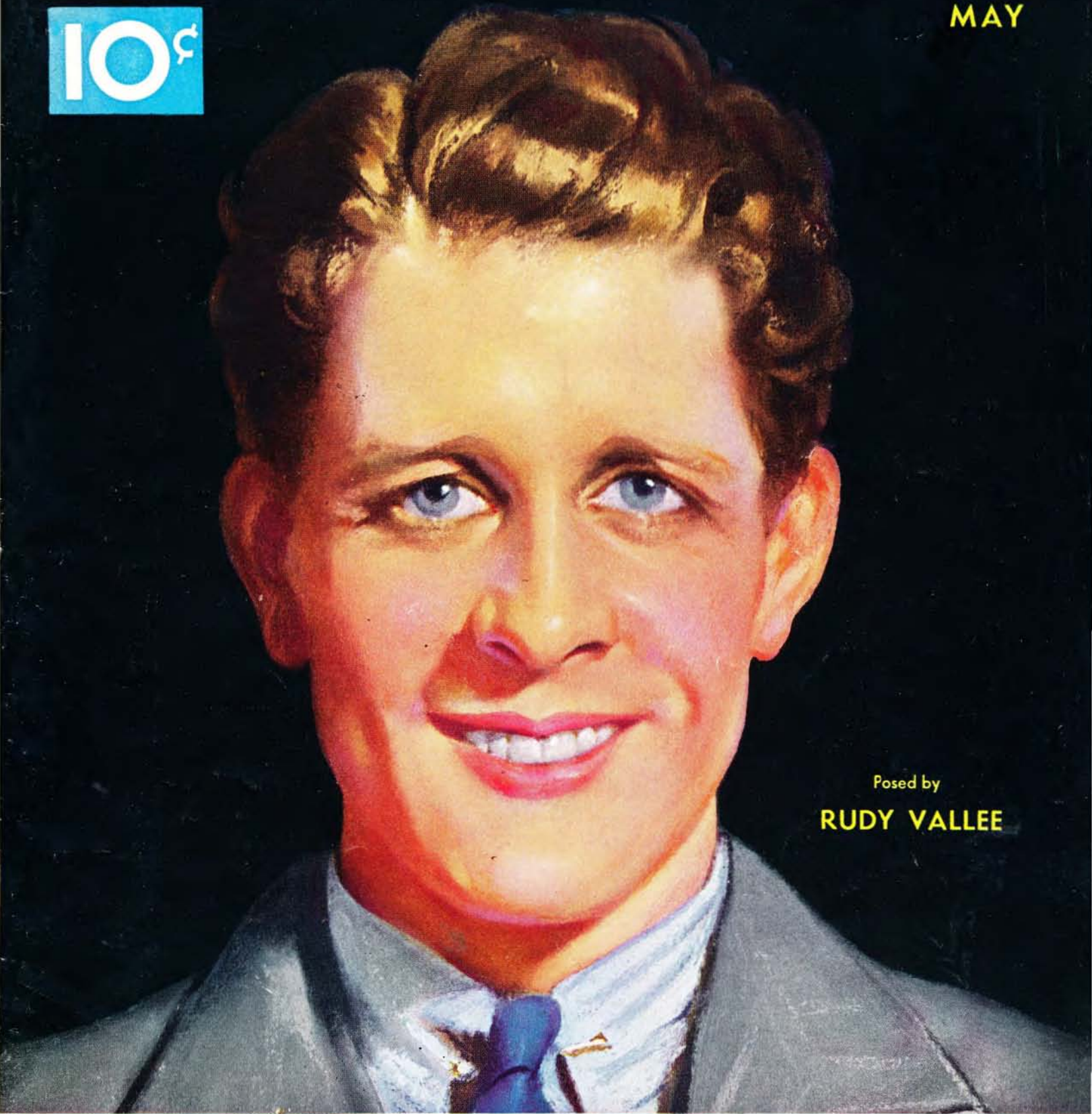


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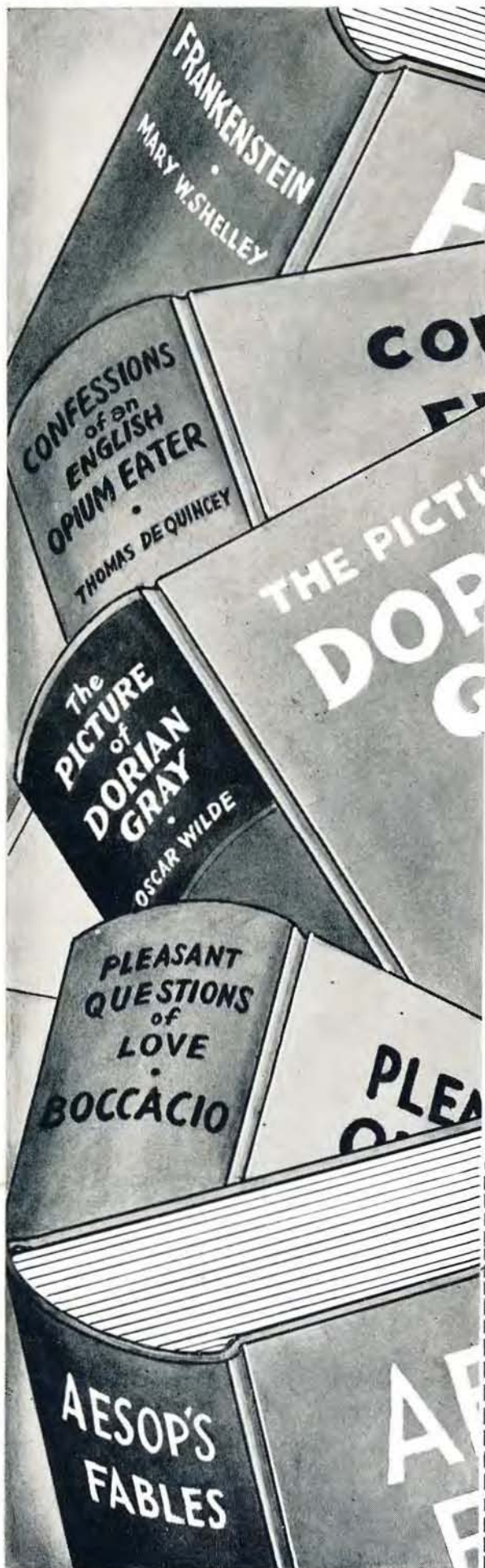
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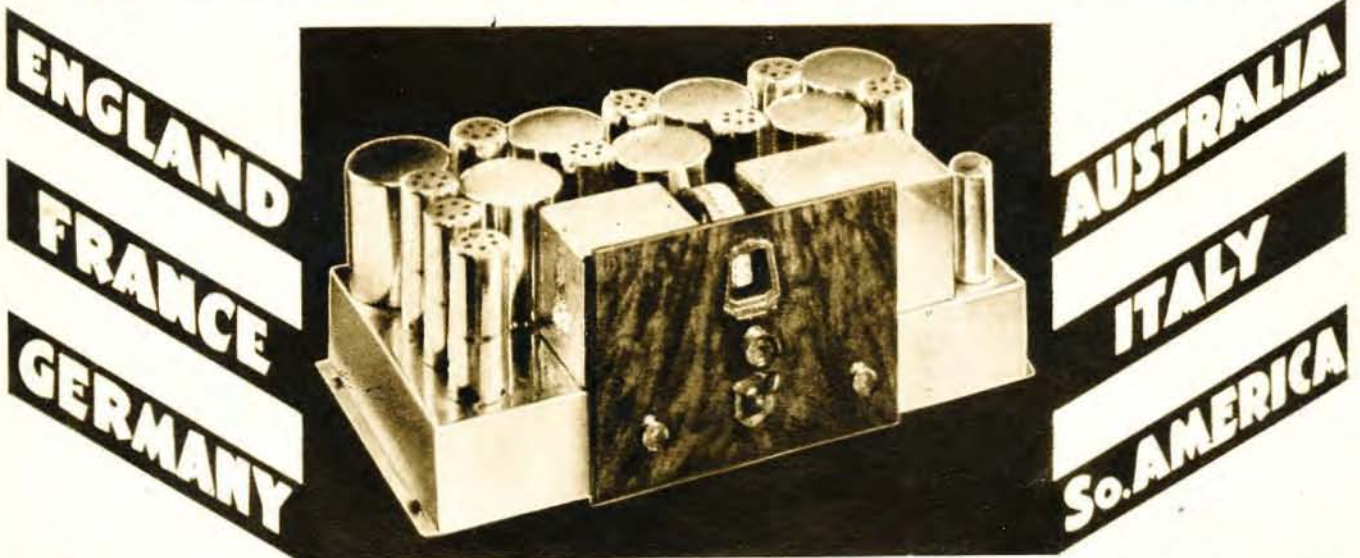
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him say:
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RADIO STARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

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 Associate Editor: K. Rowell Batten Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

NEXT MONTH

Stories never before told as we will tell them next month . . . the true story of why Al Jolson quit the air . . . the miracle of Norman Brokenshire's come-back . . . "John Henry's" sensational introduction to the broadcasting business . . . the inside story of Edwin C. Hill's "Inside Story" . . . a smashing revelation of what big business does to broadcasting called "Money, Money, Money!" . . . and the stirring tale of a girl's triumph, called "The Success Story of a Black Sheep." It's about Elsie Hitz, the girl with the magic voice. You'll thrill to it. Don't forget—all in the June issue of RADIO STARS, out May first.

HAVE YOU HEARD?

Our cameraman had no trouble catching Fred Allen, Gracie Allen and George Burns in a cuckoo moment.



Culver Service

BARON MUN-
CHAUSEN got a
letter last month from
an admirer. Read it:

Mr. Jack Pearl:

Honorable:

*With deep affection I corre-
spondence with you. Your radio
speak very, very ridicule. Missus
and I, myself laughter with hands
hold sides from split. Very, very
ridicule. The honorable Charles
very, very good, too. Missus like
him loads which making me very,
very zealous. All very funny. Much
best of luck.*

*Sincerely,
Walter T. Wong, Esq.*

The epistle now hangs on the Mun-
chausen wall, suitably framed and pre-
serving for Jack to exhibition by his
honorable grandchildren.

JAMES CANNON tells a whimsey
about Edna St. Vincent Millay's
last—and first—broadcast. She no-
ticed that there were two black box
microphones on the broadcasting desk.

"Do I speak into two of these?" she inquired.

"Yes," someone explained, "in case one of them breaks
down."

"Oh," she said, "but what if I break down? There's
only one of me."

RUTH ETTING was all packed up to go to Hollywood
the other day to play the leading role opposite
Maurice Chevalier in a Paramount talkie. But she didn't
go. Chesterfield ciggies, for which the lady chants her
torch songs, wanted her in New York. For a while, heated

This, that, and the
other last-minute
news and tid-bits
picked up in and
around the broad-
casting studios

words were passed from
one to the other, re-heated
and passed right back again.

In the end, rumor has it, La
Etting unpacked her bag and
wired Chevalier to find another
leading vooom-vooom. Which is just
too bad, a lot of chappies think, be-
cause those Ruthie-toot-toot tones and
curves opposite the famous Hapsburg
lip would make a riot of a movie.

SO-OO-OO-OO-OO-OO was the
solitary scribbling on a letter
picked up the other day by a Cleve-
land mailman. He took it to his Post
Office and a conference was held.
Next day, that letter was delivered to
the New York address of one of our
foremost radio cut-ups. The writer
wanted a picture of Ed Wynn.

DON CARNEY is putting dogs on
the air. His program is a series
of "Dog Chats" and if you're a pooch-
owner you ought to tune in. Uncle
Don, under the sponsorship of Spratt's,
will tell just what ails your purp and
how to make a hot nose cold. Sounds
like a bow-wow of an idea.

THEY do say that Al Jolson and Kate Smith are feud-
ing. One of the swellest songs in Kate's new picture,
"Hello, Everybody," is titled, "Pickaninny Heaven."
When Kate planned to put it on a program the other day,
she discovered that Al had already sung it. So Kate
burned. And now the greatest he-and-she singers in the
business are sticking out tongues and pouting. 'Stoo bad,
'stoo bad, says Filbert the office flea. No song is that
important.

Why can't both these warblers sing it, anyway?

YOU CAN'T KEEP



By CURTIS
MITCHELL

ED WYNN got up slowly off his chair. His jaw was set. "I'm not going to see a doctor. I'm not going to a hospital. And I'm *not* going to quit!" he said. "It's your funeral," the man in Oxford gray stated. "I'll be seeing you."

Ed Wynn closed the door after his visitor and went to a window. Below, at the bottom of a gulch that was a street between skyscrapers, the busy life of the city clattered and growled. He held his hand straight out before him, fingers extended. The hand trembled, like spring leaves in a light breeze. A sigh pushed through his tight lips and for a moment his face turned tired and sick.

That busy street below was Broadway in New York. Ed Wynn had clowned its breadth and length for thirty years. Miraculously, he had balanced atop its ladder of success season after season. Seeing new rivals spring up and seeing them fade, he had survived almost alone.

But now—now out of that Babel of city sound he heard the whisper that was on everyone's tongue. "Ed Wynn is through . . . Ed Wynn is through."

Everyone knew the tragic story. He had produced a show meant for Broadway and taken it for a shake-down tour through the smaller cities. He had named it "The Laugh Parade." The irony of that name, for people didn't laugh. Week after week and in city after city, he worked his heart out, and gained hardly a giggle.

Ed Wynn had actually reached the point where wise guys said he was through

HIM DOWN...!



Wide World

(Above, left) On his recent broadcasting tour, Pittsburgh gave Ed a swell welcome. (Above) Ed Wynn, a cigar stub, and his mother, who is responsible for his famous so-o-o-o.



Of course, the news got back to Broadway, and it was then that the street's wise boys began to say that Ed Wynn was through.

Week after week until two terrible months had passed did Wynn try to pull his show together. The effort drained his body. He lost weight, couldn't sleep, turned jumpy and irritable. To top it off, he had put \$171,000 of his own savings into that show. If he couldn't earn it back on Broadway, he would be almost where he started thirty years ago.

Old friends who saw him staggering under the overwhelming load offered advice. Too much advice. They said go home and go to bed. They said forget the whole thing. Junk it and try something else. Wreck it or it will wreck you. See a doctor.

"No," answered Wynn.

So these old friends pitched in to help him. They watched the show and each night's performance brought a new crop of well-meant suggestions. Desperate but hopeful, Wynn carried them out. And the "Laugh Parade" went from bad to worse.

On Broadway, the wolf packs that pick apart reputations and grease the skids for those who are slipping howled the louder when they heard the news. More than once, Wynn had fooled them. But now—now they had him. Verbally, they began to (Continued on page 16)

How he overcame such unpleasant circumstances is a story worth reading

Have you
a little
RADIO STAR
in your
home?



(Left) Alfred Price, who appears on the Horn and Hardart children's hour. (Above) These three girls appear on the Lady Next Door program over NBC. You must have heard them.



If your child has any talent,

WHEN you hear radio children on the air, do you think their reward is a lollipop or a big doll? And what would you say if I told you that the leading radio youngsters add thousands of dollars to the family coffer? Wouldn't you like your offspring, or your little sister or brother, to be able to pay for her own music lessons, and perhaps even buy you a lamp for the parlor table? For these youthful performers stack up enough gold pieces to pay off the mortgage, and perhaps buy Dad a set of golf sticks and Mother a new hat to boot!

Of course, these times aren't what they used to be in the good old days not beyond recall, when radio children were babies, and even these diminutive humans are not the weighty wage-earners they once were. But their small shoulders can still keep even the shadow of that wolf from the door.

Winifred Toomey of the long, lovely blond curls, who is 12 years young, had displayed her talent in public at the tender age of 3. On this occasion Baby Winifred earned \$5.00. And Winifred has already earned over \$5,000 a year. One hundred dollars a week is the most bacon Goldylocks has ever brought to home sweet home in the ether pay envelope. The least is \$15.00 for the same length of time. You can hear my little friend nearly each day via NBC on "The Lady Next Door" program, and whenever you find there is a little girl on "The Country Doctor" hour, or the "Lucky Strike" program, you may say to your neighbor, "That child is played by Winifred Toomey." Perhaps you remember that when "Toddy" and "Bon Ami" were on the air, you also heard Winifred. Winifred's salary goes to pay for her attractive dresses,



Jane of the Jolly Bill and Jane Hour. Jane's real name is Muriel—Muriel Harbater. She gets one hundred dollars every week for her radio work. And she's saving most of it.



Baby Renée Brandeis who appears on the Horn and Hardart children's program. She puts over semi-classical and popular songs in a style quite her own. And very cute it is, too.

radio is one of the best fields for him—or her—to try

her school, her dancing, music and dramatic lessons and the rest goes straight to the bank to save for the time when our little radio artist is a radiant débutante.

Home sweet home for Winnie is a house in Flatbush where she lives with her mother, her two sisters, and father. Mr. Toomey is a clerk in a Wall Street brokerage house and there are times, plenty of them, Mrs. Toomey told me, when his daughter piles up more of the so-called filthy lucre than her dear old dad!

Her pal in broadcasts and often outside them is Jimmy McCallion, thirteen-year-old radio actor; the smartest, brightest, nicest kid that ever spoke to you from behind the ether curtain. You hear snappy Jimmy as Bobby Hill, in the Columbia "Junior Bugle" program, every Sunday from 9 to 10. Whenever there's a boy scheduled in the "Death Valley Days" broadcast, Jimmy portrays him also. And he is proudly boasting that he was the page boy and the telegram boy with Eddie Cantor recently. Jimmy used to go around saying "Leon Errol is my best friend," but now I noticed he's changed his tune to: "Say, Eddie Cantor remembers me!" In the past you've heard him as Sam in the "Penrod" stories, besides many other either roles. Jimmy tells me he has earned as much as \$300 a week, and that his average salary is about \$150 weekly. Most of this goes, like Winifred's, for his education and in the bank, and this youngster whose yearly earning capacity is often in four figures, says his allowance is about \$1.50, from Sunday to Sunday. Not much more than *your* Jimmy gets. Mc-

Callion, Senior, is secretary to a local union for carpenters. Mrs. McCallion is the mother of nine children so she deserves as much applause as her actor son! Six of them are living, and Jimmy and the family reside on Riverside Drive and 135th Street, New York.

THE boy who used to play "Penrod" to Jimmy's "Sam," and many other juvenile roles, and whom you may now hear in the "Lady Next Door," and as Mikey when Mikey is in the Goldberg hour, is Howard Merrill. Howard has earned money since he was one year old. He's never made less than \$3.00 a day. He's often made \$300 a week. He is sixteen years old. Not so bad, what? Besides his radio activities he edits a magazine and

By HARRIET
MENCKEN

numbers among his five hundred subscribers, he told me, Alfred E. Smith, Lowell Thomas, Albert Payson Terhune and Robert Ripley. Howard's father is in the clothing business and his mother is secretary to Mrs. Berg, the Molly of the Goldberg hour. In fact, Mrs. Merrill is everything. I've been out on the Paramount lot and seen her turn up as an extra, I've been in the radio studios and seen her turn up as a writer. There's more energy and ambition in Mrs. Merrill than in ten other people combined and her son will have to mean the time-old gag about owing it all to mother.

One of the best known children on the air is our own Jane of the famous "Jolly Bill and Jane Hour," whom you hear five times a week via NBC, and have been hearing for the last five years. Jane's (Continued on page 48)

HOW LONG WILL THEY LAST . . . ?

How long do you think Amos 'n' Andy's popularity will last? Hear what they themselves say about it—and see if you agree

HOW long will they last?

On Broadway you can find guys in the know who say that Amos 'n' Andy are all washed up—that they will be through within a year. But go to Main Street in Hoboken, Hampton Roads, or Oklahoma City and you will find Amos 'n' Andy boosters who have listened to the affairs of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company "incorporated," the O. K. Hotel, and the Mystic Knights of the Sea for five years and still say they haven't had enough. So what? How long will they last? Of all people, Amos 'n' Andy ought to know. They should have their

By
WILSON
BROWN



Here you see them snatching a few minutes rest on the day-bed in their Radio City dressing room.



(Above) Andy and Amos in the make-up which goes with their famous act. (Extreme left) Charles J. Correll — Andy. (Left) Freeman F. Gosden—Amos.

fingers on the public pulse. Let's go see them and see what they have to say about it

I found Freeman F. Gosden, or Amos to you, and Charles J. Correll, better known as Andrew H. Brown, at the huge new Music Hall in Radio City, New York. They were playing a stage engagement there, the first such engagement in a year and a half.

Through the stage door I went, took a couple of elevator rides, and found myself surrounded by dressing rooms. Andy was at the telephone as I entered the hall. With one hand he directed me to his room. With the other he held the receiver and continued his phone conversation.

NO. 502 was the room. Amos, who had been in the bath preparing for the next stage appearance, came out in shorts, socks and dressing gown. Andy finished his call and came in, fully dressed, except coat and vest, and he, too, was wearing a dressing gown—a blue one just like Amos.

What a pace these fellows hit. In dashed a boy with a bite of lunch. Then came a message from a stranger asking for a small gift—not just a million, he'd be satisfied with \$1,000. Another man, just released from an Atlanta prison, worked his way past the many desks and secretaries to tell Andy that he knew a man who knew a man who knew a man who knew Andy. You know how it is. The ex-prisoner wanted a few dollars. Moments

later a woman insisted that they see her hairless dog. It was hairless, all right. A man rushed in and said if they'd endorse his song he would be made. A booking agent came to talk business. A film company sent representatives to talk more business. A photographer snapped pictures. What a life!

Then came a respite. Gosden and Correll made for a day-bed and comfort. They're used to that mile-a-minute pace. They have been at it for more than five years. But they're tired—plenty. You'd never know it though. Always smiling, always talking, always cheerful—they are perfect hosts. The burnt cork of Amos 'n' Andy makes no difference in the character of Gosden and Correll as they really are. And that undoubtedly is doing much to hold them on the air.

While we were alone, they answered my question. They have been fortunate and they know it. They're not boastful about it, but at the same time they can't avoid knowing that other programs and artists have come and gone, but Amos 'n' Andy have remained. What's the reason?

Amos was the spokesman. "We want to stick. And you can bet that as long as we're on the air, we'll do our best to put on a substantial program."

That word "substantial" explains their entire philosophy. Could it be that this is the reason they've been able to last over five years already; might this be the factor which will keep them with us for a (Continued on page 42)

She was a hooper when he met her. She had no idea how romantic a comedian could get—until she met him. So they married and she became his stooge.



(Left) Fred Allen, of the Linit Bath Club. (Above) Portland Hoffa, his wife. Know how she got her name?

By HILDA
COLE

THE day of which I write was approximately five years ago. It was behind the scenes of "The Passing Show," a fleshy, flashy piece of rhinestone entertainment on pre-depression Broadway. It was one of those days on which stars have headaches, hoofers get runs in their stockings, and comedians look as full of *joie de vivre* as Egyptian mummies.

It was a day on which a tall young man called Fred Allen, despondently leaning against a backdrop, considered that life was pretty dull. Life . . . what was it but a bunch of old gags to make over, let down the hems, and pin onto new political problems. And the dear public? What was the dear public but a bunch of people who sometimes laughed at gags but usually didn't. In short Fred was feeling what is colloquially known as "lousy." Very.

Now, in case you haven't recognized the principal

The grand romance of FRED ALLEN and PORTLAND HOFFA



Culver Service

Here we have Fred Allen at the bat. Like most comedians, he is constantly worrying about getting "new material."



Culver Service

And now Portland Hoffa at the bat. The first time she played stooge for Fred she almost died of stage fright.



Fred, as a business man, trying to overcome depression. Wonder who's handing him that dose of aspirin.

of this merry piece, the Fred Allen already mentioned is the self same zany who cavorts Sunday-nightly in your loudspeakers for Linit and the Bath Club. And the hooper who—in my story—is about to enter Monsieur Allen's life is none other than that dumb-cluckish young thing named Portland on the same program who claims residence in Schenectady and asks first primer questions with the guilelessness of Lorelei Lee.

THIS hooper in "The Passing Show" had a run in her stocking, probably, but it didn't get her down. She had the sort of face, Fred noticed covertly, that never quite lost hope. Turned up nose, you know; amused blue eyes that held a quiet merriment. Though dressed like innumerable other hoofers, she shone as distinctively as the night's first star, as far as Fred was concerned.

Some newspaperman who knew her had written this line: "Portland Hoffa was a hooper, and she held herself aloof." That is to say, she didn't chew gum like a cud-punishing bossy, say "gawd," or wear orchids every pay day. To Fred, she was a miracle, for she yanked him straight out of his private chasm of despair and changed his opinion of the Younger Generation.

Twirling his false mustache, our boy friend decided to find out more about her. "She hasn't been in show business long, or she'd look different," he told himself.

"Such a cute girl ought to get out before it gets her."

So what did Fred do about it? He married her and made her a stooge. His stooge. He made a hooper into a stooge—and what happened? But wait. Maybe you don't know what a hooper is. Well, suh, the sons and daughters of vaudeville call all dancers "hoofers." And a stooge? That's the guy planted in the audience to heckle the comedian on the stage. Sometimes he has a seat in the first row downstairs. Usually, he is in a box. Or he may be on the stage. No matter where he makes his headquarters, he "feeds" the dumb, oaf-like queries that give the comedian his chance to spring his laugh line. That's your stooge. Understand?

Portland Hoffa became a stooge, but before she surrendered, believe you me, it took a deal of crafty Allen strategy.

THAT first day approximately five years ago when an uninvited impulse prodded Fred Allen to learn more about the girl, he employed the method of his grease-painted profession. He wise-cracked, he did. And lo! the first faint fires of romance were lighted.

"I'm a doctor's daughter," Portland advised him. "My father named me after the city where I was born. Out in Oregon, you know."

"I know," said Fred. "You ought to be glad you weren't born in Terre Haute or (Continued on page 43)"



Juano Hernandez and Rose McClendon in the marvelous "John Henry" Program—every Sunday evening over the Columbia network. (Center picture) Georgea Backus of the Crime Club programs.

Johnny Marvin whose Oklahoma drawl is real. He belongs to NBC. (Immediately opposite on the other page) Mae Questel looks, acts, sings like and, in fact, actually is Betty Boop.



(Above) Al Cameron and Pete Bontsima whom you've heard over the NBC network. (Above, right) D. W. Griffith, NBC, Sunday and Wednesday P. M.'s. (Left) Jeannie Lang—Pontiac and Musical Grocery Store.

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

NOT long ago, two dusky porters at the Columbia Studios in New York carried a specially selected watermelon into a broadcast chamber. The show of the moment was a crime drama. During the first twenty minutes, the watermelon lay undisturbed on a table near a mike. The story sped ahead. A man was about to be killed. A dagger in the heart was to do the trick. The continuity came to the climax where the hero killed the villain. A sound man lifted a steel knife off the table beside the watermelon.

"Die, you dog!" screamed an actor. The knife plunged into the green rind, once—twice. Thud . . . thud!

"There! I've done it. Now you're finished," the actor cried.

And the play went on to its end. And the audience filed out. The porters took the watermelon carefully to the basement and put it on ice.

THAT cute word, "Woof," still gets announcers into hot water. Sound engineers have adopted it, you know, for the purpose of testing their mikes. The other night, Bill Schudt was handling a dance band broadcast. The mike was at the edge of the dance floor. Oblivious of

his surroundings, Bill went to it and said, "Woof, woof, woof!" In a trice, a dozen dancers were gathered close, going "bow-wow-wow" at him.

PHIL COOK is back. Remember the Quaker Oats man who made "Okay, Colonel!" famous? He is on the air for NBC doing a complete circus sideshow. Out of his own mouth come the words of fifteen characters. Everything in the circus but the peanuts and pink lemonade.

MR. AND MRS. SETH PARKER recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home in Maine—but not the Seth and Ma Parker that you know about. When Phillips H. Lord created the radio character he thought he had a name all his own. Now he finds that a real Seth lives in Durham, Maine, not so many miles from Jonesport, the scene of his radio dramas.

BAGPIPES are a nuisance. Whenever one is needed for a radio show, it has to be put in a padded cell. Really. Bagpipe tones, it seems, just can't be modest. They've got to shriek or not at all. Therefore the padded cells.



The story of the watermelon . . . The troubles with the word "Woof" . . . Singin' Sam's personal appearance causes trouble . . . And other tit-bits

During a recent Sherlock Holmes broadcast, the script called for the sound of distant bagpipes. So the cell was trundled in and Piper Ross Gorman was put into it. At the appointed time, a sound man knocked on the wall. Gorman promptly piped, and through the thick padding came the sound of a distant bagpipe. Gee, this radio business is wonderful.

THIS just shows how radio men meet emergencies. Last winter, when engineers of the Columbia Broadcasting System undertook to put the colorful and picturesque Beaux Arts Costume Ball on the air, they were stymied at the door of the Waldorf-Astoria when told that no one could enter the ballroom unless he wore a masquerade costume. The engineers returned to the CBS offices, donned two gold and gray uniforms that they borrowed from page boys and one that they took off a porter. At the Waldorf again, they were passed in without a question.

SINGIN' SAM made the mistake of his life during his recent vaudeville tour. In a weak moment, he consented to appear at a downtown drugstore in Baltimore to autograph one hundred of his pictures. So many fans jammed

RADIO STARS



(Above) Elsie Hitz as June Armstrong of "The Magic Voice" series, got sick and had to broadcast from a hospital bed—in keeping with her rôle of June. (Below) Mrs. and Mr. Paley. He is President of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Mrs. Stokowski, Capt. Bede Clifford, Governor General of the Bahamas, Mrs. Clifford, Miss Polly Leach and Mr. Leopold Stokowski.



the place and filled up the street outside that the store's management had to lock the doors and call out the fire department to clear the mob off the sidewalk.

HOW'M I doin', hey-hey . . ." That's George Burns theme song since he inadvertently mentioned, during a broadcast with Gracie Allen, that he used a certain make of watch. A thousand miles away, the president of the firm that makes that watch heard his crack and immediately sent two fine watches with his congratulations. George and Gracie are now planning to mention plenty.

YOU never know who's listening, in this radio racket. The other night, Kate Smith put a song on her program

that she liked. Announcing it, she said, "Now, I'm going to sing 'Good-by, Little Girl, Goodby,' a song written thirty years ago by that grand old showman, Gus Edwards."

Gus Edwards was at home, listening. He was so surprised and pleased that he slid into his hat and coat, bought two dozen roses, and took a cab to the radio station. As Kate came from her broadcast, he met her and gave her the flowers. "Many thanks," he told her, "for one of the greatest thrills of my life."

A SOUL-SHAKING order came out of the National Broadcasting Company's executive offices the other day. It said, "Announcers will discontinue using the words, 'Your announcer is So-and-so.'"

So what? Well, all the announcers have been scurrying around for a new way of singing the old, old signing-off phrase. Tiny Ruffner, sky-scraping salesman for the Show Boat program settled the whole problem by saying, "This is Edmund Ruffner bidding you all good-night."

OO-O-O-OOOO, is our face red. Remember the yarn we printed about Jack "Nelson" on the Myrt & Marge air shows? Well, it turns out that there isn't a Jack "Nelson" on that program . . . and the guy we really meant is Jack Arnold. Can you beat it?

Of course, we knew it all the time, but somehow these mistakes will happen. But here's the blow that killed father. There is a Jack Nelson. He is a big shot with the Lord and Thomas advertising agency in New York. He handles a whole lot of radio programs and it was he who gave Vinton Haworth, the chap who is the Jack Arnold of "Myrt & Marge," his first break on the air. And now, dear customers, please don't write us any more letters. We know we done wrong.

GEORGE HICKS, NBC announcer, came rushing into the studios one frosty Friday night not long ago and handed out cigars all around. "It's a boy," he said. "Eight pounds."

THESE sound effects men never know from one day to the next what life will demand of them. Sometimes, it is almost more than they can bear. Take that Crime Club broadcast the other night. Can you guess what they had to provide to make sundry clicks and clatters for the air audience? Their props included a dish, various tools, bromo seltzer, glasses, water, three steam whistles, an air tank, two revolvers and blanks, a Diesel engine, public address system, iron door, flexible metal hose, water cradle, sound proof cabinet, light globe, door, and a whimpering baby.

ELSEWHERE, we've told the story of an envelope marked "So-o-o-o-o" making its way to Ed Wynn. Now we get another news flash that a letter bearing the one word, "Liar," was sent straight to Jack Pearl, the air's Baron Munchausen. Well, maybe—

IN case you're tired of the old English language and the meanings we usually give to words, just go up to Jeannie Lang, the half-pint singer on the Pontiac and Musical Grocery Store periods, and ask for a few of hers.

Believe it or not, "ginger peachy" means everything is just swell. When she is thrilled she says, "I got a biggish bang." "I'm skiddink" means "I've got to go." "My Cow" is Lang-slang for "Goodness Gracious."



The pictures of Rudy broadcasting by Culver Service

The man on the cover

Rudy Vallee is his name, radio fans, and above you see him in a number of characteristic poses. Incidentally, you wise guys who said his popularity wouldn't last might be surprised to learn that Rudy now has a lasting place in radio.



SETH PARKER GOES TO SEA

By JAMES A. ELLSWOOD, JR.



Effie Palmer and Phillips Lord in their make-up as Mr. and Mrs. Seth Parker. Don't think for a moment that the broadcasts will be interrupted by Phil's absence.



The Country Doctor was the second character which Phillips Lord created for the air. Here he is made-up to look like his idea of that lovable old character.

WHEN the blood of seafaring forbears is in your veins, it never lets you rest. Phillips Lord, whom you know as Seth Parker and the Country Doctor, found that out.

Phil Lord is going to sea.

I like the finality of his answer to the urge that has burned within him. No cautious Cooks' touring for this son of deep-water sailormen. He goes like a Viking or rather, like one of those fishermen from his own "Down East" who have dared all the tempests of Heaven and still brought home their cargo.

His ship is a four-master, a schooner that has already circled the globe thrice. He bought it from her master and hired him to captain her on this fourth circling. A ship built with a deep chest and a brawny shoulder to shove aside Neptune's mane.

The day I saw her in a Brooklyn basin, she was called "Georgette." Her old name that. It will be changed.

Phil Lord may christen her "Seth Parker" . . . or he may name her after his wife or one of his daughters. The day I boarded her an Arctic wind howled through her rigging. The deck was splotted with streaks of ice where water had struck and frozen. Her bare masts looked like icicles. She looked cold. And tough.

When Phil Lord goes aboard with his crew this mid-summer, he will take her toward the hot countries. Toward such dreamlands as Morocco, Egypt, Arabia, and the South Seas. Hot lands where strange things happen; where dark men and women love and hate and kill.

Suppose your dreams included Borneo and Bali, Siam and Ceylon? Suppose you had traveled down the wide horizon in idle fancy and then—then you found that the Gods had smiled and you might travel in actuality. Would you take the chance?

Phil is taking it. But there is this difference. His chance is of his own making. Utterly his own. And so



Phillips Lord, he of Seth Parker and Country Doctor fame, will soon be off on a round-the-world trip. But, in keeping with his ancestors, he boards no luxury liner



Four pictures of Phil on the "Georgette," the schooner which he has bought to tour the world. In one picture you'll find Irene Rich—she wanted to see the boat. The man with Seth is Captain C. Flink.



much sweeter must be the reward for this reason.

His story is well known. Not many years ago, he was an unknown writer with an idea. Endowed with an uncanny ability to talk and project the dialect and moods of the "Down East" character of his own devising, Seth Parker, he talked that idea up and down and across Radio Row. Time and again, deaf ears were turned to him. Eventually, a man listened. And then another man. That's the way it is with something new. Before Phil had finished, he was conducting "Sunday at Seth Parkers" for the entire National Broadcasting Company network.

This last year, he has added "The Country Doctor" to his achievements. All of which, if you know your radio business, means that Phil has been making a satisfying amount of money. Which is not startling in an industry that pays the Wynns and Jolsons and Cantors something like \$5,000 each week.

(Continued on page 40)

THROUGH THE YEARS



(Left) His early years really made him the swell comedian he is today. And that make-up (below) was invented by him in those days to win audiences.

By
EDWARD R.
SAMMIS

THERE was a new boy on Henry Street, selling papers.

He was a skinny little kid, with a head too big for his under-sized body and great rolling pop eyes. They said he wouldn't last. Henry Street was one of the toughest streets in all of New York's tough lower East Side. Selling papers there was a privilege which you had to be ready to defend with both fists, doubled, at the drop of a hat or even sooner.

The big boys came down on him. "Scram!" they said. Or its equivalent in slang current at the turn of the century.

But the skinny boy with the pop eyes lingered just out of reach, howling, hopping, jeering and kidding.

The big boys grinned. And the skinny boy stayed.

The old East Side is going now, almost gone. They have cut a wide swathe through its middle for the erection of model apartments. No one regrets its passing. Yet, with it goes a hard, but potent training school.

The East Side made Al Capone a gang lord. It made Al Smith a leader of men. And it made Eddie Cantor a great comedian. Each according to his talents.

It was, in fact, the cradle for many comics: Ben Bernie, Phil Baker, Jack Pearl, the Howard Brothers, Jimmy



Did you know he sang for nickels on the East Side? And survived gang fights? . . . Almost ran away with a Russian girl? . . . Read about Eddie's early years

WITH EDDIE CANTOR

With his wife, Ida Tobias, and his five daughters. Five (5). Eddie fell in love with Ida when he was in his 'teens. For years her parents objected to him.



Durante, to name a few. Recently, I asked Eddie Cantor why. He said:

"The line between comedy and tragedy is a hairline. When you looked up at those drab swarming tenements, at the misery all about you, you *had* to laugh—or die!"

There was a special reason in Eddie's case: his size. Of average stature now, he was then a wisp of a lad, especially for that neighborhood, where fists were the law. And when Eddie's fists failed him, he had to make his wits serve.

YOU may have noticed that the keynote of his capers is impudence; a flip defiance of powers or persons stronger than himself. Like his famous scene with the bone-breaking osteopath.

That impudence brought him through the hurly-burly of his boyhood, with its street brawls and its gang fights. "Those gang fights—oo!" he says, and shudders today at the thought.

Only once did it fail him. It was the time Eddie found out you can't kid a brickbat. The brickbats flew thick at street fights. One came sailing out of the air one time—he never knew where from. It smacked him on the forehead and stretched him flat, leaving a dent which he carries to this day. No little nick, wind you, but a cleft from eyebrows to hairline.

The fact that he survived at all shows that Eddie, with all of his hopping and howling, was a tough kid.

The same impudence, later, on the stage, screen, and over the radio microphones, made Eddie a couple of fortunes, one of which he still has.

Eddie was born down there on the East Side, in a two-

room flat on crowded, teeming Eldridge Street.

His mother, of whom he only knew from her photograph that she had large dark eyes, died shortly after his birth.

His father, a sentimental, discouraged violinist, grew even more discouraged then, and soon died likewise, of pneumonia, or a broken heart, or both. He bequeathed to Eddie one battered, second-hand violin which Eddie never used, and a priceless sense of rhythm which he has used ever since.

The guiding spirit in his life thenceforth was his maternal grandmother, Esther, who had arrived on the scene from Russia a few months before at her daughter's request, in a final desperate effort to stem the last outgoing trickle of the Cantor fortunes. From the time Michael Cantor died, Grandma Esther was mother, father, and probation officer to (Continued on page 41)

BACKSTAGE WITH STOOPNAGLE & BUDD



By OGDEN
MAYER

HAVE you a pet peeve? Would you like to have something eliminated . . . a wart, garlic, or a mother-in-law? Then climb aboard our broadcast bus and trundle your troubles up to Carnegie Hall. We're going to visit Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd.

Anything can happen when you visit Stoopnagle and Budd. Anything. When they first came to town, they served notice to all and sundry. It was at a big dinner to which were invited the city's radio writers and editors. When the gentlemen of the press were seated with two strangers in boiled shirts in the seats of honor, waiters came forth from the kitchen with

soup. Half way to the table, the foremost stumbled. The second tripped over him. Soup bowls hit, bounced, and decorated walls and pant-legs with consommé.

Somehow, the soup was served and eaten and the waiters came forth again with fried chickens. One waiter tilted his platter and a poultry shower descended on the two guests of honor. Another waiter slipped on the soup-wet floor and a hurricane of peas lashed the necks of both distinguished newcomers.

What a dinner party that was! Embarrassing situation piled upon embarrassing situation. Not until it was over did the nervous newspapermen learn that those two victual-plastered gents in the seats of honor were only two hired stooges. And the two reckless waiters were those jolly old funsters, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd.

Tonight, we have no dinner, for which

Take a trip to Carnegie Hall—in New York City—where those two madmen, Stoopnagle and Budd; Jeannie Lang; William O'Neal and Andre Kostelanetz' orchestra hold forth. You'll be thrilled



we may be thankful. Tonight, we go to a Pontiac broadcast with the Colonel and Budd and Jeannie Lang and William O'Neal and Andre Kostelanetz and his orchestra.

Carnegie Hall! That's the large corner building on New York's snooty Fifty-seventh Street where music goes high hat. Tonight, the famous Philharmonic orchestra is playing under Bruno Walter's direction. It plays downstairs in a huge auditorium. We take a dyspeptic elevator to a music chamber high under the roof's eaves.

Br-r-r-r. Listen to that racket. Andre Kostelanetz and his musical men are tuning up. Glance around. Weeks back, this Pontiac studio was only a music chamber. The curtains that mask the walls are new. They are there to absorb sound, to take the bounce out of every noise that hits them so no echo can make

William O'Neal and Jeannie Lang at one mike. Stoopnagle and Budd at the other. That's Louis Dean next to Budd. Kostelanetz on the podium.

its way back to the listening mike.

That plush cord strung across the middle separates the audience from the performers. There is a card in our seat. What does it say?

"It is important that during this half-hour you remain seated so there will be no scraping of chairs and no incidental noise that might interrupt the broadcast . . . the announcer will call for silence just before we take the air. Please cease applause or laughter after any number or skit when the announcer raises his hand."

So we're to be quiet, you see. Okay, Mister Pontiac. On with your bloomin' show. What have you got to offer?

RADIO STARS



Just as crazy as they look



Kostelanetz in action.



Easy on that sax!



They look no crazier than they are.



What, no oboe?



The finale



Pianissimo



Altogether, now.



Sh—ush!

Look, look, look! Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. In tuxedos with that Fifth Avenue cut and white carnations in their lapels that reek of prosperity. Budd is medium size, blond, shrewd and humorous of face. The Colonel is stockier, with a roly-poly countenance tanned still by Florida sunshine. There is their organ, their mighty gas-pipe organ that has played so many Publix endings. The guy leaning on it is Louis Dean, good ol' Louie, the Dean of all announcers.

And his hand is going up . . . up and out. The crowded seats become quiet. "In behalf of Pontiac . . ." He welcomes us, tells us to applaud if we feel like it, to hiss if we wish. Finishing, he goes to a mike, a watch in his hand.

Kostelanetz in tails and eyeglasses holds a baton over his crouching musicians. You can hear a pin drop. Mrs. Ora D. Nichols, mistress of Columbia's sound-making equipment, makes herself comfortable in a white fur coat. Her assistant, George O'Donnell, looks boredly at the big Pontiac Indian head painted on the back wall of the stage.

A man with a wad of papers in his hand motions abruptly to Kostelanetz. The baton swoops floorward and rises on a flood of harmony. The music fades abruptly and Louis Dean leans toward his mike.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Pontiac presents . . ."

The music lashes itself into a tumult and a group of impeccably dressed men and women cluster like a college quartet before a mike and let their voices roar. Sound crowds the music chamber, whips into our ears and fills us with a stirring rhythm. Abruptly, it becomes a whis-



One moment, please!

per. Uncle Louis Dean speaks again.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Pontiac presents . . . presents . . . er-r-r . . . um-m-m . . . presents . . ."

Budd and the Colonel are at their own mike. "He must mean us," says the Colonel to Budd and a dozen million loudspeakers. "Maybe we should say something," says Budd.

And they do say something.

Have you heard of technocracy? Then you ought to know about Stoopnocracy.

It is Stoopnagle's idea of the way to make life one long session of undiluted bliss. Just a week ago, he introduced it to his radio audience. Already, mail from every state in the Union is flooding his office. Mail that contains new suggestions. If you've got a pet peeve, now is the time to have it attended to. That is the business of Stoopnocracy. To eliminate all harsh irritants.

THE Colonel suggests that Budd read some of the letters.

One chap wants the backward swing in hammocks abolished. "A forward step," praises Stoopnagle. Another letter writer suggests that Stoopnocracy eliminate the inside of cakes of soap so when the outside is used up the inside won't be left for people to step on. You get the idea, don't you? Real practical suggestions for the improvement of mankind's lot in this world. Strangely enough, they aren't from school kids or pranksters, either. Some of those letter writers, Budd told me the other day, are bank presidents and sales managers and lawyers.

They finish their skit and Kostelanetz leads his men into a popular number. Jeannie (Continued on page 38)

How SHERLOCK HOLMES got on the air

Edith Meiser is the name of the woman who does the Sherlock Holmes sketch. An amazing person



Culver Service

THE office boy said, "That lady's here again, sir."

"That lady" had been there a lot of times during the past year. She had an idea, it seemed. The advertising agency chief remembered vaguely that it had something to do with some dead-and-forgotten detective. . . . Sherlock Holmes, wasn't it? She had an idea that a Sherlock Holmes series on the air would interest a lot of people.

"Nothing doing—now or ever," he told the office boy. And the office boy went back to the lady with the brutal message.

Edith Meiser heard that depressing story for about a year. Edith Meiser, who doesn't remind you of crime or criminals nearly so much as of a Park Avenue drawing room or the society box at Belmont Park, wasn't discouraged. Some day, she knew, she would find an executive who would agree with her. Until that day, it was her destiny to pound the pavements in search of him.

Of course, she found him. For years now, Sherlock Holmes has been one of the radio's outstanding characters. And the amazing thing to me is that he, the virile, brainy, vigorous he-sleuth of the air, is the creation of a woman. That's she in the picture above—with Richard Gordon who plays Sherlock Holmes.

I want to tell you more about her. I think she has a spark that most of us lack—and need so badly in times like these when the cupboard is the next thing to bare. One gift—it is largely responsible for her success—is that of humor. She laughs delightedly at her own faults and her own petty pretensions. She laughs at the

By CAROLINE
SOMERS HOYT

things that go wrong, and plenty of things have gone wrong. She laughs at the vanity of the world and the men and women in it.

HER husband, who is Thomas H. McKnight, is part of the firm of McKnight and Jordon, a company given to producing a goodly part of the entertainments that come to your parlors. Edith is a part of that company. One-third, actually. "We're all vice-presidents," she says. "Like generals in the Mexican army."

The way she got into this broadcasting business is . . . but let's start at the beginning. Detroit, Michigan. Edith Meiser was a débutante with practical notions. That was Mr. Meiser's idea. His daughter, he said, should know how to earn her own living. Even though he took her abroad to Dresden and Geneva where she got part of her education, she was far from a lily-fingered hot-house flower.

At Vassar in 1921, she was a veritable tornado. Doing all the things that mattered. And many that didn't. President of this, leader of that. Mostly, dramatics absorbed her time. And rehearsals for the Vassar show.

Jessie Bonstelle, whose famous stock company has started more stars on the road to roses than any one agency in America, came to visit Vassar. The energy and ambition and talent of the dynamic Meiser girl captured her imagination. When she left, she took with her Edith Meiser's promise to play in Jessie Bonstelle's troupe.

So—the secret bursts out—Edith was an actress. And a pretty darned good one. (Continued on page 38)



ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures, look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the number here. 1. Ruth Newman, who is heard with the Cathedral Choir. 2. Meet Loretta Lee, the gal who supplies the words for George Hall's music. 3. Mr. and Mrs. Easy Aces settle accounts in a big way. 4. Vic and Sade, whose home life sketches come to you over the NBC waves every weeknight. 5. Meet Jim Hanvey, detective hero of the Townsend Murder Mystery. His real name is Thurston Hall. 6. The Southernaires. N.B.C.'s negro quartet. Standing, Jay Toney, baritone, William Edmonson, bass. Sitting, Lowell Peters and Homer Smith, both tenors. 7. The Whiteman Rhythm boys. Left to right: Jimmy Noel, George McDonald, Ray Kulz and Al Dary. 8. Pic and Pat, getting a grasp on Tiny Ruffner—all of Captain Henry's Showboat.



(Above, left) Lanny with Annette Hanshaw in their Maxwell House Showboat costumes. (Above, right) As he looks when singing at the microphone.

TOO MANY SWEETHEARTS

That's Lanny Ross' trouble. But it's not his fault, as you'll see

LANNY ROSS is a man's man. No doubt about it. At Yale, he was a track star and a champion. Earned his own way. Took many a stiff jolt in the teeth, but kept right on plugging. Maybe that's why he is such a lady's man, too.

You've got to be a man's man to be a real lady's man, don't you think? Not the kind of lady's man that kisses your hand or blows down your neck, but the kind that takes you places, *any* place, and you wouldn't feel safer with the U. S. Marines.

Ladies like Lanny. They write to him, and Lanny, appreciating the sincerity of their letters, usually answers.

Sometimes he meets them face to face. And that is the more embarrassing. Maybe it is because hope springs eternal in the feminine breast, or something, but those correspondence friends almost invariably elect themselves his sweetheart. And assume a sweetheart's privileges. Which just distresses Lanny to death . . . he doesn't like to be kissed in public.

Exactly that happened one night recently when he went to the theatre with a girl he had known for years. In the lobby, a slim slip of a maiden flung herself at the

By OLIVE
WHITE

tall Maxwell House tenor. Her arms encircled his neck and she kissed him violently. Imagine Lanny's feelings, if you can. And the feelings of the girl who was Lanny's companion. It was just lovely for her.

Another time, Lanny Ross was traveling on a railroad train. The run was lengthy and there were no stops. A half-hour out of New York a prim, brown-eyed woman looked up from the magazine that she was reading across the aisle and caught his eye. Suddenly leaning forward, she whispered:

"I know you. You're Lanny Ross."

"How do you do," said Lanny.

The little woman crossed the aisle and took the seat beside him. Her eyes were wide with adoration. "I always listen to you," she said. "You don't know me, but I'm Anna Fenstjen."

"Anna?" said Lanny.

"You've written me such wonderful letters," said Miss Fenstjen. "I've just lived for your letters."

"Um-m-mmm," said Lanny.

The lady swiftly recrossed the aisle, opened her suitcase, and brought out a shoe (Continued on page 50)

RADIO'S Forgotten MEN . . .



(Left) Henry Grossman of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He belongs to the group of men who take chances in order to secure perfect broadcasts. (Below, left) Read what happened when Milton Cross was introducing Stokowski. And about Wallace Butterworth's (below, right) shower bath.

You've no idea of the perils which announcers and the technical staff go through in order to bring you broadcasts of national events. Actually risk life and limb



YOU'VE got to take things as they come in this radio business. I mean, if you are one of the unsung radio army of forgotten men. Radio has them, believe me.

They're behind the scenes. You never hear their names. But they're there—all there! Doing their job with the single thought in their minds that came to them straight from the rich tradition of the theatre, "The show must go on!" *Must go on, get it?* Sometimes it isn't easy.

July in 1931, for example. Lindbergh had announced that he would fly to Japan. As with so many flights, there were innumerable delays, and Ted Jewett who had been assigned to describe the take-off, telephoned back to headquarters to ask for a relief man.

James Wallington, another of the staff announcers, was sent up to take over the microphone, and Jewett was told to report right back to the studio to handle the Women's Radio Review program.

Heavy traffic held up Wallington's car and he arrived late. Jewett had just time to leap into a cab and head for New York in a big hurry. Hardly had the cab left the airplane field, when a light car swung out of a side street, directly into its path. There was a tremendous

By ROBERT
EICHBERG

crash, and the cab was overturned.

The first thing the NBC knew of it, William Burke Miller, who directs outside broadcasts for the network, received a telephone call, and heard an excited voice saying, "One of your

men has just been killed in an automobile accident. We want you to come over and identify the body."

Leaving an agitated crew to handle the take-off, Miller hastened to the scene of the accident. Jewett was not dead but he was badly hurt. Eventually, he recovered.

ANOTHER time, Engineer B. Friedendall was taking some remote control apparatus back to the station after a broadcast from the Cotton Club, one of New York's gayer night places. His taxi was smashed, and Friedendall was hurt. Refusing to leave the microphones and amplifiers, he hailed another cab and brought them back to the NBC building. Once there, with the equipment safely delivered, he collapsed. It took two weeks in the hospital to put him back on his feet.

Engineers always seem to be on the spot. George Milne, Division Field Engineer of the NBC, tells some stories of misadventures at Poughkeepsie. Two years ago a thunder storm came up during (Continued on page 44)

INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) Lee Wiley, the blues singer whom you hear with Leo Reisman's orchestra. Guess what sort of cigarettes the lady smokes. (Right) Jack Smart and Roy Atwell of the Linit Bath Club revue. Are you a member of the Linit Bath Club?



Culver Service



Culver Service



Culver Service

(Left) It isn't everyone that has an opportunity of getting right next to Kate Smith as she has her lunch. But you can. Looks suspiciously like smashed potatoes on that plate. Reckless Katiel (Above) Rubinoff very much on the job.



International

Kate Smith eating lunch—Al Jolson putting the punch into a song

OF YOUR FAVORITES

(Left) This chap is Charlie Carlisle, the soloist of the Linit Bath Club. (Below) A guy who's about to give vent to a whole flock of untruths—or exaggerations, if you prefer. Yep, it's Jack Pearl. Did you know he's going into the movies?



Culver Service



Culver Service

(Above) Al Jolson himself. Did you know that a lot of people have accused Al of imitating other radio singers when actually those others were imitating Jolson? (Right) Ted Husing broadcasting water sports in Florida. Novel?



Ted Husing flagpole-sitting—and other informal shots of radio folk

The boy wonder orchestra leader. Sherlock Holmes and the gal who writes his stuff. And others



Culver Service



Wide World

John B. Kennedy (above), associate editor of Collier's Weekly, gives those interesting five-minute talks over NBC. He used to manage the Collier's Hour. He's never missed a broadcast, and is everybody's friend around the studio. (Below) Leonard Hayton who leads the Chesterfield band. He's only twenty-five.

Amos 'n' Andy a-hunting go, down on the Potomac. Left to right, Charles Correll (Andy), Tom Ship, their host, and Freeman Gosder. (Below) The men who superintend the sound effects for the Eno Crime Club. The man on the left is clinking glasses together for speak-easy local color. So that's how!



HARD TO HANDLE

Sure Wayne King is hard to handle. But only because he believes in being true to himself. His stubbornness isn't a silly pose

By DANNY TOWNE

WAYNE KING is a most obstreperous young man. You can see it in the tilt of his jaw and the slope of his shoulders. I wasn't the first person to discover that he was hard to handle.

To begin with, I had come to Chicago to write a story about him, and he had turned me down. Not personally, for I hadn't gotten that close to him, but through the NBC publicity man who sought to arrange the interview.

In the end, I had to waylay him. It was in the reception room of the Chicago NBC studios. The loudspeaker sounded the last lovely notes of his Lady Esther broadcast and the clock ticked past the hour. Suddenly, up a corridor, came the bright sound of laughter and banter. I looked and saw young men, bearing odd-shaped cases that I knew contained musical instruments. In the van was one who held my gaze. Bare-headed, overcoated, with a white silk scarf drawn like a bandage about his throat. Wayne King!

I fell in step as he passed. His face was happy; obviously the broadcast had gone well. "Mr. King, I want to ask you a few questions."

"Why?"

"It's for a story." We were already racing down the hall.

"There's no story in me."

"But it will be good publicity." An elevator door clanged open.

"I don't want publicity." He dived into the elevator.

"But people want to know about you." I dived after him.

On the ground floor, he didn't hesitate a moment. Into the street and a zero wind. I stuck like a leech. "I've got to write a story," I said.

He stopped beside his car, a low Lincoln with rakish racing lines. "If you want a (Continued on page 47)

(Right above) Portrait of the gentleman who has been called a "prima donna" because of his alleged temperament. (Right below) Wayne and his bride, Dorothy Janis, former movie player.



Album

Tommy McLaughlin has a strange superstition



TOMMY McLAUGHLIN won't sing without a ring on his little finger. Why? It's just another characteristic of another star.

Meet this Tommy McLaughlin, an Irishman through and through. His mother was born in Donegal, his father in Belfast, and Tommy, according to himself, is "just a crazy Irishman who likes to sing."

Notice that he is stocky, grey-eyed and has an infectious grin. Know him intimately—that he loves classical music best and is convinced people are slowly becoming educated to it; that he would rather eat potatoes and gravy than anything else; that his favorite colors are black, brown and grey; that he is a bachelor; raves about football; is a fight fan; and that his favorite book is "The Story of San Michele."

"You've Got to Quit Kickin' My Dog Around," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and "When It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy" were the first three songs he knew. At three tender years he lost himself from his family at a bazaar and was found airing his repertoire to an astounded audience.

Tommy attended school in Los Angeles, sang on a California station, later went to Loyola College where he played football, and then entered the University in Detroit in 1926.

After completing study in New York, he sang with Vincent Lopez on tour. Returning, he joined Major Bowes at the Capitol Theatre. There he is now.

A disheartening experience made him more absorbed in his work. His favorite brother died and Tommy returned to Detroit to sing the Requiem. Determined to realize the full benefits of his possibilities, he received an audition at the Columbia studios, made good, and is now featured in "Threads of Happiness" each Tuesday night—sponsored by J. and P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. Thread—with Major Bowes Capitol Family on Sundays and occasionally on the Columbia Guest Review. It is rumored that he is the Romantic Bachelor of the air.

Though neither parent, to quote Tommy, "could carry a tune in a basket," all five children can sing. Tommy the baritone, however, is the only one singing professionally.

Tommy is one of the favorite stars around the WABC studios. More often than not you can find him in the publicity department chewing the rag with this or that newspaper writer or with out-of-towners. A story teller of the first water is Tommy McLaughlin.

Album

Harry Horlick
was a prisoner
of war



HARRY HORLICK is a gypsy. Not just an A. & P. Gypsy, though he's the leader of that group—and not a child of the Romany camps, but a true nomad in background and inclination.

If an X were used to mark the spot on the map where Harry Horlick was born, it would be placed just outside of Moscow in Russia.

Tiflis was the scene of Harry's education, where he studied in the Conservatory of Tiflis. A full-fledged graduate, he played the violin in Moscow symphonies. Excellent training schools.

Then came the war and Harry entered the Russian army where for more than two years he did not touch his violin. The Imperial standard fell and the red flag of revolution waved. Harry was captured by the Bolsheviks. Instead of Siberia, the revolutionists sent him into a symphony orchestra and later he was assigned to play in an orchestra for the communized opera. It was hard work and not very gratifying.

Tiring, he escaped. Traveling by night, he reached Constantinople. Then he moved to America to join his parents who had left Europe before the outbreak of the war. Later he returned to Europe, listening for melodies which he carefully noted. He spent days with bands of real gypsies, playing for them and learning their distinctive folk tunes.

In America he played at a small club in New York in a string ensemble of six. Representatives of radio heard

him and now his augmented ensemble is an NBC feature.

Much of the music used by Horlick is unpublished. The scores have been prepared from notes taken by Horlick during his wanderings. He has taught these melodies to his ensemble so well that manuscripts are not necessary. South American music holds a high place in the estimation of the violinist.

His first violin was a gift from his brother and he began playing before he was ten years old. He traded that instrument for one of fancy make. He soon learned that beautiful wood does not make beautiful music so he acquired an Italian violin, valued at several thousand dollars, which he still plays.

He will never be happy, he says, until he has a program entirely divorced from commercialism in which he can produce the sort of music that he is sure America needs and wants. As yet the opportunity hasn't come, but some day it will, he is sure. And he'll be ready for it.

MARILOU DIX'S



(Across this page from left to right) The first two pictures show what can be done about a suit. In the larger picture, Marilou has on a green checked tweed cape suit. In the smaller picture, you see the green wool box jacket which goes with the checked skirt. And the cape, of course, can serve with plain colored costumes, too. Next you see Marilou's spring coat dress. Dusty pink rough crêpe, with a brown and pink plaided scarf and nice buttons. And next to that, a finely striped brown and white jersey.

By HELEN HOVER



THERE'S a lot of common sense inside the pretty red head of Marilou Dix. And her new spring wardrobe is a splendid fashion lesson to every girl who loves beautiful things but sees the shadow of a forbidding budget looming in the background. For, Marilou, even though she appears with Fred Allen on those Linit Bath Club sketches and is supposed to earn one of those fabulous radio salaries, has only a limited sum to spend on clothes, and it's not a very large one, either. But just look what she does with it!

First of all, she got herself one of those dashing cape suits (see above). Capes are big news this spring, and this one of green checked tweed with its matching skirt has the notched lapels that give it tailored chic. With it she wears an eggshell satin blouse with a brown crêpe tie, and brown accessories.

How to combine individuality, glamor and budget that's none too big!

SPRING WARDROBE



(Across this page from left to right) The largest picture shows a costume in good old reliable black and white. The jacket is wide-wale corduroy piqué. Aren't the bell buttons amusing? Next is Marilou's spring coat. Dull apricot, in a soft wool. With it, she can wear her fox fur and black accessories or a brown galyak scarf and brown accessories. Then, Marilou chooses a diagonal striped silk, cleverly bias cut for slimness. And the smallest picture shows the cut-out straw-fabric hat she wears with it.

And now look at the smart jacket next to it. It's a green wool box jacket and Marilou wears it in place of the cape on occasions. The same accessories go with cape and jacket. She also wears her swagger cape over solid color sport clothes, or other skirts of a harmonizing color.

The way various jackets and skirts can be combined to make several attractive suits is as interesting as working out a jigsaw puzzle, only loads more practical.

THE short unlined jacket of white corduroy piqué (a new heavy wide-waled piqué which resembles corduroy) with the amusing silver bell buttons and double row of military pockets is very young in its snug, pliable fit. And do you know—she can wear it either as a blouse (the way it's pictured) or as a (Continued on page 49)

Radioland's Marilou Dix knows how. And tells you in this article

Backstage with Stoopnagle and Budd

(Continued from page 24)

Lang rises from her chair in the center of the stage and marches to a mike. It towers over her head and she climbs atop a box to get her lips on a level. The crowd around us leans forward, interested. Most of them have heard her cute, cooed songs and the giggle at the end. I asked her about that laugh once.

"I can't help it," she answered. "My brothers used to choke me when I was a little girl, trying to make me stop. But I couldn't help it."

LOOK! She's singing, but we can't hear a word. Her lips move. She grins at the mike, makes eyes at it, wrinkles up her pretty forehead and shrugs her shoulders. We might as well be stone deaf. Never mind! The engineers are stepping it up all it needs. Suddenly, the orchestra stops. She sings on. Now we hear the softest, truest tone you could imagine but so weak it wouldn't wake a slumbering gnat. The orchestra booms in after the break and finishes the piece with her. At its end, her face lights like a bonfire and her shoulders do a shimmy. You just know she is doing that celebrated Jeannie Lang giggle.

Then like an elf that had strayed into the studio, she jumps off her box and dances back to her chair.

The Colonel and Budd slide into a fresh skit. Somehow, they make it seem like play. That chest-high bench they lean on holds their manuscript. The black cylinder of the mike is only a few inches from their mouths. This time, Budd represents an interviewer who goes to interview Adolph Hitler, the new German Chancellor. To fit the Hitler part, the Colonel draws out a

glistening high silk hat and dons it.

The sketch is a typical Stoopnagle triumph. It ends with the interviewer answering all his own questions and Herr Hitler talking to himself in a corner.

More music. William O'Neal—Big Bill to his pals—marches to the mike that was above Jeannie's head. It just reaches his chin. No trouble hearing his voice. When he booms out his top notes he sways his tall body back away from the mike to keep from cracking it. Finishing softly, he brings his lips almost to the black metal mouth. They call that "mike technique" in the broadcasting studios.

Louis Dean swings into rapid-fire action. We hear the reason for this half-hour radio show. Because Louis Dean's persuasive voice can sell a lot of Pontiac automobiles. Listen! Did you ever hear of a better car. Pontiac, Pontiac, Pontiac! Louie pounds the word. On his oath, there is nothing better built.

The Colonel and Budd muscle into his sales talk with a burlesque on Chandu, the Magician. They call their skit, "No-Can-Do, the Musician."

MRS. NICHOLS comes to a bench and picks up a pair of wooden blocks. She pounds them unrhythmically on a leather pad. Those are horses hoofs. Budd and the Colonel talk in a half-dozen different voices. One says: "I think my favorite music is Rachmaninoff's Prelude in Asia Minor."

"My country is beautiful," says Budd. "In the spring, the verdure, the wonderful verdure . . ."

"Ha-ha," squeals Stoopnagle in a high falsetto. "Verdure dere, Sharlie."

The audience rocks in its seats. And the show goes on to a hilarious finish. At the end, the Colonel squats a bit breathlessly before a tiny organ a half-dozen feet from a mike. His fingers sweep the keyboard in the fantastic number that introduces and completes every Gloomchaser presentation. Louis Dean tries again to sell ten million listeners a 1933 Pontiac and Andre Kostelanetz rounds out the half-hour with his full-throated music.

At the end, Louis Dean says, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System." Beyond a window at the chamber's far end, an engineer leans back stiffly and flips a switch. The studio goes off the air.

People rise and put on their coats. We hear odds and ends of chatter. "I'm simply amazed." "She can't be a day over sixteen." "They used to be much funnier, you know." "My dear, of course they're married."

Being a funny man is a tough job. When the Colonel and Budd came down from Buffalo and gave their first programs, many a radio row wisenheimer said they couldn't keep it up. Still, they do keep it up.

But it takes work. Tonight, after they leave here, they will go back to their office and work until the dawn on a new vaudeville act. Work, work, work. It's their one and only peeve. If the Colonel's great scheme of Stoopnagle ever comes into being, they will eliminate all that. And eliminate all the people who want other people to work.

But it's funny, isn't it, that the guys who set out to eliminate everybody's pet peeves, have to work so hard (which they hate) to do it.

How Sherlock Holmes Got On the Air

(Continued from page 25)

The Theatre Guild in New York thought enough of her to hire her. She was a star in the famous Garrick Gaieties that had all Manhattan by the ears for a time.

As a touring star, she admits, however, she wasn't so hot. Not her fault, as I shall show you. The booking agents gave her an impossible job, and it was Edith's task to put her head into any number of figurative lions' dens.

EDITH had what is known as a "sophisticated" act. Vaudeville muckymucks wanted to know what vicinities would like such an entertainment and which would thumb their noses at it. So they sent the Meiser gal.

She found out. And she'll never forget. One desolate week, she went through an entire seven days without a laugh. The seventh night, she was low

and despondent and heartsick. Anybody would have been. Anybody human would have been broken to bits by an audience that received in glum silence the same subtle sallies that had New Yorkers rolling in the aisles. She was about ready to toss in the sponge and go back to her knitting. But . . .

That seventh night, a boy of about ten years of age sat in the very first row. At Edith's very first swiftness, he opened his mouth wide and laughed. A moment later, he laughed again at a wise-crack, so uproariously that the house began to laugh, too. And again! "In all the right places," Edith remembers. That show was the biggest success that she ever had on the road.

Back in New York after a while, instead of tending to her knitting, she married. Tom McKnight, a Dartmouth man, seemed reason enough for anyone to quit the hazardous life of

the theatre. But even marriage couldn't kill old habits. She had a habit of writing out silly verses for songs, and cute or curious ideas that popped into her head.

One such idea was a radio presentation of the Sherlock Holmes tales. As long as she could remember, the English sleuth had been her favorite character in fiction. Before you could say petunia, she had put him down on paper. Dialogue, action, sound effects, and all. That's what she was trying to peddle when we met her at the beginning of this story.

All writers who have something to sell, "peddle" their wares. So she became a peddler, an unsuccessful but persistent one. And she kept at it. And she sold it. I don't have to tell you how many people listen to the words of Sherlock and Doctor Watson

(Continued on page 40)

YOUR RADIO CORNER



(Across top of page, left to right) 1. A set which has 20 tubes. 2. The Triolian. 3. The Radio Chest model—with Vibro-Power. 4. Back view of the Triolian. 5. A 10-tube superheterodyne, Tonalite Control. Read about them in the story.



(Left) Gene and Glenn, of good old Cleveland, with the midget set which they carry with them everywhere they go. Yes, just like Mary and the little lamb. Midget sets can now be had for around fifteen dollars or less. And they work beautifully.

Progress on radio sets marches on. Read about the new improvements

WHEN your 1920 model Wheezer begins its nightly cracking, and your idols of the air sound like a couple of wakeful felines discussing technocracy, it may be that your ears are holding out on you—yet more probably, it's the insides of the box behind the dials. RADIO STARS this month begins *Your Radio Corner*, presenting tips on what's new in radio models and mechanical improvements which will help your reception.

Radio manufacturers have promised to keep RADIO STARS informed on all their new trinkets and improvements. If your set is sickly, here you may find just the medicine it needs.

RCA Victor Company, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York, for example, made a big stride in radio development when a system of simplifying the accurate operation of the radio controls by means of variable colored lights was realized. Tonalite Control is the name of the new tuning system. It consists of four separate controls. There is a Visual Tuning Indicator, an illuminated scale over the usual tuning dial. As a station is tuned in, a needle swings back and forth, and at maximum swing indicates that the receiver is in exact resonance with the station; secondly, there is a tone control that differs from all others in that it controls the bass notes as well as the high notes, and by means of a colored, illuminated band above it,

By GORDON STARRETT

permits the listener to determine the exact amount of tone shading required; thirdly, an illuminated Tonalite indicator is added to the standard volume control, and as the volume is increased a colored light rises in the opening above; and the fourth feature is an improved noise suppressor control which is also equipped with a Tonalite indicator reducing between-station noises when tuning in the receiver. Doesn't that sound inviting?

THE Crosley Radio Corporation, the Cincinnati firm operating the powerful and popular WLW, makes a miniature set which is one of the favorites of Gene and Glenn, Cleveland's contribution to broadcasting. Everywhere these two stars go, their miniature set goes, too, 'cause Gene and Glenn won't miss their entertainment. This small set is one of the many miniatures which have taken the country by storm. Such sets were first priced at around \$25, but now they're down in the neighborhood of from \$13 to \$17.50. The later models have dynamic speakers which is a big step in tone production.

One of the radio sensations of 1933, according to the Transformer Corporation of America, Ogden and Keeler Avenues, Chicago, is the new fourteen tube superheterodyne Clarion, priced low, with the government tax on the house. Should you want a (Continued on page 42)

How Sherlock Holmes Got On the Air

(Continued from page 38)

which she writes each week. Or how many of you drink the coffee branded George Washington because of her.

THE work she does is amazing, and the way in which she does it. One of her first programs was a thing called "The Adventures of Polly Preston." Sort of a "Perils of Pauline," if you remember back to that early movie thriller. So enthusiastic was Miss Meiser about Polly and a secret service pal of hers, that she took them abroad, (in the Radio Story, of course) hurried them all over Europe in a mad, bad adventure . . . and realized too late that she was an immoral influence to American youth. You see, Polly and her boy friend were unmarried, yet here they were going places and doing things in Europe without even a chaperone. Fortunately, Edith discovered her error before an army of aroused mamas rose to wreck her studio.

Probably, you have heard "Evening in Paris" on the air. She wrote those scripts. Or "Dromedary Caravan." Those, too. But they gave her trouble; the latter, I mean. For instance, she took her hero and heroine into the Arabian desert, a region never before visited by white men. What was the locale of the place? Were there sand dunes, mountains, lava, rock scrub, bush, oasis? She didn't know and no one in the libraries or museums could tell her. Fretting and worrying, she tried to write the story. Her sponsor insisted on having the scene in this particular unexplored locality. She was on the verge of a jitter-jag when she got relief. It was a book just off the press from the pen of Bertram Thomas, a fine thick book. Bertram Thomas had just crossed the Arabian desert, the first time in history.

With that fife, thick volume, Edith locked herself in a room. And read

and read and read. The next programs she wrote for Dromedary Caravans were amazing masterpieces.

I wish you could see her at work. "Two days in bed," she explains when you ask how long it takes her to do a script. She won't work anywhere else. Once, she had an office. But it was too small for a desk and a bed, too.

When she writes, she is alone except for Doctor Watson. He supervises everything. Doctor Watson is a Scotch terrier. When he first became supervisor, he was a sort of censor, too. Chewed up scenes Miss Meiser had carefully prepared and left the mangled scraps on the carpet. Nowadays, he's more considerate; just chews the erasers off her pencils.

Which is evidence of a high critical faculty, I think. Erasers on pencils are for people who make mistakes. And Edith Meiser, like Sherlock Holmes, doesn't make many.

Seth Parker Goes to Sea

(Continued from page 19)

This past year, I think most of his friends have wondered what Phil Lord would do with his money. He had never earned much, remember. His humble start in a small Connecticut town had given him no background of wealth. Would it spoil him? Or would he, like so many others, become its slave? Today, I can answer that question. Not in so many words, for words are slippery, deceptive things; but in telling you what Phil Lord has done.

First, he bought the "Georgette." All 186 feet of her, all 866 tons. He set a date for his departure—this summer, certainly. And then he wrote letters to his old friends, inviting them to go along.

With this result: one of his passengers will be the man who was principal of the Plainville, Connecticut, school when Phil first played hookey. The fellow who coached Phil's first football team is going along. So is Phil's college roommate. And a handful of the home-town boys with whom he used to play marbles and run-sheep-run.

Do you get what I'm driving at? It is just this: Phil Lord is doing so much more than just bringing his own dream into reality. He is taking these others who would never have had this chance. He is making their dreams come true.

I THINK such generosity is typical of the man America loves as Seth Parker. Here is something else you probably don't know. Not that it has anything to do with Seth's going to sea . . . but it reveals the man. In the United States and Canada are approximately 300 Seth Parker Clubs, groups formed to listen to his Sunday night programs, to sing and worship with

him. Last month, those clubs distributed 1,500 barrels of food to hungry people. And 2,550 articles of clothing to unemployed sufferers. They gave fifty-four entertainments for raising more funds with which to buy more food. They gave school children 12,000 free meals. And 8,400 quarts of milk. These are things you can put your hands on; concrete evidence of the man's inspiration.

And now, you must be wondering what will happen to Seth Parker's Sunday programs while he is away. This is his plan: they will continue as before, with but one small change. Ma Parker is not going with Seth, you see. She remains behind, just as the womenfolk of Jonesport always remain behind when their men go down to the sea. She will lead the hymn sings in Seth's place. And each week, possibly by short wave radio which his schooner will carry or by telegraphy or cable, Seth will speak or send a message to those friends of his who have gathered for the evening at his home. That is the plan, now. It may be altered in some way on account of later developments, but you'll still have Seth Parker.

MORE, much more, than a mere desire to travel sends Phil Lord across the meridian. With him, he will have motion picture apparatus, sound recording machines, all the gadgets and whatsits that science can provide for catching the essence of other civilizations and canning it.

He wants to observe other breeds of men and women in their villages, singing their own folk songs as his Jonesport neighbors sing theirs. He expects to bring these songs back and it

wouldn't at all surprise me to hear them played on the air next year as a part of his Sunday night hymn sing.

Well, he will come as near to realizing his dream as any man ever does. As master of the ship he owns, he will direct Captain Flink, the Estonian seadog who has driven "The Georgette" through all of the seven seas, to most of the world's forbidden paradises.

THE schedule . . . July 1, Morocco; August 1, Cairo; then the Suez Canal, Yemen in Arabia, and Aden; September 15, Columbo in Ceylon; then to Burma and up the Irawaddy past Rangoon to Mandalay; Siam and Cambodia with its lost cities; November 12, Nicobar Island, where the natives live in trees; Singapore, Sumatra, Borneo, and Bali, called "Lost Paradise"; Australia in January; Guinea, and Rennel Island, ruled entirely by women; Fiji, Samoa, and finally, before returning to New York, he will visit South America.

Before the salt-crusted "Seth Parker" or whatever he may call his ship, comes rolling home from Rio, Phil and his friends will have had many a soul-stirring experience. Fishing in mid-ocean, whale-chasing in the speed boat he plans to swing aboard the "Georgette," filming head-hunters in their native haunts.

And to the gods of many a race and creed, during his absence, will be offered many a prayer for his safe return. For Seth Parker knows no creed or caste. His philosophy is the philosophy of humanity. And Phil Lord, his creator, is just that kind of man.

To him, we say, "God speed, and may His blessing go with you."

Through the Years with Eddie Cantor

(Continued from page 21)

her only grandchild, Eddie Cantor.

Along with the old violin and the sense of rhythm, Eddie had inherited from his father a distaste for work.

"Work is for subway diggers, not for Cantors," he used to say.

It must have been from his grandmother, then, that he inherited the demonic energy which he put into his play.

Until her death in her eighty-fourth year, Grandma Esther was a character on the East Side. She made a living for herself and Eddie by plying a thriving trade in safety-pins and servant girls, buttons and bologna; trudging the streets with her baskets, climbing five, six flights of stairs with servants girls' trunks strapped to her broad back, never resting, never complaining. And in odd moments, getting the irrepressible Eddie out of his latest scrapes.

When Grandma Esther thought him safe in bed he would climb down the fire escape to disturb the neighbors' honest sleep with caterwauling. He gained fame as a champion delicatessen plunderer.

And once in his tender teens, he tried to run away with a mournful Russian girl, who found his antics a cure for her perpetual blues; that is, until Grandma Esther found him out and hauled the youthful Casanova home, by the ear.

His first formal theatrical performance took place at the age of ten, at Surprise Lake Camp, an outing spot for Ghetto boys.

On Saturday nights, around the campfire, each boy had to do a piece.

Eddie chose to recite "The Traitor's Deathbed" with gestures. The gestures included a dramatic rolling of the eyes, intended to have devastating effects. The effects were devastating all right, but not the way Eddie had intended. The boys hooted with laughter.

When Eddie recovered from the shock, he found that he liked it. He decided to make them laugh some more. And right there a potential Booth became a comedian.

THE week at Surprise Lake Camp had other results. For one thing, it has brought similar outings to countless Ghetto boys since, who would not have had that chance. With his first deep breath of real fresh air, that he had ever drawn in his life, Eddie vowed that he would make up for it some day by giving someone else the same opportunity.

They call it the Eddie Cantor Camp now. He has kept his vow, although he has had to dig pretty deep sometimes to do it.

This outing also bred in him a passion for wide-open spaces, for sunshine and growing things, that has driven him restlessly to Mount Vernon, to Great Neck, to Hollywood and to Florida. And which also brought strange unpredictable consequences in its wake,

as will be seen later in this life story.

Eddie returned from camp and fell in love. He would pick Ida Tobias, the blue-eyed, honey-haired belle of Henry Street and star girl athlete of Public School No. 177!

The only boys fair Ida had eyes for were athletes. And Eddie was no athlete. He couldn't jump or play basketball. But he could hop and howl.

So, relying on those talents to attract Ida's attention, he beguiled a German band to the playground one day, and with its stolid brassy chords for support, he touchingly rendered:

"My Mariuch she took-a da steam-boat!"

Ida was impressed. And Eddie entered the lists.

But soon Ida was disturbed by rumors of social instability on the part of her newest swain. He had been seen suspended from a lamp post by his necktie, eyes rolling, and tongue protruding, in realistic imitation of a hanging man. He had been seen with a tin cup, crying imaginary woes on a street corner to gouge nickels from passersby.

There followed, for Ida's sake, a fevered but futile attempt to overcome the Cantor Curse, i.e., distaste for work. In rapid succession he sold himself to an insurance firm, a brokerage office, sundry storekeepers. Each ejected him with equal rapidity.

In odd moments he made his debut at Miner's Theater on amateur night in a pair of borrowed trousers, to catcalls and jeers, and played to impromptu curbstome audiences.

He even obtained a short professional engagement with a burlesque troupe, known, nobody is sure just why, as "The Indian Maidens." On Christmas Eve, in Shenandoah, Pa., "The Indian Maidens" made their last stand, leaving Eddie stranded, for the first, but by no means the only time.

But at length he reached a compromise with steady work by becoming a singing waiter in Carey Walsh's Saloon at Coney Island.

THE piano player at Carey Walsh's was none other than Jimmy Durante, whose famous Schnozzola had at that time attained its present proportions, but not its present reputation.

I asked Eddie once how he learned to sing.

"Why," he answered simply, "you were up there and you had to sing."

According to that formula, he must have had many a good singing lesson at Carey Walsh's. The belligerent customers, when three sheets to the wind, were in the habit of demanding a rendition of their favorite ditty. And getting it—or they threw things.

Meanwhile Ida's sister was getting married. Eddie decided on the grand gesture. Using all his savings, he hired a tuxedo and threw a champagne party for the wedding guests.

Papa Tobias was taken in by this rash display of affluence to the extent that he told Eddie he was willing to consider his formal application as a son-in-law, provided he would get together twenty-five hundred dollars and set up in the gents' furnishing business.

At that critical point, Eddie who was already the curbstome star of Henry Street, received an offer to join the juggling act of Bedini & Arthur.

Maybe it meant losing Ida. But he couldn't go into the haberdashery business even if he could have raised the twenty-five hundred. The Curse of the Cantors was too strong for him. He accepted the offer.

Eddie's first part was taking Bedini's suits out to be pressed. It was weeks, he recalls, before Bedini even allowed him on the stage. Then, in a magnanimous moment, he let Eddie hold a plate for his juggling act. That was all Eddie needed.

When John Barrymore isn't in the thick of things, he plays for audience attention by making faces or striding rapidly up and down.

Eddie Cantor learned all those tricks in the actor's art of self-defense with Bedini & Arthur because he had to. He invented business that got him a laugh on his single exit; and before long it was "Bedini & Arthur—with Eddie Cantor."

THE Eddie Cantor we know was beginning to bloom. Bedini made Eddie work in blackface, with Arthur, so that his own "business" would stand out. So Eddie created his famous darky character with the white spectacles, the wide white mouth, the sissy manner, and stole the applause.

Here he developed his nervous, jumpy, energy-consuming style of delivery. He devised it to put over one of the first jazz songs, "The Ragtime Violin," written by a young man who had been a singing waiter himself, Irving Berlin.

On the same bill was a dapper ten-year-old named Georgie Jessel. Eddie big-brothered him. A year later they were in the same act, Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret, and Eddie, a seasoned trouper of nineteen, was big brother to the whole company which included such future stars as Lila Lee, Eddie Buzzell and Georgie Price.

That was the beginning of one of the strangest, and closest friendships of the theater. Two opposites. Cantor, the family man, and Jessel, the gay blade of Broadway. Two rival comedians. Yet, as Eddie says, "Each would lay down his laugh for the other."

They never played together again from the Kid Kabaret days until their famous nine weeks' run at the Palace two years ago. But their friendship burned brightly, surviving distance and the years.

Eddie left the show when he was twenty-one, a man-of-the world with

RADIO STARS

a beard and enough money in his pocket to buy a diamond for Ida, whom he had always known he would marry some day, in spite of her relatives and the Cantor Curse. He had worked steadily for four years now, and there was no longer any reason for Pappa Tobias to hold out, even though he did think still that Eddie ought to buy that haberdashery business.

So they were married on a bright June afternoon, 1914, in the Tobias flat. There were no bands, no caterers, no high jinks. Everybody thought the wedding was a flop. No one was happy

but the bride and groom themselves.

For a flop, that wedding has had a pretty long run.

They went to London where even the worst fog in years couldn't put a damper on their honeymoon.

THEN things began to break for Eddie. One engagement led to another, until Ziegfeld picked him for the Follies of 1917.

On the night the Follies opened, Eddie put his head on his dressing table and cried. He thought of how his Grandma Esther might have been sit-

ting out front, getting the one thrill of her poor drab faithful life. But even that had been denied her. Grandma Esther was dead too soon.

The show was a success. Eddie was a success. He thought he was on top of the world. But so did a lot of other people in 1917.

What happened to Eddie in his new-found prosperity when he discovered he couldn't say "No"? Read how he solved this problem and many others in the next issue of RADIO STARS. Dated June — out May first.

Your Radio Corner

(Continued from page 39)

set for your office or home study, Clarion Jr., with five tubes, and standing only 14 $\frac{3}{8}$ inches high, is the answer to your prayer.

The United American Bosch Corporation, Springfield, Mass., has given eight gold cups to eight gilt edge radio personalities. The scene was in Washington. Charles Curtis, then vice-president of our U. S., was master of ceremonies. To Morton Downey and Jessica Dragonette went cups for the most popular singers. Rubinoff took instrumental honors. Ed Wynn drew the comedy cup. Richard Gordon, the Sherlock Holmes of the air, was the actor winner. For the most popular orchestra leader, Rudy Vallee took the cake—or cup. John S. Young was adjudged the best announcer. The "most popular program cup" went to Harry Horlick and his A. & P. Gypsies. It was the Bosch popularity poll climax.

Bosch, by the way, features the *Vibro-Power* radio made to match the furnishings in your home whether those furnishings be simple, rustic, or the richest known. It's a double-action, ten-tube *Multi-Wave* superheterodyne which, says the company, combines four separate complete ten-tube receivers in one. Its features, continue the company, are: "Automatic noise reducer, full-band automatic volume control, silent tuning control, multi-wave selector which automatically switches all ten tubes to concentrate upon the particular

wave-band brought into view in the full-vision tuning scale, true-pitch tone control and vibro-blended dual speakers." What more could you ask for?

HAVE you heard of such a thing as three-dimension tone? It's a feature which gives to the ear the same effect of realism that the stereoscope offers to the eye—depth. The new Triolian, leader in the line of Sperton radios, manufactured by The Sparks-Withington Company of Jackson, Mich., embodies that new development. Sperton radios also employ two tubes in a full wave linear detector circuit, and has a level control for the suppression of noises between stations. This set is a honey.

You've heard of master models. The Howard Radio Company of South Haven, Mich., has a "master what am a master." It is a nineteen-tube job, invested with reserve power. Its strength will carry programs all over the house, if it's a party you're having; or it can be tuned low so baby can sleep while you listen to your favorite comedian's gags.

Did you know that a radio is so sensitive that it operates on an electrical wave of one-millionth of a volt in intensity? That's why your electric toaster, your curling iron, and your vacuum cleaner are tiny broadcasting stations in that they make a racket over your set. The Howard Radio

Company has been experimenting in this field, with the result that the Howard Static Rejector is now on the market. It may be this is just the thing for your loudspeaker laryngitis.

Meet Microphone Sam, the dancin' man. A battery is his brains, a radio is his cue, and you'll see a show by a dancing fool. Yes, it's a new gadget developed for your radio entertainment. His guardian is the National Company, Malden, Mass. All you have to do is insert four flashlight cells in the platform base, adjust the height of Sam so that his feet hang just clear of the platform, push the metal tips of the microphone cord into the back of the platform and then turn the switch. The figure will dance to the vibrations of your voice, whistling, piano, radio or phonograph.

Should you be interested in short-wave reception, the National Company again comes to your rescue with a choice of short wave sets. Those who do not go in for short wave programs may wonder that the Portugal station CTIAA uses six cuckoo calls between selections, that OXY in Denmark broadcasts midnight chimes at 6 p. m., E. S. T., and that Argentina LSG calls "Allo, Allo, Paree, ici Buenos Aires."

This monthly feature will try to bring you the newest in radio. If you want more details and additional information, feel free to visit your local dealers, or write direct to these companies.

How Long Will They Last?

(Continued from page 11)

long and prosperous time to come?

When Gosden and Correll talk about a substantial program, they mean one that isn't a passing fancy, but a program with real character in which the players live as well as act their parts; a program of common interest to all ages, races and creeds.

You radio listeners know the "sitashun," as Andy would say. You've been able to analyze programs; to hear new programs come and go; to hear

names and then not hear those names; and then to find programs which have stood the test of time—substantial programs.

Gosden and Correll believe their following is still as strong and as representative as in the past. The only place they admit they don't click is on Broadway. But, after all, they are radio stars—not stage stars. They don't want stage work. Their appearance in Radio City was granted only as a personal favor

to a very close friend.

A lot of the debate about them has been regarding their success as entertainers with Negroes. One day recently they were served summons in a suit in which a Harlem lawyer claimed that Amos 'n' Andy were holding the Negro up to ridicule. But on the same day the summons were served, a Harlem charity organization sent them a special message of thanks for a donation which

(Continued on page 45)

Fred Allen

(Continued from page 13)

Gila Bend or Hastings-on-the-Hudson." "One of my sisters was called Lebanon, and another Last One," said Portland.

"Good gracious."

"Dad thought she'd be the last one," Miss Hoffa continued serenely, "but she wasn't. So he changed her name to Next-to-Last."

So they fell to talking. He told her he'd like to be a novelist, but he kept catching himself laughing up his sleeve and that didn't incubate the heart throbs demanded in literature. Said he wrote and sold vaudeville skits because it was more profitable to sell them than to have them stolen. Said that he'd been born in Cambridge, Mass., and started through life as a children's librarian. With that background, he had dared hit the trail in vaudeville, first as a bum juggler, then cashing in on his dry humor in mill towns through New England. He told her he hated dryads, farthingales, wimples, whiffletrees, pogo sticks, arch supporters, duennas, and house detectatiffs.

You can see how well they were getting on. Clicked from the beginning. Before Portland could put on the brakes, she got a look behind the comedian's eyes and saw that he was lonely and disillusioned and weary of looking at life through rose-colored footlights. But whether he was trying to be funny with her, or something, she couldn't quite decide. She thought not.

HE and Portland got to meeting each other. Apparently just coincidentally. And Portland found out that even funny guys who looked like judges, could be awfully romantic. And Fred found out that little hoofers, even in the midst of a harum-scarum existence, and without benefit of a throne room, could be as queenly as anything. So presently Fred married the girl, and that huge, ingratiating bunch of solemnity and wit became "my husband" to Portland.

Fred hadn't thought to get himself encumbered. But with the destinies of two to consider, he thought it out pretty deliberately. There was nothing left to do but to break her in as a stooge. He broke her in. That was at Lake Nipmuc, Mass. The first time, she was cold and clammy with fright. He had to hold her hand, pat her on the shoulder, and promise to buy her a soda afterwards if she was a good girl and went through with it without any more jitters. Just when it was time to go on, the manager came backstage and said there wasn't enough of an audience to bother.

It was better after that. He had a way of welcoming her on the stage. He said, "Anybody who looks at me now is crazy." She liked that. And the first thing anybody knew, she was the stooge supreme, piping out the right silly questions as if absolutely devoid of any sense.

Three years at that. Stooging up

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This dainty, non-leakable perfume container has been enthusiastically received by thousands of fashionable women everywhere. Easily carried in the purse, ready for instant use and available in six different colors, they are fast becoming an indispensable accessory to milady's handbag. As they make welcome gifts for your friends, you will no doubt wish to get *more* than one.

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RADIO STARS

and down the back roads of vaudeville circuits. Working their way to the front. And finally getting a job on Broadway. It was a show called "Polly," and Portland was so weary of acting the goof that she stayed home and read books while Actor Allen went out and sang for his supper. And how Fred missed her. He begged her to come back. So she bravely took up the yoke of her stogeddom in the memorable "First Little Show" and "Three's a Crowd."

IN the "Little Show," Portland wore a pair of shorts and a satin blouse. One night she heard gales of laughter. She got quite cocky over the way she was getting the laughs. In fact, she was planning to call Fred's attention to it later in the dressing room. As she was about to jump into her dance routine, husband Fred placed firm hands about her waist and walked

her off. Not until then did she discover that her velvet tights had split, and a white silk inner lining that looked like something else had stimulated all the laughter.

WORKING night after night on Broadway soon exhausted both of them. They decided to Get Away From It All. They decided to go to Europe, to the gaiety of gay Paree. They went. Somehow, it wasn't what they had expected. Within a fortnight, they were back in the U. S. A., basking on the sun-drenched sands of Atlantic City. Home-folks, those Allens. From that day on, they bought American.

In 1932, Fred brought his dry conclusive voice to radio. Portland, too. And suddenly life became for her a matter of being quiet while her husband worked. The old bugaboo of New Material stared them in the face, and threatened to separate them. Resigned-

ly, Fred retired to his office and began to dictate to Portland's younger sister. With him, gags are a science, and he revamps such wheezes as used to give Caesar hysterics, and applies them to modern conditions. While he writes programs and magazine stories, Portland keeps quiet and works jig-saw puzzles. Sunday nights, she speaks her pretty piece, mentions Schenectady again, and heckles ol' Mister Allen. Fred's used to it by this time. No matter how it sounds, it's all put on. It's all just a gag. A gag of five years' standing. Actually, they're closer-than-this, and the love that brought them together and helped to conquer Broadway is still the talk of the Big Town's radio row.

And that is my little tale's happy ending. It's the only kind of ending possible when the girl is a goil like Portland and the guy is a feller like Fred.

Radio's Forgotten Men

(Continued from page 29)

the annual regatta on the Hudson River. Despite the storm, engineers and announcers stuck to their posts. Lightning struck the lines which were carrying the program from the remote points to the transmitter, and the terrifically high voltage went through the body of W. R. Brown, assistant field supervisor. He was knocked off his feet and down a fifteen-foot embankment. Yet, ten minutes later he was back at work.

Recently, Engineer Jacobson grabbed 550 volts on a short wave transmitter at the beginning of a boat race. There was no medical attention available, and no time to take it if there had been, so "Jake" twirled his dials with three cooked fingers for four hours, until he could get a doctor to dress them for him.

TED HUSING barely escaped from death during the broadcast of the Olympic diving tryouts at Jones Beach. Husing was stationed atop the high diving tower, seventy feet above the water. Three sides of the pier were railed in but it was open at the back. Ted perched on a camp chair, with a board lying across its arms. A microphone on the board, and a spare "mike" was lashed to the iron railing in case of emergency. Everything went along fine until Ted tilted back in his chair and his toe slipped. The microphone plunged down into the water below. The camp chair shattered on the concrete pier. The board just missed one of the girl divers at the foot of the ladder. Husing made a wild grab at the iron railing and hung there by one hand. Swiftly, he pulled himself back to the platform, grabbed the spare "mike," and went on broadcasting.

AIRPLANE accidents are another hazard of the broadcaster's daily life. Oddly enough, these are funny

just as often as they are perilous.

When Wallace Butterworth was stationed at the flying field in Chicago during the Hunter Brothers' endurance record flight, it seemed as though the plane was going to stay up forever. Butterworth stood it as long as he could, but on that red hot Fourth of July the need for a cooling shower became overpowering. He took it, and just at that time the Brothers decided to land.

An engineer holding a "mike" dashed madly into the shower room, and with the microphone in one hand and the soap in the other, a blushing Butterworth addressed his unseen (and, fortunately, unseeing) audience.

CERTAINLY you have heard the Philharmonic concerts from the Lewisohn Stadium. Two telephone lines are kept open between the stage there and the studio during these concerts; the former to carry the music to the control room and transmitter; the latter to enable the engineer and announcer at the Stadium to get the switch-over cue from the station. Just before a broadcast last year, the studio-to-Stadium line went dead. There were the remote control men, stranded at the Stadium with no means of knowing the instant when they were to take over the airwaves.

An assistant engineer was inspired. He dashed to a telephone booth located way behind the seats at the far end of the giant bowl. He called the control room, explained his plight and awaited the cue word. When it came, he waved to the announcer, who had moved into the wings of the stage, and the announcer wigwagged the signal to the engineer in the backstage booth, then turned to the microphone. The program went on without a listener realizing that anything was wrong.

Sometimes the audience does hear

things. Take the time the National Farm and Home Hour was being broadcast, and one of the very best Senators was delivering a talk on this and that from the Chicago studio. In another studio an announcer, getting things ready for his next program, tested his mike with the usual, "Woof Woof! How's this mike? Woof woof!" All of which went into the Senator's speech as he afterwards found out.

Another time, about a year ago, somebody bumped a switch while Milton Cross was introducing Stokowski. The "Omigawd!" that the bumper gasped was broadcast, too. Once again, an eager engineer wandered into the studio while Kathleen Stewart was playing a group of piano solos and started out the door with her microphone. He thought she was rehearsing, when she was really broadcasting, and only a lot of frantic signalling to him saved the day.

Engineers may do stupid things occasionally, but almost invariably they are forgiven. And why not? Many a night they are asked to go without sleep in order that broadcasting may not be interrupted. Many a date is broken and many a dinner spoiled because the air show must go on. Who can forget how the networks handled the broadcast of news concerning the Lindbergh kidnapping. Sixty hours in that first grim stretch. Afterwards, days with twenty working hours in them. There were no complaints. It was their job.

There is never a broadcast without them, remember. Not one. When a trans-Atlantic flyer lands in New York, when a political convention holds the nation's interest, when President Roosevelt speaks at the White House . . . think then of the men who lay the wires and set up the mikes and get precious little glory. They are radio's "forgotten men."

Amos 'n' Andy

(Continued from page 42)

these boys had made, and for being friends of the Negro race.

They are friends of the Negro. And why not? Amos was born in Richmond, Virginia, and was cared for by a mammy. Gosden and Correll met in Durham, North Carolina. To play the part of Negro characters, they must be sincere in the development of those characters.

That law suit, by the way, was dismissed from court when the plaintiff's lawyer failed to show up when the case was called.

AMOS 'N' ANDY are now going into animated cartoon work, giving the voices of their characters to the screen as well as the air. The night they talked to me in between broadcasts, they signed a contract to make thirteen such cartoons. The first will be a wrestling match between Andy and Bullneck Mooseface. Remember the time Andy went in for wrestling with rather disastrous results?

You've no idea how hard they work. The very first day they played in Radio City, they were in the theatre exactly fourteen hours. Two broadcasts for Pepsodent, their sponsors, one special broadcast for Radio City, writing an episode of 1800 words, giving five stage shows, radio and stage rehearsals, and the constant line of visitors took up the time.

At the end of my visit, a booking agent rushed in, suggesting work.

"Boys, they'd like to have you March 4 in Washington to play Inaugural Week."

Imagine an inauguration with Roosevelt! Amos scratched his ear and looked slyly to Andy. Finally, he said: "Well, I suppose another week won't hurt us."

The stage call came. Down we went to the footlight. The overture ended, the curtains parted. A tower clock struck seven and there came the strains of "The Perfect Song." Out of the boys stepped to the applause of six thousand people.

In the Chicago NBC studio, it's far different. Visitors to their broadcasts are taboo. Not even their wives have seen them do their stuff on the air.

Amos 'n' Andy are not stage characters. The very few stage appearances they have made (and not in blackface either) have been out of respect to some close friend who especially requested their appearance. They don't expect to be Broadway stars because their interest is not in Broadway. Nor do they care much what Broadway thinks of them. Instead, they want to please America.

"How long will you last?" I asked pointblank.

"What do you think?" Andy challenged. "One year—three—five, maybe."

That's their answer. They don't know, definitely. And they aren't wasting their time wondering. They are thinking about the radio show they give, about "substantial" entertainment.



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A tall order, yes, but just cast your eye over some of the contents:

NOEL COWARD, noted English writer, and author of the smash hit, "Cavalcade," tells what he thinks of this great picture.

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM gives "The Real Reason for Katharine Hepburn's Amazing Behavior." (And she ought to know. She knew Katharine's mother.)

FAITH BALDWIN writes "If You Want To Be Like Kay Francis." And what girl doesn't?

DONALD HENDERSON CLARK offers the finest study of Jimmy Durante ever written: "When His Nose Was a Handicap."

PRINCESS LAURE MURAT, great, great grandniece of Napoleon, writes: "Hollywood Dares To Break the Rules."

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Ed Wynn

(Continued from page 7)

tear him down, to bury him with the forgotten stars of yesterday who had outstayed their welcome among the bright lights.

THAT very night, Ed Wynn went away from all his friends and all his advisors and had a talk with himself. Why was this new show a flop? Was it possible that the knowledge he had gained during thirty years on the stage should abruptly desert him? Had the depression made it impossible for any show to succeed? Didn't people want to laugh? Or was he himself out of step with the world?

Walking the streets, sitting in railway waiting rooms and on park benches—but always alone—he got an answer. When he had it, he went back to the theatre where his show was flopping and met his friends with their fresh suggestions.

"Leave me alone," he begged them. "From now on, I'm writing this show. I'm making the changes. We're going in to Broadway. If she's a turkey, I want it to be all my responsibility." Discreetly and kindly, you see, he was telling those friends to go back to New York. And that's just what they did, with much shaking of heads.

And the word spread afresh like prairie fire, "Ed Wynn is through!"

On the road, Ed went to work on "The Laugh Parade." With a few loyal helpers, he rewrote and remade that whole show. Into it he put everything he had learned in thirty years of showmanship. Every sure-fire situation, all the crackling odds and ends of wit that he knew would click. Writing and re-writing, he went days without more than three hours of sleep a night. In the end, he found himself carrying almost the whole production. He was on the stage almost all the time. Soon, weariness was dragging at his muscles and jerking at his nerves, but he worked on.

And so the show rolled into New York for the opening that would make or break its boss.

THAT opening night was a nightmare. Hardly anyone of importance attended. Even the critics sent their understudies. They had heard enough from the road reports to know that "The Laugh Parade" was a flop. Besides, everyone said that Ed Wynn was all washed up as a comic.

But Ed Wynn fooled them.

That opening night, his mother had a seat in the first row. His mother is bent under the weight of many years but she is still an inveterate moviegoer. Almost her only vice is telling her friends and relatives the story of a picture she has just seen, telling it at length and in all its details. She has the habit of saying, between developments in her tale, "and so . . ."

That opening night, to kid his mother, Ed Wynn inserted into a long-winded

RADIO STARS

monologue, one of her typical "and so's . . ."

As he said it, his voice broke. Accidentally. And a giggle rippled through the first-night crowd. A minute later, Ed tried it again, forcing his voice to break . . . "So-o-o-o-o-o . . ."

The audience roared. And there was born the idiotic connective that has become the nation's catch-word.

Wynn worked like a horse that night. Mentally fagged, needing a doctor's attention, he tried to be funny. In a show, he wears a dozen crazy costumes. Each one he discarded that night was soaked with perspiration. But he put "The Laugh Parade" across. Within a fortnight, Ed Wynn and his bug-house comedy were the talk of the town.

That was only the beginning.

The Texas Company, seeking a radio program to advertise its Fire Chief gasoline, became interested in him. One night, attendants at Wynn's theatre saw a man sitting alone in a stage box with his back turned resolutely toward the stage. No one seemed to know who he was.

A few nights later, he was back again with his back again turned toward Wynn and his fellow performers. After the show, he melted into the crowd and vanished. Later, he made a third visit. And disappeared as before.

Wynn presently received a visit from a stranger who, in a casual discussion of radio, asked if Wynn would enter-

tain the notion of going on the air. Ed said, "No!"

That was the first of a series of visits. The man returned and suggested an audition. Ed was not interested. As a comedian, he had depended too long upon his funny hats, bell-bottom coats, and imbecile make-up to trust the cold metal of a microphone. "The Laugh Parade" was playing to crowded houses every time the doors opened. Time after time, he insisted, "I'm not interested."

"But if you were interested," the man suggested, "what figure would you name for one broadcast a week?"

Wynn thought, "I'll fix this guy. I'll polish him off for good." So he said, "I'll give you thirty minutes of my time for five thousand dollars."

Nobody in broadcasting got that much. It was almost double any other salary. The visitor slipped a pen and paper into Wynn's hand and pointed to a dotted line. "Sign here," he said. "Five thousand a week is agreeable to us."

Before he knew it, Ed found himself a radio performer.

Today, all America knows him as the Fire Chief. Where Broadway and a few major cities had laughed with him before, he has become the whole nation's buffoon. He made "So-o-o-o-o-o" a part of the language. And brought a new brand of belly laughs to the air.

It will be a long time before any of the Broadway wise guys say again that Ed Wynn is through.

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Hard to Handle

(Continued from page 33)

ride," he said not unkindly, "get in."

I got in. "Listen," I said as we purred into traffic, "you've got an audience that wants to know more about you. What you're like off the air. What you look like. What you've done. What kind of a background you bring to leading an orchestra. That's the story I want and you owe it to your friends to tell me about yourself."

"Listen to my side of the picture," he answered. "I play memory music. That's why people listen to me. Because I revive precious memories that they love. What has the shape of my nose or the place of my birth got to do with that?"

What can you say to a guy like that?

WE argued for blocks. He drove like a streak and talked like lightning. Toward the edge of town, at the famous Aragon Ballroom, dancers were awaiting him. I got my story in snatches, in inadvertent admissions. You didn't know it, Wayne King, but it is easy to get a story from a man when he argues.

Some of the things I learned? Well, he was born in Savannah, Illinois, and was taken to El Paso almost immediately. He has been an automobile mechanic, and a wanderer in Mexico, and a certified public accountant. And also in the insurance business.

One rumor has him a hard-headed man of business who understood the public's taste for slow, dreamy music and determined to use that knowledge to line his own pockets with gold. Another rumor has him an intellectual snob who secretly laughs at the people who call him a great orchestra leader.

OF the first, I can say I doubt it.

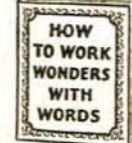
He is too much of a sentimentalist, too much a dreamer. One Christmas, for example, he took his band to play in Pittsburgh. The thought of depriving his boys of their Christmas fun at home distressed him. To make it up to them, he ordered a private car specially decorated with Christmas wreaths and holly and a sturdy cedar tree. On the way home after the engagement, he donned a set of white whiskers and a wig and played a benevolent Santa Claus.

Of the second rumor, I say it is a lie. Whatever he is, Wayne King is no snob. His personal philosophy and creed are too mellow and rich to permit such pettiness. A crowded life may make him abrupt with people. The thoughtless demands of strangers may make him reluctant to grant favors. But he does not hold himself better than anyone in the land.

For a time—and this is where that

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RADIO STARS

"business man" rumor had its birth—he was in a bank with his brothers in Iowa. His departure for Chicago with a saxophone under his arm concluded that chapter in his life. At the celebrated Trionon Ballroom, he found a job. After a while, he became the band's first saxophonist. And then its leader. That was seven years ago. Since then, he has never had another boss. Since then, his following has swelled to tremendous proportions. His worldly estate, too.

No profligate spendthrift, he. He saves most of what he makes. And he makes a lot. The plum of all orchestra jobs was offered him last year when the new Waldorf-Astoria opened in New York. He refused the spot because of previous contract obligations.

Along the way, he has explored life deeply. Books are a part of his working day. He didn't admit this to me. But I learned, from the things he mentioned.

Hearing him talk, no one can doubt his sincerity. Its ring is even in the music he puts on the air. And why not? His roots are deep in the earth, like those of the folk for whom he plays. Deep in the land, that is a passion with him. To own land and make it grow things gives him a thrill. In northern Wisconsin, he owns a 640-acre farm. The house in Highland Park where he lives is no rented bandbox from which to move at the slightest whim, but a solid place that a man and wife can call home.

You've seen Wayne's wife, surely. Not so long ago, she was a favorite in Hollywood. On the screen, she was known as Dorothy Janis. That's forgotten now in the happiness of being Mrs. Wayne King.

I learned most of these things before he parked his car beside the Aragon. Leaving it, we walked into the titanic

dance palace. Eager couples lined the walls, waiting for him. A thousand faces smiled a welcome. Walking toward the orchestra platform, voices cried.

"Hi, Wayne." That was a slim subdeb brunette. "Hello, Wayne." From a young matron. "Evenin', Wayne." That was a man with gray in his hair. All the way down that block-long room, it was like that. Greetings and salutations, with Wayne answering every single one and calling every person by his first name.

"I've seen them come here on their first date." There was a hint of pride in his voice. "I've watched most of them grow up and get married and have babies. We're all old friends here."

HE knows people, and because he knows them, he knows exactly the sort of music he wants to broadcast. Whenever he plays for a sponsor, he insists on the rights to select his own music. In some advertising circles, you may hear him called a prima donna. I'll tell you why. Because, during the five years that he has been a bandleader, he has walked out on three different sponsors. Because, three separate times, he has realized that the people who were paying him did not have complete faith in him. Those are conditions under which he will not work. So he walked. Losing a fortune, because of it, but keeping his integrity inviolate.

So people say he is hard to handle.

When we reached the bandstand at the end of the Aragon's acre of polished floor, he took off his top-coat and held out his hand. "Do you mind if I go to work now," he said. "There's honestly nothing about me that will make a good story. I'm sorry."

We shook hands, friends. "Don't mention it," I said.

A Little Star in Your Home?

(Continued from page 9)

real name is Muriel Harbater. She's fourteen, has bobbed, brown hair, and blue eyes. Jane's salary is \$100 a week, \$5,200 a year. With personal appearances it amounts to about \$6,000.

There are many other prominent youngsters earning big money in radio. The two children in the Goldbergs, for instance, Rosy and Sammy, each draw down \$10,000 a year, according to Mrs. Berg's secretary. Then there is the weekly children's program at CBS, directed by Nila Mack, "The Adventures of Helen and Mary." Most children you hear on that program are earning \$3.50 a broadcast, some less, some a dollar and a half more. On NBC, Madge Tucker directs the "Lady Next Door," six days a week. There the kiddies come home to mamma with \$3.00 a broadcast, which sometimes nets them \$18.00 a week, or if they are used only four out of the six days, they collect \$12.00. Why don't you let your child be a radio actor? "The Lady Next

Door" used to pay \$5.00 a broadcast, but I suppose the rent "next door" has gone up! According to the Chicago CBS studios, the leading characters in the children's hours there receive \$15.00 a program. The other kiddies pocket \$10.00 each broadcast.

BUT the children can stand the cut, for every time you hear a child's voice broadcast on a commercial program, you may know that that child is earning \$25.00 or \$22.50, the former if it's an agency "job," the latter if the radio studios gave the child the position.

There are many youngsters whose airy earnings are about on the scale I've been describing. Prominent among them in New York are Walter Tetley, Laddy Seaman, Donald Hughes, Billy and Florence Halop, Estelle Levy, Vivian Block and Patsy Dow.

Laddy Seaman is in the Cape Diamond Salt program you hear via NBC. He is the boy to whom the old captain

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RADIO STARS

tells the story. Patsy Dow is only four years old. Little Orphan Annie (Shirley Bell) is only twelve but she is already a leading Chicago radio actress. Donald Hughes, who appears in Helen and Mary, played in a broadcast I liked almost as well as any ever on the air. Do you remember the program? It was called "Daddy and Rollo."

Many people have asked me if the professional jealousy that exists among adult entertainers exists with the chil-

dren or if it is happily eradicated. It certainly exists between the proud mammas who bring the little wage-earners to the studios. Between the children? Well—it is not nearly as bad as it gets some years later but sometimes—oh well, I can best describe it by the fact that thirteen-year-old Jimmy McCallion said to me the other day, about radio children, "We're just like one big happy family," with which he nudged me and winked!

Marilou's Spring Wardrobe

(Continued from page 37)

jacket over a tailored blouse?

And that's just a slight idea of the clever way Marilou makes her clothes do double duty.

"I've found out that it isn't *how much* you spend, but *how* you spend it, that really matters," she explained to me. "Accessories make or break a costume. I always choose an 'accessory color' and make that the foundation for all my clothes of that season. This spring it's brown—not the ordinary brown, but the new warm brown that has a purplish tinge. That doesn't mean that I wear only brown clothes. Far from it. But I do choose clothes that will go with it. For instance, I can wear green, beige, pink, yellow, rose and white, just to mention a few. This, of course, is besides black. I believe black accessories are always necessary to have on hand, particularly for dress-up occasions."

Here's a clever example that illustrates Marilou's point. Her spring coat (see page 41) bears out the newest details. It's a dull, soft apricot color and it's made of a lightweight woolen fabric. Notice the sleeves. It's a change from those huge shoulder puffs we've worn all winter that give a girl that too top-heavy look. This one has smart tuckings at the shoulder and the fullness falls just about the elbows. It has the high, collarless neck, and this is where Marilou uses her ingenuity.

"For general street wear I prefer it simple and collarless. But I often vary it by wearing a silver fox scarf with black hat, gloves, bag and shoes. And then I sometimes wear a brown galyak tie scarf with brown accessories, which makes it look like something else again."

REMEMBER, the smartest spring coats are collarless, with detachable fur collars or scarfs.

The little square sailor with trig, tailored lines that is tipped jauntily on Marilou's head is one of those lovable styles that still remain with us.

Prints we have as soon as the first robin chirps, and they're better than ever this year. Stripes are giving floral prints a close run for popularity. The one that Marilou is wearing (on page 41) is a navy and white novelty weave, that employs the stripes in an advantageous manner to form the slim bias skirt. Tiny cap sleeves, the loose, knotted bow at the neck, and the navy suede belt are chic details that mustn't

be overlooked.

There's a closeup of the navy straw fabric cap that Marilou wears with this frock on page 41 also. Don't you just love the tricky openwork that allows the hair to peep out?

I know there's an old voodoo about stripes. So many girls think it makes them look stout or shapeless. Well, if it's a very narrow stripe like the brown and white jersey that Marilou wears on page 40 and has the same sporty look, you needn't worry about it adding pounds. The tie collar, the bone buckle, the unusual way the pockets are set in, and above all, the novel treatment of the stripes, are its most distinguishing details.

There's always a "pet" dress in every girl's wardrobe. Marilou's is a white corded wool which is one of the materials that finds a favored place in the spring and summer sun. The tie around the waist, and the cuffs on the three-quarter length sleeves are a novelty knit of green, black and white. With it she wears a shallow green cloche, turned up at the back and trimmed with a green grosgrain band.

For later in the season, Marilou has a pair of those extremely cut-out sandals. They might seem a little daring to you, but they're newer than tomorrow's mail. Just a few straps intertwined, and presto! you've the smartest shoe of the season. You must have a very firm, high arch to wear this type of sandal, *but sandals are very definitely in.*

No spring wardrobe is complete without a coat dress. Young Miss Dix chooses one of a soft, dusty pink that reveals, when the rever is open, an inset of a striking brown and pink plaid design. (See page 40.) The dress slips on and buttons around like a coat. Necklines are still high, but they're softened by arrangements such as this bow around the neck. In a coat frock, particularly, are accessories important, and Marilou wears a brown grosgrain toque, and brown shoes, gloves and bag.

Marilou's pet dinner dress received its inspiration from the prim Gibson Girl. It has a light top and dark skirt—"shirtwaist" style it's called. The bodice is white sheer crêpe embroidered with gold threads, and the dull black crêpe skirt interrupts it was a high, flattering molded line. A cerise and black sash ties around the waist.



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The demure roll neck falls away at the back to form a decolletage. Voluminous sleeves that fit snugly at the wrist add a gracious note.

With it Marilou wears a cap of black suede cloth, that is swathed intricately on the head. The veil is caught up on

the left side with a crystal pin, and swerves deeply down on the right.

And that's the story of the way Marilou has combined two elements that are as difficult to mix as oil and water—glamorous, individual style and economy.

Too Many Sweethearts

(Continued from page 28)

box. She showed it to the singer. "It's yours, all yours. I want you to have it. It's home-made fudge."

If there is anything Lanny Ross hates, it is fudge. But he opened the box and took a piece. The lady snuggled down beside him. "I feel as if I've known you always. Let's talk."

For four hours, mind you, Lanny talked and ate fudge. He wanted to do neither, but he did both. Talk and fudge! Why? Because he realized instinctively that this woman had drawn something from his singing that he had no right to kill. So he played the perfect gentleman, and got a bad case of indigestion.

ALMOST every mail brings some request from a radio sweetheart. "Please sing 'Moonlight and Roses' next week. My father likes to listen to you and I am giving him a special birthday party." "Please sing 'All Alone' for me. I'm left alone on the farm every Thursday night. The song will help me."

Sometimes they become jealous. One girl with whom Lanny had corresponded for years recently resented the attention he was paying Mary Lou of "Captain Henry's Maxwell House Showboat." She upped and sent him back his letters and photograph.

The other night, a girl approached him in the studio after his broadcast. In the past, he had autographed pictures for her, and talked to her briefly when she appeared among the crowd of visitors. This time she took him possessively by the arm and pulled him toward the door.

"Come on. They're waiting for us," she said.

"What? Where?" Lanny questioned. "We're going to a dance uptown, silly. I wrote you about it last week. I said if I didn't get an answer by Wednesday I'd consider it a date and come by for you. And here I am."

Lanny excused himself to look for his coat and hat, left quietly by a secret door, and made a note to get a new secretary to handle his mail.

For a while, a Spanish girl shadowed every movement he made. She wanted a "kees." Just one "leetle kees." But she never got it. Eventually, she tired of the fruitless chase and vanished.

And then, there was the girl in green. She was a shy, timid little minx with

cupid's bow lips and an Irishman's luck. Lanny came home from the broadcast one night, opened his apartment door, and there she was.

"I had to come," she said. "I just had to see you."

CAN you imagine the scene? The slip of a girl—she was still under twenty—before the man of her dreams. Lanny asked the girl to leave, and she refused. He begged her, and she refused to listen. Now a man cannot toss a strange young woman out of his apartment without attracting attention. The situation was acute. Lanny solved it by going out himself and enlisting the help of a friend's mother. This woman went alone to the girl in green and found her sobbing her heart out on Lanny's bed. Her story was told jerkily between sobs. It was simple, and pitiable. Through his love songs, Lanny Ross had become her dream man. She had loved him for years, she said. Carefully, she had hoarded every penny she could find for a trip from her home in Pennsylvania to New York to see Lanny. Most of that money went for a ticket to New York. The last few dollars had bribed building attendants to admit her to Lanny's apartment. Peniless and heart-sick, she now realized her foolishness. And she wanted to go home. All this Lanny learned when his friend's mother came back from her interview with the girl.

What did he do? One of the most gracious things I have ever known. He gave his friend's mother money and had her buy a ticket back to the girl's home town. He had her buy a Pullman compartment on an early morning train and take the girl to it. Ten minutes before the train pulled out of the Pennsylvania station, Lanny himself boarded it with a huge basket of flowers, which he presented to her.

That precious ten minutes must have been marvelous for the girl in green. When the train pulled out, her face was aglow with happiness as she waved good-bye through the window.

Hard to believe isn't it, but things like that happen when you're a radio star. Lanny isn't married yet, of course. But someday he will be. Wouldn't it be romantic if the girl he chooses would be one of those to whom he refers to-day when he says, "I'm a guy with too many sweethearts."

"The Success Story of a Black Sheep"—in our Next Issue. Don't miss the delightful story. It's about that charming entertainer, Elsie Hitz.



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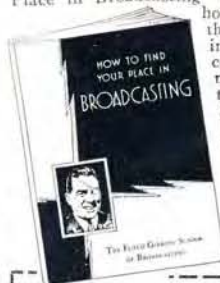
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