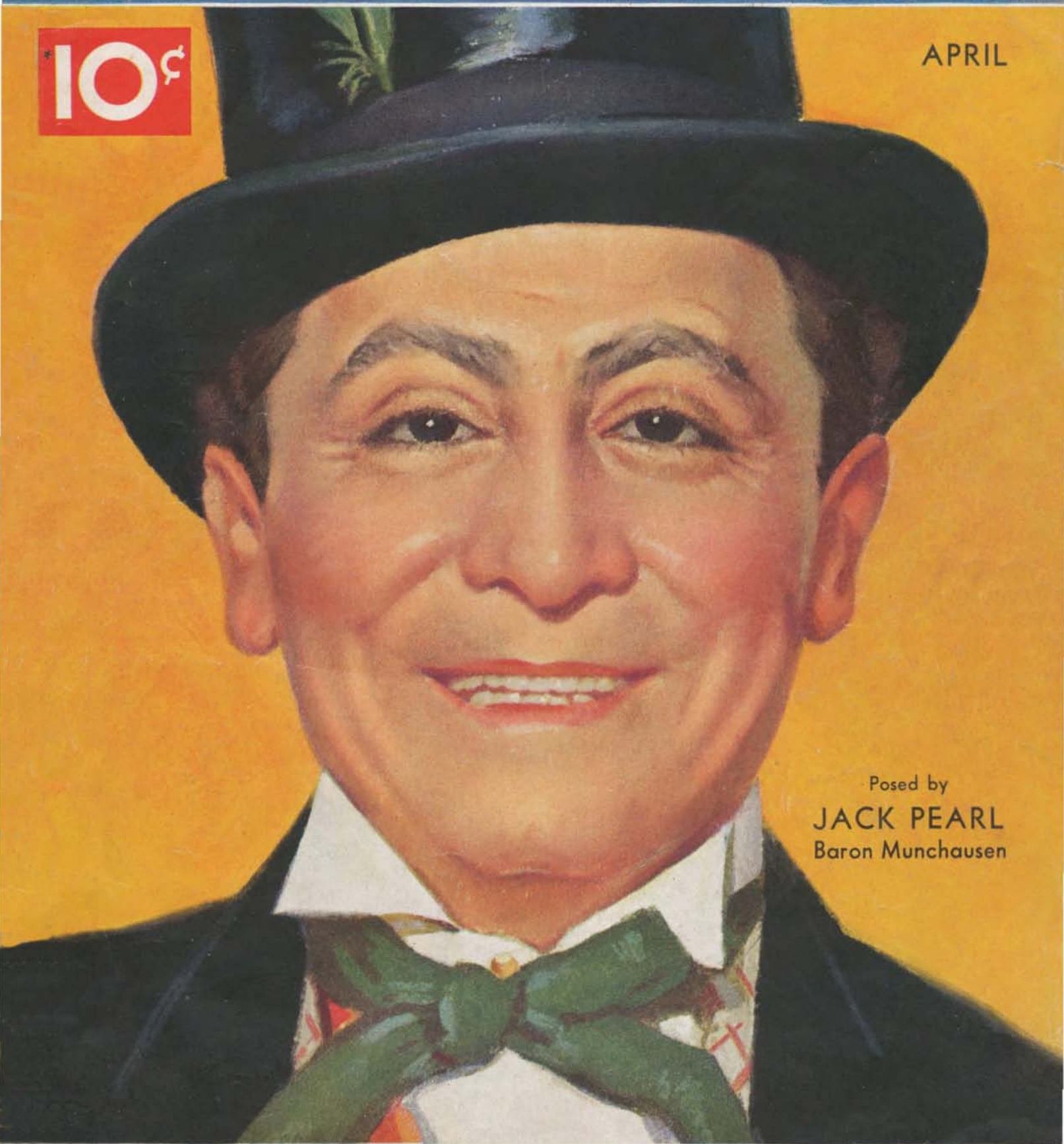


RADIO STARS

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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 Editor: Abril Lamarque

NEXT MONTH

Do you know how many times Eddie Cantor has been down for the count—and how many times he has come back to greater success? Our story of the amazing life of Eddie Cantor starts in the next issue. Have you seen our famous intimate and unposed pictures of the stars in their idle moments? This is an exclusive RADIO STARS feature. Don't miss our visit backstage to one of the biggest programs on the air—it's about Stoopnagle, Budd & Company, and they're full of surprises. And if you wonder about fashion trends for spring and summer styles, just get a load of the clothes in Marilou Dix' wardrobe. All in our next issue—dated May and on sale April first



TOO MUCH MONEY

By ADAM
KINGSLEY

Believe it or not, even in these days of dull depression—there is such a thing as “too much money”—as Bing Crosby found out

THE gold that glitters at the rainbow's end doesn't always bring the happiness that we seek. Many a man and woman, wooing fame, have found this to be so.

Sometimes money brings heartbreaks. Sometimes . . . but you know the things that happen to those to whom prosperity has come suddenly.

It came suddenly to Bing Crosby. So suddenly that all sorts of amazing things that now seem foolish and vain happened to him. For a while, it was like a millstone around his neck. The leeches who prey on prosperity fastened to him. Even now, with both feet solidly on the ground, there are daily problems and difficulties that must be settled. Life on the topmost rung of the ladder of success is not easy; it is a balancing act, and there is no let-down that permits rest. On the top, you're out in the open where every sharpshooter can lay his sights on you. More than once, Bing has found that out. More than once he has suffered from “too much money.”

Nearly a half dozen years ago, Bing Crosby was an average boy in an average college out in Washington. Like boys in every college, he organized a dance orchestra, played baseball and football, and studied a little. His pal was Al Rinker, pianist and song-shouter. The two of them had an act that was the high spot of every undergraduate shindig.

Between them they owned a flivver, and during one of their rides after classes, they felt the call of the open road and an annoyance at the imminence of examinations.

“Let's go somewhere,” Bing suggested.

“Where?” asked Al.

“Just keep going,” said Bing.

They didn't stop until they reached Hollywood. Still typical American college boys, you see.

THEY had to eat, and their only asset, besides the dubious value of their Ford, was their jazz band act. At a night club, they got a job—singing for their supper. The town still remembers them and their unmusical but enthusiastic entertainment that ended only when both Bing and Al were too breathless to continue.

After a while, they reached the dizzy height of a ten-week engagement with a Fanchon and Marco unit. Their salary was a record-breaker. Bing got, I think, just \$35.00. “It's the experience we're after,” Rinker told his friends. They got it. And they needed it, or one afternoon a messenger came back with the exciting news that Paul Whiteman was out in front.

What did they do? Bing never could remember that show clearly. “I never worked so hard in my life,” he told me. That night, Whiteman gave them both contracts and told them to report to his band in Chicago as soon as possible. The salary was \$200 a week apiece.

Even then, I think Bing had no idea of where he was going. To him, that \$200 represented good times and some extra ties and socks; he didn't recognize it as the first rung in a ladder reaching up.

Nor was he aware that he was becoming a bull market, that shares in Bing Crosby, Incorporated, were soon to boom and soar faster even than the pyramided dreams of



(Above) Ruth Etting and Bing Crosby. They have both appeared on the Chesterfield program — but not at the same time. It was Ruthie who welcomed Bingie to the Chesterfieldian fold.

Ivar Kreuger. If someone had told him that he would presently earn as much money in a few months as the annual salary of the President of the United States, if someone had told him that he would be accused of being a home-wrecker and heart-breaker, Bing would have scoffed him into silence.

What happened is a familiar story. They went to New York with Whiteman and flopped. Harry Barris joined the duo and made it a trio, resulting in the original Rhythm Boys. The three of them began to click, and life remained untroubled for Bing. California, making the "King of Jazz" with Whiteman, the termination of their contract with him; then their first night on their own at the Cocomat Grove in Hollywood.

AT the Grove, they became a part of the floor show. Before they left, they were all of it. Each night, the Grove was on the air for two hours. Here, the long arm of the broadcasting business first touched Bing when he and Al and Harry sent their silly songs into the Gold Coast night.

Presently, requests came through the mail for more numbers by "that deep-voiced member of the trio." That was Bing. And that was the first hint we have that he was to be lifted from the (Continued on page 41)

Backstage on Captain Henry's SHOW BOAT



(Above) That gentleman with the lovely white hair is Captain Henry himself. His private life name is Charles Winninger. He has been famous in the theatrical world for many years. (Left) A close up of Charles Winninger.

By ODGEN MAYER

ON your toes, ladeez and gentlemen! We are about to visit that colossus of modern entertainment, Captain Henry and his illustrious Maxwell House Show Boat. Step right onto the wharf, ladeez. You've nothing to fear. This ship is as safe as a baby's cradle, and a durned sight more lively.

We're in luck, if you only knew it. This isn't a program; it's a rehearsal, a dress rehearsal—and, believe you me, anything can happen.

Just to show you, a rehearsal is no bed of roses for anyone. It may go on for hours until tempers are as touchy as your favorite boil. This particular show which gives us forty minutes of music and twenty of dialogue is usually rehearsed for about nine hours. We're not due

for all that, though. We'll see just the tail end, just the final setting-up exercises that prepare Maxwell House ether ads for the air.

Studio H at 711 Fifth Avenue, that's the address. It's the biggest in the building. Tonight, it will be jammed to the rafters. Now, the performers fill up a good half of it.

Heads up, folks! We're seeing something never witnessed before. A radio hour is being born under our eyes. That's what every dress rehearsal is . . . a birth. And look! there's the guy who is Mr. Maxwell House's midwife.

See him! Stalking across the floor like an animated Empire State Building. Six and a half feet of energy

How would you like to be present when that romantic couple, Lanny Ross and Mary Lou sing? And how would you like to see Captain Henry crying "Howdy, howdy, folks. Greetin's to Magna Vista, Louisiana"? Well, come with us to the studio and see for yourself just what makes the Maxwell House Coffee Hour tick



(Above) General view of the Maxwell House Coffee Hour's Showboat broadcast. You can see Lanny Ross at the microphone. And that girl with the blond hair is Annette Hanshaw. (Right) Jules Bledsoe singing.

and skill and radio brains. Edmund "Tiny" Ruffner is the lad. He builds these shows, produces and directs them; and sings, announces, or pats his foot as required.

Listen! That's a familiar voice. Captain Henry, isn't it? "Howdy, howdy, howdy, folks. Greetin's to Magna Vista, Louisiana, from your ol' Captain Henry and the full entertainment crew of the rollicking, frolicking Maxwell House Show Boat."

MAGNA VISTA, huh? And last week it was Wayside, Louisiana. He can't fool us. We are right in New York riding the top of a skyscraping studio. But go on, Captain Henry, with your game of make-believe.

Ruffner is giving signals. Don Voorhees is waving his

baton. Music chokes your ears for a moment and then settles to a sweet-as-honey melody. The dress rehearsal is under way.

What an army of entertainers this Ruffner fellow commands! Musicians, singers, actors, minstrels, sound engineers, they are all over the place. No wonder it takes nine hours to teach them their weekly bag of tricks.

From orchestra music, the show swings lightly into a romantic interlude. Lanny Ross and Mary Lou, the Show Boat lovers. Side-by-side, they're talking into a mike, scripts in hand. But say! something is wrong here. There Lanny Ross sits against one wall, a roll of sheet music under his arm. Yet, the girl at the mike is calling the fellow beside her "Lanny." What's this, what's this?



(Above) The gentleman conducting is Don Voorhees, the leader of the Show Boat orchestra. You can also see Charles Winninger (Captain Henry) again. (Right) Lanny Ross and Charles Winninger at the mike.



Know what it is? Nobody outside the studio would ever guess. That "Lanny" and that "Mary Lou", whose voices we hear talking, are merely "doubles." They have the speaking voices that the parts demand. Whenever Lanny has dialogue to say, this fellow says it. His name, by the way, is Allyn Joslyn, and he looks enough like Lanny to be his brother. The girl called Mary Lou is really Muriel Wilson, a mellow-voiced soprano . . . but her lines are all read by Rosalind Green, one of broadcasting's best actresses. In just a month, Rosalind told us the other day, she is celebrating her ninth year on the air. Not many performers can match that.

BUT here they come, the real Lanny and Mary Lou. Their "doubles" step back and Lanny and Muriel stand arm-in-arm. Rapturously, they sing their love song. Funny thing about Lanny, though. He wears an overcoat. We'll ask Mr. Hanson, the Maxwell House press agent.

"Flu," Hanson says. "Ought to be in bed. Fever up to 103, but he insists on going through with it."

From songs, the show shifts back to dialogue. Back to music again, and then to those black-face unfortunates, Molasses and January. They're a pair of less-than-medium height chaps. Black-face dialogue is their forte. No manuscript for them, thank you. They know every line by heart. Their names? They are Pick Malone and Pat Pidgett, better known as the WOR minstrels.

And here is another switch. Don Voorhees' arm and hands cut awkward arcs above the heads of his orchestra, suddenly the music is muted and a thin, lonesome-looking man wanders to a mike. His lips pucker and we hear trilling bird sounds. Cute, isn't it? But try to do it through your own front teeth. Bob MacGinsey has been at it for years. He can imitate more than twenty different wrens. Imagine, whistling for a living. Today, for this twenty seconds of cow-pasture serenade, he draws \$25.00.

Listen to this! Captain Henry is at that mike again. White-haired, looking his part exactly, you don't forget Charles Winninger once you've seen him. His voice is a southern drawl. He is talking about the next set of

entertainers who are all ready to step before the mike.

"I was up in the Kaintuck hills and I found the best hill-billy songsters in the country." Two girls and a young man step briskly to another mike. "I want you'all to listen to them."

THE trio begins its song. Hill-billy music that is hill-billy music. Those voices are like files but they blend uncannily. If you couldn't see them you'd swear they came from a Kentucky hoedown. But seeing them, that makes a difference. Radio knows them as the Keller Sisters and Lynch. They're a smart vocal team and they look as little like mountaineers as do George Raft or Tallulah Bankhead. Tailored togs and hand-needled suitings, if you get it. But fortunately clothes don't go over the air, and Captain Henry's "pretending" makes the show better in a million homes.

Look, look, look! The little lady with the dimpled cheeks and the yum-yum eyes and the cute figure. She is singing. Who is she? Three guesses. Right. Annette Hanshaw. We can hardly hear her through the orchestral fanfare, but don't worry. Engineers will boost her voice tonight until it croons above every single instrument. They say the Prince of Wales is a special admirer. Every record that she makes—and she sings under a half dozen names—are added, by royal order, to his collection. It's too bad, prince, that she has a husband. There he sits through rehearsal and night program, giving her water when she wants it and keeping a coat over her shoulders. Could a prince do more, I wonder?

"Tiny" Ruffner is wandering up and down the studio, following the numbers with a (Continued on page 49)

NO HANDICAP TOO GREAT



Some people cannot achieve success even when they have everything in their favor. Jane Froman had little—in fact, she had a positive handicap—yet won out

By FRANCES
BOSWORTH

I HAVE told my friends that Jane Froman is the most beautiful and tragic woman in radio. She has the kind of face that can break men's hearts, and a body like an exclamation mark.

She has something else, too—something that is possibly the worst defect a woman can have. In a beautiful woman, it is doubly dreadful.

She stutters!

I am not going to mince words because I know she wouldn't want me to. An impediment in one's speech is nothing to be ashamed of. Jane isn't ashamed, ever. It is one of the wonders of the world that she has gotten so far despite it. I think her example is a shining torch in the darkness for those who need to be led, for those who must be told that there is no handicap too great to be overcome.

When she was a child in St. Louis, city of her birth, friends used to listen to her halting, stumbling talk and turn away, whispering, "Isn't it a pity?" Jane heard them and because an arrogant streak in her young soul defied them to pity her, she started to live a little apart from people. From other children, too; she knew she was different, you see.

In Columbia, Missouri, where her mother went when she became instructor of voice in Christian College, she outgrew the skinny, knobby legs of childhood and became a woman. As a matter of course, her mother gave her voice lessons just as she gave them to other students. And Jane made a discovery, unimportant at the moment, but to have an affect later that would change her whole life.

SHE discovered, when she sang, that she did not stutter. Psychologists can undoubtedly give the reasons for this phenomenon. Jane didn't ask any of them because it seemed unimportant. For a while, she reveled in the delight of normal pronunciation. For a while, she dreamed of a career for herself (Continued on page 49)

The Inside Story of RUBINOFF AND HIS VIOLINS



(Above) During the Chase and Sanborn hour. There's Rubinoff at the Microphone. You can see Eddie Cantor at the extreme left. (Immediately to the right) Rubinoff in action. (On other page) With Rudy Vallee. Rudy gave Rubinoff his start on the air.



All his life, Rubinoff has owned only three violins—because he has loved, and hated to part with, each one of them. The story of his violins is the fascinating story of the man himself

By EDWARD R. SAMMIS



IN the dingy black basement of a side-street hovel in the Russian village of Grodno, a woman's work-reddened hands held out a violin to her five-year-old son. "Take it," she said softly, "it is yours."
"Mine?" The boy's voice was incredulous. To own a violin!

Then the wide eyes in the flat, pale face slowly filled with tears as the boy realized what extra hours of toil in the laundry upstairs, what endless self-denials his mother must have undergone to buy him this precious treasure.

Three rubles it had cost. About a dollar and seventy cents.

But to Dave Rubinoff no hundred thousand dollar "Strad" that he has since held in his fingers has seemed half so wonderful as that cheap-jack fiddle with its too-bright varnish and the squeaky high notes.

"Hide it quickly now," his mother said, "before your father comes."

And the fiddle was whisked out of sight behind the family chest.

Thirty years have passed since then. And in all that time Dave Rubinoff has owned but three violins.

He has slaved and sweated for them; gone hungry to buy them. He has hunted them like a Hawkshaw when they were lost or stolen; he has repaired them faithfully when they were broken, rather than buy another.

And they have richly rewarded him. Their notes, welling up from a hole of light in the darkness of a theater pit, or going singing out on the wind through a studio microphone, have brought him back a fortune far beyond the wildest flights of fancy of that village boy in Grodno. Dave Rubinoff and his violin . . .

THE story of one is the story of the other. The three instruments correspond roughly to the three stages in his career which brought him from back-street squalor to one of the most coveted spots in the entertainment

world, as soloist and conductor on the Sunday night Chase and Sanborn hour.

That first boyhood fiddle, purchased through a mother's devotion, got him started on the path. Through it he learned, crudely enough, to give expression to the melodies that were in him.

It led an exciting outlaw life, for it could only be played when pappa Rubinoff was away, working at the tobacco factory, or sometimes at night when he went out to earn a little extra money driving a hack.

For it was part of the agreement between mother and son that pappa Rubinoff was not to know. He had other plans for the boy. He had proudly bought him a whisk broom and was sending him now to a nearby barber shop a few hours each day where he was to brush the customers' clothes and keep his eyes open so that he too might sometime reach a barber's high estate.

So the fiddle had to be shoved out of sight as soon as pappa's footsteps came thumping down the basement stairs.

But eventually pappa heard, and when he heard that the boy played well, instead of being angry, he decreed that he must have lessons, for that was his way.

He found Professor Gottfried, an angular, mild-mannered, wandering German music teacher who had settled in the neighborhood. Professor Gottfried would give him lessons free. (Continued on page 44)



THEY CAN'T FIRE HER!

It's one of the sweetest stories
in radio—this story of the
mysterious sponsor of Irma
Glen's WENR program

By HAL TOTTEN

YOU can take this on a silver platter or you can take it with a grain of salt—but no matter how you take it, get ready for a shock.

There's a commercial program on the air—a real, 18-carat, sponsored program for which good American dollars are laid on the line each week—in which there never has been and never will be one word of commercial sales talk.

Sounds like some sort of a radio millennium, doesn't it? Or maybe one of those "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" yarns of Baron Munchausen.

It is neither. Instead, it is one of those sweet, human stories of radio that come to light only once in a great while.

The program itself rather sneaks up on you. Along in the slack of a Friday evening you may have your receiver tuned in on WENR, the high-powered transmitter operated by NBC in Chicago, when out of the night steals the voice of an organ, deep and full.

The music starts softly, then swells to mighty volume. The tune is "Lovable." The tones again fade and while they continue as a background, a man speaks. His voice is cheery and his message is a most unusual one. Says he:

"Here is the program that comes to you each week through the courtesy of a friend. It is given as a tribute to Irma Glen and as a gift to all lovers of organ music."

Simple, isn't it? A bit startling, perhaps, but nevertheless packed with sentiment—a program, sponsored, yet with no thought of commercialization, no product to sell.

BUT there is no catch to it. No matter how long, or how often, you listen to the program "Irma Glen and Her Lovable Music," you will never hear one word of commercial sales talk. Nor will you ever hear the name of the sponsor.

It's a happy, heart-warming sort of story, so let's take it from the beginning.

Among the higher-powered broadcasters, WENR always has been one of those warm, chummy stations with a fine staff and plenty of personality in its programs. From its earliest days, WENR produced practically every form of program, musical or otherwise, with its own staff and filled its entire day's schedule by itself.

Thus the shows sparkled. The station's mail was extremely heavy. Every letter was answered. Many listeners became regular correspondents (*Continued on page 46*)



These two radio performers—mother and daughter in real life, girl friends on the air—are two grand folks

A GLIMPSE OF MYRT AND MARGE

By IRIS ANN CARROLL

SOME folks just won't blow their own horns. They're regular, swell, decent people with oodles of talent and heaps of personality but they keep their pretty lips shut for fear someone will think they're going high-hat. That's why I'm writing this story.

That's why I'm writing it about Myrt and Marge of Chicago. Not the program called "Myrt and Marge," but the people who make that program. They're grand, really. As people, mind you, so let's forget that they're actresses.

The first time I saw Myrt, she was fighting a fire in her kitchen stove. A half dozen chops were flaming merrily and she was trying to smother them by closing the oven door. No fuss, no bluster, just a woman who knew her way around the kitchen taking care of an emergency.

The last time I saw her, I'll never forget it. She was standing between two cops. All three were talking at once, and she was getting the worst of it. They were going to . . . but I'm saving that story till later. You'll see why when I tell it.

Myrt—Myrtle Vail to her friends—has a lot of reasons to be proud. She writes all the "Myrt and Marge" sketches, she acts in them. And she is the mother of Marge. It was a secret for a long, long time, until she

broke down a few months ago and 'fessed up.

Marge—Donna Damerel to you and me—is a hi-de-ho girl with an eye for color and a taste for bright lights. I hadn't been in the studios of WBBM in Chicago ten minutes before she rushed past like a comet. A scarlet streak beyond the door. Or was it scarlet? Bright, bright, bright scarlet, maybe; the color of flame where it burns down close to the wood.

"Marge," yelled Steve Trumbull, CBS press representative in whose office I was sitting. The swift clack of high heels ceased and her voice floated back.

"Calling me, Steve?"

"Yowza," said Steve, and the lady herself stepped through the doorway.

It's a good thing I'm not impressionable. I mean it's lucky for my six readers that I'm a hard-boiled newspaper woman with a gift for cutting through the wrappings to the package itself. I mean, if I hadn't been, just the look of her would have made me feel all hithery-thithery and isn't she a-dor-able-ish. And that's no way for a critic of raddio to approach its daughters.

Donna Damerel looks like the kind of girl you'd call God's gift to lonely men. Just (Continued on page 40)



Norman Brokenshire, Ben Bernie and Heywood Broun have all tried to make advertising interesting by the injection of humor and personality into it.

THERE'S TOO MUCH ADVERTISING

That's what this famous author believes—and she backs up her beliefs with intelligent and sound reasons. When you've read this, consider the other side of the story, too—on the opposite page

SOMETIMES I tune off. Sometimes because of a poor program, but almost always because of the presentation of advertising.

Advertising must of necessity play a very big rôle in radio. It is because of advertisers buying air time that we have such marvelous programs, but my objection to radio advertising is not the advertising itself but the way in which some of the material is presented to the public.

I am a radio fan. I have three radios. I listen in a great deal. I follow the trends in radio programs. And I resent having my intelligence slapped in the face by advertisers who do not know when to stop and who pile superlative on superlative until you are ready to believe nothing at all about the product they are trying to sell you.

Some of the finest programs I have ever listened to have been prefaced by the mere announcement—"this program comes to you through the courtesy of the Blank Company, makers of So and So"; and have ended in the same way. I like this a lot. At the same time, I realize that the advertiser who spends a great deal of money for time on the air, and a good program, feels that he is entitled to a discussion of his product. He's quite right; but let that discussion be short and to the point, and not so loaded with impossible exaggerations that the listener feels cantankerous, and ready to believe, through sheer perversity, that the product is no great shakes after all.

By FAITH
BALDWIN

This sort of advertising defeats the advertiser's ends.

I have listened to as many as four toothpaste concerns in one evening, each shouting loudly through an announcer that their toothpaste was the best in the world and all others, by implication, no earthly good at all.

I wish an advertiser would come forward and say, "The makers of Gooflax, sponsoring this program, believe in their product. They want you to believe in it too. They make no cure-all claims for it. They merely ask that you try it and be convinced."

I think that would do quite as well as a hundred adjectives hurled dramatically into the mike by the announcer. Most of us know that every announcer does not use every product which he advertises for the manufacturers. It would be very pleasing if, therefore, announcers could read the advertising material with as much sincerity as possible, but with a lot less hearts and flowers.

I KNOW that advertisers believe that repetition makes an impression on the listener. And of course it does. But it must be clever repetition. I could listen to any advertiser, night after night, who made a plain statement of what he thought was fact and who stated it firmly and in good, round, solid language. But I couldn't listen to him if he embellished it with fancy phrases and miraculous claims and gave it to me (Continued on page 50)

There's been plenty of criticism about advertising on the radio. Some of it Faith Baldwin airs on the opposite page. But have you ever stopped to picture what radio would be like without advertising? Read this feature and be amazed

By CURTIS
MITCHELL



—BUT WE'VE GOT TO HAVE IT!



(Left) The New York office and studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System where radio is run like a business. (Above) The building which houses the British Broadcasting Company where radio is run by the government. Which system do you prefer?

WHEREVER I go, I hear the same complaint, "There's too much advertising on the air." And I ask, "What do you mean by 'too much'?" But not once have I encountered a man or woman who knows in terms of facts and figures what he is talking about.

So, recently, I bought a stop-watch and set myself to the task of timing some of our foremost programs. No effort was made to average them up, week-after-week. These figures represent only a single typical performance given on the night I happened to hear it.

The Fleischmann Hour took only 2 minutes and 43 seconds away from Rudy Vallee's entertainment.

The Maxwell House Show Boat dedicated 3 minutes and 26 seconds to plugging coffee that is "good to the last drop."

Lucky Strike, most damned of all offenders, used but 3 minutes and 16 seconds to tell about tobacco.

Amos 'n' Andy brought with them 1 minute and 36 seconds of toothpaste talk.

The Linit Bath Club sponsors were satisfied with a bath salt message that lasted 1 minute and 59 seconds.

Robert Burns' Panatella program gave 1 minute and 58 seconds to its advertising and left the rest to Burns and Allen and Lombardo.

Chesterfield employed only 62 seconds of Norman Brokenshire's tobacco breeziness.

Ed Wynn's Texaco circus sobered up for a brief 2 minutes and 24 seconds to speak of "gasoloon."

The figures, I think you will agree, are more reassuring than alarming. However, for those who want their entertainment "unpolluted," let us look at these additional facts.

First: What would you substitute for advertising and the revenue it represents? (Continued on page 40)



Acme

(Left) Franklin D. Roosevelt speaking over the air during his campaign. (Above) President Coolidge really put Washington on the air.



Wide World

President Hoover continued the practice of the President broadcasting his speeches. He has aired ninety-eight speeches, to be exact. Sort of a record.



Acme

Mrs. Hoover, too, has not shirked or been afraid of the mike. These days the First Lady of the Land has to be able to speak to multitudes over the radio.

WASHINGTON

WHEN a President of the United States sneezes, fifty million Americans say, "God bless you."

The reason is this: The President of the United States has the largest air audience in the world. When he wants to broadcast, everything else must cease. Usually, whether he requests it or not, both the red and blue NBC networks and Columbia's full sixty-six-station web are at his disposal. This is especially true at Inaugural time.

I wonder if you realize that only five Presidents have been on the air? Amazing fact, isn't it? It shows how young is this business of broadcasting.

The first was Warren G. Harding, whose Inaugural speech on March 4, 1921, was aired by several up-and-coming stations. Following him in 1923 was ex-President Woodrow Wilson, speaking from the steps of his Washington home in behalf of the League of Nations. Ex-President Taft never saw a mike when he was in the White House, but as Chief Justice of the United States, he made several radio addresses.

BY BLAND
MULHOLLAND

It was the late Calvin Coolidge who inaugurated the policy of permitting all of his most important addresses to be broadcast. In his seven years in Washington, he was heard thirty-seven times. Herbert Hoover, taking to the mike immediately, aired even more of his speeches. Ninety-eight, to be exact. And now we wait for President-Elect Roosevelt and the next four years.

As this is written, behind the scenes in Washington there is being staged quite a tug-of-war. The prize in the 1933 Inauguration. President-Elect Roosevelt declared for simple ceremonies with a minimum of fuss and bother. With the country still in the doldrums and thousands suffering from poverty, he asked for an Inaugural in keeping with the times.

But will he, the President-Elect, get his way?

NOT if certain elements in Washington accomplish that toward which they are now working. Washington merchants count on the Inaugural to bring thousands of visitors to their city. Every four years they fatten their wallets with the wealth of tourists and guests. The gleam-

ON THE AIR

ing, glittering spectacle of a gaudy Inaugural is the lure that charms their customers. They will not give it up without a battle.

As this is written, they are still battling. On March 4, we shall know who won.

During the years, Inaugurations have become more or less fixed in their routine. No matter how simple and frill-less they are made, they will always be Washington's most exciting event. Then, as at no other time, the city is thronged with visitors. Then, as never again until four years have passed, do uniforms and evening dress and gleaming gowns flash so gaily in hotel lobbies and ballrooms.

This year, both NBC and Columbia are bending every effort to carry to their listeners a throbbing pulsing picture of President-Elect Roosevelt's induction into our highest office. Columbia will have its mikes manned by such experienced reporters as Ted Husing, Edwin C. Hill, Robert Trout, and H. V. Kaltenborn. Some of these men will employ the radio sensation of last year, the lapel mike. It will enable them to follow news in the making for blocks if necessary.

The National network expects to have James Walling-

ton, David Lawrence, William Hard, Graham McNamee, Milton Cross, George Hicks, Norman Sweetser, Charles O'Conner, and Ben Grauer on the job.

BEHIND the scenes of each network's activity will be two agile and gifted young men whose names you never hear on the air but who, nevertheless, plan and control the actual broadcast. For NBC, "Skeets" Miller is the "man-higher-up." For Columbia, Herb Glover fills the same spot. Between them, they are in charge of their network's special broadcasts. In their stride, during a year's time, they take such events as talks from submarines, the landing of ocean-hopping aviators, the burning of prisons, and an Inauguration.

Each network, I am told, plans at least ten different "points" from which its observers will spin the yarn of the big, gay day's events. Ten spots in and about Washington to be co-ordinated into a coherent, ever-moving narration for millions of listening citizens. It is no easy job.

One observer will be in the air for each network. NBC hopes to use the giant Akron or some lighter-than-air ship. Four years ago they discovered (Continued on page 42)

Read all about how the Inaugural ceremonies are picked up by the mikes

It's a tremendous job—and it taxes the resources of both Columbia and NBC

Album

Willard Robison
was a wheat farmer with a yen
for music



WHEN Willard Robison wrote "The Devil Is Afraid of Music" several years ago, he clustered his philosophy of life on the staff of a music manuscript. He preached a sermon in notes, and reached a goal that has been in his mind's eye since way back yonder.

Glance back to Kansas at the turn of the century. Bone dry Kansas. Puritan Kansas where no cigarettes could be bought on Sunday. A farm in that state was Willard Robison's home, a home that was ruled by a good man, but an intolerant one. Willard's father could never understand the music that his son began to sing when he was still a child or the tunes that he began to invent and play on the old family organ. To him music was the voice of the devil and, therefore, something to be scourged out with whippings and beatings.

Despite this environment, young Robison clung desperately to his songs. The labor in the fields, and the grinding parade of planting and harvesting all became incidental. He began to write more and more, borrowing from negro harvest hands their deep river chants and modeling them to his own moods.

When he left home he naturally turned to the South in order to absorb still more of the black man's music. Presently, he was athrill with the cadences of all the negro spirituals. Then he really began to write.

After a while, he came to New York. Radio discovered

him in 1929. The world was afire with prosperity. His softly mournful singing was a cry lost in bedlam. People were not sorrowful nor pessimistic that year. But the next year, he became something of a sensation. His music was a prayer and an answer to a prayer all in one.

News of success travels rapidly along Radio Row. In no time at all, sponsors were knocking at Robison's door. He listened to their stories and politely turned them away. Their ideas of broadcasting did not agree with his. That his music should be used as a lure to attract people to mouthwashes and motor oils did not appeal to him.

But he is on the air now, sponsored, you say? Indeed he is. But he didn't go on until he found a sponsor who said to him, "You are the boss. Do as you will."

You can hear him now on NBC stations. His programs are scarcely changed. That spirit of independence that carried him through those submerged years in Kansas still serves to make them unique and beautiful.

Album



Jeannie Lang got
75,000 letters
after one screen
appearance

you bear it, my dear? She calls herself "Sissy" because she does not smoke or drink and goes to church each Sunday.

She made her debut with Brooke Johns, the skyscraping entertainer, who has a habit of hiring tiny tots to contrast with his height. It was her first stage job and she was determined to make good. My dear, she was in a *frenzy*. She and Brooke went on the stage—and everything went black. When she came to, she was in his arms. He was holding her like a baby,

and singing *her* song. She had fainted plumb away. Can you *tie* it?

Presently, her parents went a-visiting in California. Friends at the Universal studio showed them around, Jeannie was *thu-rilled* to death. It happened that Paul Whiteman was making the "King of Jazz." He saw Jeannie and asked if she could sing. "I can squeak," she answered. And he gave her a job. The two songs she "squeaked" in that picture brought her 75,000 letters.

Since then, she has worked in a New York stage show, and sung with Jack Denny's orchestra in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Her spot on the Pontiac program is a job after her own heart. It gives her a bigger audience than she has ever had (sixty-four or five stations, isn't it?) and she works with big Bill O'Neal, the Pontiac tenor, who is always close enough to catch her if she faints.

Not that it's likely. Jeannie isn't stage-shy any more. Nor mike-shy. Nor red-dress shy, either.

If one of John Held's winsome sketches, impertinent of nose and windblown of bob, came to life . . . that would be Jeannie Lang. Small and vivacious, with an arresting voice and a high-pitched giggle that you either love or want to strangle, this petite and engaging singer on the Pontiac program is the kind of girl who gets in your eye.

Dressed in red, with her hair making queries around her cheeks, and her dark eyes brimming over with downright whoop-de-do, Jeannie talks just like a prep school girl, with trills and murmurs of excitement and exclamations such as, "Oh, did I *ever* get a *bang* out of *that*? I was just *annihilated* with *excitement*. I mean I was a *frazzle!*"

Interrupting herself with interludes of mezzo-soprano laughter, Jeannie reports that she was born in St. Louis, Mo., December 17, 1911. A mere handful she was then, she is still a mere handful. Her name all her life has been "Spark Plug," "Half-pint" or "Peanuts." Can

Album

Tom Howard was
a grocery boy
once—at \$6.00
per week

YOU can't kid Tom Howard. He's wise—a wise boob. And why shouldn't he be? It has made him rich, given him a mansion and yachts and a kennel of racing whippets. And a job as Chesterfield's funny feller over one of the biggest commercial networks in America.

Tom Howard is a new species to broadcasting. So is George Shelton, his "straight" man. They use no manuscript when they clown before the mike. They won't hold a script in their hands. Nothing that you hear in your loudspeaker is read from a sheet of paper. Tom won't have it.

Which provides a twice-a-week headache for the production men and engineers who handle the Chesterfield program. These engineers are precise fellows. They time a program for fifteen minutes and they want it to run fifteen minutes. With Howard and Shelton ad libbing, spinning their zany cross-fire, they never know what is going to happen. But Howard and Shelton know. They've been at it a lot longer than most of those engineers have been engineering. Always, they finish their gag right on the second.

A wise boob, they call Howard. Ask him a question: "Mr. Howard, in your opinion, what makes up the successful comedian?" Howard's loose, lean face folded into a half-hundred wrinkles as he thinks (or pretends to think.) He answers, "Take the yolk of two eggs, mix with . . ." But you get the idea.



Just the same, he was smart enough in Hollywood to get contracts that brought him \$4,500 for each day that he worked. Which is pretty good for an Irish immigrant's kid whose first pay check was \$6.00 a week in a Philadelphia grocery store.

One day a lady came into that store with her grocery basket lined with a paper on which were printed the words of "The Face on the Barroom Floor." Tom asked for the paper and finally got it for a dozen eggs.

Within the week, he knew all twenty-five verses. With gestures. And recited them upon the slightest encouragement. One day his boss caught him on his knees reciting to a cracker barrel. That was the end of that job.

He drifted into vaudeville, burlesque, and vaud again. One day a girl came asking for a job. He was giving lectures at the time, and he offered her \$15.00 a week if she would furnish the lantern slides. She took it and went to work. They were married within the year.

Album

Thurston is afraid
of small boys
seeing through
his magic

thought that he had discovered one of the master magician's tricks.

In his basement, he found a bottle and cork and twine. Patiently, he recreated the illusion. Then he practiced like a slave. That night, he astounded his parents. From that day to this, magic has been in his blood.

No wonder, in his own career, he has been more afraid of the sharp-eyed small boys in his audience than of any other persons. Lawyers, he says, are the hardest class of adults to fool.

By 1904, he had built a small American reputation. It was enough for him. Always a wanderer at heart, he took a dozen shopworn trunks and started around the world. The crowned heads of Europe and Asia were his game.

Back in America, another magician was gaining fame. This was a man named Keller. When Thurston came home, he found Keller and they joined hands.

It was just last year that this new career as a radio actor opened for him. His whole life has been eventful. With his magic, he has trapped German spies and exposed fakers and forced confessions from murderers. These episodes were turned into radio plays and Thurston was invited to play himself.

For a while, he worried about it. In his life, he had entertained and mystified fifty million people, but always, he had been where they could see him and he them. This thing called radio was a kind of magic he did not understand. Today, he understands and likes it.

WHAT a chitter and chatter there used to be in the old home town when red-lettered placards announced the arrival of that man of mystery, "Thurston, the Magician." A genii of the high silk hat and now-you-see-'em-now-you-don't bunnies, a wizard who could confound even the smartest of the village's wisenheimers, he was indeed a miracle man. Today, at sixty-four, Thurston is embarking on a new career, that of radio actor.

He was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1869. Growing up, there was never a thought in his head that he would some day be the world's greatest magician. Not even when he was being educated at the Moody and Sankey school in Massachusetts.

It was the performance of a man called the Great Alexander that directed his attention to magic. And it happened in Thurston's boyhood birthplace. After the show, young Thurston ran home throbbing with the secret

Album

John S. Young decided his career by the flip of a coin

WHATEVER John S. Young goes for, he goes for in a big way. Way back there in the misty reaches of his past when he was a collitch boy at Yale—a classmate of Rudy Vallee, by the way—he couldn't decide whether he should be a playwright, an actor, or should work for a living. So he flipped a coin. It's a habit he got into during dull hours in the chem. lab. on the New Haven campus. The coin decided he should be a playwright . . . and that is how he became one of radio's most popular and successful announcers.

Johnny is a New Englander born and bred. Springfield, Mass., became his home town on August 3, 1902. In grammar school he became a fiddle player. But he gave it up after he failed to lick the lad who called him a sissy.

From Yale to broadcasting was a short step. He haunted the Boston studios until everyone knew him as one of the most persistent hangers-on in the history of Boston broadcasting. All the time he looked like a sample of what the well-dressed young man will wear. Today he still has the habit and if you should see him around the NBC's New York air castle you need look no further for what the haberdashers call impeccability.

In Boston, someone gave him a job as an actor and that was the break he wanted. A few months later he turned announcer and came presently to New York to make a big name for himself in the big town.



The high spot of his career was the night that Floyd Gibbons was unable to show up for one of his weekly talks on science. John was handed the Gibbons manuscript and told to put it on the air. Floyd, you know, has the reputation of being the ether's fastest word-flinger. John went to bat with a frown between his brows. Presently, words were tumbling off his lips at a mile-a-minute clip. Studio officials watched in amazement. Young chanted on at what he thought was the Gibbons pace. At the finish he wiped his brow and staggered to a chair. Gibbons had timed that talk for seven minutes—and Johnny Young had done it in five!

As announcer, they say John S. Young is almost perfect. More than almost anyone else on the NBC staff, he responds to the people and things around him.

As a picture of the inner man, he likes beefsteak for breakfast. He sleeps in Russian pajamas. And when faced with any important decision, he still flips a coin.

Album



Betty Barthell
was discovered
by "pop-calling"
—down South

For two years, when he was about, she had played "The Rosary." When he wasn't, she played the "Wabash Blues." Now, this opportunity scared her.

So she didn't go to the studio as she had promised. Her sponsor waited for a while and then got in his car and went after her. Not often do station executives have to beg young ladies. But this man begged for Betty's services and finally got them.

It would be a slight exaggeration to say that her success was instantaneous.

It wasn't, but she didn't flop. There were quite a number of people who liked her . . . even in her own family.

Not many months ago, Julius Seebach, who hires and fires the Columbia talent, happened to visit WLAC. Betty was on one of the programs he heard and he decided that she was destined for big things.

As a result, she came to New York to a thrice-a-week morning broadcasting job. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 9:45 E. S. T. It's a job she likes, too.

It's the tall buildings that bore her. Really, you'd think a country kid from Tennessee, where all the monkeys have been chased out of the biology books, would get a kick out of Manhattan's skyscrapers. But she doesn't. She likes sky over her in the day and a bridge table before her at night. To get the former, she takes long bus rides up the Hudson almost every day. To get the latter . . . well, her first question to new people she meets is, "Do you use the Culbertson, Official, or One over One system?"

DOWN south, they call it "pop-calling" when a four-some or so of boys on a tear drop in on a girl and invite themselves for the evening. In return, the girl is supposed to provide refreshment and entertainment. That delightful custom brought Betty Barthell, the CBS sweet singer, to the mike.

This fateful evening, one of the pop-callers was the staff pianist at WLAC at Nashville. After Betty had sung and played the piano for the boys, he invited her to the station next day for an audition.

Betty wasn't at all sure that she wanted to go on the air. The idea of working for a living really hadn't occurred to her. A typical Southern darling, she had been raised up in Nashville and educated at the exclusive Ward-Belmont finishing school. Her musical education had begun rather carelessly when her father, deciding that he would like to have someone around to play his favorite song, "The Rosary," had arranged for her to have lessons.

KATE SMITH'S PATH TO GLORY

By PEGGY WELLS

KATE SMITH sat by a window in Ted Collins' office and her eyes searched the sky as if for an answer to the question she had just heard. It was long before she was famous.

"If you'll do exactly what I tell you and not ask me why, I'll make you the biggest name in show business," Ted Collins had said a moment before.

Does he mean it, she wondered? Could he honestly take a "nobody" and do that for her? After a while, she looked him squarely in the eyes and held out her hand. "That's okay with me, Ted," she said.

That was their contract; there never has been another, never a signature on a dotted line anywhere.

You already know the manner in which Ted Collins kept his promise. From an obscure musical show entertainer to a nation's favorite is no small climb. How did he do it?

Let's face the facts. In Kate he had a girl with a golden voice, to be sure; but good voices can be bought for a song along Broadway. He was fortunate, the smart lads say, in finding a singer who would *work*. Work without complaining, without tears or tirades or temperament. And, best of all, who would work without the complications of a romance in the background.

Kate doesn't and never did seek romance. And that simplifies the task confronting any manager. She wanted only success and the power for helping people that such success would bring. For that, she was willing to slave.

Those first months weren't far from that, actually. Collins booked her into benefits wherever there was an opening. He wanted every manager on Broadway to hear her. Sometimes, she played seven shows in a single Sunday night.

Rudy Vallee was one of those who heard her, and he invited her to be his guest on the Fleischmann hour. I



"If you'll do exactly what I tell you and not ask why, I'll make you the biggest name in show business." That was what her manager said to Kate Smith

This picture of Kate was taken while at work on "Hello, Everybody," her first starring picture for Paramount. While in Hollywood, Kate lived quietly without any ballyhoo. She leased Monte Blue's home there.

think that was her first appearance on the air. And what happened? Did her fan mail hint at the tremendous radio sensation she was to become? It did not! The fan mail she got from that broadcast, you could stick in your eye. As yet, you see, she hadn't learned the little tricks of "mike technique."

But the voice was there. Those Columbia records she had made proved that. Collins kept his faith that she would crash through somewhere; and weeks later, he was able to persuade a Columbia network official that here was a potential radio star. Why not give her a chance?

They offered her a spot, three times a week at an hour so late that all but the milkman had gone to bed. The salary was \$75.00 a week. In the theatre, she had earned \$300.

"Take it," Collins ordered. And Kate took it.

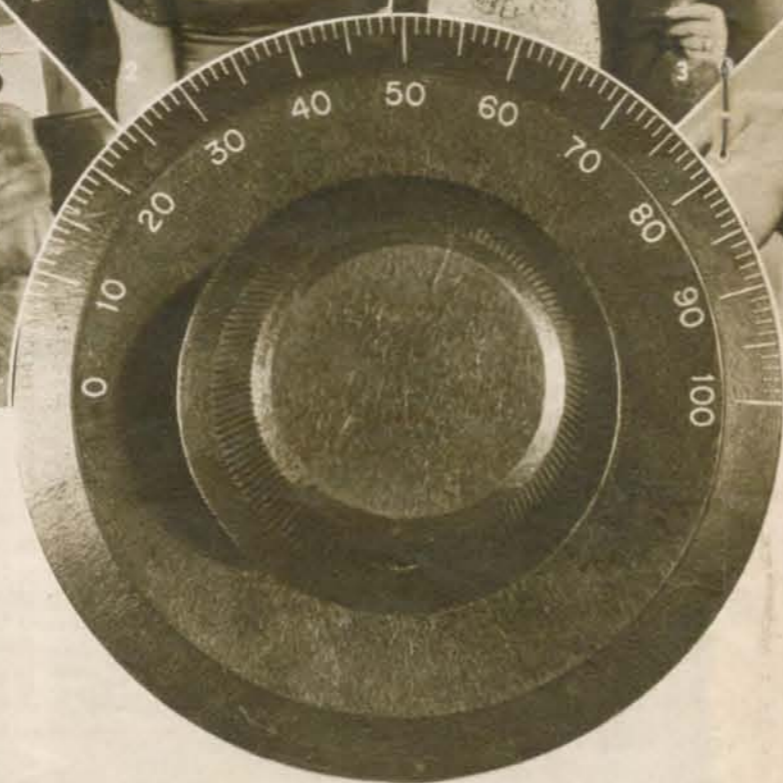
As Ted foresaw, those late-hour programs began to attract listeners. Enthusiastic ones who wrote extravagant letters. So great was their praise that CBS officials decided to put her to the supreme test.

"We'll put you on the air in opposition to Amos 'n' Andy," they said. "Want the spot?"

Amos 'n' Andy were the unchallenged emperors of radio in those days, recollect. Not many an entertainer would have had the temerity to compete with them. Not even Kate, without Ted's shining faith.

"We'll take it," he said.

You know what happened . . . it's all a part of the record. She built up a following that no woman singer had ever been able to achieve. She found herself skyrocketing to success and fame at a breath-taking rate. And sponsors with contracts in their hands tried to buy her services. Always, it was to Ted Collins that they had to talk. And one after (Continued on page 43)



ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the number here. 1. When Billie Dauscha, "The Melody Maid of Manhattan," joined the staff of WLW, she flew to Cincinnati because she only had ten hours before she was due on the air. She's being welcomed by Eugene Perazzo, whose orchestra accompanies her at WLW. 2. Ken Murray of the Royal Gelatine hour and his stooge. 3. Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. 4. Helen Brooks who appears on the air as Helen of Happyland. She's heard from WCKY, Covington, Ky. 5. Fred Lowry, known as the Texas Redbird. Ever heard him whistle? 6. Gordon Graham, Dave Grant and Bunny Coughlin, the Funnyboners, get funny on the ice in New York's Central Park. 7. Little Jack Little with the proper setting for his song, "At the Baby Parade." 8. Harold Stokes, orchestra leader of NBC's Armour program, presents a silver cup to Louise Hendron for the best fan letter sent him during 1932.



This humble cottage is the home of John's parents. When John was a young man he was sort of wild—in the manner which was known as wild, then—and his father got upset about it. So much so that he left John stranded in New York without a penny.



Meet John MacPherson in the MacPherson dress parade outfit! The picture was taken in the costume which won first prize in a contest before the King of England some years ago.

REVEALING

His name is—it's a secret! He's married and

THE Mystery Chef has never read a cookbook in his life nor taken a cooking lesson. Yet, he has helped as many women to improve their cooking as any person alive.

He *knows* cooking. If you doubt it, read these excerpts from his own cookbook:

Poaching eggs: If a few drops of vinegar are added to the water in which the eggs are to be poached, they will hold together and the white will not separate in the water.

Cutting up an onion: Get a quarter of a slice of ordinary bread. Now place the piece of bread between the teeth, allowing it to protrude slightly, keeping the mouth slightly open; then cut and grate all the onions you want and not a single tear will come to your eyes.

To keep the cream pitcher from dripping: You can stop it at once by spreading a little butter on the tip of the spout.

To cut very new bread easily: Pass the blade of the knife through a flame so that the blade becomes



This charming apartment is the place where Mr. and Mrs. John MacPherson live in New York. Sort of makes you think of old Scotch baronial halls, doesn't it? Yes, that's the kitchen where the ring is. About as big as a minute.

Here is a close up of the corner of the room which John uses as a kitchen. When not in use, that woodwork goes back into place and the kitchen disappears completely. John served forty guests from that kitchen.

THE MYSTERY CHEF

lives in— But read the story about him and his amazing knowledge of cooking

hot. It will then cut the newest bread in perfectly smooth slices.

His master vegetable recipe is a gem that allows you to cook correctly any vegetable that grows. Listen:

When you are in doubt as to how a vegetable should be cooked, you will find my rule an excellent one to follow. It tells you which vegetables to start in cold water; which vegetables to cook with a lid on the pot and which to cook without a lid on the pot.

If it grows beneath the ground (root vegetables), it grows covered in the cold earth. Then start it in cold water and cover the pot with a lid.

If it grows above the ground (green vegetables), it grows uncovered in the hot sun. Then start it in hot water and leave the pot uncovered (no lid).

Cook them exactly as they grew; cook them until they are tender.

Who is this remarkable man whose voice is heard on

a group of NBC stations twice each week? For a long time, nobody knew. Only he and his sponsors, makers of Davis Baking Powder, held the secret.

People guessed. English, if you believed his accent. But American from the up-to-the-minute Americanisms sprinkled through his talk. In unguarded moments, he referred to his yacht and his huge old home in London, a house built from the stones of the original London Bridge. That let the cat out of the bag. We knew he was British. Some of us guessed that he was an earl or a duke.

Well, the Mystery Chef is no earl or duke. He is a Scotsman and so opened-handed a Scotsman (believe it or not) that his wife has to take care of his money to keep him from giving it away. And he is no longer a mystery, thanks to the Prince of Wales. His real name is John MacPherson.

Yes, thanks to the Prince of Wales. You see, the MacPhersons are an ancient and upstanding clan in Scotland.

By CECIL
B. STURGES



(Left) In the days when his identity was a deep, dark secret. That's why he's covering his face with his topper. Yes, it's his wife with him. (Below) John looks well on a horse. He likes horses and knows how to make them like him, too.



They live in castles and some of them have been honored by the king with titles. Always, they have been rulers and do-ers. Not one of them has ever earned his living as a cook.

When John MacPherson went on the air as the Mystery Chef, he didn't want to offend or embarrass those relatives who thought that cookery was something for the servant class. So he became a mystery and stayed a mystery until recently the Prince of Wales gave an intimate dinner party at which he cooked and served every dish himself. In the British Isles what is all right for Wales is all right for all. The men of the nobility took up cooking and now it is a fad for them to prepare and serve dinners to their friends. And John MacPherson's vocation that he hid for a while becomes the boast of his trans-Atlantic relations.

But remember this: he still retains his amateur standing, for never has he cooked or served a meal for pay. He has never been a real chef except in his own home where he has gotten every meal for twenty years. Real chefs, he maintains, are not capable of advising housewives. Their problems are so different. Probably that is one reason the mail response to the Mystery Chef's broadcasts is one of the miracles of modern radio.

Husbands write to him, "You don't know what you have done for my home. My wife's cooking has changed overnight." Women write to him, "I never knew cooking could be so little trouble and so much fun."

One of his favorite preachments is that a dinner is easy to get if you plan it. His most astonishing broadcast

was the one in which he told and demonstrated how it is possible for a busy woman to prepare and serve a full course dinner within ten minutes after getting in the house. If you want to try that on your gas plate, write to him for his cookbook in care of the National Broadcasting Company in New York.

He is one cooking instructor who practices what he preaches. One evening last winter, he prepared dinner for eight people. Two of them called at the last minute and explained they were caught up in a party. "Bring the party with you," MacPherson said. They did, walking in with twenty extra guests. An ordinary cook would have fainted at the sight of them but the Mystery Chef served them all within thirty minutes.

On last Christmas Day, he invited the NBC announcers and engineers to his luxurious pent house apartment for a Christmas turkey dinner, (Continued on page 47)

It's not an easy job to know Lopez—he's shy, retiring, a little timid with people he hasn't met before. To fully appreciate the man you must understand him—as you will after reading this



++ DO YOU
KNOW THE
REAL LOPEZ?

VINCENT LOPEZ has fooled you. In fact he has fooled almost everyone who has seen his picture, watched his band at some smart dancing place or has seen him on the stage or the picture screen. His sleek hair, his enigmatic smile and his swarthy Latin face are national symbols of sophistication. He isn't sophisticated. He is naïve. In many things he is a little boy.

Lopez may not like this article. He thinks of himself as a sophisticate. He may resent, though he won't say anything, allegations of simplicity—even childishness. Yet the real Lopez so few people know is more charming, more likable and more sincere than the publicized band master.

Let's start out by shattering a few illusions. Lopez is not Spanish nor is he South American. His mother was of Spanish descent and his father was a Portuguese. He doesn't speak Spanish. It isn't the language of his birthplace, Brooklyn, N. Y. He isn't particularly temperamental

By PETER
DIXON

nor does he have a trace of the Latin gift for making pretty speeches. He keeps his hair slicked down not because he thinks it makes him look more like an Argentine but because his hair is naturally wavy and he doesn't like that.

Five years ago someone interested Lopez in numerology. He took it very seriously. He learned all that was possible of the so-called science of numbers, progressed into a modified form of astrology and dabbled in mysticism. His religion, all influences that guide his life, are now made up of a curious combination of a half dozen occult sciences.

He sincerely believes in the influence of stars and of numbers. He believes in reincarnation and in mystic phenomena. The man's ability to forecast the future is amazing. Call it coincidence, or what you will, he has made some predictions that have come true to the hour.

At the time of writing, Lopez is in Chicago. Eight months ago, when he was still (Continued on page 46)

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT



(Left) Gertrude Niesen who's doing a series of recitals over the Columbia network every Friday at 6.30 p.m. (Above) The famous Boswell Sisters. Martha on the left, Connie, and Vet on the right. Twice a week, Columbia.



HARRIET CRUISE, young CBS torch singer, is rated radio's original hard-luck lassie. In the few months she has been warbling for a network audience, she has been injured in two automobile accidents, suffered an attack of laryngitis, and been threatened with blindness.

MARY LOU, radio sweetheart of Lanny Ross on NBC's Show Boat, has two mascots. They're girls. One was born recently in Hamburg, N. Y. The other was born in Harlingen, Texas. They are both named Mary Lou after—guess who.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE is in hiding. And with ample reason, so 'elp me. At a broadcast the other eventide, he borrowed Announcer Louis Dean's London opera hat. Columbia's Colonel left the broadcast early and after the show Dean searched frantically for the missing skypiece. A porter finally discovered it, crushed flat and thrown casually under the Colonel's mighty Gas Pipe Organ. So Announcer Dean is seen these days carrying a shot gun. And Colonel Stoopnagle is in hiding.

HERE'S a scoop-poop-a-doop! By the time you read this, Helen Kane, who started the vogue of baby-voiced warbling, will be on the air. It's a come-back for Helen. She has been out of the picture now for several seasons.

YOUR FAVORITES



CARSON ROBISON is climbing up the popularity charts with his whang-dang cow-country music. Frank Luther, his former side-kick and the latest addition to his Barbasol program, was once a parson on the West Coast.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE has written more songs in his time than most band leaders can shake a stick at. His two newest are both over-night honey: "I Can't Get Enough of You," and "When My Little Pomeranian Meets Your Little Pekinese."

ANNOUNCER FRANK KNIGHT was recently *hors de combath*. Yowza, **COMBATH**. He was having his Saturday tub, stepped on a cake of soap, went into a tail-spin, and was lugged to the hospital with two splintered ribs. So the air was temporarily minus his mellifluous mutterings for a few weeks.

HARRY HORLICK, violinist and leader of the A. & P. Gypsies, has it straight from life that "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." Harry was in Russia doing concert work during the Revolution. Smothered under the red tide of Bolshevism and unable to escape, Red executioners caught him and accused him of being a foreign spy. "A foreign spy, huh?" huh-ed Harry. "Just lissen tuh this." Grabbing his trusty violin, he began to play Russian folk songs that he had learned in his childhood. Nobody but a Russian could have known them, and no-

(Right) Mary Eastman worked with Singin' Sam for a while. She is now on the staff of WABC of Columbia. (Above) The Barbasol Buckaroos. Standing, Frank Luther and Carson Robison. The other two are John and Bill Mitchell.



LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



Harry Reser, the leader of the Clicquot Club Eskimos Orchestra. Harry can play the banjo like somebody's business. Technical tricks or sweet-and-simple melody—it's all one to 'im.



Al Jolson, the newest stage star to enter the radio field. Just in case you don't know, you can hear him every Friday evening at 10 p.m. E. S. T. over the NBC network on the Chevrolet Hour.



June Pursell who is pretty and talented and can wear clothes, too, startled the West with her blues singing a while ago. They made so much tarantara about her that NBC signed her up.

body but a Russian could have listened to them. At the end, the Reds turned him out and told him to grow a beard before he got arrested again.

SLIM is back, you WLS fans. Slim Miller, the demon fiddle flipper who enlivens those Barn Dance programs that are the Middle West's particular bedtime tonic. Not long ago, while limbering himself up for a dancing contest, he kicked too hard and high and landed on his hip pocket with a busted laig. Since which, Slim hasn't been so active. But now he's back and the good old WLS Barn Dance is shore coming in sweet and strong.

THE boys at KSL had to turn Eskimo not many weeks back in the midst of the heavy snows to keep their programs on the air. The KSL transmitter is located quite a distance from town and all the roads were blocked. In consequence, engineers and maintenance men took to skiing across the frozen Utah flats. Heigh-ho! The show must go on.

THESE big shots of the air are cute ones. The other night, around a table in Bing's dressing room were gathered Bing himself; Everett Crosby, Bing's big brother; Leonard Hayton, Chesterfield jazz maestro; and Eddie Lang, hot guitarist. And what were the big shots doing? Discussing finer programs, art, or technocracy? Nowza! They were playing cards for pennies.

TOSS your jaunty fedora sky high for Borrah Minevitch and his harmonica rascals on the NBC circuit. They've been on the air just long enough to give us a taste of what they can do. Maybe this department is

prejudiced, but it seems to us that the air is badly in need of just such "different" programs as Maestro Minevitch offers.

WHEN Peter Van Steeden started his orchestral career, he was still in college, and two of his instructors were members of his band. When examinations came, he flunked in both their subjects. So Peter fired the profs.

PROSPERITY NOTE: When John McCormack, tenor, sang on the CBS Five Star Theatre recently, one of his selections was "Love's Roses Have Bloomed in Vain," the lyrics of which were written by Frances Ring Meighan, wife of Tom Meighan. Just before the program went on the air, the CBS studios in New York got a long distance call.

"This is Tom Meighan," said a voice. "I'm in a remote spot in Florida and haven't a radio. I wonder if you'd put the telephone mouthpiece in front of a loudspeaker and leave it there during the broadcast."

So Tommie Meighan kept his connection open for the full thirty minutes and then spent another five bucks to congratulate John on his singing. And everybody was happy—especially the telephone company.

TED WEEMS, dance magician for CBS, bit off more than he could chew on one of his recent programs. He was supposed to mumble a few lines with his mouth full. An actor told him to take a bite of apple and then talk. At his cue, Ted bit. But what a bite. He couldn't speak. Engineers waved frantically. With a mighty gulp that was heard in Frisco, Ted swallowed his apple and spoke. Official timing was set back twelve and one-half seconds.

Guess who's staging a radio come-back! Helen (Boopadoop) Kane!

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



Jimmy Lyons who, as editor of the Sunday Gazette, propounds his own sly views on the weekly news during the Sunday Matinee of the Air on the Columbia network at 2.15 p.m. E. S. T.



Three guesses. The Boston Bull is Rudy's favorite pet of the moment. The dog often sits on the conductor's stand during rehearsals while his master works hard over some new song.



Al Mitchell, who's been master-of-ceremonizing around in Paramount Publix theatres, is thinking of taking a flyer in radio. Anyway, a number of high-powered sponsors have auditioned him.

REMEMBER Gracie Allen's frantic search for her brother that took her into a dozen other programs? Did you wonder how and why it happened? Well, the idea was cooked up by a jazz-brained genius in the radio business who thought that a little light-hearted brother-hunting would sound like a good idea to the air audience. Accordingly, Gracie set out.

But she ran into complications. Gracie is a CBS star. The NBC didn't care to have her carrying her search on over their network. Once or twice, NBC cut her off the air—which accounts for some of those short waits you may have noticed—when she started her "I've lost my brother" chatter. But she carried on, and presently the whole country was talking about her. In turn, almost every big act on the air was visited by her or gave her a plug. Soon letters began to pour into the studios from people claiming to have found the brother.

The best gag born of her search was the one pulled by Norman Anthony, editor of "Ballyhoo," when he announced that he had received a letter from men who claimed to have kidnapped her brother, and they demanded \$50,000 or they would bring him back.

IT'S always good news that Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson have renewed their radio contracts. And that is what has just happened. In January, they started their third year of morning broadcasts under the sponsorship of the General Baking Company. Don Voorhees and his musicians continue to supply the melodic background.

AKICK-BACK on Gracie Allen (here she is again) and her brother-come-home-all-is-forgiven hunt occurred when Fred Allen, CBS comic, and his stooge, Kringelein, burst into the studio the other night where Gracie, George, and Lombardo were in the midst of their Robert Burns

Panatella program. Fred Allen hadn't found the missing relative but he had discovered some new gags and that was excuse enough. If you were listening, you must have heard Herman, Gracie's dog, barking at the intruders.

Just to put you wise, that wasn't no dog a-tall, it wasn't. It was Kaye Beall, dark and petite, a girl who just loves a dog's life. She began barking in boarding school when she bayed at the moon just to annoy her chaperone. Since then she has learned a dozen different dog ditties. Her biggest moment was the night she was a whole dog team on Columbia's True Story Hour.

WHEN Hal O'Halloran asked his WLS audience if they wanted more jazz and less barn dance di-dos, almost ten thousand answers came from all over North America pleading for less jazz and more barn dance di-dos.

DEAN FOSSLER always wanted to see Amos 'n' Andy in action. Finally, he got the job playing the organ number that introduces their air act. He was jubilant about getting his wish until he learned that the organ console is a good half mile from the studio.

IN Cincinnati, they're toasting a new star in the person of WLW's Fats Waller. Fats is a nimble-fingered, husky, dusky pianist-singer-composer from Harlem and it may not be long before a network gets him.

BEN ALLEY, tenor, celebrated New Year's eve in a big way. Promptly at the stroke of midnight, he slipped a platinum band on the proper finger of his former secretary, Mildred Mauger of Columbus, Ohio, and heard the minister call them man and wife.

Gracie Allen's search for her brother had two networks in a flutter

T H E F I G H T I N G



(Above) The little house where Father Coughlin lives. Very modest, it lives up to the Father's beliefs that man needs very little to be happy. (Right) The fighting Father himself. (On other page) The original Shrine of the Little Flower.



IN a shabby, shingled parish church at Royal Oak, Michigan, there dwells a priest with a bull's voice and a love of truth and honest battle. The Reverend Charles E. Coughlin is his name. Tall, broad, bespectacled, studious, he stands each Sunday afternoon before twin black mikes and hurls his hate for all that is false and hypocritical across the hemisphere.

Many have tried to talk him down and there are those who have plotted to bar him from the air, but he speaks on, making the Golden Hour of the Little Flower a time for thought and prayer in millions of homes.

Millions of homes, I have said. Here is the proof. Last year, when he broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System, one of his addresses was protested by certain officials who felt and feared the impact of his candid anger. When Father Coughlin took his stance behind the mike that historic afternoon, he ripped his notes to shreds and tossed them aside. He told his listeners that the address he had prepared could not be given, he explained why, and went ahead to talk extemporaneously for sixty pulsing minutes.

Within the hour, telegrams began to arrive. By nightfall, the floor of his study was yellow with them. Bristling, indignant telegrams. The next day, trucks began to haul mail to the Shrine of the Little Flower. Girls were hired to open it . . . and still more girls, until there

were ninety of them. In New York, the CBS offices were smothered with similar mail.

In fourteen days—it is the greatest response radio has ever known—Father Coughlin received 900,000 letters demanding that he deliver that suppressed address.

The next Sunday he gave it. And the officials who had shushed it off the air before remained discreetly in the background—and kept very quiet.

I like a man who doesn't pull his punches. Such a man is this Catholic priest. I have heard him say: "Jesus Christ was a wine drinker."

Prohibition he abhors with the same intensity that he abhors drunkenness. In his belief, temperance is

the true rule of life. "There is not one solitary instance in the Bible where either prohibition as defined or the policies of prohibition are advocated," he stated in one address. Again, "Prohibition . . . is not Christian. They who would try to make it so are either deceived or deceivers."

He has called United States bankers and the Bank of France "modern Shylocks." He has accused our government of building up communism, of bankrupting the farmers, of favoring the few against the masses. Always, he fights the battle of the working man.

And always, he fights alone.

I didn't know his singular story until I went to Detroit.

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

F A T H E R + + +



Father Coughlin's amazing popularity on the air is due to his utter candor and rigid championship of the oppressed. He has had to battle to be heard

It was a Sunday. I took a bus at the Hotel Tuller as have hundreds of other pilgrims going to the Shrine of the Little Flower.

We rolled through snowy Detroit streets and into the open flat country that Father Coughlin first saw a half dozen years ago when the bishop of the Detroit diocese sent him out to found a parish church.

A half dozen years ago, remember, this section called Royal Oak, eleven miles from Detroit, was just mud and weeds with a grimy building here and there. In his domain the young priest found only thirty-two families. Not a promising prospect.

A LESS COURAGEOUS man would have turned back. One more timid would have been driven away—for some resented this Catholic intrusion. Klansman, they were. Neighborhood Ku Kluxers who came to the plot selected for the Shrine of the Little Flower and planted a fiery torch in the sacred ground.

Father Coughlin went ahead and built his modest church and dedicated it to the service of God.

Each summer now the roads are choked with the cars of visitors . . . folk from Kansas and Maine and Arkansas. They come—as I came—seeking they know not what. And they find a great stone shaft that rises out of a drab Michigan flat to soar several stories toward the sky. Within is a chapel and an altar and the attendant sacred paraphernalia. Below, in the basement, is the home of the Radio League of the Little Flower. Above, in the

tower, are offices where Father Coughlin and his assistants labor. One soaring floor contains his personal apartment and study, the windows of which often stay alight until the sky in the east turns white.

This is all new, not yet two years old, and paid for by the donations of those who appreciate and wish to support this fighting father in his attack on sham and hypocrisy.

The Shrine of the Little Flower itself is a humble place. Within it is low and barren. There are wooden benches and prayer rails. It has a linoleum floor. The plaster ceiling is spotted where water has come through. At one end is an altar curtained with hangings of crimson silk. At its back is a figure of black-haired Saint Therese, the Little Flower, to whom this shrine is dedicated.

A long block down the road, one of a row of small homes is the house in which live Father Coughlin and one of his assistants. Modest, humble, unassuming, the sort of residence that any frugal working man might build for himself. The big car in the drive is at least five years old.

These things are a reflection of the man himself. I met him and talked with him and heard the burring thunder of his speech as he told me how he had come to this parish with no idea of radio in his mind. As he talked, he walked. Forward and backward, endlessly, always facing the same direction, and always pacing. It's a habit he has. With a smile, too, as he remembered the struggle of those early days. (Continued on page 48)

INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) Baron Munchausen, otherwise known as Jack Pearl, and Sharlie, otherwise known as Cliff Hall, at work before the mike during one of their Thursday evening Lucky Strike broadcasts. (Right) These two gentlemen are none other than Colonel Buddnagle and Stoop. They're thinking up gags.



Culver Service



Culver Service

(Left) Boake Carter is radio's newest news broadcaster. Columbia network every Monday to Friday inclusive at 7:45 p. m., E. S. T. He first made an air name for himself when he broadcast the Lindbergh kidnapping. (Above) James Wallington having a snack in the drug store near the studios.

Our cameraman finds himself an ambush in the studios

OF YOUR FAVORITES

Culver Service



(Left) The Pickens gals. Jane on the left, Patti center and Helen right. On the Buick Hour. If you read Radio Stars last month you may remember the story which told how these gals risk losing their beauty in order to make their famous original sounds. (Below) Downey, Leon Belasco and Don Novis.



(Above) The Crime Club in action. Reese is the third from the left. J. Hanna is the gentleman conducting with the pencil. He's the director. Probably someone is just being murdered at that moment. (Right) Howard Clancy, Jack Smart and Dana Noyes, director of "The Shadow."



Culver Service

There he gets marvelous informal pictures of the radio folk

A Glimpse of Myrt and Marge

(Continued from page 13)

gaze at her and you know she has that "extra something" that puts sweet li'l ladies on great big pedestals. Maybe it's her eyes. They're wide apart and big, the kind I'd trade my right arm for; and the funny thing is that Donna doesn't even seem to know that she has 'em.

It's her voice, though, that puts her across with one and all. Low and warm and just a trace of huskiness in it. Not masculine though! Maybe you think you've heard her voice on the radio. Of course you have, and who am I to argue—but I do want to tell you this, the radio does something to her voice. And of the two, believe you me, I'll take the original, which is pretty high praise, I think, since the chit-chat she gives you via the kilocycles is some sweet of its own accord.

Well, tearing myself away from the memory of Donna and that red, red, red frock, I rush on to Myrtle who, at the moment, is sitting at a window looking out over Lake Michigan, a stack of sharpened pencils on the window sill, and a heap of white, blank paper before her. She is creating. Creating, mind you. I'd call it drudgery if I were asked but I wasn't asked so it's still creating.

You've no idea of the hours she sits

there, searching for ideas and the right words to put in the mouths of "Billie" and "May" and "Gwen" and "Jack" and "Tiffinguffer." You've simply no idea. Maybe your impression of a radio writer at work has her at a carved ebony desk in a chalcidony-trimmed room with a Russian wolfhound standing on a polar bear rug.

Look at Myrt . . . just look, will you: a bridge table in the corner of her dining nook is her work bench; hair awry where her fingers have scrubbed through it a hundred times, wearing floppy pajamas that make the rainbow look foolish. Get it?

I MEAN she is just herself. Whenever she is, she is just that. And if you're in the mood to be a father confessor, I'll break down and admit she's just about my favorite radio person.

Against one wall of that dining alcove, there's a sideboard. Dishes and silver, you think? No! It's her office, full of ideas and paper and clips and rubber bands. And a stack of all the "Myrt and Marge" skits she has ever put on the air. Looking at some of them, I noticed an odd thing. The lower right hand corner of every single last page had been ripped away, leaving

a jagged, ugly tear. Superstition, I thought. Holding them out:

"Superstition?" I said.

"Chewing gum," she answered.

"She's got to have somewhere to put it," Donna explained, "so she tears off a corner and wraps it up just before we go on the air."

Now back to that cop yarn. Shows just which foot Myrt and Marge stand on with the John Laws of Chicago.

They were beside her roadster parked before the WBBM studios just after a broadcast. Two cops and Myrtle Vail. All three were talking. I felt sure she had violated seven statutes and eleven ordinances. Being a curious person by nature and profession, I said, "Trouble, Myrt?"

"My Little Boy Blues are sore at me," she said.

"What have you done?"

"I always leave my car door unlocked," she answered. "They're furious because I forgot and locked it tonight and they couldn't get in to turn on my auto radio and listen to our program."

And there you are. Myrt and Marge in all the glory I can give 'em. They're regular and swell and they have oodles of talent and personality. But will they blow their own horns? Nevaire!

But We've Got to Have It

(Continued from page 15)

Perhaps you hold that radio listeners would willingly donate funds for purchasing and supplying a high grade of entertainment. Several years ago, a group of idealists had exactly that idea and gave it a trial. In response to their broadcast appeal for funds, the whole of the United States contributed just \$15,000, which would buy at today's scale, approximately two hours from CBS or NBC.

Perhaps you hold that radio should be a government-run business similar to our Post Office. I have met many men who point to the systems in vogue in England and France and Germany as models for our own revamped industry.

ALL right, let our government take over radio. Let all broadcast advertisements and the revenue therefrom be stopped. What happens? The government must raise money to pay for the administration of stations and the presentation of programs. In England, every receiving set is licensed annually in a manner similar to that employed for automobiles in America. In England, if you haven't your 1933 license, you're not entitled to listen to the British stations. You're not entitled to, understand . . . but many a man does it. And John Bull has his hands full of "radio

bootleggers" who won't pay for their licenses.

To combat these "bootleggers," they have organized a secret service department equipped with so-called "detector-wagons" which cruise through the towns and cities carrying sensitive instruments. If a receiver is working in the neighborhood, they can discover it. Having discovered it, they check their lists to learn whether it is licensed. If not, the owner goes to jail or pays a fine. That is the theory of it.

Actually, not many sets are ever detected by these secret service agents. And this is the reason. The kids of a neighborhood conspire against them. When the "detector-wagon" comes into a community the youngsters go from house-to-house with a warning. If a set is not licensed, it is turned off—and the representatives of the law are defeated.

Do you see the picture? We have the same thing in connection with our Prohibition amendment. Those kids learn that it is smart to hoodwink the government; the government becomes an enemy instead of a friend. For this sort of dishonesty, for being accessories to a misdemeanor, those children receive their parents' praise. It is a body blow to good citizenship.

The "bootlegging" evil is the least of

your troubles with government-owned radio. Much worse is the throttle hold obtained on all broadcasting activities by whatever government is in power.

Who can forget our own last Presidential election? Almost nightly, Hoover and Roosevelt were at each other's throats. We learned both sides of every question. We were fed facts and figures and permitted to judge our candidates with the full record exposed. If we are to go by the example of European broadcasting, no such thing could have happened under government ownership and supervision.

TAKE England, for instance. In that country, if you would address the radio public, you had to represent a party—and the right party, if you please. In their recent election, only nine statesmen was given time on the air; statesmen speaking the views of their standard old-line parties. No one else was invited. Certainly not the Welsh Nationalists and the Scotch Nationalists and the left wing Laborites. Not even the genuinely able Winston Churchill himself.

Now take Germany where we see an even stranger spectacle in the supervision of political broadcasts. Four candidates were struggling for the Presidency. One was Hindenburg, already

occupying the Prussian White House. William Ward, newspaperman and radio commentator, reports the situation as follows:

"A speech by him (Hindenburg) was broadcast on Wednesday afternoon. It was again broadcast, from a phonograph record, on Saturday evening. On Sunday, the German radio listeners, thus educated in the speaking personalities of the presidential contestants, went to the polls."

No other presidential candidate got near a German "mike." No other political speeches went on the air except one by Chancellor Breuning. He spoke, of course, in support of Hindenburg.

Now glance at France. Last year, when they elected new members to the Chamber of Deputies, Tardieu was President of the Council of Ministers and thus had control of French broadcasting. Mr. Hard describes his actions thus:

"Tardieu was magnanimous. He announced that he would permit the broadcasting of a speech by his chief political rival, Herriot. He announced it as a special, personal, individual favor.

"Tardieu had already taken the air. Now Herriot took the air. Then Tardieu took the air again, to reply to Herriot. Then five or six of Tardieu's fellow ministers in the cabinet of the reigning government took the air, also to reply to Herriot. And then the listeners voted. If some of them veered toward Herriot, it was not through any government failure to pack the governmental French air on behalf of Tardieu."

LISTEN to this, you Americans. Had our own air been similarly controlled last November we should have heard a speech by Herbert Hoover, a single ad-

dress by Governor Roosevelt, followed by a tidal wave of talk from Hoover and Wilbur and Stimson and Mills and their associates, all in answer to Roosevelt's single speech. After which, we would have voted.

Isn't that answer enough for those who would substitute government monopoly for the present private, self-supporting type of broadcasting?

Just briefly, I want to mention one other fact of this problem. What sort of entertainment do critics of the present system expect from their own Utopian scheme? Will they still have Cantor and Wynn and the cream of the entire entertainment world night after night after night? Most certainly, they will not! Why? Because no government subsidy would pay Ed Wynn the \$5,000 he demands for a performance. No government could afford to present such programs.

But the advertiser is forced to it by the fact that his advertising is only as effective as his audience is large. So he hunts and invents and devises new and better things to attract listeners. His time on the air costs hundreds of dollars a minute, and he dares not spoil it with mediocre talent. When he fails, he tosses away a fortune. Accordingly, the best brains he can bring to the problem are employed. And the result though not always a happy one is our present self-supporting uncensored style of radio entertainment.

Admittedly, we are not able (or forced) to listen to so much concert and symphony music as is supplied the British Isles by the British Broadcasting Company. For those of us who wish it, though, there is ample. Admittedly, our studious listeners are not so likely to receive the equivalent of a college education through their loudspeakers, but on the other hand the networks are

in continual competition to have the best and most authoritative lectures.

WE have church services and the sound of Broadway greeting the New Year and William Beebe talking from the floor of the ocean and innumerable programs on which no commercial announcement is ever used. Did you ever ask yourself who pays for those programs? "The network — NBC or Columbia," you say. And you are right. But where does the network get its money? See what I'm driving at? The network takes its tribute from the advertiser. The advertiser is the network's *only* source of income. In the last analysis, whether you like it or not, the advertiser pays for every single note of music and every uttered syllable that is broadcast. He supports "Cheerio's" program and Seth Parker and "Moonlight and Roses" just as surely as he does those periods on which his name is blurbled as the maker of cigarettes, cylinder oil, or what-have-you?

Our present plan is not nearly perfect. There will always be the battle of good taste fought by those sponsors who want to talk about their product rather than make new friends for it. It is inherent in our system, but there is a growing recognition on the part of advertisers that entrance into a listener's home carried with it a definite responsibility.

Yes, the foreigners have a few things that we haven't. When they come here most of them join in the tumult of "There's too much advertising on the air." But I've yet to meet the Frenchman who could substitute his radio for his daily newspaper and never feel the loss, and I've yet to meet an Englishman who ever got a belly-laugh out of the British Broadcasting System.

Too Much Money

(Continued from page 5)

comfort and peace of obscurity to the blazing limelight of public idolatry.

The West Coast from Canada to Mexico made him its favorite. Perhaps they were tired of tenors, perhaps he had something in his songs that they took unto themselves thereby gaining a glimpse of romance. No matter, he became their prince in shining armor.

In the Grove one night, a wild-eyed husband invaded the bandstand, damned Bing with the statement that his happy home had been ruined because his wife was in love with the singer's voice, and swung a haymaker at the Crosby chin.

There were other similar episodes. Love hungry school girls found his ballads an answer to their prayers. Not many average American boys have to run the continual risk of being kissed by strange and often homely women.

Some say that all this went to Bing's head. I don't agree. I'm quite aware that he missed several performances at the Grove. I know that he began to consider parties of more importance

than work. But not because he was swell-headed, not because he thought he was too big to be fired.

I tell you, he loved those parties. He loved the fellowship and gaiety and horseplay of his pals. And everybody, believe you me, was his pal.

So-o-o-o, Bing Crosby became a playboy. On \$300 a week, he became a stay-out-late gay guy. Always, there were parties and people to pat him on the back and set up another drink. "I honestly thought I was sitting on top of the world," he says. And why not, when those same night clubs where he had sung for coffee and cakes welcomed him as talkie town's prime favorite?

EVENTUALLY, he and Barris and Rinker walked out of the Cocoanut Grove after an argument. That was the start of his difficulties. It meant a broken contract and law suits. It meant that his songs were no longer on the air.

It meant, too, the dissolution of the

Rhythm Boys. Rinker got a job in a studio. Barris went back into the Grove as a singer and band leader. And Bing went out and played golf.

In the East, CBS officials were talking about him. They wanted a singer to throw against Vallee and his perennial popularity. Crosby seemed the answer so they wired him an offer. Bing didn't want to return to New York. He likes sunshine and salt sea breezes and wide open roads. He didn't even answer.

Mack Sennett put him to work in a few shorts, and that was fun. A lawyer persuaded Bing to appoint him his manager. An agreement was signed and Bing rushed back to his golf. Later, he had to pay that lawyer over \$20,000 to get his release from that scrap of paper. That is the sort of thing that can happen to an average American boy.

In the East, Columbia System officials were growing gray. Their wires got no response. Neither did their let-

RADIO STARS

ters. So they decided he was not interested in the money they offered. That a man should *like* to live in California on a small salary was beyond their understanding. In the end, they offered Bing \$1,500 a week.

Think of it! More than a lot of people make in a year . . . \$1,500 each week. Bing suddenly realized that he was going somewhere, going into the big-money top flight of radio entertainers. He accepted the offer and came to New York.

Seven weeks later, he was earning \$3,000 a week for his radio work. The Paramount Theatre in New York added \$4,000 a week for eight weeks, when he played there. In addition, he made innumerable phonograph records.

IT is hard to believe, isn't it, but those are the figures. Bing himself gave them to me. From the outside looking in, he has everything. From the inside . . . well, he isn't so sure.

He is never free from the leeches

who infest the thresholds of those who make important money. Old "friends" that he can't remember demand "loans" whenever they see him. Down-on-their-luck actors beg him for help. You've no idea of the presumption of people when they accost a man in the money. Some ask him to pay their railroad fares to California. And Bing has done it. And he has sent checks to other people's landlords. But has any of it ever come back? Not one single penny.

Where does his money go? Not many people outside the business know that a radio artist must have personal representatives, men who represent him just as a salesman represents a product. Out of every dollar Bing earns, twenty cents go for commissions to these agencies.

He must maintain an office where his secretaries can open and answer or attend to the heaps of fan mail that comes daily in fat Post Office bags. He has a press agent who is paid to keep Crosby's name before the public. All this takes

approximately \$800 each week.

He must live and dress in the fashion that the public expects of a star.

HE must have cash always at his command because he never knows when he will have to hire expensive lawyers to defend some suit or other. It is easy to sue in this country, you know, and there are plenty of unscrupulous lawyers who will go to any extremes to embarrass and force an undesired settlement from a public personality. Bing has already paid out \$35,000 in suits—and he will pay more before the year is over. It's one of the penalties of being on top.

Though he is still in his middle-twenties I've recently seen some tired looking lines in his face. And I wonder if he doesn't regret the day he traded the life he loved for the clinking gold coins of broadcasting. He is on the top-most rung of the ladder to success, but I wonder if he isn't finding fame a harsher taskmaster than he anticipated.

Washington on the Air

(Continued from page 17)

that a man in an airplane traveled too fast to see much. A reporter will be at the White House. One or more will be at the Capitol. Others will follow the parade. How are they, separated by miles in some cases, to be tied together into a presentable broadcast?

The job is handled by engineers trained for such things and Messrs. Miller and Glover. For each network, a central point ties together all their announcers. A man in this central point hears all that his announcers are saying to the ether audience. He gauges the public's interest in that reporter's story. Sitting there, a sort of editor, he judges whether or not it is time to shift. If it is, he talks into a mike that carries his words to the announcer's earphones.

"Announcer speaking . . . listen!" he commands.

The announcer who happens to be talking at the moment catches the signal and, talking on all the while, listens to the next command. Now, if our central listener, our editor, wishes to move the broadcast to another point, he may say:

"Throw it to McNamee!"

The announcer miles away finishes his sentence and swings into the familiar. "And now we will take you to the East steps of the Capitol Building where Graham McNamee . . . etc." In turn, McNamee takes over the broadcast.

NO doubt about it, this Inaugural represents one of the biggest jobs ever given to a broadcasting network. When President-Elect Roosevelt leaves his hotel to call on President Hoover at the White House, someone must tell the United States about it. Another

narrator must be at the White House itself.

The procession of cars that leaves the White House presently for the Capitol is always accompanied by a police and cavalry escort. NBC hopes to have a portable short-wave transmitter installed right in that procession.

At the Capitol, when the President, the President-Elect, and the Vice-President Elect go into the Senate Wing to the President's Room just off the Senate Chamber, the event must be described. Perhaps a few last minute bills will be presented to Mr. Hoover for his signature.

All this time, the rest of the Capitol is throbbing with action. In the Senate, Senators are taking their places. A mike will be installed here to tell of the colorful and distinguished guests in the galleries. Perhaps a rambling mike may be employed to bring a few words from celebrities. Presently, the House of Representatives leaves its own quarters and moves into the Senate Chamber. And then, in solemn procession comes the Diplomatic Corps, the Hoover Cabinet, Army, Navy, Marine officials and members of the Supreme Court. No one can fail now to sense that the day is building toward a climax.

Presently, we are in the midst of Garner's Inaugural address. Then, after he has administered the oath of office to the newly-elected Senators, a parade of officials and honored guests moves slowly to the East steps of the Capitol and first of all in this exodus are President Hoover and President-Elect Roosevelt.

ON the East steps is a small covered platform. Beyond, tiers of seats for 10,000 people are inundated by a

restless throng. Further away are additional thousands. On a good day, the Inaugural draws at least 75,000 people.

When all are in place, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes and President-Elect Roosevelt go to a position behind a bank of mikes. You've seen pictures of those mikes and wondered why so many were necessary, haven't you? Well, they aren't all necessary; half of them are not in use, but they're ready in case any of the others break down.

And then, while a nation listens, the Inaugural oath of office is administered. And we rise to cheer a new President.

Even then, the radio's work is not done. In the White House will be held the celebrated Presidential Luncheon at which will be countless distinguished guests. Already, the big parade, usually the most impressive spectacle of the day, is forming. After the luncheon, it will march past the White House while the President and his guests sit in review. Last year, it took two and one-half hours to pass the Presidential Stand. This year may be much shorter.

AT night, while searchlights play over the city, dancers will sway to the tune of the nation's most famous bands at the Inaugural Ball. President Roosevelt will not attend but members of his family will. They may even say a few words over the air. Certainly the colorful scene will be described by network word-painters. And finally, when the last guest has gone wearily home to bed, forty or fifty unshaven fellows will pick up their wires and their mikes, and their weary, weary bones and bring them back to New York to recover from as trying a day as ever comes to the gentlemen of the radio.

DON'T FORGET—RADIO STARS IS A MONTHLY!

Kate Smith

(Continued from page 25)

another, until seven had come and gone, he turned them down. He had his own idea of the sort of program Kate Smith could do for an advertiser.

It was the eighth applicant who agreed to meet his demands—and agreed to pay Kate more money for a single night than she had ever gotten in a week.

And that, with Ted always at her elbow advising and guiding, was just a beginning. Between them, they've stormed all the citadels of the entertainment world. As an example, the ritziest restaurant in New York is the Central Park Casino. Here are the hard-to-please nose-lifters and blue bloods of Park Avenue. Kate signed a contract to sing for them. For two weeks. Everyone in show business said she would flop. At the end of her two weeks, they wouldn't let her quit. She stayed five weeks and then had to leave to fill another engagement.

WHEREVER she appeared in vaudeville houses, she broke records. Baltimore turned out and gave her a reception that rivaled Lindy's. In Washington, the old home town, her friends formed a column of fours and showed her a parade up Pennsylvania Avenue that still has the natives talking.

The miracle of it is that she has kept her head through all this acclaim. But she did and, indeed, she always will. She happens to be that kind of girl. Always, she is more interested in other people, I think, than in herself. In their troubles, too.

Remember that horrible night in Cleveland when a terrible fire swept through an apartment building and claimed a score of lives? She left the theatre in which she was appearing and led a half-dozen other performers on the air over a local station in a grueling four-hour entertainment and appeal for funds to help those homeless and be-beaved families.

When little Birdsall Sweet lay in a respirator in Poughkeepsie, New York, slowly dying of infantile paralysis, she and Ted drove 200 miles to sing for him. That night, she drove back again through pouring rain. On the air, she asked her friends to write to Birdsall to cheer him in the hospital. Did they respond? The sick boy got 15,000 letters.

She never forgets a friend. When her pianist, Jack Miller, went on the air with Bob Taplinger in the latter's "Meet the Artist" series over CBS, Kate insisted on coming in to introduce Jack.

Last fall, she contracted a severe cold as a result of continual broadcasting and theatre work, and doctors advised her to quit singing and rest. She refused pointblank. Instead, she took her entire orchestra and staff to Lake Placid, paid all their expenses, and kept them with her while she "vacationed-

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RADIO STARS

with-a-broadcast-each-night" in the mountains. At that time, her salary was \$2,700 a week. Those broadcasts cost her \$3,000 a week but she paid the bills without a murmur of complaint.

I doubt if anyone in radio works harder than Kate. During her engagement at the Central Park Casino, I happened to ask her for her schedule. Here it is:

That day, she got up at ten A. M. After breakfast, she answered her most important mail. Next, a visit to her dressmakers. Grabbing a sandwich for lunch, she dashed to a theatre in Flushing, Long Island, to give a performance. Her next stop was at the Central Park Casino to rehearse that night's show. Completing that, she hurried back to Flushing for the second show. Then back to the CBS studios for a conference. To Flushing again for the third show and another return to the CBS studios for a rehearsal and the La Palina broadcast. With that over, she drove to Flushing for the final show, and then returned to the Casino and spent the rest of the night singing. Before she could go to bed, she had to learn three new songs for the next day's entertainment.

Easy life, isn't it?

The one thing that Kate fears is ridicule; not of her person but of her work. Recently, when Paramount in-

vited her to make a movie in Hollywood she was not at all anxious to accept. To be frank, she feared the hard hearts and sharp tongues of talkie-town.

The day she arrived, she was just another scared kid. With no fanfare whatever, she leased Monte Blue's beautiful home in Beverly Hills because it had a tennis court and swimming pool. For two days, she drove a high-powered car for miles over the nearby mountains. And then she said she was ready to work.

Can you imagine going to California to get up every morning for weeks on end at five o'clock? I can't, but that is just what she did. When scenes are to be shot on location, the movie company always leaves the studio at six A. M. Most of Kate's scenes were on location. She didn't mind, though. Each morning, she was ready and waiting at dawn.

AND here is another thing she did.

Her regular broadcasts over the Columbia network for La Palina had never reached the Pacific Coast. Out there, Kate Smith was just a name. When those westerners heard that she was in Hollywood they wrote by the thousands, begging her to sing for them. And she, with that warm kindness that is so distinctly hers, obliged.

Three nights a week, in addition to her own network broadcasts, station KNX carried her voice up and down the West.

Just a month after her modest arrival, the movie industry decided to thank her publicly. A huge testimonial dinner was given at the celebrated Coconut Grove. And what a party that was . . . 2,000 writers and directors and stars and producers, every big name in the business all wishing her health and happiness.

Can anything spoil this girl, I wonder? Can any amount of praise or worship change her natural, unpretentious self? Evidently not. Christmas day, she gave presents to everyone who had worked in any way on her picture. None was forgotten. Christmas day, her special dinner guests were her mother and sister just out from Washington, D. C. For them, Kate had cooked with her own hands an eighteen pound turkey and two fine mince pies.

And there you have her.

She is still so young and already so successful. Sometimes, I fear that something wrong will happen to spoil a life that has been so useful. It isn't easy, you know, to live in the limelight. Fortunately, she has a knack for it; and a trusted advisor in the person of Ted Collins, manager, announcer, and prophet extraordinary.

Inside Story of Rubinoff and His Violins

(Continued from page 11)

It was no easy job for a lusty boy, one of a family of eight children all living in one room, to guard anything so fragile as a fiddle.

There were heartbreaking experiences.

There was the time, walking the five miles home from Professor Gottfried's through a blinding snow storm when he stumbled and fell and lost the precious fiddle in a drift. He returned home, empty handed, stricken. There were three terrible days and nights. Then a search party of friends and neighbors found it for him and all was well again.

And there was the time when he came home from the barber shop to find a younger brother trying to emulate his musical accomplishment by banging the fiddle on the floor.

But in time he outgrew that fiddle as he outgrew his clothes. It caused Gottfried grave concern to see a child with so much melody in his soul expressing it through an instrument which could only give forth miserable caterwaulings.

THE music master had one prized possession; that was his violin. A genuine Klotz it was, product of a famed violin-maker of the Tyrolean Alps. Gottfried had picked it up there on his wanderings, buying it from a fiddler who played at village dances. There was joy in it, and mellowness, and a carefree, vagabond lightness.

Professor Gottfried gave it to his charity pupil.

That gesture must have cost him plenty. He too had had his dreams, his aspirations to play on the concert stage, for royalty. The violin was all that remained of them. Well, that was over now, for him. He was a good-for-nothing, a music teacher. The boy still had a chance. Let him have the violin.

It happened that his kindness was to come back to him a hundred-fold at a time when he would need it desperately. But Gottfried had no way of knowing that then.

There must have been something of the spirit of those roving fiddlers of the Alps in the instrument, because as soon as young Dave got it he began to long to travel.

His father had signed him on in the army until he was twenty-one, a fine stroke, so he thought, because he could stay right in his own village instead of going off to Siberia. But Dave hated the army, and one summer while he was in camp he ran away, crossing the Polish border by night, his fiddle clutched under one arm.

Rich, jolly years followed. Warsaw, Hamburg, Berlin. The good gay tunes that he drew from the mellow old Klotz earned him a living in beer stubes, with travelling orchestras and paid him enough to permit his studies at the best conservatories. And mind you he was then only thirteen.

WHEN he was fifteen he went to America. Going had been hard in Europe. He had spent much for study. He had but one item to declare at the customs. A genuine Klotz violin. The value? Ah, who can say?

He drifted to Pittsburgh. For a time the Klotz lay neglected in a boarding house while he sold papers in the railroad station. For a time he prospered and thought of going into the business. But a policeman saw him taking chances jumping on and off of moving trains and literally kicked him out of the station and out of the newspaper business.

Brother Herman came to America, to Pittsburgh. He was broke. Dave was broke too. Well, Dave had his fiddle, Herman said. Surely he could pick up something for them. But there were no engagements.

Herman proposed Atlantic City. It was early summer. There were many people there and much gaiety. They went. But found no engagements.

They were hungry. Then, and for the only time in his life, Dave Rubinoff played on a street corner, holding out the hat. He hated it because he felt it was just like begging. But they had to eat. Tears of shame ran down his cheeks, but he played and coins fell into the hat.

The street corner incident had a tragic aftermath, however. A cold salt mist was in from the sea that night. It got into the joints of his beloved

RADIO STARS

Klotz, softened the glue, and opened it up at the seams. Ruined, for the time being.

The next day he took it to a violin repair man. But this was an expensive instrument. The bill would be large. The few coins were gone. And now there were no means of getting more.

Dave did not want his mother to know his plight. So he wrote to an old school teacher, asking for help. Luckily it was warm. They slept outdoors and bummed hot dogs while they waited. Eventually the money came—from his mother. The school teacher, unable to help, had turned the letter over to her. Two days later he found work. He felt that he had to, then.

The Klotz had one more adventure. One night while he was dining after a benefit performance at the Elks' in Pittsburgh, the violin was stolen right out of the checkroom. He thought it was gone for good that time. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep.

Then, after a week or so, the thief was caught. Rubinoﬀ was so glad to get the violin back he refused to prosecute.

PROSPEROUS days followed. He wandered from coast to coast, playing in orchestras, in vaudeville and picture houses, for a time with Victor Herbert, making his name known, but not yet in the big money.

Finally he decided that he needed another violin, one with more depth and greater vividness of expression. On a trip to Europe he found one; a dealer had picked it up in the littered windows of a Berlin pawnshop.

It had been made in 1740 by Guadagnini, most famous of the pupils of Stradivarius, the master violin maker of all time. It had a fine clear reddish color, possessed of no other violin. The price was \$10,000. No more than that because it was hoodooed.

The violin, according to the story, had been in the possession of a famous German musical family for three generations, bringing its members gradually to financial ruin, until its last owner had gone with it to the pawnshop. Otherwise it would have been worth \$50,000.

But the business instinct which made young Rubinoﬀ jump on moving trains to sell papers was stronger than his superstitions. He bought it—and broke the jinx. Few violins in the world have made more money for their owners than his.

This is the one you hear him play over the Chase & Sanborn hour. This one too has had its moments. It was stolen once from the Paramount Theater. But it was returned the next day anonymously.

It was dropped and broken too. But fortunately in one of the right places. There are a dozen places where you can break a violin and not injure it. There are a hundred places where you can break it and nothing will ever make the tone the same again. The Guadagnini came out all right. But he had it insured against such a thing happening another time.

This is the one you will always hear him play unless—

The "unless" means that he covets a fourth one. He would like to own a Stradivarius, but it must be one of the best. There are four or five hundred "Strads" in the world. But only fifteen which he declares he would be interested in. A collector has one of them. He made a cash offer once of fifty-five thousand. But the collector turned him down. Still, some day, maybe.

I said he had only owned three violins. Actually he has owned three and a half.

The "half" is a practise fiddle, a skeleton violin without a back or sounding board. Rubinoﬀ likes to do his practising after midnight, but in the big apartment house where he lives on Central Park South the neighbors objected. So he had this fiddle made for him which hardly squeaks above a whisper.

A distinguishing quality which Rubinoﬀ puts into his music is something he calls "schmaltz." Literally, "schmaltz" is "goose fat." Musically it is richness, sentimental warmth. If a number has "schmaltz", he thinks it's all right. People like "schmaltz."

He's as proud of his showmanship as he is of his musicianship. He may not be the greatest violinist in the world, but just show him a better showman. And he knows his radio like nobody's business.

Put the flat back of a violin against your ear and run the bow across the strings, hard. That'll give you an idea of what violin music does to a microphone. You have to play like this, soft. Lots of violinists don't know that yet. Believe him, it's hard to get showmanship over on the air. But he does it all on his violin, with contrasts and climaxes.

Have you ever noticed that he never talks over the air? Some have thought it may be because of the trace of accent of his mother tongue. But the real reason is because he wants his voice to be the voice of his violin. That's showmanship, too.

HE'S a showman all the time. Dark, dapper, a fashionplate dresser, he diets to keep his figure because he detests exercise. Even eats sour cream.

He must have music constantly, eating, reading or resting. And when he hears it he can't help conducting, making extravagant gestures with his fist and emitting stentorian "boom booms" where the drums come in.

He wears a signet ring with the music note, "B Natural." That is his motto. No credit to him, though. Boyish still, impulsive in everything he does, he couldn't be anything but natural.

There's a postscript to the story of the Klotz fiddle, a happy ending. A few weeks ago, Rubinoﬀ sent his family on a visit to the old home in Grodno. They found Professor Gottfried still living in the same shabby red brick house. He is getting pretty old and infirm. He tried to keep it secret, but he was actually starving. No pupils any more.

He won't want for anything now, though. Rubinoﬀ saw to that.

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They Can't Fire Her

(Continued from page 12)

and a large number of them, eventually, while visiting Chicago, called at the studios.

One day several years ago a letter came from a certain large western state. Others followed—from the same writer. They addressed many members of the WENR organization, but particularly Irma Glen, whose organ programs were among the most popular and frequent on the station. It developed that this correspondent was particularly interested in organ music and liked it especially in the evening.

One day the writer of the letters called. She was a woman, not young, but certainly not old. The staff met her royally. They knew her from her letters, remember. And she tendered a party to the entire WENR group.

This friendship grew. The lady visited Chicago every few months and each time gave a party. The staff, in turn, paid many tributes to her on the air. She became devoted to Irma and her music.

Then came the day when WENR

moved into the NBC fold. And with the reorganization of programs with network broadcasts, Irma Glen lost out.

AND what of the little woman whose favorite pastime had been listening to Irma's organ selections? She found herself without the solace which she most desired. She found herself rebelling at the powers that had cheated her of this joy.

In the NBC offices, executives soon received the first of a series of amazing letters. Here was a woman demanding Irma Glen on the air. One day, the woman herself arrived. She inquired politely if NBC sold their broadcast programs. The affirmative answer was just as she knew it would be. "Then I shall buy one," she told them. She bought a weekly evening spot and asked that it be filled with Irma Glen's music. She paid her money—card rates without discount—and today she has what she wants.

Was there ever a more peculiar arrangement? Not that the broadcasting

business knows about. But here is something else even stranger. This woman would sign no contract. If she did, she protested, her name would surely get to the press. She wanted no credit and no comment, nothing but Irma's music.

All this happened many months ago, and she still is unknown.

And that is the story of Irma's sponsor, the story of a great-hearted woman. Twice each year, she drives to Chicago. Her car is radio equipped so she will not miss any broadcasts en route. Twice each year, it parks briefly before the Merchandise Mart studios and then takes away Irma Glen—and those of the NBC staff who are free—to a gilded room in an exclusive hotel. There, these members of radio's royalty meet the woman of mystery and eat and drink with her and, afterwards, plan ahead the programs that shall drift into a million snug homes as "Irma Glen's Lovable Music."

So, you see, WENR couldn't fire Irma Glen if they wanted to—and they certainly want to do no such thing.

Do You Know the Real Lopez?

(Continued from page 31)

under a long term contract in New York and before any offer had come from the Middle West, Lopez told me he would be in Chicago within a year and that he would be more successful there, financially, than in New York. It was a matter of numbers and vibrations, he told me. Three months later the Chicago offer came and things so arranged themselves that he was able to accept it.

LOPEZ'S voice, which is almost high pitched on the air, has led some people to think him slightly effeminate. Nothing could be further from the truth. It just happens that he and Jack Dempsey have somewhat similar voice pitches and Lopez, if anything, has the deeper tones. The man is very masculine. His living quarters are almost severe in their simplicity. He is particular about his clothes but shuns bright colors. He plays baseball at every opportunity and is utterly reckless of his very valuable fingers when in a game.

Women interest him, even fascinate him but he is not a Don Juan. His conversations with women he is fond of, which have been overheard, are boyish. Many of his women friends he puts on pedestals.

Some years ago Lopez was under the management of a man who believed in what Broadway calls 'front'. He leased for Lopez's use a penthouse apartment, overlooking Central Park. It was an amazing place. The living room became an oriental garden. There was a terrace with a huge fish pond. Another

room was ultra modernistic and Lopez's bedroom was a place of black, orange and gold. The bathroom, which had a sunken marble tub, was panelled with mirrors. You were never alone in that bathroom.

Lopez gave parties in this place for gentlemen of the press and others whom his manager thought should be royally entertained. Lopez, though he tried to be the perfect host, often was mistaken for some shy visitor. Either the magnificence of his living quarters overwhelmed him or he didn't care for his guests. He didn't talk much and he usually retreated to a quiet corner whenever he had the chance.

Then his contract with this manager was broken. Lopez promptly gave up his penthouse and moved into a very matter-of-fact three room apartment in a quiet section of Manhattan. His telephone number he kept secret and he did not give his address to anyone except a few close friends. He installed a bowl of gold fish and a Siamese cat. Books, which weren't in evidence in the penthouse, appeared and he had an unwritten agreement with his new manager that he would not have to entertain in his own place. He was much happier in his new place and he still keeps the apartment though his return to New York seems a matter of the far distant future.

The library of Lopez is a curious collection. He has some first editions that are gems. He has hundreds of books on the occult and on psychic research. His collection of fiction ranges

from trash to volumes that are found in very select libraries. And he has read every book he owns.

Lopez and children are seldom thought of at the same time. He has never used the publicity cliché of being fond of children and dogs, yet he meets youngsters on a level that few adults achieve.

One incident will illustrate his kinship with children.

Lopez was coming to our home for Sunday dinner. We were curious as to his reaction to David, our four-year-old son. Lopez arrived and David, who had been playing somewhere, showed up some time later. David took one look at the guest.

"You're Mr. Lopez," he said.
"Oh, no," said Lopez, "I'm Jimmy Murphy."

This stumped David who knew perfectly well that it was Lopez. Then he realized it was a game.

"I'm Jack Dempsey," he said. This continued. Lopez told him he kept elephants in his apartment. David vowed he had a tiger in his bedroom. One tall story followed another and both of them seemed hugely amused by it all. David was completely captivated by this man who, he declared, was so funny. The pair played together and talked a lot—not as an adult talks to a child but as two kids play and talk together. My wife and I felt completely out of it.

LOPEZ has been accused of being humorless. I don't know. His sense of humor is either very subtle or very

naïve. Once I heard him argue for twenty minutes with a girl about his ability to walk on water. He kept a perfectly straight face and finally the girl had to restrain him when he started out to find a river to prove his statement. He had almost convinced both of us that he could.

His greatest weakness is that he can't resist advice. He will decide on a perfectly logical course of action and then someone for whom he has considerable respect will suggest something else and he'll change his plans. He is unusually lucky in picking winners in horse races but usually is talked into betting on some other horse after he has made his own selection.

His strength is in his firm belief in his own ultimate success. Remember that Lopez has been on top of the heap for more than ten years. Three times during the past decade he has been absolutely penniless. Each time he has made a fresh start and despite his financial setbacks his reputation as a band leader has been kept at a high level.

He has never fully appreciated the charm of his piano playing.

He was invited to a party at the home of Lowell Thomas in New York several years ago and as usual at parties he was rather shy and reserved. The other guests, being well bred, didn't say anything about him playing for them. Finally Lopez decided he'd like to try the excellent piano in the Thomas's apartment. He drew Thomas aside and whispered in his ear.

"Do you think anybody would mind if I played?" he asked.

Thomas didn't think anyone would mind. Nor did they.

For more than an hour he played. And he played Bach and Brahms.

He is generous to a fault and seems to have no regard for money. His cleverest manager had to put him on an

allowance and he wasn't allowed to sign checks. He can't pass a street beggar without making a small contribution. The result was that when he was at the St. Regis hotel in New York word got around and at least ten beggars stationed themselves between the hotel and his apartment.

Among his acquaintances he numbers the smartest people in New York. He is invited to innumerable parties but accepts few invitations. He has few friends because of his shyness and because few people understand the man. Musicians, even the finest, are ordinary persons to him while he places all writers on a pedestal. He would be much more interested in meeting a feature writer of some newspaper than in having luncheon with Toscanini or Mischa Elman.

He likes publicity if it refers to his ability as a band leader or to his eminence in the field of popular music. Personal comments about his clothes, his habits or his everyday life don't interest him.

A few people he accords instant friendship. Though he meets them only once he will talk with them and ask about them for years afterwards.

His ambitions aren't musical. He doesn't expect to conduct a great symphony orchestra nor does he expect to become a second Paderewski. He wants to write. He feels confident that he will learn to write some day and that his name will appear on a really worthwhile book.

He also has the conventional apartment dweller's dream of a house of his own with a flower garden. There are even times when he speaks of retiring and becoming a gentleman farmer.

Perhaps he will. But first he must consult the numbers and the influence of the stars—and if the signs are propitious, he'll probably reap a harvest.

Day after day



she sold
ROMANCE
to others . . .

Until at last there came a ROMANCE of her own!

LOUISE sat in her aunt's little newsstand and watched the world pass. It was a colorful, never-ending panorama, but she was bored.

Life, she felt, was passing her by. Daily the newspapers and magazines she sold described the romance of other people's lives—colorful lives.

"When," she yearned, "will life—and love—come to me?"

It came sooner than she expected, with the swift glance of a handsome young man whose eyes were eloquent with admiration of her young beauty. But life is more complicated than that . . .

Yes, Louise M— has lived that life she was so eager for, and the story she tells—every word of it true—is as exciting and absorbing as any she ever sold from that newsstand.

"Faithless," it's called, and you'll find it complete, a book-length true story, in the April issue of MODERN ROMANCES. It's only one of a dozen true stories that will strike home vividly to you with their absorbing recitals of human experiences. Get your copy today!

Modern Romances

A magazine of true stories for only 10¢

At Kresge, Kress, and Newsstands—Now!

U. S. GOVERNMENT JOBS

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MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of future positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. G261 Rochester, N. Y.



The Mystery Chef Revealed

(Continued from page 30)

"Come when you can," he told them. He had no idea of how many would come. Or when. To him, and his way of cooking, it wasn't important. At six p. m., no one arrived. At seven, no one. Some time after eight, the first pair straggled in. Between then and two o'clock in the morning, he cooked and served dinner for forty-one guests.

I HAVE eaten with him in that gorgeous apartment and seen how he does it. There is none of that breathless hustle-and-bustle atmosphere which the usual hostess exudes. Quietly and with an unbelievable lack of effort, wearing a faultlessly creased business suit, the dinner was cooked and served. His kitchen is a tiny box-like arrangement in one corner of his big drawing room. Most cooks would say it is too small. Yet, it was all he needed to serve those forty-one guests on Christmas Day.

From him I learned that many of the world's greatest men are excel-

lent cooks. Hudson Maxim, the inventor, was skilled in culinary art. Arthur Balfour of England, too. The last book that Alexander Dumas wrote was a cookbook. The artist, Whistler, specialized in such dainty dishes as frog's legs and snails. George Eastman who invented and manufactured Kodaks could cook better than most women. Just recently, a Long Island millionaire built himself a special kitchen on his estate at a cost of \$50,000. It was Pierre Dupont, I think, who invited some friends to a club for dinner and arrived to discover that the chef had walked out, whereat Dupont himself went into the kitchen and cooked as good a dinner as had ever come out of it.

But about this Mystery Chef himself, how did he become so skilled? This is the amazing story. As a young man in London, he was one of the city's most successful advertising men. He took life in full stride, buying a racing yacht

and piloting it through all the British regattas. His carriage was the most rakish and his horses were the fastest in town. His father thought he was far too extravagant.

John MacPherson decided to come to America to seek more business, and turned his London affairs over to his father. In New York, he cut his usual wide swath. His father was to send him money.

But his father fooled him. Instead, he sent a letter saying there would be no more money until he had recovered his senses about its value. It was his dour, harsh parental way of trying to check his son's gay and giddy career.

John MacPherson took stock of himself. He had a few dollars in cash and owed several hundred to the hotel where he was stopping. Fortright and candid, he sought out the manager and explained the situation. The manager's response gave John all the courage he needed. He took the young Scot down to his cashier and said, "You are to extend Mr. MacPherson any credit that he desires. If he wants money, let him have it." Turning to John, he said, "Now go out and make

good—and stay until you do."
John went—and made good.

BUT the first years were difficult. He found another impecunious young man and they took a tiny apartment together. There, he began to cook. No one told him how and he had no money for cookbooks, so he experimented with foods much as a scientist would experiment with chemicals. He learned what he could and could not do. And he learned that a lot of things done by cooks for hundreds of years, out of sheer habit, were entirely wrong.

When he made his first muffins, for instance, he didn't grease his pan. The muffins came out beautifully. He didn't know for years that practically every cook greases his pan before pouring in the muffin batter.

I'd like to tell you all about his interesting life. About years when he was selling soap and then motor trucks and street car advertising. About an illness that came on him and drove him and his wife to the verge of poverty and want. About years of distress and then a sudden trip to a hospital for an

operation from which physicians said he would never recover.

I'd like to tell you of the fighting spirit that confounded those doctors and brought him back to a life of amazing usefulness. But that would take a volume.

I say he is amazingly useful and I believe it with all my heart for I have listened to some of those talks he gives on the air. Expert cookery is their background but understanding and inspiration are mingled with his recipes in such fashion that the multitudes who sorely need that inspiration today are strengthened in their fight for life.

"In my native country the mountains are always surrounded by swamps and thickets," he says. "When we climb them, we must first go through the swamps. A great many of us these days are going through life's swamps and we are sick and weary and ready to quit. Let's remember, though, that the mountain toward which we are struggling is beyond just as surely as it is in my native Scotland."

That is the Mystery Chef's credo. He knows it is true—for he has lived to prove it.

The Fighting Father

(Continued from page 37)

To me, it is incredible that anyone buried in this apparently barren and impoverished no-place should have had such influence on the nation's citizens. No one can deny that he has.

In the beginning, he realized wisely that his parish could never be self-supporting; not with only thirty-two families as communicants. Two friends suggested that he go on the air. And he went, a novice in the service of his church and in the business of broadcasting. His bishop had placed a little money at his disposal, and fortunately it was enough for a start on one Detroit station.

Miraculously, listeners began to send him small contributions. They liked his fearless, two-fisted style. At the year's end, he counted his funds and discovered a sizeable surplus. It afforded him his first difficult situation. That money was not his. Nor was it the Church's. His mind went back to St. Therese, the French girl, who had died of tuberculosis in a convent when hardly more than a child but whose inspiration today sends Catholic missionaries to every land. It was her wish that all the world should hear of God's goodness. Father Coughlin spent that money for additional broadcasting facilities and added two more stations to the one in Detroit.

I wish you could know the man as do those who have labored with him. He is not one of your Holier-than-thou clerics, nor a lily-fingered student.

One worker, a girl, told me that he

once came to see her over some entanglement in his parish affairs. He talked for an hour, pacing and smoking endlessly. When his own pack of cigarettes was exhausted, he borrowed from her until all hers, too, were gone.

One of his most prized possessions is a dog, a Great Dane that weighs as much as he does. He calls him "Pal," and "Pal" is never far from his side.

The day I met him, a member of the choir couldn't find his cassock. Father Coughlin heard him fretting and searching and worrying as the time of broadcasting approached. The priest's laugh soothed the nervous singer. "Look in my locker," he ordered. "I've got an extra one. Take it."

COMMUNISM is a form of government he lambasts with every weapon at his command. He was a college professor before he became a priest and during that time made a special study of Russia. If you have wondered where he gets the information on which he bases probably the most violent and radical opinions on the air today, you should see his list of correspondents. They are in every important city in America and in all of Europe's capitals. Most of them are newspapermen. When he wants information, they give it—give him the inside story which most of their newspapers don't dare to print.

He is extremely proud that none of his assertions of fact have been successfully challenged or disproved.

Last year, the rumor goes, the CBS network did not care to have him use their facilities for further talks. Whatever is the truth, Father Coughlin went out and organized his own broadcasting system. By approaching stations singly, he purchased time on twenty-six of them. That is his present string. Next season, there may be more.

The incredible thing of his story is this: all this time and service is purchased with the donations of his listeners. For a while, he was receiving 15,000 letters a week, and most of them contained money. Yet, not once has he asked for it. Such is the loyalty of his following that they don't have to be asked. Such is the force of his opinions that hundreds of thousands who agree with him want others to hear. Amazingly, no religious line is drawn. Black men and white, Jews and Gentiles, men and women join in supporting him.

Of all this income, Father Coughlin gets not one penny for himself. His wants are modest. I have told you he lives in a tiny house—I think it has five rooms. He feeds himself and clothes himself; more than that he says man needs but little. That little, in the case of this fighting father of the Catholic Church, is the right to strike out as hard and far as the rays of radio can reach in behalf of those who are oppressed, and who are weary and can see no hope, and those who have strayed from God.

DON'T MISS THE LIFE STORY OF EDDIE CANTOR—IT'S FASCINATING!

You'll find it in the next issue of Radio Stars. Watch for it

Backstage

(Continued from page 8)

stop watch in his hand. If the show runs over the allotted sixty minutes, something will have to be cut. Or something may have to be added.

Swiftly, he brings the show toward its conclusion.

"Tiny" stoops to get his mouth on a level with a mike. He says, "There goes our Maxwell House Show Boat on her way down the river to Vicksburg, Mississippi . . ." Briefly, he mentions coffee and fine fragrance and then, "This is 'Tiny' Ruffner bidding you good night."

Abruptly, the studio is as quiet as a cathedral. No one speaks or moves. All eyes are on Ruffner as he looks at his stop-watch. Must something be cut or added? Will there be more rehearsal? He grins and looks up happily. Grins snap onto tired faces all up and down the room. They know what is coming.

"Rehearsal's over," "Tiny" says. "We hit her right on the nose."

Jane Froman

(Continued from page 9)

trips abroad and Continental concerts—herself in the costumes of Brunnhilde or Carmen. Sweet, rose-colored imaginings. Then her memory would bring back those whispered words, "Isn't it a pity."

Yes, it was a pity. Here was a girl growing up with beauty and spirit, and a gypsy's curse on her speech. Not on her brain, though. That was clear and straight-thinking. She studied voice, planning someday to get a job teaching it. Teaching! Can you imagine a teacher who stuttered? No, neither could she, but she needed a goal.

When she finished at Christian College, she went on to the University of Missouri. When she graduated, she was a Bachelor of Journalism, a Bachelor of Arts, and member of three different sororities.

WITH autumn, she decided to go to Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

Her first month in the music school was eventless.

Then with no warning at all, life came at her with a rush. She met two men who moulded her career toward its present happiness.

Someone asked her to sing at a party. She happened to know two of the modern ballad type of songs. Playing her own accompaniment, she sang in her low, rounded voice. It was Powel Crosley who came to her first and said: "I want you to sing for my station."

"But I'm still studying."

"With that voice, you don't have to study," he told her. "I want you to go on the air at once."



Herbert Marshall

"WILL HE BE THE GREATEST SCREEN LOVER?"



Elinor Glyn

ELINOR GLYN says "Yes." And she ought to know! Author of "Three Weeks" and many other famous tales of modern love—originator of the significant term, "It"—who is better qualified to pass judgment on Herbert Marshall, the screen's newest romantic figure?

Of course you're interested in this charming man—a consummate actor and the personification of romance for so many women. So be sure to read Miss Glyn's fascinating interview with him in the current issue of MODERN SCREEN Magazine.

Lots of other absorbing reading in the April issue, including: "Take My Advice," Faith Baldwin's counsel to various movie stars; "Norma Shearer Talks About Joan Crawford"; "George Raft As He Really Is"; "The Inside Story of Hollywood's Prize Romance"

(Maureen O'Sullivan and James Dunn).

All the latest news and gossip of the studios, of course, plus Hollywood beauty and fashion hints. And pictures! Hordes and hordes of pictures of all your favorites.

MODERN SCREEN, you know, is the biggest and best of all the cinema magazines—and costs only 10c! It has the largest guaranteed circulation of any screen magazine in the world—which is sure proof that the fans know and admire it. Are you one of those admirers? If not, this is a swell issue to get acquainted. Once you've read a copy of MODERN SCREEN, you'll realize what great magazine value it is!



Look for the Claudette Colbert cover on the April MODERN SCREEN!

MODERN SCREEN

10c At Kresge Stores, Kress Stores, and Newsstands

A BIGGER, BETTER SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOR LESS!

"I'd love it," she told Crosley.

The other man was Don Ross, a radio singer and entertainer. The radio brought them together but love held them.

IN Chicago, you will meet friends who swear that they are already married. In December, Jane swore to me that she was still single. "But we'll be married in the spring," she added. "We'll be married with announcements and everything and then we'll go to Europe for our honeymoon just as soon as our contracts will let us."

Already, they have been through some harsh moments together. There will be others, they know, but neither is afraid. Nothing can be much worse than her first audition in Chicago.

That audition gives the key to the spirit in this girl that answered to the touch of the two men I have mentioned. At first, she was groping, remember.

Then, with the confidence of a career ahead, she soared like a comet.

She had just come to Chicago, she and Don. Here was the mid-Western center of network broadcasting activities. A sponsor had asked her to come to the studio for an audition. It might mean that first all-important break that she sought with all her hungry heart.

She and Don started to the studio to keep the appointment. Going down some steps, she slipped and fell. When Don picked her up, one ankle swung grotesquely. She didn't have to tell him that it was broken—her foot was dangling limply.

"Take me to the studio," she ordered. He protested that a doctor was needed first, but she insisted. In his arms, he carried her through the lobby and into the studio itself. The sponsors were in another room, awaiting her voice in the loudspeaker.

With the pain in her ankle throbbing a counterpoint, she went through the complete program. At the end, her eyes bright with unshed tears, she held out her arms to Don, and let him call a doctor.

That was the beginning of her first network broadcasting. Today, the Iodent toothpaste makers are her sponsors. Others have sought her, and learned that the line forms on the right. Blumenthal, the New York producer who is continuing the late Zeigfeld's great 'Follies,' wired for her to take a leading rôle. She turned it down.

That is the record to date of the little girl of whom people used to say, "Isn't it a pity." I don't have to point the moral, do I? Listen to her sing sometime and, as you remember this story, see if you don't agree with me that there is no handicap too great—for a woman like Jane Froman.

There's Too Much Advertising

(Continued from page 14)

from the mouth of an announcer who acted as if he were about to let me in on a secret but world shaking event—whether toothpaste, cars, socks or pills.

The average listener has too much humor to stand for that. The average listener resents being told a thing so much and so often that he feels as if it were being forced down his throat like a dose of castor oil. The average listener is fairly intelligent. He has to be pretty gullible to believe all the advertisers tell him. If all listeners believed all advertisers told them there wouldn't be any depression. But all listeners don't. They can't. There is too much exaggeration and too much theatricalism.

A VERY good program is the best advertisement any product can have. A program moreover that is not interrupted and spoiled by a lot of advertising hokey. A program which tells us at the end and the beginning that it is being brought to us by a certain firm which makes a certain article, in which that firm believes so much that it is taking this means to tell us so. And that's enough. If the program continues, that very conservative, pleasant sort of repetition will do a lot more than ridiculous ballyhoo.

I remember a program I listened to by chance some time ago, in the morning. It was for a cosmetics line. The girl who answered questions and gave beauty advice over the short program probably wrote her own material. She was plugging a certain line of cold creams and tonics. She did *not* say that if you used this and that face food you would rise up tomorrow looking fifty years younger. She said, merely, that she considered this line the best that money could buy and that by faithfully using it according to directions she knew that any woman's skin would be improved. She made no extravagant

claims. She said, actually that she could make none. That no one could, and remain honest. This product I may add, was one of the three that I have bought through radio advertising.

ONE of the best programs on the air and one to which I listen regularly is making a mistake in the presentation of advertising matter. It interrupts itself to present its claims. It gives us innumerable endorsements from foreign physicians and I think this a mistake. A great many people in this country do not know that the endorsement of products by American doctors is not permitted by the American Medical Society, which considers such endorsements unethical. Therefore these listeners, after weeks of listening to letters signed by reputable foreign doctors, are asking—what's the matter with the product if our home grown men don't endorse it? They don't know that they *can't*.

Why, therefore are the other endorsements necessary? Why are any necessary. Why can't the advertising leave out the endorsements and merely tell us the name of the product, the uses to which it may be put—and why? I think here is another case of defeating your own ends by striving after too much effect.

Advertising and lots of it can be done on the radio with good results if it is keyed to the tempo of the program, does not interrupt the mood engendered by the program, and swings right along with it, staying brief, and sincere and matter of fact. I rather like the advertising kidded a little. The first person I ever heard do this was Charles Hamp, who used to be on for a tooth paste concern. He was amusing about it, very light, but perfectly sincere. I bought the tooth paste; and have used it ever since, by the way.

Another person was Elsie Janis, in

her recent series of broadcasts. She had a grand time with the sponsors of her program. I asked her why, once, and she replied that when people saw that product advertised on a billboard she would rather they would greet it with a smile and a chuckle, and a memory of a pleasant evening than with a oh-mi-gawd, sinking sort of feeling.

AT the end of her program I thought the kidding was a little overdone but at that it was better than the solemn plugging which promised everything from a top hat to a long life if you use Whosit's Whatsit.

Magazine advertising took a turn for the worse some years ago but has more recently swung back to normal. Of course, argue the air advertisers, you can skip the advertising in magazines if you don't like it. Yes, but you can also shut off your radio if you don't like the air advertising. Now and then when a specially long winded advertising announcement comes over the air and I am forewarned, having heard it before, I turn my dials until I get a dim mutter and look at my newspaper until I am sure that the advertising has ceased and then turn 'em on again and continue with the program.

I believe in advertising. We couldn't, you know, get along without it. I object only, as far as radio goes, to the mistaken idea that if you shout a thing in as exaggerated terms as possible and as long as possible that your listener will believe it. Your listener won't. Your listener will say, "There ain't no such animal." And your listener will look for the program which advertises briefly, sincerely and cleverly and which gives him, as the very best advertisement of all, the finest program that ingenuity can devise for his entertainment. That, at least, is the way I feel about it and I don't imagine that my reaction is exactly unique.

WHO ELSE

wants to get into

BROADCASTING ?

Let FLOYD GIBBONS, famous Radio Star, train you for a Broadcasting career. \$3,000 to \$15,000 a year and more paid to trained talent.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—Broadcasting needs you and you can now easily secure the important training that qualifies for a big pay job.

For now, thanks to Floyd Gibbons, famous "Headline Hunter of the Air," a remarkable new Course in Broadcasting Technique prepares you for the position you want—right in your own home. No matter how much natural ability you possess, Broadcasting is different from any other medium and your own talents must be adapted to fit its special requirements. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting offers you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. It gives you the benefit of Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Under his guidance you can acquire, right at home in your spare time, the technique that makes highly paid Broadcasting Stars.

Biggest Opportunities in Broadcasting

No other industry today offers you as many opportunities for quick success and high pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Thousands of men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent more than \$35,000,000 over the air. Broadcasting companies spent many more millions for talent. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to you! Think of the chance this gives you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

New Talent Needed

This year hundreds more talented men and women will make their bow over the "mike." New personalities will be heard—new stars will rise to the heights and sway millions—new fortunes will be made for those who are fortunate enough to be trained in Broadcasting technique.

You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training. If your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you can act, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you have any hidden talent at all—then let the Floyd Gibbons Course show you how to train successfully for Broadcasting fame and fortune.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while others, totally unheard of before, have sprung to fame almost overnight, because they grasped the technique.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training for



Broadcasting success. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that has made fortunes for the Graham MacNamees, Amos and Andys, Olive Palmers and Floyd Gibbonses.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of all branches of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job or making a single sacrifice of any kind—through this remarkable Course you can train for the big-paying Broadcasting position you have dreamed of.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in every phase of Broadcasting technique. It prepares you to step right into the studio and qualify for a place among the highly paid Broadcasters. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE Booklet

An interesting free booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course. Here is your chance to enter a life-long richly paid profession—to qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 3D37, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 3D-37, U. S. Savings Bank Bldg.,
2000 14th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

Name Age
(Please print or write plainly)
Address
City State

They lived a lifetime—in a single week!

A Strange Irony
Gave Him One Love
As He Pursued
Another

WHEN Dr. Bernhard rushed frantically up the gangplank of the huge *Germania*, seeking his runaway wife, he did not realize that he was not to touch foot on land again until the luxurious liner had made its six-day trip across the broad Atlantic!

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