

*Stewart*  
**RADIO STARS**

DECEMBER

**10¢**



Posed by  
**GRACIE ALLEN**  
of "Burns and Allen"

**AMOS 'N' ANDY—EDDIE CANTOR—THE STREET SINGER**

# LOVE MADE THEM CONQUERORS!



Together they shook off the crumbling ties which bound them to the east. Financial panic had dissolved the superiority of wealth which kept him, a teller in her father's bank, beyond her reach.

Together they turned their faces to the west to build a new home and a new life with nothing but their deep and splendid love.

A fragile tool in a hard country? Yet it gave them courage to win wealth and leadership—but not happiness, for even in their darkest hours they had *always* been happy in the consciousness of their love.

*Ann Harding and Richard Dix in a scene from "Conquerors"*

**The December  
SCREEN ROMANCES  
offers you these  
COMPLETE STORIES!**

TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY. Janet Gaynor and Clark Gable  
RED DUST. Jean Harlow and Richard Dix  
CONQUERORS. Ann Harding and Claudette Colbert  
SIGN OF THE CROSS. Fredric March & Kay Francis  
ONE WAY PASSAGE. William Powell and Loretta Young  
THEY CALL IT SIN. George Brent and David Manners  
I'M A FUGITIVE. Paul Muni and Joan Bennett  
WILD GIRL. Charles Farrell and Sidney Fox  
ONCE IN A LIFETIME. Jack Oakie and Joel McCrea  
SPORT PAGE. and Marian Marsh  
(All profusely illustrated!)

A great story! The beautiful, human emotions of two lovers against the sweeping background of an empire in the making—that's "CONQUERORS"!

You know what Richard Dix can do with the rôle of the man, gallant, courageous. You know how Ann Harding can interpret his lovely and able mate. You'll see them vividly in your mind's eye as you read the masterly story of "Conquerors" in this month's SCREEN ROMANCES.

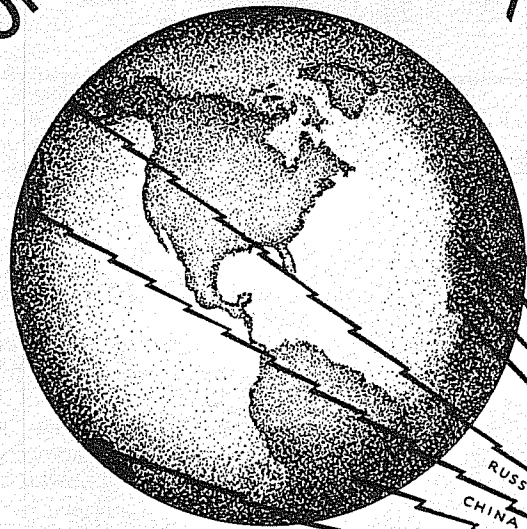
It's a thrilling experience reading these romantic tales from the talkies—and each month SCREEN ROMANCES brings you 10 of them!—complete fictionizations of the latest Hollywood masterpieces. You don't have to lean on your imagination too much, either, because there are scores of dramatic "stills" showing your favorite stars in scenes from the actual picture productions.

If you like absorbing narrative and beautiful romance, ask the nearest newsdealer for

**Screen  
Romances**

**The 10 Best Screen Stories of the Month!**

AROUND THE WORLD RECEPTION A CERTAINTY

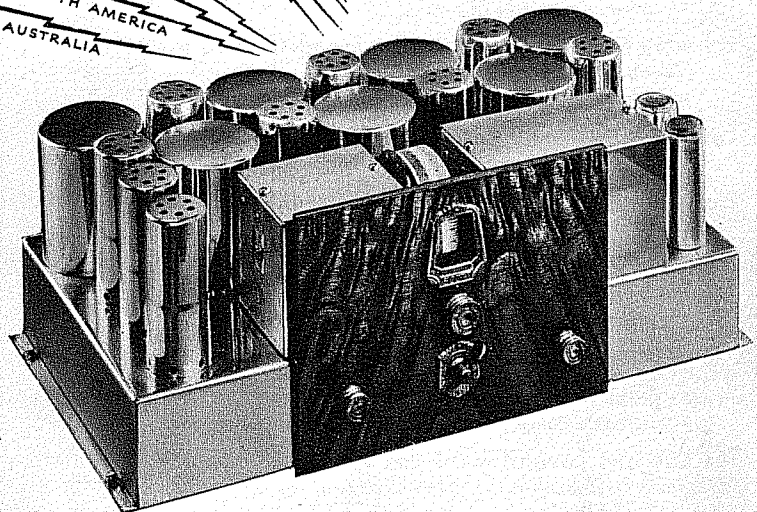


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in the Year

with the New  
15-550 METER

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ALL-WAVE  
Deluxe

SCOTT-TRAVEL to the ends of the earth! Spin the whole globe's wealth of entertainment into your own home with the twirl of a dial. True single dial control does it—no trimmers or auxiliary dials, no fussing with plug-in or tapped coils. Here is performance so perfected that this receiver is GUARANTEED to bring in foreign stations, 10,000 miles or more away, with full loud speaker volume in all seasons, every week throughout the year.



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Verified Chicago reception, by a SCOTT ALL-WAVE operating under ordinary home conditions, of every scheduled program broadcast over a whole year's time from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia—more than 9,500 miles away . . . more than 19,000 logs of foreign stations submitted by SCOTT ALL-WAVE owners this year . . . are but two of many accomplishments.

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that, in studio tests, music critics fail to distinguish between the actual playing of a hidden pianist, and the SCOTT ALL-WAVE DELUXE reproduction of a pianist's broadcast program.

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# RADIO STARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

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

## NEXT MONTH

Backstage at a Football Broadcast! Have you kept up with our "Backstage" series? Never before have articles been written which give you so complete a picture of an actual broadcast. This story will show you just how Ted Husing goes about the difficult business of broadcasting a football game. You'll read about the many unique instruments he has invented which help him keep track of the plays. And you'll learn how the lines are run from the stadium to the station. You mustn't miss it.

Have you ever heard the strange belief that when one dreams of muddy water, a friend—or someone dear—dies? Not only has the Countess Albani heard of it but it has actually happened to her more than once. When she dreams of muddy water she is terrified for her friends. Do not miss this startling story of how such dreams have affected her life.

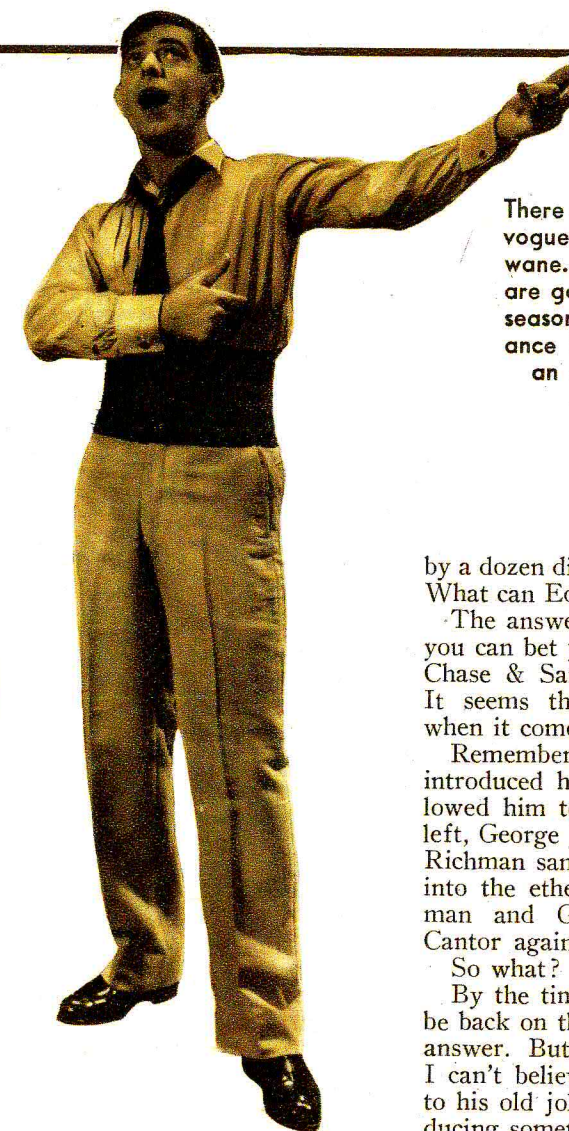
Where Are the Stars of Yesterday? We announced this story as appearing in the December issue. Unfortunately we were unable to include it, but it will positively appear in our next issue.

Major Bowes and his Capitol Family will have been on the air ten years this month. A fine and splendid record. Don't miss the story—with inside slants and intimate anecdotes—about this veteran program.

These are only a few of the stories and features which will be in the January Radio Stars.

# WELCOME BACK EDDIE!

When the fans heard that Eddie Cantor—who started the vogue of comedians on the air—was coming back, they wondered what he would do to outshine the other comedians



There are rumors that the radio vogue for comedians is on the wane. That mystery thrillers are going to be first place this season. Is Eddie's reappearance before the mike putting an end to these guesses?

GET the purple plush and the royal scepter. The King is coming back. They're whispering it all up and down Radio Row. They're saying he is scheduled for some November broadcasts. I mean Eddie Cantor, jester extraordinary, your favorite and mine on the stage, screen, and radio.

When Eddie Cantor flew to Hollywood last year to make a picture, he went off the air. Just when he was at his peak. There is no doubt about it, he had proved that a comedian could put a laugh in 17,000,000 American homes. And he was a king—king of the clowns. Then he abdicated.

You know what happened. You must have heard the grand scramble of princes and grand dukes for his throne. You must have heard the air shudder as it carried jokes as ancient as Joe Miller's mossiest. You heard amateur punsters and professional gagsters. And then you swung the dial and choked off their mildewed gags.

Eddie started all that. He started the vogue for comedy acts. It took a while for the networks to separate the wheat from the chaff. Once it was accomplished, we got some grand programs. Ed Wynn came along. And Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, Olsen and Johnson.

And now that Eddie is coming back—what?

EVERYONE is asking that. The air has been through its padded cell period. Acts have gone haywire. Every good joke in the catalogue has been told a dozen times

By CECIL  
B STURGES

by a dozen different funny-bone experts. What can Eddie do now?

The answer is a mystery to me. But you can bet your bottom dollar that the Chase & Sanborn coffee people know. It seems that they've always known when it comes to putting on a show.

Remember Maurice Chevalier? They introduced him to the air. Cantor followed him to the mike. When Cantor left, George Jessel pinch-hit until Harry Richman sang and fast-cracked his way into the ether's big time. Then Richman and Georgie Price. And now Cantor again.

So what?

By the time you read this, he should be back on the air. And you'll have the answer. But right now, I wonder. For I can't believe that Eddie will go back to his old jokes and songs without producing something to make them sparkle as they never did before.

He has never imitated. And he is a pioneer. Remember that Pfhrrrt! Pfhrrrt! sound he did with his lips up close to the mike. It took a pioneering spirit to put that on the air for the first time.

And that song of his, "Tomatoes are cheaper, potatoes are cheaper. Now's the time to fall in love . . ."

What can he sing to replace that? And here is another thing. People, having heard all the jokes, are wearying of the funny men. Wiseacres along Radio Row predict that the next vogue will be for mystery dramas. The number (Continued on page 49)

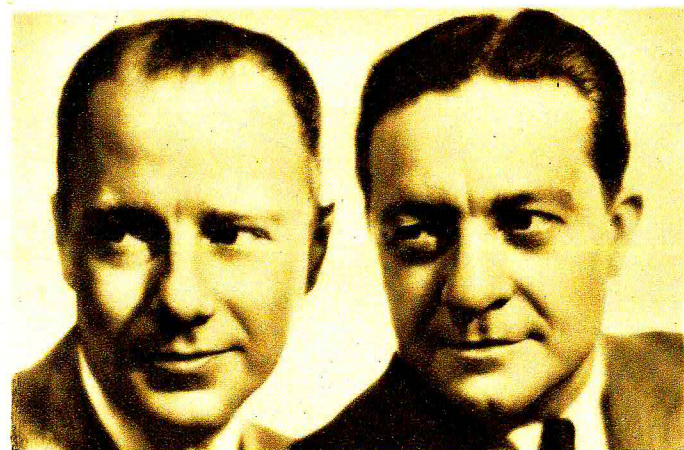
Radio Stars, published monthly and copyrighted, 1932, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Pres.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sect'y. Vol. 1, No. 3, December, 1932, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States \$1.20 a year. Foreign and Canadian subscriptions \$2.20 a year. Application for second class entry now pending. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.

## A M O S

tells on  
A N D Y

By FREEMAN  
GOSDEN (Amos)

"Awa, awa... This here writin' kinda hard for me, but it's for mah pal, Andy, so Ah'll do the best Ah kin. Y'see, Ah knowed Andy a long time. An'-an'-an' he cert'nly is a swell feller. And Ah'm going t'tell you just how swell he is."



(At the top of the page) Amos in costume, all ready for a broadcast. (Above) That's Amos on the left and Andy on the right—in other words, Mr. Gosden and Mr. Correll—in mufti. It seems that Andy's a regular speed demon on the typewriter. And Amos likes to sleep.



WE have each been requested to write a story about the other. I expect to say some very nice things about Charlie Correll. And I heard him say to our secretary that he had to think up some good things to write about me. The NBC studios, in turning over this request to us, say that our stories will possibly be set up in a magazine on opposite pages; thus we will probably look like the president and vice president of the Mutual Admiration Society. Well, here goes:

Charlie Correll is without question my best and closest friend. I met Charlie after the war in Durham, North

Carolina. He was at that time working for a company staging amateur shows and I went to Durham to get a copy of the score and the dances for another show by the same company which was to open in Elizabeth City, North Carolina.

From the minute I introduced myself to Charlie, I liked him. At that time I knew next to nothing of staging amateur theatricals. I was naturally nervous and thought of the job as one of great importance. It so happened that we were scheduled to be together for a week, but after being in Durham (Continued on page 49)

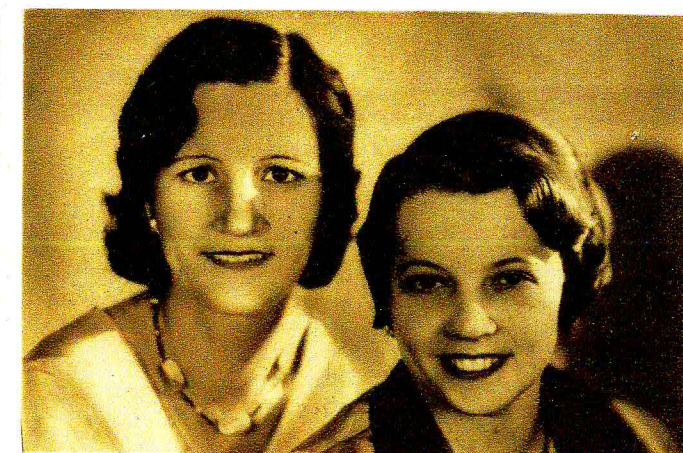


## A N D Y

tells on  
A M O S

By CHARLES  
CORRELL (Andy)

"Hrmp! Where Ah put mah pencil? Er—er—take a letter. Ah mean a article. 'Bout mah pal Amos. A important magazine ask me to write a synopsisism on Amos. An', c'ose, Ah want to do the right thing by Amos—he's the best frien' Ah got."



(At the top of the page) Andy, scowl and all, as he looks when he plays his famous character. (Left) The boy Freeman Gosden, himself, in his everyday clothes. (Above) Meet the boys' wives—on the left, Mrs. Gosden, Amos' wife, and on the right, Mrs. Correll, Andy's wife.

WELL, if ever a job was thrust upon me, this is it! I am supposed to write something about my partner, Freeman Gosden. If I say something nice about him he'll probably lose purposely at our next game of backgammon just to make me feel good, and if I don't, he'll probably be too tired "or sumpin'" to play with me at all. So I'll try to do my best.

You have no doubt guessed already that whatever I say will be complimentary and you are right, because if I couldn't say nice things about him I would have told the editor of this magazine that I didn't have time to write

this article. Not that I'd want to do that.

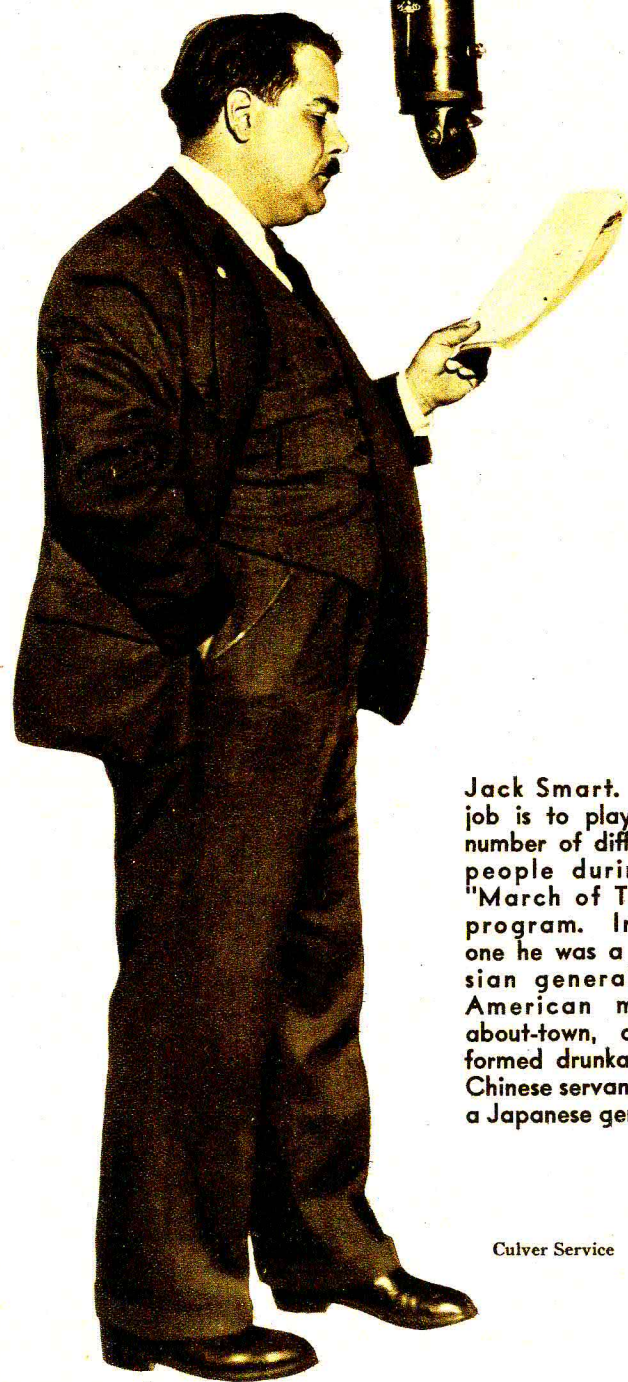
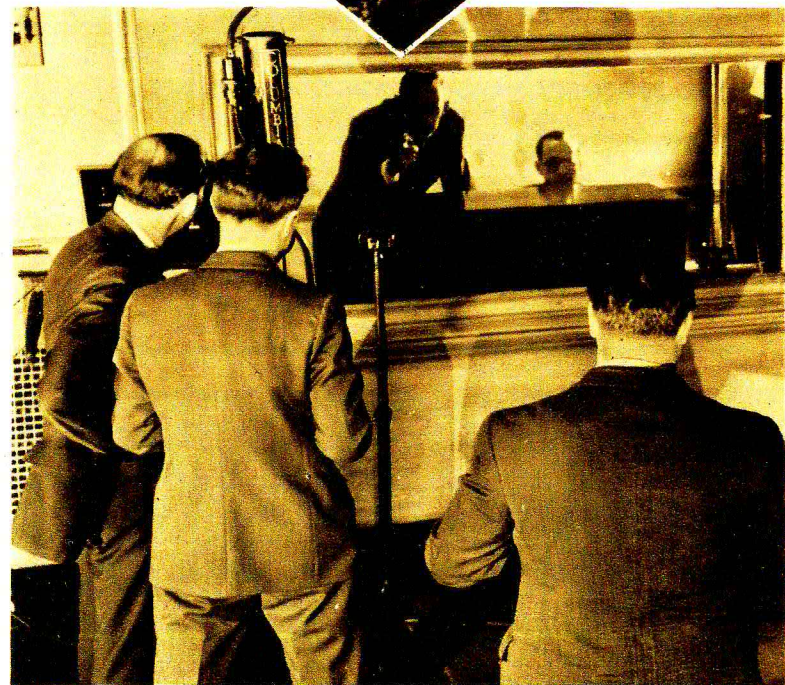
I met Freeman Gosden in Durham, North Carolina, twelve years ago. At that time I was working pretty much alone staging amateur shows in various parts of the country. He joined the company I was working with and the day we met was the beginning of the most congenial and happiest association I have ever known. We were on the road together for some three years and then came to Chicago to continue the same work permanently in that city. We immediately took a room together and from then on we roomed, (Continued on page 48)

# BACKSTAGE AT

By OGDEN  
MAYER

Donald Stauffer, the director of the "March of Time" program, ready to "control" the program. He sits in the glass-enclosed room which you can see in the large view of the broadcast below.

Culver Service



**Jack Smart.** His job is to play any number of different people during a "March of Time" program. In this one he was a Prussian general, an American man-about-town, a reformed drunkard, a Chinese servant and a Japanese general.

Culver Service

**T**IME marches on! You've heard it, haven't you? I mean the March of Time, that throbbing thunderbolt of a program that sweeps us up from our workaday world, thrusts our feet into seven league boots, and hurls us to the nerve centers of the globe.

Out there . . . in Mukden, Berlin, Shanghai, Singapore . . . we hear the thudding hooves of stampeding caribou, the crash of collapsing buildings, the crackle of rebel gunfire. We hear the world's great men and women. Their real voices, the self-same voices the newsreels and radio addresses have taught us to know.

How is it done?

How does the Columbia Broadcasting System get those voices together? Are they phonograph records? Is it a trick? Let's sit in on a program and learn.

We go to the CBS building in New York—Madison Avenue in the smart Fifties, we tell our taxi driver. Once there, a marble hall leads to the elevators where we show our gold-edged pass to a blue-and-brass uniform. Then we soar aloft in a rocket to the twenty-second floor. That twenty-second floor is a magic place. We step from the elevator into a ship's salon. See those walls of wood, the polished paneling and the electric lights fashioned in nautical style? And those companionways (stairs, we landlubbers call 'em) running up to brass-bound doorways.

# A BROADCAST

Did you ever wonder how the "March of Time" program—with all its swift changes and introductions of famous peoples' voices—is accomplished? Here's the fascinating answer!



They lead to the various studios from which emanate many of the most famous of the Columbia chain's programs.

**W**E'LL take that one at the end of the room. A lad dressed like a West Pointer stands at the door, taking tickets. He is a Columbia page—and at our service, if we need him.

There! We're in . . . and what a crowd beat us here. The studio is big—as big as a fair size ballroom. But it is jammed.

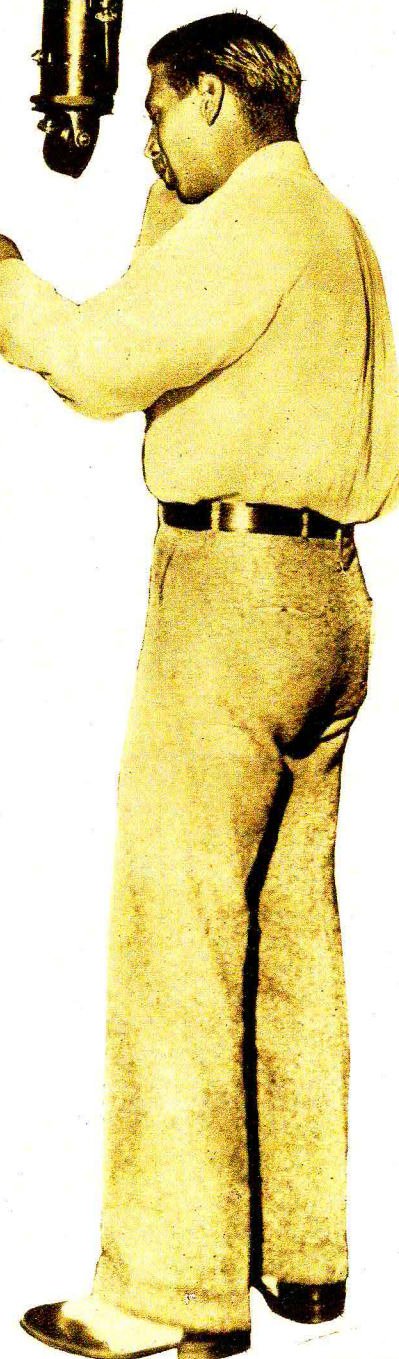
Those folks to the right . . . they're visitors. And they take up a good half of the space. Those others—all of them—are performers and musicians. I'd say there must be nearly sixty, altogether.

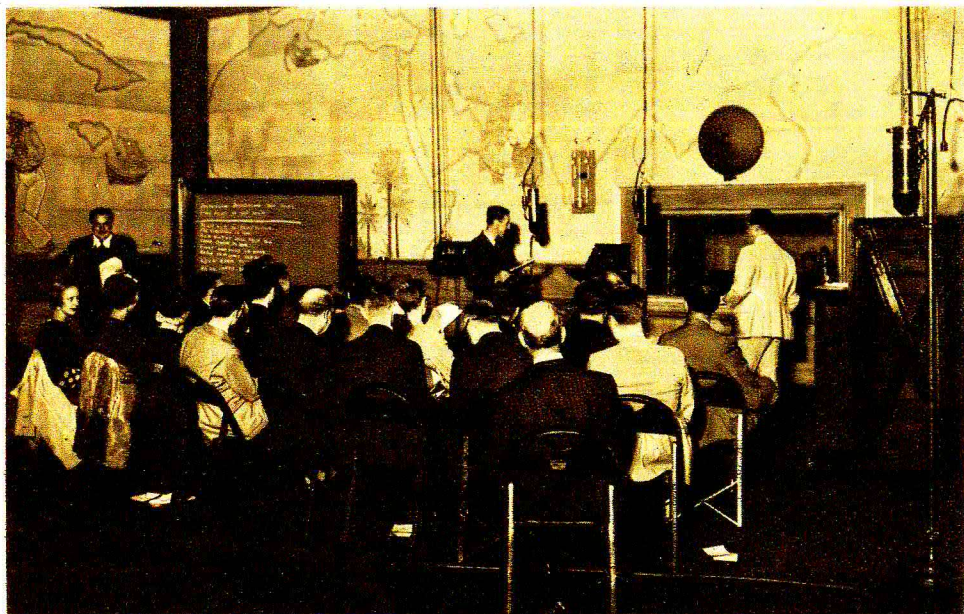
See that window on the left . . . the low, wide one? It gives into the control room. Two mikes hang before it, about six feet away and six feet from each other. Another half-dozen feet back from the window is the first of three rows of a dozen chairs. These are all filled—actors and actresses. They all hold thick sheafs of papers.

On the far side of the room, a man stands on a box-shaped rostrum. His dark, triangular face is intent as he studies the music on his rack. Five fiddlers sit in a row before him. There is an open space of almost a dozen feet between them and the second row of his orchestra.

**Harry Von Zell.** He is the announcer of the "March of Time" program and before each scene is put on the air he gives a brief résumé which tells you who the people are. He's an extremely rapid talker.

Culver Service



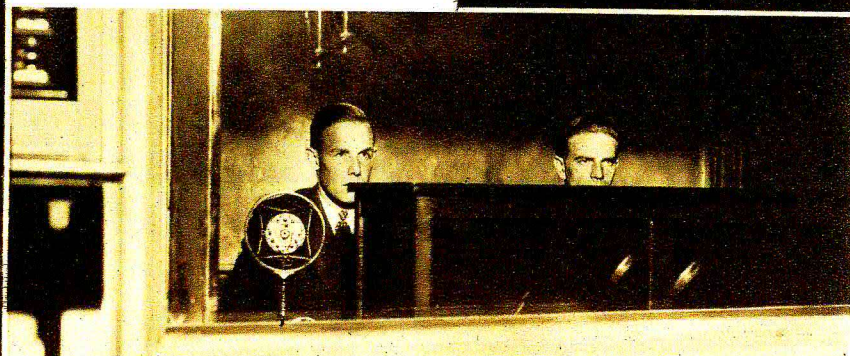


Rehearsing for the "March of Time" program over WABC. Believe it or not, all those people sitting there are the actors for the program—they're not spectators. (Below) Bill Adams, one of the chief actors.



(Left) Frank Readick. He played Jimmy Walker on one of the "March of Time" programs. (Below) Donald Stauffer, again, the director, and Edwin K. Cohan, sound engineer in the control room.

These pictures by Culver Service



The third row is jammed back against the rear wall . . . trumpets, trombones and basses.

The leader talks to them, pointing out something on his music rack. He is Howard Barlow, leader of Columbia's celebrated symphony periods . . . and he knows just exactly what he wants. And those musicians . . . look at them. They're dark and small and foreign-looking, almost all of them. I don't know why but you rarely see a blond in an orchestra.

**L**ISTEN! Music is seeping into the studio, coming from that loudspeaker on the wall. That's a trick Columbia engineers have developed to warn its entertainers that the preceding program is coming to an end. Two minutes before its finish, they "pipe" the previous period into the studio about to go on the air.

So we've got two minutes to wait. The actors know it. See them shifting in their chairs. Nervous, probably. The musicians fuss with their instruments. The minute hand on the big clock on the wall creeps toward the half-hour.

Howard Barlow lifts his baton and watches the tall,

slender fellow up by the control room window. That's the director, Donald Stauffer. A broad-shouldered man in gray flannel stands up to one of the mikes where it hangs from the ceiling. He is Harry Von Zell, the Voice of Time and announcer extraordinary.

Now, the music in the loudspeaker dies. A man's voice comes, making an announcement, giving the station's call letters.

The engineer in the control room counts off twenty seconds. All over the Columbia system other station announcers are giving their call letters. Then, he nods. Stauffer moves his hand. Barlow's baton knifes the air and the orchestra begins to play. We're on the air.

As Von Zell's announcement opens the program, two men rise out of the first row of actors. One goes to each mike. Von Zell is still reading, rapidly . . . something about Germany, about Von Hindenburg and Adolph Hitler.

The two men speak. To those who hear them by means of loudspeakers, they are apparently talking to each other. To us, they are speaking into twin black tubes that hang from the ceiling. One represents (Continued on page 47)

# Meet CLARA, LU 'n' EM



(Left) As they look in real life—Louise Starkey (Clara), Isabel Carothers (Lu), and Helen King (Em). (Above) In costume for a radio appearance.



Here they are, the three famous gabbies, as they are in private life. It's a grand story—the why and the wherefore of their arrival into radio

By JAMES  
H. COOK

**H**ERE they are! Those crochety, gossipy gals known to the world as Clara, Lu 'n' Em. Who are they? What are they? Why are they? I'll try to tell you.

And I'll tell you something else . . . how three women managed to get married when they had contracts that bound them to the mike for five mornings out of every week.

But first, meet Clara, Lu 'n' Em.

Here is Clara who answers to the name of Louise Starkey. And Lu who is really Isabel Carothers (Izzy to her friends). And Em who was christened Helen King.

Clara and Lu were born in Des Moines, Iowa, but they had to go to Chicago to find each other. That happened on the campus of Northwestern University. Em comes from California. She's a Native Daughter and the youngest of five girls. A fate drew her to Northwestern U. for the last two years of her university education and introduced her to Clara and Lu, already students there.

Their senior year witnessed the birth of "Clara, Lu 'n' Em." Only they didn't call it that. In those days, they were just "talking it." They did it all for fun at sorority teas and school picnics. None of them had an idea that they would be radio artists. And this is the reason:

They all wanted to be school teachers. They almost succeeded, too. Clara taught for a year, after her graduation in 1927, at the Texas State College for Women. Lu went East to teach for three years at the Boston School of Physical Education. Only Em got out of the class room. She got out because she had a great big urge to get into radio work.

At first, she hoped to be a pianist, but she discovered that one had to pay a considerable sum to the musicians' union. Then she heard that her college pals were back in town. Within a few days, she had got them together and worked up some programs just like their old undergrad entertainments. Then she (Continued on page 45)

# IF I WERE MAROONED ON A DESERT ISLAND —WITH A RADIO...!



Paul Whiteman would be included. There are other dance orchestras but Miss Baldwin chooses Whiteman's for an intelligent and well thought out reason. See if you agree with her.



Miss Baldwin likes humor, as, indeed, who doesn't? Among her humorous programs she would choose Mr. and Mrs. Ace. She would want some others of the popular radio humorists, too.

Of course, there are lots of radio programs which I like—tepidly. And a good many which I detest—warmly. And some which I care for a great deal and would miss if I couldn't hear. I'm busy as the dickens you know, and I can't listen all day long. But just today your editor asked me what ten programs I'd listen to—and why—if I were marooned on a desert island with only a radio for company.

Well, naturally if such should be the heart-rending case I would probably listen to every program I could get; and the worst would seem the best or something, simply because the sound of human voices and human activities from my own land would help me over hunger, terror and homesickness. I am not courageous nor competent. I couldn't go around making spears and spearing fish

or climbing trees or weaving grass skirts. As a Mrs. Robinson Crusoe I'd be a flop.

However, suppose I could get ten programs and only ten. Which ten would they be?

*One . . .* I'd listen to Edwin C. Hill on WABC over the Columbia Broadcasting System at eight o'clock, your time, and hear him talk on the human side of the news. He would give me the current events, the exciting happenings and in a voice which pleases my hearing and in a manner which I like; unhurried, wise, humorous, and human as the news. I wouldn't be out of touch with things if I could hear him.

*Two . . .* I'd listen, always, to the Choir Invisible, on WOR on Sunday evenings. Beautiful music, lovely melody, perfect voices, good poetry. An ideal and sooth-

Which 10 programs would you choose? It's a difficult question for anyone to answer. But this brilliant author accomplishes the task with intelligence and wit

By FAITH BALDWIN



John B. Kennedy makes five minute speeches on the air. And this author chooses him for one of her desert island programs partly because of his succinct brevity and his very nice wit.



Ann Leaf is listed in the ten desert island programs because this author likes good organ music and can always rely on Miss Leaf for just that. And if she couldn't get Ann, well—some organist, anyway.

ing combination and one which would make me feel even in my lonely desert isle that there was still beauty and gentleness on earth.

*Three . . .* I'd listen to a good dance orchestra. I think I would try and vary it occasionally and count several as one . . . or can't that be done, Mr. Editor? But new ones come and go. One night I might listen to Ozzie Nelson and another to Gaspari and so on. But perhaps they wouldn't let me do that. Let me compromise on Whiteman. He's always good to hear, whether doing curious modern symphonies, Gershwin, or new arrangements of popular tunes. All right, let's say Whiteman for number three.

*Four . . .* Humor. On my desert island humor would be as water to the thirsty. How could one keep one's

mental balance without laughter, even if the laughter must ring out startled and lonely with no voice to echo it? And as there are three brands of humor I like I suppose I will have to list them in order and use up several programs. Ray Perkins, for number *four*.

*Five . . .* Burns and Allen, whenever they are on. And perhaps I'd be permitted to take Mr. and Mrs. Ace in their stead when they are off?

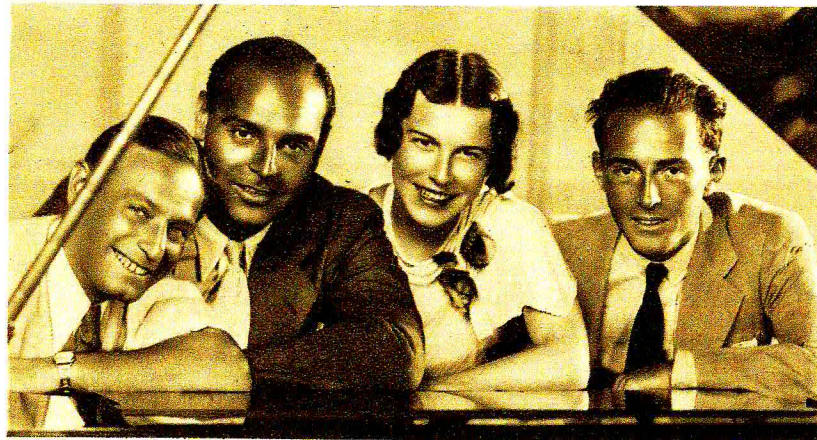
*Six . . .* Stoopnagle and Budd.

These three programs, with the alternate Mr. and Mrs. Ace, are listed not because they are good all the time, but because they are good most of the time and would give me *something*, anyway. Humorists are never wildly witty on every and all occasions, you know.

*Seven . . .* Organ concerts. (Continued on page 49)



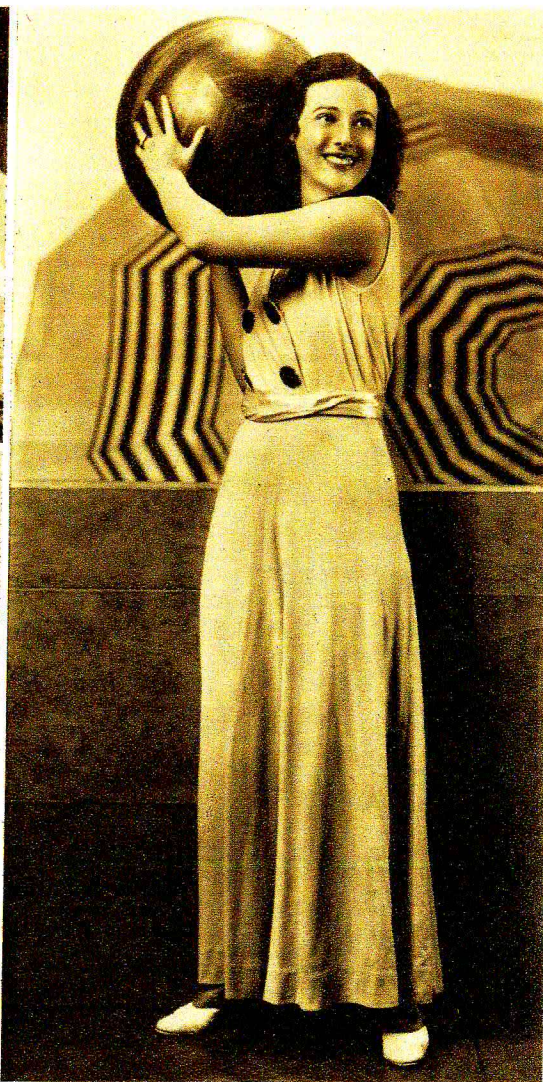
## LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT



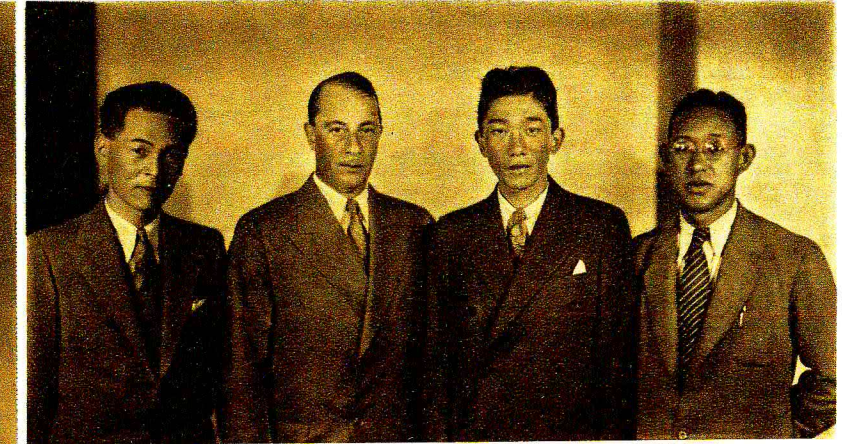
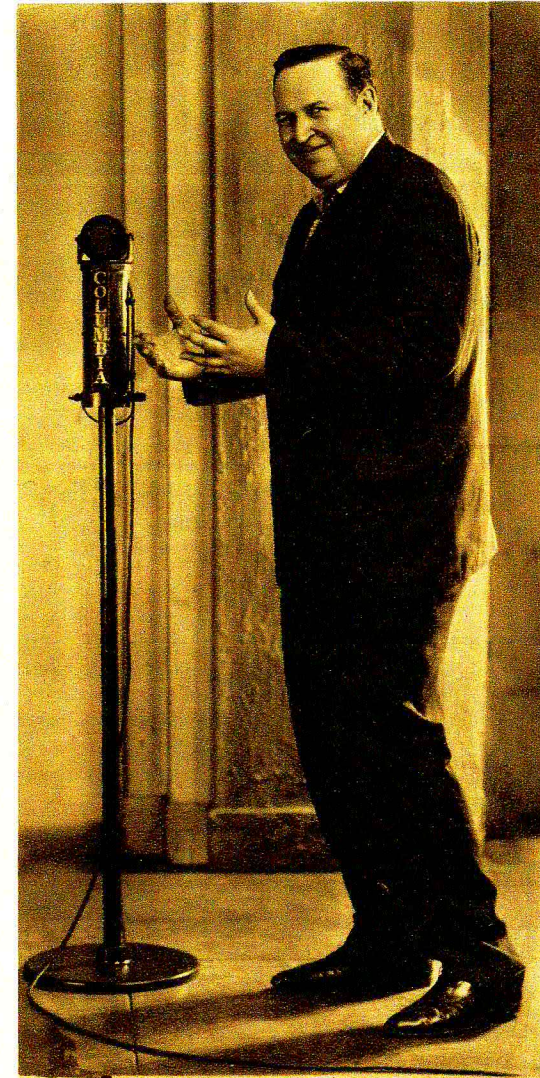
(Above) Is youse listenin', folksies? Well, meet the Pebecco Playboys — and one girl. Felix Barnard, Walter Samuels, Helen Leighton and Leonard Whitcup. The lady in the case, besides performing, writes sketches which the group use in their radio appearances.



(Above) Norman Brokenshire was at one time a preacher. But a short step, after all, to announcing. (Right) Adele Ronson sings over the Columbia new network. Television holds no fear for her.



## YOUR FAVORITES



(Left) Hey Broun—pardon, Heywood — is being suggested by the fans for a half hour program in which he says anything he wants to say. (Above) Ed Wynn remains the radio's most inefficient fire chief.

(Above) When announcers get together the words fly thick and—well, never fast, of course—but in that special announcer voice. That's Graham McNamee and some Oriental announcers at an announcing bee.

## Phil Lord had a funny experience when rehearsing one of his programs

**D**URING the summer, Phil Lord, who is radio's Seth Parker and Country Doctor, went on a trip to find local color. At one of the small towns he visited, he retired to his hotel room at night to write a sketch that had occurred to him. Now when Phil writes, he talks the parts aloud, using the various dialects of the different characters.

This night, after he had written the piece, he read it aloud, impersonating each character with his voice. After a while, there came a rap at the door—a loud and officious knock.

"What is it?" Phil called.

"It's way after ten o'clock," replied the landlord's voice. "Them people in there with ye will have ter go home."

Sort of an unconscious compliment, wasn't it?

**V**ISITORS to Fray and Bragiotti's studio at the CBS New York station were amazed the other night to discover ten thimbles on the top of Bragiotti's piano. Their bewilderment continued right through the program until Bragiotti put the thimbles on his ten fingers and beat out a tap-dance routine as part of a novelty number.

**J**AMES WALLINGTON, who has announced a lot of celebrities, broke out in a confession the other day in a column he wrote for Joe Ransom's Radio Dial-Log in the "Brooklyn Eagle." Jimmie says Harry Richman is one of the nicest guys he has ever worked with. Of Eddie Cantor, he says, "he is the perfect example of what I find true of almost every one of the really great celebrities—

## Do you know the radio rule concerning the President of the United States?

completely lacking in snobbishness." Of Chevalier . . . "Chevalier, of course, is glum. You who know only his smile on the stage and screen may find it hard to realize that never once in rehearsals did he grin."

**D**ID you know that the radio has only one unwritten rule that is absolutely binding? It concerns the President of the United States. He is privileged to go on the air at any minute of the day or night that he chooses. No one can say him nay. All other broadcasts must surrender their time.

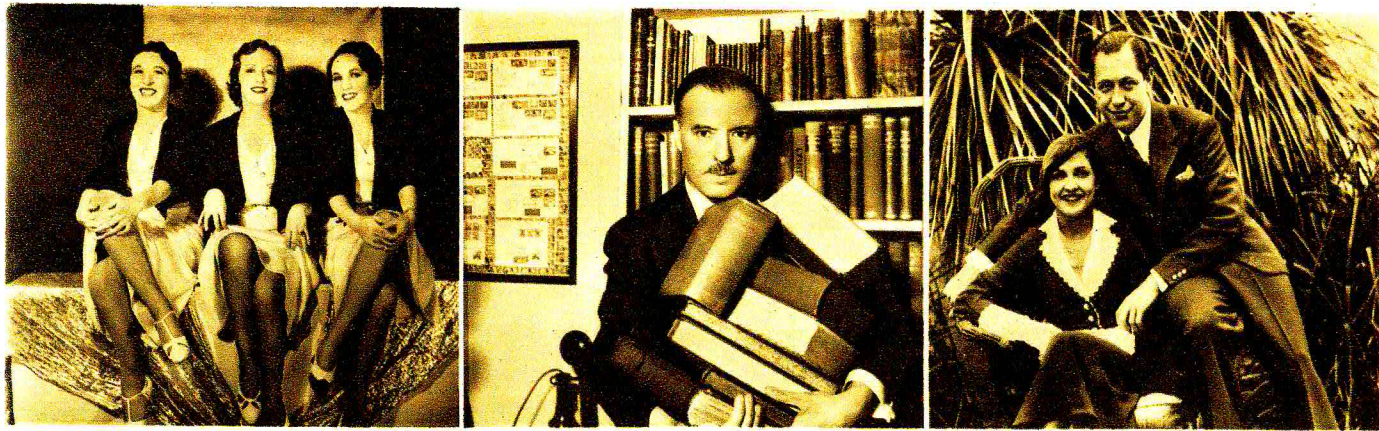
**P**ATTI, the youngest of the Pickens Sisters, hasn't quite grown up to the level of her sisters, Helen and Jane.

Which creates a problem when it comes to placing a mike for their broadcasts. Patti solves it simply. She stands on a little box.

**T**HE THREE KEYS, those Negro rhythm-masters, always tap their feet when singing or playing. So NBC executives always put a thick pad under their chair when they broadcast. That's to keep the taps off the air. The other night, before a broadcast, the pad disappeared. The Three Keys met the emergency nobly. They took off their shoes.

**Y**OU'VE heard those Lucky Strike police dramas. Tom Curtin is the author of them. Recently, he went out to

## LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



The Do-Re-Me's whom you hear over the Columbia network—usually during the evening. In spite of those smiles the delightful trio has never appeared on a tooth-paste program.

Alexander McQueen who tells "Nothing But the Truth" on the NBC programs of that name. He needs those vest-pocket volumes when he has to go fact digging. Pet song: "Dig a little deeper."

This young man has that certain thing known as "executive genius." He's a sort of radio Irving Thalberg. He's William Paley, the man responsible for CBS. That's Mrs. Paley with him.

visit some police friends of his at an outlying police station. As he was leaving, he asked a detective if he ever listened in on the programs.

"I've heard one or two, but not lately," was the answer. "Tune in next Tuesday. I think you'll like it," Curtin suggested.

"Can't," said the detective. "Some bum busted in here and stole our radio."

**GENE AUSTIN** signed a contract one day last summer which stipulated that he wouldn't marry for five years. His manager, Bob Kerr, was very pleased about it. The very next day, Gene met and fell in love with little Agnes Antilline. And then the arguments started. Austin is a fellow who's accustomed to having his own way. So is Bob Kerr. And so is little Agnes. In the end, they compromised. Gene and Agnes got married. And Bob scratched the anti-matrimony clause out of the contract.

**HAVE** heard Billy White on the CBS network. His voice is high and sweet, almost feminine. Every so often, Billy gets letters from confused fans addressed to Miss Billy. He always sends back a snapshot of himself taken on a fishing trip, showing a pipe in his mouth and a six-day beard protruding from his face.

**ARE** you hearing that Maxwell House Coffee Hour on NBC, 9:00 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Thursdays? It's a musical treat. One of the star singers is Lanny Ross, the twenty-six-year-old tenor who used to be a lawyer. Lanny is one of the few radio artists who boasts two university degrees. He got his B.A. at Yale and his L. L.B. at Columbia.

**T**HAT "Thompkins' Corners" act on NBC has the same old difficulty every week. It's getting the Fireman's band to sound "bad" enough. The musicians are all professionals and they're accustomed to playing their music correctly. So the sour notes have to be written in for them in order to get the wrong effect. We know some bands who could do it quite naturally.

**WOULD** you believe it . . . Helen Nugent of CBS would rather be Lily Pons, the opera canary, than anyone else in the world. . . . Jack Smart, heavyweight actor on the "March of Time" program is a thistledown tap dancer. Vaughn de Leath has been losing weight since she gave up exercise and dieting. . . . Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle won't play bridge. . . . Leon Belasco, the orchestra-la-la lad, got part of his education in Manchuria. . . . Georgie Price wears size 4 shoes. . . . Eddie Duchin, band master, is a registered pharmacist. . . .

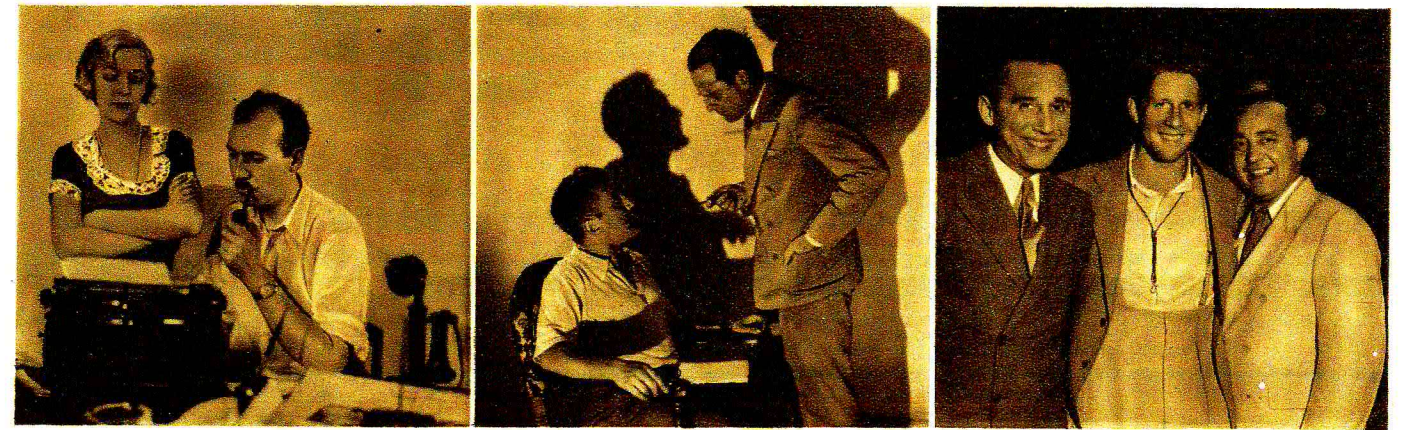
**I**F you've been shedding tears because that famous Oklahoma station KFJF has taken the veil, wipe your eyes and cheer up. In its place, on 1480 kilocycles, is KOMA. And KOMA, if you can't guess, stands for the states of Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, and Arkansas. Gordon Hittenmark has been named the Acting Manager and Tom Johnson is Acting Commercial Manager.

**I**F you hear Booth Tarkington broadcasting this fall, you'll know it's costing somebody the tidy sum of \$2,500 extra because Booth doesn't like to travel.

When food magnates first began to dicker with him for his ether services, the famous scribe stipulated immediately that he would not leave his home in Kennebunkport, Maine. And the job of stringing telephone wires to him, it was learned, would cost just \$2,500. As this is written,

It cost an awful lot of money to get a microphone to Booth Tarkington

## LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



Alice Davenport and Raymond Knight who are the leading players in the new Wheatena Corporation sketches heard over an NBC-WEAF network. It's all about a hick newspaper.

Edmund Reese, the English accent, who is the detective of the Crime Club sessions. He's a grand tennis player and walked off with two cups. And him a detective, too!

The big three of the Fleischmann hour. Oley Olsen, Rudy Vallee and Chic Johnson. If you've never listened to Olsen and Johnson's cuckoo nonsense you'd better do so, quick.

everyone is sitting around chewing his fingernails, wondering if Tarkington's voice in Mr. and Mrs. America's ears is worth that extra two-and-one-half grand.

**N**OW this is news. If the Prohibition Act is repealed by the next Congress some strange new noises will be heard on your loudspeaker. Why? Because the brewers are readying some important programs to woo you back to Pilsener and Pabst. Come to think of it, the *pong* of a drawn cork and an occasional "hic" might not make such bad entertainment at that.

**I**RENE TAYLOR is Paul Whiteman's latest "find." She has been singing recently from the Hotel Biltmore in New York. But she's not new to many people who are hearing her. Her first air work was done with Coon-Sanders famous outfit of Nighthawks in Kansas City, Missouri. Whiteman heard her when she was giving an audition at the Chicago NBC studios. And he remembered her. When he needed a blues singer, she got the call.

**R**EMEMBER that sound of ginger ale being poured out of a bottle? It is in Harry Reser's Cliquot Club programs. Well, they've finally had to abandon all artificial methods of producing the sounds. Today, they just hold a bottle and glass before the mike and pour. The sound is better than any that the sound engineers can fake.

But a part of the program you don't get is when the members of Reser's band scramble for the glass in order to drink the ginger ale.

**"SMILING ED"** McCONNELL, the "one-man" show

featured on the Columbia network didn't mean to get into radio. It happened when he was a visitor at a studio out west and the scheduled performers failed to appear. When one of Ed's friends saw the perturbed station manager turning gray under the strain of wondering what to substitute, he said:

"Scuse me, mister, but that big feller in the back is Ed McConnell and down in our home town—that's Newman—we think he's about the stuff. He sings, plays, and does a little of everything."

"He's probably terrible," said the director, "but he may be better than complete silence."

So Ed took off his coat, struck a note on the piano, and went into his act. He was booked on the spot and became one of the first high-salaried one-man-show broadcasters.

**W**E'VE just got an NBC report that the Countess Albani, Spanish singer, is handy around the house. She uses a hammer deftly, driving nails like lightning.

Sure! Everyone knows that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

**I**T'S hard to believe but . . . Paul Whiteman doesn't dance . . . George Hicks, NBC announcer, is so nervous before each broadcast that he always walks away by himself for a minute or two before going on the air . . . Ray Perkins, according to his wife, is funnier when he first gets out of bed than any other time . . . Schumann-Heink always throws kisses to the control room engineer at the end of a program and crosses herself at the beginning.

**B**ILLY JONES and Ernie Hare have written a song for people who invested in foreign securities. It goes: "My bonds, they lie over the ocean."

Getting the sound of ginger ale pouring seems to be a tough job

# He learned about LIFE

Have you ever wondered how Tony Wons acquired the splendid wisdom and fine philosophy he gives you?

I'M no radio fan. Ordinarily I don't turn on my radio more than once a week. Particularly, I don't like to listen to talks. But one morning several months ago, I tuned in a CBS station out West that brought me up with a start.

The voice I heard was low, kind, sort of confidential . . . as if it were talking just to me and nobody else. Without even thinking, I pictured a big man, streaks of gray through his hair, with a soul that time had mellowed. I listened a little and heard this:

"You know . . . a human bein' is the only animal that can be skinned twice."

That tickled me. My business is writing and I think I know a good line when I hear it. I thought, "I'll see what else this guy's got."

He had plenty. Toward the end of the program, he got to talking about the people one meets in life, about their criticism and how to treat it. And he capped it off with as neat a finisher as I'd ever heard.

"A man who trims himself to suit everybody," he said, "will soon whittle himself away."

You've got to listen to a fellow who shapes his thoughts—and your thoughts—like that.

SINCE then, I've listened to Tony Wons a lot. Maybe I'm old-fashioned. I know that some of the smart boys on Broadway in New York borrowed his "'R you Listenin'" phrase and made it a joke. I know they've nailed him to the cross more than once. But I like him. To be downright honest, I love him, and I'll tell you why. Because he brought me *hope*.

Hope isn't much, is it? Just a word in the dictionary. Or a little torch up in your brain that shows the way ahead when you're groping in the dark and sick with doubt. I got hope from Tony, I tell you. And that's a lot more than anybody ever got out of any of those smart Broadway keyhole columnists and gossipers.

One of the things I heard Tony read was this:

Three things have taught me courage—  
Three things I've seen today;  
A spider reweaving her web  
Which thrice had been swept away;  
A child refusing to weep  
In spite of a cruel pain;

By ANTHONY  
SANTLEY



# at the gates of DEATH

It started when he was in a hospital—where for months death hovered over him. There he discovered cheer

A robin singing a cheering song  
In the midst of a chilling rain.

He ran into that piece when he was flat on his back in an army hospital in Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He had been sick about a year, and more than once doctors had given up. He stood at the gates of death when he found it. It was one of the things that helped him recover.

I met Tony face to face the other day, and I want to say it was something I'd been looking forward to for a long time. That picture of the big man, streaks of gray in his hair, was still in my mind.

But Tony isn't big. And his hair isn't gray.

He's young. And for the life of me, I don't know where he gets the profundity of his philosophy. I don't understand how he could have *lived* enough to have achieved such *ripe* understanding and wisdom.

So I had to rebuild my idea of the man's *outside*.

But not of the man's *inside*.

Here is one thing, a quotation written by some forgotten person, that sort of leads into his heart. It's just a homely recipe, a recipe for Preserving Children.

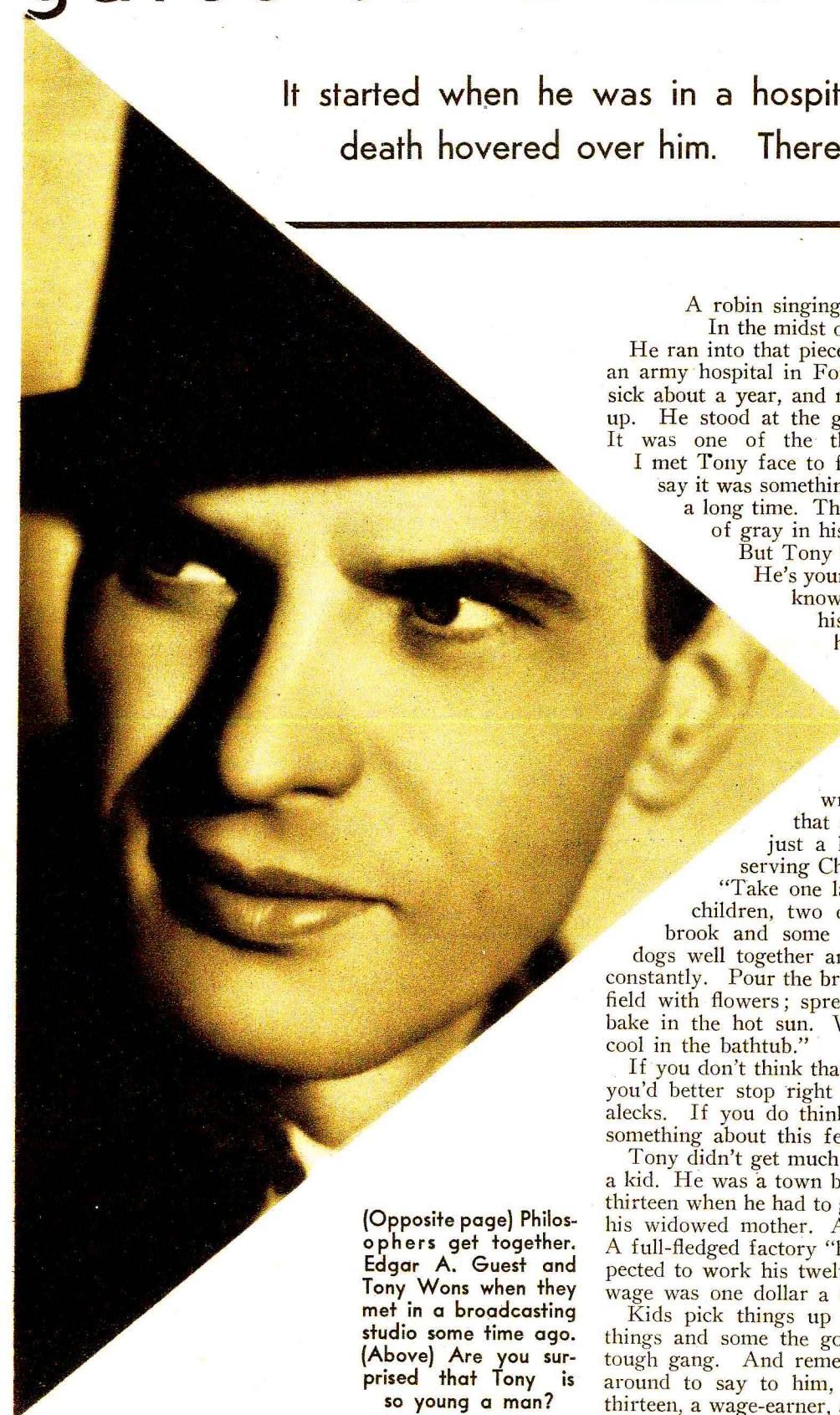
"Take one large, grassy field, one-half dozen children, two or three small dogs, a pinch of brook and some pebbles. Mix the children and dogs well together and put them in the field, stirring constantly. Pour the brook over the pebbles; sprinkle the field with flowers; spread over all a deep blue sky and bake in the hot sun. When brown, remove and set to cool in the bathtub."

If you don't think that's a mighty nice piece of writing, you'd better stop right now and go back to your smart alecks. If you do think so . . . say, I want to tell you something about this fellow.

Tony didn't get much of a chance to play when he was a kid. He was a town boy, and a poor boy. He was only thirteen when he had to go to work in a factory to support his widowed mother. At thirteen, he became a "hand." A full-fledged factory "hand" in Kenosha, Wisconsin, expected to work his twelve or fourteen hours a day. His wage was one dollar a day.

Kids pick things up quickly. Some pick up the bad things and some the good. Tony went to work with a tough gang. And remember this: there wasn't anybody around to say to him, "That's wrong, son." He was thirteen, a wage-earner, a man! (Continued on page 43)

(Opposite page) Philosophers get together. Edgar A. Guest and Tony Wons when they met in a broadcasting studio some time ago. (Above) Are you surprised that Tony is so young a man?

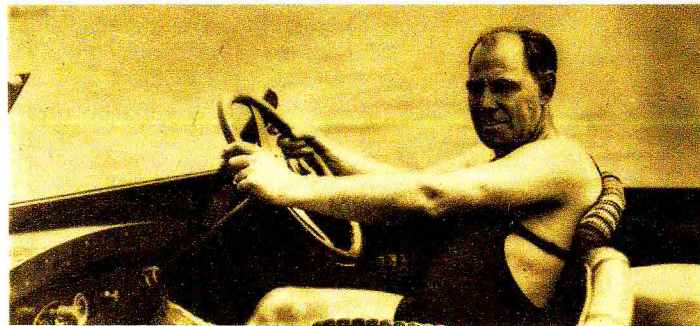


# GUS VAN SINGS WITH A GHOST

Van and Schenck were famous for their songs. Now—with Joe Schenck gone—Van sings alone. But, he still hears that other voice—and it spurs him on



(Left) Gus Van in his motor boat. (Above) With the late Joe Schenck—whose voice Gus insists he still hears. It is no silly figment of his imagination, but a strong belief which has helped him carry on in his radio and stage work.



By JAMES  
ACKERSON

**G**US VAN sings with a ghost. It's a secret. He has never told a soul, but I know it is true. It must be true, for this is what happened. Do you remember that famous harmony team of Van & Schenck? They were known everywhere. Their phonograph records have been sold around the world. There is hardly a theatre of any size in America in which they haven't played.

Two years ago, Joe Schenck died . . . as abruptly as if a knife had cut the cord of life and plunged him into oblivion.

Can you imagine what that did to Gus Van? They had sung together for twenty-one years. First,

they had been boys together in Brooklyn. Then their lives had flowered and expanded and they had marched from triumph to triumph side by side until the whole world acclaimed them. Then—with devastating suddenness—death!

Sometimes, life hits below the belt. Gus Van found that out. When it happens, one can't hit back. Instead, one is sick and frightened.

Just now—today—Gus Van is getting back on his feet . . . getting back in the ring. He has the good wishes and encouragement of thousands of friends. Some of those friends think their good words did the trick of turning this grief-broken singer into a (Continued on page 44)

# RADIO STARS ALBUM



**J**UNE PURSELL came out of the west a few months ago and took the Big Town by storm. Out there, she had been a sensation. They called her the songstress of the Sierras. They loved her because she was their shining example of "local girl makes good."

Now, she's crashing the gates of Broadway and all America's chanting, "The little lady has got what it takes."

Here's an odd thing. June didn't start out to be a radio performer. She was headed for debutante parties, hi-jinks with sons of society, and a gay good time in life. Then her father died and she had to go to work. She had sung a little. Such a slender thread of circumstance gives us today her golden voice.

That voice, by the way, used to be soprano. A doctor scissored her tonsils away and she came out of the ether speaking contralto. And singing it, too.

She was born just a few days before Christmas in Indianapolis, Indiana. And her mother named her Mary June. To date, that mother is the only one who dares call her by both names. Almost immediately, she was moved to California where she became one of Hollywood's most cherished daughters.

Her first job was singing in the old "Latin Quarter Café" there. It paid a few dollars and gave her some

valuable practical experience. She left it, organized a vaudeville act, and went on the road. When she came back, she went on the air. Those early attempts at microphoning were pretty bad, she admits. Principally, because the engineers were afraid her hot warbling would burn out their tubes and asked her to calm down.

NBC first heard her when she sang with that famous program, "California Melodies." That was last February. They put her on sustaining. She guest-starred a while and then came to New York to sing with Jack Denny's orchestra in America's most famous hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria.

About this hay fever . . . yes, she actually gets it. And does it make her mad! She'll run a mile from a hayseed. And five miles from a pup. For some reason, pets make her sneeze. So her only pooch is a stuffed poodle—no fear of hay-fever.

Of course, she's superstitious. Believes blue is her lucky color and always wears it. If her dress isn't blue, she'll put on a ring with a blue set or a blue hat pin or a blue shoe buckle.

When she goes to bed, she wears tailored silk night-gowns. And reads the funniest books she can buy. Believe it or not, she always laughs herself to sleep.

Ca-rach-oo! Ex-cuse me!

## June Pursell gets hay fever—when she gets near a dog

## Album

Jack Benny carried a violin for years — without playing it

It took a World War to start Jack Benny talking. That was fourteen years ago and he is still at it. You've heard his Canada Dry-de-hi programs, haven't you? It just goes to show what one little war can do.

Up to 1918, Young-feller-me-lad Benny had been a nice enough guy except for a yen to play the violin. That came on him abruptly in his sixth year when he lived in Waukegan, Illinois. And it lasted. At fourteen, he had definitely decided not to become either a cowboy or President of the United States. He wanted to be a great violinist.

His first step was as first chair fiddler for a Waukegan dance band. After a year of that, he teamed up with a left-handed piano player and they crashed the gates of vaudeville.

Maybe you heard them . . . before the war, remember. They crossed and re-crossed the country, playing every sort of tank town and cross-roads. Six years of that. And Benny didn't open his mouth once. It's hard to imagine, isn't it?

The war unloosed his vocal chords. He had enlisted in the Navy and become an entertainer at sailor shows for the Seaman's Benefit Fund. One of the objects of these shows was to get contributions. Benny's fiddling got applause but no money. Which percolated beneath the Benny skin. It made Jack mad. He put his violin aside and started talking. He asked for money. He demanded it. And he got it.



That night, in the solitude of his sailor's hammock, he did a load of thinking. He remembered that people had laughed when he talked. It gave him an idea. At the next show, he played less and chattered more. The guffaws that resulted confirmed his suspicion that he was a better comedian than a musician.

At the end of the war, vaudeville discovered a new Jack Benny. This Benny walked on the stage carrying a violin as of yore. Before the gleaming light, however, he deposited the fiddle on a chair and started talking. Occasionally, he looked at it wistfully but not once did he play it. Since then, nobody has ever heard him play it.

Now, he is a radio star of the first magnitude. Carried aloft by the summer's demand for gaiety on the air, he expanded and amplified his stage programs until they fitted the ether periods like a glove. He was one of the few stage comedians to carry successfully the charm of his personal appearance to the loudspeaker.

## Album

Ethel Shutta used to sing and run out of the theatre—quite regularly



was back in the limelight.

In those days, she was chiefly a dancer . . . and what a dancer. Shubert saw her and brought her to Broadway in a big time musical revue. Flo Ziegfeld saw and hired her for "Louis XIV." Before that show closed, he spotted her in a couple of numbers in the "Follies." For weeks, she played them both at the same time, scooting from theatre to theatre each night behind a motorcycle police escort.

In the "Follies" is where George Olsen found her. His orchestra was playing there. He courted and

ETHEL SHUTTA, the sweet-voiced songstress you've heard on those Canada Dry programs, says she's got no business being on the air. It's all an accident . . . two accidents, in fact. But Fate has a way sometimes of shoving one around. And Ethel got shoved—right up in front of a mike.

From the first she was a prodigy. Born in New York, she was a dancer at three and one-half years. At six, she was an actress. Working every night, too. Of course, the Gerry Society didn't like it and tried to arrest her. But whenever their agents arrived at the stage door, her father would grab her off the stage, run through the audience and out of the front entrance. And those agents haven't caught Ethel yet.

At seven, she went to Schenectady, N. Y., to attend school, but even the comforts of her aunt and uncle's home and the cookies they baked for her weren't enough to keep her off the stage. At the end of two years, she

married her; and, for the first time in her life, she learned what it was not to *have* to work.

She stayed off the stage for two years, and had a boy baby. She meant to stay off for good but Ziggy and Eddie Cantor were casting "Whoopee" and couldn't find a comedienne to play opposite Eddie. They begged her to come back. And she did. When Cantor went to Hollywood to make "Whoopee" into a picture, she went, too. Then retired again. That time her second boy was born.

"You'd think, with her family, she'd have remained in the background. She wanted to, really. But George wouldn't let her. For along came the Canada Dry contract and the vogue for singing ladies.

Ethel is still a little dazed by her sudden popularity. She spent twenty years of hard work, building herself up to be a name of some importance on Broadway . . . and now, in a few short months and with a few bright songs sung into a little black box, she finds herself really famous.

## Album

Who is the mysterious woman in Lanny Ross' life?

**T**HIS Lanny Ross that you've heard tenoring on the Maxwell House Coffee Hour started out in life as a professional pie-eater. That was the day he went to a Sunday school picnic in Seattle, Washington, his home town. All lined up on a long table in the park were a lot of blueberry pies. Fifty cents was offered to the boy who could eat the fastest. Lanny won the four bits and a stomach ache just two seconds ahead of the next best chewer—and today, he gets the jitters at the sight of a blueberry.

Lanny was born in 1906 in Seattle and he is about as much of a typical American youth as you could imagine. When he was seven, he started blowing a bugle for a troop of Boy Scouts. At twelve, he was a church soloist . . . and he used his position to help sell Liberty bonds during the war. That same year, he came to New York and sang in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

Two things he does exceptionally well. He runs . . . and he sings. But neither of them interested him when he was growing up. They were side issues. He wanted to be just one thing—and that was a lawyer.

He went to Yale as a scholarship student. And became an ace track man and member of the glee club. In 1927, he went with the Yale team to England and ran against Oxford and Cambridge. Back in America, he registered in Columbia University to study law.

Four years of steady plugging, years during which he had to support himself with the talent that he considered



negligible, brought him a degree in 1931. All this time, he had been singing over the radio, earning a few dollars weekly and growing amazingly in popularity. His mother coached and inspired him. She had been Pavlova's accompanist when the great dancer was alive and she recognized his tenor voice as something valuable.

At the critical point in his career, she helped him to make his decision. As a result, he turned his back on a promising position in a law office.

Meeting him, you'd never take him for a featured artist. He looks too—too regular, and modest. He's tall and blond and charming.

There's a mystery in his life, too. Each night after he broadcasts he receives a phone call. The caller is a woman with a young, bright voice. She tells him in concise language just how good or bad she thinks his program was. It has been going on for months but she has never divulged her name, phone number, or address.

## Album

Edwin C. Hill wears striped trousers



That paper became Ed's ideal. He decided that some day he would work for it.

The way he hit New York and bulldozed the editor of the "Sun" into giving him a job is a legend along Newspaper Row. That was twenty years ago. Since then, he has been one of the Big Town's star reporters. Newspapers have sent him all over America . . . indeed, all over the world. He knows all the capitals of Europe intimately and people like Mussolini and Stalin by their right names. Honest.

**W**HEN you hear a big, jovial voice pouring the day's news flashes out of the loudspeaker, that's Edwin C. Hill, newest of the talk-smiths to click in the big time of broadcasting.

There is something about the quality of his work that warms you. People have tried to analyze it—and failed. Other writers have as good a voice and other speakers can write as well. And a lot of them have tried to air their efforts. But only Ed Hill had the magic something that caught the public fancy. As a result, he takes his place alongside Lowell Thomas as a master at his job.

He would have been a school teacher if he had followed the family tradition. Born in Aurora, Illinois, his dad was a school superintendent and his mother was a teacher. But Hill had an inner urge for wider horizons than were afforded by the tiny town. First, he registered in Indiana U. He majored in English and one of the professors used, for purposes of illustration, a copy of the New York "Sun."

And here's a thing about Hill. He dresses! Years ago, he commenced interviewing the great and near-great who visit New York. It came to him then that he ought to dress to impress . . . dress as a master instead of one of the mob. Since then, he's never been caught in the wrong attire. Manhattan calls him its best-dressed newspaperman. His favorite garb, winter-times, is a short black coat and semi-formal striped trousers. That, plus hair that has turned to grizzled grey, plus pince-nez glasses on a black ribbon make him a striking figure.

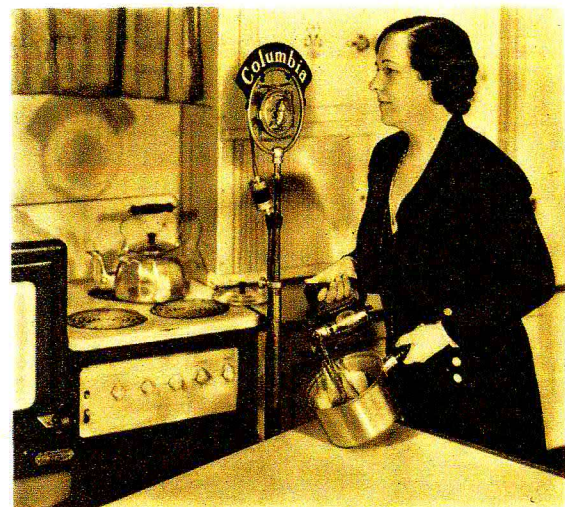
Once, briefly, he took a fling at motion pictures. His job was to supervise scenario writing and he lived in Hollywood . . . but the virus of journalism was in his blood so he married Jane Gail of the flicker pictures, brought her back East, and settled down to newspaper work again. Which, by the way, he considers the most exciting job in the world. We hope he continues to find broadcasting "The Human Side of the News" exciting, too.



# ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the numbers here. 1. Hal O'Halloran, of WLS Chicago, as a member of the Ojibway tribe of redskins. 2. Alice Joy, of WTAM. 3. Martha Eaton Brickman, of KDKA. 4. Florence Golden, of WLW. 5. Larry Greuter, the whiz accordionist of WLW. You can hear him every morning with Don Becker, the ukulele genius. 6. Bill Stoess and Eddie Albert of the Flying Dutchmen Dance Orchestra, NBC Sunday evening, aboard America's largest river steamer, Island Queen. They took a trip on her up the Ohio River. 7. The Maple City Four. Left to right: Fritz Missner, top tenor; Al Rice, second tenor; Pat Pitterson, bass; and Art James, baritone. 8. The Bluettes of WFAA, Dallas. Gypsy Miller, Virginia Lee and Hazel Cromer.

# IDA BAILEY ALLEN —home-maker



By ADELE  
WHITELY  
FLETCHER

**W**EARING a black lace dress—a very elegant black lace dress, in fact—Ida Bailey Allen learned to cook. And because this dress belonged to her mother and Ida was only six years old at the time, she had to hike it up and in at her waist with numerous large safety-pins. She was baking her first gingerbread loaf—and she has been cooking ever since.

The station over which Mrs. Allen broadcasts—WABC—receives hundreds of letters asking if Mrs. Allen is a “talking lady” or really a “cooking lady.” This question is answered very definitely in the affirmative. She is, decidedly, a cooking lady. She took a scholarship course in home economics after high school. At twenty, she was managing a tea-room. She received her diploma as dietician after studying at the Metropolitan Hospital on Blackwell’s Island. She served for years in the diet kitchens of many New York hospitals. She was diet editor of the *Medical Review of Reviews*.

Then, rich in this specialized training, Ida Bailey was put in charge of a cooking class at the Worcester, Massachusetts, Y. W. C. A. When she took over this class it had only twenty-five pupils and occupied a small kitchen. Four years later, when she resigned from this post, the class numbered seven hundred pupils and occupied half of a building.

It was at this phase of her career that Ida Bailey married Thomas Lewis Allen, a Cornell man who had engaged in agriculture when his voice, trained for an operatic career, had failed him from overwork.

I knew, watching her behind her great desk at the



A house never made a home.  
And a housewife isn't always  
a home-maker. Let Ida Bailey  
Allen, who helps millions of  
women build happiness, tell  
you how it can be done

studio, marking her graciousness, again and again impressed with her alert mind, that her activities as a wife never had consisted only in keeping her house clean, having meals ready on time, and saving a penny here and there. It was evident that she would have a broader concept of her job.

**A**ND then I learned how one night, when she and Thomas Allen had been married for about a year, she asked him to sing for her. She never had accepted his conviction that his voice was lost forever. He sang. And convinced that the years of rest had worked a miracle, Ida Bailey Allen was immediately ready to gamble, ready to turn her back on the happy security they knew and move to New York where her husband might have the expert training he needed to fulfill his early dreams. And, finally, she managed to convince him that this was the thing they must do, too.

For five years Thomas Allen studied. It wasn't always easy to manage. He wrote and sold magazine articles. But living was high in the city. The lessons were expensive. However, as Home Economics Editor of the Hearst Newspaper Syndicate and, later, of *Good House-keeping Magazine*, Ida Bailey Allen also had her shoulder to the wheel.

At last their great day came. Thomas Allen was given a contract for his operatic debut. Reward was promised for all the years of gambling, for all the years of hard work and penny-pinching for the sake of a dream. But it proved a promise never to be fulfilled. A pitifully short time before he was to make his first operatic appearance, Thomas Allen died.

“What did you do then?” I asked Mrs. Allen. Here it seemed to me was enough to defeat any woman, enough to bruise any heart, enough to steal away the highest courage. Here was the end of five years of denial and hope. Here was widowhood. And loneliness.

“I had Tommy, you see,” she told me simply. “He was six. And I had Ruth. She was only a baby. I opened a cooking school. Fortunately for all of us, it was very successful.”

Some years later, Mrs. Allen married again. A happy, serene marriage—until that second tragedy—that second widowhood. I knew it had happened recently. I did not speak of it, of course, but watching her, carrying on, hiding her grief under gay clothes and her loneliness beneath a varied interest I knew how she had carried on before. No wonder she soon found more important work and accomplished it with even greater success.

**W**HAT,” I asked her, “do you rate the greatest mistake women are prone to make?”

“Absorption in trifles.” She answered without hesitation. “A failure to see the big things which are literally shaping their future. It’s a great waste of life to spend it looking and digging for dust. A woman’s home should serve her, not enslave her. Better to have a little dust, if necessary, and keep abreast. For certainly it is only those women who do not lose step with the times who ever can hope to know what their children are thinking about.”

Mrs. Allen lives in a cooperative apartment in Jackson Heights, just across the East River from Manhattan. However, she spends long week-ends from Friday night

to Tuesday morning, in an old Long Island farmhouse she bought some years ago. There she has gardens. Cooks. Entertains. And doing these things which some might count work, she manages to relax from her many (Continued on page 46)



(At top of opposite page) Mrs. Allen broadcasting from the spandiest of kitchens. (Left) Mrs. Allen gives a domestic pointer or two to Harriet Lee (standing) and Helen Nugent, two Columbia songbirds.



# 24 HOURS

By PEGGY  
WELLS



If you had only twenty-four hours to live, what would you do?

Not many people have an answer to that question. It's a jolt, isn't it? One is living and then, at the end of the twenty-fourth hour, life stops. What would you do?

Don't mistake the question. I don't mean what you would do to escape death. I mean what would you do with yourself during that final precious day?

I spent several hours around the studios, asking that question. And I found that it digs deep. It shows up a man or woman.

Radio folk, under their glitter and glory, are pretty human. They eat, sleep—and are afraid! Some dodged me. Some kidded me. And some kidded themselves.

Ted Husing, crown prince of all sports announcers, gave me a careful answer. He said, "I've got two friends . . . the best friends in the world. If I knew I only had twenty-four hours to live, I'd get a flyer like Jimmie Doolittle or Frank Hawks to hop me to California and I'd spend the rest of those hours with them."

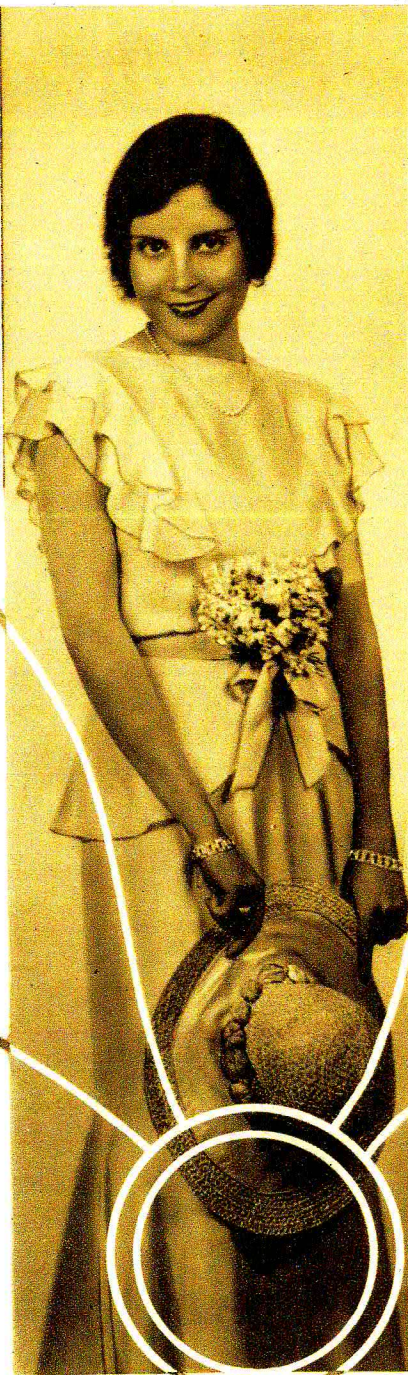
Ben Bernie clowned out of his spot. "I'd spend my last day making faces at Walter Winchell."

Nat Shilkret, music maestro of those pleasant Chesterfield programs, has a lot of musical compositions half finished. "I'd finish all I could," he answered.

Clyde Doerr, NBC saxophonist, would like to assemble the largest saxophone band the world has ever known. He would direct it, and broadcast the concert around the world.

Irene Beasley, the Happy Time gal on the Columbia

Billy Jones and Ernie Hare gave a gay answer to that dread question. Nat Shilkret replied, seriously, that he would work—on his beloved music. The Countess Olga Albani's answer proves that her character is as lovely as her face.



# TO LIVE!

A terrifying question—"What would you do if you had just one day to live?" The radio folk answer—some flippantly, some seriously—but all bravely



chain, would like to be alone. "I don't know why," she tried to explain. "Maybe it's because there's so little time to be alone when one is working. If I knew I was through, I'd just go away from everyone and watch and wait."

Ralph Kirberry, the NBC Dream Singer, figured it out in a hurry. "I'd say good-by to my family, call up my friends, gather up my fishing paraphernalia and spend the rest of the day communing with nature and the fish—and wondering if I should address the old boy down below as 'Mr. Satan' or just, 'Hello, ol' timer. Pretty warm weather you're having.'"

GEORGIE PRICE, who is a comic both on and off the air, said he would spend his day regretting that he had ever found out that there was only one more day left for him.

Louis Dean, the Dean of Announcers as Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd call him, would throw a party for all his friends.

Vera Eakin of CBS would loaf.

You must have heard the Three Keys, the sensational NBC trio. I got Bob in a corner. He's a colored boy, very young and very earnest. "I don't believe I could do anything but pray," he said.

His companion, Slim, has different ideas. "I'd order three turkeys, five chickens, and a goose," he said, "and

(Left to right) Louis Dean, the Dean of Announcers, would throw a party. Bob and Slim, of the Three Keys, would spend their time in very, very different ways. Georgie Price's idea is original.

tell the cook at home to have dinner ready when I came home from the restaurant."

Donald Novis, whose tenor voice is one of radio's nicest presentations, would join Husing in that transcontinental dash to California.

Once there, he would telephone every friend he has in the world, bid them good-by, and thank everybody who had done something to help him.

Connie Boswell, one of the famous Boswell rythmisses, would go right back home to New Orleans and let nature take its course.

Erno Rapée, musician and conductor extraordinary, gave me an extraordinary answer. "I would drink orange juice," he said without explanation. I wonder why? It couldn't be to improve his health. It couldn't be to lose weight. Maybe he likes the stuff.

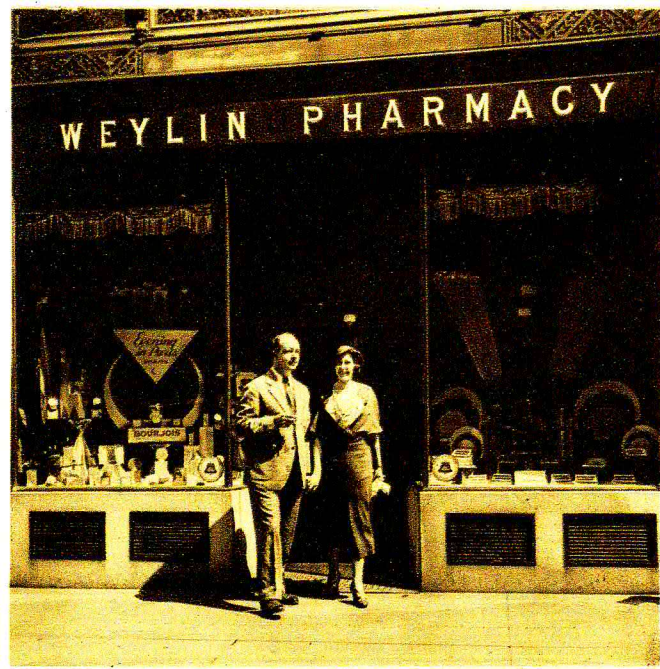
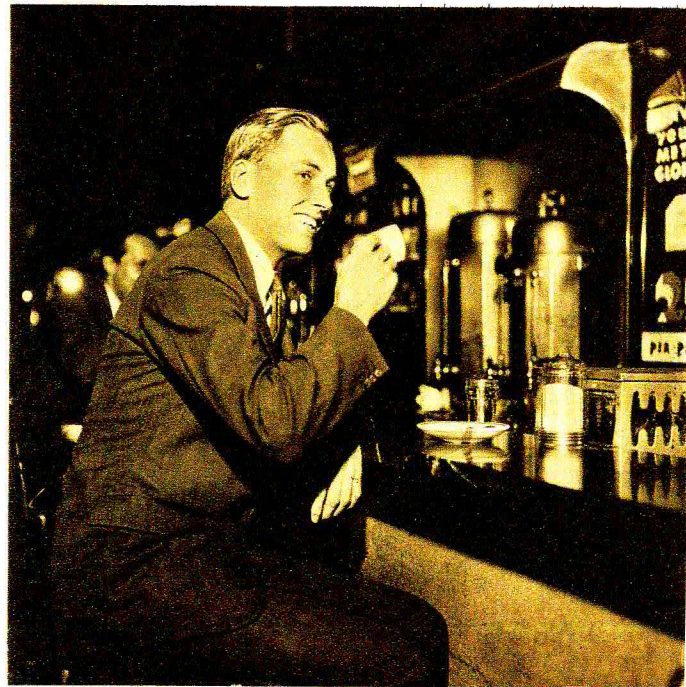
Jack Day, one of those smooth-singing Eton Boys, would make a final attempt to defeat his brother at handball.

AND here is an interesting answer. Peggy Keenan, CBS songstress, would get a pilot friend of hers to take her up in the clouds. "I've always wanted to fly," she said. "And I've wanted to make a parachute jump. Just to feel the rush of air around you as you fall—it must be a wonderful sensation. That's what I would do, I think."

(Continued on page 50)

# INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) Lanny Ross, the announcer for the Maxwell House Coffee program, over the NBC network. What do you suppose he's drinking? Right! It's coffee! (Right) Norman Brokenshire emerging from the drug store—lunch hour's over! That's a studio friend with him. Up near Columbia studio.



(Left) John Holbrook, NBC announcer. The charming person with him is his better 'awlf. (Above) Arthur Tracy, who is also the Street Singer. It looks as if he goes in for buttermilk. For more about him see page 36. The other gentleman is Norman Brokenshire again. Quite a popular fellow.

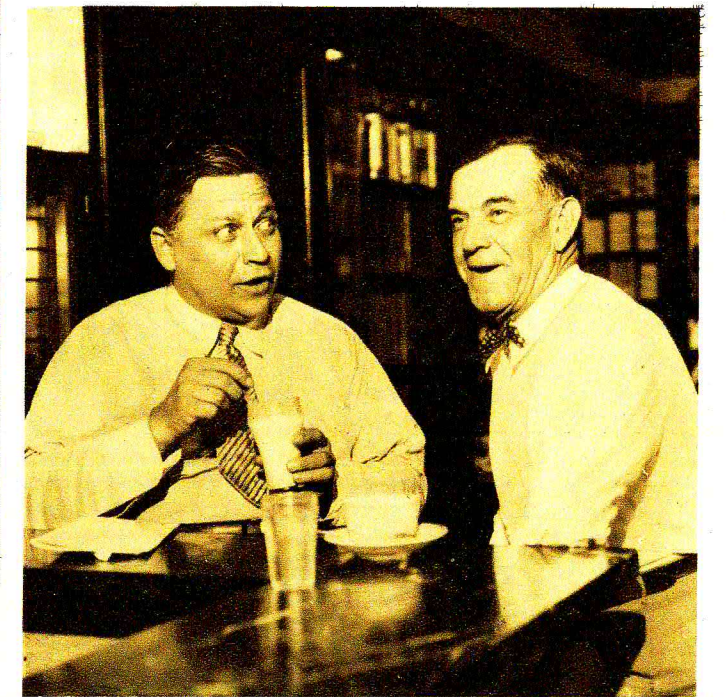
Photographs by Culver Service

There are certain drug stores near the New York studios

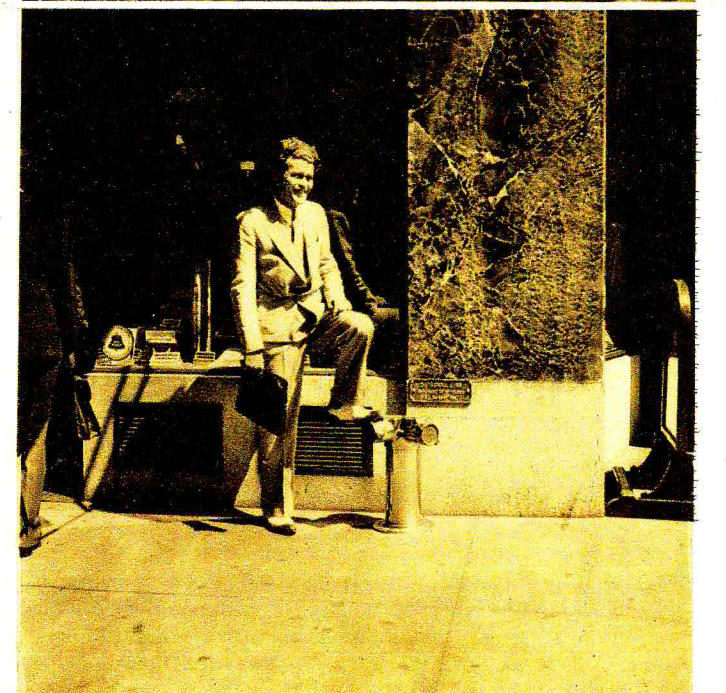
# OF YOUR FAVORITES



(Left) Ted Jewett and Joe White. Joe White, if you remember, was at one time the Silver Masked Tenor. You're a bad boy, Ted, you didn't eat your nice crackers. (Below) Jolly Bill Stienke (wonder where little Jane is?) and dad Pickard.



(Above) The Stebbins boys—Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen, are their real names. (Right) J. C. Flippen—radio wisecracker. Flippen is a real baseball fan. In the old days he played in Arkansas with Dickey who is now catcher for the good old Yanks. Gave it up for the radio.

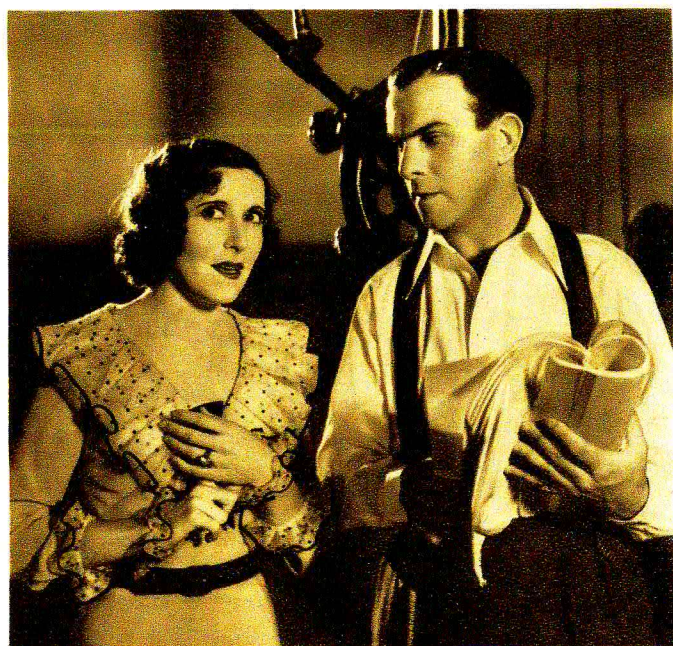


See the stars in the act of devouring that "ham on rye"

# The Life and Love of BURNS and ALLEN



(Left) Gracie and George on the set of "The Big Broadcast." Although they liked California very much while making that movie, they feel that they can't do without New York for long.



**G**EORGE BURNS and Grace Allen were married in Cleveland, Ohio, by a Justice of the Peace who was irritable throughout the entire ceremony because they had interrupted his departure on a fishing trip. The event took place seven—or maybe eight years ago. They are a little vague as to the actual date. It was either June or July, the sixteenth or the seventeenth. Gracie isn't quite sure—neither is George.

However, they *do* remember the Justice and the witnesses. The justice was grouchy and mumbled the mar-

riage service under his breath as though he desired to keep it a secret just to spite them. The witnesses were two strangers . . . recruited for the occasion. This didn't prevent the witnesses from "hooking on" to Gracie and George immediately after the ceremony. In the thrill of the happy event, the bride and groom even invited the "stand-ups" to dine with them. They accepted—and stayed with the newly-weds until four o'clock the next morning. "I thought maybe they were planning to live with us!" says George.



Their most amusing experience came with their first effort at broadcasting. It was in a London studio. (Above) In a bit from "The Big Broadcast." (Right) As they look "in person."

The following day they departed for Detroit where they played their honeymoon week. Incidentally, it was the final week of their Orpheum tour.

"Well," said George to Gracie. "It's the Big Town again. Are you game for whatever happens . . . good or bad?"

"Sure," said Gracie . . . the famous way that Gracie always says "Sure!"

All the way back to New York they bolstered each other's "failing" courage. They kept assuring each other

George Burns and Gracie Allen got married just at the time when their vaudeville contract expired—back in the days when success was none too sure. But amusing adventures and golden days were in store for them

By WALTER  
RAMSEY



that ". . . Rome wasn't built in a day." What if something *didn't* turn up right away? After all, they were young. They had saved some of their money. They were going to be courageous and strong and lean on one another for moral support!

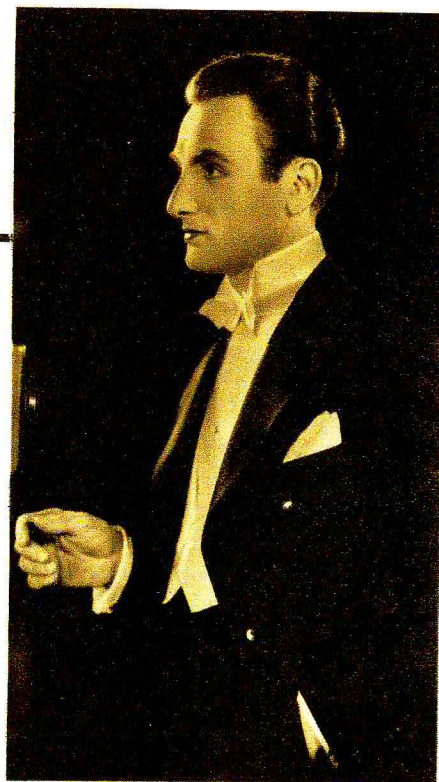
The moment they stepped from the train, George's agent met them with a six-year contract in his hand! It called for their appearance in vaudeville on the RKO circuit starting at a salary of \$475.00 per week. \$50.00 more than their top so far . . . (Continued on page 45)

# Would YOU give up your name for fame?



By OGDEN  
MAYER

(Left) The Street Singer in a singing costume. (Right) Arthur Tracy. He gave up his name and became the Street Singer when he first went on the air in the belief that it would make him more successful.



## Arthur Tracy's fight for radio fame is both inspiring and amusing

ARTHUR TRACY (you know him now as the Street Singer) walked into the narrow, dim studio and placed his music on the piano. A girl he had never seen sat on the piano bench.

"I'm in a hurry," she said. "Let's make it snappy."

Tracy, three years younger than he is today, wiped nervous beads of perspiration off his forehead and gave her the music to "Old Man River." She spread it across the music rack and motioned him to the mike.

Arthur spread his feet apart and opened his arms. He began to sing. Piano notes slurred into his consciousness. He sang on, immersed in song. The girl at the piano played hurriedly, carelessly. To her, this was just another audition. To Tracy, it was the chance of a lifetime.

He finished the verse and finished the chorus. The studio became suddenly quiet. The girl slid off the bench and vanished through a door. Wondering, he called after her. But she had gone. He stumbled into an office where the program director had been listening.

Those program directors are men of stone. They have to be or their souls would wither from having so many

youthful illusions and hopes shattered on their thresholds.

This one looked at Tracy. "I'll let you know," he said. Arthur knew what that meant. Job-hunters hear it in every line. It's a soft way of saying, "You won't do."

That happened at Station WMCA in New York in 1929. Arthur Tracy had just decided to go into radio. This was his first attempt. And it had resulted in failure.

How did he rise from that to the opulence of his present popularity? You'd know, I think, if you knew Arthur Tracy.

TO go back a bit, he began to sing as a boy when, with other kids in his Philadelphia neighborhood, he staged his first concert in his father's grape arbor.

At first, he was his own voice instructor, taking the pennies his amateur "kid" concerts earned to buy Caruso's best records. Then he got the music and followed it while listening to the immortal tenor.

As he grew older, he discovered that he needed a professional coach. The man his (Continued on page 43)

# The mother of the GOLDBERGS



(Left) Gertrude Berg, the woman you radio fans know as Molly Goldberg. It was she who made the Goldbergs possible. (Right) The Goldbergs as they appear in the studio. Molly, Gertrude Berg; Sammy, Alfred Corn; Jake, James Waters, and Rosie, Roslyn Silbur.

By MARY  
STEWART



THEY told Gertrude Berg it couldn't be done. They told her that and broke her heart.

Of course, she didn't believe them. She didn't believe that any man or group of men could decide that an idea for a radio program was definitely bad, definitely bound to be a failure.

She begged for a chance—and they refused her.

Today, her answer is on the air. It has been on the air for three solid years without missing a scheduled performance. "The Rise of the Goldbergs" is Gertrude Berg's answer.

This amazing woman that I know as Gertrude, you know as Molly. Molly Goldberg, mother of the Goldbergs. You've no idea of the people she numbers among her friends. Some time ago, she made a test. It was simple—and incredible in its result.

Her sponsors were in doubt as to the number of persons who were listening to "The Goldbergs." So Molly took a few seconds out of a program and asked those listeners who liked the Goldberg family and wanted to hear more of them to write her a note. No prizes were offered, no inducements to persuade people to write. Just the simple plea of a sincere woman.

Next day, the first mail was brought to her in a Post Office van. And other vans followed. In all, over a million and a quarter letters were received. And that settled that.

"The Rise of the Goldbergs" is no accident. But it is a miracle—a woman-made miracle. One made possible despite insults and heartbreak and discouragement.

TO begin with, she loved to write. Even as a child of eight. She was in school in New York at the end of a term and her mother had gone on to visit friends in the country. Gertrude would have gone, too, but for her teacher's insistence that she attend the final sessions.

That gray day, sitting at her little desk with an ache in her heart, she began to write a poem to her mother. It told of her own loneliness, of her longing to be with her. Before it was finished, her teacher caught her and confiscated the pencil-scrawled sheet.

All that afternoon, Gertrude sat in terror for she knew the teacher had handed the paper to the school principal. Presently, he sent for her.

When she reached his office, he took her hands and said, "You have written something very beautiful. Do you really miss your mother so much?"

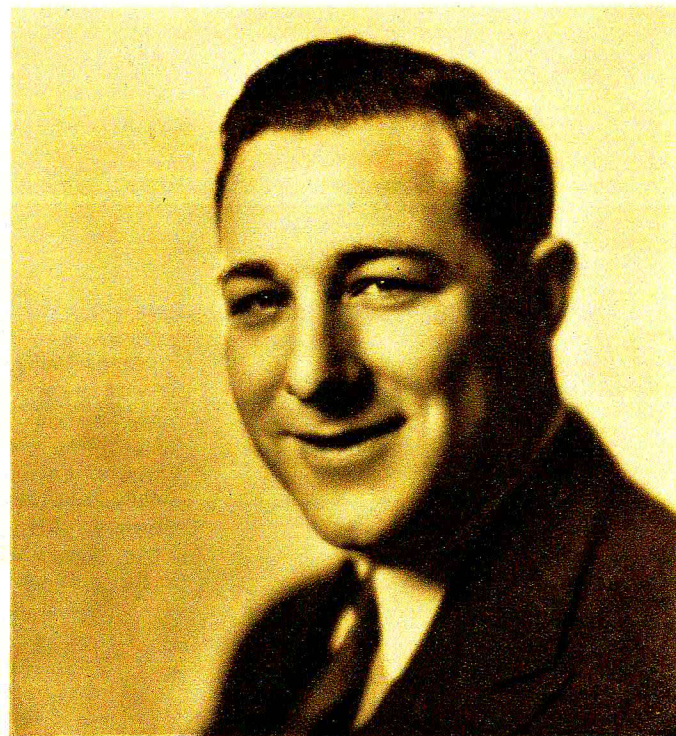
"Yes, sir," Gertrude whispered.

"Then get your books and join her," he said. "We'll see that you're promoted without staying these last few days."

Her next years were full of writing. Until she was twenty, as a matter of fact. Oh, she wrote essays and poetry, all reflections of her (Continued on page 46)

It's an amazing—and splendid—story, the way the Goldbergs were created

# YOU HEAR THEM IN RADIO



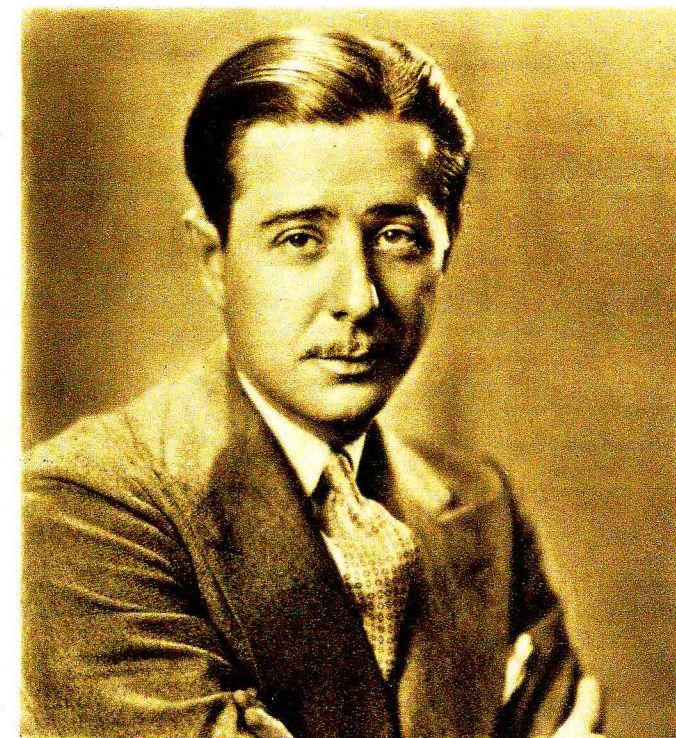
(Left) Elsie Hitz and Ned Wever. They're always lovers on the radio. True Story hour, Detective Story Magazine and Love Story, among other programs. (Above) Ted Bergman, known on the air as Joe Palooka. (Below) Georgia Buckus.



# DRAMAS—now you can see them



(Above) Virginia Morgan. She's been the ingénue in True Story hour, Love Story and in "The Couple Next Door." (Below) Rosaline Green. You've heard her in the Eno Crime Club, "Roses and Drums" and "Arabesque."



(Above) Frank Readick, otherwise Knobby Walsh. "The Shadow," "March of Time" and the Eno Crime Club. (Below) Donald Hughes, thirteen-year-old. He's been in "Daddy and Rollo," and Joe Palooka, among others.



## Album

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Howard Barlow  
wrote music on  
the wallpaper

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**H**OWARD BARLOW has a story . . . and what a story.

His first peek at the world came in Plain City, Ohio. Two years later, his family moved to Urbana, Ohio. Howard grew up with mischief in his soul. His folks made him take music lessons, and the first spark that he exhibited of the genius he later developed was when he wrote a complete song with red crayon on the walls of his room.

When he was eight, Barlow, Sr., bought a lumber company and the family migrated to Mount Carmel, Ill. When he was fifteen, the mill burned down (much to Howard's delight) and the Barlows moved again. This time they split two ways.

Father Barlow thought Howard looked too puny for his years so he sent him to Denver to get healthy while he went on to Oregon to buy more lumber. Young Barlow got a job on a ranch in Colorado, did a hitch as a cowboy, and outgrew all his clothes. Only then did the head of the family let him come in out of the weather and go to school.

Again, the boy's musical talent showed itself. And Barlow, Sr. got up on his hind legs. "No boy of mine," he declared, "is goin' to be one of them long-haired musicians."

After college, Howard came to New York with a round trip ticket and \$25.00. He sold the ticket to a kid going west and went to work. The war came along and he "jined." After going to France as a private he came

back a sergeant—very proud of his stripes.

Back home again, music began to absorb his energy. His chief ambition was to become a director—the man with the stick who tells everyone else what to do. Somehow, he got into the business of organizing and conducting choral groups. In 1923 he conceived a brilliant idea . . . the formation of the American National Orchestra every member of which had to be American-born. In the East, such a thing was unheard of. Nevertheless, his orchestra was such a tremendous success that it led into the radio work that is now his brilliant background. Of course, you've heard his nightly symphonic programs on the Columbia chain.

His associates say he is an indefatigable worker. And a dapper dresser. It is his claim that an American musician is just as good and just as capable as a foreign born musician. He has proved it to almost every one's satisfaction.

## Album

---

Connie Boswell  
thought she  
couldn't sing

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She still doesn't like to sing alone. Harmony is too much a part of her. As kids, she and her big sister Martha sang duets. Later, little Vet joined. Since then, they've never been parted.

Of course she is as romantic as all Southerners. When a fan writes her for a picture, she sends it and demands that he send her one of him. You ought to see her book with all those pictures in it. It's a real menagerie, but if you call them that to her face she'll promptly put you in your place.

When she was a kid,

she was a tease (and she still is). She knew her mother disliked to have her sing at table . . . so she always sang. And was always banished. Invariably, she went to her mother's room, crawled under the bed and started to sing again. When her mother came up for an afternoon nap, she found the child there, singing. And always, she forgave her.

It's hard to imagine anyone being mad at little Connie. But once, her father was. That was the time he left town on a business trip. At his insistence the three girls had worked hard and faithfully on their piano, violin and cello, playing nothing but classical music. Now, with several days of liberty ahead, Connie headed a revolution. She procured a saxophone and a banjo and a pile of popular music. When Mr. Boswell came home unexpectedly, his darling daughters were in the midst of one of the most violently hi-de-hi blue numbers you ever heard.

He didn't get over that for years. He has now, though.

**C**ONNIE BOSWELL and her down South rhythm are known pretty well up and down the country. But it's not her fault. In the beginning, she wanted to stick to the Boswell trio, to Vet and Martha who had been singing mates since they won their first contest back yonder in New Orleans.

It's a good thing for those of us who have become Connie-fans that her own opinion didn't carry much weight in the matter of her first solo air audience. If it had, she'd still just be that gal who sings the "hot licks."

Instead . . . well, you ought to see her. She's such a tiny thing. And the mikes at the CBS studios are so high off the floor that she has to sit on a high stool to reach them. Her place is up next to her orchestra leader. And as she sings softly with her mouth up against the wire grid, her right arm beats a tempo and measures her pace. And that's one of the secrets of the famous Boswell rhythm—the rhythm which is always perfect.

## Album

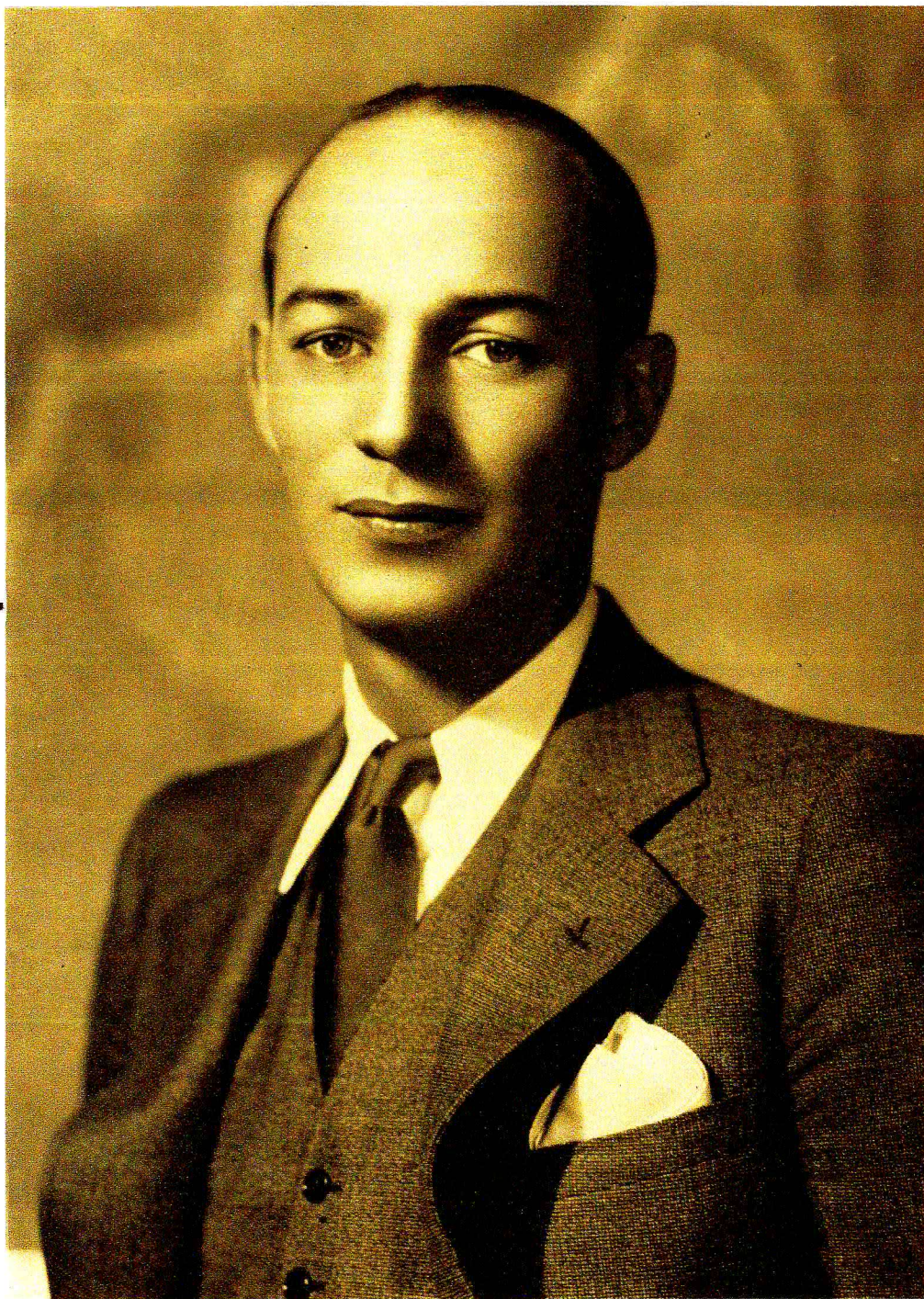
Ted Husing  
taught calisthenics in Florida

If you're a follower of sporting events, you've certainly seen Ted Husing. He's the lanky lad with a high, bald forehead who lugs a mike hither and thither wherever the thoroughbreds, either man or beast, do their battling. Up at Poughkeepsie, he rides a tossing boat's prow, playing tag with the eight sleek shells in the famous regatta. At an Army-Notre Dame game he's usually boxed up in a booth on the fifty yard line. When Vines beat Cochet for the U. S. tennis title this year, he stood in the sun at the top of the big Forest Hills stadium, telling you and you and you about the game.

And here is a queer thing: You could stand next to him at one of these big broadcasts and never hear a word he says. For Ted is a soft talker. Your loudspeaker may turn his words to thunder, but they don't start out that way. He says them easily—distinctly but easily. That's the secret of his terrific speed. There's no waste effort in punching out sentences. And no gestures. He's one of the few announcers who don't gesture.

They say he is a typical New Yorker—that is, he migrated there and stayed. His birthplace is Deming, New Mexico. His parents brought him East where he went to school. At Stuyvesant High School, in New York, he starred in football, boxing, and basketball.

During the World War, he added two years to his age and enlisted. They buried him on Governors Island, teaching overseas-bound buddies to box. After the Armistice, he went to boom-time Florida and taught calisthenics



to fat matrons and disposed of their rubber tires.

Back in New York after the bubble burst, he heard of a new profession called radio announcing. A job was open at one of the studios. He applied—with 600 others. P. S. He got the job.

Those who know him say he has an amazing memory. For hours before a football game, he studies the players and their history. All these facts, he remembers and relates when on the air.

Most announcers need a prepared manuscript when they broadcast. Ted uses his head and his tongue.

In his spare-time, he sits at a table in Lindy's, Broadway's favorite café, and greets his friends. They do say that he likes trick clothes such as double-breasted vests, wide pants, and striped shirts.

His favorite broadcast was the occasion of Floyd Bennett's funeral when 17,000 feet of wire were laid and rain poured down on him as he described the event.

## He Learned About Life at the Gates of Death

(Continued from page 19)

I still don't understand the spark that lifted him out of that life. He doesn't know himself, he told me. But he went to libraries on Sunday and read and read. He went to a Y. M. C. A. and heard lectures. One lecturer said:

"No matter what you want, boy, you can get it if you work for it."

Tony's adolescent mind believed that. He studied at night, going to business college.

"It was hard," he told me. "When you stop school at thirteen, it's hard to learn to understand books. I'd have to read a page six or a dozen times before I got it."

**B**UT he kept at it. And then he discovered Shakespeare. I think that was the first exciting experience in his life. He read those ancient plays and memorized them. What a training for his mind! Then he became a salesman in a hardware store at Valpariso, Indiana. One night, he heard a radio program from station WLS in Chicago. In those days, WLS was crude and weak. Its power was a trifling 500 watts. But it thrilled Tony Wons down to his heels.

He went to the WLS executives with a plan to put Shakespeare on the air. They laughed at him. Those were the hey-hey days of broadcast entertainment when a singer and a piano player stumbled into a studio and sang and played as long as their liquor held out.

In the end, he presented a forty min-

ute program. It was a condensed version of the "Merchant of Venice." Tony played eight parts himself. That night, he went back to Valpariso thinking his act had flopped.

Back at the desk and counter, back in the hardware store, he forgot about WLS. One week later a letter jerked his attention to Chicago and radio. It offered him a staff position at WLS. The salary was \$25.00 a week. He took it and started a series of Shakespeare that ran for three years.

The World War took him to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, in 1917. He became a soldier. Then something happened inside of him. He got sick, so sick that doctors couldn't help him.

You may have read that he went to France and was hit by a shrapnel shell. Most magazines and papers have printed it.

"I'll tell you about that," Tony said. "It got started this way. In my scrap book, I read all sorts of things sent me by people. Back in Chicago, I got a piece written by a war veteran who was paralyzed so he could only move one finger. It was all written in the first person. I read it at the start of my program and I guess a lot of late-comers who'd just tuned in heard me saying, 'I'm paralyzed. I got my wound in the Argonne, etc. . . .' They thought that 'I' meant me, Tony Wons, instead of the soldier who'd written the

piece." That's the story the conclusion-jumpers accepted.

You can take it from Tony, he never got to France. He was on his back in a hospital until after the Armistice.

That hospital was the birthplace of his scrap book. Those were dark days. Fortunately, friends sent him things to read. And somebody gave him a typewriter. He commenced to copy the bits that appealed to him. He had no idea what he was starting.

When good luck and good medicine put him back on his feet, he returned to Chicago, taking his scrap book with him. There, it occurred to him that these things that interested or inspired or soothed him might do the same for others. So he put his Scrapbook on the air.

And stumbled into a gold mine. He discovered that hundreds of thousands of us are scrap book keepers. When Tony invited those thousands to send him their favorite items, he got a response that still stands as a Post Office record.

But it isn't the "success" side of this man that I want to tell about. It's what he does for people. The other morning, he said this:

"The reason so few of us reach the top is because no successful method has yet been devised by which a person may sit down and slide up hill."

It's a recipe and a dig and a chuckle all at once. But real wisdom, for all that.

## Would You Give Up Your Name for Fame?

(Continued from page 36)

parents employed nearly terminated his singing career. This man, who shall be nameless, took the youngster and told him to shout his notes. One morning, after an especially severe lesson, Tracy got out of bed too hoarse to talk. Days passed and still he couldn't talk. Then, weeks. Seven months rolled by.

Those were bitter times. He had set his heart on a musical career. Friends said he might never sing again. Gradually, though, his voice improved and gained strength; then, one morning, he began to sing. Softly at first, almost afraid; then louder, until all his strength went into a roaring song. I think that was the happiest day in his life.

After high school, he went to Penn State University to study architecture. Thence to Chicago where he sold jewelry. Out west, he saved his money, determined to study voice again. When he had enough, he came back to Philadelphia to the Curtis Institute where he found his first real teacher, Horatio Connell.

Later, at one of his concerts, a visitor from New York noted his ability. That visitor told a New York theatrical producer about him. Presently, he got a telegram asking him to come to Man-

hattan. He went into two Broadway shows almost immediately. Maybe you heard him singing his way across America in "Blossom Time" and "The Student Prince."

When he next returned to Philadelphia, it was as a master of ceremonies in a famous night club. And that was his introduction to hoodlums and gangsters made rich by easy bootlegging money.

**R**EMEMBER this about Arthur Tracy. He was an average boy who had grown up in a decent home. So when he saw those men in evening clothes who came to his club, they looked to him like any other men. Until the night he saw a stoutish Italian enter with a dozen others. They took a ring-side table, the big man in the center and the others ringed about him. Tracy never suspected that those twelve were body-guards.

He went into his song. If you've heard him sing you must know that, when he sings, nothing else exists. Somewhere during this song, he heard a hoarse voice call, "Hey, you!" The spotlight was in his eyes and he couldn't see the fat gangster beckoning to him. So he sang on to the finish,

took his bow, and retired.

An instant later, a nervous manager found him. "You fool!" he stormed. "Why did you insult—?" And he named one of the biggest gangsters in the country.

Tracy was honestly puzzled. The manager said, "He called to you. He had a twenty-dollar bill ready to give you 'cause he liked your singing. And you cut him dead. Boy, you'll be lucky if he don't have his gorillas take you down an alley some night."

Fortunately, nothing happened. But after that, whenever Arthur saw a group of men swing slowly and deliberately into the night club, he knew what they were.

Another night, a new club opened across town. He and some of the men he had met at his club went over for a visit. Arthur joined them out of courtesy. He stayed only a few minutes, however, because he had to sing in his own place. A minute after he left, two strangers became so noisy that one of Tracy's companions took them out in the night to cool off. As they reached the sidewalk, a curtained car lurched to the curb showing the black snout of a sub-machine gun. It belched

horrid red flame, and the car roared away. The three men collapsed in a gory mess on the pavement. One of them dead.

Fate's finger spared him that night for, had he remained one more minute, he surely would have accompanied this man to certain death.

**T**HEN there was the night he was arrested for violating the Prohibition Act, which is funny, because Arthur Tracy has never taken a drink in his life.

This night, when he saw some old friends having dinner, he went over to visit them. As he sat down, one of them placed a flask on the table and said, "Pour yourself a drink."

"Not me, I'm working," Tracy answered.

A dozen men stood up simultaneously at several other tables. They were plain-clothes detectives. And they arrested the proprietor and the bar-tender and Arthur Tracy. One of them had seen the flask at the table where he sat and swore that Arthur had brought it over and sold it to the visitors. So Arthur was forced to ride the Black Maria to a Philly cooler where he stayed for three long hours until a friend bailed him out.

I'm telling you these things about him because they are so typical of what can happen to any talented young man

today who starts alone and without influence to find himself a place at the top of the ladder. Being a night-club master of ceremonies is a not-so-pleasant rung, but it has to be climbed if one is to get anywhere. Arthur got to the top. And he learned a lot getting there.

**Y**OU already know what happened when he first attempted to break into radio. The actual manner of his arrival is amusing. On the street, he met an old friend who had just become a high executive at Station WMCA, the same station that had already told him, "We'll let you know."

This friend asked, "Why don't you come down for an audition?"

"I've been down," Arthur answered. When that friend learned that Tracy had been turned away, he immediately arranged a special audition. This time, Arthur got an accompanist who was not in a hurry. And he studied and improved his "mike technique." He was hired on the spot.

His next jump was to WABC where Columbia network executives offered him a six-weeks' trial. Six weeks to prove his worth. Or to fail. He planned his campaign carefully. For one thing, he made himself a mystery. He remembered those childhood days in Philadelphia when he had sung in the streets of his home block, and he de-

cid to call himself the Street Singer. "You'll ruin yourself," friends warned him. "Remember what happened to the Silver Masked Tenor." Joe White whose velvet voice made him one of radio's biggest bets for years is almost forgotten. Tracy took stock in himself. He had confidence in his voice, and he hungered for success.

To himself, he said, "I'll give up my name. I'll be the Street Singer."

The networks billed him that way. For months, nobody knew who he was. But his programs attracted an amazing response. First hundreds and then thousands of letters demanded his real name. And in this broadcasting business, the public is the boss. By this time, he had begun to wonder if he had made a mistake in abandoning his name. Friends insisted he had. And here was a chance, the chance that comes once in a lifetime, to get it back. It hadn't come to Joe White or to a dozen or more other radio luminaries.

By now, you know that he got it back. You know that the newspapers carried the news that the mysterious Street Singer had been identified as Arthur Tracy. Since then, whether making motion picture shorts or records or broadcasting, he insists on being himself first and the Street Singer second.

It's a good rule to follow, he says, whether you're a butcher, a baker, or a melody-maker.

## Gus Van Sings With a Ghost

(Continued from page 20)

bigger success than ever. But they're wrong.

**T**HEY'RE wrong because Gus Van didn't lift a hand, didn't sing a song through until he developed out of his grief an amazing personal philosophy. And this is what it is:

When Gus Van sings, he is sure that his old partner is still singing with him.

A lot of people will scoff at such a notion. Well, let them. Van knows, and that is why he carries on now. To him, his old pal still lives. When he talks to you of Schenck, there is no sorrow in his voice. He refers to him as someone you might run into on the next corner, someone you might see at the next "first night."

To understand how much these men meant to each other, let's go back to Brooklyn. Van first discovered Joe Schenck at the rear end of a red trolley car. Schenck was the conductor of the car for which Van was the motorman. Mere chance brought them together, two of a thousand young men in this one out of a thousand cars. They became pals, and then they began to sing.

The road to stardom is an old worn story. From startling staid Brooklyn citizens as their tram slid along the rails emitting incredible harmonies, they went to a Coney Island café. Then to a New York show. Grubby days, those.

They barely made expenses but Joe was the one who always made the best of it.

"Anyhow, Gus," he would say. "It's better than that doggoned trolley."

So, through twenty-one years they climbed step by step until they stood together on the highest pinnacle in the theatrical world. They were headliners.

And then . . .

You don't have to know Gus Van to understand his grief and bewilderment. He is a stocky, sturdy chap with muscular shoulders. Physically, he could whip a longshoreman. But this—this blow stunned him.

**A**ND here is a wonderful truth. The radio saved him, I think. And I'll tell you why. He couldn't go back on the stage, on any one of those stages where he and his partner had worked, and look out at the same audiences without being poignantly reminded of all those other happier days. When he tried it, tried to keep a stiff upper lip and sing a gay song or two, he stumbled offstage sobbing.

But the radio was something else. Here in the studio, he was alone. No sea of faces confronted him to remind him of the old times. He accepted a radio contract and became known across the land as "The Melody Man." His voice, amidst the crooning and swooning then prevalent, was a refreshing treat. He

got grateful letters from a thousand listeners.

Those letter-writers will never know what they did for Gus Van? Whether he admits it or not, they were just what he needed. The life of an entertainer, beyond doubt, is nourished by the acclaim that comes his way. Well, as the team of Van & Schenck there had been more than enough. But now, as Gus Van, there was—what? All that had been in Gus Van's mind until those letters came. They gave him something to cling to, for these were his own fans, not just sympathetic well-wishers who remembered his days of glory.

But to the very last song that he sings, I think he will always hear Joe Schenck's voice.

I've seen him in the studio. His attitude is always the same, head back a little . . . as if listening. For twenty-one long years he did just that, hearing the harmony of Joe's amazing tenor singing with him.

I hope the faint sound of Joe's voice never fails him, just as it never failed him during the time they worked together. For Gus needs it now, more than ever. The radio is giving him a vast audience, larger than he has ever known. Here is a big responsibility. And it isn't easy for a man who has had a partner for twenty-one years to go the rest of the way alone.

**What happens when the Countess Albani dreams of muddy water? See the amazing answer in the next issue of RADIO STARS**

## The Life and Love of Burns and Allen

(Continued from page 35)

and the contract called for more money at the end of each year!

So, to this day, George and Gracie have never had the opportunity to indulge in that swell "moral support" they promised each other. "RKO, the Palace, Radio and Robert Burns cigars plus the movies have supplied most of the support," grins George. At the end of their fourth year, Burns & Allen were drawing down \$4,500.00 in the way of "support." But that's just a bit ahead of our story.

The RKO vaudeville tour was a howling success. So much so, in fact, that after playing the same act for three years in practically every city in the United States, Gracie and George asked for a vacation and got it. They went to London for a rest. They promised one another that they wouldn't think of professional engagements. They didn't . . . for twenty-four hours! At the end of that time they were signed for eight weeks of vaudeville . . . and were approached by a concern that was sponsoring a new fangled idea: a comedy stunt over the radio!

**N**EVER will they forget that nightmare of fear that went with that first encounter with the microphone. Gracie was so frightened that she nearly fainted! For years, they had been used to working to an audience. Here, in this quiet, silent room, there was nothing but that "black thing" to hear them. The nice, polite director of the London studio assured them: "We have cleared the studio of all spectators. We felt you would be nervous if anyone were watching!" Gracie and George were both babbling at once: "For heaven's sake, get them back here at once . . .

everybody!" The next evening there were seventy-five visitors in the studio. The act was a riot. Burns & Allen once more had an audience to play to. They have never played without one since that day. "And I'm still scared," smiles Gracie. The London "rest" ended with a frantic cable from their agent in New York to return at once. There was an engagement for them at the Paradise of vaudeville, the Palace, awaiting!

Eddie Cantor was planning a return to the Palace between stage shows. Since he is such a "big shot" to theater managers, he is permitted to exercise an almost unheard-of privilege: select all the acts that are to appear on the same bill with him! He chose his old friend Georgie Jessel first . . . and then asked Jessel for suggestions for the other act that was needed to complete the program. "Burns & Allen," suggested Georgie. "Can they get a new act together?" asked Cantor. "Sure!" replied Jessel.

Then he called Burns & Allen to tell them the news. "All you have to do is get a new act together!" Jessel told Burns. George almost collapsed. It takes time to work up new material. They knew their old stuff was sure fire . . . but how could they be sure of brand-new, untried stuff? "Better tell Cantor we can't make it!" Burns protested.

"Nonsense," said Jessel. "Meet me at Sardi's in half an hour."

**A**ND so it was that, on the back of a menu in Sardi's, the two Georges whipped together a new act that played the Palace Theater with Eddie Cantor for nine consecutive weeks . . . breaking all records for the house! The act went so sensationally, that Cantor asked

## Meet Clara, Lu 'n' Em

(Continued from page 11)

persuaded a local station to try them out. When the mail began to pour in, the National Broadcasting Company took them over to its big Chicago outlet and told them that they were stars.

**I**T must be nice to be a radio star. One "works" for fifteen minutes or a half-hour a day. The rest of the time is all sweetness and gaiety. That's what most people think and that's what Clara, Lu 'n' Em thought until they ran up against the biggest problem of their lives. That problem was this:

They wanted to get married. But how? How can you marry and have a decent sort of honeymoon when a contract lashes you to a mike five mornings a week?

Louise—that's Clara—was the first to worry about it. Maybe you've heard her talk about her husband on the air. Well, that's not the man she married. That's Charlie Roach, an imaginary

man, who serves as her spouse for ether purposes. He's an expert mechanic and garageman, understanding in the home and with never much to say. As Clara explains, "He'll never set the world afire, but if it was to catch fire, he would be right there with a bucket to help put it out."

The man she really intended to marry was Paul C. Mead, a telephone company executive. They planned to sneak away for a brief Saturday and Sunday. A small-town parson could tie the knot. But Lu and Em had other plans. When they sat down to write the scripts for the next week's acts, they made Clara go away for a visit to her "radio husband's" mother. Em and Lu carried on alone. And Clara had to go. There were no lines in the acts for her. It gave her just the time she needed. When she came back to the air, she was Mrs. Paul C. Mead.

Lu was the second. She had met

George if he might borrow Gracie for a five-minute skit on the radio. Gracie held her own with the famous Cantor and after that the town was theirs!

Engagements for Paramount movie "shorts" . . . vaudeville . . . radio, came so fast that they couldn't handle all of them . . . but they did! Their first big break in Radio came when they were placed on the Rudy Vallee hour for a famous yeast company. Two weeks after that they were signed by the J. Walter Thompson advertising company for appearance over the air on the new "Robert Burns Hour." That was twenty weeks ago! They're still doing it.

In the meantime they went to Hollywood where they were featured in "The Big Broadcast."

"We've played vaudeville houses in Los Angeles," they told me (each contributing a remark here and there). "But that was our first visit to California as native sons . . . the movie stars are the 'native sons,' aren't they? Hollywood's a great place. We are so crazy about it that we could live out here for as much as four or five weeks out of the year! For the rest of the time give us that little apartment at the Essex House in New York . . . even if the Big Town is a little short on climate.

"Don't get the idea that we're panning the movies, though. Every time we take a look at our bank balance, we realize just how much good the movies are doing in the world! We are particularly fond of the Paramount movies! The signature on their check looks so pretty!

"The movies aren't really our game, though . . . and besides, we've been in the vaudeville harness too long to ever get used to an audience-less profession."

Howard Berolzheimer who teaches economics and speech at Northwestern University. By now, though, the girls knew what to do. They wrote Lu right out of their act. Maybe you remember it. Lu took an auto trip with Flora Belle and Ollie Gifford to visit Ollie's folks in the country. Actually, she was making a honeymoon trip as Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer.

**E**M made a wedding journey, too. The cause was a Chicago real estate dealer named John Mitchell. The morning before she married him, if you were listening, you heard a big commotion on the air. Clara and Lu were sending her off to Watertown where she was to install a chapter of the Ladies Liberty Order. That trip to Watertown was just the leave of absence she needed for her honeymoon.

And that's how radio stars get married and keep their jobs, too.



Since then, none of them has been more than 200 miles away from Chicago. And they can't get any further away because they must always be back in time for the next broadcast.

In a way, their lives are rather circumscribed. That is the reason they are always planning to "do things" when they retire.

Clara would learn to cook really well. Meat . . . potatoes . . . and foreign dishes. Lu wants to move into a house and make hooked rugs. She has been saving old rags for years, just waiting for the day. And Em would go galloping off to China. It's all she thinks about. She reads everything she can find on the Orient. And starts every

other sentence with, "Some of these days . . ."

The girls say they are not a bit afraid of television. Because, they tell you, they probably couldn't look any worse than people expect them to. "It's not a bad idea to have a character part," Em admits, "if you aren't built on the lines of a Follies beauty."

## Ida Bailey Allen—Homemaker

(Continued from page 29)

business duties for a little while.

"I often wish," she said, laughing, "that those people who write asking if I'm really a 'cooking lady' could see me week-ends. Often we have as many as ten guests. And always I do all of the cooking."

"We have two meals a day. A combination breakfast and lunch at eleven. Dinner at eight-thirty. This late dinner hour, you see, brings no one indoors while it remains light."

"For early risers there's always instant coffee and bread and butter."

"And then I have an innovation of which I'm very proud. In my kitchen I have three shelves hung with bright oil-cloth which I call the 'K.B.' Kitchen Buffet. On these shelves I keep all manner of crackers and sandwich spreads. And a note telling what is available in the ice-box. Around three o'clock the K.B. is a gathering place, with everybody having milk, ice tea, or some other cool drink, and munching sandwiches."

"I recommend a K.B. to all hostesses who lack a cook. It eliminates the preparation of a third meal and proves great fun."

When I asked Mrs. Allen what she serves as a *pièce de résistance* at her combination breakfasts and luncheons she told me about a dish which she had dreamed. Literally.

"It was the strangest experience," she said. "I dreamed it in the greatest detail. And the next morning, of course, I couldn't wait to try it. You put ham, green peppers, mushrooms and the cream sauce in which you have cooked them into a baking dish, top this with a fluffy omelette mixture on which you grate a generous quantity of cheese. And bake it."

"It's simple. And delicious." Leaving Mrs. Allen, on my way out I noticed framed on the wall a letter from Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, written on White House stationery. Mrs. Allen had sent her a cook book and Mrs. Coolidge, with her usual graciousness,

had written her thank-you note by hand.

As nearly as I remember the last paragraph, it read:

And certainly no inscription could have pleased me more than your "To the Nation's Homemaker."

Sincerely,  
Grace Coolidge

Home-maker is a title of which any woman may well be proud. For even in this age of feminine accomplishment there is nothing greater than a woman can be. To my mind, however, a homemaker is more than a housewife. She may not be a housewife at all. She may be a business woman away at an office all day. Or a painter. Or an editor. But whatever she is, to her privileged job of home-making she must bring vision and imagination and courage. Like Ida Bailey Allen.

## The Mother of the Goldbergs

(Continued from page 37)

moods. But when she tried to sell them, she failed.

AT twenty, she married and went to live on a sugar plantation in Louisiana. In her dreams she saw all the glamor and glitter of the old south; she heard the strum of banjos and the harmony of gay negro voices. Surely she would write down there. But the south, she discovered, was a place of poverty and decay and isolation. Three years of that did something to her. They taught her, I think, to look into herself—and into other people. Down there, she became a woman, the woman who was to become capable of writing and producing "The Rise of the Goldbergs" when everyone else in the world said that it couldn't be done.

SHE returned to New York because she was going to have a child. "Back in the city, I'll work," she promised herself. That was ten years ago. The child was a husky boy. He absorbed her time and energy mercilessly, greedily, in a way children do. Sometimes she sat over sheets of white paper and chewed her pencil. But little came of it. Her brain was too weary.

Until chance took her to hear a lec-

ture given by a woman. This woman said, "If you really want to do a thing, there is nothing in the world that can stop you." Gertrude thought of her boy, of her husband, and of all the work she longed to do. The woman said, "If you aren't a success before you're thirty, you'd better quit trying."

Gertrude Berg wasn't thirty—not quite. The words were a challenge. She went home and started to work. The idea back of the Goldbergs had been in her mind for a long time. Here and there, she had made notes. But she didn't need them. All around her, people were making more money than they had ever dreamed of. What was happening to them? What would happen to a Ghetto family that came into this easy wealth? Her sketches took form. Her characters became real.

Within a week, she was on the street pounding the pavements, trying to sell them. And everywhere she went, men shook their heads. Some of them laughed, some jeered, some sneered. "Who wants to listen to a Jewish sketch? Who cares a hang about hearing Jewish talk?"

She had her gray days and her black nights. But she went on, doggedly, keeping faith with herself. Until a sur-

prising thing happened. NBC officials read her sketches and asked for more. She supplied them. They got a cast together and offered it with fear and trembling. There had never been a Jewish sketch. Would it take? Would the fans like it?

OF course, it took. Since that day three years ago, Gertrude Berg hasn't missed a week-day performance. Even when she had the flu last winter, she played the part of Molly—with a man on each side of her to catch her if she fainted.

Yes, she wanted to write—and to succeed before she was thirty. Well, she has plenty of success. And plenty of writing. Every day, now, she writes a new Goldberg story. At night, she acts in one. She has been doing it for three happy years. Without a day's vacation. To her, the Goldbergs of her imagination have become real and easy to write about. So she goes on, putting human nature into dialect but knowing no more of what will happen tomorrow to the Goldbergs than she knows what will happen to herself. All this without respite or rest. To date, she has had no vacation.

And she says she loves it.

## Backstage

(Continued from page 10)

Hindenburg, the other Hitler. Heavy accents mar their English. It sounds convincing.

Another character rises to face the mike. He is largish, wearing spectacles. Von Zell introduces him as a Prussian general. He speaks and his words are full of fire and gutturals. He defies Hitler. Presently, all these men sit down and the music booms anew. We hear the rhythmic thud of tramping feet. Those last two rows of actors are doing it . . . swishing their feet forward and backward over the floor as they sit in their chairs. They begin to sing, too, holding their papers over their mouths to mute their voices.

IT all stops suddenly as Announcer Von Zell introduces the next scene. It is an excerpt from the first play to open in New York this season. The principals, a half-dozen of them, swarm around the two mikes. As they talk, they take one step forward until their mouth is only a few inches from the face of the mike . . . and then step back to make way for the next speaker.

And look—look! Those two dozen actors who tramped and sang are tip-toeing to a far corner of the room. See how they stand there with their papers again over the mouths. Now they are listening to the people at the mike. One springs a wise-crack. The group in the corner laughs—like an audience in a theatre. That's what they're hired for—atmosphere. And they get their \$5.00 or \$10.00 a night for it.

But here's a curious thing. In this play, a middle-aged mother and her daughter argue. Hear them? But look at the mother—this "mother." She's a tiny thing with gold hair. I'll bet she's not over twenty-five. And this daughter . . . she must be older than the girl who is playing the mother. Her voice, though, is as fresh and sweet as that of a nineteen-year-old debutante. Radio is full of such tricks.

Like this, for instance. The roundish gentleman who played the fiery German general in the last scene has become a smooth-talking American man-about-town:

The next scene. Jimmie Walker, New York's playboy who became a mayor only to resign under fire, cracks wise about this and that. A short young man balances before the mike. His name is Frank Readick. You've heard him before. He was Knobby Walsh, the manager, in Joe Palooka. Last year, he was The Shadow.

Harry Von Zell asks him questions. He answers. And we listen, marveling. His voice is Jimmie Walker's own. Every inflection is there. And every gesture. Close your eyes and you're sure it is the ex-mayor talking. Open them . . . and it's Readick, doing tricks with that fine talent of his. He finishes and sits down, perspiring. A friend grimaces, jokingly. Readick raises his hand, fingers extended, and just touches his nose with his thumb.

# To those who think Learning Music is hard-

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IN the next scene, a skeptical anti-Prohibitionist has started to tour America in a search for a single drunkard who gave up drinking because of the Prohibition Amendment. Now, he meets Andrew Volstead and argues with him. And then an officer of the Salvation Army. He says:

"I want a man who gave up drinking because of the Eighteenth Amendment."  
"I've got just the man," the officer says. "Harry . . . Harry," he calls.  
"Yes, sir."

We hear the reformed drunk's voice. It is cracked, uncertain. But we see again that roundish fellow who was a German general and then an American man-about-town. He talks into the mike with a pained expression on his face and goes back to his seat, grinning.

Time marches on!  
We leap to Manchuria. Announcer Von Zell reads of Japs and Chinks. Over there past the mikes, three people stand suddenly. They are sound technicians, Mrs. Ora D. Nichols and her two assistants, George O'Donnell and Henry Gauthier. Gauthier vanishes behind a tall screen at the back of the room. Mrs. Nichols leans over a table crowded with sound devices. O'Donnell takes a drumstick and goes to a giant frame higher than his head over which is stretched a steer-hide.

Two actors have risen to the swinging mikes. One represents a Yank, the other a Briton. They're having cocktails in a club in Mukden. There are shots in the distance. Hear them? They

come from behind that screen where Sound-Man Gauthier hides. And more shots . . . the unmistakable tattoo of a machine gun.

THE Englishman talks excitedly. He wants to find out the cause of the firing and calls his Chinese servant. "Ha Ling! Ha Ling!"

Ha Ling comes up running, spouting Chinese. And who is he? One guess and you've got it. He's the roundish fellow who was the German general and the man-about-town and the reformed drunkard.

The studio is crammed abruptly with noise. Sound-Man O'Donnell is beating that steer-hide. It makes the sound of heavy artillery. Back of his screen, Sound-Man Gauthier takes a blanket off his machine gun device and turns a crank. We hear the savage, distant burst. He tears away another blanket and turns again. This burn is louder . . . nearer! Another cover comes off—the last—and the machine gun seems to be in the room with us.

Up at the mikes, Sound-Woman Ora Nichols starts a tiny electric motor that spins one gadget against another. We hear just a hum and a clank. But in a million homes, people are hearing the arrival of a military truck carrying Jap marines.

And then, gradually, the bombardment ends so Harry Von Zell can introduce various Japanese generals and statesmen who explain their country's position in Manchuria. One of them

talks in a fluent clip-clop English that is the identical speech of a Jap who has learned our tongue from copy-books. Know who? Yessir, it's our old friend, the roundish gentleman who was a German general and a man-about-town and several other things.

NOW just a word about this man of parts. His name is Jack Smart and he is about the best known actor in radio. Remember those Mr. and Mrs. sketches of last year? He was Joe . . . poor ol' Joe. And he's been a lot of other things. You've heard him a dozen times without even knowing it, and you'll hear him again, for he plays any kind of part and makes it sound right every time.

The hour is almost over. Announcer Von Zell is back at the mike, closing up his final announcement. Director Barlow's orchestra is hauling us out of the clouds, bringing us back to earth. Back from Berlin and Mukden where life throbs its fiercest to this place where men talk with other men's voices while they read from important looking sheaves of paper.

Well, you've seen the tricks. You've looked into this wizard's workshop and seen the wheels spin around. After this, you'll know what happens behind the scenes. But just the same, next week when you hear again these pulsing, bustling scraps of life I'll bet you thrill and cringe and shiver just as if you'd never visited these magic rooms and seen how it's all done.

## Andy Tells on Amos

(Continued from page 7)

worked and chummed together until the time when we were both married, and I defy anybody to do that unless they are the greatest of friends. We were married six months apart and since that time have never lived further away from each other than just across the street. At present we both live in the same building.

They say a friend is one who knows all about you and still likes or tolerates you. Freeman Gosden is my best friend because he is just exactly that person.

Have you ever had the experience of living with a race horse for twelve years? Well, I have. No race horse was ever more high-strung or nervous than Gosden. He is a quick thinker and always has an answer ready. He is very capable in all of his business dealings. He is on top of the world or down in the dumps at the drop of the hat and there is no mistake about it. You can tell at a glance when something happens to make him happy or sad because it is written all over him like a sign. And I love it. When he has a cheerful spell I am happy with him and when he gets down in the dumps for any reason I chew off my finger nails waiting for him to get over it.

HE is the wittiest person I ever met. I've worked with Gosden for a good many years and have yet to see the time

when he hasn't been amusing. He's a good mixer and a great fellow at any kind of gathering. He has no end of friends. He is a human dynamo of originality and ideas.

Maybe I ought to tell you some of his hobbies—I don't know. I said in the beginning that this was a job. I'm trying to give you an idea of my pardner and I hope I'm succeeding. Freeman likes most any kind of sports—fishing, hunting, prize fights, baseball, crazy over football, golf and swimming (incidentally, he is a great swimmer and quite a fancy diver). Until recently it was a difficult matter to get him to sit down to a quiet game of cards but he has taken up contract bridge and has gone a little loco over it. Backgammon is a favorite game of his and he plays it well. I've beaten him a couple of times (I'll get that in here if it kills me) but I had to watch my step to do it. And I might say right here that any game or sport he takes up he certainly makes every effort to excel in.

He is very versatile. Perhaps you know that he does many tricks with his voice on the radio but he does a very good job of singing, too, and is a good dancer (that includes tap dancing also). If he doesn't break his neck doing some of the acrobatic tricks I've seen him try to perform it will be a wonder to me.

I don't remember an instance when

we have had an unkind thing to say to each other. I am for him in anything he does and I'm sure he is for me. The only arguments I remember were some we had about who would get up and get breakfast when we were living together some years ago. In those days he loved to sleep. In fact, it took long and loud persuasion to get him up, but that's his wife's lookout now. She relieved me of that responsibility and I'm thanking her right here before everybody for it. If she wanted to let herself in for a job like that I wouldn't stand in her way.

About his radio work there is this much to say: he takes it very seriously at all times. In the studio he lives the characters he portrays and is thoroughly familiar with their personalities. He is a Southerner, born in Richmond, Virginia, and still has his Southern accent. Whatever I know about the Southern accent he has taught me from being associated with him so long. I have been closer to Gosden than to any other fellow living. He is my best friend and I can say no more than that of anyone. Time is uncertain, but I know our friendship will never end, and I sincerely hope that our association goes on for a long time to come.

Mr. Editor, I hope this will give your readers some idea of my pardner.

P. S. If he doesn't say something nice about me, this doesn't go.

## Welcome Back, Eddie!

(Continued from page 5)

of them already scheduled for the winter (the latest I've heard of is the Fu Manchu thriller) indicates that they are right.

Where will Eddie be among them? Well, the reports say that Eddie knows the answer. That he knows all the answers. In his diminutive body there is a nervous drive and push that won't let him sit in the second-row of royalty. He'll occupy the throne or know the reason why.

And we, as listeners, will know the reason why, too.

Maybe we'll have a new brand of entertainment, just as he gave us a new brand before. Maybe we'll thumb him off and send him back to exile. Regardless of that, we've got to thank him for starting the comedy era of broadcasting that made a high, bright spot of the summer of 1932.

And that's the reason I say, "Good luck, Eddie."

## On a Desert Island With a Radio

(Continued from page 13)

Ann Leaf if I could depend on a regular program from her. Other good organizers if I could not.

Eight . . . The Hymn Sing which NBC used to put on—I think it was Thursday nights. They don't do it now exactly as it was and for as long a period. But a Hymn Sing anyway. I don't like sermons over the radio and prayers embarrass me a little, somehow. But a Hymn Sing takes care of me. I am relaxed, I may listen and think my own thoughts and formulate my own prayers.

Nine . . . John B. Kennedy. For his five-minute speeches. He says more in five minutes than most men in twenty-five. He takes one modern problem and he handles it; briefly, tersely, wittily. He'd help me a lot, on my desert island.

For my tenth program I am not only on a desert island but in a quandary. You see, so many of the special programs I have liked have gone off the air and I do not know whether they will be back, so I must simply name them and suggest alternates. As first choice, Collier's Hour. That would be an excellent choice. It would give me excellent, snappy music, a serial drama, perhaps, such as the blood curdling "Fu Manchu," a short story, a short speech by a well known person and, once more,

John B. Kennedy. It would give me now and then that grand humorist of the air, Professor Lucifer Butts and it would give me the gentle, sagacious Uncle Henry, whom I have always adored. It would be a perfect program for a desert island; but it comes, alas, only once a week!

For number ten, then Collier's Hour; or if this is not available, a Ziegfeld Hour such as it was in the beginning because of the chance that Paul Robeson might sing in it. Or Sherlock Holmes; or that excellent March of Time.

These then, are my ten programs, when, surrounded by palm trees and curious animals, ocean and despair, I would have to rely on my radio for comfort. Crooners would be of little use to me, torch singers or hot jazz. And household recipes would only make me go mad from hunger while lessons in French would be no consolation. Political speeches would drive me even more frantic than they now do. But there would be some pleasure in being removed from a sphere in which politics exist!

What would you do if you were marooned on a desert island with only a radio for companionship? Would you choose my ten programs or write your own ticket?

## Amos Tells on Andy

(Continued from page 6)

two days, we received a telegram from the home office to have me go on to Elizabeth City to put on the show. Charlie, realizing that I had not had sufficient time to get the entire routine together stayed up with me practically all night, went to the train with me and gave me every possible help he could until we said good-by. That was the beginning of a very strong friendship that has proven itself many times during the past twelve years.

We traveled for eight years in the amateur theatrical game. During that time, Charlie and I worked hard and had lots of fun, but not one bit of jealousy ever existed. That same

spirit prevails today.

I know we are opposite types. Charlie is level-headed, quiet, easy-going and gives me a great deal of comfort and confidence in our work. We discuss everything together before making any decisions and I value Charlie's opinion most highly.

THE reason we picked Charlie for Andy and myself for Amos is still a mystery to us. Our voices are very much alike. However, Charlie decided to do the low voice and I took the high one. In our many episodes, the character of Andy has been totally unlike the character of Charlie Correll. First

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of all, he never smokes big black cigars. Further, I have never known him to be conceited.

His hobbies consist of many things which time does not permit him to do. I know he likes golf, but our day is broken up into three pieces, so how can he play golf? We write an episode each day between eleven and three. The first broadcast is six o'clock Chicago time. Charlie likes moving picture shows and very often leaves the office and goes to a picture before going to the first broadcast. He likes his home, and likes it very much. I have often heard him say that he would rather have a piece of cold chicken at home than have a big dinner at any hotel in the country. He likes to entertain at

home and, incidentally, his wife is a very lovely hostess. He has two brothers, one sister and a father, and Charlie is very good to his family. He keeps in touch with them constantly and very often they visit him in Chicago. Charlie plays the piano very well and he gets great enjoyment out of it.

One thing he can do may not seem of great interest but it is very helpful in our work and that is Charlie's skill on the typewriter. Charlie writes on a typewriter as fast as any human being I ever saw. It is very interesting to see him try out various makes of typewriters for his own use. He rattles off four or five lines on a piece of paper, then looks at the typewriter and sort of sizes it up, as if he wonders if it

might catch on fire.

Charlie is always laughing and always joking, has a grand sense of humor and says some awfully funny things. He has many friends and I know they prize his friendship.

We have never had occasion to speak an unkind word to each other during our many years of association and no matter how often I see him when we write our episodes during the day, and when we broadcast twice each night, I am always happy to be with him when any other occasion brings us together. He is competent, dependable and unselfish, and it is my sincere wish that we continue in partnership for many years to come.

P.S. He's a great guy!

## Twenty-Four Hours to Live

(Continued from page 31)

In Countess Albani, I discovered a different sort of person. She was not at all inclined to jest at the idea. For one thing, she has planned her life, as far as anyone is able, beyond that mysterious thing called "death." She has faith that there is something beyond, something amazing fine. She told me: "I believe in life eternal. I shouldn't be alarmed, I'm certain. Rather, I'd be eager, as one might be when going on an exciting voyage. Of course, during my last hours, I would surround myself with those I love and carry this happy memory with me to the life beyond."

Burns and Allen would try to do the funniest act ever, and then call it a day if they could make everyone in hearing laugh.

Arthur Tracy who, as the Street Singer, has thrilled millions, still gets

his greatest pleasure out of singing. "So I'd sing," he said. "I don't care whether anyone would hear me or not. I'd sing all the songs I love. Yes, mostly classics. Those things that Caruso used to do. And a few ballads."

Billie Jones and Ernie Hare, those blithe veterans of radio, would respectively, "Laugh at my creditors," and "Have one swell time, if I was strong enough."

Ken Roberts, of the Columbia network, and Benny Krueger have ideas to get their minds off their troubles. Ken would break all possible traffic rules. And Benny, believe it or not, would march in a parade—providing there was a parade.

Cesare Sodero, orchestra conductor, has a faith, too, in tomorrow. "I'd try to prepare myself for it," he said. "Just how, I don't know."

Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd would worry considerably that last day, I'm afraid. Budd would try to see that his wife had everything she needed. And the Colonel would take his young son in hand and go for a long walk.

"I've made a lot of mistakes," Lemuel Q. told me. "I'd try to tell my boy about them and caution him not to repeat them. For that last day, I'd try to make up to him for all the times I've neglected him on account of being so busy. And then I'd take him back home, go to the telephone, and tell my insurance companies that they could start making payments tomorrow."

There they are—Radio Row with their souls bared. And those souls—they're much like yours and mine. Do you want to prove it? Then ask yourself.

What would you do?

## Here Are Answers to Your Questions

**Edward Weston**—Russ Columbo has gone to Hollywood to make talking pictures. No arrangements have been made to put him on the air at this date.

**Sarah Smith**—See this issue for a Jack Benny picture and story.

**P. P.**—If you want to see a program, write to the studio. Tell them what you want to see and ask them for a ticket. There is no charge.

**Milton Obringer**—You can see a 1933 program by writing to the Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company, New York. To your question one month ahead of time. If you want pictures of the famous orchestra leaders, write to them and ask. Jack Benny is playing at the Waldorf-Astoria, Paul Whiteman is at the Biltmore, Will Osborne is at Rye, Rye, Rye, N. Y.

**H. A. Roe**—If you want to write Lowell Thomas, send it to him in care of Radio Stars. We'll see that he gets it.

**Elda Jannusch**—Irene Taylor has never studied voice. By calling your Chicago stations, you can find when they hold auditions for talent.

**Betty Gershman**—We'll have Dave Rubinoff's life story in an early issue.

**Beaula Fair**—Why don't you write to some station near you and tell them what you have in mind? Or address the Program Director of the National Broadcasting Company, New York. Same for the Columbia Broadcasting Company.

**Rhea Georgi**—We haven't the picture you want. Write WMCA. WABC is at 485 Madison Ave., and WJZ is at 711 Fifth Ave., New York.

**Elizabeth Ann**—Nanny Ross did not compete in the 1928 Olympics. He might have but he chose to sing instead. He is unmarried. Age 26. Tall.

**blond, good-looking.** There is a story about him in this issue. He doesn't appear on any other program.

**Lombardo**—Guy and Bing Crosby, so the tale goes, both insisted on star or top billing for the picture, "The Big Broadcast." When Lombardo failed to secure the billing he thought his band was entitled to, he refused to go into the picture. That's the story you'll hear on Broadway.

**Francis R.**—Write to WLW at Cincinnati. They'll tell you.

**George Gilmore**—None of the Boswell Sisters are married or engaged. They answer almost all of their fan mail personally. They have been on WABC approximately two years. To your last question . . . nineteen, twenty-one, and twenty-three.

**Mrs. Douglas N.**—We are not permitted to give the home address. However, if you'll write in our care, we'll see that they get the letters.

**Louise Roach**—Alex Gray is not on the air just now.

**Joseph V.**—We'll have an article to answer your question fully in an early issue. If you don't wish to wait, get in touch with one or two of the stations near you. They can give you complete information regarding auditions.

**Grace Ethel H.**—Dave Rubinoff was born in Russia in 1898. We aren't permitted to give you his home address. You might get an autographed picture of Rudy by writing him at Steinway Hall, 57th Street, New York, but we can't promise a thing.

**Mrs. C. W. R.**—Programs change so often that we can't attempt to give you an accurate answer

in a monthly magazine. The daily newspaper ought to give you the information you desire. Try a Sunday Kansas City Star, where they give a week's programs ahead.

**Miss R. E. C.**—Sorry, but that info isn't at hand. We'll tell you later.

**Ruth David**—Johnny's off the air just now.

**Clara B.**—Ben Bernie is married. He has a son fourteen years old.

**Dee Vini**—All the members of the Revellers Quartet are married.

**Clyde Forest**—The Lady Bugs are Muriel Pollock and Vee Lawnhurst. Neither is married.

**Charles Q.**—Harry Reser has directed the Chicout Club Eskimos since they were first organized six years ago.

**Nina Finch C.**—Jimmie Wallington is in his early twenties. He is married. Is 6 feet 2 inches tall. Blue eyes. Clipped mustache. McNamee was married but is now divorced. Neither have any children. NBC is bigger earner. High powered stations about equally divided.

**Nadine O'Neil**—Charles Rogers was heard from New York when on the air.

**Sara M. Webster**—The Fish series is off the air.

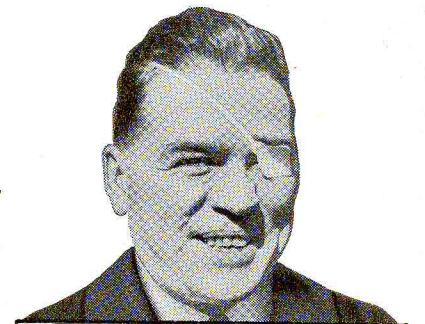
**Dean Reese**—Harry Horlick is thirty-four. He was born in Cheringow, Russia.

**Helen A.**—Jack Fulton's theme song is "You'll Always Be Sweetheart to Me," written for him by Peter De Rose.

**Adrienne P.**—Yes, Ralph Kirberry was in the army during the World War. His theme song is "In My Hideaway."

**Edna Calloway**—Patti Pickens, youngest of the Pickens Sisters, is just seventeen.

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