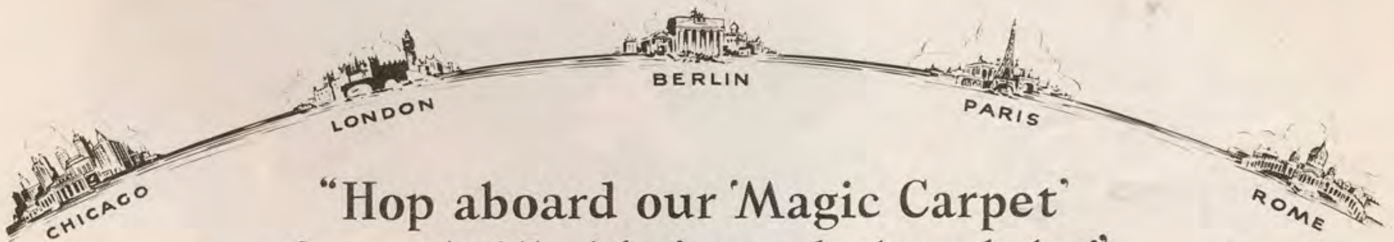
It's "The Big Broadcast," that great new picture featuring Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams, Bing Crosby, Kate Smith, the Boswell Sisters, the Mills Brothers, Guy Lombardo, Cab Calloway, Burns & Allen, and Arthur Tracy! The whole captivating story is in this month's SCREEN ROMANCES, illustrated with many stills showing your radio favorites as they appear in the picture.

Buy SCREEN ROMANCES today and spend a few hours with a kind of entertainment you're sure to relish. There are 9 other complete stories of the newest talkies in this month's issue—all guaranteed 100% entertainment! Next time you pass your newsdealer's, be sure to remember to ask for

Screen *Romances*

Look for these
COMPLETE TALKIE STORIES
in the current
SCREEN ROMANCES

SMILIN' THROUGH. Norma Shearer & Fredric March
A FAREWELL TO ARMS. Helen Hayes & Gary Cooper
CABIN IN THE COTTON. Richard Barthelmess & Dorothy Jordan
A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT. John Barrymore & Billie Burke
THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN. Barbara Stanwyck & Nils Asther
THE SCARLET DAWN. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. & Nancy Carroll
HAT CHECK GIRL. Sally Eilers & Ben Lyon
THE HONEST FINDER. Miriam Hopkins, Kay Francis & Herbert Marshall
THOSE WE LOVE. Mary Astor, Kenneth McKenna & Lilyan Tashman
and
THE BIG BROADCAST. Stuart Erwin, Leila Hyams & 13 GREAT RADIO STARS



"Hop aboard our 'Magic Carpet' for a thrill-ride 'round the globe"

LONDON · PARIS · ROME · MADRID

JUST turn a switch and—z-i-p! we're off on a world tour via radio. Because it's a new SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE there'll be no fussing and fumbling about—only one dial to tune, no coils to plug in, no trimmers to adjust carefully. Just use the convenient log furnished with the set and the foreign station you want—maybe 10,000 miles or more away—comes in on the dot.

Let's Start to Merrie England!

Let's try G5SW, Chelmsford, England. Get it any day between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. Hear peppy dance music from the Hotel Mayfair in London (Yes, those Britishers furnish music that's as "hot" as any orchestra in the States!). Then, too, there are world news broadcasts that tell listeners all over the far-flung British Empire the news of the day in the homeland. At 6:00 P.M. (Midnight London time) it's thrilling to hear "Big Ben," in the House of Parliament, strike the hour of midnight in a sonorous voice.

Foreign Reception Every Day in the Year

Tired of the English program, eh? Like something French? That's easy—let's go to gay Paree.

Here's Radio Colonial, Paris, France, and it is on the air for the SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE any day between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. Hear those dulcet tones of a spirited Mademoiselle? What, you can't understand French? Never mind, here's an orchestra and a song. Music is a universal language. This is Monday—that's lucky, for there'll be an hour's talk in English today about the encampment of the Veterans of Foreign Wars to be held in Paris in 1935.

10,000-Mile Distant Stations Guaranteed

Unusual to get such reception? Not at all for this receiver. This new SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE is *guaranteed* to bring it in like that—yes, absolutely guaranteed to bring in foreign stations 10,000 miles or more away, every day of every week in the year, with loud speaker volume.

How can they make such a guarantee? Well, chiefly because the SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE is a custom-made receiver. It is built with as much care and precision as a fine watch. There's skilled designing and engineering behind it too—as well as parts good enough to carry a five-year guarantee against failure.

Most Perfect Tone Quality in Radio

Want to hear some more? Sure! Where do you want to go? Germany? All right. Here's Zeesen. It can be SCOTT-ed any morning between 9:30 and 11:00. From it you will hear about the grandest symphony concerts put on the air any place. You'll be glad your SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE has such exquisite tone. And it *is* exquisite tone! So perfect that, in a studio test, observers were unable to distinguish between the actual playing of a pianist and the SCOTT reproduction of a piano solo from a broadcasting station when the set and the pianist were concealed behind a curtain.

Tired of Germany? Then let's jump to Spain on our "Magic Carpet." Here's EAQ, Madrid. Hear the castanets and guitars? Always typically Spanish music from this station between 7:00 and 9:00 P.M. You'll enjoy EAQ doubly because they thoughtfully make their announcements in both English and their native tongue.

Opera Direct from the Eternal City

Want a quick trip farther south? Here's Rome—12RO. The lady announcer's voice is saying, "Radio Roma, Napoli." From here, between 3:00 and 6:00 P.M. daily, you'll hear grand opera with its most gorgeous voices and with the finest accompaniments.

So you want to hear what's doing on the other side of the world now? That's easy, let's get up early and pick up VK2ME, from Sydney, Australia, any Sunday morning between 5:00 and 8:30 A.M., or VK3ME, Melbourne, any Wednesday or Saturday morning, between 4:00 and 6:30 A.M. Hear the call of the famous bird of the Antipodes—the Kookaburra. There'll be an interesting and varied program, music, and always a talk on the scenic or industrial attraction of the country.

Australian Stations Sound Close as Home

Can I get Australia easily? Why, of course you can! In a test didn't one SCOTT ALLWAVE pick up *every* regular program from VK2ME in Chicago, 9,500 miles away, *over a whole year's time?* Quite a record? You bet! And what's more, the programs received were recorded on phonograph records, and one was even played back to Australia over long distance telephone, and they heard it clear as a bell! That's performance!

These are but a few of the more than 200 foreign stations that may be heard by SCOTT owners.

Tired of foreign travel? Well, let's jog about the STATES—or Canada or Mexico—on the regular broadcast frequencies. Wonderful? You bet! There was never finer reception. Or you can eavesdrop on police calls, international phone transmission, gabbing amateur wireless telephony fans. Your fun with a SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE is unlimited.

New Values! Prices Lowest Ever!

Too expensive for you? Not at all! A SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE won't cost you more than any good model of an ordinary receiver. And it gives so much more in pleasure and satisfaction!

You'd like to know more about it—the technical details, and proofs of those wonderful performances? Easy! Just tear out the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and mail it TODAY.

THE E. H. SCOTT RADIO LABORATORIES, INC.
4450 Ravenswood Ave., Dept. RS-112, Chicago, Ill.

Tell me how I can have a SCOTT ALLWAVE DELUXE for a "Magic Carpet" of my own, and send me complete technical details, proofs of performance, and complete information.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

JANE FROMAN

You can hear her any Sunday afternoon over the NBC network from Chicago, through the courtesy of the Iodent Company. Jane was born in St. Louis and wanted to be a newspaper woman. The first time she stood in front of the microphone she sang as loudly as possible—figuring it was necessary because the audience was so big. She won't walk under ladders.

RADIO S TARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

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Associate Editor: K. Rowell Batten

NEXT MONTH

Clara, Lu and Em. Know 'em? Wall, you oughtn't ter miss the story on them in the next issue of Radio Stars. It's one of them humdingers.

And Amos and Andy! Popular as ever, this pair goes marching on in their daily task of delighting radio audiences from coast to coast. You musn't miss their amusing story.

Jack Foster, the radio editor of the New York World-Telegram, tells you of the radio stars of yesteryear—and where they are today. Amazing, that a profession as youthful as the radio, should already have names that are half forgotten.

A chatty interview by Adele Whitely Fletcher with Ida Bailey Allen—household authority supreme. You certainly won't want to miss the loads of information which this will contain.

If you were marooned on a desert island with a radio! Just what would you listen in on? Read what Faith Baldwin, America's leading novelist of the day, has to say on this interesting idea.

There will be many more stories than this, of course. Among them, stories of Gus Van and Lanny Ross, the baritone. And besides a number of inside stories of the radio personalities there'll be marvelous new pictures of your favorites, intimate pictures of the studios and studio folk, gossip and news about the ether people. It'll be dated December—out November 1st.

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MYRT TAKES HER HAIR DOWN

There's a fascinating story behind Myrt and Marge—just as fascinating as any of their radio sketches. And Myrt makes a startling confession about herself and Marge. Read it!

By MYRTLE VAIL
as told to
STEVE TRUMBULL

MYRT

AFTER leading the quiet, retiring life of a show-girl for, ahem, more years than I care to admit, I am finally cornered by the villain Editorial Request, and forced to tell all.

All right, Officer, I'll talk. I'll squawk my fool head off.

Sure, I'm the real life mother of my little radio partner, Marge. We'd intended to reveal that secret as a dramatic smash of our radio series. There's a lot that is autobiographical in that five-a-week WABC-Columbia network act, anyhow. However, the secret seems to be leaking out, so here I stand with my hair down, admitting everything.

Let's start at the beginning, and prompt me if I overlook anything. This radio game is still new and novel. I'd never seen a microphone until we started rehearsals last fall. The part I play—that of the hard-shelled and soft-hearted chorine—is all too familiar. I hope my pals in the Old Ladies Home are all tuned in.

I was just fifteen years old when the stage bug bit me. The family had moved into Chicago from Joliet, and I was feeling most big-townish. I met some girls a little older than myself who had carried a spear across the stage, or joined in the shout "Here comes the prince," and right away I said, "Vail, that's the life for you." I unraveled the two pigtails that were hanging down my back, tucked up my hair, and generally arranged myself to look as antique as possible. That night I didn't come home to dinner. The next day I wasn't in school. I was rehearsing kicks with the chorus of "The Umpire," the then-current attraction at the LaSalle theater, Chicago. Please be charitable and refrain from looking up the date of that show. Thanks.

THE first three days I almost starved to death. I'd invested all of my money in a room, forgetting the item of food. I was scared to ask for an advance, and if one of the older girls hadn't noticed I was wasting away to a shadow I guess I would have passed out on the stage. Several of the "broilers"—that's what we called chorus gals in those days—chipped in and fed me, and with nothing else to think about I promptly fell in love with the leading tenor.

Of course, I didn't let the leading tenor know anything about it. He never suspected it, until almost a year had

MARGE

passed. Then he married me. Neither of us had anything else to do at the moment, and it looked like we would both be out of a job almost any day. As a matter of fact, several more months passed before "The Umpire" called his last decision, and the show moved into the warehouse.

The threatened idleness did not develop. Henry W. Savage was organizing a company in New York for "The Merry Widow." My husband landed the rôle of the Prince, but Mr. Savage evidently believed a romantic stage hero would do his best work without a wife underfoot, so I was shipped over to the production "The Yankee Tourist."

I stuck it out for several weeks; then I cut and ran back to Chicago. There it was that Marge first saw the light. (We christened her Donna. The "Marge" substitution was not made until we went on the air.)

For more than a year I stayed out of the show business, playing the very delightful real-life rôle of the mother. I like to think that was the best rôle I ever played, or ever will play. Then came the chance to join the cast of "The Merry Widow," in which my husband was then playing. Thinking of the aid to the family fortunes, and looking ahead to the day when Donna would need an education, I accepted. There'd be no ducking out of school at the age of fifteen for that youngster—not if Mama Myrt could help it. With Donna, and the best nurse I could find, we started out.

Back in the now-familiar surroundings of the stage I played a minor rôle for only a few days. Then, in Youngstown, Ohio, the star failed to show. I was so full of self-confidence I believed I could go on without a rehearsal and take her rôle. I sold the manager on it, and somehow I struggled through the part with sufficiently few errors. From then on, throughout the run, I alternated in the part.

"Heartbreakers" was our next, and our last play on the "legitimate" stage. We played that two seasons. Franz Lehar, composer of "The Merry Widow", had just written a forty-five minute musical sketch entitled "The Knight of the Air." Nothing of that length had ever before been tried on a vaudeville audience, and we decided the time was ripe for such an attempt. It went over and from then on it was vaudeville for us.

"Ordered Home" was our (*Continued on page* 47)

The New Rudy VALLEE

By CURTIS MITCHELL

(Left) Singing at the mike in a Broadway night club. (Center) With his wife, Fay Webb. Of course you know they're abreaking-up? (Right) As he looked when he was knee high to a loud speaker. (Opposite page) As he looks when he discovers a book to his taste.

MORE than likely, you haven't noticed the change in Rudy Vallee. But it's there. And I'm going to tell you about it.

He has changed—positively. The reasons for it are many, among them this one. Did you know that more than fifteen hundred babies have been named after him, the most recent being a seven pound Florida boy named Rudy Vallee Brown?

The old Rudy Vallee was a kid with curly hair, just out of college. Because he had a certain something, he stood the nation on its ears. And made a million débutante hearts ache at the sound of his voice. Before he knew it, he was being swept to the dizziest peaks of popularity—and there was nothing he could do about it.

An axiom that applies to Radio Row as much as the rest of the world says, "The bigger you are the harder you fall." On Radio Row, the smart boys saw how big Rudy Vallee had grown, and they sat back to watch him fall.

He fooled them. He didn't fall. And he won't fall, not this new Rudy that I'm going to tell you about.

FOR one thing, nobody kids him. Oh, they try to. They tell him he is marvelous, sensational, magnificent. But he knows—he has a habit of looking into his own heart and soul—that he is just another entertainer trying to get along. And from the day he sang his first soulful theme song until now, he has never rested on his laurels.

That is the new Rudy Vallee I mean—a Rudy Vallee who is continually studying and working to make something more of himself than he happens to be at any given moment. I think it takes a special breed of grit in a man's gullet to drive him toward fresh fields when all the world is already at his feet.

Let's look at the scintillating record. You didn't know, I'm sure, that Rudy is an ace cameraman with a moving picture camera. That interest dates back to Hollywood when he made his first picture. He was high above the top of the heap, then, remember? His fan mail came in box cars. But this new thing interested him, and he studied its science until he became a master. Today, he owns over $5,000 worth of cameras and equipment.

Here is another thing. Last year, he accepted George White's offer to become a member of his "Scandals." The wise boys on Radio Row sat back then and rubbed their palms. They knew the history of mike personalities who got footlight fever. Without a mike, without a megaphone . . . well, it was too bad. Again, Rudy fooled them. For he developed some tricks that moved him right up in the front rank of stage entertainers. One of them was his imitation of Maurice Chevalier—it was talked about all across the country.

Today, Rudy Vallee is studying law. No, this isn't a press agent's pipe dream. It's a fact. Once a week, Dean Archer of the Suffolk Law School in Boston visits Rudy in his New York apart- (*Continued on page 48*)

Whew! The new Rudy Vallee is the hardest worker we ever heard of. It must be fun to be a radio star, but, well—

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

(Upper) While Tony Wons was on his vacation he was made an Indian Chief by an Indian tribe. Witness the ceremony. (Lower) Bing Crosby, Ann Leaf, Freddie Rich and George Burns, all recently met in California. Either vacationing or movieing. (Right) Frances Langford, whose contralto is heard with Abe Lyman and his Californians, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

(Upper) Sylvia, whose broadcasts you've heard so often, shows some Salvation Army boys the right way to stretch a point. (Lower) Gus Arnheim and Sophie Tucker. (Left) Betty Adler, who is heard on "The Play's the Thing" program each Saturday over an NBC-WJZ network at 8 p. m. (Eastern Standard Time). Betty is unique because she deserted movies for the radio.

Ben Bernie's brother puts over a neat trick on a radio executive

HARRY (Oh, Deah) RICHMAN is one artist with a mind of his own. Do you remember a Sunday not many weeks back when he failed to appear and George Price was substituted? Well, the word went out that Harry was indisposed. But here is the low-down. He was suffering from a pain in the neck. And that pain was caused by the material that had been supplied for that night's broadcast. As a result, he refused to ladle out the stuff over a great network. So he played sick, and got away with it.

ARE you superstitious? Radio stars are. Virginia Rea, for instance, won't perform without wearing an opal necklace. Galli Curci and Rosa Ponselle always make the sign of the cross before beginning to sing. Raymond Knight, of KUKU fame, won't read from a script unless it bears his name in big letters. Georgie Price won't give an imitation of anyone without a photo of his subject before him. John Young invariably repeats "To be or not to be, that is the question," five times before going on the air. Connie Boswell won't perform unless she is wearing a heavy gold ring given to her by a boy schoolmate back in New Orleans. And there are dozens who won't sing a note without a pay check tucked in their pockets.

ONE of the neatest tricks of the week comes from the Maestro of Malt, Ben Bernie. Ben has a brother, Dave, who is also a band leader. And Dave looks almost exactly like Ben. The other day, Dave met Roxy and M. H. Aylesworth, head of the NBC and RKO pictures, on a golf course—and Roxy made the mistake of introducing Dave Bernie to Mr. Aylesworth as Ben.

There's a reason why Alex Gray is worrying about the gold standard

Mr. Aylesworth shook Bernie's hand and said, "They tell me you may come over to our network, Mr. Bernie. Please let me know if I can do anything for you."

"O. K., Mr. Aylesworth," Dave (posing as Ben) said. "And say, I've got a brother named Dave who has a fine band. Maybe you can do something for him, too."

Have you wondered why Alex Gray went off the Chesterfield program? Here is the answer: he owns a gold mine. Some time ago he bought some stock in a Canadian ore pit. But nothing came of it. And the smart boys tagged Alex as a Grade-A chump. The other day he got word that his miners had discovered real gold—and lots of it. So he asked to be relieved on the "Music That Satisfies" period in order to rush to Canada to watch the money roll in. Imagine owning a gold mine!

KATE SMITH'S pianist is a bright-eyed chap named Jack Miller. And Jack is the owner of a hard luck story. When he first went on the air in Boston, he was a singer. But his voice failed at the peak of his popularity. So he became an accompanist. Now, the old tonsils are working swell again and he has a fifteen minute space for his warbling. But he still sticks to Kate's program. He's gonna stay, he says, until that doggone moon comes over the mountain.

Irene Beasley, Columbia's "long, tall gal from Dixie," enjoyed her first vacation in two years this summer. She went south in the grand manner, driving her very swanky newly purchased roadster.

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

Bernardine Flynn, who has been the heroine of the Rin Tin Tin programs, can wield a mean crayon. She spends her spare time in the studio sketching the people who broadcast with her.

Formerly Al and Pete, the sponsors thought the public would like them even more if they were called Bill and Henry. It must have taken a whole lot of conferencesto decide on the change.

Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, the former Tune Detective. He's the chap who reveals the history of lyrics and songs every Thursday. And he does it in such a way that the subject is fascinating.

MARY STEELE, whose warbling is a current Chicago sensation, cannot sing in high-heeled shoes. When she comes to the studio in evening dress, she always kicks off her pumps before facing the mike. There's a program for television.

HOWARD CLANEY, who persuades you to buy Lucky Strikes several times a week, almost became an engineer. It was just after the war. He had been mustered out of the service and was ready to return to his engineering courses at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh, when he noticed a pretty blonde walking up the steps of the art school across the campus. So Claney matriculated for art.

You've heard a lot about Gracie Allen's brother. Well, there actually is a brother. His first name is George. He's a serious-minded young man and employed by an oil company in California. And he's plenty sore at Gracie for dragging him into all her goofy broadcasts.

A SPECIAL telegram brings the news that Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle has just perfected the greatest invention of his career. This last triumph is a revolving goldfish bowl to relieve old and decrepit goldfish from the necessity of swimming round and round.

HERE is a taxi story as is a taxi story. It comes from Elizabeth Bartells, CBS' pretty soprano from Tennessee. She and her roommates recently hired a cab to take them across Long Island to a bathing beach. They told their driver to wait and went into the water. After their swim, the girls were unable to find the taxi. Finally, they located it just as the driver was going away without them. "I wasn't going to wait any longer," he explained. "The last party I brought out here got drowned, and here I was waiting for two whole hours. Fancy that!"

Frederick William Wile, Columbia's political analyst, also rides in cabs. Recently, he crossed New York en route to see Governor Roosevelt. And he noticed that his driver's name was Gordon Godowsky. "Say," he asked, "are you any relation to my friend, Leopold Godowsky?"

"Sure," said the cab driver, "he's my father. And I've seen your picture on his piano lots of time, Mr. Wile."

TRUE STORY for the month: Three years ago, a listener phoned the Columbia headquarters in New York complaining that something must be wrong with their sending apparatus because his set was acting up awful. A technician went out to see this listener and made a minor repair. That listener has never forgotten the good deed. Every few months he comes into the studios laden with gifts—neckties, cigarette holders, etc. On the hottest day of last August he showed up with fifty containers of ice cream.

DONALD NOVIS sings from New York, but he is still studying with his Los Angeles vocal instructor in California. And this is the way he does it. Whenever Don sings, Allen Ray Carpenter, the Pasadena voice coach who has taught Don from the start, listens in and makes a record of each song. He then adds a recording of his own criticism. When Don receives it, he puts it on his own talking machine and learns just how good or bad he is.

How times do change. For instance, Jay Flippen, whose Flippencies are wowing 'em over the Columbia chain, and the Four Eton boys were cronies in the good old vaudeville days of ten years ago. Then,

Don't fail to learn about Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle's latest invention

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

Just a little family gathering in the studio dressing-room. Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit entertain Julia's mother and father. The popularity of Julia and Frank is still increasing.

Meet the Funnyboners whom you've heard over WABC and the Columbia network three times a week. (Left to right) Dave Grant, Bunny Coughlin and Gordon Graham.

Ward Wilson. He's the chap who sings on the Gelatine Hour. He does those clever imitations, too—of Crosby, Colombo and Vallee, for instance. Here he's imitating Ted Lewis.

though, Jay was a black-face comedian with a foot-long cigar. And the Eton boys were tumblers.

OZZIE NELSON, whose orchestra is one of the ace dance ensembles of the East can do a lot more than croon. In college, he played quarter-back for Rutgers and starred at swimming and boxing. In 1920, he went abroad to a Boy Scout Jamboree as America's youngest Eagle Scout (he was just fourteen) and sang before the King and Queen of Belgium.

YOU'VE no idea of the hidden talents around a studio. Take Claude Reese, second tenor of the Melodeers, Columbia's male quartet. He had been around for weeks and everyone thought he was just another second tenor. But now it comes out that he makes the sounds for Bimbo, who is seen in those animated cartons opposite Betty Boop. And the high-pitched voice of Koko, the character who springs from Max Fleischer's ink bottle, is Claude's too.

Irma Glen, Chicago's favorite organist, is probably on the air more than any other radio artist. During the summer, she appeared thirty-seven times a week, an average of more than five times a day. Now she wants a vacation—so she can practice without having to stop for station announcements.

WHAT does the telephone operator in a studio think about? Well, here are some samples of what she hears:

"Hello, Columbia. We want to settle a bet. How much does Kate Smith weigh?" "How many of the four Lombardo Brothers are brothers?" "I've lost my dog and I'm willing to pay five dollars to have it announced over the raddio." "How can I jern the Crime Club?" "Does the Street Singer really sing from the streets? And if he does, could we arrange for him to come around to our place?" "Which announcers have mustaches?" "Would you be good enough to tell me if you can use any real good bird whistlers?" "What is Ruth Etting's private phone number, please?" "Does Gracie Allen really have a brother?" "It must be so interesting to be a telephone operator at a radio studio." Our sympathies, Hello Girl. People are always telling us it must be interesting to work on a radio magazine.

Hidden History Titbit No. 34J256—Walter O'Keefe, of the "O.K., O'Keefes," was the poet of his class at Notre Dame. And see what he turned out to be.

THOSE two Indians, Tony Wons and Ted Husing, are feuding over their names. Tony went on vacation in his old home state last summer and the Chippewa Indians took him into their tribe and called him "Meshkaegegit," which means "Sending big voice over the air." Ted's name, which he got while broadcasting a water carnival in Bay City, Mich., is "Keemahkeeshig," which means "King of the Air." And now the boys are pouting about which of them ranks higher in the councils of the tribe.

Ted Weems' dance music somehow always reminds us of bag-pipes. Just today, we've discovered the reason. Ted's father, Angus Weymus, invented the doggone things. And Ted's real name isn't Weems at all but Wilfred Theodore Weymus.

THAT fellow on crutches who has been following Harriet Lee around the studios is Ed Ellingson who sings with her. He was playing baseball last July, jumped over a fence while attempting to catch a fly, and stepped in a hole. The old leg couldn't take it and now Mr. Ellingson, with contracts and everything to fulfill, sings on crutches. Too bad, Ed, old boy.

Elizabeth Bartells' taxi story will hand you a big laugh

THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD GIRL ON THE AIR

By HELEN HOVER

FAME is a funny thing. A girl works unceasingly hard to establish herself on the radio, quickly skyrockets to fame—and then suddenly realizes that her popularity is a boomerang that is striking back at her.

The girl is Kate Smith. Dozens of malicious little stories are circulating about her. They say she is "publicity-mad"—they say she is "high hat"—and they say many other things about her. And I just want to tell about the Kate Smith that I know so that her fans, who mean so much to her, will be able to understand her better.

Kate has always been a "homey," regular sort of a person, from the time when she was the tomboy leader of "the gang" in Washington, D. C., to the present time when her daily swim and two pet canaries mean more to her than all the clothes and parties in the world. When she was seven, she queened it over a group of boys in the neighborhood. They called themselves "The Midnight Riders."

"Why, I don't know," Kate laughed, "because none of us could stay out later than eight. But Lordy, did we have fun! The dues were bags of marshmallows, and there was never any reserve in the treasury."

Incidentally, one of the "Midnight Riders" was Nat Brusiloff, and one of the first things Kate asked for, when she was in a position to ask for things and get them, was that Nat be her orchestra leader. And he is to this very day.

No one ever taught Kate to sing—and she can't remem-

Unpleasant things have been said about Kate Smith but you have to know her true story to judge them fairly

(On opposite page) Two pictures of Kate Smith at the tender age of thirteen. Oh yes, she was quite a bicyclist. The picture in the snappy bathing suit was taken at Colonial Beach in Virginia. On this page we see the lady as she is today.

ber the time she hasn't sung. It was as natural to her as eating those marshmallows. At first she sang only for "the gang." Then came school affairs. There was something fascinating and humorous in watching the little fat girl dance and sing. Even then she inserted spontaneous bursts of patter to "break" a song. She was stamped, oddly enough, not as a budding singer, but as an embryonic comedienne.

Pretty soon "that funny little fat girl who dances and sings" was getting herself known as a good bet to liven up parties. After school hours she entertained for various social and fraternal organizations. Whatever money she made then never went to the Smith household, but swelled "the gang's" coffers for ice cream sodas and chocolates.

When the war broke out, the detachment of the A. E. F. who were quartered in Washington were treated to the appealing spectacle of a pudgy little girl who overflowed her short skirt and socks singing, "Long, Long Trail," "Rose of No Man's Land" and other war classics. It might have looked funny, but it sounded swell, and the soldiers were crazy about her. Now it isn't difficult to understand why Kate has a particularly tender spot in her heart for all war veterans.

WHEN Kate graduated from high school, she had to put aside "the gang" and think of a vocation—a serious vocation. So, coming from a family of doctors, it wasn't long before she found herself in the George Washington University for Nurses. But Kate had a taste of the stage and applause and she left the school in a year.

"However, as much as I hated medicine at that time," Kate once told me, "I do love to take care of people when they're sick or in need of care. Now that I'm on the radio I enjoy nursing them with songs."

Kate's singing for the soldiers gave her a reputation in Washington. She attracted the attention of the higher officers who invited her to entertain at many affairs. The late President Harding, in particular, admired her and told her she'd "make good some day with that voice."

She yearned for a theatrical career. But she was fat, and her friends and family were frank in telling her that she could never make good because nobody loved a

of a young girl who got homesick quickly. The best substitute, at least, would be a New York show, without the discomfort and inconveniences of one-night stands. Soon she was playing more comedy bits in "Hit the Deck." After that came her delightful rôle as Pansy Sparks in "Flying High."

AT this time she began to become interested in radio. When she auditioned for the Columbia Broadcasting System her music trembled in her fingers. But her sweet, clear voice couldn't help but get her the job. She was put on at 7 P. M. by CBS, in direct competition to Amos 'n' Andy. It was a tough spot, but it was Kate's biggest chance. And Kate surprised the studio officials, and even her own confident self, with her instant popularity.

And now Kate has arrived. She has money, fame, success. She has everything, you'd think. But she hasn't. For many of her actions are so misconstrued that she's actually unhappy about them.

People say her practise of dedicating numbers to invalids, war vets, hospitals, etc., is just a publicity stunt.

I hope I have shown how her great love for the sick and weary has been the only motive for these dedications. When little Herbert Fuchs was spending those long, lonely hours in a hospital respirator fighting infantile paralysis, she sang to him and made a touching plea for listeners to write to this game little boy. The next day Kate received a mention in the papers, and Herbert received thousands of letters and telegrams cheering him

(Above) A portrait of Katie taken some years ago. Like the bangs? (Right) Just some of the day's fan mail. That's her secretary with her.

fat girl—particularly on the stage.

But Kate wasn't made of the stuff that is bowled over by adverse criticism. She remembered how her youthful audience laughed at her when she was a chubby kid hoofing and singing, and she decided that her forte was comedy. So now she did all she could to increase her weight—which wasn't at all difficult considering her happy-go-lucky disposition and natural love for double ice-cream sodas.

HER first professional job was in a Washington cabaret. She was plugging away night after night, until the man who was to be indirectly the cause of her success walked in. Eddie Dowling saw her that night and urged her to come to the bigger fields of New York. Kate saw her opportunity and took it.

She played small, comedy bits in Dowling's "Honeymoon Lane." When the massive girl came out, the audience expected to laugh. But when those rich, full and powerful notes poured from her throat, they leaned forward and gripped their seats with nothing but the greatest admiration for her.

But Kate was homesick—homesick for her family, "the gang" and the Potomac. An hour after the show closed its two-year-run, she was on the train bound for Washington. But the stage bug was already in her blood, and a month later she accepted a fifteen-week vaudeville tour contract. But that didn't satisfy the heart

up. In whose favor did the scales tip—Kate's or the little sick boy's?

AND, once, after Kate sang for hours for the war veterans, she awoke to find herself with four lines of publicity and a severe case of laryngitis. And I know for a definite fact that she had to forego a vaudeville engagement that day, one that would have put more money in her pockets than all the publicity she ever received. That would have been enough to cure anyone of "benefit performances," but next week Kate was singing her head off to a group of delighted little kids in an orphan asylum. Would you call a girl like that "publicity mad"?

"She's high hat," they say. Now that she's so successful she's besieged by pluggers. (*Continued on page* 50)

RADIO STARS ALBUM

WHEN Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, first appeared at the Columbia Studios in New York to begin the series of broadcasts that have brought him to outstanding popularity, he was conspicuous for two things—a gray-green felt hat which he wore tilted over one eye, and an unassuming attitude toward stardom and the accompanying ballyhoo.

He still has both the hat and the attitude.

Maybe you've wondered how he is able to sing in so many languages. Many letters ask him that question, letters from Greeks and Frenchmen and Italians. Here is the answer. He is an indefatigable worker.

Between his shows (when he is appearing in vaudeville) he reads plays and novels in foreign languages. And he buys foreign newspapers just to get the colloquialisms of the native grammar. From his earliest school days, he has never stopped trying to learn more of the world's languages.

His musical library is a wonderful thing. First of all, he is proud of his collection of Caruso records. He has them all, most of them worn and scratched now. He has played them, listened to them, and studied the master's phrasing and diction. The library itself contains more than 35,000 different numbers.

There was a time, before he arrived with his green hat, when he was not so successful. He was playing in a traveling stock company. And his was the only alarm clock in the Pullman car. So he was appointed the official waker-upper. Each morning, after the clock had awakened him, it was his job to stick his head into the corridor and crow. For a whole year, that barnyard imitation of his was the reveille of that dramatic troupe.

Once, he attempted grand opera. Content to start modestly, he took a place as a sword-bearer in "L'Africaine" of which Gigli and Ponselle were the stars. During the opera, he had to cross the stage in a scene that was supposed to be silent. The sword got in the way, banging him on the shin. His yelp of pain penetrated the very back of the house. After the show, Gigli sent for him. And, instead of reproving him, told him that he ought to study to be a singer instead of an actor. Of course, Tracy took that advice.

All that was many years ago. But only this last summer, when the Street Singer was appearing at a New York theatre, he got a note from Gigli asking him to sing "Vesti la Giubba" from "I'Pagliacci." Of course, the Street Singer acquiesced and Gigli went to the theatre to hear him. And there he learned for the first time that the famous Street Singer of the radio was the same awkward kid who had bumped his shin on the prop sword.

The Street Singer crowed like a rooster each morning

Album

Jolly Bill made Cal Coolidge actually laugh

JOLLY BILL and Jane are an accident. Oh, quite a hilarious accident. In the beginning, Bill had no intention of becoming a radio riot; he wanted to draw pictures and eat, especially the latter.

It started back in those dark dead days before the war when a heavy-set fellow arrived in Bridgeport, Conn., his eyes sparkling and his face radiating ambition. Behind his right ear was a stubby, tooth-marked pencil. He walked into the office of the Standard-American's editor and said, "Sir, I'm a cartoonist and a corking good one. I like your paper, I like Bridgeport, and I think you ought to hire me."

Believe it or not, the editor hired him. And Bill Steinke had his first job.

He had come to Bridgeport from Scranton, Pa., which Bill says was a long walk in those days. From the beginning, he made a hit. Soon, folks began to call him Bill. And after hearing his always hearty greeting, they called him "Jolly Bill."

Somehow, he began to attend kiddie parties. His job was to draw pictures of the kiddies for the next day's paper. Presently, he was doing more than drawing; he was entertaining. Then he was running them, running the whole show. It got so a party in Bridgeport wasn't a success unless Jolly Bill was there.

And then he moved to Newark to draw pictures for the Newark Ledger. It was there that he went on the air at WOR. His program was a kiddie talk in which he told youngsters how to draw funny pictures. Accompanying him on all these appearances was a white duck named "Lilly White." Don't ask why. It's just the way he does things.

His next move took him to Washington where he drew a picture of President Coolidge and showed it to him. For the first time in months, Cal's tight smile loosened up and became a laugh. Bill's reputation was made.

His next fling at a radio program came suddenly. No one in the radio business had heard of him for months. One day he appeared at the NBC studios in New York and demanded to see the program director. He was much like the young man who had invaded Bridgeport with a pencil over his ear. He said:

"I've got a radio act that's a knockout. I like New York, I like the NBC, and I can't think of any reason why you shouldn't hire me."

And the NBC hired him—and Jane, too.

Album

The Stebbins boys have never quarreled

THOSE Stebbins Boys have been cluttering up the air with arguments and bickerings for a good while now. They've said more words in anger and recrimination than almost any radio act in existence. One gets the idea that their day can't be called a success until one of them has bulldozed the other one into some sort of a verbal scrap . . . and one wonders if they aren't a lot like that in real life.

Well, in real life, you're due for a surprise. They look like a couple of high class business men who are also swell guys, and they've never quarreled in their lives.

Take Estley Stebbins, for instance. Arthur Allen plays him. Arthur was born and spent his boyhood in Gowanda, New York. From the first, the stage interested him. He was one of those kids who organize amateur circuses and charge pins for admission.

Even at Oberlin College, the old theatrical yen still gripped him. He played all sorts of parts in every dramatic offering. For a while, music became his main preoccupation. Then, out of a clear sky, a dramatic stock company came to town and he joined it.

Presently he left it to try for a career among the bright lights of Broadway. A friend advised him to consider acting for a radio audience, and presently he was known all over America as one of the most successful interpreters of Down East characters.

John Stebbins is played by Parker Fennelly. Now here is an actor who doesn't have to act. He is a Down Easterner by birth. Mount Desert Isle in Northeast Harbor just off the coast of Maine, near Bar Harbor, was his home. Though it is now a summer resort, not many years ago it was devoted exclusively to fishing and lumbering. Fennelly grew up there, absorbing the life of the place, knowing nothing of the outside world until he moved to Boston.

It was there that he entered a dramatic school. A childhood spent among the classics in his father's library did that to him. He had developed, it seems, a taste for Shakespeare. Dramatic school increased that taste.

Broadway came to know him as a fine actor. He played with Nance O'Neil, Arthur Byron, Walter Huston, and Roland Young. All this time, unknown to him, the radio was developing its own drama. The Down East sketch became so popular that actors for them were in demand. A friend called Fennelly into the studio for a test. And he has been there, as you probably know, ever since.

Album

Jay Flippen is part Chickasaw Indian—born in Arkansas

IT'S too bad you can't see Jay Flippen when he broadcasts. There is a picture, folks. He is one of the least self-conscious men who ever faced a mike. As he talks, his bushy hair waves to and fro, he chews gum, carries a pencil behind his ear. And when he isn't talking he walks about, carrying his script with him and leaps to the nearest microphone whenever he hears his cue. There's this about him, he's always in a good humor. And he keeps the others in the same happy state. When he tells a story (which is almost all the time) he squeezes his left hand around the lapel of his coat and used the right to shoot high, wide, and handsome gestures into the air.

As a matter of record, he has been on more stages than any nine out of ten actors you could name. He began at the age of three in Little Rock, Ark., where he was born in 1899. His mother made him "recite" before a home-town audience. At nine, he was doing blackface impersonations. For five years, he remained an amateur, displaying his funny self for the sheer love of it. At fourteen, the lure (and need) of pelf proved too much and he turned professional.

His father, for thirty-five years on the merchandising staff of a Little Rock department store, thought his son was headed for disaster. For a while, Jay almost had to agree with him. He was fifteen then, and battering fruitlessly at the doors of Chicago booking agents. To keep alive, he took jobs on the lake boats. But his break came when one agent said, "If you're half as funny as your name, you'll be a riot."

That got him into a vaudeville act that played every one-night stand in the Middle West. Afterwards, various theatrical engagements tumbled around his head until he became as well known in Manhattan as he had been in Arkansas.

His first spot on the air was as master of ceremonies at a banquet. As a result of which the Goodall Palm Beach people eased his name onto a dotted line. Now he is an exclusive Columbia player and his "Jay C. Flippencies" with Freddy Rich's thirty-five piece orchestra is one of the air's high spots.

He never lets the barber cut that upstanding mop of hair on top—it's his trademark. He's crazy about baseball. And his proudest moment was the day he played the Garrick Theatre in Chicago. You see, when he was working on those lake boats, he bet himself he would.

Album

The Girl O' Yesterday played a piano in a nickelodeon

IF Kathryn Parsons' grandmother and three uncles had their way, she never would have become known as the "Girl O' Yesterday." They wanted her to become a famous pianist.

Kathryn was born in Eskridge, Kansas. Shortly afterwards, her family moved to Iowa. Her difficulties started when she was in school. Even then she thought she had a voice, and she was determined to use it. Her grandmother and three uncles who had taken charge of her thought otherwise. They decreed a musical education only so far as the piano was concerned. And little Kathryn found there was nothing she could do about it.

Once, she met an ally. Madame Schumann-Heinke visited her school and heard Kathryn's girlish voice. Immediately, she urged that the child be given voice lessons. "No," said her guardians. "She shall learn to play the piano."

So Kathryn went on through school, through Iowa State Normal School, studying her ABC's and the piano. To ease her discontent, her guardians did permit her to sing in a church choir.

At one church service, a wealthy music-lover listened to Kathryn's voice soaring out over the pews. He was quick to detect genuine talent. After the service, he sought her out. And presently, Kathryn was listening to the most amazing words she had ever heard. The friend was offering to pay her passage to Europe and her tuition at a foreign conservatory if she would study voice. She agreed ecstatically. But her grandmother and her uncles said "no."

There must be something like iron in this girl's makeup. She beseeched her guardians. Eventually, they let her enroll in the Wesleyan Conservatory of Music at Lincoln, Nebraska.

For six months, she was in heaven. This was what she wanted. But at the end of a year she had to go back.

But one day she read an advertisement of a Chicago school where one could work his way. She borrowed some money and set out. For the first time in her life, she came to know drudgery. The Windy City was unkind to her. One of her jobs put her at the keyboard of a battered piano while another woman taught a dancing class. For weeks, she played in a nickelodeon.

Ultimately, her guardians agreed to supply the money to complete her voice training. Then Kathryn began to succeed and Frieda Hempel advised her to come East.

THE UNUSUAL LOVE

"Actually," says Margaret, "it was the very qualities in Paul that tended to make him fat that made him so dear." But contrast the Paul in this picture with the Paul on the opposite page. See any difference?

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THERE is nothing, I think, more fascinating than to trace the slender threads upon which destinies hang . . .

Many years ago, night after night, when the curtain fell on the finale of the George White Scandals, Paul Whiteman and George Gershwin would amble across the street to a quiet little restaurant and, at a secluded table, talk until dawn of their beloved symphonic jazz and how, in time, it must become the music of modern America.

Margaret Livingston, at this time, was busy in the motion picture studios. Gaining a reputation as a hard-working trouper. Supporting herself and others, too. Loved by a Westerner of great name and fortune.

There was nothing whatever to indicate that one day Margaret and Paul would lend enchantment to each other's years. But it develops, nevertheless, that even then the Fates had begun weaving the threads of their lives together.

From those long talks Paul and Gershwin had together "Rhapsody in Blue" was born. Gershwin wrote it. Paul conducted its première at Aeolian Hall. And thereafter both names, more than ever before, became names to reckon with.

In Hollywood, soon after this, Murnau chose Margaret Livingston to play the city girl in "Sunrise." And the music that accompanied her big scene where she danced beside the swamp, filling the country boy with a strange

STORY OF PAUL WHITEMAN

That "Love conquers all" is illustrated beautifully in the fascinating romance of our own Paul Whiteman and the lovely Margaret Livingston of the screen. Read what Paul did for love

unrest, was the turbulent, swelling strains of "Rhapsody in Blue."

Now the pattern of Margaret's life and Paul's life began to merge . . .

It was natural that Murnau, always meticulous about every detail of his productions, should ask Paul Whiteman to supervise the recording of the rhapsody score. And that Paul should prove eager to do this.

Fifty times at least the dancing scenes of "Sunrise" were screened for him. He was interested mainly in the music. Nevertheless, he saw the slim girl dance. And it was then, without a doubt, even though Paul did not realize it at the time, that Margaret Livingston's image slipped into his heart.

Six months later they met. The occasion was the famous tea party given Maurice Chevalier on the New Amsterdam Roof in celebration of his "Innocents of Paris." I say famous tea party advisedly. Never were there greater platters of caviar sandwiches, cakes richer with marzipan, nor a greater plenitude of potations. Never was there a more brilliant assemblage. In spite of the huge rooms the waiters bearing heavy trays had to move slowly.

Margaret Livingston, who played with Chevalier in this film, was at a table at the opposite end of the room from where Paul sat. But in a brief parting of the crowd he spied her and sought an introduction.

Still it was touch and go between them. Paul told Margaret how many times he had seen her dance in "Sunrise." And she told him how, more than ever since she had danced to the Rhapsody, she regretted not having been at Aeolian Hall that great night when he conducted it for the first time. Others came up then. There was nothing left for Paul to do except bow and depart. But often enough after this meeting he found himself remembering Margaret . . . her heart-shaped face . . . her hair like autumn . . . and her lovely dark eyes.

THE best part of a year passed . . . Paul arrived in Hollywood to make "King of Jazz." On the Universal lot a special bungalow was built for his dressing-room suite. The studios revolved around the needs of whatever scene he happened to be making. In his presence there was much bowing and scraping. It was expected that the profits of this picture would greatly enrich the company's coffers.

Only Margaret Livingston gave no sign that she knew how important he was considered on that lot. "Hello there!" she greeted him casually the morning they met in the driveway. "How're things?"

"Splendid," he said. "Getting better every minute." And he meant just that. He found himself happier over this meeting than he would have believed possible.

Day after day from then on Paul invited Margaret to lunch with him in his private dining-room. Night after night she had the seat of honor at his lavish parties.

The morning I saw Paul he was conducting one of his auditions. Dozens of radio aspirants waited to sing. But when the talk was of Margaret who sat beside him he found it difficult to break away.

"I never have known another girl like Margaret," he told me while his eyes adored her. "I used to wonder how it was she never needed anything. And then I discovered that if she wanted anything she got it for herself. She stood on her own feet. Took care of herself. And others too."

It was natural enough that Paul should be amazed at such independence. He is generous. Free-handed. And most women are quick to know when they need only suggest that something would please them . . . that they admire a certain Scottie puppy in such and such a shop . . . that they need a sunshade for their garden. . . .

"King of Jazz" was very near completion the night that Paul proposed. . . . If you can call it a proposal. . . . He and Margaret drove to the beach. . . . (*Continued on page* 49)

The Inside Story of Radio SALARIES

Maybe you don't believe radio is the highest paying field in the world. You will, after reading this

By JACK FOSTER

Radio Editor, N. Y. World-Telegram

(Left) Lawrence Tibbett makes as much in one broadcast as plenty of people would be glad to make in a year. (Above) Guy Lombardo, shown with his wife, not only has a magnificent radio income but a vaudeville one as well.

WILL ROGERS made his last commercial radio appearance on the late Ziegfeld Radio Show, and an amusing situation developed. To put the moral first: His pride was greater than the $7,600 he would receive for the last two of his contracted broadcasts. And so he resigned, resigned because he was cut off the air at the end of six minutes of chatter on his second program.

You see, Mr. Rogers had been signed for four microphone appearances from Los Angeles at $3,800 each. Well, the sponsor felt that in six minutes time he would be amusing, but that if he strung on he would destroy the tempo of the half hour. That's exactly what happened on the first program when Will spoke more wordily than well. And following this initial performance he was asked to submit a manuscript so that he might be clocked. No, he said; this would be impossible. He preferred to speak extemporaneously. Therefore, the sponsor before this second broadcast instructed the California announcer to clip him off on top of a laugh if he exceeded his six minutes. He exceeded his six minutes, well enough, but it wasn't until he reached home that his best friends told him what had happened. And was he mad! He was through.

It was a strange situation, wasn't it, in which the employée wanted to work harder than he was paid for and the employer would have nothing of it. Maybe radio stars don't know anything about money.

Don't they? Well, that eminent Scotsman, Sir Harry

(Left) Harry Richman is one of the highly paid radio people. And if you received once the figure he receives every time he broadcasts, you could kick old man depression right down the stairs. (Below) Speaking of depression, it means nothing to Eddie Cantor. He's been getting a grand salary for his radio talks. But he isn't satisfied, and when he gets through with his picture he's going to demand a raise.

Lauder, ought to. And apparently his celebrated Scottish instincts did not desert him when he went about signing contracts for the air because he, too, received several of those $15,000-for-fifteen-minutes assignments. But here is a fact that never has been printed: One of those $15,000 checks he turned over to a Scottish relief organization in New York without a word, least of all to the press.

Will Rogers and Sir Harry are tops so far as salaries for a single radio broadcast are concerned. George Engles, of the National Broadcasting Co., did hold out for $25,000 for a single broadcast by the eminent Polish pianist, Ignace Paderewski, the only great musician who never has broadcast in America. But he found no buyers.

ANOTHER unusual wage arrangement is that under which Graham McNamee works. The original radio idol, Mr. McNamee, you might suppose, would receive a huge weekly pay check. But this is by no means the case. The fact is, his salary, which is little more than a retainer, is said to be about $100 a week. Here is how he makes the money that enables him to live in a luxurious apartment in upper West Side Manhattan:

For each commercial program that he announces—and he has three at present—he receives $250. This, you see, amounts to $39,000 a year. For making Universal news reels he earns $75,000 a year. Altogether, then, his annual salary is something around $114,000, and, even though lots of listeners believe he has passed the peak of his popularity, this is a greater income than he has received at any previous period of his career.

He never, you know, was paid a penny, aside from traveling expenses, for his description of sports and other national events. These he covered solely as a means of increasing his prestige, of keeping his name on the listener's tongue, and they do say that the listener's tongue said plenty about him following the last Sharkey-Schmeling bout broadcast. And by the way, do you know who pays for a fight broadcast? Well, the National Broadcasting Co. gives the Madison Square Garden Corp. $5,000 for the privilege of radioing an important contest. If it can, the NBC then sells the (*Continued on page* 47)

...This famous author listens in to the radio even as you and I. And, also—even as you and I—there are some things she dislikes—with excellent reason. See if you agree with her

I'D LISTEN IN MORE OFTEN

RADIO STARS

IF

The sponsors would realize that so much advertising plugging ruins a program + + those crooners were not so numerous + + the sketches were better + + male announcers did not try to out-diction each other + +

(Left) Miss Baldwin lists Jessica Dragonette's singing as one of the things worth listening to. (Below) Mr. and Mrs. Ace is another of her favorite radio stunts. Incidentally, that's Ely Culbertson with the Aces. He'll probably bid a no trump.

By FAITH BALDWIN

I AM a radio fan. I have three radios in my house. One, not new but beautifully toned and giving as good service as it did four years ago, in my living room; another, a small one, set into the bookcase in a bedroom, and the third, a midget, belonging to the children, upstairs.

During the early part of the day the radios are silent. Around lunch time, when I am working, I go back into the big bedroom and cast myself on a chaise longue and have my luncheon on a tray and turn on the radio. Late afternoons and evenings the living room one does its share and upstairs the children at program time listen to Orphan Annie and Amos and Andy. There is a rule in the house that the radios must be tuned low. I wish everyone else felt the same way—especially in summer!

But there are many occasions when my radio is turned off with much abruptness either by myself or other members of the family. I have been wondering about it, and our likes and dislikes.

I have come to the conclusion that I would listen in more often if—

IF the sponsors would realize that so much advertising plugging ruins a program; that to sit through the lengthy opening announcement, the middle announcement and the ending announcement is torture for most listeners. Especially on programs which go on year in and year out. Many sponsers are beginning to realize this, but there are still a lot who could profit by a cutting short of their commercial announcements. The most satisfactory way, to my mind, is simply to say, "The program you are about to hear is made possible by the courtesy of the Blank Manufacturing Co.," and to repeat it worded "the program you have just heard" at the end of the "spot." Next to this type of thing the announcement which amusingly "kids" the commercial idea is best. Charlie Hamp used this method some years ago. By the way, I wish Hamp would return to the radio. He had something, and his imitators lack it. His advertising was really very funny and I went forth and bought his product and still use it. Elsie Janis, taking Ripley's place, used her own method of kidding the product she advertised. Toward the end of her series she rather overdid it but the method is to be commended. I asked her about it once and she told me that she would rather her listeners, when they saw the product advertised on billboards or elsewhere would see it with a smile and a laugh, rather than with a frown of resentment. That is the word, resentment. I *do* resent this ceaseless plugging.

I would tune in more often if the advertising copy was not so blatant. I do not think it necessary to use every adjective in the dictionary about the thing you are trying to put over. Overstatement and exaggeration defeats your purpose. Nothing can be quite as good as the commercial announcements insist!

(Left) There are many radio comedians who Faith Baldwin thinks lack the radio technique. Ray Perkins is not one of them, however. She's crazy about his stuff. (Right) And Rubinoff is one of the orchestra leaders whose work she thinks is splendid. There are others, however, about whom she does not think so highly.

I would tune in more often if the crooners were not so numerous. The same songs, the same dragging style of delivery gets upon my nerves. A little of it goes a long way; and the same holds true of the hi-de how, voo-de dow—style of "music." Dissonance and lack of harmony, screeching and jingling fire alarms annoy me to nervous prostration. I like good dance music, I love it, and I like jazz; but I'm darned if I like bellows and screams as if a baby, a tiger and an elephant were being murdered in a lunatic asylum.

I would tune in more often if the women on the ether were as entertaining as they have every right to be. There are too many blue singers and I have often sat up late to hear a "new sensation" to find her just like most of the others. Now and then a woman announcer is excellent or a woman speaker. But rarely. Most women pitch their voices too high, and most of them are so dreadfully self-conscious and affected that you would like to crawl through your loud speaker and shake 'em. Of course there are certain women on the radio who are a delight to the ear. Some of our singers, as for instance Jessica Dragonette, Mary Hopple and many others. Some of our actresses; I have always liked Lucille Wall, what has happened to her?—and of course some of our comediennes. I am thinking again of Elsie Janis, and Odette Myrtil's enchanting style. And of course Gracie Allen.

I WOULD tune in more often if the sketches and dramas were better. Much of the crime mystery is overdone and badly acted. It seems as if it were impossible for the average radio actor to get a real emotion into his voice. If he does, it goes over. I think the Witches Tale program holds up excellently; so do the Spy Stories; and so did the Sherlock Holmes series. The Old Scientist Series has been thrilling, instructive and well acted. And the series called Polly Preston in which Lucille Wall first played was superlative, exciting, humorous, well acted. But after she lost the original "Paul Jones" of the skit—I think it was Robert Gordon— (*Continued on page* 45)

THEY FOOLED THE "CAN'T MEN"

DID you ever meet a "can't man?"

He is one of those charming fellows who tells you that you *can't* do this and you *can't* do that even before he has heard what it is you want to do. Whatever it is, he's against it.

You bump into him every day in the radio business. If you don't believe it, ask Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd. They were practically up to their ears in "can't men" when, in May of 1931, they came to New York City from a Buffalo, N. Y., station to make their debut over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

The fatal day was May 23. Can't you see the Gloom Chasers gnawing at fingernails and scratching their jitters while waiting to give an audition for the benefit of the radio editors of the big town? Both of them were scared to death—they admit it. And both of them were never funnier.

During every minute of their audition, they had that tough crowd in stitches, all except one. He was a "can't man."

"They're funny now," he said, "but wait a few weeks. They've got enough material for a while, but what'll happen when it runs out? They can't keep it up."

WELL, they did keep it up. Six long months after they started, Jack Foster, radio editor of the New York *World-Telegram* conducted a

(Left) As they appear in the broadcasting studio during their cuckoo antics before the mike. (Above) Colonel Stoopnagle himself. His real name is F. Chase Taylor.

That's what Stoopnagle and Budd did. It concerned a certain type of radio program. They said it would go over. The "can't men" said it wouldn't. And-

By NELSON S. HESSE

And here we have little master Hulick as he looked during his very first year in school.

(Right) Budd in the days when he used to pass around concert programs at Asbury Park, N. J.

(Left) Wilbur Budd Hulick. He drops everything but the Budd when he goes on the air.

nation-wide poll and the Gloom Chasers won first place as the foremost comedy team of the air.

And that "can't man"? Say, he took his medicine. He openly admitted his error and printed columns praising the Colonel and Budd.

Their second night produced more of the bitter tribe. Stoopnagle and Budd had an idea which they thought was funny. No air audience had ever heard it. They wanted to try it. The "can't men" jumped all over them. "You can't do it!" they chanted.

They did it! And what happened? But first, you ought to meet these young comedians. It will help you to understand what they did.

The Colonel's everyday name is F. Chase Taylor. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., thirty-four years ago. Two generations of Taylors had been in the lumber business, and young Chase followed along, bossing gangs of young football players who wanted to toughen themselves for the pigskin game. Until, somehow, his interest strayed to dramatics. Just for the fun of it, he did a broadcast—WGR was the station. Then he built an act known as Nip and Tuck for WMAK. It got him all excited about this thing called radio entertainment. He went into it seriously, abandoned a career in business, and became a clown.

Except at home, of course. There he must maintain his dignity for the benefit of Mrs. Chase Taylor and his severest critic, F. Chase Taylor, Jr., age eleven.

Budd is Wilbur Budd Hulick, who has spent a very busy twenty-seven years since his birth in Asbury Park, N. J. He's been a college football player, an orchestra leader, a crooner, an announcer, a dancer, a soda jerker, and representative of a telegraph company. This last job put him on the air.

In this way: The telegraph company fired him—or wiped out his department and he found himself stranded in Buffalo, N. Y. A pal got him a job behind a drug store soda fountain. In no time at all, Budd was tossing egg flips in a way egg flips had never been tossed before. His spigot-to-glass-to-you technic became one of the sights of the city.

One day, a radio executive saw him at work—and Fate smiled. That executive asked, "Have you had any musical experience?"

"Yes," said Budd, "I used to pass out programs for Arthur Pryor's band concerts at Asbury Park."

It won him an audition and a job, for he became an entertainer and announcer for the Buffalo Broadcasting Corporation. And there he met the Colonel.

Virtually everyone is familiar with the story of the start of their act . . . how a chain program that was supposed to come through from New York failed, and how Budd, doing standby duty, had to fill the fifteen minute period. Frantically, he dashed into Taylor's office and begged him to come before the mike and ad lib with him. Pausing only to lug in a folding organ, they went on the air. And that day Stoopnagle and Budd placed their feet squarely on the road to fame.

There you have them, the two out-of-towners who brought an idea to New York and refused to be stampeded by the "can't men."

THIS big idea of theirs that I mentioned was a thing the trade calls "imitations." Imitations of Cal Coolidge and Will Rogers and Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby. Up to their arrival, there had been no imitations. The "can't men" saw to that. They said it couldn't be done; the public wouldn't stand for it; the public wouldn't know that it was being kidded.

But the Colonel and Budd did it. That week, Budd produced a speech by Seth (*Continued on page* 44)

INTIMATE SHOTS OF YOUR FAVORITES

(Below) Billy Jones and Ernest Hare during an actual broadcast. In other words, the Best Food baritone and the Hellman tenor. (Right) The Boswell Sisters at work. Martha's playing, Vet is standing and Connie is sitting down holding the photo.

(Left) Irene Beasley, the ex-school teacher from the South, who makes so many friends on the "Happy Time" program. (Above) These two rarely rehearse any of their stuff. They were known in the West as "Al and Pete." Now they're "Bill and Henry"—for the Westinghouse program.

Photographs by Culver Service

(Left) Jack Benny, George Olsen and Ethel Shutta, George's wife, during the Canada Dry program. (Below) The Tastyeast Jesters, who sing those snappy syncopations—always with the hope, of course, that the listeners-in will consume more and more yeast.

(Above) Whispering Jack Smith, who is on the Absorbine, Jr., program, likes to do a little golf practicing between broadcasts. (Right) Harriet Lee, who, with her Leaders, sings every Wednesday. If you've never heard her and the quartette, better tune in. They're worth listening to.

Here's your chance to take an informal peek at them

In and around the studios—see the stars as they broadcast

The Life and Love of BURNS and ALLEN

EVEN the most glowing Burns & Allen enthusiast could hardly look upon their first year of vaudeville in the light of an over-night success. According to Burns, they were "barely allowed" into the theaters and had to be content with "fill-in" bookings . . . pinch-hitting for acts that were late or on the sick list. In almost every instance they played in that horror position known as "first spot." But they had not been teamed long before they realized something that has probably contributed more to their success than any other one factor. Gracie was the funny one of the team! Gracie was the comic . . . not George! George had written a lot of funny stuff for himself, but it was always Gracie (playing straight) who got all the laughs. That funny, little piping voice of hers just knocked them in the aisles and kept them there. So the act was rewritten and George began feeding Gracie with the laughs.

If Gracie had been keener in the ways of vaudeville, she could not have helped knowing that this magnificent generosity could mean but one thing: *George was falling in love with her!* When a vaudevillian voluntarily gives up his laughs to his partner . . . it *must* be love! But if Gracie realized George's budding affection (which she didn't) she remained determinedly faithful to Ben Ryan —whom she had been in love with for some time. She wrote and posted long letters to him after every evening performance. If there were two words in the English language that George Burns was beginning to dislike cordially . . . one was "Ben" and the other was "Ryan." It is not the most fun in the world to be touring around the country with the girl you're in love with and she happens to be engaged to marry another man!

After about six months of "hit-or-miss" bookings, Burns & Allen accidentally got a break! An act that had

Burns and Allen are pretty famous today. But this is a tale of their earlier days, when people weren't quite so "Burns-and-Allen" conscious. That's George at top of page.

been booked for a theater near Brooklyn was held up . . and those old fillers-in, Burns & Allen, were called to pinch-hit. Unknown to them, this was a garden spot . . . a theater where the agents "looked them over" in secret, and if they found an outstanding act it was almost certain to land in the big time. One of those gentlemen saw Burns & Allen . . . which was unusual because they were in Number One spot as usual. He watched the funny,

When Grace . . . . and George . . . . first went into vaudeville they did well enough, but George fell in love with Gracie—and Gracie was engaged to someone else. What to do?

By WALTER RAMSEY

George Burns was in love with Gracie—yet she couldn't see him—even though they played on the stage together every day. How did he finally make Grace love him? Read it for yourself.

little "dumb" girl and her clever partner and did considerable laughing. After the show, he wandered backstage to see them. "Listen," he said (as if they weren't), "would you two like a try at Orpheum at about $400.00 a week?"

THAT was just like asking them if they would consider a trip to Paradise . . . or would like a million dollars! Burns & Allen celebrated the momentous occasion by having a midnight dinner fit for a king . . . then Gracie wired Ben Ryan. This almost ruined George's whole evening!

The following morning was *completely* ruined!

Not that anything happened to the Orpheum booking, but Gracie received a wire from Ryan. It seems that Mr. Ryan wasn't at all hot about that Orpheum booking. It also seems that he was returning to New York immediately where he intended to marry nobody else but Allen, of Burns & Allen! In fact he was arriving that same day to discuss the details with his lady love.

Now you take Mr. Burns . . . he was sunk! He was lower than a business statement. He was so low, that the idea of losing the Orpheum booking was *nothing* compared to the danger of losing a certain Miss Grace Allen. He poured out his troubles on the shoulder of an old friend, Jack Benny . . . and Benny had an *idea!*

About two o'clock that same afternoon, a girl friend of Gracie's (and also Benny's) dropped over to her apartment. "Say, listen," she began (not so soon that it sounded suspicious, though). "What's the idea of jumping at the first proposal of that Ryan guy? He made *you* wait for him while he toured the country for twenty weeks. Why don't you make *him* wait while you tour it for seventeen?"

"Gosh!" said Gracie, who still thought she was in love, "I don't know what to do."

"Why not gamble?" asked the ally of Burns and Benny. "Why not make up your mind that if George can get $425.00 a week from the Orpheum people . . . instead of $400.00 . . . that you'll go with the act? If not . . . you'll stay in New York and marry Ryan!" Gracie chewed on that for awhile.

As women always enjoy answering their prob-

How do you like Gracie in this make-up—it was for one of her schooldays appearances on the amateur stage, some years ago. Today, Gracie is far from an amateur—so far, in fact, that it doesn't seem possible she ever could have been one. One feels she must have been born a seasoned performer.

lems in this helter-skelter fashion, Gracie consented. It wasn't likely that George could squeeze another dime out of the Orpheum, anyway. But then, Gracie reckoned without George and Benny . . . and love! The $25.00 boost was granted without a quibble. And according to all the romanticists, Gracie should have been disappointed but she bore up surprisingly well and told Ryan: "Oh well, it will only be seventeen weeks . . . and besides, I've always wanted to go back to San Francisco and let the folks see my name in lights!" Mr. Ryan was burned . . . but he finally agreed.

But Gracie never got that ambition . . . the one about the folks in San Francisco . . . because when the act reached Oakland, California (just outside of her home town), she was carried from the stage and operated upon for appendicitis. Burns wired New York that he was laying off without pay . . . he refused to go on without Allen.

Gracie recuperated just in time for a Christmas party with the folks. During her illness she had received two letters and five wires from Ryan. On the other hand she had received exactly twenty dozen bunches of roses from George Burns. It almost made a girl stop and wonder!

The day before the Christmas party, George spent exactly $750.00 for a diamond bracelet for Gracie! One hundred dollars down . . . and the rest for life. On the way out to the house that evening where George—"the only Jew in the group"—had been selected to play Santa Claus, Gracie sighed: "Remind me to call up Ben after the party!" Gracie never came so close to losing a diamond bracelet!

GEORGE was a very perfunctory Santa Claus. His heart wasn't in it! When he handed Gracie the swell bracelet he said sourly: "To Gracie . . . with all my love . . . ha ha." Something in the way he said it made Gracie burst into tears. After she had opened the present, she ran into the bathroom and cried like a shower turned on full. One of the Allen sisters said: "That's mean of her to cry that way after the beautiful present you gave her, George." George yelled: "Let her cry if she wants to . . . let her do anything she pleases . . . I love her!"

On the way back to the hotel that night George finally spoke his mind: "Don't forget to call up Ben." "Oh, George!" said Gracie . . . and cried some more.

"Look here, young lady," said the gentleman known as Burns, "I'm getting sick and tired of this. I'm in love with you, see? And this Ben Ryan person is making my life miserable. If we aren't married in ten days . . . well, that's just the end of Burns & Allen, that's all!"

When Gracie got back to her hotel, she threw herself on the bed and sobbed. Suddenly the phone rang. "Hello," said Ben Ryan from New York. "Why didn't you call me this evening?" "I don't know," sighed Gracie. "You still love me, don't you?" inquired Ryan—who had a perfect right to ask. "No, I don't believe I do!" said Gracie.

"Then," commanded Mr. Ryan, "would you mind hanging up?" Gracie did. Immediately, however, she called George on the phone and said, through tears of happiness, "You may buy the ring tomorrow . . . if you still want to, George!"

Burns and Allen were safely married now. Yes, but how about their future? What would happen when their Orpheum contract was up? Which, incidentally, was due a week after they married.

Don't fail to read—in the next issue of RADIO STARS—how Gracie and George trekked back to New York, telling each other that "they were young yet and that something would turn up."

What a surprise they got when they reached New York. But, then, life is made up of surprises. It certainly was for them.

He does it for FORD RUSH, JR.

"Old Man Sunshine's" son is his severest critic—no foolin'. It's one reason for Ford Rush's tremendous radio popularity

(Right) Old Man Sunshine and the Toy Band which accompanies his radio program. (Below) Ford Rush himself. He's thirty-eight, six feet, one-ninety pounds, greyish-blue eyes, black hair, crazy about golf and the Spanish guitar.

By DON BECKER

IT'S uncanny, this ability of Ford Rush to influence the eating habits of children; the clothes they wear; the candy they eat! But he does it, not with the aid of mirrors or Old World sorcery, but with a microphone knowledge that dates back to the time when older heads were being shaken, and older mouths were saying, "Radio will never last!"

Ten years is almost a lifetime when referring to radio. But just about ten years ago Ford Rush started on a career that has never varied. A tenth of a century entertaining the kids!

The first time I was scheduled to meet WLW's Old Man Sunshine I had delusions of meeting an old gent whose creeping senility had destined him to a rocking chair in front of a microphone for the purposes of "gooing" to the little ones. Ford Rush, despite his moniker of "Old Man Sunshine," isn't old at all, and his chosen vocation isn't the result of creeping senility. Ford Rush just naturally likes kids and that's all there is to it!

And this time-worn objection about the application of the word "kids" to children. Ford Rush put a stop to that. Some high-strung mothers strenuously objected to the term "kids," but after holding communion with ministers, priests, rabbis and child psychologists, it was unanimously agreed that a "kid" was a "kid", and not a "little man" or a "little woman," as the mothers would have it.

I SUPPOSE your wife is your severest critic," I said to Ford Rush during our first meeting, but he shook his head. "Nope, my severest critic will be here in a minute."

Then Ford, Jr., came into the room, and for the first time I understood why Ford, Sr., had succeeded in reaching the hearts of children of all ages. Here was a young lad who epitomized the American boy. Neither too old, nor too young for his age—just himself—and he was his father's critic. (*Continued on page* 46)

LEARN ABOUT SETH PARKER!

By CECIL B. STURGES

A FRIEND of mine who is a sea captain came to see me the other night. He came with the tang of salt water about him, his hair churned awry by innumerable gales, and his broad shoulders set in the serge of a master mariner.

"Just after half-past ten," he said. "Do you mind turnin' on Seth Parker?"

"Of course not," I answered.

We waited for the program. He leaned back and relaxed, a big man who was suddenly like a boy. "I've never seen that man but I love him," he said unexpectedly. "I've got a rough sort of job and I lead a ragged sort of life but settin' down and listening to him talk every Sunday night sort of smooths the lumps out of my mind."

That interested me. You see, I've known Seth Parker much longer than most people. I've known him since he was just an idea in the mind of his creator, Phillips H. Lord. And I've watched him grow until he has become almost a Messiah—and I've watched Phil Lord grow, too.

"I'll tell you about him," I offered.

HE leaned forward. "You will *not!*" he said. "I've been listening to Seth for two years. Wherever I am, at sea or in port, I don't miss a service. I know you're acquainted with most of these radio stars and you might tear down all my illusions in one breath—but I won't let you. I know all I need or want to know about Seth Parker."

There was loyalty to a strange ideal, an ideal built in his own mind by the things he had heard Seth Parker say across a thousand miles of sea. It is typical of the million or more persons who, each Sunday night, become part of Seth's "githering" in his famous Jonesport cottage.

I've just said that I knew Seth Parker when he was hardly more than an idea. Phil Lord, his creator, was working in a New York candy factory then and only recently had heard a radio program devoted to the small-town folk of Maine. Characteristically, he had been displeased at the caricatures the program made of "Down East" people, people from whom he was descended. In defense, he had written the first Seth Parker sketch, rehearsed it with a few friends, and presented it on a small radio station as an experiment.

Then, his paramount idea was entertainment. Seth was a portrait of Phil's own grandfather, a Yankee famous for his wit and shrewdness. The programs were built from Phil's memories of his vacations on the coast of Maine. There was laughter and singing and a great deal of homely wisdom. It was called Seth Parker's Singing School.

The National Broadcasting System is responsible for Seth becoming the conductor of a religious program—but it didn't mean to be. And thereby hangs the story of one of the greatest characters in radio.

"Seth Parker" is the greatest radio religious program

The NBC was interested in Seth Parker but it didn't want a religious broadcast; their listeners were of too many creeds to accept any one man's leadership. So the executives argued, until Phil Lord gave them Seth Parker in his Jonesport cottage, singing fine old hymns the old-fashioned way.

Since then, Seth has changed a bit. Phil didn't change him—the public did. Where thousands had liked the Singing School Seth, hundreds of thousands liked this new hymn singer and giver-of-kindly-advice. Until now, over a million persons have taken him into their families as teacher, doctor, and minister. Phil Lord discovered eighteen months ago that Seth was out of his control. No more singing school pranks . . . no more sly Yankee tricks to achieve an innocent end. Instead, Seth became something of a preacher who preaches without seeming to.

Today, his wisdom is balm to hundreds of thousands who nurse their hurts alone. And his advice is inspiration.

I don't think Phil Lord ever suspected, during those other years, where Seth Parker would lead him. I'm sure he never visualized himself as an evangelist—not during those restless semesters he was a student at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine; not in those two lukewarm years he was the principal of the high school in Plainville, Conn.

IT'S a fortunate thing, I think, that Phil Lord has in him both the mental and moral strength of his New England ancestors. For Seth Parker has elevated him at a blinding speed to an eminence rare even in such a hero-building business as the radio industry. He gets letters by the thousands. They are praise and censure and heartache. But characteristically, he devotes most of his attention to these last. I saw some of them once, the pitiful outpourings of distressed souls. This was one:

> I do not know anything about you except what I hear about you over the radio. Now I have a story to tell you. Me and my wife have listened to your services for a (*Continued on page* 49)

(Top of pages) The broadcast in action and Phillips Lord himself. (Immediately left) Phillips as a child. (Right) Phillips as he looks when he goes fishing in Jonesport. (Extreme right) Blacksmith shop from which Seth broadcast in 1931 during the celebration.

And Phillips Lord, a minister's son, carries on the good word

BACKSTAGE AT A BROADCAST

RADIO STARS

Let's go behind the scenes of the whirlwind Lucky Strike broadcast!

Meet Ethel Shutta, Tom Curtin, George Olsen and Walter O'Keefe!

Culver Service

Culver Service

By OGDEN MAYER

HOP onto the Magic Carpet, Mr. and Mrs. Tuner-Inner. Climb aboard our million-mile-a-minute masterpiece and grab yourself a handhold. We're flying high tonight, high over Manhattan, then over the gleaming Hudson and East Rivers, and finally right down to bright-lighted Fifth Avenue where we'll drop backstage at a glamorous and gay Lucky Strike broadcast.

Hold tight! We're taking off. We're climbing. Don't crowd the pilot. Yes, that's black-haired Walter O'Keefe at the controls, with his blond bride by his side.

And here we are, right over good old 711 Fifth Avenue, home of the brave and the NBC. We're dropping. O'Keefe is setting her down. We're landing. There!

Look at that tall fellow in the blue and cream uniform. A fine figure of a man, isn't he? He's the NBC doorman—and he has a past. For fifteen years he served in England with the King's Guard. Now he opens carriage doors for queens and presidents . . . and guys like you and me.

THE Lucky Strike broadcast is scheduled for Studio B. A gilded elevator whisks us up to the thirteenth floor. Thirteen, understand? You aren't superstitious, are you? Neither is Mr. Lucky Strike.

And here we are. Studio B is one of the largest in the building. This program needs it, for it uses two separate orchestras. I'll tell you why . . . but first, you ought to know about these Lucky Strike people who plan and pay for these programs. You ought to know, I think, that

(Above, left and right) Paul Small, about to "do a vocal" at the Lucky Strike broadcast. And that's Announcer Howard Claney, who sees to it that the sponsors get a break. (Right) Thomas Curtin. He's the gentleman who directs those thrilling police dramas for the Lucky Strike hour, you know.

they're the biggest advertisers on the air, that their annual bill for time and entertainment runs close to a million and a quarter dollars. How many Luckies do we have to smoke to pay for that, I wonder?

Remember those hectic B. A. Rolfe orchestra programs a pair of years back? The ones where you broke your ankles and got blisters trying to dance? Or would you rather not remember? It took that Paul Pry of modern journalism, Walter Winchell, to give the hour a new note. And what a punch he packed into it with his keyhole

Culver Service

Culver Service

(Above, left and right) Walter O'Keefe in the act of master-of-ceremonying. Yes, he actually removes the old collar and tie in his excitement. Next you can see George Olsen and his good-looking blond wife. Ethel Shutta. Fixing Fran Frey's hair. (Left) Walter Winchell, the chap who okayed these United States.

comments and newsy chit-chat.

Then came the Magic Carpet—with Walter as its first pilot. That was before his nervous breakdown forced him off the air. It was titan entertainment . . . orchestra pickups from Cuba, France, the Argentine, plus the TNT of Walter's Winchellisms. It cost the ciggie-makers plenty and it brought a new grade of entertainment to Mr. and Mrs. America.

A lot of labor took place behind the scenes in those days. There by the door is a chap who knows. I mean Tom McAvity, the NBC production man. It's his job to see that the program goes on the air as it is supposed to . . . that a band in California comes in on the dot . . . that the hour finishes exactly sixty minutes from the beginning.

Not long ago, he went to Chicago to iron out a difficult program. A wire suddenly ordered him on to Los Angeles. After arriving there another telegram—on a Monday—told him to be in Havana, Cuba, by Friday. McAvity caught an airplane, was grounded in the south when forest fires barred the way, took a train into Miami and another plane to Cuba. In three nights, he slept a total of eight hours. But he was in Havana on Friday. A production man's life is like that rather often.

Tonight, we're in luck. The program doesn't leave this building. We've got George Olsen's famous dance band and Tom Curtin's police drama, which is a crowded hour of entertainment in anybody's life.

Curtin's cut-throat crew is in an adjoining studio. They're actors and they use a smaller room. We'll hear them later. Right now, we'll give King Georgie and his jazz lads a look.

THAT is round-faced George on the leader's rostrum. The slim girl in the red dress and the trick hat is Ethel Shutta, his smooth-singing frau. Believe it or not, they've got two bouncing boys that they're both cuh-razy about out at their country place.

Paul Small is singing tonight, too. Some folks think he is a tall fellow. I'd say he's just a little over five feet high. Fran Frey is the big boy whose low voice blends so nicely with Ethel's. When he isn't singing, he's a sax player. Look! He's coming up to the mike. So is Ethel. Olsen is rehearsing a number and they're going to sing.

There! He starts them off (*Continued on page* 44)

Album

The Mills Brothers are really a barber-shop quartet with clever ideas

THE Mills Brothers with their "hot licks" and their instrumental singing broke into the radio business one day a little over a year ago and demonstrated just how fast a "different" harmony team can click.

The story is old along Radio Row but it still packs a punch and points a moral for those other plodders with talent who await their chance at a network mike.

They had come to the Big Town, four colored boys and their ma, on a little money they had saved out in Cincinnati. They had no high-powered representative to jimmy their way into a hearing at the Columbia Broadcasting studios. Only a letter introduced them, a friendly word from a station director for whom they had sung out west. Hundreds of applicants for hearings present the same credentials every day.

Waiting nervously and patiently, they sat in the waiting room until Ralph Wonders, director of the Artist Bureau, could see them. Finally, he looked them over and heard them say that they sang. They were just kids; John, the oldest, is just twenty-one now, and Donald, the youngest, is seventeen. Ralph Wonders put them in a studio and told them to do their stuff. After the first number, he grabbed a telephone and called the president of the company.

"Switch on your loudspeaker and listen," he advised.

The boys sang again. William Paley, big chief of the Columbia network, called Wonders back. "Keep 'em going until I tell you to stop," he said delightedly.

They kept going for two hours—and signed the dotted line of four important contracts before they left the building.

Actually, they learned to sing in a barbershop . . . their father's. Before their father turned barber both he and their mother played in vaudeville. But the lure of a regular job appealed so much that he settled down in Piqua, Ohio. There, all four brothers and three sisters were born. The boys began to sing together when John was thirteen and Don was nine. In the barber shop, of course. It attracted customers to Mr. Mills, Sr., and the kids got the coppers that hit the floor around them.

Today, they live in Harlem, New York City. They have a huge limousine and a liveried chauffeur. Their clothes are the talk of the town. A valet takes care of them. When they have to go to the studio in a hurry, a police escort with screeching sirens clears the way.

Album

A scrap of shrapnel turned Tony Wons into a philosopher

PRIVATE TONY WONS of the American Expeditionary Force was lugging a hot rifle toward the German trenches. Shells were bursting about him and the high whine of bullets shivered in his ears. He plunged on, a grim-faced Yank fighting man.

Back home in the deeps of North Wisconsin forests, he had been a hunter and a fisherman. Born in the open, bred in the woods, he had a fine regard for all life . . . and he wondered, amid the shot and shell, about man's hate for man and this horrible thing called war.

A shell exploded to one side, sending its spray of black smoke high, sending a jagged splinter deep into Tony's body. That was the bit of shrapnel that turned him into a radio performer and philosopher.

He spent a year and a half in various hospitals before that wound healed. During those eighteen months he had nothing to do but read. Fortunately, good libraries were available. He got the habit of marking the passages that appealed to him. Later, when he owned the books or publications, he began to cut those passages out and paste them in the first of a series of giant scrapbooks that he now owns.

His hour is called "Tony's Scrap Book," and the title is apt. Almost all of his material comes from the little squares of paper he has pasted on the big black sheets, the harvest of years of reading.

Tony is only thirty-eight years old. That is a surprise to most folks who have followed him on the air. The maturity of his judgment and the depth of his philosophy made him seem much older.

He is married, too, to a daughter of those same woods in which he was raised. And he has a daughter who is ten. In his home life, you find the clue to his attitude on many subjects that he mentions on the air. He loves to do things for himself.

His first radio experience was amazing. He was in Chicago, working in an office, when he decided to crash the infant industry. His idea was to present a condensed Shakespearian play—with himself taking all the parts. So Tony went on the air, shifting his voice to fit the various rôles, and performing completely to his own satisfaction. That broadcast produced just two letters. One said, "All the members of the cast were fine." The other said, "The lady (Ophelia) was splendid, but the bozo who played Hamlet was awful."

His next attempt was the Scrap Book. Since then, except for vacations, it has never been off the air.

Album

Major Bowes was once a real-estate dealer

MAJOR BOWES' Capitol Family program that goes over a national hook-up every Sunday afternoon is one of the most popular features in Radio. And Major Bowes is one of the most popular masters-of-ceremonies.

Or is he a master ot ceremonies? He says he isn't. He says he just "helps out." And that is typical of the good-natured, modest gentleman who controls the destinies of one of the world's finest and largest motion pictures, the Capitol Theatre in New York City.

Major Bowes is a San Franciscoan. His boyhood was spent on the cobbled streets of that great old town. He was still a youngster when he sensed the influx of business and population and his survey of the town persuaded him that money might be made in the real estate business. By 1905, he had made himself wealthy enough to retire.

Imagine that, retiring in 1905 . . . twenty-seven years ago. But it didn't last long. He was making an extensive tour of Europe when the famous San Francisco fire wiped out his fortune. He returned home and put workmen to digging in the hot ash beds where his buildings had stood. While other folks were still in a daze, he was erecting a new office building. Presently, he was back in his old business of selling real estate.

That was typical of him . . . always, he has been among the first to accept a new idea, to develop something fresh and vivid. Perhaps that is the reason he is one of the world's greatest contemporary theatre managers.

In 1908, he married one of the most beloved figures of the American stage, Margaret Illington. It was she, I think, who persuaded him that a greater future lay in the East than in the West. Together, they came to New York.

Immediately, he found an interest in the theatre. He built them, and after they were built, he operated them. In 1918, he sensed the increasing importance of motion pictures. And he decided upon a heroic step. He decided to build the largest theatre in the world.

That was the Capitol Theatre which stands on Broadway in New York. Typically, he supervised every detail.

Hundreds of new personalities have been placed on the air under his direction. For a time, Samuel Rothafel, the beloved "Roxy," and his Gang held forth from the Capitol. It was only when Roxy moved on to the giant theatre that bore his own name that Major Bowes introduced his present famous radio "family."

Album

The Singing Lady was one of radio's best mysteries

IF you are a Singing Lady fan you will remember the impenetrable mystery that hid her real identity from the public for so long. To you and to Little Jimmie and Jill, she was just the Singing Lady . . . and everybody's friend. But you didn't know her name.

Now it comes out that she is a distinguished singer named Edna Kellogg from Chicago.

Of course, your children—all children—love her. She has devoted hours to finding and writing just the sort of things that appeal to them. She has taken the poems of Mother Goose and the nursery rhymes of the world, jingles from Japan and couplets from Sweden, and moulded them into her happy songs of childhood.

In the beginning, no one thought that mothers or children would listen to the radio. Edna Kellogg is one who disproved that. When she appeared at the Chicago studios with her idea of a nursery rhyme hour, directors put their thumbs down. But Edna persisted. And one day, she got a hearing.

That was the break that put her on the air. She began to sing her songs and to invent musical tales. At first, the response was slim . . . and then it grew.

Word of mouth advertising did it. No station plugging sent her into the limelight. Just kids, talking to each other, talking about what the Singing Lady has said.

Mothers began to hear of her, and they tuned her in. The program was simple enough, just an unadorned "single" act, a girl with a voice and a piano that she always played herself.

Suddenly, like a snowball, interest began to grow. The Singing Lady offered to mail a little book chock full of cute songs and rhymes to every person who wanted it. Probably, she had no idea of what she was getting into. The response was a blizzard of mail that heaped the floors of her home.

It took a force of thirty-eight girls working day and night to send out those little books. And they are still working, answering her mail, sorting it, and responding to various requests. In all, over a half-million books have been mailed. Which is pretty good, don't you think, for a girl who doesn't do anything much but sing and play a lot of nursery rhymes?

Oh, and those voices that you have heard; those many kinds of voices that seem to come straight from fairyland, from imps and goblins and brownies, too. Well, they are all Miss Kellogg's. She does the whole program.

Backstage At a Broadcast

(*Continued from page 39*)

with the orchestra. They swing into the chorus, tight little frowns over their eyes. Now George steps off his platform, runs across the room, and vanishes through a door. Why? He's checking up. There's a loudspeaker in the room beyond that door. Listening to it, he learns if his music is sweet or sour.

One thing you always notice at rehearsals: people are usually much more nervous than when they are actually broadcasting. But wait. George is coming back. There's Walter O'Keefe behind him, script in hand, moving toward that little table against the wall. And Howard Claney, the announcer. He puts on earphones and stands before a chest-high mahogany cabinet with tiny lights and levers on it. The hands of the clock stand almost at the hour. We're about to go on the air.

Announcer Claney holds up a hand. Through the earphones, he is hearing the end of the preceding program. "Coming up," he warns. Voices and laughter die.

Now here is a queer thing. Olsen's musicians keep their instruments on their laps. But see that other band at the opposite end of the studio . . . with another leader standing over them? What are they and why? I'll tell you. They're the boys who play the Lucky Strike signature song, "Lucky Days Are Here Again." They've been at it for years. Tonight, Louis Katzman is leading them. And there, in that corner, is another lad you ought to know. His name is Theo Albin. He sings "Lucky Days Are Here Again." It's all he has sung for three years. No wonder he looks a little sad.

Howard Petrie, the station announcer, leans over his mike, says, "Double-U. E, A, F, New York." All over the country during this twenty second space that is called a "station break" other station announcers are saying their call letters. Petrie counts the seconds on his stop watch and signals to Katzman. A baton flashes and Katzman's men rush into "Lucky Days Are Here Again."

Howard Claney takes up at its finish. He stands as he talks, poised, deliberate, forceful. Then O'Keefe tears into his job like a bull terrier.

I WISH you could see O'Keefe. He crouches over his mike and over his script. His tie is off and his collar is open. As he reads, he gestures with both hands. His words hit the air with a wollop. He finishes up his description of tonight's entertainment with this:

"The Magic Carpet is now floating lazily over Fifth Avenue . . . look at that lagoon in Central Park . . . look at those white lights ahead . . . why, no, they're not lights. They're George Olsen's teeth and he's smiling a welcome to you. Hop to it now and on with the dance, George Olsen . . .

A little man runs up to the mike with a shining piece of metal in his mouth. He blows. The sound of a siren winds up to a dizzy pitch. O'Keefe hugs his own mike and screams, "Okay, America."

It's Olsen's turn. We expect to hear music—and we hear a locomotive. That's his famous locomotive signature. There he stands before the mike, five men around him with their horns. They're puffing through them while he bangs a hammer against a small brass plate to simulate the sound of a train bell. The puffs slow and then stop.

"All out. All out," says George. He announces the first group of numbers and steps back to his rostrum. His baton sweeps up. Music flows from a dozen and a half instruments. Olsen's own music, Olsen's own rhythm.

Ethel has a number in this group. Now here is an oddity you'll notice if you're much about these studios. She sings with one hand up against her ear. Other singers do the same thing—but why? Because there is no echo in a studio and a singer has difficulty in hearing his own voice. So she closes one ear . . . which enables her to hear both the orchestra and herself perfectly. If you don't believe it, try it.

After Olsen's group, O'Keefe introduces Tom Curtin's police drama. Announcer Claney throws a switch on his mahogany cabinet and our studio goes off the air. Everyone relaxes and gets up to stretch his legs. Next door, Ray Kelly who is NBC's sound effect technician, is talking through a loudspeaker that stands beside a low-swung mike.

"Stand by, all police cars . . . stand by, all police cars . . ." That is the police radio in the touring squad car of the N. Y. Police Force. In another moment a million listeners will be deep in the complexities of mob murder and dead-eye detective work.

And here's a tip. You've heard the traffic sounds that hoot and clang through part of these programs—where the police chase the killers down a city street, for instance. Well, for once you are hearing the real thing. Ray Kelly has installed a battery of parabolic mikes at Times Square, one of the busiest corners in the world. Now, whenever he needs the sounds of the crowded city, he switches in that battery and he's got it.

BACK here during the rest period in the big studio, a song plugger is leaning on a piano and singing to Ethel Shutta. He hopes she will sing his song some night. Most of the musicians are out in the corridor, smoking. Olsen and Claney and O'Keefe are in the control room, that tiny cubicle beyond the double plate glass window where an engineer sitting before an instrument panel, balances the sound coming from the various studio mikes. They're telling stories and smoking. . . .

Presently, with Tom McAvity checking the minutes and seconds, they'll be back at their posts, sweeping through more of Olsen's syncopation and O'Keefe's whirlwind chatter. It's like that, with another break for the finish of the police drama, to the very end.

And at the very end, that other orchestra of Katzman's files back into the studio, one at a time. Finally, Howard Claney makes his last announcement and jerks his hand toward them. Katzman's head bobs, his fiddlers begin to saw, his saxes begin to moan, and Theo Albin stands up to a black metal box and tells us that "Lucky Days Are Here Again."

"This is the National Broadcasting Company," says Petrie, the big blond station announcer who looks like a college fullback. Claney snaps his switches. Tiny red lights turns to green.

"Okay," he says. And the Lucky Strike program is over for that week.

They Fooled the "Can't Men"

(*Continued from page 29*)

Parker and songs by Bing Crosby, Cab Calloway, and Morton Downey. The Colonel "took-off" Calvin Coolidge and Al Smith.

The "can't men" swarmed down like vultures. They expected the worst. But they were wrong, for those imitations scored a knock-out smash. And this is the reason.

The Colonel and Budd don't make fun of anyone. They endeavor to laugh with people. When they are imitating well-known personages, they aren't ridiculing them. They are giving imitations as nearly perfect as possible. Imitating whatever peculiarities of speech or diction the original has.

Those "can't men" didn't understand that underlying theme at first, but they do now. And they understand that the public will stand for it, and clamor and beg for it, too.

Here is a question that has been asked: how do radio artists produce such perfect imitations of another man's voice? The answer lies in phonograph records and news reels. The Colonel and Budd see every news reel that is made. Sometimes, when a great personality is speaking over the radio—as

many did from the Republican and Democratic conventions — they have records made of the speech. Afterwards, they study it and memorize it until they learn all that man's tricks of grammar and inflection.

Recently, Budd was talking to the Colonel about their early efforts to get to the top, about the "can't men" who almost submerged them, and about a "can't man's" habits of climbing aboard the bandwagon when an act is a success.

And they made a test. They took one of their first programs (The "can't men" had said it was lousy) and repeated it word for word. Afterward, they received an even dozen telephone calls. And most of them were from the "can't men" who had panned it when it was first presented.

But now, they were all smiles, all back-patters, all riding the Gloom Chaser gay bandwagon. "That was one of the funniest programs you've ever done," they cried. "We rolled on the floor laughing. You fellows certainly have hit your stride."

They didn't know and they didn't remember, of course, that they had panned that program when the Colonel and Budd were mere beginners. The Colonel and Budd said nothing, just smiled. They had known what would happen. They had known all along that they could lick the "can't men."

I'd Listen-In More Often, If—

(*Continued from page 27*)

the sketches were not quite as good. But for one good sketch on the air we have dozens of bad dramas and silly comedies and absurd mysteries.

I would tune in more often if the male announcers did not turn themselves inside out trying to out-diction each other. It has come to a pass where the English language is twisted into pretty awful shapes by the not-so-silver tongues of these gentlemen.

I would tune in more often if there were more programs on it like the Choir Invisible, the Hymn Sing, and the Moonbeams. These are very lovely. The Choir Invisible with its really fine poetry, beautifully read, and its gorgeous voices and exquisite melodies. A rare treat for anyone. It leads me to believe I would always listen where good taste combined with simple melody and perfect arrangement may be found. I am not musically educated. I care very little for symphonies over the radio or opera. I do care for melodic arrangements, for violins and harps, for the melodies which are tuneful without being cheap, for old songs.

I WOULD tune in more often if so many of the popular new songs and old ballads were not given such elaborate arrangements by many of the orchestras, utterly ruining their original charm.

I would tune in more often if I could have more humor and cheer of the type distributed by Ray Perkins, Stoopnagle and Budd, and Burns and Allen. I do not contend that at every program these really fine artists are one hundred per cent perfect. Sometimes they slip up. But they always come back and I always enjoy them.

I would tune in more often if I could have Phil Cook more often on an evening program in his Eddie and Abner strip. It was a trial to listen through the earlier part of his program but once he got back to Eddie and Abner it was perfectly grand and all too short.

I would tune in more often if most of the country programs were not such gross exaggerations. One, it was the original Main Street, I think, had more reality in it than others and I always listened to it. But nowadays most of it is a caricature and not so good at that.

I would tune in more often if I were not so disappointed in most stage comedians when they arrive on the air. The majority of them fall flat. They are not yet accustomed to the special technique of radio. They wait for laughs. They are hopelessly at sea. Their names draw but I believe the sponsors should consider their ability as well.

I WOULD tune in more often if there wasn't so much very bad poetry read over it. Good poetry will live through the ages and survive over the air but bad poetry, sentimental and silly, full of Pollyannaisms, declaimed as if it were a classic, is intolerable.

I would tune in more often if there were more organ recitals, such as Anne Leaf gives us.

Oh, well, there's more good than bad, and I can read my programs and pick my entertainment. Rubinoff and his violin, Miss Leaf and her organ, the Choir Invisible, the Moonbeams, my favorite dance orchestras, my favorite funsters and I have amusement enough and to spare. And relaxation, too. So I suppose I would still tune in, even if the things I feel a detriment to radio persisted. Oh, and I would certainly tune in if there were more people on it like Mr. and Mrs. Ace!

At that, when I myself go on the air, I'll bet a cookie plenty of people don't bother to tune in. So who am I to complain?

But one last word. I would tune in more often if we were not getting so many suggestive songs and Master of Ceremonies patter. The censorship is very stringent, supposedly—so stringent that a good many really fine and moving things are barred off the air and the use of a stronger word than darn is hushed. But we are getting too much common or garden sex in our torch songs and it becomes an embarrassment to listen to them. I am no prude, heaven knows, but my complaint is on quality rather than content. And cheapness is always to be deplored, it offends not one's morals but one's good taste.

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He Does It For Ford Rush, Jr.

(Continued from page 35)

"HE listens to every broadcast of mine," Ford told me. "If he doesn't like a certain song, or a particular story, I can almost bet my new radio set, ninety per cent of the kids in the audience are right with him."

Ford, Jr., idolizes his father, yet never hesitates to criticize his work, should it fall below par.

Like all things artistically done, the program of Old Man Sunshine knows no age limit when it comes to "listener interest." But that will come later. To begin with, his program starts off with a long, drawn out, "Hell-ooooooooo Kiddies," . . . and how are all you kids tonight, huh? All feelin' fine, eh? Well, how about a tune or two from my old Toy Band?"

Unfortunately, (or shall we say fortunately?) an army of children can't talk back. If they could, there would be a chorus of "Oh's" and "Ah's" stretching around the world several times. Old Man Sunshine's Toy Band is beyond written description. That sounds far-fetched, but as far as children are concerned, Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie, the Philadelphia Symphony are "small-time" compared to the naïve rhythms and fascinating arrangements of "The Jolly Miller," "Farmer in the Dell," and others, by Old Man Sunshine's Toy Band.

EACH member of the Toy Band is an expert musician. He has to be. Joe Lugar, who oompah's his way through "Mary Had A Little Lamb" like a veteran, makes special arrangements for every selection. Then there's a celeste, played by Gene . . . and Tommy pounds on a xylophone, while Red and Bill get hot romping through a tricky score of "Three Blind Mice."

Their so-called "work" is a real pleasure. Each member of the Toy Band is a big kid himself, and if you think for an instant they have to bother to make up programs, you're mistaken! Each musical selection appearing on the Old Man Sunshine music sheet has been picked by some member of his club. The member may have been three years old, and again, he may have been fifty!

And another thing, you can't "kid" Ford Rush about music the children like. His million some-odd fan letters have given him a complete survey, as to the musical likes and dislikes of young boys and girls. If you're interested, here's the dope:

From the cradle to ten years, the preference runs to nursery rhymes. From ten to twelve, it's "Tin Pan Parade," "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," and "The Wedding of the Painted Doll," type of tunes. Then from twelve to sixteen, these preferences fade for the popular tunes: "Paradise Waltz," "Can't We Talk It Over?"

But how about Ford Rush, himself? What about a man who has devoted his entire radio career to the entertaining of children?

FORD is happily married. He's six feet tall, weighs 190 pounds, and is thirty-eight years old. Has greyish-blue eyes, and black hair, with here and there a slight tinge of grey.

He has two passions: the Spanish guitar and golf. Ford claims he has a record of playing on practically every golf course east of the Mississippi, and quite a few out West. Here's the reason for that! When he's on the air, he invariably speaks of his golf game. The kids watch his scores like little hawks. If he's playing one of the fellow radio artists on a Saturday afternoon, you can count on thousands of youngsters gluing their ears to the radio on Monday evening to learn the outcome. So then, if little Johnny Jones' father belongs to an exclusive Country Club, Papa Jones won't get a moment's rest until he's gone eighteen with Ford Rush. Nine out of ten times the youngsters want to caddy for him. Ford doesn't accept this, but he hasn't turned down a golf invitation in five years!

When Old Man Sunshine comes on the air for a sponsor he doesn't regale his audience with an over-abundance of commercial talk. He doesn't need to. If Ford Rush tells the kids that such and such a product is good for them, they take his word for it. And they have every right to do that, because before Old Man Sunshine accepts a sponsor, he's certain the product is right up to snuff.

"I feel," said Rush, "that I wouldn't want my own child to be influenced into buying anything that wasn't good for him, so I take it for granted all the other parents are the same way!" Mothers know this, too!

Ford Rush is an entertainer of children, but the older folks like him, too! Here is a letter he received by one of his older listeners . . . it is one of Ford's prized possessions:

> I feel I must write you to tell how much your program has done for me. I am a widow with two children, age eleven and three, a boy, and a baby girl, who are everything to me.
>
> They always had about everything children could desire while their daddy was living, but it is so hard for me to give them what they really need, I was so despondent last Wednesday, that I was about ready to end everything. No work for so long, and wondering where our next meal was coming from.
>
> I was sitting in our dining room crying, and my boy, Dick, said, "Mother, don't cry, I'll soon be big so I can help." Then he said, "Let's turn on the radio, because Old Man Sunshine is broadcasting." So he did. You have such a lovely, sweet, soothing voice, and when you sang the "Prayer" I really thanked God that I listened in on your program.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> "Mother Sue."

If you want to listen to Ford Rush after reading this article, and are within earshot of WLW in Cincinnati, here's his schedule: every night at 6:15 P. M., Eastern Standard Time. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays he holds forth for Wheatena. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, it's for Tastyeast!

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Fascinating stories on Reis and Dunn; Jack Denny, George Olsen and Ethel Shutta; Ted Husing; Howard Barlow. There'll be more of those marvelous intimate pictures of your radio favorites.

Myrt Takes Her Hair Down

(*Continued from page 7*)

next vaudeville vehicle. In that piece I played the part of a Filipino maiden. Here it was that I gained the rather dubious distinction of being the first white girl to do the hula hula. While it wasn't exactly the hula as it is staged in some of the more sophisticated night clubs of today, it was sufficiently close to be considered highly naughty in that pre-war era. The censors let it pass, even in those houses catering to the home audience, and we played the piece for more than a year.

Will Huff's "Temptation" came next. Therein I was a gal of many parts, out to get my man. In the first scene I had the very flattering title of "The Princess of Hell." Scene II, and Myrt was a society gal; Scene III, a mermaid—and I finally landed the lad in the rôle of wood nymph, with the stage all cluttered up with adagio dancers. Wotta act!

In our eighth season in vaudeville we made eleven coast to coast tours. We played Jack Lait's "The Sixth Reel," then I got the writing bug and started scribbling our own shows, words and music. It cut down on the overhead in grand style.

Meantime what of Donna? We'd left her in a private school in Chicago, and in all our letters we made the stage life sound just as dreary and unattractive as possible. But if they're inclined that way, try to stop 'em! Came a letter announcing that Miss Donna had decided she was going on the stage, in Dad and Mother's act, or in some other act. It was quite a shock. We'd seen her only a few months before, and at that time her only ambition in life seemed to be an all-A grade report card.

WE talked it over, and wrote asking her to await our arrival in Chicago. Once we were together it was evident her decision was something more than a childish whim, so in our act she went. There she stayed, until those boom days of 1929 when everyone was rich, and we deserted the stage and opened a real estate office in one of the suburbs of Chicago.

Was home life ever grand after all those years of trouping! I thrived on it. No more rehearsals. No more lines to learn. No more long and dreary train rides. No more hotels. It was grand—but it was too good to last.

Any good Main Street realtor will tell you what happened to his business after that "Black Friday" on the stock market. We hung on. We continued to hang on. We had lots of lots, nice signs, good sales talks—everything, in fact but customers. We were still hanging on when I started to consider this radio business.

But from there on most of the story has been told—how, knowing nothing of the process whereby advertising agencies and radio networks book programs, I went directly to Mr. P. K. Wrigley with my sample scripts, and how I actually, and miraculously crashed into his office and sold him on the idea.

Through all of those years on the stage I always had the feeling that the show behind the scenes was sometimes far more dramatic, more comic, or more tragic than the puppet show out there just behind the footlights. That's what I've tried to bring out in "Myrt and Marge."

And if I may steal a line from Kate Smith—"Thanks for listenin'."

Radio Salaries

(*Continued from page 25*)

fight to a sponsor at the usual commercial rates plus the $5,000. This was done to the American Tobacco Co., you will recall, in the Sharkey-Schmeling fisticuffs. If, however, the NBC is unsuccessful in bartering the bout, it goes ahead with the broadcast, bearing all expenses itself.

Still another unusual salary arrangement, stranger than Graham McNamee's, is that under which Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer, functions. Mr. Tracy had been going the rounds of the local New York stations without any great luck until he met up with Ed Wolfe, a booking agent and former manager of Vincent Lopez. Well, Mr. Wolfe saw possibilities in the Jewish troubador, signed him under a five-year contract with the guarantee that he would earn $150 a week at the end of a year and that he would be entitled to a third of his salary. At the end of six months the Street Singer actually was averaging $52,000 a year and an attempt was made, though unsuccessfully, to break away from Mr. Wolfe.

ON the same Columbia network sings Bing Crosby, and his exact monetary status is only known to those in intimate radio circles. When Mr. Crosby came to New York several years ago he tried to induce the National Broadcasting Co. to pay him $150 a week, but they would have none of his type of singing. So he returned to California, sang in the Cocoanut Grove, a Los Angeles night club, earned considerable of a reputation for his boop-boop-a-dooping and returned a year and a half ago to Manhattan to try radio again.

This being a period when so-called trick and personality singers were the vogue, the Columbia Broadcasting System was eager to sign him. The salary figure given to the press was $1,500.

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But, the fact is, Columbia guaranteed him only $350 a week. However, he was soon hired by a commercial sponsor at $2,250 a week and shortly won a vaudeville contract at a salary something above this.

Now that Bing has made good he has returned to Los Angeles. It paid him to come to New York and it will pay him to return to the home town. For they are counting heavily on his becoming a moving picture star. And, if what a film executive tells me is on the up and up, he has signed a most amazing contract. He will receive, they say, $300,000 for three movies to be made within a period of five years, the first of which will be "The Big Broadcast." His theme song was not poorly chosen —"The gold of the day."

THEN there is the story of Virginia Rea, whom you probably know best as Olive Palmer. Miss Rea was receiving about $1,500 a week for the two or three songs she offered on the Wednesday night Palmolive Hour. But when time came for renewal of contracts last fall she demanded $1,750, and Frank Munn, Paul Oliver to you, was after an increase, too. Well, the sponsor wasn't sure that he wanted to continue the series, anyhow, and when Miss Rea's request came before the board of directors—of course, it may have been only a coincidence—but a decision was made there and then to drop these broadcasting activities. And Miss Rea's dainty soprano was entirely off the air until this July when she signed for one series with Paul Whiteman and another with a commercial program.

But I have rambled on abominably long in telling you these stories, and I've amplified only a few of the notes on my desk. I haven't told you about the Boswell Sisters, who receive $1,800 a week on the air and $4,000 to $5,000 a week on the stage; about Guy Lombardo, $1,500 on the air and $5,000 in vaudeville; about Eddie Cantor, $3,500, who wants the ante raised when he returns from picture making; about Morton Downey, $3,000 a week when he is on the air; about Harry Richman, $3,000; about Lawrence Tibbett, $4,000; or about Mme. Frances Alda, $4,000 for each of six broadcasts.

Yes, I must have a word about Mme. Alda. She had been signed, the studio legend goes, for $3,000 on each of those happily remembered Puccini Opera programs. But on the day before her first broadcast she announced that, if you asked her, her salary ought to be $1,000 higher. Well, there was nothing to do except meet her request. Her picture had been published widely in the press, and the program could not go on without her. The series would cost $225,000 anyhow, and so, I suppose, an extra thousand here and there didn't make a great deal of difference.

THIS Puccini opera series was one of the most costly that ever has been broadcast. And yet the expenditures on this feature are merely an exaggeration of the sums involved in bringing all important radio entertainment daily into your home. It's a lot more costly to present a wireless program than it is to keep a curtain raised on a Broadway show.

It cost, for example, $165,000 to raise the curtain on "The Band Wagon" and it ran well over six months. It costs $13,000 to produce the Harry Richman-Dave Rubinoff Hour, or $338,000 in six months. It cost $180,000 to bring George White's last "Scandals" to Broadway and it, too, experienced a greater than six months run. It cost $14,000 to produce each of the thrice-a-week Lucky Strike Hours, or $1,092,000 in the time Mr. White was cashing in. It cost $250,000 to make an opening night of Florenz Ziegfeld's last "Follies," but for the radio the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra cost $50,000 a broadcast, or $300,000 the complete series.

The New Rudy Vallee

(*Continued from page 9*)

ment and gives him an examination and lesson. Rudy's home is cluttered up with thick, black books.

Not that he intends to be a lawyer. But he wants the knowledge for its own sake—and that is an outstanding trait of the new Rudy Vallee.

Always, he is doing things that make him either a better entertainer or a better man. If he had to explain it, I think he would say: "I've got a million friends and boosters all over the country. Many of them write me every week. I feel that they expect the best of me. I can't let them down."

That is a responsibility, isn't it? It keeps a man on his toes. Believe me, it keeps Rudy there. I last saw him on a Thursday in torrid mid-August. This is the day he put in while the mercury was hovering around the nineties.

At 7:00 a. m., a train brought him to New York. At 7:30, he met his orchestra at the Columbia Phonograph Company's recording studios and began to make records. One of them was "Same Old Moon," the signature song he has been using this past summer.

At 12:45 p. m., the last recording was finished, he grabbed a bite at a Child's restaurant, and took his orchestra down to the NBC studios. At 1:30, he began a rehearsal of the Fleischmann Hour with Olsen and Johnson.

THIS Thursday, he swung into the dress rehearsal at 5:00 p. m. and finished at 6:00. For the next half-hour, he sat with his secretary writing letters to music publishers, fans, old friends, and business associates.

At 6:30, he rushed home to dinner with Hymie Bushel, an old friend and Rudy's lawyer. Perhaps you wonder why Rudy needs a lawyer. Here is the answer. In the last three years, he has been sued dozens of times.

One suit was to determine the authorship of his famous number, "Vagabond Lover." To date, approximately thirty persons have claimed they wrote it.

Another suit was filed by a woman seventy-five years old, who claimed that Rudy had promised to marry her. Her amazing story recounted that she had stood behind Rudy in a bank as he was making a deposit. She said she overheard him say that he was going to kill himself. So she gave him a Bible and argued him into abandoning his suicidal plans. That night, she said, he announced over the air that he was going to marry her because she had saved his life. Of course, the judge threw the case out of court—but Rudy had to pay a lawyer to look after his interests.

Another woman threatened to sue—but the alienists beat her to it. She wrote Rudy letters. And his wife letters. She said she was Rudy's soul mate. She said that Rudy was the father of her three children. She promised to throw acid in his face unless he came back to her. And threatened to kill Mrs. Vallee.

She is now in an asylum.

BUT this Thursday, he had to broadcast. After dinner, he came back to the studio at 7:30. From then until 8:00, he stood before his orchestra giving their numbers a last polishing up. At 8:00, he went on the air.

At 9:15, his secretary handed him a sheaf of pay checks for his orchestra members. He signed them, dictated a few additional letters, and made plans for his next week's presentation. At 9:30, he called a one hour rehearsal of special dance numbers. At its finish, he took the orchestra to play at a dance in an uptown hotel. That lasted until 2:30 a. m. At 3:30 a. m., he climbed aboard a train for Baltimore where his band would make its next appearance.

And that is my idea of a busy day.

It is fairly typical, too. It reveals some of the work he does. That is his professional side. His other side, his personal one, is something that few people know. But this incident, never before published, is a clue to it.

Nearly three years ago, one of the violin players in his orchestra became ill. He had to go to a hospital where it was found that an operation was necessary. Later, two other operations were required. Months passed and still more months until now there have been over thirty of them. The last operation was a success and soon that ill violin player will be able to play again. Whenever he is ready, his job is waiting in Rudy's "Connecticut Yankees." Which is a grand thing, isn't it?

But a grander thing—and the one Rudy doesn't tell anyone—is this. Not a single week since that boy went away nearly three years ago has Rudy failed to send him his regular weekly salary.

Learn About Seth Parker

(*Continued from page 37*)

long time and always enjoyed them. We sat together in front of the set, me holding the boy and her the little one. Well, week before last, she suddenly died of pneumonia. I didn't hear your service last Sunday, but tonight I did, only this time I held both the kids and I just drug up a chair where she sat.

I never wrote to no radio people before, but I thought if I got this off my chest I would feel better and I thought you was the only one I knew who would understand how I feel about it. Probably you won't ever see this letter, but if you do I just wanted to tell you I am going to be mother and father to my kids. I got a little garage business so I don't need to worry that way. I am going to bring up those kids right, and that is a promise.

I DON'T need to tell you that a man who can inspire a letter like that is doing a service to humanity that cannot be measured. But it can be recognized. When he was introduced to Congress last summer by a Congressman from Maine, the entire House rose to its feet and applauded.

Here is another letter. It came from an eighty-one-year-old woman who lives alone in the Maine woods in a shack a mile back from the road.

> I never feel lonely when you are all singing those beautiful hymns, for the house is not empty then. My mother and father, sisters and brothers, are all here again for we always sang hymns Sunday evenings like that. I forget that it is twenty years that I've been living here alone. My mother died then and she was the last to leave me.

Last Mother's Day Seth Parker suggested to his neighbors in the Jonesport cottage that now was a fine time for wandering sons to call back home. After that program he had a call of his own to make from New York to Chicago. Ordinarily, the connection could have been made in five minutes. But this night, it seemed that all the sons in America were trying to call their mothers. He didn't get his call until five a. m.

HUNDREDS of mothers wrote him. One said, "Let me tell you how my prayer for my long-lost and indifferent son was answered through your broadcast. When they sang, 'For I Love him, he knows,' my heart went out in a prayer for *my* boy, I knew not where. In less than twenty minutes, the telephone rang—long distance from Chicago—the 'hello' revealed the answer to my prayer, and I spoke his name and he said, 'Yes, dear.' I asked, 'Did you listen to Seth Parker tonight?' And he said, 'Yes.' Oh, it was so good to hear his voice again—nearly three years now."

Letters like those have helped Phil Lord to measure up to the stature of his magnificent old Seth Parker. What does it matter if Seth is actually a forceful young business man who does a prodigious amount of work each week? What does it matter if his Jonesport cottage is in reality an aircooled studio in the NBC building in New York? What does it matter that the roar of the Maine surf comes from a sound expert's black box or that Seth's whiskers are false?

"Not at all," maintains my friend from the sea. For Seth's doctrines are not false. My friend knows that. So do a million others who call Seth Parker their friend. And so does Phil Lord—or Seth—the minister's son who, though not a minister, finds himself ministering to the spiritual illnesses of the greatest religious audience in the world's history.

The Love of Paul Whiteman

(*Continued from page 23*)

Across the water the moon spilled a golden path. . . .

The shore was phosphorescent in the wash of an ebbing tide. . . .

"One day," Paul told Margaret gently, "I'm going to marry you."

It was as if suddenly he had become aware of something he had known for a long, long time. It was as if suddenly the dream Margaret had implanted in his heart when she had danced to his beloved rhapsody had come to life.

"What did you say?" I asked Margaret. "Were you surprised?"

"Yes," she told me. "Surprised. Stupid. And frightened, too. I didn't want things to get romantic. I liked Paul ever so much. But he was the last man in the world I thought I wanted to marry.

"I decided I'd better not see so much of Paul after that. So I tried breaking with him gradually . . . going out with other men. Then I came to. Then I discovered to what a great extent Paul had changed my standards. Other men I found increasingly dull."

HOWEVER, it wasn't until it came time for Paul to return to New

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MAMIE JACKSON weighs 116 pounds now. Before taking Korein, she weighed 148 pounds.

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York that Margaret fully realized how impossible life without him was going to be. And when he began making railroad reservations and signing contracts for a forthcoming tour she discovered what a great fallacy that old adage about nobody loving a fat man is.

"Actually," she said, "it was, to a great extent, the very qualities in Paul that tended to make him fat that made him so dear. His eagerness for good things, his generosity, his even temper . . ."

She brushed an imaginary speck from his blue flannel coat which he had left on the chair beside her. Her eyes went seeking him where he sat up in the balcony.

And then, just as Paul previously had told me "I've never known a girl like Margaret," Margaret said: "I've never known a man like Paul.

"With Paul a thing is either right or wrong. He takes no middle road. He knows no compromise. If only he wouldn't keep on expecting the same fairness at the hands of others."

Her smile quivered. Perhaps she remembered the many times Paul has been disillusioned and hurt and she has been disillusioned and hurt, too.

Had she, I asked her, really refused, point-blank, to marry him unless he reduced one hundred pounds.

"Yes," she said, "that's exactly what I did. It was important, I knew, for Paul to get down. I'd seen other women marry men to reform them . . .

"However I did everything I could to help. I consulted doctors who knew him and I studied diet books. When Paul left for New York he was armed with a series of well-balanced, low caloric menus that would prove practical even when, on tour, he was obliged to live at hotels.

"The idea was that I wasn't even to see him again until a hundred pounds had disappeared. But I didn't quite manage to stick that out. When he'd lost fifty pounds I joined him in New York. When he'd lost seventy-five pounds I married him.

"Our telephone calls must have been amusing. They were concerned almost entirely with the weight Paul had lost. Naturally. Every pound he dropped brought our wedding at the Whiteman farm in Denver that much closer."

REMEMBERING Margaret's early ambitions I asked if she planned to make any more movies.

"Some day perhaps," she said, "if Paul ever is in Hollywood for a long enough stay. I wouldn't think of leaving him here alone."

Again her eyes went seeking him. This time he saw her. He grinned and waved.

In an adjoining room someone began playing "Rhapsody in Blue."

And I went away hoping that as far as Paul and Margaret are concerned the Fates are conspiring toward a happy ending. . . .

Most Misunderstood Girl

(Continued from page 16)

If she doesn't think their songs are worth a place on her program, they fall back on the old refrain, "Kate Smith has changed. Why I knew her when . . . etc., etc."

Kate says, too, that often she doesn't recognize some of the people because she's so nearsighted and she unconsciously snubs a few acquaintances. Some over-sensitive ones hold it against her to this very day. But, of course, like so many other public entertainers, she can't afford to wear glasses in public.

Then, too, her studio is so small that no visitors are permitted inside. Some Kate Smith fans who attempted to watch her broadcast and were turned away have taken this as a sign that she's become "ritzy."

Even her beloved "Memory Songs" have held her up for unfair comments. When she put aside a program a week to old songs, she was accused of stealing the idea of Kathryn Parsons, known as "The Girl o' Yesterday" because she sang only old-timers. In reality, Kate was only obliging her vast audience's requests that she sing these old songs. She was trying to please.

ONE story almost broke Kate's heart. They said she had accused little Connie Boswell of copying her technique. Kate and Connie have different styles of singing, with no need or desire to imitate anybody. Kate knew the story was untrue—so did Connie. But the fiction was already planted.

They say, "She can't take it," referring to her weight. We know how indifferent she is to her avoirdupois. But it was only after she was getting so much ribbing about her stoutness that Manager Ted Collins put a stop to it. Why? Because Kate was being pictured as a fat, homely woman when she is, in reality, a handsome, strapping girl. Glamour of person is one thing that is held all important in a radio star's life—even over a sense of humor.

These rumors have reached Kate Smith's ears. And they've hurt her. But I hope that "the most misunderstood girl in radio" will be a very much understood one, now.

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