

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

EMBER

1932

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
CENTRAL LIT. BLDG., ROOM 1219
300 W. WASHINGTON ST., NEW YORK

ENTS

ROGRAMS

Posed by
KATE
SMITH



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Rudy Vallée hears a new note
ON HOW TO GET RADIO AT ITS BEST
—THANKS TO HELEN KANE



HELLO, HELEN KANE—JUST IN TIME. I'M VERY GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GUEST STAR ON MY PROGRAM.

I'M GLAD, TOO, MR. VALLEE. YOU SEE, I'VE BEGUN TO LISTEN TO YOUR PROGRAMS DURING THE PAST THREE WEEKS.



WELL, WELL—IS THAT BECAUSE I'VE IMPROVED SO MUCH RECENTLY?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT—BUT YOU SEE, I JUST GOT NEW TUBES FOR MY SET—NOW I REALLY ENJOY RADIO AGAIN.



BY GEORGE—LET ME MAKE A NOTE RIGHT NOW—THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT MY SET NEEDS.

IT CERTAINLY IS, IF YOUR RADIO TUBES ARE OVER A YEAR OLD...MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION FOR THAT MEMO OF YOURS, MR. VALLEE?



WHY DON'T YOU CALL YOUR SERVICE MAN RIGHT AFTER THIS REHEARSAL, AND TELL HIM TO BRING YOU A NEW SET OF MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES.

MICRO-SENSITIVE... RCA...RADIO...TUBES...YOU BET I'LL CALL HIM—NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO GET A RADIO FIXED UP.



I WANT TO BROADCAST TO ALL YOU FOLKS THE GOOD ADVICE MISS KANE GAVE ME...TO MAKE A RADIO SET WORK LIKE NEW—THERE IS NOTHING LIKE NEW TUBES. MY THANKS TO MISS KANE FOR HER HINT.

MAKE YOUR RADIO YOUNG AGAIN WITH MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES

TODAY'S Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes are one of science's greatest contributions to the joy of radio. Why not get *all* the pleasure of today's fine programs? Replace worn tubes with these remarkable new ones. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you get such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your service man test your tubes today. Replace those that are worn with the only radio tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 improvements:

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Lunningham Radiotron



LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

CURTIS MITCHELL, Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

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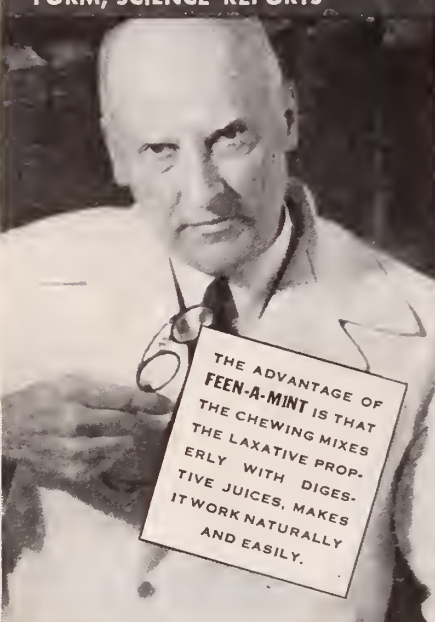
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Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

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NO need to buy new dresses and sports-wear to replace the faded ones in your wardrobe. Just buy Tintex—and save many, many dollars!

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On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere

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Let's Gossip

ALL is quiet on the Vallee front today, this week, this month—in fact the quietness will last until November 19th. Maybe then we should call it an armistice. Crooning Rudy and Suing Fay Webb signed a pact which ceases all court antics until that date. The reason? So Vallee can go where he wishes, unmolested. He wants to go to California to make another picture and doesn't want to be bothered by summons and such in that California separate maintenance suit which Fay is waging.

Readers will want to join us in extending deepest sympathy to Paul Whiteman. His mother, Mrs. Elfrida M. Whiteman, passed away in Denver June 26 after a lingering illness. Paul got word of her sinking condition just the day before and sped west immediately. But death won the race, the sad message reaching Paul as he passed through Chicago. He went on to be present at the funeral services, missing his regular broadcast.

George Givot tried so many times to click in radio that it began to look as if a jinx was upon his Greek act. But CBS gave him another chance, and George secured David Freeman to write his script. Now the Greek seems to be going strong. There must be something about that guy Freeman that puts 'em over. He has proven himself one of radio's ablest writers. George could improve still more if he could talk a bit plainer yet retain that Greek accent of his.

You "Red Davis" fans get ready to clap hands for that sketch will be back on NBC October 1st. But Curtiss Arnall won't be one of the cast. He wanted too much money. So the sponsor said, "Tut-Tut, get thee out of our play," and turned around and started questing for a successor.

Not long ago, Joe Penner had to leave a theatre where he was playing to run over to the radio studio for his regular broadcast. That meant the kiddies who went to the show to see him were disappointed. In consequence Joe was panned a lot. Folk said the theatre ad promised his presence. Naturally that made Joe feel terrible. So, soon afterwards he ran big advertisements in every paper in the city apologizing and explaining
(Continued on page 98)



Here is Nila Mack, director of children's programs at CBS, with a group of her young actors and actresses in their studio.

BACK TALK

Nila Mack says our little angels are born neither with horns nor wings

SO, mother, you can't do a thing with those children of yours, eh? What is it today, tantrums, back talk, or are they just generally in your hair?

Well, comb them out then, and listen to some of the child behavior methods of Nila Mack, impressariess for juvenile radio artists on such Columbia Broadcasting System programs as "Helen and Mary" and "Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's."

Wait a minute now, mother, just because Miss Mack hasn't had any children herself—she's a widow, you know—don't rear up and say, "Wait'll she has a few of her own and see how she feels about it." Nila has handled more children than you could shake a hairbrush at. And she's a wizard at it.

Yes, ma'am, don't think Miss Mack hasn't plenty to contend with. Hundreds of children pass through her hands every year in auditions. She works closely with a dozen or fifteen

regularly. Many of these young radio stars have come to her already convinced by doting parents that they are great artists and consequently must be temperamental. And temperament, whether in young or old, is just a result of having been spoiled.

Such a youngster at any tendency to show off or display selfish temperament is laughed down by the other children. That is the one case where being laughed at does good, not harm.

Children, Nila Mack says, are born neither bad nor good. They're just a bundle of sweet humanity, ready and eager to drink up impressions and manners from those around them. Thus the child is usually a mirror of the people with whom it lives. Think of any faults your own child might have, then examine your own behavior, frankly and bravely.

Let's look at this plump, blonde, twinkle-eyed young woman and see why these children not only are very

fond of her, but respect her as well. In the first place, she is as fair with them as she can possibly be. Before she administers either reproof or compliment on their microphone work or their studio behavior, she is careful to see that it is merited. If it is a reproof, she'll never give it to one of the youngsters in front of the others, but waits until the rehearsal or program is over and then takes the child aside. She refuses to embarrass them. A scolding in front of others can give a child an inferiority complex that will last him the rest of his life.

Tantrums? Well, she knows enough about them. She's encountered them more than once in the studio. The best thing to do, she says, is to let them cry and yell it out. Pay no attention to them until they're willing to listen to reason. Then let them have it. Reason, not beating. While you're waiting, make sure you have not been to blame.

Here's an example. One of the girls, a child of eight, was given the part of a witch to play in one of the fairy tale dramatizations in the "Helen and Mary" series. She did very well until she came to a group of names she couldn't pronounce. Letting loose a sudden wail, she lashed to a corner and went into a thoroughgoing tantrum. Before Nila did anything about it, she thought carefully. Suddenly she realized that she had given the youngster words she couldn't handle, and the frustration and humiliation had been too great for the little girl. Immediately Miss Mack went to her, explained, and changed the words. She's never had a bit of trouble with that child since.

If reproof is needed, Miss Mack administers it as soon as possible. She feels it a great mistake on the part of mothers not to do this. For instance, for a week, a mother might be happy and healthy, and the noise of the youngster banging on the table with a spoon wouldn't bring forth more than an occasional, "Do stop that noise, Charlie."

But Charlie, observing that mother takes no further measures, such as putting the spoon away, continues until the "Stop that's" have become meaningless. If a guest is present, the mother says, "See, I can't do a thing with him." Then on the day the mother has a headache, she endures it until she can stand it no longer, and the north end of the child going south is the recipient of a series of lusty whacks. Can you blame the youngster for having a full measure of hatred for his mother at the moment?

Despite the fact that parents think children (Continued on page 97)

"CUNNING DRESS—BUT IT CERTAINLY HAS A BAD CASE OF 'TATTLE-TALE GRAY.'"

"IT'S A SHAME! BUT THAT 'TRICK' SOAP JANIE'S MOTHER USES JUST WON'T GET OUT ALL THE DIRT. I WISH SHE'D CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA."



"Tattle-tale gray" in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means . . .

Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain

can be—"We aren't really clean."

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard you work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt can't stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! Golden soap that's richer—with plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha added.

Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and sparkling white!

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha

is safe for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woolens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)

Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.



Use it YOUR way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who know from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"

... BANISH IT WITH Fels-Naptha Soap!

Kilocycle Quiz

No. 1

HOW'S about a little game to unkink the curls in your radio brains, folks? How's about matching wit's ends with the hereunder-attached skull teasers? If you're air-minded, it's a tonic test. If you're wise, you'll not read another word. If you're weak—and who isn't, what with all this hot weather we're having — we guarantee our twenty tempting questions to have your nerve ganglia tied in bow knots within three shakes of a radio announcer's coat-tail.

1. What is the most powerful radio station in the world?
2. Who is Mary Lou of the Maxwell House Show Boat?
3. What female radio singer always sits when she sings?
4. What famous comic was formerly a broker?
5. Who is radio's only female mistress of ceremonies who has her own hour program?
6. Who uses the theme song, "It's a Lonesome Old Town, When You're Not Around"?
7. What radio broadcast has been on the air over five years and has never been seen by an audience?
8. To whom is Frank Crumit married?
9. What radio tenor became a leading singer at the Metropolitan Opera last year?
10. Who wrote "Rhapsody in Blue?"
11. Who wrote "Sweet Sue?"
12. Who is Julius Seebach?
13. Who are Joseph Pinter, Benjamin Anselowitz and Isadore Lahrheim?
14. Where does the "One Man's Family" program originate?
15. What sponsor first used the "Magic Carpet" idea in his broadcasts?
16. Is Ruth Etting married?
17. What has happened to the Mills Brothers?
18. What man is given credit for Kate Smith's success?
19. Do both networks use chimes to accompany their announcements?
20. How do sound effects engineers produce the sound of a burning fire.

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE ANSWERS ON PAGE 94.



Edwin C. Hill, the star reporter of the New York Sun, relates the "Human Side of the News" for CBS listeners.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF EDWIN C. HILL

Hill reversed the job procedure. He first decided what he wanted, then went after it

THERE'S a four-star commentator up at CBS who is a self-made man. When he wants a thing he gets it. Not a hard-boiled egg! Quite the opposite. He just decides what he wants, digs for it, and it's his. That man is Edwin C. Hill.

Perhaps you recall the story of his career. Back in college he made up his mind that some day he would write for the *New York Sun*. That was his goal, just the same as you might have a secret desire to sing on the radio, or to marry a certain handsome man of your community. But it wasn't any secret to young Hill's friends. He told the world what he was going to do.

First, he worked on an Indianapolis newspaper to get experience. Then he went to Fort Wayne and Cincinnati for more experience. That done, he set out for New York. No, he didn't carry letters of introduction. Nor did he know someone who knew someone who was a cousin of

the *Sun's* editor. He merely walked in and told his story. Maybe it was a relief to the editor to have a free spoken lad lay his cards on the table. Anyway, Hill got the job.

But was he satisfied? Emphatically not! He had already told friends he wanted to be more than a reporter. He wanted to be a *star* reporter. While other reporters warmed drug counter stools, Hill got out and worked and wrote. He wrote more than mere stories—he came back with features that told the human side of the news.

You know yourself how these make newspaper reading more pleasant. You're not just satisfied to read that three slugs were electrocuted at Sing Sing. You want to know what those men looked like when they walked to the chair of death. You want to know what they said as the fatal bands were tightened about their arms. And that's just what Hill figured. (Continued on page 94)



Alexander Woollcott, journalist, dramatic critic and playwright, is the "Town Crier" of CBS. He'll be back on the air this fall.

HE WON'T BE BOSSED

Radio can't tell Alexander Woollcott what to say. It can only tell him when to say it

RADIO has conquered Alexander Woollcott!

But, you say, does he have to be conquered? Isn't he glad that radio singled him out to be the "Town Crier" at CBS?

Yes, for Alexander Woollcott to become a radio star, he had to be conquered. He's a writer and he writes only when and about what he wishes. Consider, for example, his famous column "Shouts and Murmurs." Thousands of people buy the magazine in which it appears and turn to the page where they may find their favorite. But they can never be sure. Sometimes it is there and sometimes it isn't. For Mr. Woollcott, disliking contracts, usually shouts or murmurs when the spirit moves him—and only then. But when he does, he has something worth telling.

When writer-speaker-stylist Woollcott consented to be CBS's "Town Crier" he had to agree to follow a

fixed schedule of broadcasts. But he agreed to nothing more. Today, not even the CBS executives know what he'll say when he steps before the mike.

Last January was the occasion of his forty-seventh birthday anniversary. He told us all about it—how nearly half a century ago, over in Phalanx, New Jersey, the village doctor reported to the neighbors: "Another boy over at the Woollcotts, darn it!"

That's typical of him, all right. Always the wit. Always injecting a bit of invigorating sarcasm in his works.

After he got his degree from Hamilton College at Clinton, New York, and did some post graduate work at Columbia University, Mr. Woollcott went to work as dramatic critic for the *New York Times*. For eight years he attended Broadway plays and movies and the criticisms he wrote of (Continued on page 97)

*Hail
Columbia*

RADIO STARS Magazine, in this issue, gives its readers another private peek into the back lots of Broadcasting. This September issue we devote to the Columbia Broadcasting System.

It all started with our series called "Behind the Scenes of America's Great Stations." Here, for the first time in any national magazine, readers have been able to read the station-story of their favorite broadcasters. So popular have these stories become, and so obviously have they fulfilled a definite want, that we reasoned there probably existed a similar curiosity about the great networks of the nation.

What lies beyond that terse statement, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System?" Who started it, and how did it get where it is? Who are its stars?

Well, with only two or three exceptions, the stories in this number are devoted to CBS personalities. Personalities who are friends of yours, more than likely, for you have been listening to most of them for months.

In our stories, you will find one amazing thing. All these exalted personages of whom we write, all of these fabled people, who revel in the glow of gold that comes easily, are folk with their feet on the ground. And with their heads in the clouds.

It is reassuring, isn't it, to discover that a man can shoot straight to the top and still wear the same size hat? Such a person as Bing Crosby, for example. Yet, talking to him, you are constantly reminded of his modesty—reminded not by the things he says, but by the things he doesn't say.

This attitude is typical of all those about whom we write. It extends from the top-flight star in Columbia's crown to her lowliest page boy. You will be glad to know, undoubtedly, that the art of appearing self-important does not flourish in this organization.

So, with this fat issue, we say, "Hail, Columbia!" And "Hail, stars of Columbia." But more particularly, we say, "Hail, readers of RADIO STARS who, in the long run, are the ones whose likes and dislikes make or break the stars of Columbia."



Wide World

MR. PRESIDENT, YOU ASKED SOME PERSONAL QUESTIONS IN YOUR LAST "FIRESIDE CHAT." YOU TOLD US SOME THINGS THAT MAKE US HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE. BUT YOU DIDN'T MENTION RADIO. JUST SO THE RADIO LISTENER WON'T BECOME THE "FORGOTTEN MAN" IN YOUR NEW DEAL, HERE IS SOME INFORMATION WHICH YOUR BRAIN TRUSTERS MAY HAVE NEGLECTED TO MENTION

A RADIO EDITOR WRITES TO HIS PRESIDENT

Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

I am going to be a tale-bearer. I will tell you why. As a radio listener, who happens to be the editor of a radio magazine. I see lots of things going on that don't often meet the naked eye. I hear a few stories about this and that which leave me with a sickish feeling in my middle. Down there in Washington, you're a long way from the heart of the radio situation. Things are happening that you should—but probably don't—know about. That's why I'm going to be a tale-bearer.

Right off, I wonder if you know about the phoney radio schools that are operating by the dozen in most of our large cities. I mean those two-by-four concerns that run ads in the daily papers saying, "Wanted: radio performers of all types. Experience unnecessary. Apply to Room 114, etc., etc."

In case you don't know what happens, I'll tell you. Every bright-eyed kid around town who thinks he or she is another Crosby or Dragonette applies to room 114 where she is stood up before a mike and told to sing. That is the beginning of "the works." The well-dressed flim-flammer, who listens, interrupts after a few measures to tell her she has the makings of another Rosa Ponselle; that she'll be a sensation, earn hundreds of thousands of dollars a year, and pay off the mortgage on the family mansion. But—and here's what the boys call the gim-nick—she isn't quite ready to go on the air. She needs a few lessons in what is called "mike technique." In other words, she needs to learn how to toss her voice into the little brown can called a microphone.

I ask you, Mr. President, did you have to learn "mike technique?" As the outstanding radio performer on this hemisphere, you should know that answer better than anyone. I'll wager you never took a lesson in your life.

But these kids don't know any better. And they are push-overs for the flattery of this alleged expert for whom they have just sung. So they go for the gag, hook, line and sinker. Their signature on the dotted line ties up, more often than not, their savings and earnings for the next year.

What I'm getting at, Mr. President, is this: somehow

there ought to be a way of flushing these chiselers out of the radio business. If they were dealing only with crooked coins, I could laugh it off and so could the kids that get gypped, but they're dealing in broken hearts and smashed dreams. That's what burns me up.

A code for radio schools might be the answer. Some schools are legitimate and give an ambitious would-be star honest-to-goodness help. Fly the blue eagle over these, and have your secret service men tell the oily-lipped smoothies to go fly a kite.

It was only last Sunday, Mr. President, that you announced your appointments to the new Communications Commission which is to supervise radio broadcasting. Naturally, we listeners don't know just what this new deal means to us. Our faith in you gives us hope for a continuation of the same sort of broadcasting we've been hearing these last twelve months.

In your speech the other night you spoke of critics and belly-achers and second-guessers who have not accepted your depression-busting policies as being good for the country. In case you haven't heard, radio probably has more belly-achers per square inch than any other business in America. I mean we're overrun by people who don't like today's setup of broadcasting—which means, nine times out of ten, that they want to run it to accommodate their own interests.

There are education interests and religious groups, for instance, who want a quarter of all radio hours turned over to them. Which, on the face of it, doesn't sound like such a bad idea. But where does it get you? You know that what is one man's religion is often another man's poison. And if you can find any representative group of successful men in America who can agree one hundred per cent on what "education" is, I'll roll a peanut with my nose from here to the White House.

So, by the new dispensation these radical interests seek, we would merely substitute an untried and un-agreed-upon type of radio program for something that is already about as satisfactory as high-priced brains and talents can make them.

If it's religion that these interests want, look at the time placed at the disposal of ministers of all denominations by both Columbia and National broadcasting networks. If it's education, look at the CBS "School of the Air." And NBC's generous (*Continued on page 87*)

Ask yourself if you'd dare advise a woman to desert her husband and children? Or keep secret the identity of a murderer? Or stay the hand of death?

By MARY
JACOBS

This is the far-flung cry of the world's unfortunates, those who suffer, are wronged and have no hope in life



HELP ME I'M DESPERATE!

If a murder has been committed . . .

If you knew the murderer, and all the sordid details of the crime . . .

If an innocent person had been convicted of the crime . . .

What would you do?

Why—go to the police and tell them all you know. See to it that justice was done. That's easy.

But, what if you had been told of the murder only because you promised that anything told you would be held in confidence? That nothing, except the permission of the person who confided in you, could destroy your silence.

That puts another aspect on the matter, doesn't it? You really need the wisdom of a Solomon to know what to do. And you can be thankful that you aren't in the boots of the Voice of Experience, Beatrice Fairfax, Cheerio, or Tony Wons, those consultants on human problems to whom millions of radio fans apply, begging for succor, for relief from their troubles. Often with questions that are impossible to answer. Yet they have to be answered.

I am going to tell you some of the posers that have been put to these consultants. How would you answer them?



Illustration by JACK WELCH

The eternal triangle. This time it involves the mother of several children who is in love with her husband's business associate. She is determined not to give up her lover, yet she can't bear to sacrifice her children. What would you tell her to do?

Put on your thinking cap and we'll all get to work. On page 90 you'll find the official consultant's answer to each problem. See how yours compare with theirs. We'll all be experienced consultants for a day.

The problem of the innocent person convicted of a murder is enough to cause the Voice of Experience sleepless nights. A while ago, he received a letter from a boy in Philadelphia, signed *A Young Killer*. The boy confessed he had committed a murder on June 23, 1933, at Cobbs Creek Park. Someone else had been arrested and convicted of the crime. The boy had killed his victim

with an ice-pick, which was still in his possession, all smeared with the blood of the dead youth.

INVESTIGATION proved that the young killer was not making the story up out of whole cloth, as many people possessing vivid imaginations do. A murder had been committed when and where he specified. A sub-normal boy had been picked up for the crime—he confessed, but claimed that he remembered nothing from the time he approached the dead body till the police rounded him up and put him behind the jail bars. (Continued on page 88)

Bing Crosby has secret plans! The newspapers may soon scream them in headlines. Do you know what they are? And why? Can you guess?

WHATEVER gods there are must have been grinning from ear to ear the day Harry Lillis Crosby was born. When they looked from their Olympian rocking chairs thirty years ago, more or less, and saw a tow-haired tad nuzzling close to his mother's breast, they must have put their pates together and said, "There's a likely-looking one. We'll have to see that good things come to him."

That's the only way I can figure out Bing Crosby and his amazing run of what he himself is the first to call "luck." You may call it by whatever name you like.

RADIO'S WONDER BOY

By

BETTY
STOWE



BING'S
BOAT

Beyond doubt, he is radio's wonder boy. He has turned his hand to this and turned his hand to that and the golden rains of fame and fortune have all but drowned him. That he still has his head above water is proof conclusive that those wise old gods who watched him being born have not deserted him.

Bing Crosby's real story is not one, but two stories. The first is generally known. The second is a secret, that his best friends won't tell. But because, as this is written, the one nearest and dearest to him is clinging to a frayed thread of life, and because the possibility of her death may mean the utter collapse of his privy dreams, I am going to violate a confidence. By the time this is printed,

this crisis will be over and Bing's "secret" cannot matter much either way.

You may not understand why we who know him call Bing Crosby the wonder boy of radio. Well, look at his career. It is a Horatio Alger story, one miracle pyramiding upon another miracle until today we come to the greatest miracle of all, about which I shall tell you.

Today, Bing rides to work in a twelve cylinder car through a defile, in the mountains surrounding Hollywood, that is called Cahuenga Pass. As he rides down that pass he remembers a bright and blinding day just five years ago. Two tired and dusty boys are trudging through the dirt of this same pass. Their corduroys are black with



BING'S
SELF

BING'S
BABY



ime and grease and their pockets are light as air, but they joke and laugh about the complete collapse of their ancient Ford twenty miles from the promised land—Los Angeles.

That is how Bing Crosby came to Hollywood the first time.

BRIEFLY, I am going to tell you what happened. With his background, he gravitated immediately to music. His back-home band, called the "Melodyaders," had been the hottest thing in town. His "vocals" and drumming had given him a cock-sure belief that he could sing his way out of any sort of trouble. Presently, that belief was to

be tested. But you can be sure Bing Crosby had no fears.

His pal in those days was Al Rinker, brother to Mildred Bailey, famous as radio's "Rocking Chair Lady." Mildred got Bing and Al a job in a Hollywood nightclub. Getting them that job was the act that lighted the match that fired the fuse that exploded the rocket on which Harry Lillis Crosby and his calloused vocal chords rode into the heights.

What happened at first was both confusing and distressing. It was the sort of thing that would have happened to any kid just out of college who suddenly found the world his oyster. That's just the way Bing found it—and he loved oysters.

(Continued on page 72)



SHAKE HANDS WITH CAP'N

Cap'n Henry with the old show boat baseball team that turned out to be more than an added attraction. The Captain is the attraction in the circle.

THINK back to last Thursday. Think of all the other Thursdays for the best part of the last two years. A voice colored with irrepressible good humor says, "HOWDY, FOLKS, HOWDY!" You remember other phrases, too. "JIMMINITY!" and "Run 'em on, Gus, RUN 'EM ON-N-N!"

Captain Henry's voice, that. With all the bubble and bounce of a typical show boat Captain. How does it happen that this man taken from the boards of Broadway and transplanted to a Mississippi River side-wheeler, can be so real and convincing? Well, it is in the nature of a miracle.

Let me whisper a secret to you. It is a rather long secret, but the hearing of it is worth your patience. It's the story of Charley Winninger.

They told Charley Winninger that it couldn't be done! You see, when the Maxwell House Show Boat people looked around for a real honest-to-goodness skipper, what did they do but pluck Charley Winninger right out of Broadway and set him on their own show boat stage as Cap'n Henry. Were Winninger's friends amazed.

"Why, where does he get off to be Cap'n Henry? He's been a part of Broadway all these years!" they scoffed.

But listen to this! They heard him on the air. They heard his infectious chuckle, they heard his hearty greeting, "Howdy, folks, H-O-W-D-Y-Y!" They could almost see his apple-red face pucker up into a thousand wrinkles as he boomed, "JIMMINITY!" They could detect an impish grin and a sly wink as he yelled, "Run 'em on, Gus,

RUN 'EM ON-N-N!" Then they sat bolt upright in their chairs.

"Why, that isn't Charley Winninger," even his most skeptical critics cried. "That's Cap'n Henry—Cap'n Henry in the flesh!"

This is the secret. Charley Winninger *is* Cap'n Henry. Yes, he is and I'll swear by that. And what his friends never knew is the fact that Winninger's life, before he hit Broadway, was inextricably interwoven with the river—the river *was* his life, actually.

By MARTIA
McCLELLAND

WINNINGER was born into the show business. Do you remember the days of "The Black Crook," or "Neither Wife, Maid nor Widow," and other bloody thrillers? Well, those were the days of "The Winninger Family Travelling Theatre—Always a Show of Quality." It was first cousin to the show boat that was later to embrace Charles, the youngest of the five brothers.

Surely, no little boy had a more fantastic childhood than Charley Winninger. By the time he was twelve he had barnstormed throughout the entire midwest, fascinating the farmers and villagers with his portrayal of Franchon, one of the lovely orphans of "Orphans of the Storm," as Edgar, the noble newsboy in "Poor but Proud," and other deserving characters in bygone melodramas. Certainly, the most prolific actor on Broadway today couldn't hold a candle to the number of roles that Charley had to play. Besides all of this, he handled the props, ran errands, took tickets at the gallery door, counted the house,

Right off New York's sophisticated Broadway, Charlie Winninger stepped into



HENRY!

The star skipper himself.

Cap'n Henry can be heard on the Maxwell House Show Boat each Thursday at 9 p. m. (E.D.S.T.) over the following stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WIAR, WCSH, WFL, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAO, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WIDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSAM, KSTP, WKBF (WBAP off 9:30) WAVE (WLW on 9:30)

made railroad reservations, played the trombone in the orchestra and "doubled in brass" in the street parade that was the customary ballyhoo.

The Winner Family's ambitious itinerary took in all of the colorful river towns. One day, young Winner was walking along the river bank when he heard the shrill, blatant cry of a calliope heralding a show boat. He looked up and saw Captain Adams' original "Cotton Blossom," the handsomest show boat on the Mississippi, proceeding grandly down the river, calliope screaming and flags flying. His heart did a somersault at the sight of this glorious vision. Before the "Cotton Blossom" had departed the town, a new actor and trombonist was on board.

Thus began Cap'n Henry's—I mean, Charley Winner's—fascinating show boat life. He learned river lore pilot rules, Negro songs and all the parts in the "Cotton Blossom's" repertoire.

He learned, too, how (Continued on page 68)



Cap'n Henry goes miniature.

the role of the rustic Cap'n Henry

BOARD of REVIEW



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San Francisco Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

Flash! Temperature hits new high! Programs soar! Four stars rampant!

- ***** Excellent
- **** Good
- *** Fair
- ** Poor
- * Not Recommended

- **** AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- **** PABST BLUE RIBBON WITH BEN BERNIE (NBC).
- **** CITIES SERVICE WITH OLGA ALBANI (NBC).
- **** GULF PROGRAM WITH WILL ROGERS (NBC).
- **** FIRST NIGHTER WITH CHAS. HUGHES (NBC).
- **** FLEISCHMANN HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE (NBC).
- **** PHILLIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN (NBC).
- **** REAL SILK WITH CHAS. PREVIN (NBC).
- **** MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
- **** FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING (CBS).
- **** KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM WITH PAUL WHITEMAN & COMPANY (NBC).
- **** RADIO CITY CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).
- **** NESTLE, WITH ETHEL SHUTTA & WALTER O'KEEFE (NBC).
- **** ONE MAN'S FAMILY (NBC).
- **** ALBERT SPALDING, CONRAD THIBAUT & DON VOORHEES ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- **** HALL OF FAME (NBC).
- **** CONTENTED PROGRAM (NBC).
- **** THE FIRESTONE PROGRAM WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT (NBC).
- **** HOUR OF SMILES WITH FRED ALLEN & LENNIE HAYTON (NBC). Refreshing summer humor.
- **** COLGATE HOUSE PARTY WITH DONALD NOVIS & JOE COOK (NBC).
- **** DETROIT SYMPHONY (CBS).
- **** WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE WITH JAMES MELTON & GUESTS (CBS).
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH ROSA PONSELLE (CBS). And a bouquet to Andre Kostelanetz.
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH NINO MARTINI (CBS).
- **** CHESTERFIELD WITH GRETE STUECK-GOLD (CBS).
- **** PALMOLIVE SHOW WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT (NBC).
- **** DAVID ROSS IN POET'S GOLD (CBS).
- **** SCHLITZ BEER PROGRAM WITH VIVIEN RUTH, VICTOR YOUNG'S ORCH., EVERETT MARSHALL AND FRANK CRUMIT (CBS). Recommended.
- **** CAREFREE CARNIVAL (NBC). We like this.
- **** BROADWAY MELODIES WITH EVERETT MARSHALL & ELIZABETH LENNOX (CBS).
- **** RICHARD HIMBER & THE STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS (CBS).
- **** GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM WITH JACK BENNY, MARY LIVINGSTON & JIMMY GRIER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
- *** A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK (NBC).
- *** AMOS 'N' ANDY (NBC).
- *** ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER (NBC).
- *** CHASE & SANBORN COFFEE HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND DURANTE (NBC).
- *** CUTEX PROGRAM WITH PHIL HARRIS (NBC).
- *** EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
- *** LADY ESTHER SERENADE WITH GUEST BANDS (NBC) (CBS).
- *** MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND, PROGRAM OF DR. LYON'S TOOTH PASTE (NBC).
- *** YEAST FOAMERS WITH JAN GARBER (NBC).
- *** SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS (NBC).
- *** SINGING LADY (NBC).
- *** LOWELL THOMAS (NBC).
- *** MAJOR BOWES CAPITOL FAMILY (NBC).
- *** ACCORDIANA WITH ABE LYMAN & VIVIENNE SEGAL (CBS).
- *** DEATH VALLEY DAYS (NBC).
- *** CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE (CBS).
- *** ELDER MICHAUX AND HIS CONGREGATION FROM WASHINGTON (CBS).
- *** WALTZ TIME WITH ABE LYMAN & FRANK MUNN (NBC).
- *** CHEVROLET PROGRAM WITH VICTOR YOUNG (NBC).
- *** SOCONYLAND SKETCHES (NBC).
- *** WLS BARN DANCE (NBC).
- *** HOOVER SENTINELS (NBC).
- *** TALKIE PICTURE TIME (NBC).
- *** CLARA, LU 'N' EM (NBC).
- *** BETTY AND BOB (NBC).
- *** HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES (NBC).
- *** ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PICK AND PAT (NBC).
- *** CHASE & SANBORN TEA PROGRAM, JACK PEARL (NBC).
- *** HARLEM SERENADE WITH CLAUDE HOPKIN'S ORCH. & THE 5 SPIRITS OF RHYTHM (CBS).
- *** 45 MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH ETON BOYS, MARK WARNOW'S ORCH. & GUESTS (CBS).
- *** BROADCASTS FROM THE BYRD EXPEDITION (CBS).
- *** LITTLE JACK LITTLE'S ORCHESTRA FOR CONTINENTAL BAKING CO. (CBS).
- *** LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).
- *** THE MYSTERY CHEF (NBC) (CBS).
- *** LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL (NBC).
- *** BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS (NBC).
- *** THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS (CBS).
- *** TODAY'S CHILDREN (NBC).
- *** THE MOLLE SHOW WITH SHIRLEY HOWARD (NBC).
- *** NICK LUCAS (CBS). Not clicking as expected.
- *** BETTY BARTHELL & HER MELODEERS (CBS). Listen in sometime.
- *** EMERY DEUTSCH & HIS VIOLIN (CBS).
- *** BILL HUGGINS (CBS). Watch this fellow go places.
- *** MORTON DOWNEY'S STUDIO PARTY (CBS).
- *** CONFLICT—A DRAMA (CBS).
- *** THE SINGING STRANGER WITH WADE BOOTH (NBC).
- *** GENE & GLENN (NBC).
- *** MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK (NBC).
- *** VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
- *** EASY ACES (CBS).
- *** VOICE OF COLUMBIA WITH GEO. JESSEL, GERTRUDE NEISEN & VARIETY SHOW (CBS). Don't miss it.
- *** PALMER HOUSE PROMENADE WITH GALE PAGE, BETTY BROWNE & RAY PERKINS (NBC).
- *** CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JOHN B. KENNEDY & JACK DENNY'S ORCH. (NBC).
- *** LOVE STORY PROGRAM FEATURING STAGE & SCREEN STARS (NBC).
- *** STORIES THAT SHOULD BE TOLD, FULTON OURLER (NBC).
- *** PHILCO NEWS COMMENTATOR—BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
- *** VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
- *** CRAZY CRYSTALS WATER PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD & THE COMMODORES (NBC).
- *** LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
- *** TONY WONS (CBS).
- *** ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT (CBS).
- *** METROPOLITAN TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES (NBC).

Miss

RADIO STARS

RADIO of 1934

Who is radio's most lustrous beauty? Join us in our station-to-station search for her



Pulchritudinous nominees, these gels. (Left) Dorothy Page, young contralto. (Above) Joy Hodges, songstress with Carol Lofner's band. (Right) Petite Gogo DeLys on the Carefree Carnival.



RULES: 1. Candidates for "Miss Radio of 1934" shall be nominated by a reader of RADIO STARS Magazine, or by an officer of any radio station authorized by the Federal Radio Commission.

2. Candidates shall have been employed for at least six months or more in the business of broadcasting on either sustaining or commercial programs, three months of which radio time shall have been during 1934.
3. Candidates may be from any field of radio entertainment, including singing, playing, acting, announcing, news commenting, orchestra leading.
4. Nominations may be made by using the coupon below or by letter.
5. Nominations will be received up to midnight, September 10, 1934.

FIRST ANNUAL SEARCH FOR "MISS RADIO"
RADIO STARS Magazine
149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Gentlemen:

I nominate for Miss Radio of 1934:

Name	Type of Entertainer	Station	City
_____	_____	_____	_____
_____	_____	_____	_____

Note—you may nominate any number of candidates you wish.

Sign your name

Address

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE is throwing its searchlight into every dark corner and cranny in the land in its first annual effort to discover America's most beautiful radio performer. The search already has progressed for one month. Hundreds of the nation's fairest humming birds have been nominated by admiring fans. Many photographs of the favorite daughters of this station and that are pouring into our offices.

But is Miss Most Beautiful represented? Of that we want to be sure. If any reader of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE knows anyone whose beauty entitles her to be a potential Miss Radio of 1934, he or she is invited to make that person known to us. Read the rules, use the coupon or write us a letter and nominate your favorite.



WILLIAM S. PALEY

DISTINGUISHED

Critics of radio have complained recently that our major networks are hide-bound, conservative, and controlled by stick-in-the-mud policies. They have asserted that experimental or radical ideas of entertainment have been ruled off the air.

To answer these second-guessing gentlemen, we can point to many a network program. In particular, to one sponsored by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

This program is called "In the Modern Manner." Its director is a restless, robust young man named Johnny Green. Elsewhere in this issue we have told the story of his rebellion against the cardboard kings of today's musical monarchy.

His is the program with which we answer radio's critics.

"In the Modern Manner" is noteworthy because it is evidence of a



JULIUS F. SEEBACH



JOHNNY GREEN

McElliott

SERVICE *to* RADIO

major network's desire to experiment with modern forms of music. That their experiment is sincere is proven by the pains and expense to which they have gone in order that Johnny Green's musical ideas may reach your ears and mine.

Now, this unusual program has become much more than an experimenter's plaything. It has become vital with the moods and meanings inherent in the modern scene.

Thus, the pleasant task of awarding our monthly medal is two-fold. First, we commend to you William S. Paley, youthful president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and Program Director Julius F. Seebach for having the courage to entrust weighty responsibilities to a young musical rebel. Second, we salute that young rebel for giving us music both modern and musical.

So, to Johnny Green and his "In the Modern Manner" program we present our August Award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Curtis Mitchell



(Above) William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System. (Below) Columbia brings music from Bermuda by radio for first time.

from STOGIES to STOKOWSKI

By JOHN SKINNER



(Below) Pat Flanagan, CBS Chicago announcer (behind microphone) presenting "Man in the Street" broadcast when repeal became effective.



THIS is the story of a man who paid hard cash for romance, glamor and adventure—and got his money's worth. It is a story of headache and heartache, defeat and triumph in the dramatic fight to build the world's largest network which now shouts its song of victory to those who said it couldn't be done.

When William S. Paley took command of the Columbia Broadcasting System in 1928, there were superior smiles and knowing looks flitting about the radio world.

What could he do with a network of only sixteen stations, loosely held together by unfortunately conceived contracts? A network that had been broadcasting but ten hours a week. A network that was facing the stiffest sort of competition from the firmly established National Broadcasting Company. A network that was already staggering under the burden of a half million dollar debt.

To begin with, this newcomer was little more than a youth out of a Philadelphia cigar factory office with hardly more than a nodding acquaintance with the broadcasting business. At the age of twenty-seven, one's entrance into a new industry doesn't exactly terrify the opposition.

Bill Paley's youthfulness has always confounded those with whom he does business. Not long ago, a middle-aged business man was anxious to see Mr. Paley who, in turn, was eager to see him, but pressure of business made it necessary to postpone the interview time and again.

Walking through the ante-room of his executive offices toward the

elevator one day, Paley overheard the business man giving his name to an attendant, asking to see another member of the organization. Recognizing the name, Columbia's president walked up to the man and shook hands.

"How do you do," he said. "I am Mr. Paley."

"Nice day, isn't it, son," the visitor replied.

As soon as Mr. Paley had left, the visitor turned to the attendant and said, "You know, I've been trying to see that boy's father for three weeks."

Fortunately, William S. Paley brought more than youth to the broadcasting industry. He had a general knowledge of business gained in his father's cigar manufacturing plant. And already he knew how to handle men. From his father's brief experience as a radio advertiser—remember those old La Palina Smoker programs of 1928?—he got a taste of what radio work might be like.

When a Philadelphia financier and friend of the Paley family asked the youthful cigar executive to step into the Columbia network, he needed none of his powers of persuasion. Young Paley leaped at the opportunity.

BUT was it an opportunity? Many a wise business man said it was suicidal to sink time and money in such a hay-wire enterprise as a broadcasting chain. Paley drew a deep breath and looked about. He intended, originally, to spend three or four months straightening out things for his friend. After that—back to the cigar business

stalked out. Someone walking along the hall had tripped over the wires, breaking them. Columbia never did get that prospect's business.

YOU might think the talent William Paley found when he took over the network was quite adequate. It included a symphony orchestra under the direction of Howard Barlow; the American Singers, a male quartet; Elizabeth Lennox and Elsie Thiede, sopranos, and Don Voorhees' dance orchestra, including smaller novelty units under Red Nichols and Miff Mole. Capable talent, certainly, but highly inadequate. It had been necessary to employ amazing ingenuity to get variety of any kind from this group of artists.

For example, whenever they needed a military band, the brasses of the Voorhees orchestra were combined with the symphony horn-tooters. When someone demanded a mixed group of singers, the program builders responded with two of the male singers and the two female singers or all six of the vocalists. Each singer, as well as each member of the symphony orchestra was a capable soloist.

But the public was clamoring for greater variety in entertainment. How could Mr. Paley provide it without sponsors to pay for it? He gathered around him a company of competent salesmen to cry the wares of the new Columbia Broadcasting System to advertisers. He told the message himself. But time after time they battered themselves against the same stone wall arguments: "You haven't got enough stations," the prospective sponsors cried. "They don't cover enough territory. Their power is too small. We want to reach millions, not thousands."

With feverish activity, Paley plunged into the battle to increase the network. On his good luck the outcome rested. He was attempting now the very thing everyone said couldn't be done.

The National Broadcasting Company had picked most of the station plums from the radio tree. Already they had fifty-two stations and were fighting for more. Night after night young Paley stayed at his telephone until three and four o'clock in the morning calling stations hundreds

of miles away in his efforts to augment the chain.

Would he get enough? Gradually at first, then in increasing number, his army of outlets multiplied. But even as they were swept into the chain, the problems multiplied, too. Many of the stations had inadequate power. Would the Federal Radio Commission license them to use more?

Even when the network began to assume more impressive proportions, there was a long way yet to go.

LINKING a network together by telephone lines in those days was somewhat akin to weaving a daisy chain in a madhouse. In 1928, the networks for each program were shifted about in the telephone company's headquarters. Misunderstandings between the studio of program origin and the telephone company were frequent.

Remember those line breaks when the announcer used to say, "One moment please?" Remember the line noises? Often it was easy for the New York listener to tell merely by those line noises if a program was originating in Chicago. And we, who are accustomed to being switched from New York to Chicago, to Hollywood in a few seconds, are inclined to forget the several minutes we used to have to wait for such changes.

It was a common sight to see Paley nervously pacing a control room, waiting for line breaks, hoping they wouldn't come, seeking remedies for them.

To understand the confusion in engineering and program production problems with which the young Columbia president was faced, you should recall the classic example of the inaugural program Columbia presented the year before Paley took over the network.

An elaborate program had been planned. The press of the nation had shouted that the network was making its debut with a two-hour presentation of Deems Taylor's opera, "The King's Henchman," by Howard Barlow's symphony orchestra and a group of soloists.

At exactly three o'clock in the afternoon, the stations threw their switches. Aside from a few clicks and rattles, it sounded well enough for (Continued on page 95)

"Out of the West to You." Broadcasting the "California Melodies" program over the Columbia network from one of the studios of KHJ, Los Angeles, originating point for many Pacific Coast hours.



RED DEATH DANCED TO HIS MUSIC



By JEAN PELLETIER

(Above) Conductor Andre Kostelanetz as he appears to his orchestra while directing a program. (Left) The leader as a babe with his two little sisters.

HAVE you ever wondered why so many of our American orchestras are conducted by men of foreign birth or foreign extraction? Or why, when so many of our universities offer fine training in music, so few young Americans become conductors?

In the stirring experiences of Andre Kostelanetz, conductor of Columbia's magnificent Chesterfield music, you may find an answer that will satisfy your curiosity.

Petrograd, March, 1917! Through a tiny crack in the shuttered windows of his family's luxurious mansion, sixteen-year-old Andre Kostelanetz peers cautiously out at Simenofskya Square, now ominously deserted. His gaze fixes fearfully on the winter palace of the Czar's mother, splattered with the spittle of contemptuous proletarian machine guns. At any minute now, these guns might reappear, to jump and chatter viciously on their mountings as they spew their leaden stream of death about the square, possibly through the shutters behind which young Andre stands.

In this tense moment between life and death, scenes of the stark, unreal terror of the past few months flash

through the youth's confused brain. The uncontrolled fury of the revolution makes the early war years seem almost peaceful. Now at almost any moment, he and his family may be victims of the rage which the populace is venting on the aristocracy, yet even the threat of violent death does not take his fascinated gaze from the square.

Suddenly, he utters a warning cry and the servants scramble underneath tables, into closets, anywhere to hide.

Through a crack in the shutters, Andre has seen a truckload of revolutionists swing into the square, waving their rifles and shouting defiance.

Almost simultaneously a second vehicle, laden with loyal soldiers, screeches to a halt on another side of the square. Andre tenses himself for the battle. Then he gapes in amazement at the unexpected turn of affairs. The soldiers unfurl a red flag and wave it wildly. It is the beginning of the revolt of the troops, the deciding factor in the great Russian Revolution.

In this moment, he is plunged even more deeply into the turbulent sea of revolt which already has many times threatened to engulf the (Continued on page 84)

You have enjoyed Andre Kostelanetz's Chesterfield programs with Rosa Panselle, Grete Stueckgald and Nina Martini, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings, over CBS. He will be back again in the same capacity with these artists October 1.

Bitter privation and peril taught Andre Kostelanetz the true beauty of music

WOMEN HAVE BEEN TOO KIND TO HIM...



By DORA ALBERT

Wherever you find the handsome Nino Martini
you are certain to find music.

WOMEN have been too kind to Nino Martini. Perhaps you have wondered why this slim, young, handsome Italian tenor has never married. Gay and swashbuckling, with black hair and dark eyes, he is the answer to almost any maiden's prayer. Heaven knows, it isn't because he's too shy to pop the question. He adores the ladies. And they love him right back.

I asked someone who knows him very well if Nino is a happy man. "Oh, yes," he said. "He's having a swell time. He has everything he wants. He lives each day to the fullest, never worrying what tomorrow will bring. His only complaint against life is that there aren't enough beautiful women in the world."

Yet, in spite of all this, Nino has never been lashed by a real emotion. He has never been tormented by love or hate. Whirlwinds of feeling have never swept him, leaving him weak with emotion. Life has never hurt him to the core. Nothing has ever happened to him that has made him turn in bitterness and beg of God. "Why has this thing happened to me? What meaning can this utterly tragic thing have? What purpose?"

Never has he known the bitter salty taste that goes hand in hand with the ecstasy of love.

Even in childhood he was protected from tragedy. When his father died in Verona, Nino, just six years old, was sent to his uncle's home so that he might be spared the gloom that surrounded his father's funeral.

Because he has never experienced the terrible stab of tragedy, the heartbreak of unrequited love, he has often been unconsciously cruel to women. He has been profligate with his friendship, paying with the golden coins of his companionship for the adoration that women have

lavished on him. But for many women that has not been enough. They have hungered for something he could not give them, real devotion and real love.

THERE was that girl in Italy, for instance. Nino was only nineteen and she eighteen when they met. It was a pick-up, if you please. The lights went on in the movie house in Verona, where Nino sat with a boy friend. Suddenly his glance caught that of a girl who was sitting a few seats away from him. Her long lashes fluttered over eyes that were like deep, dreamy pools. He tried to turn his eyes away from her, to look at the movie. In the darkness he could only think of the flutter of her eyelashes against her olive cheek.

How he waited for the lights to go on again. Could she really be as beautiful as she had seemed? He stole another glance at her perfect profile and his heart turned over.

Finally the picture ended and she rose to go. With an impatient tug at his friend's hand, Nino, too, bounded out of his seat, followed her to the theatre lobby, where she stood laughing and talking with a party of friends.

There was no time to lose. Had she really, as he had imagined, noticed him? He smiled at her now and she smiled back.

"Can I see you home?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

And so he and his friend took this girl and her friends home. On the way he asked what her name was. "Assunta," she answered softly.

Assunta! The very name was music, music that went to your head and made it whirl. He asked if he could see

Yet Nino Martini himself has never been lashed by that tragic sort of love which has so often tortured the hearts of his passing fancies



Martini's favorite pastime is riding. Incidentally, he's a superb horseman.

her again. She told him "yes."

And then Nino, being only nineteen and very fickle, proceeded to forget all about her. Life was so very full for him those days. He had just discovered that he had a voice, and that his voice might be his destiny. It was a woman who made that discovery, of course. Women have always understood Martini better than any man ever could. When Martini, trembling all over, had sung a few songs in the theatre attached to his church, the good priest had said, "You can do anything you want to, Nino, but for heaven's sakes, don't sing. You have no voice at all."

But Lucia Crestani, a great woman artist, recognized the poignant
(Cont'd on page 74)



An informal portrait study of the Italian tenor who has achieved such sensational success.



G A D D I N G A B O U T



(Above) Jacques Fray, left, and Mario Braggiotti, the pianists, travel by air and our cameraman was there when they landed. (Below) Lillian Roth, left, and Mr. and Mrs. Tito Coral.



Culver

(Above) "Woe is me," sighs Fred Waring after a hard rehearsal. (Below) "Get thee behind me, Fat," is Jacques Renard's motto and Morton Downey and Tony Wons help him carry it out.





THE CBS STUDIOS



(Above) While Rosa Ponselle performs, our candid camera records it for you. (Below) The fog-horn tone of Poley McClintock's super-bass voice awakens a response even in the zoo.



(Above) Mr. and Mrs. Harry von Zell enjoy an evening together. Harry is the popular CBS announcer who talks to Admiral Byrd every week. (Below) Violinist Albert Spalding before the mike.



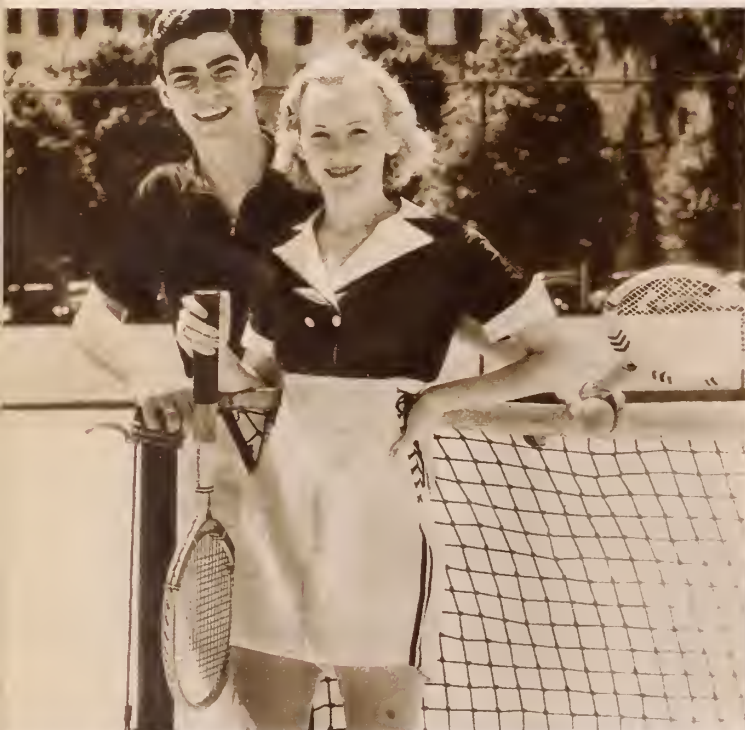
G A D D I N G A B O U T



(Above) In New York, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd and his lady, Mrs. Wilbur Budd Hulich, take a light from the Glen Island Casino's birthday cake. (Below) Vera Van and Announcer Bert Parkes, who are going places together these warm summer days.



(Above) The lilting Sylvia Froos isn't taking any chances from the looks of that great big life saver. Andre Baruch is determined to find out if she really can't swim. (Below) Yep, it's exotic Gertrude Niesen and Ralph Wonders, head of CBS's Artists' Bureau.



Summertime is hop, skip and jump time for holidaying radio

THE CBS STUDIOS



(Above) Could it be the duet that Elizabeth Lennox and Everett Marshall are singing that makes 'em look so pained and sad? (Below) George Hall, orchestra leader and his girl singer, Loretta Lee, who has become popular over night. They, too, are at the Glen Island Casino birthday party, for which a big crowd turned out. (Right) Leah Ray, songstress.



stars and their gay air companions



By

ROBERT H.

McILWAINE

YOU ONLY LOVE ONCE

(Below, left) Just after the preacher said, "I pronounce you—" etc. Norma Talmadge and George Jessel are ready to embark on matrimony.



WHEN you check off the Big Romances of 1934, it is safe to predict that the George Jessel-Norma Talmadge alliance will rate high on the list.

The first, and perhaps the foremost reason for this is due to the fact that the couple concerned live in a glamorous world that you and I read about and hear about and, occasionally, even catch a glimpse of, but of which we never actually become a part. A world made up of movie cameras, microphones, theatrical footlights, "teas" that consist of champagne and caviar, and Reno divorces.

Do you, for instance, number among your friends a young girl who was married to a movie magnate, whose every leading man fell in love with her; a girl who amassed a fortune and a famous name and finally wed a vaudeville headliner who had dreamed of knowing her all during the

time of his divorce, re-marriage and another divorce?

George Jessel fell in love with Norma Talmadge in a movie theatre years before he knew her. She was in the arms of a handsome man, enacting very torrid love scenes. George wasn't jealous. He wasn't even conscious of his dream girl's celluloid lover, so enraptured was he with the idol herself.

It wasn't easy to become acquainted with the Queen of the Movies, and Miss Talmadge was just that—the Garbo of the silent films. In the first place, she was already married to Joseph M. Schenck, a middle-aged producer who was helping her skip the boulders on the rocky road to fame.

Joe surrounded his bride with every luxury. The best wasn't half good enough for her. Servants, cars, a town

Two marriages were cancelled to make one possible. Now, after a nine-year courtship, George Jessel and Norma Talmadge call each other Mr. and Mrs.



(Below) The inimitable Georgie doing it over the CBS network. Freddie Rich (left) directs the music for the singing comedian.

(Left) Norma bidding farewell to all her hearts of yore. (Below) George Jessel is master of ceremonies on his own CBS show.



house, a country estate, a ready introduction to the famous, celebrities that she had read about, but had never, somehow, ever dreamed of meeting, let alone entertaining. All these were included in the world Joe Schenck opened up to her. Certainly enough to turn any young woman's head.

But, be it said in all truth and honesty, and much to her credit, Norma kept her perspective. She had known work and struggle and what it means to make ends meet. She had been one of the thousands of Brooklyn girls who had gotten out and tried to help her mother and younger sisters. And so, if she was ever tempted to wear the tall

bonnet, she had only to recall the not-so-good old days, and she immediately became, or rather, stayed regular.

During this "sitting on top of the world" period, Norma had never heard of George Jessel, which fact seems almost too obvious to mention. Georgie, however, was doing what is known as all right for himself. He had graduated from the three to the two-a-day. Success in his own field had a way of opening things up for him socially.

He, too, met the famous. But he wasn't particularly interested. You see, like our old friend, Merton of the Movies, he had an ideal, and that ideal was Norma Talmadge.

And then Fate stepped in. Fate, in the guise of a more or less prosaic press agent, whose job it was to ballyhoo Georgie's show, "The Jazz Singer." The opening night of that play was a great night for young Jessel; great in more ways than one. First, it made him a star, and, foremost, it introduced him to the woman that was separated from him by wealth, fame and adulation—Norma Talmadge.

It was after the performance. His dressing-room was crowded with friends. The press agent appeared.

"George," he said, "would you like to meet Norma Talmadge? She has sent her card back and wants to see you."

Jessel was overwhelmed. He somehow managed what passed for nonchalance. "Sure," he replied.

Suddenly, there she stood, radiant in shimmering satin, wearing a shoulderful of gardenias, Joe Schenck's floral gift. Standing there, more charming in person than she ever appeared on the screen, she extended her hand to George.

"You're a grand actor," she said in true simple Talmadge fashion.

This was the beginning of the romance that headlined the newspapers for four years. To be sure, Norma didn't recognize it as such, but on the memorable night, Jessel determined that some day, some way he would make this famous, this utterly divine woman his.

HE couldn't figure just how it could be accomplished. There were obstacles—to most of us, insurmountable ones. Norma, you know, was Mrs. Schenck and there was a Mrs. Jessel, too—Florence Courtenay of vaudeville fame. The Jessels' marriage had been a hectic affair, they say. On and off, and on again. Impetuous quarrels and sudden reconciliations. They were so through at one stage of the game, that they had called it a day, called in a lawyer and got a divorce.

But when the papers had been signed, that old loneliness came over George. Always, he had longed to be wanted more than anything in the world, and though he remembered the quarrels and the getting together again, and the subsequent fusses, he begged Florence to marry him once more—and she did.

Now that they were wed again, though, he found himself madly in love—but with another, Norma Talmadge. What could be done? Most of us would say, "Nothing." But George figured that there must be a way, and eventually there was.

Shortly after her meeting with Jessel, Norma left for the coast. Her producer-hubby had summoned her there

to make another movie. He had selected a new leading man for her, a man who had "it," a handsome youth destined to appeal to women. Gilbert Roland. The same Gilbert Roland who is now one of Constance Bennett's best friends.

He and Norma were to appear in "Camille," that most famous and tender of love stories, the theme of which has served as an incentive to its players since first it was presented. Soon Norma and Gilbert were constantly seen in each other's company. Both on and off the set. People raised their eyebrows inquiringly, and did a little whispering and a little more conjecturing.

Norma became annoyed and then frankly worried. She consulted Joe Schenck. He advised her to forget the gossip, to have some fun, to enjoy the night life her youth demanded and in which he had no further interest.

If Joe had been strict, this story may never have been written. He could have broken any friendship of Norma's he cared to, and this, even though her affection was beginning to wane. But the fact of the matter is, he didn't, and so the Talmadge-Roland friendship flourished. Then contention set in, as it has a way of doing in emotional relationships. Quarrels and reconciliations, until finally one night Norma decided she had had enough, and flew to New York—and to George Jessel.



Turning back time to the Hurdy Gurdy Ball of New York in the winter of '33. At this time Georgie and Norma were still future man and wife.

HERE was solace, someone you could tell your troubles to and be certain of a sympathetic ear, someone who understood you. Here

was George Jessel, a good actor and a good friend.

Of course, it was George's big moment. This time he was determined not to let Norma go again—ever. He would keep her with him at all costs. He was scheduled to go on a ten weeks vaudeville tour. Although she had never appeared on the stage, he decided to take her with him. He would see her every day under the most trying circumstances. She would be with him under similar odds—and then she would "know." Georgie already knew. He had known since the days he sat in cheap movie theatres watching her flicker across the screen.

It was during this tour that Norma fell in love, unequivocally and irrevocably in love. She had never even considered trying to get a divorce to marry Gilbert Roland, or any of the other men who had wanted her. But now, getting free became of vital importance.

On the road, they were seen in night clubs together. This caused more gossip. Would they marry, or wouldn't they? All the sensible people had an answer for that one. Why, of course, they wouldn't. How could they? Wasn't each already married? Their constant companionship must all be a publicity stunt, (Continued on page 76)



BEWARE OF HOLLYWOOD

(Above) Her own natural self, Hollywood nor nothin' could change Kate Smith. (Right) Would you say the trip was worth it? Girls—that's Clark Gable at the right. Ted Collins, her manager, left.

KATE SMITH came back to the radio wars the other day with her wounds all healed and healthy. She came back to an honor spot on the Columbia network because she had the good sense to listen to a wise man.

Maybe you didn't even know that Kate had any wounds. She had plenty. She got them in the star-spangled city of Hollywood where all is not gold that glitters and a celebrity's life is as private as a Winchell secret.

Kate was a trail blazer in the Gold Rush of 1933, remember? The cinema sachems crossed her ample palm with silver and lured her to their capital.

For what? The first purpose was to make a picture. The second . . . well, it's an odd sort of story, not like you hear every day.

First, you must know that motion picture moguls and the rajahs of radio have not been the best of friends. With good reason. In the good old pre-broadcasting days, motion picture theatres were packed from orchestra pit to projection booth. All of America's heart-warming heroes were light and shadow he-men. Whenever a proud beauty of the so called silver screen came to town, the village blue-bloods did nip-ups to be the first to entertain her. Those were the good old days—for the movie makers.

Radio and broadcasting changed that—or so the motion picture interests contend. Radio gave us other favorites. Radio gave us funny fellows and sweet-voiced singers who came, with the turn of a knob, into our parlors.

With this interesting result. People began staying at home more. And going to the movies less. Which meant less money for the theatre box offices and less profit for the business of manufacturing galloping shadows.

And that was the cause of the first big radio-movie war. Maybe it wasn't a war at all. Perhaps it only looked like a war. Anyhow, here is what happened.

The generals on the side of radio that year were Generals Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Kate Smith and Jessica Dragonette. Sky-high stars, every one of them. Their armies of listeners stayed at home for them, listening and loving every minute of it. Sunday night for Cantor, Tuesday for Wynn, Friday for Dragonette, Thursday for Pearl.

Can you blame the cinema big-shots for turning gray above their indignant ears?

One quaint story that goes the rounds tells about the tactics used by the picture tacticians to combat this menace. Probably, it is only a story. Here's what happened.

THE Generals Wynn, Pearl and Kate Smith were invited to make movies of their own. Now don't jump to the conclusion that this measure was meant to attract all their listeners through theatre turnstiles. The plot is much thicker than that, if we can believe what we hear. This measure was designed as a surprise attack at the generals themselves. "We'll (Continued on page 93)

By PETER
PIPER

Kate Smith can tell you a thing or two or three about movies!



GEORGE BURNS
AND
GRACIE ALLEN

THEY'RE OFF! George Burns and Gracie Allen put aside the cares of the world and went to Europe to try to improve Gracie's mind and George's disposition. They sailed on June 23rd for Naples, and since then they've been riding the watery streets of Venice, buying the wares of Budapest, checking up on the five plus five year plan in Russia. They leave Moscow August 7th for the gayety of Paris, then on to London, returning to the village of New York September 4th. While in London, they'll do a broadcast for the British Broadcasting Corporation and an act for the London Palladium just so Britishers can see what George has to put up with in America. Tune in CBS Wednesday, September 12th, and you'll find them back on their old cigar program.

JACQUES FRAY
AND
MARIO BRAGGIOTTI

GOOD sounding music from good looking musicians. That's Fray and Braggiotti, Jacques Fray in the background and Mario Braggiotti up front in the picture. Seems as though CBS just can't decide on a definite broadcasting time for these boys, but chances are if you tuned to "Voice of Columbia" from 8 to 9 o'clock (EDST) Sunday evenings you'll hear them. Some piano teams, you'll recall, run all over a keyboard when they play. Not these nimble fingers, however, for simplicity with them becomes an achievement. High salaried they are, too. We've heard that CBS prices them at such a tall figure that few sponsors can count up so high. That's enough, don't you think, to puff up any artist? Yet these ivory experts have kept their feet on the ground and their fingers on the keys.



Sylvia Froos . . . is the little girl who climbed upon the stage at three and has been keeping company with fame and fortune ever since, in spite of the fact that her mother, more than once, pulled her off the platform and carried her home, bodily.

Once she was hailed to court because she "wiggled when she sang." After doing a couple of numbers for the judge, she got off with an invitation to call again.

Since a youngster, she has been in radio off and on. You probably recall her programs with Paul Whiteman, Ben Bernie and George Jessel. Now, you hear her over the Columbia network, 'most any time you twirl the dial.



Lillian Roth . . . would add another month to the calendar, if she could, and make all the days Friday—Friday the thirteenth—it's her lucky day. She was born on one and got engaged on another. And, incidentally, this should be her lucky year for it's her thirteenth in the show world. And she's still under twenty-five.

Movies and vaudeville have been her daily diet since her toes first twinkled across the footlights when she was learning to walk.

On Broadway she has been a part of Ziegfeld's gay "Midnight Frolics," the "Earl Carroll Vanities" and a number of other successful musicals.

In 1929, while in Hollywood doing movie shorts for Paramount, she made her air debut via KNX, Hollywood. On Monday evening at 8:30 tune in WABC and listen.



Elaine Melchior . . . has all kinds of elephants, cats, birds and tigers—on pins. Just a little hobby she annexed while going to school in Denmark. The Danes, it seems, go in for fantastic designs on the heads of straight pins, and Elaine got that way, too.

As you can see for yourself, her beauty is as unique as her hobby. Foremost artists, McClelland Barclay and James Montgomery Flagg among others, have honored her in numerous paintings. Funny, how that same beauty caused her to become so well-known. One night at the Hotel Astor in New York, she consented to model some gowns in a fashion show. After one glance at the young dramatic actress, talent hunters for pictures signed her up for movie shorts.

She is not married—nor engaged, as far as we know—and lives at home with her parents, a pup and canary.



Vivienne Segal . . . Prima donna at fifteen! Them thar were the headlines that caused a sensation in her hometown several years ago. And her success has been just that brilliant ever since. The spotlight sends a constant beam on her stage and screen and radio careers.

If she had listened to her pa, she would still be in Philadelphia entertaining family guests and the young blades of the neighborhood with gay piano ditties, instead of providing us with her lovely soprano each Tuesday evening at 8:30 with Abe Lynian on the "Accordiana" program. But her ma encouraged her stage urge.

When she was less than twelve, the newspapers heralded her performance as "Puck" in "Midsummer Night's Dream" with the criticism that "The role fit her better than her tights." She has kept in the news ever since.

REVOLT

in the modern manner

Johnny Green challenges
the thrones of the kings of
melody as he fights for a
new note in true American
modern music

By HILDA WILSON

YOU don't hear much in your parlors about it, but a battle royal is about to begin on Radio Row. A battle in which trumpets will be guns and the batons will serve as swords. The generals will be some of the biggest personalities in music.

What's the reason for this impending war of maestros? It's a young, broad shouldered, shock-headed Harvard graduate by the name of Johnny Green, who promises to raise some high, wide and handsome hell in the world of true American modern music.

You see, several famous gentlemen named Paul Whiteman, George Gershwin, Ferde Grofe and others, had a corner on what is known as modern music. Whiteman's performances in New York concert halls have made him the "King of Jazz." Gershwin and Grofe are recognized as outstanding composers.

So, naturally, when an upstart kid comes along with new ideas—ideas which the public likes—(though some shout "radical" at him) and starts rocking the thrones on which the old rulers roost they may become flurried and frightened.

Just to show you this isn't a light matter, there are the two networks lined up against each other. CBS has given Johnny Green permission to "do as he darn pleases" with the program "In the Modern Manner," on the air Friday nights at 9:30 EDST. On the other hand, NBC is regimenting its musical troops behind the Whiteman-Grofe-Gershwin combo.

Where does this kid, Johnny Green, get the gall to do this?

I went to see him—this youthful musician who, at twenty-five and barely six years out of Harvard, had confused the

intellectuals—the Bach, Beethoven and Brahms untouchables—with his jazz-complexioned classics, and upset the old popular formula of Tin Pan Alley with such slow-rhythmed hits as "Body and Soul," "I Cover the Waterfront" and "Easy Come, Easy Go."

"Now look," he said, grinning, "I'm not going to be a shrinking violet, because if I had been it would have taken me about twice as long to be-

come the tremendous success, the utter wow, that I am, heh-heh-heh." With a hollow laugh which always accompanies his kidding boasts, the maestro raised his eyebrows and waited for a contradiction. None forthcoming, he continued: "You see, nobody heard me playing in the back room and hailed me as a super-Gershwin. My career has been like that of an Alpine climber who throws his hook up ahead, then pulls himself after it."

Now, and this may surprise you, Johnny Green is feared by modern composers and their exponents. He is considered by many radio people as the strongest competition Gershwin, Grofe, Whiteman and all the other present day modern men ever had. More than that, he turns his back on some of the compositions we listeners have been calling "modern," and would encourage more frequent performances of such composers as Russell Bennett.

Shocking? Yes. But Johnny goes further. "I wonder if some people even know what a 'modern' number is?" he remarked. Just imagine this twenty-five-year-old Harvard man challenging the names that have been held up for these many years as glowing examples of the best in music! But Columbia has faith in him. Columbia knows that when Johnny talks he says something worth while. That's why that organization (Continued on page 76)

Easy Come, Easy Go

Words by
EDWARD HEYMAN

Music by
JOHN W. GREEN



Piano

poco rit

UK
4
R. Eb G C

Edim.7 Eb7

Love has fooled us, ———

Once it

p a tempo

A^b sus.

A^o

Fmi.7

Fmi.7

B^b aug.5

ruled us, ——— Now

We'll be

The generalissimo of revolt, Johnny Green. His latest song, "Easy Come, Easy Go," reprinted by permission of copyright ('34) owners, Harms, Inc., N. Y. C.

It doesn't matter how good you are, somebody's got to toot your horn if you are going to get anywhere in this world—radio stars are no exceptions!

By THOMAS VAN LEER



Wherever you go, get your picture in the paper—shake hands with those who count and you will, says Morton Downey as he grasps the hand of Lord Mayor, Ald. Alfred Byrne of Dublin.



All on account of this publicity business, Guy Lombardo crowns the pretty May queens. It makes them happy and gives him a break with the cameraman, who's sure to be on the spot.

STARS MADE WHILE

DON'T you let anyone tell you great radio stars get that way just because they have talent, personality and the breaks. Stars, believe me, don't just happen. They are built. Deliberately and astutely built. The amazing methods of the star builders make one of the most fascinating inside stories of radio.

Let's jump back to January, 1931.

Seven p.m. Ten seconds to go! Quiet please! On the air. A high tenor voice flings liquid silver melody from half a hundred stations of the Columbia network. "Wabash moon keep shining . . ." Morton Downey has leaped aboard the skyrocket that in two short months will have swept him dizzily to fame.

Sponsors clamor for his services. Makers of Camel cigarettes bid highest. His seven o'clock spot is taken by Kate Smith. She, too, soars to success with breathtaking speed. Bing Crosby follows and the "Blue of the Night" boy adds his radiance to the dazzling radio display.

What, demands the bewildered listener, are the mysterious machinations which hurl such stars directly into cloudbursts of popularity and prosperity?

Their ability, you argue, must have had a lot to do with it. Of course it did. They wouldn't last a month without it. But remember, Morton Downey had been struggling along, comparatively unknown, singing in night clubs after his none too successful venture in the movies and his short-lived appearance on NBC networks. As for Bing, well his greatest claims to fame were having been a member of Paul Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys and his few screen and radio appearances.

Why hadn't their talents made them nationally famous before they went on Columbia? Was it because no one had spent so much energy and cleverness as the Columbia program and production departments in finding their good air time and building their programs to suit their talents? Yes. But also vital to their success was the remarkable strategy used to make their names bywords in every listener's home in America. The insiders still talk about the wildfire growth of the Morton Downey blindness story and the Gracie Allen missing brother stunt.

Remember, newspapers shouted the word that Downey had gone blind? Here's how it all started. Morton was



(Right) Cameras are purposely at trains to meet stars. Burns and Allen oblige.

Fred Waring knows that everyone likes to look at pretty girls, so hires his singers beautiful. That way he keeps himself and orchestra in the public eye.

YOU WAIT

visiting a friend who, ill and under doctor's orders, was lying in the rays of a sun lamp. Downey sat and chatted with him for a time, then left. By the time he reached his suite at the Savoy Plaza Hotel in New York, his eyeballs were agonizingly inflamed. Sunburned, the doctor said. He'd get over it in a few days.

It was important that he rest his eyes as much as possible. He must, in fact, give up a week's engagement at a Brooklyn theatre which would have brought him \$3,500. An imaginative representative of a New York evening newspaper heard about it. Within the hour, his paper was rushed to the street, headlines screaming, "Morton Downey Blind."

That was bad. Downey was not blind by any means. But the rest of the press, insistent on colorful stories, clamored for news.


There was nothing to do but carry on to please them. Morton was put in a darkened room. His eyes were swathed in more bandages than were actually necessary. Barbara Bennett, his wife, rushed to his side from their country home, just as she would have done had he been

dangerously ill. Telegraph wires crackled. The news was sped to all corners of the country. So Downey's name was more deeply impressed than ever on the minds of countless listeners. It was certainly a very grand story.

George Burns and Gracie Allen had been doing well enough on the air, but somehow their names didn't seem to be appearing in the papers very much. That's a lot more serious than you might think. What to do? The Columbia publicity experts probed deep into their brain cells for a new idea.

"Why not," asked Paul White, then head of the publicity department, "have Gracie have a missing brother?"


"Good," said Bob (Continued on page 78)



William Brenton



Davidson Taylor




The
super
salesmen
of **CBS**


They'll talk. Here are CBS' ace announcers. It isn't exactly what they say, but how they say it. With superb voices and perfect diction each has a special technique and personality.




Pat Flanagan



Carlyle Stevens



Truman Bradley



Andre Baruch





Kenneth Roberts



Robert Trout



Ted Husing



Charles Bulotti



David Ross



Harry Von Zell



Paul Douglas



Successful Women
**ANN
LEAF**

ANN LEAF'S life has just been one audition after another. Because she looks so much like a little girl, she has had a darn hard time climbing that rocky road that spells—in big capital letters at the top—SUC-CESS. Every place that she applied for a job, they listened to her playing, complimented it, and then told her to toddle back to kindergarten. For you see "Little Organ Annie," as she is called, is only four feet eleven, a dark petite bit of beauty who longs to be one of those tall lan-gorous blondes

Before she even knew her ABC's, Ann could tinkle the piano keys and at the age of ten she was the proverbial child wonder; at least to the folk out in Omaha, Nel-raska, where she grew up. For at that age she was mem-orizing concertos of a hundred pages and playing them with the symphony orchestra.

To her sister Sheila, Ann says she owes a great deal of her success. Sheila came to New York from the west and brought her along. While Sheila worked, Ann studied music. Now she's one of the air's best organists



If you like your songs classical, red hot or torchy blue, then Mary Eastman is the gal to turn to, on the dial, of course.

Since eleven, when Mary began her warbling career, she has been collecting scholarships and diamond medals for her lilting soprano voice.

For the past five years she has numerous performances to her credit in musical comedies, light opera, concerts and various guest appearances. Among her accomplishments, she boasts joint recitals with Madame Schumann

Heink and Richard Crooks. At one time, it looked as if the Metropolitan would get her—and it still isn't too late.

In December, 1932, Columbia Broadcasting Company signed this promising artist. She has her own programs each Monday and Friday evenings. On Thursdays you can listen to her with Mark Warnow's orchestra.

As to the lovely lady's charm, take a look for yourself. Yes, we think so, too. She is five feet tall, with curly locks, brown eyes, dimples—well, just like a little girl's favorite Dresden doll.



Successful Women
EDITH
MURRAY

CHAIRS have a peculiar fascination for Edith Murray. She claims they may be used to stand on, too. It all began when way back fifteen years ago the dear teacher stood little "Eadie" on a chair before her wide-eyed classmates and told her to sing. She did. And long before she finished college, she ran away to join a musical comedy.

This entertaining little American made her first professional bow in a show in Montreal. But before she got to the bow, her songs evaporated into thin air in a fit of stage fright. To cover up, instead of bursting into tears, she went into a dance. It got over big and rated a couple of big bows.

Later, she formed her own act which headlined the theatres on the RKO circuit for over a year. So good was she that her name attracted the attention of talent hunters and producers and she was soon engaged for a stage run in London. Returning to America, the movies signed her for a number of shorts.

Now, you hear Edith late at night over the Columbia networks. She puts that Spanish "something" into her indigo tones, which makes for a welcome difference in popular song interpretations.

When Eadie isn't at the studios, you will find her, rain or shine, astride a horse or knocking a ball around a golf course. During vacation, she hustles to the country.



Successful Women
LORETTA LEE

THIS attractive girl used to be Margaret Vegas. A little lass from the south who came to New York and expected Broadway to sit up and take notice. Broadway did, too, but not until a singer had a fit of temper, quit her job and put the orchestra leader in a spot.

That maestro was George Hall. The show had to go on. It went on with Loretta Lee, alias M. V., whom he discovered trilling away in a dingy music house a few hours before his broadcast went on the air.

So, she became "Loretta Lee, the Louisiana levee singer." Fame and fortune are queer ladies, she remarks, for the day before her name was ballyhooed in print and over the air waves, Loretta was just another poor little homesick kid who was discovering that career-carving had to be chiseled out of granite and not fleecy dreams of success.

She had been bitten with the stage urge when a youngster in rompers, perhaps because she was always the star performer at the neighborhood parties. Anyway the desire lasted, until now she has achieved her own niche in the entertainment world.

During the summer, she tours with George Hall's Orchestra. In the fall, this little green-eyed, auburn-haired miss will return to the microphone with the same music-makers to provide lots of pleasant evenings for all of you tuners-inners.



(Above) Paul Whiteman, left, directs while Russ Columbo, radio-movie baritone, warbles. Paul, as you see, believes in comfort while Russ goes in for style.

THE TRUTH
ABOUT THE
KING OF
JAZZ

BY
PAUL WHITEMAN'S
VALET ... AS TOLD TO
HELEN HOVER

SCOOP!

Even a king has weaknesses. And Paul Whiteman is no exception. Here his valet tells, for the first time, intimate details of his private life

Listen to Paul Whiteman's "Music Hall" Thursdays at 10 p.m. (EDST) over the following stations:

WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WHEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WMAQ, WDAY, KFYP, WEBC, CFCF, WKY, KTBS, KTHS, WTMJ, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOMO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, WEEL, WIBA, KSTP, CRCT, KTAR.



Whiteman takes great delight in making funny faces as illustrated above. But his valet says he's one of our most serious-minded radio artists.

(Above) The royal family with the crown prince. Paul Whiteman and his wife, Margaret Livingston, with Rudy Vallee in the lobby of NBC in Radio City.

WHEN a writer for RADIO STARS asked me to "tell all" about my employer, Paul Whiteman, I was surprised.

"But look here," I started to explain, "you probably know more about Mr. Whiteman than I do. You know where and when he was born, you can trace his whole career, and you can tell your readers his life story. I know nothing about that. I only see Paul Whiteman through a valet's eyes."

"And that," urged the writer, "is just what I want. Tell us about the Paul Whiteman *you* know."

So here you are. I can't tell you a thing about Paul Whiteman, the great bandmaster, "The King of Jazz." I warn you about that now. But I can talk endlessly about Paul Whiteman, the man—the person who has faults and idiosyncrasies, just like you and me. That's the Whiteman I know.

Mr. Whiteman is a tailor's paradise. He has suits of every type and description. I won't bore you by going into detail about the number, but I should say that he never has less than seventy suits in his closets at a time. He has about that many pairs of shoes, too, all made to order. And vests—backless white ones made especially for him in England by the Prince of Wales' own tailor, and he orders 'em by the dozen. His other articles of clothing, however, are all of American make. It is not unusual for him to pay \$200 for a suit and order six at a time. Or three dollars for a handkerchief, or twenty-five dollars for a shirt. Sounds pretty high. I'll admit,

but Mr. Whiteman is very fussy about clothes. They're his pet extravagance and he has everything made to order.

He is not, by any means, a conservative dresser, but no matter how daring his color schemes may be, he never hits you in the eyes. Early one morning, dressed all in white—white linen suit, white socks, shoes and cap—he left the apartment to play golf. When he returned some hours later, outside of a fresh sunburn, he looked as cool and immaculate as the moment he had left. It's a certain knack he has of always looking impeccable. And let me tell you, when Mr. Whiteman plays golf, he plays golf! No sitting around the clubhouse gabbing with the boys.

HE always wears a fresh flower in his buttonhole. Due to some queer superstition, on his opening night he wears a corsage of about four or five gardenias on his lapel. Only a man of Mr. Whiteman's imposing build could carry so many flowers effectively.

I have heard that Paul Whiteman "discovered" Bing Crosby, George Gershwin, Morton Downey and countless other stars. About that I know nothing. However, I do know that he takes a great paternal interest in all the boys and girls who work for him. Mildred Bailey used to call him "Pops." I can only explain how he feels towards these folks by telling this little story.

One evening, Mr. Whiteman left word for me to wake him at six in the morning. "I have to meet someone at the train," he explained. Since he was going to be up very late that night I gathered (Continued on page 80)



(Above) Meet Jack Denny, Hotel Pierre maestro, and a member of the New York Schools of Music faculty. Arthur Cremin, school director, is with him.

(Above) Jerry Cooper, CBS's new baritone.

(Above) Maxine, soloist with Phil Spitalny's girl ensemble.



Strictly

(Left) A Robin sings—but this time 'tis Ruth Robbin who is heard with Charles Barnet's orchestra over CBS. She's just nineteen, single, and a contralto.

News! Lanny Ross signs a new long time contract. One of Waring's players gets married in a hurry



(Left) H. V. Kaltenborn, CBS commentator on world affairs. (Above) Vivienne Segal, Broadway prima donna at fifteen, is now star of Abe Lyman's "Accordiana" on CBS.

(Above) You know him as "Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man," but his real name is Irving Kaufman.

Confidential

MR. and Mrs. Morton Downey, not to be outdone by the Bing Crosbys, expect a playmate in December for their eighteen-month-old son and their four-year-old adopted youngster. Downey, unlike Crosby, lacks the assurance of physicians that twins are in the offing. But there have been doubles on both sides of the household.

WHEN the Fred Waring bunch does a thing, it doesn't waste any time about it. Take Charley Barber, bass player, for example. A few weeks ago he went to a Long Island golf course for a little exercise. After finishing the eighteenth green, Charley walked over to a young lady seated on the clubhouse porch and said, "Let's get married." Within half an hour they were on the way to a jeweler for the ring; in another half they were heading for the preacher; forty more minutes and they were man and wife. At the end of another forty the bridegroom was rehearsing with Fred Waring's orchestra. Fast work, heh, kid?

ON or about August 26th, you may expect to hear Tony Wons on the NBC network for the first time. "I'll build a house on the side of the road and be a friend to man." Upon that sentence of familiar poetry, Tony's new program will be built. He will be the genial philosopher on a half-hour variety broadcast to be called "House By the Side of the Road."

AS Burns and Allen sailed from New York for a European vacation, George Burns was heard to say: "The real reason Gracie and I are going to Europe is so Gracie can wear the clothes she's bought with the money we're going to make the year after we get back."

WE thought that Chicago was to be the ace band hang-out for the summer on account of the Fair. But look what we found! CBS alone is broadcasting the tunes of nine bands from Atlantic City, N. J. They are: George Hall, Jacques Renard, Joe Haynes, Freddie Rich, Felix Ferdinando, Red Nichols, Isham Jones, Little Jack Little and Enoch Light.

SOME artists are just naturally lucky. Take Lanny Ross, for example. Of course the boy is good, but that doesn't always count in this game. But here is the news. Lanny has just signed a contract with his present sponsor which means he will be the star tenor on the "Show Boat" for another seventy weeks. You may also hear him on the Certo Matinee Friday afternoons, but on no other programs, for this contract makes him exclusive to those of Best Foods.

WHEN we call Ed Wynn the "Fire Chief," we mean just that. Ed is the honorary chief of fire departments in 108 cities.

By WILSON
BROWN



MRS. TED HUSING spent June and July in Reno. You know what that means. It's reported that she is charging the CBS announcer with mental cruelty in asking her freedom.

DEEMS TAYLOR is another who has been having wife trouble. His marital bonds have already been severed and he is now an eligible widower living at a swank New York hotel. The parting of the ways happened in May.

GRACE HAYES, the NBC songstress, and her accompanist, Newell Chase, are doing double duty in courting at this writing. And some have ventured the guess that they'll be married by the time you read this. Grace has a son, seventeen, Lind Hayes, who is himself a soloist whom you might have heard with Phil Harris' orchestra.

MARTHA MEARS of NBC is another taking screen tests. Will the parade to Hollywood continue?

ANNETTE HANSHAW sings only two songs a week on the "Show Boat" program, but did you know that she works about four hours every day of the week preparing those songs? Maybe that's one reason why they are so good.

WE'VE heard that Abe Lyman and Joy Lynne, singer with Don Bestor's orchestra, are a bit sweet on each other. Madame Sylvia, the beauty expert, recently named Joy as the possessor of radio's most beautiful legs.

(Above left) Julia Sander-son and Frank Crumit, the singing wife and husband of CBS's Bond Bread pro-gram. Frank, too, is master of ceremonies for Schlitz Beer at CBS.

(Above) Exotic Gertrude Niesen in an exotic pose. Gertie's throaty voice first boomed on the airways about a year and a half ago at CBS and she's been going strong ever since. "I Cover the Waterfront" is the type of song she does best.

Ahhh, what news! Deems Taylor is divorced! Ted Husing's wife is in

RADIO STARS



Dr. M. Sayle Taylor is the CBS man who calls himself the "Voice of Experience" on the air.



As charming as her smile is the vocalizing of Connie Gates, ex-Cleveland deb now at Columbia.



Here's the very latest picture of Boake Carter, Philco's news editorialist who is heard via CBS.

PHIL BAKER, like Bing Crosby, has taken to wearing a toupe. Or didn't you know Bing was partially bald? Phil doesn't like to have his called a toupe. Perhaps it really isn't one—just a dab of hair plastered well up on his forehead.

THAT Alice Joy-Captain Eldon Burn divorce appears to be one of those friendly affairs, reminiscent of the Ann Harding-Harry Bannister case. Alice was recently seen in public places with Burn.

PAPPY, Ezra, Zeke and Elton, the city bred hill billies, are playing vaudeville now, but with a new Pappy. The old one got tired, so retired. The new one was found in Brooklyn. He didn't have any whiskers, but that was easily fixed by a visit to a costume shop and the purchase of some. Ahhhh, how the dear public is fooled! Yet, after all, if their music is good, why not judge them solely on that score.

AT the height of the drought in June, NBC broadcast a prayer for rain by a Moody Bible Institute minister who was certain this appeal for precipitation would be answered. The prayer went over a wide NBC net and general rains in the midwest followed within twenty-four hours. It was further pointed out that eastern executives, who scoffed at the idea, and did not permit the program to outlet on the seaboard, had to worry along for many days longer with the drought. (After all, everyone to his own faith—whether it be in prayer or barometers. They both work. Take your choice.)

PAPERS reported that Leah Ray, nineteen, was engaged to Harry Pinsley, twenty-five, Music Corporation of America employee who was one of seven killed in the crash of an American Airline transport plane June 9th. But it's been learned from reliable quarters that such a rumor is unfounded.

LEAVE it to radio to think up new ideas. This time it's a singing-talking fellow called "Your Lover," who doesn't hesitate in the least to solicit your love. But the news of this item is that Frank Luther, tenor and a married man, is "Your Lover."

VACATION might mean fishing to some people, but to Vera Van it means an operation for the removal of her tonsils which seem to get in the way of certain low notes.

SOON as Ruth Etting finished her recent Oldsmobile series she headed straight for her farm at David City, Nebraska. She wanted to be there for the barn "raising," and was particularly determined to see that it was painted gray for she hates the garish reds that many midwestern farmers go for. On reaching her farm, Ruth announced, to the surprise of everybody, she was going to abolish all implements and machinery that tended to decrease the amount of man power needed in operating the establishment.

WHAT'S new on the air at CBS? Well, dust off your set for here they come! "Roses and Drums" will be back September 9th at 5 (Continued on page 70)

Reno! Abe Lyman has a new sweetie! The Downeys are 'infanticipating'!

PITY THE PARENTS OF

By

GEORGE

KENT

You can hear Baby Rose Marie any Monday at 7:15 p.m. EDST over the following stations:

WJZ, WBAL, WMAL,
WCKY, WENR, KWCR,
KSO, WREN, WSYR,
WHAM, KDKA, KOIL, WBZ,
WBZA.

A CHILD prodigy is a nice thing to have around the house, but, my, what a lot of trouble!

The mother of Baby Rose Marie knows! Born to be a fireside frau, Mrs. Frank Curley has spent the better part of the past five years watching and traipsing after this full-throated birdling of hers. A little like the hen that hatched a nightingale.

There's pang and heartbreak in it, too. Parents of these child wonders of the air work like iron puddlers, sacrifice their own careers and the cozy life, only in the end to face the sharp, cold fact that all they did was relatively of small importance. The thought and care they lavished is absorbed and forgotten in the final result. And ever the question arises to haunt the father and mother: Is a radio career the best thing for my child?

A good question and one difficult to answer. But there's another, equally important, which no one ever asks: Is the child's radio career the best thing for its parents? Yes, how about the mamas and papas? What do they get out of it, besides headaches and heartaches? It's time—if it isn't too late—someone up and spoke for the parents of our baby stars.

This country is full of mothers and fathers who would

Baby Rose Marie Curley, sensational child artist whose name was in ten-foot electric lights before she could even read it.



give a great deal for an answer to these questions. You, for example, may have suddenly discovered that your young son or daughter has a gift for song or dramatics. Yesterday your home contained a charming toddler; today—a talent! A gift of the gods! What are you going to do about it? You owe your child a duty; you are responsible for its future. But, you also owe something to yourself, to your own life. Better think long, hard and deep, and examine your heart and conscience. If you can answer *yes* to all of the following questions, inspired by the experience of Mr. and Mrs. Curley, you are the stuff heroes and the parents of child stars are made of.

A CHILD PRODIGY



Dressing up and eating out provides a big thrill for all little kids and this Baby is no exception when mother and dad take her along.

ARE you, the bread winner of the family, prepared to chuck the good job you have, its promise of a raise, a comfortable future, all for the sake of your child? Frank Curley, salesman of sheet music, did it. He bet his present and future on Baby Rose Marie. He happened to win, but suppose he had lost.

Are you prepared to retire permanently to a back seat, a way back seat, in your own home and exist in a world dominated every moment by your child? Rose Marie, you know, is a delightfully unspoiled child but her parents are just hard-working background with no life of their own, as obscure as the husband of a Hollywood blonde.

Take it from Baby Rose Marie's ma and pa, a juvenile genius can wreck a home faster than a Kansas twister

Are you prepared to have your home cluttered with radio folk, never to have an intimate moment alone except when you steal it the way Mr. and Mrs. Frank Curley must?

Think a moment. Would you like to be suddenly yanked from your home, from your favorite skittles and sauerkraut, and sent off to the hardship and boredom of a tank town vaudeville tour?

Would you like to lead a life jig-sawed into a timetable of petty duties as rigid and inexorable as a railway schedule? Imagine never indulging in the luxury of over-sleeping, never being late, never a dawdle or a laze, hardly a moment in which to follow a vagrant impulse—imagine yourself the parents of Baby Rose Marie!

Are you prepared to tear up tickets for the theatre because of a hurry call from the studio, cancel a movie date, turn away your bridge guests, call off a birthday party, work the day and evening of your wedding anniversary; and et cetera and et cetera?

Finally, could your self-respect bear having the slime-slingers sneer at you as people who live off the earnings of their child?

So far as the parents of Baby Rose Marie are concerned, no one asked them any questions. They doted on their child and when they were asked to do something for her, they just did it. And after a time, they found their own life had disappeared into the career of their child. But you who are listening to your own little bird sing, you have the advantage of their experience. What they did, you can do, but consider before you leap.

HOW does a child get a start in radio? Baby Rose Marie got hers back yonder in the days before the crash, when Pa, Ma and Baby packed up and went to Atlantic City for a two weeks vacation with pay. They went swimming one day on a beach where a lot of night-club entertainers were putting on an impromptu show. Baby Rose Marie took a turn, too, and stole the show. The waves went swish as usual but all the humans on the beach said gosh. One of them had a friend who knew a girl whose uncle was well acquainted with a man who—anyhow Baby Rose Marie was hauled down to Station WPG and, going on the air for the first time, knocked New Jersey radio listeners clean out of their overstuffed armchairs.

Well, pa and ma of a sprouting radio star, what would you have done? That's what the Curleys did. It was only a two weeks vacation, but some one had to stay and take care of the child, for out of that one crack at the mike had come an offer to sing (*Continued on page 90*)



What! Only \$500? O. K. wrap it up.



(Above) Jimmie Melton fell for a fox—fur, silver and fifteen bucks. And sighed because he didn't have more dough to plunk down.

(Above) Ramona, warbler for Paul Whiteman, bought a piano and a fight with the installment guys, when she rented an apartment from a couple of thieves with a convincing line.

GOLD BRICKS THEY

DID you ever see a dream walking—and buy it, and find out it was only a headache?

Barnum was right. There's one of us born every minute! But you don't need to feel ashamed of yourself. Your favorites of the air are made suckers as often as you.

Confronted by an accusation of her gullibility, Frances Langford, who makes a harp of your heart-strings on the Colgate House Party hour, said, "I'll 'fess up if Donald Novis and the Rhythm Girls will." She went on to explain, laughingly, that she now owns an orange grove in Florida, thanks to the fact that she once bought a grove that proved neither to be a grove nor to have any oranges on it.

"That sounds pretty complicated. Here's what happened. Just after I came to New York, a real estate racketeer learned I was born in Florida. He showed me the most tempting pictures of an orange grove down there.

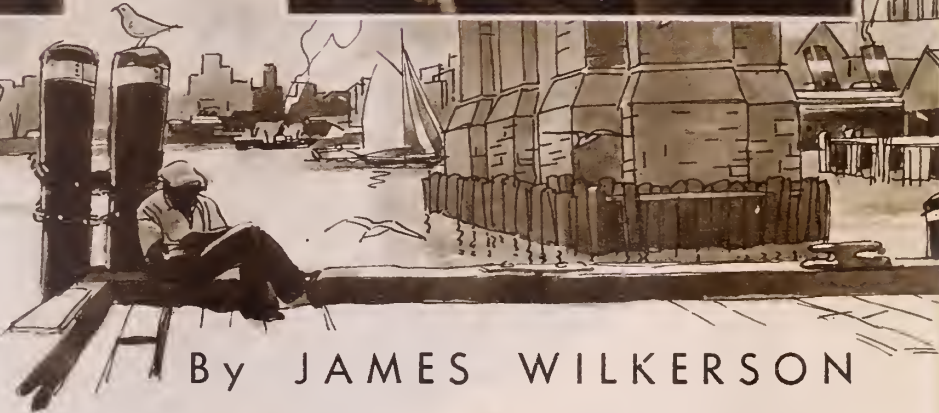
I put an option on it, but at least I had sense enough to write to a cousin of mine to go out and look the place over. All there was there was a bare field. It made me so darned mad, getting stung, that just to get even with myself I bought a *real* orange grove, and I still have it."

Donald Novis admits, "When I came east from California in 1926, I barely had money enough to rent a hall-bedroom in a boarding-house. Another fellow was living there whom I liked right off. We got chummy, and I told him all about my ambitions to be a singer and how broke I was. He offered to sell me a cut-rate book of subway rides for five dollars. Five dollars was a lot of money to me right then, but, as he explained it, the coupons would cut the price of subway trips down to a penny apiece, and I'd save a lot more than the five dollars the book would cost me. I'll never forget how ashamed I was when I tried to use my first coupon and the man in the change booth told me it was no good."

Don't kick yourself for being a sucker—there are hundreds of



(Above) A wise racketeer guessed Frances Langford's taste in fruits and farms. Donald Novis, at her left, laughs now to think that he was once so green as to be anybody's bait. (Right) Alex Gray, baritone Voice of America, pays and still pays for a gold claim up in the wilds of Canada, because he didn't know the laws.



By JAMES WILKERSON

H A V E B O U G H T . . . !

THE Rhythm Girls got caught by a much fancier, one than that. On the first warm Sunday this spring, they went out for an automobile ride. Standing beside the road, far out in the country, they saw a white-haired old lady waving her arm for them to stop. They stopped, and she pointed to a stalled car a few feet ahead in which sat an old man. Her story was that she and her husband, an invalid, were trying to get to Philadelphia to visit her daughter. They had run out of gas, had no money for food, and didn't know how on earth they were going to get there. Gertrude and Esther and Florence, tears springing to their eyes, emptied their purses and handed the old lady every penny they had with them. They drove on, feeling almost saintly, until, returning to the city in the afternoon by another road, they spied another old lady standing beside the road. Again they stopped. It was the same dear old white-haired creature—blushing and mumbling when she recognized her benefactors of

earlier in the day. It certainly didn't help their tempers.

"I wanted to ask the old crook at least to give us enough of our money back to buy three beers," Gertrude grinned, "but Esther and Florence wouldn't let me."

Alexander Gray, the baritone Voice of America, was with the "Desert Song" company when that operetta toured Canada. A mining man he met up there talked him into staking a gold claim near Noranda, in Quebec. It wasn't such a bad idea, for gold may be there. But that's just the trouble, for since there may be, Alex doesn't dare let it go and, according to Canadian law, anybody staking out a claim must spend at least eighteen days on it each year. So, no matter how many thousands of miles away from Noranda he may be, or how many contracts he has to sing for the radio, once a year, poor Alex has to travel 'way up to Canada to spend three weeks living in a shack in the wilderness, surrounded by mountain lions and skunks.

(Continued on page 91)

rackets and your radio favorites have fallen for all of them, too!



(Above) Here's the new air rage—Henry Busse with the Dot-K. M. Trio in Chicago.



(Above) The dynamic young composer and conductor, Johnny Green, whose program is "In the Modern Manner." (Below) Freddie Rich, versatile Columbia staff conductor.



(Above) Charlie Barnett's rhythms lure crowds to the Park Central Hotel. (Below) Howard Barlow, symphonic director.



THE BAND —

● With the World's Fair in full swing, a dozen or more well-known radio orchestras are playing soft and low, and sometimes piping hot.

At the newly opened French Casino, Carl Hoff (he is Carl Hoffmayr, Vincent Lopez's arranger) and Noble Sissle, the colored batoneer, are turning out the melody and rhythm for CBS. Other Columbia orchestras include Harry Sosnik at the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Henry Busse at the Chez Paree, Earl Hines at the Grand Terrace Cafe, Jack Russell at Canton Tea Gardens, Jules Alberti at the Via Lago.

The NBC wires air the music of Buddy Rogers from College Inn, Frankie Masters from the Canadian club at the Fair, Ray O'Hara's at the Irish village, Al Kvale from the Bismarck, Clyde Lucas at Terrace Garden, Palmer Clark from the Swift Bridge at the Fair.

WGN carries Wayne King from the Aragon, Bernie Cummins from the Trianon, Ted Weems from the Palmer House, Hal Kemp from the Blackhawk Restaurant,

Charlie Agnew from the Stevens Hotel, and Earl Burnett from the Drake Hotel.

● Here's a salute to Emil Velazco and his brand new dance band idea. For years Emil satisfied himself with playing twilight organ recitals in the lobby of the Hotel Taft in New York. It was a feature which the hotel advertised widely. George Hall, who was the maestro there, left for vaudeville, followed by Buddy Welcome. Then Buddy left. Emil then approached the management with his idea. "How about a band organized around an organ?" he asked. The Taft let him try it. Now it's the talk of the town. Emil has an organ in the hotel grill and from its console he directs his musicians. The organ gives depth and richness to the music, a thing so often

No matter what kind of band music you want, Columbia has it. Look over



(Above) Mark Warnow does double duty as a staff director and batoning for "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood." (Below) The popular Will Osborne.

(Above) Eddie Stone, violinist and vocal soloist with Isham Jones' orchestra. (Below) Frank Dailey and his band boys broadcast from the Meadowbrook in N. J.



BOX BY NELSON KELLER

An old time favorite comes back. Red Nichols, left, with one of his trumpeters.

missing in the average hotel dance band combo.

- Have you noticed that Don Bestor is the only ork leader using a vibroharp in his band? There's a very definite reason. Don has the exclusive rights to this instrument for the period of one year.
- The music of two great symphonies is on the air from the World's Fair. The Chicago Symphony, directed by Dr. Frederick Stock, puts on its programs from the Swift Bridge of Service and the Detroit Symphony, with Ossip Gabrilowitsch conducting, plays under the sponsorship of Henry Ford in his gardens at the Fair.
- Richard Himber, maestro of the CBS "Studebaker Champions" has the production department of the network acutely card-trick conscious. It is reliably reported

that the Himber influence is noted by more than one executive's command to his secretary to "take a card" instead of "take a letter."

• There was no precedent in the history of radio for the circumstances under which Eddie Duchin went on the air with his first program from Chicago's Dells. It was the opening night of the summer season. More than 1100 reservations had been made and many of radio's notables were to be on hand. Then at 8:15, States Attorney Courtney's police arrived on the scene and closed the spot. Within a quarter of an hour Eddie had to go on the air with his Junis commercial broadcast. Since it is fifteen miles to the loop studios of NBC, he had no choice but to go on the air from the closed roadhouse with police standing guard outside.

Prosecutor Courtney based his action, it was said, on files having to do with the kidnapping of Jake (the Barber) Factor from the Dells last summer when Guy Lombardo was playing there. During (Continued on page 92)

the faces above and take your pick. And remember—there are more, too

ohoy!

UNCLE ANSIE MAN

Curiosity may kill cats, but we love it, so rush in those burning questions about your favorite stars



Stoopnagle and Budd, battleship connoisseurs, review Uncle Sam's fleet. Unkie Answer Man cannot be seen, hove to the leeward, disguised as an oyster.

HOOPLA! Hoopla! Hoopla! Hey, Nephews, Tom, Dick and Harry and Nieces Jane, Joan and Mary! You should see the lengths Unkie Answer Man is going to nowadays to get the answers to your questions. He makes up as an oyster, as proved by the above photograph, which takes very little disguise. Right now, he's on Long Island's smart Lido Beach, rigged out like a life guard. Bronzed, muscular, clean limbed (Hey! Ouch! My sunburn.) surrounded by dozens of admiring artists from the Columbia Broadcasting Chaingang and such. Unwittingly they're giving him all the dope, except, of course, their home addresses or whether they send out autographed photographs. So fire away, me proud beauties. Uncle A. M. can take it and he can dish it out, too.

✦ Q. Are Fred Allen and Gracie Allen related to each other?

A. Sure. Fred is Gracie's missing brother. Or isn't he? No, I guess not, but it's Allen fun anyway. Get it?

✦ Q. I hear Lanny Ross and Mary Lou aren't speaking to each other any more. Is that so?

A. Well, it kind of depends on which Mary Lou you mean. He isn't speaking to the Muriel Wilson Mary Lou, he's singing to her and she's singing to him. But he is speaking to the Rosaline Green Mary Lou who does the talking part. Of course they're all really friendly enough.

✦ Q. Well, what we're leading up to is, will you tell us something about the speaking Rosaline Green?

A. It's a good thing she got that audition at WGY,

Schenectady, N. Y., in 1924, because otherwise she might have become a schoolmarm. She graduated with a good degree of honors from the State College at Albany. But the fascination of the microphone persuaded her to live on roles, not rules. And within a year after her graduation she was crowned Queen of the Radio World's Fair, at New York's Madison Square Garden, as possessor of radio's most perfect voice. Up to now, she has played well over a thousand roles on the air. She was born in Bayshore, L. I., and is the fifth child in the family. Call her "Ro," if you want to be pally. They do around the studios.

✦ Q. What's Rubinoff's theme song? How old is he?
A. You very busy? Okay. "Give Me a Moment Please." That's the name of it, I mean. He was born September 3, 1898. You figure out how old he is. Unkie's too hot.

✦ Q. What's Cheerio's real name?
A. I'm not supposed to tell you it's Charles K. Field, so I'm afraid I'll have to let you go unenlightened. Sorry.

✦ Q. Hey, unkie, you drate big booful mans, tell us something about Nancy Kelly before we wring your scrawny neck.

A. Awk! Glug! Hey, I'll tell. Ever hear of a face being a person's fortune. Nancy's was. When she was around three, she was James Montgomery Flagg's favorite child model. Then Paramount's Long Island studios got around to hearing about her (Continued on page 92)

THE BREAKFAST CLUB



By ANTHONY
RIDDEL

(Upper left) L. to r., Ray McDermott, John Ravenscroft, Frances Bastow and George Howard. (Upper right) The Lord High Poo-bah, Don McNeill (sitting) and Duk Tella in scriptference. (Left) Walter Blaufuss, the musical steward-genius.

If you like a catch-as-catch-can frolic along with your early morning coffee and cakes, then tune into NBC's Breakfast Club of the Air at 9:00 a. m. E.D.S.T.

Or maybe you discovered them before I did. Maybe you're one of the millions who have known about them for most of the two years they've been puncturing the peace and quiet of the nation with their free-for-all parade of musical nonsense.

Chief Breakfaster, master of ceremonies, and Lord High Poo-bah of the club is a sky scraping gent named Don McNeill. Other conspirators are Jack Owens, the Merry Macs, Songfellows, the Morin Sisters, Mary Steele and Gale Page. Quite a crew, and worth their weight in jigsaw puzzles any day—provided you don't mind dunking your crullers in humor.

Recently, two things have happened on this program that are out of the ordinary. If you're a Breakfast Clubber, maybe you remember the dozens of times Don McNeill has introduced Jack Rose, guitarist. One of those times, a woman a thousand miles away heard one of those introductions. This woman remembered that her husband's brother had been a guitarist, that his name had been Jack Rose. She had two daughters who had adored this

brother-in-law. But that was thirteen years ago. On a wild chance, she addressed him a letter. "The girls are almost grown now," she said, "but they still remember the songs their uncle used to sing. They wonder if they'll ever see him again. I wonder, could you be that same Jack Rose. . . ."

Thirteen years is a long time. During all of it, Jack Rose and this family had been lost to each other. That radio announcement and letter brought them together. One of the Breakfast Club programs celebrated it.

A few months ago, this same early morning show actually helped to save the life of eight-year-old Jeannette Hof of Hewlett, Long Island.

She lay critically ill from a streptococcus infection complicated by pneumonia. Doctors gave her no better than an even chance for recovery. The crisis approached and her parents were desperate. They tried one thing after another to rekindle her interest in life. Finally, someone mentioned music, and little Jeannette's face brightened. "I want Uncle Joe to play my memory song."

Uncle Joe is Joe Englehard, violinist of the Blaufuss orchestra. Last year, when he visited the Hof family in Long Island, one of the things (Continued on page 86)

Helps you to look at the sunny side of an egg without shuddering

Food FIT FOR KINGS OF THE AIR

By MRS. ALICE PAIGE MUNROE

YOU can imagine my surprise when after a rehearsal the other morning, Vivien Ruth invited us up to lunch. There were six of us and I seemed the only one surprised at her invitation. But, you see, we had little over an hour, and I knew that there was no cook at her apartment; I also knew that Vivien doesn't brag about her culinary skill.

After all, radio stars' days are crammed with work. When they aren't rehearsing—and they spend hours preparing just one song—they are in demand here and there and seldom see their beds until the wee hours in the morning. So, who would expect them to be the world's knock-out cooks, yet they do have one thing—an imagination! You have to admit that's perhaps the chief requirement for choosing food.

Well, anyway, just listen to what we had to eat within twenty minutes after stepping into the apartment, and every bit of it was prepared on the spot. First of all, there was a piquant and spicy soup that would give the most laggard appetite interest to know what was coming next. It came—stacks and stacks of all kinds of fancy cut sandwiches, there were even little turtles, not real of course, and slices of baked bean roll. A delicious ice and tea topped off the meal. A menu that would do justice to a chef at luncheon, midnight feast or picnic.

Let me add here that lots of clever housewives spring picnics on their delighted families at any old time at all. And they don't pack hampers of food and fill endless thermos bottles and then drive miles into the country.

No, sir, they simply pull a table onto the porch or out into the garden, or near a window. Instead of linen, save time and work by using crisp paper table cloths and napkins from the five and ten. Then bring on the picnic menu and there—your picnic is achieved! It's the food and the way that it's served that makes the party.

But to get back to that luncheon that taught me what you can do in less time than it takes a chef to tell you to mix this and that to get something else.

Exactly four minutes from the time Vivien opened the can of soup, it was in front of us savory and hot. You really should (*Continued on page 98*)

Anyone can prepare a
delightful and nourish-
ing meal in less than
twenty minutes

Vivien Ruth suggests a menu for luncheon, picnic or midnight feast that would do justice to a chef. Vivien will again be songstress with the "Happy Wonder Bakers" in September.



McElliott

Vera Van realizes that looking your best is always essential—whether at a party or just lounging around the house.



Keep Young and Beautiful

“KEEP young and beautiful—if you want to be loved!” Having nonchalantly tossed off this bit of advice, the author of that popular lyric called it a day, for he apparently wasn’t concerned with *how* this feat was to be accomplished.

Want to get beautiful and interesting—and give character and expression to your face? Then get out your powders and creams and colors and let’s go to work. Far be it from us not to please, when it sends our feminine stock soaring. One man remarked to me the other day that he simply didn’t know how women did it. “Why,” he said, “I can’t tell grandma from the young kittens running around.”

And lucky for us he can’t. It’s a wise girl who puts on her makeup when she slips into her dress in the morning. Never go around the house without being ready to meet whoever knocks on the door, whether it’s the preacher or Fuller’s Brush salesman.

The more attention you give your skin, the better will be your complexion. So tie back your hair with a ribbon and get on with your art, for the discriminating woman realizes it is just this, and her job is to do it so skillfully as to fool the closest admirer. You know, of course, that the trick of all makeup is invisibility. Certainly with the unstinted aid of manufacturers, who supply us with every imaginable kind of cosmetic for every imaginable type of skin and individual colorings, we can flatter ourselves on all occasions if we’ll take a little time and intelligence.

Begin with a good cleansing cream. Smear it generously over the face and neck. I say smear advisedly, because we want to roll every bit of soil in the pores to the surface. Always work in an upward and outward motion as it lifts the skin and muscles and helps to restore them to their youthful position. After you’ve thoroughly cleansed the skin, remove the cream with tissue and pat on an astringent to tone the skin and close the pores.

BY CAROLYN
BELMONT

Want to improve your
personality? Then get
out your makeup box
and get busy

Next, apply a foundation of vanishing cream to the face and neck. Most every skin needs a foundation for powder if you want to achieve a pearly complexion and dry skins absolutely need this cream. While it is chiefly for a foundation, yet it helps to nourish and protect. Now, you are ready for your powder.

I might mention that there is practically no variation at all in the basic color types of skins. You are one of several. So, with so many shades of powder on the market, there is certainly one to suit your needs. While it is exceedingly flattering to have your powder blended,

yet, you see, it’s not necessary.

Flesh colored skins use that shade of powder. For slightly pinker ones, natural is good. If you have creamy, yellow tints in your coloring choose rachel, dark or light, whichever is better. Decidedly yellow skins, these are usually of the true brunettes, require a shade of ochre. Brownish skin with pink lights takes an ochre tinged with rose. Orchid powder is to be used only under artificial lights, and white—very seldom!

Pat the powder lightly over the face and neck. With a camels hair brush or a fluff of cotton, brush off excess. Now for the rouge. If you use the cream kind, which is harder to apply, but which looks more natural than the cake, put it on after the vanishing cream. While everybody’s blood is the same bright red, whether you number ancestors among those of the Mayflower, or whether you can’t count beyond the hospital crib, yet through layers of skin the color takes on either a bluish (pink skin) or yellow tint (creamy skin). To determine the shade of rouge to choose, try the old method of pinching the inside of the arm just above the wrist. Match the rouge to this resulting color.

Apply rouge to cheek just below the center of the eye. Spread outward over the cheek and downward in a curve toward the center. This forms a triangle, slightly rounded at the top under the eye, with *(Continued on page 96)*

PROGRAMS

DAY BY DAY

August Weather Report: Programs variable. Editor hot. Listeners hotter. Only relief in sight is fall deluge of sponsors.



(Right) Here's the latest picture of Lazy Bill Huggins, the moanin'-low baritone on CBS Mondays and Fridays at 4 p. m. EDST. He was twenty-two the first of this month, so birthday greetings are in order.

SUNDAYS

(August 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th.)

9:00 A.M. EDT (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio. WEAJ and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EDT—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program, but lots of older ones listen. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WQAM, WDBO, WGST, WPD, WICC, WDOD, WBNS, WLBW, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WLAC, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WMAS, WSJS, WORC. (Network especially subject to change.)

9:00 EDT (1)—NBC Children's Hour. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

9:30 EDT (¼)—Ellsworth Vines, Jr. Not a racquet. Just how to use them on the tennis courts. WEAJ and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EDT (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant harmony. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EDT (½)—Sabbath Reveries. Dr. Charles L. Goodell. Mixed quartet. WEAJ and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EDT (5 min.)—News Service. WEAJ, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.

11:05 EDT (25 min.)—Morning musicale. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EDT (1)—Major Bowes Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, ten.; The Guardsmen; mule quartet; symphony orchestra; Waldo Mayo, conductor. WEAJ and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

Eastern Daylight Saving Time	Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time	Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time	Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time	Pacific Standard Time
1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.
2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.
3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.	11 P.M.
4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.	12 Mdt.
5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.	1 A.M.
6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.	2 A.M.
7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.	3 A.M.
8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.	4 A.M.
9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.	5 A.M.
10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.	6 A.M.
11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.	7 A.M.
12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.	8 A.M.
1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.	9 A.M.
2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.	10 A.M.
3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon	11 A.M.
4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.	12 Noon
5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.	1 P.M.
6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.	2 P.M.
7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.	3 P.M.
8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.	4 P.M.
9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.	5 P.M.
10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.	6 P.M.
11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.	7 P.M.
12 Mdt.	11 P.M.	10 P.M.	9 P.M.	8 P.M.

11:30 EDT (1)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ. Magnificence in Church music. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WBNS, WFK, CKLW, WHAS, WJAS, KMOM, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBNS, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC

WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WDBJ, KSL, WTOC, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN. (Network especially subject to change.)

12:30 P.M. EDT (1)—Radio City Concerts; Symphony Orchestra; Chorus; Soloists. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:00 EDT (½)—Ann Leaf at the Organ. WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, CKLW, WDR, KMBC, WHAS, WIP, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBT, KVOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KSCJ, WSBT, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WALA, WDNC, WHK, CKAC, WHP, KDB, KTRH, KOIN. (Network especially subject to change.)

1:00 EDT (½)—Road to Romany; Gypsy Music. WEAJ and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EDT (½)—The Sunday Forum. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman. Music and male quartet. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EDT (½)—Mary Small, Juvenile singer; William Wirges Orchestra; guest artists. (B. T. Bahhitt and Co.) WEAJ, WTAG, WJAR, WFI, WFBR, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WSAL, WTAM, WEEI, WMAQ, WCSH, WRC, WWJ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF.

2:00 EDT (½)—Admiral Gene Arnold and his four Commodores. (Crazy Water Hotel Company.) WEAJ, WWJ, WWNC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WBY, WBEN, WTAM, WCAE, WMAQ, WKY, WLW, WFAA, KPRC, WOAL, KVOO, WOW, WRVA, WIS, WJAX.

(Continued on page 69)

*Have Dainty Legs
Avoid All Re-growths*

MAKE UGLY LEG & ARM HAIR

INVISIBLE with
MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



New Black & Gold Package 1934



"DARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. (It actually made the hair invisible.) Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

*Marchand's Hair Experts Develop
Marvelous New Castile Shampoo
to Cleanse All Shades of Hair*

Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous.

For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

**MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH**

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail—Use Coupon Below

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps).
Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. M.M. 934.

Name.....
Address.....City.....State.....

Shake Hands with Cap'n Henry

(Continued from page 17)

treacherous the river could be. Calm and secure one day, and choppy and threatening the next, rocking the boat perilously. Many's the time during one of these angry storms that Winninger was pitched right off the deck into the river and bobbed afloat until rescued. But still he loved it.

AS though he had been born for it he slipped in with this fantastic sort of life. So much so, in fact, that he had the supreme honor of being made the baton spinner of the eleven-thirty march. You don't know what that is? Well, let me try to explain this bit of show boat tradition.

When the "Cotton Blossom" docked at a town, the show boat band, resplendent in scarlet coats with magnificent gold braid and brass buttons, would march through the town's main thoroughfare at half past eleven in the morning to announce the fact that the show boat had arrived. And as the band blared away, led by Charley proudly twirling his baton, the people in the town would drop everything, rush to the street and wave and cheer at the brass-buttoned elegance parading down their streets. And there was Charley at the head, strutting like a peacock, beaming and bowing to the crowd, like a conquering hero just come home.

The years on the "Cotton Blossom" had set the enchanting show boat life coursing through his veins. He loved its carefree, unconventional, exciting life and perhaps would be commanding a real honest-to-goodness show boat right now, if some incident hadn't cropped up to cause him to leave the "Cotton Blossom" in a flood of blighted dreams.

Charley Winninger fell in love. At the impressionable, serious age of seventeen. She was Emmaline La Verne, big, blonde and buxom, the Lady Audrey, wronged wife of Lord Audrey, in "Speak No Ill of Her," the Little Eva of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the lovely, harassed heroine of all of the "Cotton Blossom's" shows. She was a few years older than Charley, but that didn't matter to him. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, even when she rested on the deck with tight paper curls bobbing grotesquely on her head. He lavished jewelry of dubious origin on her, and thought that they would surely marry. But one evening, as they were floating down the river, Charley saw her on the deck with—of all people—Pete, the "heavy" of the troupe. Her arm was entwined in his, her head was resting on his shoulder. Young Winninger rushed to his room, his heart heavy with sorrow. All the next day he noticed that she was constantly with Pete. Never did Charley Winninger play the role of Lord Appleby, deceived by his wife in "Faithful to the End" with more poignant bitterness than he did during those first days when he learned that Emmaline no longer cared for him.

He couldn't stay on the boat any longer. When they reached the next town, he

crept out of his room before daybreak, tucked his trombone under his arm and hopped the first train that pulled out. Before he knew it, he was deposited in Calumet, Michigan. With his wealth of theatrical experience, it wasn't hard for him to get a job in the leading theatre of the town.

ONE day a letter arrived for him. He tore it open with shaking fingers. Perhaps Emmaline had found out where he was, and was writing to be forgiven. But he read, instead, that "The show is coming to Calumet next week. We're saving some good parts for you. Join us. Mother."

Thus did the adventurous son return to the family fold—and more trouping. Days with the "Winninger Family Novelties" weren't much different than those spent on the "Cotton Blossom." There was that same irresponsible mode of living, the same thrill in traveling from town to town and receiving the tumultuous, joyful welcome from the same naive type of audience.

The Winningers were master showmen. No art of ballyhooing was lost to them. As an added attraction they even organized their own baseball team and played against the local baseball nine of the towns. But Charley was overzealous about this new venture. He added five outlaw ball players to the Winninger team, and then took on the home talent of Keokuk. What a beating the Winningers gave the Keokuks that day! Charley was chuckling softly to himself as he put on his greasepaint that night, recalling how the Keokuks had stalked away from the baseball diamond grumbling.

Suddenly Papa Winninger came sputtering into the dressing-room. "There's nobody in the audience and we start in a minute. What do you think's the matter?"

Charley rushed out. There, in front of the theatre, he saw the members of the defeated Keokuk team, some with baseball bats in their hands. They were eyeing the would-be audience in a menacing manner, and prevented any from entering the theatre. Charley understood, but didn't have the nerve to relay the news to Papa Franz. The Winningers didn't play Keokuk that night, and the baseball team was disbanded for good.

After touring a while longer, Charley itched to try the green fields of New York. "You'll be back," the Winninger clan warned him, but that didn't stop him.

Several times, when he found the going tough in New York, he felt like packing up and returning to the security of the family nest. But that would spell defeat—he had to stick.

Finally, after playing comedy roles in shows that never seemed to quite make the grade, he landed the comic lead in "The Wall Street Girl." It was a smash hit and Charley Winninger, the backwoods boy, now had his feet firmly planted on Broadway soil.

The leading lady was a vivacious, beau-

tiful brunette who brought down the house every night when she sang a catchy jingle about "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes." She was Blanche Ring, the most popular belle of the New York stage at the time. After every performance, she held a party backstage for the entire company. Only Charley Winninger didn't attend. He was still the shy country boy, and felt awkward in the company of all these sophisticated Broadwayites. Blanche Ring was a wise woman, with an innate ability to understand people. She understood Charley.

"We're going to have buckwheat cakes and maple syrup at my next party," she said to him. "Why don't you come? There won't be many there."

CHARLEY went. That was the beginning. He learned that Blanche Ring, the toasted darling of New York, wasn't the haughty, spoiled star he thought she might be. She was a "regular," and he found himself falling for her.

It was when "The Wall Street Girl" was playing in Chicago that Charley finally got up enough courage to pop the question. They slipped away from the rest of their fellow performers and signed up for life. That night, after the show, Blanche threw the grandest party of her career, and the folks in the show are still wondering why buckwheat cakes and maple syrup were the big feature of the event. Today, after twenty-two years, their happy marriage is a legend on Broadway.

From that time on Charley was in clover. One hit after another—"No, No Nanette," "Oh Please" and loads of other sparkling musicals quickly placed him on top of the theatrical ladder.

But part of his heart was still out in the midwest, with the river, with the family, with the show boat. No wonder then, when he learned that Ziegfeld was going to produce Edna Ferber's "Show Boat" he rushed over and begged for the role of Cap'n Andy. He didn't have to plead for it long. Ziegfeld looked over Charley Winninger, took note of his broad, beaming, red face, his twinkling china blue eyes, his mass of white, wavy hair, his nautical swagger, his impish grin, his two chins which quivered when he uttered his famous chuckle. The master showman noticed all of this and then told him, "The part's yours. You were made for it."

You may remember that show critics praised him in this production, that people came from miles around to see him.

And now, we who think of Charles Winninger as "Cap'n Henry" of the radio "Show Boat" know that he isn't play-acting. He is Cap'n Henry. And when he cries in that inimitable manner of his, "THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNIN' FOLKS, ONLY T-H-E BEE-GINNIN' . . ." he is not standing before a black radio microphone then, but on the rickety old stage of the old "Cotton Blossom, Floating Theatre of the Mississippi!"

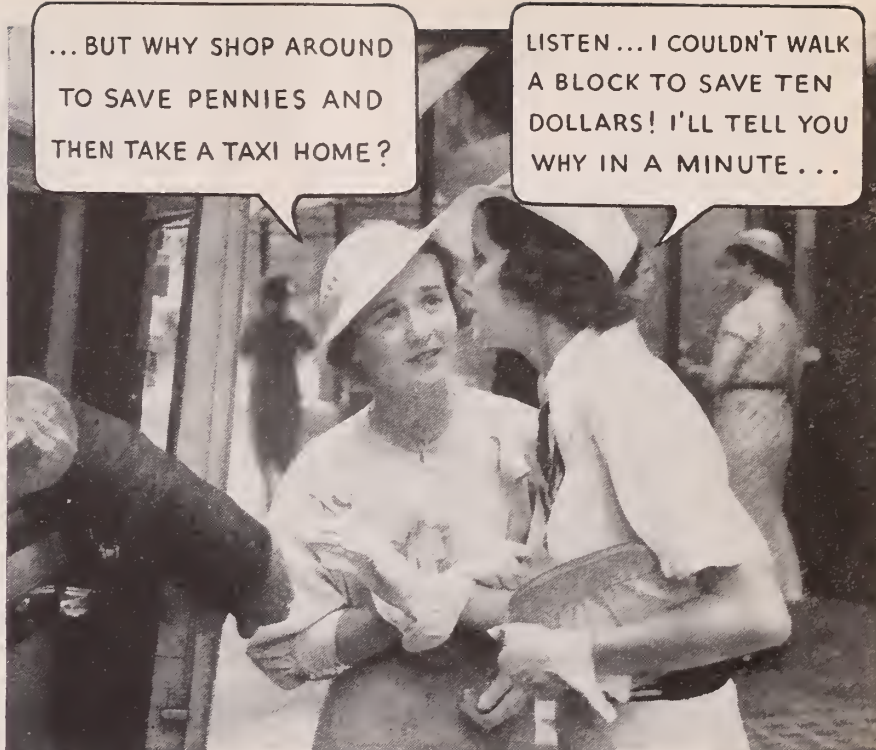
Programs

(Continued from page 66)

SUNDAYS (Con't)

- WFLA, WMC, WAPI, WSMB, WOC, WHO.
- 2:30 EDT (1/2)—Landt Trio and White with Peg LaCentra, singer and Eddie Connors' Novelty Orchestra.** Songs and comedy. WFAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 3:00 EDT (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra—Victor Kolar, Conductor.** From Century of Progress, Chicago.
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, KVOI, WBNB, KRLL, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WDBJ, KSL, KTSA, WTOG, WHP, WADC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, KTRH, KOIN, WALA, WDNC, WNOX, WISN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 3:00 EDT (1/2)—Bar X Days and Nights. (Health Products.)**
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, KDKA, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WKCY, KWK, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KYW.
- 3:00 EDT (1/2)—Talkie Picture Time. Dramatic sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.)**
WFAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WSAL, WOW, WMAQ, WDAF, WSM, WMC, WOC, KSD, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WHO, WAPI, WSB, WJDX, WSMB.
- 4:00 EDT (1/2)—Buffalo Variety Workshop—Featuring Harold Austin's Orchestra with Jack Quinlan, baritone, and Olive Adams, blues singer.**
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, KVOI, WBNB, KRLL, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KOH, WDBJ, KSL, WHP, WTOG, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, KFH, WSJS, WALA, WDNC, WNOX, KDB, WADC, KTRH, KOIN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 4:00 EDT (1)—Chicago Symphony Orchestra from Century of Progress.**
WFAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:00 EDT (1/2)—National Vespers: Visiting ministers. Music and mixed quartet.**
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—Chicago A Capella Choir; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.)**
WFAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WLW.
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—Mr. and Mrs. Crumit and Sanderson. (General Baking.)**
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WBNB, WJAR, WHEC, WWVA, WORC, WMAS, WADC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KTUL, WDSU, KOMA, KFBL, WIRX.
- 7:45 EDT (1/4)—Irene Beasley, the long tall gal from Dixie, singing for Fitch's.**
WFAF, WLIT, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAL, CFCE, WHO, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WOW, WTCI, WKBF.
- 8:00 EDT (1)—Jessel-lot of Variety Hour. Georgie J. is M. C. and funny mans.**
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, KVOI, WBNB, KRLL, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WTOG, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WDNC, WNOX, WALA, KTRH, KFAB, WHP, WADC, KDB, KOIN, KOMA, KVOI. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 8:00 EDT (1)—Perhaps Durante, who nose? Wit' Walington. Wit' Rubinoff and his violin. (Chase and Sanborn.)**
WFAF, WTCI, WTAG, WIOD, WFLA, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, CFCE, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WLIT, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WSB, KFJR, KPCC, WKY, WTMJ, KSTP, WECB, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WQAI, WSM, WOW, WMAQ, KTHS, WSMB, WAVE, KTAR, KDYL.

(Continued on page 71)



LET'S SPEAK PLAINLY... When napkins harden they hurt!

INFERIOR napkins can harden until they cut like knives. An unforeseen delay in changing them—and hardened edges chafe until every step is torment.

Modess starts soft and stays soft! And for reasons that you can actually see and feel.

Make this ten-second test for weeks of greater comfort

Check over the special materials used in making Modess.

Run your finger tips over the soft, surgical gauze. And feel that downy layer just beneath the gauze? That's Zobec—exclusive with Modess. Press the pad between the palms of your hands. Thistle-down softness! The Modess filler is cellulose at last made perfect for this purpose.

Pure cellulose—100% disposable. And because it is so fluffy, the Modess filler can't harden and chafe.

Then notice how Modess is put together.

The fluffy filler is wrapped around with a covering as soft as the finest facial tissues. And notice particularly—all edges are rounded. No sharp edges to invite painful hardening.

A quality napkin. But listen . . .

Modess is not expensive!

This quality napkin sells at an amazingly low price.

Ask your druggist or department store for Modess. Discover the extra assurance this finer sanitary napkin can bring you!

Vacation Special

For a limited time only—two regular boxes of Modess (12 napkins in each box) with special Gift "Travel Package" of 4 Modess napkins . . . All for

39¢

At your druggist's, or your favorite department store

MODESS

STAYS SOFT IN USE!

THE NEW MODESS BOX IS IN BLUE AND GRAY WITH A CONVENIENT SIDE OPENING



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Use Travel Package first. If Modess is not the finest sanitary napkin you have ever tried, you may return, unopened, the full size packages to the Modess Corporation for refund.

Strictly Confidential

(Continued from page 55)

o'clock Sundays. Louella Parsons' interviews will start again September 26 and will be on the air at 11:15 p. m. Wednesdays. On August 12 and each Sunday thereafter at 9 p. m. James Melton, Joseph Pasternack and guest stars will make hay for the Ward Baking Company. October 3 is the date set for the return of "Easy Aces" and this time they'll be on three times a week—Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 8:15 p. m. "Buck Rogers," Frederic William Wile, Burns and Allen and "Skippy" will be back, too, on CBS next month.

THE Red Headed Music Maker of radio, Wendell Hall, Sr., and his oldest son, Junior, celebrate their birthdays together August 23. Junior was born on his father's birthday six years ago. Wendell has another son, Lowell, four years old.

BRIDES are making life difficult for Blair Walliser, WGN production manager. Recently he called Dorothy Shideler of the "Romance of Helen Trent" cast and asked her to drop in the next day for an audition.

"Sorry," she replied. "I am getting married tomorrow."

A few days later he was planning another audition for the same show. He called Sally Ward who plays with Don Ameche in "Romantic Melodies," and said: "How about dropping over for an audition tomorrow?"

"Sorry," she replied. "I am getting married tomorrow."

Sally married Fritz Blocki, playwright and radio script writer.

VERY seldom do we have to record a death. Radio has indeed been fortunate in escaping the clutches of sorrow. But now we must report the death of the father of Ralph Dumke, one of the Sisters of the Skillet. He died in South Bend, Indiana, several weeks ago.

CALIFORNIA. Here We Come," is the vacation tune for many Chicago radio stars this season. Wayne King and Jan Garber were among the first to go there for extended vacations. Clara, of Clara, Lu 'n' Em, is on her way. (Em will visit Mexico City and Lu has picked Glacier Park for her rest.) Myrt (Donna Damerel Kretzinger) of Myrt and Marge went to the Coast to visit her father, George Damerel, and her brother, George, Jr. Her husband, Gene Kretzinger, remained behind in Chicago because of his radio commitments, and Myrtle Vail, her mother, also had to stay in Chicago to work on a new Myrt and Marge script for fall.

THIS mixup in talent is about to drive us nutty. So if you can't keep 'em straight, don't blame yourselves. Guy Lombardo, always a CBS favorite, is now flying the NBC banner. Victor Young, always thought of in terms of NBC, is waving a stick over CBS's Schlitz Beer program. Reggie Childs, an NBC man from the

start, switched his Hotel Roosevelt band over to CBS. The makers of Bayer Aspirin, NBC's child, was adopted by CBS. Mary Courtland had her start on NBC as a sustaining feature. Now she's warbling for Sam Lanin's orchestra over at CBS. Likewise Florence Case, formerly with Don Bestor's NBC unit, is now with CBS's Emil Velazco playing from the Hotel Taft. And so the world goes topsy turvy.

WHEN you see Lazy Bill Huggins, CBS crooning baritone, ask him about "Lazy." That's Bill's favorite subject these days. You see "Lazy" is a tiny woolly pup which is Bill's only roommate. "I saw the pup in a store and picked him up. He looked so lonesome that I didn't have the heart to leave him there," Huggins says. Bill, by the way, is being given some night spots by CBS.

WHEN Burns and Allen return to the air in September, the program will be known as "The Adventures of Gracie" which shows the progress Mrs. George Burns has made to be featured over her husband. And, as reported before, there'll be a new band as Guy Lombardo is no longer flying the White Owl colors.

CLARA, Lu 'n' Em celebrated their fourth anniversary on the air in June. Theirs is the oldest women's radio skit on the networks. On their anniversary they recalled that four years ago an official of an NBC outlet had told them there was no place in radio for a sketch featuring only women. So they went to a local station and made good as chatter queens, and in a year were picked up by NBC.

AN unusual sidelight on the burning of Station WAAF during the great Chicago Stock Yards' fire was the station's request the next morning to the Federal Radio Commission to be allowed to stay off the air temporarily. A Commission order requires that every licensee operate for a certain number of hours daily unless given permission not to. The station was burned off the air and had no way of putting any programs on its channel.

THIRTEEN CBS artists have birthdays this month, but none fall on the thirteenth of the month. Whether that will be lucky or unlucky is no reason why you shouldn't know and send your favorite a birthday greeting card. So-o-o-o-o, here they are:

Announcer Andre Baruch, August 20; Announcer William Brenton, August 22; Abram Chasins, concert pianist and composer, August 17; John Corigliano, violinist heard on the Mark Warnow programs, August 28; Larry Elliott, announcer in the Washington studios, August 31; Arthur Godfrey, master of ceremonies, August 31; Dave Grant, pianist and member of the Oxol Trio, August 24; Bill Huggins, baritone, August 1; Paul Keast, baritone on the Silver Dust program, August 31; Nick Lucas, crooner,

August 22; Edith Murray, blues singer, August 28; Albert Spalding, violinist, August 15; and the Voice of Experience, August 16. Address Elliott and Godfrey in care of WJSV, Washington, D. C. All the others will get your card at CBS, 485 Madison Avenue, New York.

IRENE BEASLEY, the Long Tall Gal from Dixie, is pinch-hitting for Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker, for eight weeks this summer while he vacations. Wendell and Mrs. Hall recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of their broadcast wedding, said to have been the first on a radio hookup. The ceremony was performed in WEA studios. Parents of the bride and groom were guests via headphones tuned to WGN, then the Chicago outlet of NBC.

CB S TID-BITS: William Daly, maestro on the program aired to Admiral Byrd at the other end of the world, was a gang foreman, an underwear salesman and managing editor of "Everybody's Magazine" before he began a musical career . . . The newest book by the Voice of Experience is "Truth Stranger Than Fiction" published by Dodd-Mead . . . T. S. Stribling, author of the drama "Conflict" is also the author of "Unfinished Cathedral" which was the Literary Guild book selection for June . . . H. V. Kaltenborn, commentator, is now on the road to the U. S. after a month in Russia conducting a group of prominent American bankers and industrialists through the Soviet. He'll be back on the air by the end of August.

IRENE WICKER has signed for another year as NBC's Singing Lady. In August she plans to go on a European vacation—more specifically, England, where she hopes to gather material for her song and story program. Irene recently received a letter from Mrs. James Roosevelt, mother of the President, in which she revealed hitherto unpublished details about his childhood which the Singing Lady will utilize in a broadcast on his next birthday.

YOU will hear spring broadcasts in September. And it will actually be spring at the point of origin of the broadcasts. Here's the way it is; Admiral Byrd, down at Little America, is preparing for spring right this minute, for spring starts down there just as autumn starts here.

GERTRUDE BERG is writing a play for Broadway while vaudeville around this summer. They tell us she'll be back on the air this fall. Irving Berlin is another who is working on a Broadway production. He's spending this month in upstate New York with Moss Hart, doing a successor to "As Thousands Cheer."

When Rudy Vallee opened at the Pavillion Royal, 65,000 people visited during the first evening.

Programs

(Continued from page 69)

SUNDAYS (Cont'd)

- KOA, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WVAI, WBZ, WBZA.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—Ward's Family Theatre. Guest Stars; James Melton, tenor; orchestra.
- WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WADC, WHK, WFBL, WLBZ, WICC, WFEA, WNAS, WWVA, WORC, WKBN, WMBR, WBNS, WBBM, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WBRC, WSFA.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—Free ride, everybody on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Tamara, blues singer; David Percy, orch.; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.)
- WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KHQ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, WFI, WTAM, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, CFCF, WTAG.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—Europe's greatest entertainers in broadcasts from overseas. (Gulf Gasoline.)
- WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, WJAX, WWNC, WFLA, WIOD, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WSYR, WMAL, WRVA, KDKA, WIS, WJDX, WSMB, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE.
- 9:30 EDT (1/2)—Tasteyast Players. One act play.
- WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMAL.
- 9:30 EDT (1/2)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with Babes and her brothers; Priscilla and Rosemary Lane; Tom Waring; Poley McClintock; Stuart Churchill; and Johnny Davis mixing amazing antics with melodious music. (Ford Dealers.)
- WABC, WGLC, WNAC, WSJS, WADC, WGR, WBT, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WMBR, WHEC, WHK, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBN, WPG, KRLD, WREC, WSFA, KSCJ, WNAX, WKRC, WLW, WLBZ, WNAS, WOKO, WORC, WQAM, WSPD, WTAR, WTOC, CFRB, CKLW, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KTRH, KTSB, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WISV, WISN, WLAC, WMT, WOWO, CKAC, KTUL, WFEA, KIZ, KSL, KVOR, KOH, KEEN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KPPY, KWG, KVI, KFAB.
- 9:30 EDT (1/2)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orchestra. Sweet old melodies. (Bayer.)
- WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WMAQ, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, WPTF, CFCF, CRCT, KSD, WWNC, WOC, WHO, WOW, WMC, WSE, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, KDYL, KOA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGO, WIS.
- 10:00 EDT (1/4)—Mme. Schumann-Heink. Harvey Hays. (Gerber and Co., Inc.)
- WJZ, CRCT, CFCF, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—Wayne King's soothing six-bit (three-quarter) time music. (Lady Esther.)
- WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAE, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WQWO, WDRC, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WDSU, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, KIZ, WCCO, KSL, KERN, KMI, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KPPY, KGW, KVI, KRLD, WFBM, WIBW, WBNS, KFAB.
- 10:00 EDT (1/2)—Hall of Fame. Guest artist and Nat Shilkret's orch. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.)
- WEAF, WTIC, WTAM, WTAG, WEEL, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLW, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, CFCF, WMAQ, WFAA, WOW, CRCT, WDAF, KTBS, WSM, KPRC, WMC, WOAI, KTHS, KSTP, WJDX, WSB, WKY, WSMB, WKBF, WOC, WHO, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KCD.
- 11:00 EDT (1/4)—Irene Beasley sings again for Fitch's.
- KSTP, WOAI, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFJR, WKY, WBAP, KPRC, KTBS, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
- 11:15 EDT (1/4)—Mme. Schumann-Heink and Harvey Hays.
- WKY, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

MONDAYS

(August 6th, 13th and 27th)

- 6:45-7:30-7:45 A.M. EDT—Arthur Bagley's health exercises. (Metropolitan Life.)
- WEAF, WEEL, WFI, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, CRCT, WRC.

(Continued on page 73)

AND TO THINK THEY USED TO CALL ME SKINNY



SKINNY?
NEW EASY WAY
ADDS POUNDS

so fast you're amazed

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported ale yeast now concentrated 7 times, iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid attractive flesh—in just a few weeks.

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

Not only are thousands quickly gaining good-looking pounds, but also clear skin, freedom from constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs get husky, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

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

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some inferior imitation. Insist on the genuine "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 39 Atlanta, Ga.

Radio's Wonder Boy

(Continued from page 15)

The world of entertainment is often an "easy-come-easy-go" world. A world of cocktails and good cigars and mysterious blondes and on-again-off-again love affairs. Would you, if you were a college lad and young and healthy, take that sort of life as you found it? I think so.

So, Bing became what the tabloid papers call a "playboy." Which means that he stayed up later than was good for him and drank more than was good for him and was probably more interested in exciting members of the opposite sex than was good for him. So Bing became—and this is not a secret—a grade-A pain-in-the-neck to the club proprietors who sought to employ his voice in their night-eries. "Unreliable" was one of the things they called him. Other things they called him are unprintable.

He was fast going to a high, wide, and handsome Hell in his own glorious fashion when something utterly odd and unfathomable happened. He turned cold sober and decent and responsible. One story says he fell in love with Dixie Lee and she reformed him. Another story credits his brother Everett with the transformation. I'm convinced the whole truth has never been told. The whole truth would reveal those Olympian fate-makers up above watching the man-child of their choice and deciding that he had played long enough

at life; now, he would have to work and shoulder a man's burdens.

BING'S story becomes even more familiar. From Whiteman's orchestra, he went to Hollywood for the second time—to become the West Coast's radio favorite. A trip to New York, a swift marriage to Dixie Lee of the movie lots, and this thing called fame swept like a hurricane about his puzzled brow.

And the golden rain commenced. There were weeks when he made \$5,000. And weeks when he made \$8,000. And weeks when he made only \$4,000.

The motion picture makers lured him into the west for the third time and piled their moneybags at his doorstep, begging for his service. Starting inconspicuously, he fooled the critics who said a radio crooner could never become a movie actor and turned himself into Paramount Picture's greatest box office drawing card.

At present, he combines pictures and radio, and draws a king's ransom whenever he opens his mouth.

A few days ago he signed his name to a land deed that made him the owner of one of the most historic and beautiful ranches in California. If you're a Californian, surely you've heard of the Rancho Santa Fe which is part of an original grant from the King of Spain. Two of

Bing's buildings are 150 years old and landmarks in American history.

Last year he completed a house in the picturesque district of Toluca Lake that has become a show place and a special stop for all movie sight-seeing busses.

Two years ago, he formed the corporation of Bing Crosby, Inc., for investment of the golden stream that has flowed into his pockets since he first sang over the air.

You've heard of alchemists, those zany gents of antiquity who misspent their lives attempting to change base metals into gold. You've heard of the luckless chappie who sought to make silk purses out of a sow's ears. They got nowhere in their endeavors. They should have lived to know Bing Crosby—and to learn how from him.

That is radio's own wonder boy. But you don't yet know the real wonder of it . . . the real wonder of Bing Crosby. Here is his secret:

Bing Crosby is preparing to abandon all he has gained. Bing Crosby is planning to walk out of movie and radio studios and forget the drudgery of being a chore boy for America's movie and radio audience. He wants to quit—and settle down on that far flung ranch he bought the other day.

But there's more to it than just that. A king who abdicates always hopes to name his successor. And Bing is every inch a king. The fellow he wants to name is already on the air. Perhaps you have wondered at the startling similarity between this pretender's voice and Bing's own.

THE man Bing desires to succeed him is Bob Crosby, Bing's twenty-two-year-old brother, who sings nowanights in Chicago with Anson Week's orchestra.

"The kid hasn't got his high notes right yet," Bing says. "But when they are and he's ready for my job, I'm stepping out."

As this is written, Dixie Lee is about to become the mother of Bing's second child. Perhaps, also, of his third, for doctors have said she is bearing him twins. As this is written, I hear that Dixie Lee's own life is desperately near extinction, that the burden she is bearing may be too much for her fragile strength.

If Dixie Lee should die. . . .

More than once, man has plotted and planned only to see his dreams swept aside like a house of jackstraws. Men more potent and powerful than this smooth-voiced singer of songs have broken themselves on the unyielding rocks of Fate. If his time comes, I wonder what Bing Crosby will do.

I, for one, have faith in the Gods that long ago marked him for their own. I, for one, believe that Bing's plan and Bing's will shall prevail. He will have his ranch and his family and the time and means to enjoy them all to the utmost. Whether or not he succeeds in naming his successor, he will step up from his niche as radio's wonder boy to become his own ideal of husband, father, and master of the art of living.

And those Gods above who sit and rock will sit and grin and grin.



"The Oxol Trio" on WABC Mon. and Wed. at 5:45 p. m. EDST. (Left to right) Gordon, Dave and Bunny—Messrs. Graham, Grant and Coughlin.

Programs

(Continued from page 71)

MONDAYS (Cont'd)

- 8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. For people who like early morning optimism. WEA and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 10:15 EDT (1/4)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and Patter. (C. F. Mueller Co.) WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV.
- 10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children. Dramas of American Life. (Pillsbury.) WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, KDKA, WRVA, WJAX, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, WKY, WPTF, WFLA, WJF, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, WBAP, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, KPRC, WWNC, WHAM. (WENR 11:15-11:30 EDT.)
- 10:30 EDT (5 min.)—Press Radio News. WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, CKLW, WDRS, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WSJS, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBT, WDOD, KVOR, KRDL, WLBV, KTRH, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KUSA, WTOG, KSCJ, WSBT, CFRB, WACO, WMT, WWA, WHP, WBIG. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 11:45 EDT (1/4)—Joan Marrow, Music. (J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co.) WABC-W2XE, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, CKLW, KMBC, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV.
- 1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. Guest speakers; Walter Blaufuss Orchestra. WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 2:45 EDT (1/4)—Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins. Dramatic sketch with Virginia Payne, Margery Hannon, Karl Hubel, Willard Farnum and Charles Eggleston. WEA, WTAM, WLW, WCAE, KSD, WEEL, WFLA, WOC, WHO, WKBF, WLIT, WWJ, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WEAN, WJAX.
- 3:00 EDT (1)—Radio Guild. S'prise! S'prise! It's good drama. WJZ and a blue network. Station list unavailable.
- 3:00 EDT (1/4)—Dreams Come True. Barry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (Procter and Gamble.) (For stations see Thursday.)
- 3:30 EDT (1/2)—Woman's Radio Review. Guest Speaker; Littau orchestra; Claudine MacDonald. WEA and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 4:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob. (General Mills.) WJZ, WBZ, WEZA, WHAM, KDKA, WBAL, WGAR, WJR, WLW, KWK, KOIL, WLS, WBAP, WTMJ, KSTP, WKY, KVOO, KOA, KPRC, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WMAL, WSYR.
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady. Charm for children. (Kellogg's.) WJZ, WHAM, WJR, WGAR, WLW, WBAL, WBZ, WEZA, KDKA.
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. All American schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.) WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRS, WCAU, W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN. (See also 6:30 P.M. EDT.)
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins. Dramatic sketch with Virginia Payne, Margery Hannon, Karl Hubel, Willard Farnum and Charles Eggleston. WENR, WIBA, WDAY, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WEBC, KFYP, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, KTBS, KOA, WOAI, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
- 5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wander Co.) WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WEZA, CRCT, KDKA, CFCF, WLW, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WJAX, WFLA, WPTF, WMAL, WSYR. (See also 6:45 P.M. EDT.)
- 5:45 EDT (1/4)—Dreams Come True. Barry McKinley baritone; orchestra. (Procter and Gamble.) (For stations see Thursday.)
- 6:15 EDT (1/4)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Clean Western drama for youngsters. (Hecker H-O.) WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, WHK, WDRS, WCAU-W3XAU, WEAN, WFBL, WLBZ, WHEC, WORC, WMAS. (See also 8:15 P.M. EDT.)
- 6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. All American Schoolboy adventures. (Wheaties.) WBBM, WCAO, WHK, WJSV, CKLW, WOWO. (See also 5:30 EDT.)
- 6:45 EDT (1/2)—Dixie Circus. Sounds from the big-top. (Dixie cups.) WABC, WBT, WCAU, WCAU, WJSV, WNAC, WOKO, CKLW, WBBM, WCCO, WGST.
- 6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. News by the adventurer-journalist. (Sun Oil.) WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WJR, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMAL, CFCF.
- 6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. Comic strip heroine's adventures. (Wander Co.) WREN, KOIL, WENR, KPRC, WOAI, WBAP, KTBS, WKY, KSTP, WEBC.

(Continued on page 75)

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Women Have Been too Kind to Him

(Continued from page 27)

quality in his voice. "What are you, a tenor or a baritone?" she asked him.

"I don't know," Nino had answered. Then he sang for her.

"You have a very beautiful tenor voice," she told him. "You must develop it. You must study music."

SO twice a week Nino took lessons. But he kept it a secret from all his friends for he was afraid they would laugh at him. Whether he could ever make a success of his music was doubtful, but he loved it more than anything in the world. And so it was easy for him to forget Assunta. Italy was full of beautiful women.

Then one day he met her again. Walking with the boy who is now his brother-in-law toward a garden in Italy, he saw two girls approach along the flower-terrace paths. One of them was Assunta.

"Why, I know those girls," he said excitedly to his friend.

In a moment they were acknowledging his greeting. "Do you remember me?" he asked. "I'm the boy you spoke to in the theatre that night."

In Assunta's eyes was the answer. She remembered. Eagerly he begged if he could see her again. She gave him the answer that women have always given to Nino—yes. For months they met each other, along paths fragrant with flowers, in the gardens of Italy, by public fountains. They went sauntering together, they talked of books and trees, of cabbages and kings, but Nino never spoke of love.

One day when she met him, Assunta's eyes were stricken, like the eyes of a dove that has been hurt. Of course, Nino asked what was wrong. Her hand fluttered in his. "It's my father," she said. "He has heard that we have been meeting each other. All the neighbors are talking. Only this morning he scolded me. 'Who is this Martini fellow you are running around with?' he asked. 'I don't object to your going out with him, if he'll come to the house to see you. But I do object to your meeting him outside the house. Why do you do that? Have you done anything wrong?'"

"Didn't you tell him that we had done nothing wrong?" said Nino. "I haven't come to your house, because I don't want your father to get the wrong impression. I don't want him to think that I am a suitor for your hand. I have no plans for getting married."

SO Nino Martini spoke, not realizing how Assunta's heart stood still. She nodded, and he did not realize the hurt behind those limpid eyes.

Friendship? Where is the woman who can warm her hands on the cold fires of friendship? And there was something about Nino's dark good looks and eager boyishness that awakened a sultry fire in her heart. Some day she was sure Nino would realize that he loved her. After all, men had found her beautiful. Only, dear God, please make him realize it soon. And surely it was impossible that such love as hers should not awaken love in response. Soon Nino was coming to her house to visit her. She had won her first skirmish in the battle of love.

Alas for her dreams! Nino was fond of her; perhaps he knew something akin to love; but the boy was really in love with Destiny. All his life he had longed and thirsted for power. As a boy he had dreamed of being a great hero. His idols were men who had wielded power, such men as Garibaldi, Napoleon, yes, even Rasputin of ill fame. Now he saw in his music his chance.

He would go away to study. He would sing in opera in Milan. Some day he would be a great opera singer. His dreams were brighter than the dark sheen of Assunta's hair. Slowly but surely they were tearing him away from her.

And she knew it. What she would have given not to know it, not to be aware of this pain. Nino told her his dreams.

"Oh, Nino," she said, "why don't you forget about singing? It's such a crazy dream. So many young singers study. It's such a long hard road, and at the end you'll fail, as so many have failed. What will your dreams matter then?"

He looked into her dark eyes. They were mysterious pools beckoning to him. In them a man could easily lose himself. He might grow dizzy and forget his dreams if he looked long into those eyes.

Assunta's plea was the heart-broken cry of a girl who wanted to keep him by her side. With her eyes and with her lips, she told him that she loved him. Perhaps he was half in love with her. But he never told her so. For there was a Golden Grail to follow.

I AM sure Nino did not mean to hurt her. But he had lit a fire which he could never quench. Even to this day Assunta has not married. And I am sure that Nino, who knows so very much and so very little about women, does not realize why that is so.

Of course he fulfilled his destiny. When Maria Zenatello, a famous opera singer of her day, heard him sing, she was entranced, and promised to train him for the operatic

stage. Nino was only too glad for this luck.

He made his debut as the Duke in "Rigoletto" and all Italy raved about this new young singer. One triumph followed another. Jesse Lasky, the movie producer, heard him one day and signed him to make musical pictures in New York and Hollywood.

Assunta was forgotten.

In Hollywood Nino perhaps came closest to allowing love to master him. She was a blonde, exquisite, like a Dresden-china goddess. She was an actress on a different lot than his, not very well-known but very beautiful. Nino met her at a friend's house.

Together they went to all the smart places. They looked rapturously into each other's eyes. They sat quietly at the beach, watching the waves lapping the shore. Surely this was love. And yet some instinct warned Nino. Some instinct told him that this heady emotion he felt was counterfeit. And so he never actually became engaged. He has never been engaged to anyone. Yet there was real grief in their parting. Nino had to go to New York. The flame of his ambition drove him there.

Months later they met again in New York. Over a little tea-table they chattered gaily. Nino told her of his plans, and she told him of hers. But something had vanished between them. The fire once theirs was dead.

Some men have known love that consumes like a flame, that causes its victim anguish and ecstasy and increases when the loved one is out of sight. That kind of love Nino has never known. Wherever he has gone, it has always been the same. Women have attracted him, but when separated he forgets them.

Not very long ago Nino made his debut at the Metropolitan Opera House. The critics were none too kind. They pointed out that his voice was too light, that it lacked emotion and depth.

"I'm afraid he's not ready for opera yet," said Maria Zenatello, his friend and mentor. "Some day his voice will be big enough for anyone."

Not ready? Of course he's not ready. His voice is beautiful. But when you think of the great Titans of the opera world, of the misery and unhappiness they suffered and endured, you realize why Nino of the beautiful voice is not yet a great opera singer. He has never known the whiplash of a real emotion. He has never known the torture of unrequited love. He has never had to plead with a woman he loved, only to see scorn in her eyes.

Women have been too kind to Nino Martini.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt is going in for broadcasting in a big way. Next month's issue of RADIO STARS will tell you all about it.

You Frank Parker fans will have your moment. Next month you'll be able to read a most revealing story about this handsome young tenor.

Programs

(Continued from page 73)

MONDAYS (Cont'd)

- WDAY, KFYZ, WSM, WSB, WMC, WJDX, WKBF, KWK. (See also 5:45 P.M. EDT.)
- 7:00 EDT (1/4)—Bring 'em Back Alive**
Frank Buck. (Pepsodent.)
 WJZ, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WRVA, WPTF, WMAL, WIOD, WFLA, CRCT. (See also 11:00 P.M. EDT.)
- 7:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn.** Songs and comedy. (Gillette.)
 WEA, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEA, WFB, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. (See also 11:15 P.M.)
- 7:30 EDT (1/4)—The Mollie Show with Shirley Howard;** the Jesters: Red, Guy and Wamp; **Milt Rettenberg,** piano.
 WEA, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WFB, WGY, WBEA, WCAE, WTAM, WMAQ, KSD, WTIC, WDAF.
- 7:45 EDT (1/4)—Boake Carter.** (Philco.)
 WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WBBM, WGR, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO.
- 8:00 EDT (1/4)—Kate Smith.**
 WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDR, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KOIN, KDB, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KLZ, KVOR, WBNS, KRDL, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, KSL, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTS, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WNOX, WALA, WDNC, WHP, KTRH.
- 8:00 EDT (1/2)—Richard Himber's Orchestra.** **Joey Nash,** vocalist. (Studebaker Motor Co.)
 WEA and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.
- 8:30 EDT (1/2)—"Raffles,"** Amateur Crackman. Safe bet for detective drama devotees.
 WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBRC, WICC, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBT, KRDL, WHP, WADC, KDB, KTRH, KOIN, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTS, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, WALA, WDNC, KLZ, KOMA.
 (Network especially subject to change.)
- 8:30 EDT (1/2)—Voice of Firestone Garden Concert.** **Gladys Swarthout;** vocal ensemble; **Wm. Daly's** symphonic string orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
 WEA, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBEA, WTAM, WJZ, WLW, WKBF, WCAE, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—Singer Greater Minstrels.** **Gene Arnold,** interlocutor; **Joe Parsons,** basso; male quartet; **Bill Childs,** Mac McCloud and **Cliff Soubier,** end men; band direction **Harry Kogen.**
 WJZ, WGAR, WRVA, WWNC, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSM, WSMB, WJDX, WIBA, KPRC, WOAI, KPBS, WKY, KOIL, KOA, WSOC, WJR, WPTF, WAPI.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra** direction **Harry Horlick.** **Frank Parker,** tenor.
 WEA, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WWJ, WLIT, KSD, WGY, WBEA, WBEA, WCAE, WTAM, WOW, WDAF, WHO, WMAQ, WOC.
- 9:30 EDT (1/2)—Joe Cook's** cookoo comedy; **Donald Novis,** tenor; **Frances Langford,** blues singer; **Rhythm Girls** and **Melody Boys Trios;** **Voorhees Orchestra;** **Brad Browne,** master of ceremonies. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet.)
 WEA, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBEA, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WMC, KGO, KFI, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTB, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KYL, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WDAF, KSD, WTMJ, WIBA, WOC, WHO, WSM.
- 9:30 EDT (1/2)—Lud Gluskin** and his Continental Orchestra with **Henrietta Schumann,** pianist; **The Three Marshalls,** vocal trio. (Ex-Lax Co.)
 WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WWO, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV.

(Continued on page 77)

HIDDEN DIRT

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It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

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Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

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REVOLT—In the Modern Manner

(Continued from page 40)

made him its musical advisor. Sponsors know too. That's why Oldsmobile selected him to make the music for its show with Ruth Etting.

Johnny has made good. That's one reason why he is feared. He has rebelled as a follower. He has made himself a leader. Not just an orchestra leader, but a leader in the realm of modern music.

HIS first setback was paternal disapproval. He seemed a moody, disconcertingly sensitive and arty young idiot whose strong brown fingers preferred to dabble at piano keys rather than carry the pigskin for the Harvard eleven. By inviolable family sagas Johnny seemed doomed to a career in the financial district of Manhattan, but keeping him four years in Harvard did not make him become the least interested in bond selling, nor accept, as inevitable to his existence, the gloomy pompous bong of the bell in Trinity Church on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway.

When he was graduated he became a comparison clerk, but after six months he gave up trying to like it and pounded desperately on the doors of Tin Pan Alley, with the house of Green frowning down upon him.

Throughout school he was the originator of music clubs and orchestras—a leading spirit, and an unquestionable brightie. When he was in knickers at Horace Mann School, he organized the "Harmonians" of which he had the intense satisfaction of

being maestro-arranger. Johnny cultivated an irrepressible professional air, however, which his colleagues found extremely irritating. They couldn't take it so seriously, and they warned him they'd nail him if he dared take a concert bow after any performance in the school's assembly.

"If anybody got a tack on his chair," Johnny said ruefully, "it was mine. I was never very popular. Pretty bombastic, I guess."

There was, however, a theatrical star on whom Johnny made a deep impression. She was Gertrude Lawrence whom you might have heard on the Gulf Program on NBC recently. Though Johnny's "Body and Soul" was turned down twice by publishers in America, Miss Lawrence popularized it in Europe.

"Funny thing," Johnny said, "I thought 'Body and Soul' was much too involved, but when it clicked I fought for my style tooth and nail. I was very, very noisy. I'd go to a music publisher's office, and if they'd suggest changing a single part of a new tune, I'd slam my fist on the desk, pace the floor—and you know—"

THE continuous warfare must have been exhausting, but it did preserve the individuality of his tunes. Eddie Heyman, Johnny's lyric writer, also took a stand. He fearlessly passed up "soon-June-moon and spoon" for more sophisticated themes.

On the strength of the raging popularity of "Body and Soul," Johnny and Eddie formed themselves an association, and were

fully convinced that they would conquer the world. Accordingly, they raised enough money to hire a studio in Carnegie Hall. To add extra prestige, Johnny bought himself a cane and a rebellious-looking black felt hat.

Although the brave association hardly threatened to eclipse the music world, Johnny was not surprised when the phone rang one morning and the party at the other end of the wire turned out to be an executive of Paramount Pictures, who desired an audience with John Waldo Green & Company.

Striving desperately to conceal their ecstasy, Johnny and his cohorts marched to Paramount with brief cases stuffed with new songs. Suspecting they would all leave shortly for Hollywood on the Twentieth Century, Johnny played enthusiastically for the Paramount executive for two hours. At the conclusion of the orgy he was invited to become a Paramount pianist. Rather a comedown for *the* Mr. Green whose very least expectation was to join up as their composer. But he took the job banging a piano and got the other, later.

Five years of Tin Pan Alley associations have tuned Johnny down considerably. He is apt to talk like a Broadway song plugger unless he feels the necessity for declaiming in the Harvard manner. And he no longer pounds on the desks of music publishers. He doesn't even have to go to them. They seek him out, this Johnny Green, generalissimo of revolt. Revolt—in the modern manner.

You Only Love Once

(Continued from page 34)

just a swell bid to get newspaper space.

Norma persistently denied that they were serious. Georgie had nothing to say. And then one day, seemingly out of the blue, came word from Mexico that a divorce had been granted, that Norma was no longer Joe Schenck's wife. This news was shortly followed by an announcement that Miss Courtenay and Mr. Jessel were now disentangled, matrimonially speaking. They had talked it over and agreed that marriage together was not for them. They had tried it twice and it was no go.

On the heels of this second interesting announcement came a third. Norma and George flew to Atlantic City, New Jersey. They took out a license and were wed last May. The insurmountable had been surmounted. Two marriages were cancelled to make one possible.

NOW the Jessels are at home in a Park Avenue apartment, surrounded

by modernistic furniture and gay companions, taking a stab at domesticity. It isn't the sort of domesticity that you and I know so well. They try to have things run like clock-work, but it looks to me as if it's a cuckoo clock, for there's a hectic note that is the underlying motif of the life that the Jessels lead.

I went over to see Norma recently. George arrived as I was about to leave and as the telephone rang. He answered it. "All right, Sam," he said, "see you later."

"When, later?" inquired Norma. "You're not going out tonight."

"But, honey, that was Sam. We've got some business to talk over."

"I don't care if it was F. D. and you had to discuss the banking problem," returned the little woman, "you're not going out tonight."

"All right," returned her husband, lighting one of those famous Jessel cigars.

"And put that thing out! If you can't smoke a civilized cigarette around the house, do without."

He did. Perhaps you think George is hen-pecked? Well, if he is, he loves it. I could see the joy of being wanted in his eyes. Someone now cares whether he comes or goes, smokes or doesn't, and that is by way of being a novelty in the life of a Jessel.

Just as I was leaving, he turned to his ever-loving wife. "Honey, you haven't watered those plants today," he admonished, looking at their limp and drooping leaves.

"Oh, George, I'm sorry, I forgot," apologized Norma. And she forthwith sprinkled the pink geraniums with the white rock and ice that filled a tall amber tumbler. Which, after all, isn't perhaps the way you and I take care of a garden, but then we're not the Jessels, nor on the radio, nor Park Avenue—so, maybe *we're* wrong!

Whose picture do you want to see in RADIO STARS?
Write and tell the Editor

Programs

(Continued from page 75)

- MONDAYS (Cont'd)**
- 10:00 EDT (½)—Wayne (Waltz) King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)
 WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRG, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO, KLZ, KSL, KEEN, KMIJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KPFC, KDB, KOL, KFYP, KWG, KVI, WIBW, WDSU, KRLL, WBNS, KFAB.
- 10:00 EDT (½)—Contented Program, Soothing words and music. Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra. Jean Paul King, announcer.
 WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, CFCE, CRCT, WEBC, KSTP, KPYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, KPFC, WOAI, WMAQ, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
- 10:30 EDT (¼)—Singin' Sam. (Pour a glass of Atlas Brew.)
 WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WBT, WDOD, KRLL, KTRH, KFOR, WLAC, KOMA, WMBD, KSCJ, KTUL, WMT, WNAX.
- 11:15 EDT (5 min.) Press-Radio News.
 WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WBBM, CKLW, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WIP, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDDB, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WPT, WDOD, KFOR, WBNS, KRLL, KLZ, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, K TSA, WTOG, KSCJ, CFRB, WACO, WMT, WSJS, WKBN, WOWO, WNAX, WHP, WBIG. Network especially subject to change.
- 11:15 EDT (¼)—Gene and Glenn. Songs and comedy. (Gillette.)
 WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WSM, KSD, WSB, WCAE, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WOC, WDAF, WKBF, KSTP, KHQ, KFSD, KTHS, WFAA, KRC, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KTAR, KDYL. (See also 7:15 P.M.)

TUESDAYS

(August 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

- 6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 8:30 EDT (½)—Cheerio.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 10:30 EDT (¼)—Today's Children.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 10:30 EDT (5 min.) Press-Radio News.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 11:00 EDT (¼)—Galaxy of Stars. Edna Odell, contralto; Phil Porterfield, baritone; Irma Glen, organist; Earl Lawrence, pianist.
 WLIT, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WBEN, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WEBC, WCAE, KOA, KDYL.
- 11:45 EDT (¼)—Home economics. (Pet milk.)
 WBT, WMBR, WCAO, WDAE, WDDB, WHK, WJSV, WKBW, WLBW, WQAM, WSPD, WJAR, WTOG, CKLW, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, WRR, KTRH, K TSA, WBBM, WBRG, WDOD, WBNS, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBD, WODX, WOWO, WREC, WSFA, KLZ, KMBC, KRLL, KLRA, WDSU, KOMA, KTUL, KMOX.
- 1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 2:45 EDT (¼)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 3:30 EDT (½)—Woman's Radio Review.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 4:00 EDT (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Victor Kolar, Conductor.
 WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WDRG, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WJAS, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WDNC, WALA, WCCO, WQAM, WDDB, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBRG, WBT, WDOD, KFOR, WBNS, KRLL, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, KSL, WTOG, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, KFH, WVA, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WNOX, WHP, WADC, KDB, KTRH, KOIN, WHK, WNAC, WEAN. (Network especially subject to change.)
- 4:00 EDT (¼)—Betty and Bob.
 (For stations see Monday.)
- 4:15 EDT (¼)—The Singing Stranger. Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. (Bauer and Black.)
 WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY, WKBF, WRVA, WPTF, WSM, WSB, WAPI, WKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KSTP, KVOO, WBAP, KPFC, KOA, WFLA, KOMO, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KHQ, KGW, WAVE. (WENR on 4:30.)
- 5:30 EDT (¼)—The Singing Lady.
 (For stations see Monday.)

(Continued on page 79)

Variety

IS THE SPICE OF LIFE



... and meals that taste different, look different, and smell different make life worth living.

NOT only does the clever hostess get variety into each individual meal but she seeks always to have a constantly changing bill of fare for her family and is always prepared to serve up something excitingly different when friends come dropping in.

To accomplish this feat is no easy task unless the hostess has learned the

value of reading RADIO STARS Recipe Department—"Food Fit for Kings of the Air." This department gives scores of valuable suggestions and ideas as to menus, recipes and when to serve certain dishes. By sending in the coupon which appears at the conclusion of this interesting department, you may obtain special recipes for the month of September.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air Every Month in

RADIO STARS

Stars Made While You Wait

(Continued from page 43)

Taplinger, of "Meet the Artist" reknown. "And why not have her appear on programs, other than their regular show, looking for him?"

So the idea was born, but with all the enthusiastic work of the publicity department, no one realized the mushroom proportions the stunt would assume. Within a week, Gracie was popping up on all sorts of Columbia programs demanding to know if anyone had seen her elusive brother.

The newspaper writers were delighted. It made grand material for gags. But even they didn't suspect what was to come. Since the same advertising agency controlled the Burns and Allen program as did the Cantor, Jack Benny and Vallee hours of NBC, it was planned to have Gracie appear on them.

It was a daring, unprecedented move.

Never before had a network had the temerity to use a rival chain to build up one of its own stars. But before NBC was able to make up its mind whether or not she should be permitted to go on, she had appeared both with Cantor and Benny, still seeking her lost brother.

Came the Vallee show. The continuity was written, rehearsals held. Then, just a short time before the program was to be broadcast, NBC officials put their feet down hard. Nothing doing, they said. Gracie could appear, but she could make absolutely no reference to her missing brother. Control men were ordered to cut the program off if anything like this were done. Frantic last minute changes were made, new continuities produced.

Vallee went on the air. Perhaps you heard the program. He picked up his script and read, "Gracie, have you had any word from your brother?"

A click, then silence. After a brief interval in which hasty whispering was heard,

the program went on again. This time Rudy made no reference to the brother. What had happened was that Rudy had picked up an old script, had unconsciously read the forbidden words and had been cut off the air by the control man until given the revised copy.

It is still hailed as one of the cleverest publicity stunts ever done on radio.

Don't think for a minute that the life of a publicity man is a bed of American beauties. Editors fight shy of anything which suggests publicity, yet on the other hand, many are avid for stories which breathe scandal. That's one of the toughest assignments a publicity man can have, keeping such yarns out of the papers.

Some of you will recall the fanfare flourish of the stories heralding the debut of Bing Crosby on the Columbia network. It was great copy. NBC had already put Russ Columbo under contract. Already the preliminary skirmishes of the "Battle of the Baritones" was under way. Bing and Russ both claimed to be the originators of that style of singing.

When the time came to go on the air, Bing's voice was frogged by a severe case of laryngitis. The debut was postponed. Word began to spread that he was afraid of Russ Columbo's competition, and worse, that he had been drinking.

This was a terrible situation. Such stories spread like wildfire, and promised to ruin Bing even before he'd had a chance. The story was denied. The truth was spread. But the rumors persisted.

THE hours dragged into days and the publicity men fought to stem the insidious rumor. Finally Bing was able to go on. How would he be received by people who had heard the stories. Frantically they cast about for something to divert the attention of newswriters. The idea burst with startling clarity in a dozen newspaper and publicity offices all at once—"The Battle of the Baritones." And public attention diverted from the earlier rumors, flocked to the banner of Bing.

You should peep behind studio doors and see some of the maneuvers which have made you far more familiar with Columbia stars than you suspect.

There's Gertrude Niesen, for example. Gertrude the glamorous, the exotic singer of thrilling love songs. A fascinating creature. If you really want to know, Gertrude was just another New York girl, born in Brooklyn. Her name was Gertrude Eisenstein.

But they saw in this Brooklynite possibilities for a creature of glamor. Every picture taken of her was designed to emphasize this quality. The story got around that she was born on the high seas and had been discovered singing for fun in a night club. It stuck, and the aura of enchantment was cast about her. Now she can't take it off.

You'd think Fred Waring's name would be an easy one to keep in the public's consciousness, wouldn't you? It isn't. Fred is too serious to find entertaining stories in him. He hates the suggestion of scandal.

Stories are hard to write about people like that. Though you may not realize it, there's much beyond the excellence of his programs which keeps his name before the public.

THERE must be hardly one of you who has not seen one of those photographs in store windows showing Fred and his gay troupe when they were on for Old Gold. Imagine. There were a million and a half of them all over the country, distributed at a cost of over \$75,000.

But here's the real secret of his greatest name building device—the word of mouth enthusiasm of those who have seen his programs. Wherever he goes, Fred opens his broadcasts to great audiences.

Sometimes promotional devices assume almost tragic proportions. The Columbia planners never will forget the time they decided Guy Lombardo's name was not flung often enough into the public consciousness. A stunt broadcast was planned.

You may have heard it—when Gertrude Ederle told us her reactions as she sped up the Hudson River on an aquaplane towed by Mrs. Guy's speedboat. The reactions consisted chiefly of "Whoopee!" and "Are we having fun?" The result was something of a flop. The newspapers carried hardly more than derisive comment. The publicity men were dejected.

A few hours later, telephone wires began humming with awful news. The captain, returning the boat to its berth on Long Island's South Shore was reported missing somewhere in the Atlantic. Searching parties set out. For eight long hours no word came, and long before the boat was located, the presses had roared the news all over the country.

And thus are all stars created. Give them talent, personality and the backing of these imaginative, alert builder-uppers and they gallop to fame at breakneck speed.



Edward Nell, Jr., baritone appears on the "Night Owl" program Mondays on CBS.



George Givot is the Greek Ambassador of Good Will who cracks jokes for CBS.

Programs

(Continued from page 77)

TUESDAYS (Cont'd)

- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—**Jack Armstrong.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—**Ma Perkins,** dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)
- 5:45 EDT (1/4)—**Little Orphan Annie.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 6:15 EDT (1/4)—**Bobby Benson.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 6:30 EDT (1/4)—**Jack Armstrong.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 6:45 EDT (1/4)—**Lowell Thomas, News.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 6:45 EDT (1/4)—**Little Orphan Annie.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 7:00 EDT (1/4)—**Bring 'em Back Alive**
Frank Buck.
(For stations see Monday.)
- 7:15 EDT (1/4)—**Gene and Glenn.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 7:30 EDT (1/4)—**Brad Browne and Al Lew-
elyn, comedians, Orchestra.** (Tastyeast.)
WEAF, WJAR, WWSH, WFBR, WRC,
WGY, WTAM, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD.
- 7:30 EDT (1/4)—**The Silver Dust Sereaders.**
WABC, WOKO, WGR, WDR, WCAU, WJAS,
WJAS, WFBL, WHEC, WMAS, WWVA,
WORC, WCAO, WJSV, WHP.
- 7:45 EDT (1/4)—**Boake Carter.**
(For stations see Monday.)
- 8:00 EDT (1/2)—**"Lavender and Old Lace,"**
songs of other days, with **Frank Munn,**
Tenor; **Muriel Wilson,** Soprano, and
Gustav Haenschen's Orchestra. (Bayer's
Aspirin.)
WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO,
WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK,
CKLW, WOWO, WDR, WFBM, KMBC,
WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN,
KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV.
- 8:30 EDT (1/2)—**"Accordiana,"** with **Abe
Lyman's Orchestra,** **Vivienne Segal,** sop-
rano, and **Oliver Smith,** tenor. (Phil-
lips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC,
WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW,
WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WEAN,
KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WCCO, WHEC,
CFRB
- 8:30 EDT (1/2)—**Lady Esther Serenade.**
Wayne King's undulating dance music.
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WFI, WGY,
WWSH, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WRC,
WTAM, WJW, WSAI, WTMJ, KSD, WOC,
WHO, WOW, KSTP, WMAQ, WKBF,
WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WSB,
WMC, WSME, WVIC.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—**It's all Greek to you.**
George Givot, comedian.
WABC-W2XE, WCAU-W3XAU, WBR,
WDAE, CFRB, WOKO, WGLC, WPG,
WMT, WDR, WBT, WORC, WADC,
WHEC, WCAO, WCCO, WFEA, KFH,
WLBW, WNAC, WEAN, WBNS, KRLD,
WSJS, WDBJ, WSFA, KLB, KMBC,
KVOR, WHK, KLRA, WDBO, WLBZ,
CKAC, WACO, WHAS, KTSB, WHP,
WDSU, KTRH, KMOX, KSCJ, WNOX,
WISN, KDB, WADC, WFEA, WGST,
WJSV, KOMA, KVOR.
(Network especially subject to change.)
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—**Big Ben (Bernie)** chimes
in with his orchestra. (Fabs.)
WEAF, WFBR, WEEL, WWSH, WBEN,
WCAE, WRVA, WWJ, WRC, WTAG,
WJAR, WGY, WTAM, WLW, WFL, KSD,
WHO, WSB, WJDX, WMAQ, WOAI,
KSTP, KFYR, WOC, WOW, WMC, WKY,
KPRC, WTMJ, WDAY, WBAP, WVIC,
KOA.
- 9:00 EDT (1/2)—**Edgar A. Guest, verse; Alice
Mock, soprano; vocal trio; Josef Koest-
ner's Orchestra,** make up **Household Mu-
sical Memories.** (Household Finance
Corp.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WHAM,
KDKA, WJR, WSYR, WCKY, WREN,
KSO, KWK, WLS.
- 9:30 EDT (1/2)—**Richard Himber's Orches-
tra.** (Studebaker.)
WABC, W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO,
WNAC, WKCW, WBBM, WKRC, WHO,
CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS,
WCAU-W3XAU, KRLD, WJAS, WEAN,
KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO,
KOMA, WFAM.
- 10:00 EDT (1/4)—**"Conflict,"** T. S. Stribling's
drama of pioneers.
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW,
WHK, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC,
WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN,
WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO,
WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBNS, WICC,
WBT, WDOD, KVOR, WBR, KLA,
WLBW, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA,
WREC, WISN, WSFA, CKAC, WLA,
WDSU, KTSB, KOMA, WMBD, KOH,
WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSCJ, WMAS,
KTUL, WACO, KFH, WHP, KDB, WSJS,
WORC, WNAX, WNOX, WDNC, WALA,
WADC, KTRH.
(Network especially subject to change.)
- 10:00 EDT (1)—**Palmolive Beauty Box The-
atre** with **Gladys Swarthout,** mezzo-
soprano; **Frank McIntyre,** Peggy Allen-
by, **Charlotte Walker,** Florence Malone;
Joseph Granby, John Barclay, Rosaline
Green, **Adele Ronson,** Alan Devitt, **Al-
fred Shirley** and the **Russian Choir** of
20 voices.

(Continued on page 81)

How Mary Ellen Won the \$5,000 Beauty Contest



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Mary Ellen's skin, they should do for yours. A muddy, blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide. YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, con-

stipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. A 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY,
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS
and descriptive circular.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ MM-9

Dick Leibert plays the mammoth console of Radio City's \$250,000 pipe organ from 8 o'clock in the morning until 11:30 at night. RADIO STARS, next month, gives you the first real story of this amazing young man.

I thought I was different



I know better now!

THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

“So it isn’t strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

“And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of ‘strong stuff’ I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

“This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word ‘Ex-Lax’ on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

“But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself ‘I’ll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it’ll work on me, too.’

I Make a Discovery!

“Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn’t have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

“So I say to you: If you think you are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I’m sure you’ll be as pleased with it as I am.”

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America’s favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.



The Truth About the King of Jazz

(Continued from page 51)

that this “someone” he was to meet was a very important person or a very dear friend.

When I entered his room at six the next morning, Mr. Whiteman was already up. He was impatient to be out. “I don’t want to be late,” he explained. As he was dressing, he turned to me. “Order a large bouquet of flowers, and then come along with me.”

I got the flowers, three dozen dewy gardenias, and we drove off to the Grand Central Station. Meanwhile, I was wondering whom he was rushing down to meet. I had not seen him inconvenience himself like this for some of the most well-known celebrities, whom he numbers as his friends. At the station Mr. Whiteman sat on a bench with the huge bouquet of flowers in his hand. Suddenly a stream of people swarming out of one of the dark tunnels announced the fact that the Chicago train had finally pulled in. Mr. Whiteman rushed up, hastily scanned the people and then suddenly swooped down upon a shy, mousey-looking girl. He pumped her hand violently and, beaming at her with his friendly grin, tucked the flowers under her arm and led her to the car.

I heard him talking to her on the way back. “Now, my dear, I want you to feel perfectly at home here. Don’t worry about anything. There’s a big future for you in New York and don’t hesitate to ask of me any favor, no matter how great or small. Mrs. Whiteman and I have already made hotel reservations for you and have taken care of everything.”

In the car mirror, I could see the girl’s face. Her lips were trembling. When we entered the Whiteman apartment, Mrs. Whiteman was waiting for them. She greeted the girl warmly and they all sat down to breakfast.

LATER I learned that the guest was Irene Taylor. So you see, while you may know that Paul Whiteman “discovered” Irene Taylor as a radio singer, yet only I know how Mr. Whiteman’s welcome, when she was a homesick, frightened little nobody, saved her from running back to Chicago and obscurity even before she had time to open her bags. That’s the way he is. And it wouldn’t surprise me in the least if Mr. Whiteman were to go through the same elaborate preparations to make another lonely, little out-of-towner feel at home in this great big city.

I am going to let you in on Paul Whiteman’s greatest weakness. He is terribly scared of crowded elevators. You can’t begin to imagine how this fear possesses him. For instance, he will never ride in an elevator if he can walk up. Never will he ride beyond the fifteenth floor at the very most! And even so, he may have to make that short trip in two or three stops.

Once I had to go along with him when he had an important business conference that was to be held on the forty-fifth floor of the Chrysler building. “I’m going to see if I can overcome my peculiar fear of elevators,” he confided to me as we walked

into the building. “Today I’m going to ride all the way up.”

Knowing him as I did, I had my doubts. We stepped into the elevator and started up. I looked at Mr. Whiteman and saw him paling a bit. At the fifteenth floor, the first stop, the elevator paused to let off a handful of people. The operator was just about to shut the door when Mr. Whiteman yelled, “Stop! Stop! Let me out. I’m suffocating in here.”

He rushed out amid the bewildered stares of the passengers, and I followed him. He leaned against a wall, trembling. “I won’t step into that elevator to go up another floor,” he muttered. “I can’t do it!”

“But they’re waiting for you upstairs,” I remonstrated. Suddenly Mr. Whiteman’s glance turned toward a vacant office. “I have it,” he cried. “You go upstairs and tell these people to come down to this floor and we’ll hold the conference in this room. Tell them to bring all the papers and paraphernalia down here. I’ll rent this office for the day.”

Does that sound incredible to you? Well, that’s exactly how this phobia has seized the band master. I might add that the men came down and held the meeting in the improvised office on the fifteenth floor.

ANOTHER time this terrible fear kept him from making an important train. He and the whole Whiteman troupe were leaving on a special midnight train for Pittsburgh. They were opening in the town’s leading theatre the following evening. Mr. Whiteman was at a party with some friends in the Savoy Plaza Hotel, and I was sent over to call for him and take care of his hand luggage. We hurried to the elevator with just about enough time to make the train. On the way down, the elevator stopped and a whole party of people swarmed in. I knew then and there that we were sunk.

“Let me out! Let me out, quick!” Mr. Whiteman cried. I had expected it. He ran out of the elevator gasping. “Those crowds. I can’t stand it.”

He sat down on a suitcase and mopped the cold sweat off his forehead. “Wait a while, Harrison. I can’t leave just yet.”

We finally left—but we walked down! No more elevators for Mr. Whiteman that night. Thank heavens, it was only nine floors down.

When we finally reached the station, the train had already pulled out. The next train was not due to leave before noon the next day. It was imperative that Mr. Whiteman reach Pittsburgh before three o’clock the next afternoon. Airplanes were out of the question. He won’t step in one. As he once told me, “Harrison, I never want to get any higher than I can kick a midget in the nose.”

“Come on,” he announced, “we’re driving to Pittsburgh.”

Now this may seem paradoxical, but in spite of the fact that Mr. Whiteman trembles at the thought of elevators and airplanes, he is reckless when it comes to

(Continued on page 82)

Programs

(Continued from page 79)

TUESDAYS (Cont'd)

- WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WLW, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WEBE, WDAY, KFYP, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WKBF, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WSOC, WKY, KTBS, WOAL, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGH, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTB, KPRC, CRCT, KVOO, WBAP, WSB, KSTP, KTHS, CFCF.
- 11:00 EDT (1/2)—Richard Himber's orchestra. Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Motor Corp.)
- KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.
- 11:15 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)
- 11:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)

WEDNESDAYS

(August 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

- 6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)
- 8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. (For stations see Monday.)
- 10:15 EDT (1/4)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and patter. (C. F. Mueller Co.) (For stations see Monday.)
- 10:30 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)
- 10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children. (For stations see Monday.)
- 10:45 EDT (1/4)—Betty Crocker. Cooking talk. (General Mills.)
- WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WSAI, WJAX, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WRVA, WIOD, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WPTF, WFLA, WMAQ, KSD, WOV, KPRC, WOAL, KVOO, WDAF, WKY, KTHS, WOC, WHO, WBAP.
- 11:00 EDT (1/4)—Kitchen Close-ups. WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCCO.
- 11:45 EDT (1/4)—Jane Ellison's Magic recipes. (Borden.)
- WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW, KFAB, KTRH, KTSB, WLAC, KFH, KLRA, WBBM, KMOX, KOMA, KRLL, WACO, WOWO, WCCO, WBRC, WMT, WGST, WHAS, WREC. (See also 1:45 P.M. EDT.)
- 1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)
- 1:45 EDT (1/4)—Jane Ellison, recipes. (Borden.)
- KLZ, KSL, KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI. (See also 11:45 A.M. EDT.)
- 3:00 EDT (1/4)—Dreams Come True. Barry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (For stations see Thursday.)
- 2:45 EDT (1/4)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch. (For stations see Monday.)
- 3:30 EDT (1/2)—Woman's Radio Review. (For stations see Monday.)
- 4:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob. (For stations see Monday.)
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady. (For stations see Monday.)
- 5:30 EDT (1/2)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
- 5:30 EDT (1/4)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch. (For stations see Monday.)
- 5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)
- 5:45 EDT (1/4)—Dreams Come True. Barry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (For stations see Thursday.)
- 6:00 EDT (1/2)—Horatio's Zito's Waldorf orchestra.
- 6:15 EDT (1/4)—Bobby Benson. (For stations see Monday.)
- 6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
- 6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday.)
- 6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)
- 7:00 EDT (1/4)—Bring 'em Back Alive Frank Buck. (For stations see Monday.)
- 7:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)
- 7:45 EDT (1/4)—Boake Carter. (For stations see Monday.)
- 8:00 EDT (1/2)—It's all a pack of lies. Jack Pearl (Baron Munchausen); Cliff (Charlie) Hall; Peter van Steeden's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn's Tea.)
- WEAF, WTIC, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WLT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WTAG, WCKY, CFCF, CRCT, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WOC, WHO, WMAQ, WIBA.

(Continued on page 83)

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September

FILM FUN

Now on sale

(Continued from page 80)



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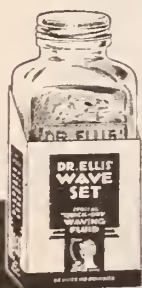
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Written by Dr. Ellis enroute to Chicago, 8000 feet in the air in his Stinson Plane, piloted by Captain J. B. Franklin, President of the Franklin Airways Advertising Corp., Pittsburgh, Penna.



automobiles. He loves to drive and has very steady control of a car, thank heavens, for he drives at break-neck speed. On the trip to Pittsburgh, I took the wheel for less than an hour to relieve him. The rest of the time he careened along the highways at a dizzy pace that set the speedometer quivering around the seventies. We reached there with three hours to spare.

MR. WHITEMAN is just as afraid of boats, too. Because of this, he has turned down countless offers to play in Europe. Once, however, he was inveigled into playing a European engagement. We were all to meet him on the ship just before sailing time. Everything was all set. The musicians, managers, everybody was on board. I had already seen that Mr. Whiteman's twelve trunks were stored away and his immediate clothes were carefully hung up. But no Whiteman.

"I'm going to see what's keeping Paul," his manager said. "Come along with me, Harrison."

Reaching his apartment, we found him in bed with a huge blanket over him.

"I'm sick, Jack," he protested to his manager. "I can't go. I can't step on that boat."

"What! You *are* coming. Here, Harrison, give me a hand." Well, we both literally dragged him out of the bed, slipped a topcoat over his pajamas and hustled him down. We just managed to make the boat a split second before the gangplank was pulled in.

Afraid he might get seasick, Mr. Whiteman stayed in his bunk throughout most of the voyage. One of the boys in the band, Charlie Teagarden, wanted to lure him out of his cabin at any cost, for a party is never dull if Whiteman is around.

"Here," he told Mr. Whiteman, "drink this, it's an imported tonic that's very good for seasickness."

Mr. Whiteman gulped down a glassful, and then promenaded the deck. "Why, I feel fine. That tonic works wonders. Order lots of it, no matter what it costs."

During the remainder of the trip over, and all the way home, he drank the concoction religiously. On the last day aboard, he asked Teagarden, "What's the name of that tonic? I don't want to be without it."

TEAGARDEN'S eyes crinkled mischievously and he started to laugh. "Why, that's no tonic, Paul. It's just plain vichy with lemon juice."

I'm afraid I'm giving you only Paul Whiteman's little weaknesses and idiosyncrasies. Let me tell you then, that Mr. Whiteman is a great sportsman. He would as soon think of missing a big sporting event as he would one of his broadcasts. He is a rabid boxing and race track fan, and once let several important conferences go hang (a thing he seldom does) so that he could go to the Kentucky Derby. He is a golf fiend and shoots in the low eighties. He is a fearless and daring horseman. And he is a crackshot with a rifle.

Recently, while in Colorado, he rented a cabin in the mountains. Yes, the suave, immaculate Paul Whiteman discarded swanky hotels for the inconveniences and joys of roughing it. Every day he and Mrs. Whiteman tried their skill at the bullseye. Never do they shoot at birds or game.

He takes excellent care of his health—such care, in fact, that he consults a doctor on the slightest provocation. Once, when playing in St. Louis, he noticed several red spots on his arm. He worried about it all day. "It's nothing at all, Mr. Whiteman," I tried to assure him. "Just forget about it."

But he couldn't. The next morning, as soon as awaking, he held up his arm and noticed that the red spots were still there. "Call my doctor in New York and tell him to spare no time or expense in getting down here," he ordered. "I want him to look this over."

I phoned the doctor, and the next morning he was already on the scene, anxious to see what had necessitated his flying trip from New York.

When he looked at Mr. Whiteman's arm, he burst out laughing. "Why, you old so-an-so," he swore affectionately, "that's nothing but a bruise. And to think that you got me all the way out here to tell you that. I'll fix you."

He did. He sent in a bill for one thousand dollars!

Mr. Whiteman paid it good-naturedly, but I'll wager that if he were to wake up in Tulsa, Oklahoma, tomorrow morning with a blister on his neck, he would still frantically wire his own doctor to fly down to take care of him.



Lee Conrad, left, and Marjorie Tremont are featured pianists at WOR's New York studios. You've also heard them over NBC.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 81)

WEDNESDAYS (Cont'd)

WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYZ, WPTF, WVNC, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, KTBS, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KJAR, KFI, WIS, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WSB, KPRC, WJAX, WTMJ, KTHS, WBP.

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Broadway Vanities. Everett Marshall; Victor Arden's orchestra. (Bi-Son-Dol.)
WABC-W2XE, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBC, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WBT, KRDL, KLZ, WCCO, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KSL, WIBW, CFRB.

9:00 EDT (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Victor Kolar, conductor.
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, CKLW, WADC, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WJP, WJAS, WFLA, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WBR, WBT, WDOD, KFOR, WBNS, KRDL, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KLZ, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTS, WTCO, KSCJ, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, KFH, WSJS, WNAX, WNOX, WDNC, WALA, WHP, WISN.
(Network especially subject to change.)

9:00 EDT (1)—Theodore Webb, baritone; Lennie Hayton, orch. Humor, New England Style, by Fred Allen and Portland Hoopa. (Bristol-Myers Co.)
WEAF, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WLIT, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, WOW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WSB, KSD, WTIC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WRVA, WSM, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WPTF, WSM, WEEL, WMC, WLW, WTAG, KVOO, WKY, WEBC. (WOC, WHO on 9:30-10:30.)

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Cold chills for your spine. Broadcasts from Byrd Anarctic Expedition. (Grape Nuts.)
WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, KMOX, WFLA, WJSV, WQAM, WDAE, WGST, WBT, WBNS, KLZ, KRDL, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WHEC, KSL, KTS, WACO, WMT, KFH, WORC, WNAC, WBBM, WLBZ, WKRC, WEAN, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBC, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WHP, WNAX, WIBW, WOVO.

10:00 EDT (1/2)—Guy Lombardo's orchestra. (Plough.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WKBF, WPTF, WVNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSO, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSM, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, KFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS.

10:30 EDT (1/2)—California Melodies.
WABC-W2XE, WHEC, WDAE, CFRB, WBT, WDR, WADC, WCCO, WFEA, KFH, WLBW, WBNS, WSJS, WDBT, KLZ, KFOR, WNAX, WDBO, WLBZ, CKAC, WACO, WHAS, WADC, WHP, KTRH, WDSU, WBIG, WNOX, KMIX, WISN, KRDL, WFEA, WGST, WJSV.
(Network especially subject to change.)

10:30 EDT (1/2)—Conoco presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orchestra and John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KSTP, WGAR, WJR, WYKY, WRVA, WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, KOA, KDYL, KWK.

11:15 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)

12:00 Midnight EDT (1)—Hour of Smiles with Fred Allen and cast.
KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

THURSDAYS

(August 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. (For stations see Monday.)

10:15 EDT (1/4)—Visiting with Ida Bailey Allen's Radio Home Makers.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WDBO, WKBW, WDBJ, WBS, WCAO, WAAB, CKLW, KRDL, WHP, WFBM, WORC, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WLBW, WMBG, WDAE, WBT, WSFA, WGLC, WGST, WBR, WREC, WLAC, KOMA, WJSV, KTRH, KLRA, WDSU, WMBD, WACO, WBNS, CKAC, WDOD, KTS, KSCJ, KFOR, KLZ, WHK, WHEC, KSL, WTCO, CFRB, WMT, KFH, WBIG.

10:30 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)

10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children. (For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EDT (1/4)—Galaxy of Stars. (For stations see Tuesday.)

11:15 EDT (1/2)—Frances Lee Barton. Cooking talks. (General Foods.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WLIT, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WWJ, WOC, WHO, WEEL, WMAQ, WJAR, WLW, WOW, WDAF, WEBC, WFBR, WCSH, WTAM, KSTP.

11:30 EDT (1/4)—Climalene Carnival. Little Jackie Heller, tenor; Gale Page, contralto; four King's Jesters; Harold Stokes' orchestra.
WCAE, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WMAQ, WKBF, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, WLIT, WTMJ.

11:45 EDT—Home Economics. (For stations see Tuesday.)

1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)

2:45 EDT (1/4)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch. (For stations see Monday.)

3:00 EDT (1/4)—Dreams Come True. Barry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (Procter and Gamble.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ.

3:30 EDT (1/2)—Woman's Radio Review. (For stations see Monday.)

4:00 EDT (1/4)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra. Victor Kolar, conductor.
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WJAS, KMOX, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KDB, WGST, WLBZ, WBR, WBT, WDOD, KFOR, WBNS, KRDL, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, KSL, WTCO, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WALA, WNOX, WDNC, WFLA, WCCO, WHP, KTRH, WADC, KOIN.
(Network especially subject to change.)

4:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob. (For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady. (For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)

5:30 EDT (1/4)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketches. (For stations see Monday.)

5:45 EDT (1/4)—Dreams Come True. Barry McKinley, baritone; orchestra. (Procter and Gamble.)
WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYZ, WSM, WJZ, WSB, WJDX, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT (1/4)—Bobby Benson. (For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EDT (1/4)—Bring 'em Back Alive. Frank Buck. (For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (1/4)—The Mollie Show. (For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EDT (1/4)—Silver Dust Serenaders. (For stations see Tuesday.)

7:45 EDT (1/4)—Boake Carter. (For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EDT (1)—Rudy Vallee; stage, screen and radio celebrities and Connecticut Yankees orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WFI, WGY, WTAM, CFCE, WLW, WEEL, WFBR, WBEN, WJZ, WJAR, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, KSTP, WAF, WJDX, WSM, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KTHS, KFYZ, WHO, WOW, WMC, WTMJ, KVOO, KDYL, KOA, KJAR, KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ. (WDAF on 8:30. WBP off 8:30.)

8:00 EDT (1/4)—Kate Smith. (For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EDT (1/2)—Philadelphia Summer Concerts from Robin Hood Dell in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia. Alexander Smallens, conductor.
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WNAC, WKBW, WDAE, WGR, WHK, CKLW, WDR, WFBM, KMBC, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, KDB, WGST, WLBZ, WBR, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KFOR, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WDBJ, WHEC, KTS, WTCO, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, WFEA, WCAU-W3XAU, WBNS, WHAS, WJSV, CKAC, WNOX, WISN, WHP.

(Continued on page 85)

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Red Death Danced to His Music

(Continued from page 25)

Kostelanetz family. They are at the mercy of an uncontrolled proletariat fury. Law and order have ceased to exist. Where can they turn?

Imagine yourself a young Russian aristocrat in this land risen in arms against all things related to private wealth. Every hour of your life brings a new threat. Innocent though you may be, to the revolutionary soldiery you are a plutocrat with the blood of the people on your hands, an oppressor, a spy. People were executed without trial. Andre will never forget the day such suspicions nearly cost him his life.

There came a furious pounding on the huge front door of the Kostelanetz residence. A servant peered out. "Red soldiers," he gasped.

The heavy panels were bending under the pounding rifle butts as the hireling's trembling fingers fumbled with the bolt. Then the door swung violently open, the soldiers rushed in and in an instant were guarding Andre while others stamped noisily through the house, searching for evidence of treachery.

A triumphant shout from an officer. Andre is hustled to him.

"Private telephone line, eh?" demanded the officer roughly, pointing to an electric instrument from which many wires led into the wall. "So this is how all that information has been leaking into Germany. You're under arrest."

"Wait a minute," protested the boy. "That's not a telephone. That's what we use to call the servants with."

"Pah!" spat the officer. "Never mind the excuses. You're spies, all of you, and you know what that means. Come on men."

"But look for yourself," Andre cried. "Try it out."

Grumbling, the officer complied. Two minutes later, the roughly clad soldiers tramped out, only half convinced, muttering threats.

So day and night, Andre's heritage laid him open to the suspicion and violence which grew to such intensity that his father's life was in gravest peril. Kostelanetz senior could not stay a moment longer and expect to live. Under the cover of darkness he fled the country, death dogging his footsteps until he crossed the border. Then as the hand of violence groped for the life of his mother, she too departed swiftly and secretly, facing dangers in her flight through Turkey almost greater than those she had left.

NOW Andre was alone. Sixteen years old and alone. What should he do? Should he stay and face the danger, or should he too try to escape across the border? What would you have done?

Remember, he loved his country and above all, his country's music. It was a difficult decision to make. He knew that ahead of him were dark days of bloody strife. But, fortunately for you who love his music, he stayed. It is fortunate, since through such living, his emotional understanding of music was deepened. It was what gave him the vision to see that in

both the folk and currently popular music of the American people, just as in the Russian, there must be as much greatness as in music which appeals only to the intellectual.

Yet what in the world could a sixteen-year-old youth of the hated upper class do in order to live there safely? Young Kostelanetz turned to the music in which he had been schooled since three. If he could secure a position with the Petrograd Grand Opera Company his life might be safe at least from the unruly masses. The government, despite the tumult of the war and revolution, maintained the opera as best it could. He applied and was made the opera's assistant director.

Even now, though, such governmental recognition did not greatly lessen the dangers and privations with which he was faced. The nightly trips through Petrograd were harrowing experiences for him. The very silence of the deserted streets spelled terror. Leaving the opera each night, the artists traveled together for mutual protection. But always came the corner where Andre must go his way alone.

As he hurried along the rusty car tracks in the narrow streets, he yearned heartily for the lighted comfort of the trolleys now lying idle in the car barns, and the protection of the police of old days.

IN those dark, unlighted streets, the echoes of his own footfalls seemed like those of an army of pursuing thugs. The memory of what had happened to a friend of his increased his apprehension.

One evening, having heard a cry from the stage entrance of the opera, Andre rushed out to see a young tenor stagger in and drop into a chair. Blood was flowing from a deep gash in his forehead.

"Robber," explained the singer between gasps as the wound was being bound. "One of the fellows on stilts. Jumped me from a dark doorway. Tried to fight him off, but he was too high up and got me with his knuckle dusters."

Was it worth while, do you think, in the face of these dangers, to carry on? Well, it might have been had the compensation been sufficient. But food, money and fuel were so rare during those bitter Petrograd winters of 1920-21-22 that Andre suffered distressingly.

Night after night, he stood in the wings before the performance, fingering the few pennies which were his salary, watching the performers in their fur coats rehearse such parts as the Garden Scene from "Faust." So cold was it that their breath came in clouds of steam as they spoke. A few minutes before each performance, an employee would go down and throw into the furnace the few shovelfuls of coal.

In the basement of the opera house was a huge cauldron set on a stove. Into the boiling water was dropped such little meat and vegetables as could be secured by the brave opera company. This soup, always thin, was the sustenance of Andre and his associates. But he kept determinedly on even though that meagre food, secured

(Continued on page 86)

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 83)

THURSDAY (Cont'd)

KTRH, WADC, WPG, KLZ.
(Network especially subject to change.)
9:00 EDT (1/2)—Bar X Days and Nights. Carson Robinson and His Buckaroos. (Feen-a-Mint.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW, KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WFBM, WHAS.
9:00 EDT (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Captain Henry (Charles Winninger), Lanny Ross, tenor; Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedy; Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WRVA, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, KSTP, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, KSTP, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGH. (WBAP off 9:30. WLW on 9:30.)
10:00 EDT (1)—Whimsical wit of Deems Taylor; Paul Whiteman and his gifted entourage. (Kraft Cheese.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WFPF, WJAX, WEEL, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WMC, WIOD, WJAR, WFL, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, KSD, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, KTHS, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KOA, KDYL, KOMO, KGO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, CFCE, CRCT, WSB, WWNC, WFLA, WAVE, WAPI, WJDX.
10:00 EDT (1/4)—"Conflict." T. S. Stribling's drama of pioneering.
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KDB, WGST, WPG, WLZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDD, WORC, KRLD, KLZ, WLWB, WBIG, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, K TSA, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WNAX, WKBW, WNBC, WALA, WJSV, CKAC, WHP, KTRH, WADC, KOIN.
(Network especially subject to change.)
10:45 EDT (1/4)—Heidelberg Students. (Blatz Co.)
WBBM, KMBC, WCCO, KSCJ, WMT, WNAX.
11:15 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)
11:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)

FRIDAYS

(August 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st.)
6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 A.M. EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)
8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. (For stations see Monday.)
10:15 EDT (1/4)—Bill and Ginger. Songs and patter. (C. F. Mueller Co.) (For stations see Monday.)
10:30 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)
10:30 EDT (1/4)—Today's Children. (For stations see Monday.)
10:45 EDT (1/4)—Betty Crocker. Cooking talk. (General Mills.) (For stations see Wednesday.)
1:00 EDT (1/4)—"Kitchen Closeups." (For stations see Wednesday.)
1:45 EDT (1/4)—Joan Marrow, Music. (J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co.)
WABC-W2XE, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, CKLW, KMBC, WJAS, KMOX, WJSV.
1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)
2:45 EDT (1/4)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch. (For stations see Monday.)
3:00 EDT (1)—Maria's Matinee. Certified to be something like Thursday evening Show Boat.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WLW, KSD, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGH, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, KFYR.
1:00 EDT (1/4)—Betty and Bob. (For stations see Monday.)
1:30 EDT (1/4)—The Singing Lady. (For stations see Monday.)
1:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
1:30 EDT (1/4)—Ma Perkins, dramatic sketch. (For stations see Monday.)
1:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EDT—Bobby Benson. (For stations see Monday.)
6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
6:45 EDT (1/4)—Lowell Thomas. (For stations see Monday.)
6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)
7:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn.
7:00 EDT (1/4)—Bring 'em Back Alive Frank Buck. (For stations see Monday.)
7:30 EDT (1/4)—Boake Carter. (For stations see Monday.)
8:00 EDT (1)—Cities Service Concert. Replacing Jessica with Olga Albani, soprano; Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEL, WCAE, WRC, WBEN, WTAG, CRCT, WJAR, WLIT, WTAM, WWJ, WRVA, WCSH, WFBR, WDAF, WOAI, WOC, KPRC, KTBS, WRC, WJAR, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WEBC, KTHS. (WTMJ, WDAF on 8:30 EDT.) WGY, WBEN, WTAG, WOAI, WOC, CRCT, WFBR, KVOO, KOA, KDYL. (WBAP, WFAA, KPRC off 8:30 EDT.)
8:00 EDT (1/4)—Kate Smith. (For stations see Monday.)
8:00 EDT (1/2)—Nestle's Chocolateaters, with Ethel Shutta, vocalist; Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Hill Billy; orchestra.
WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WCKY, WJR, WLS, KWK, WBE, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WHAM.
9:00 EDT (1/2)—Let's Listen to Harris, Phil Harris' ingratiating, deep voice and Leah Ray's blues songs. (Northam-Warren.)
WJZ, WBAL, KDKA, CFCE, WMAL, WBE, WGAR, WBZA, WSYR, WCKY, WLS, KWC, KSO, WSM, WAPI, WKY, WFAA, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WSB, WSM, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, WHAM, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
9:00 EDT (1/2)—Muriel Wilson, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF, WEEL, WSAI, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WCAE.
9:30 EDT (1/2)—Johnny Green. "Music in the Modern Manner."
WABC-W2XE, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU-W3XAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WLBZ, WBR, WIC, WBT, WDD, KFOR, WBS, KRLD, KLZ, WLWB, WREC, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WCCO, WSJS, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, KSL, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, K TSA, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAS, WIBW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WORC, WKBW, WNOX, WALA, WNBC, WHP, KTRH, WADC, KDB, KOIN, WPG, WNAX, WBBM.
(Network especially subject to change.)
9:30 EDT (1/2)—Comedians Phil Baker, Beetle and Bottle are not hams. They sell 'em. (Armour.)
WJZ, WBE, WBZA, WWNC, WBAL, WFLA, WJR, WJAX, KDKA, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WTMJ, WEBC, WMC, WAPI, WFAA, WENR, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KSTP, WSM, WSB, WSMB, KSO, KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KOMO, KGW, KHQ, WAVE, WFLA.
9:30 EDT (1/2)—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians. Joseph Bonime, orch.; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.)
WEAF, WDAF, WWJ, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTIC, WMAQ.
10:00 EDT (3/4)—Uninventors Stoopnagle and Budd, with Parker Fennelly, Everett Marshall, Frank Crumit and Victor Young's Orchestra. (Schlitz Beer.)
WABC-W2XE, WCAO, WNAC, WBBM, WHK, WOW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WDAE, WBT, KOMA, KSL, K TSA, KSCJ, KTUL, WNS, KRLD, KLZ, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WTR, WMT.
10:00 EDT (1/2)—First Nighter. Drama. (Campana.)
WEAF, WEEL, WLIT, WGY, WTAM, WMC, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WTAG, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WSAI, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, WAPI, WKY, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
10:30 EDT (1/2)—Jack Benny, funny but not punny; Mary Livingstone; singer; orchestra. (General Tires.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEL, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, KSD, WTMJ, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WRVA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTBS,

(Continued on page 87)



● Has your hair that "vital look" which every one associates with "youth" and "health"? It's so necessary to look young these days. And there's a way to keep your hair so every one notices its natural beauty. It only needs an occasional rinse with Colorinse to recapture "The Sheen of Youth"—the glory of natural coloring and youthful vigor.

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Silvaray

(Continued from page 84)

through the little subsidy the government could afford, constituted nine-tenths of his pay.

Came the day rumors were whispered about sailors aboard a warship in the harbor who were on the verge of revolt. Despite this danger on top of the general privation and poverty, the opera house was almost always packed.

SUDDENLY in the midst of a performance, a great explosion wrenched the building. Standing in the wings, Assistant Director Kostelanetz immediately sensed what had happened. The sailors had revolted and were shelling the city. He signalled the performers to continue. Then another roar and crashing of glass. At any moment a shell might pierce the roof and hurtle them gruesomely into the street. Orchestra members and singers were paralyzed. Their eyes sought his.

"Continue," was his order.

Soon the shelling stopped and no one was injured.

Andre's heart, despite all the suffering he had experienced, was sad when he chose to leave his companions in misery to come to America and rejoin his parents.

He recalls with amusement touched with sorrow the last meal he ate in Russia before he left. It consisted of very bad coffee and very stale cake. With the inflated currency, his bill came to 950,000 roubles. As a whimsical afterthought, he tossed a 50,000 rouble tip on the table. The meal had cost him 1,000,000 roubles.

During those bitter-sweet years, Andre Kostelanetz had been a part of the suffering of the people. Surely it was then that the realization must have been born that music of the people, given proper form, was as great as opera.

Listen to his music and you will see what I mean.

The Breakfast Club

(Continued from page 63)

he played was a melody he had learned as a child. It had no name, only a haunting, lyrical and simple beauty.

Jeannette's father wired Uncle Joe in Chicago. When the Breakfast Club went on the air the next morning, the little invalid heard her memory song as Uncle Joe had never played it before. With every stroke of his bow he was pumping strength back into the disease-wasted body.

Don McNeill came on the air with a plea to his listeners. "We're playing this number for a fine little girl who is very, very ill. She needs your help to get well. Pray for her, you Breakfast Clubbers. Please pray for her."

Jeannette passed her crisis that night—and lived. Prayers and a memory song and the miracle of radio, these accomplished more than medical science.

Now, just a bit about the chief interrupter, wheeze-deliverer, and off-the-arm humorist of the program. I mean Don McNeill.

He was born in Galena, Illinois, December 23, 1907. The family moved him to Sheboygan, Wisconsin, during his childhood and youth Don attended grade and high school there. He earned his first pocket money shooting sparrows with an air rifle in his father's cherry orchard.

As a high school student, he distinguished himself for winning a fly-swatting contest, and playing the butler in a school play called "Come Out of the Kitchen." This rôle he played in the full dress suit in which his father had been married.

He broke into radio in a novel way, while still a student of journalism at Marquette University. The manager of a Milwaukee station offered Don a position announcing at the princely salary of fifteen dollars a week, but added as a condition that Don obtain a date for him with a certain young lady whose acquaintance the manager was eager to make. Don got him the date and he got the job.

In April, 1930, he moved to a Louisville, Kentucky, station. It was here that the McNeill sense of humor began to as-

sert itself publicly. He encountered a musician at the Louisville station who had similar ideas, and the two teamed up for a comedy act under the name of the "Two Professors."

Lacking a sponsor, they went out and sold their own act, later taking it to the Pacific Coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. It was while on the coast that Don was married—to a girl he'd met back in college at Milwaukee.

Returning to Chicago, he went to work for the National Broadcasting Company as a staff announcer. His assignment as your reveille cheer leader came shortly afterwards.

Walter Blaufuss, his musical steward, has an amazing story. At fifteen, he was a boy wizard at the piano. His concert tours took him all over America. At sixteen, he was in an accident that severed the tendon controlling one thumb. With that thumb useless, he could not give concerts. His entire future was blotted out.

Reluctantly he turned to medicine. For three years, he studied diligently. Sometime during that third year, he read of an operation that had united severed tendons, of an operation that made useless thumbs and fingers of service again. Here was something that would give him back his music, he realized. Not long after, he underwent an operation. It was successful. So Walter Blaufuss came back to his "lost" career.

Last year, he rounded out forty years as a musician. Two songs he has written will probably stand as record-breakers for all time. "Your Eyes Have Told Me So" sold over 2,500,000 copies. "My Isle of Golden Dreams" sold 4,000,000.

With McNeill and Blaufuss in charge, the Breakfast Club is in capable hands. If ever you get up with that "morning after" taste in your mouth, or if the coffee is weak and the toast is burned, you might find some of their careless high-jinks just the thing you need. They've helped a lot of folk to look at the sunny side of an egg without shuddering.

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 85)

FRIDAYS (Cont'd)

KPRC, WOAI, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYP, WBEN, WCAE, KOA, WOC, WHO, KTHS, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WIS, WFAX, WPTF.
 11:15 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)
 11:15 EDT (1/4)—Gene and Glenn. (For stations see Monday.)

SATURDAYS

(August 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th.)

6:45-7:00-7:20-7:45 EDT—Tower Health Exercises. (For stations see Monday.)
 8:30 EDT (1/2)—Cheerio. (For stations see Monday.)
 10:30 EDT (5 min.)—Press-Radio News. (For stations see Monday.)
 11:00 EDT (1/4)—Galaxy of Stars. (For stations see Tuesday.)
 1:30 EDT (1)—National Farm and Home Hour. (For stations see Monday.)
 2:30 EDT (1/2)—Dancing Echoes. WABC and a Columbia network.
 5:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
 5:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)
 6:30 EDT (1/4)—Jack Armstrong. (For stations see Monday.)
 6:45 EDT (1/4)—Little Orphan Annie. (For stations see Monday.)
 7:00 EDT (1/4)—Flying with Captain Al Williams. WJZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list unavailable.)
 8:00 EDT (1/4)—Morton Downey's Studio Party. Henry Busse's orchestra. Guest artists. WABC-W2XE, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAO, WGR, CKLW, WDRC, WHAS, WCAU-W2XA, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KDB, WGST, WBR, WICC, WBT, WDOD, KFOR, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, KTRH, WGLC, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, CKAC, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSJ, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAJ, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, WWVA, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WBBM, WHP, WOWO, WBIG, WLBZ. (Network especially subject to change.)
 8:30 EDT (2)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Victor Kolar, Conductor. From Ford Symphony Gardens, Chicago.

WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDSU, KOMA, KQH, WMBG, KSL, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSJ, WTOC, KSCJ, WSBT, WMAJ, WJW, CFRB, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WALA, WDNB, WNOX, WNAX, WBNS, KTRH, WBBM. (Network especially subject to change.)
 9:00 EDT (1/2)—Grete Stueckgold, soprano; Andre Kostelanetz orchestra; 16 voice mixed chorus. (For stations see Monday.)
 9:00 EDT (1)—Jamboree. Variety show with Don McNeill, master of ceremonies; Harold Stokes Orchestra; The Hoopfinghams, comedy team; King's Jesters; Morin Sisters; Mary Steele, soprano; Edward Davies, baritone. WJZ and an NBC blue network. (Station list unavailable.)
 9:30 EDT (1/2)—Beatrice Fairfax. Dramatizations. (General Foods.) WFAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WOSH, WFL, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WJW, WLW, WRBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WOC, WDAF, CRCT, CFCE, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, WRVA, WWNC, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WSOC, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGHL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTRF.
 10:30 EDT (1/4)—Fifteen minutes on the cuckoo clock. Ray Knight and his ga-ga gang. (A-C Spark Plugs.) WFAF, WFL, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WOSH, WFL, WFB, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WJW, WLW, WRBF, WMAQ, KSD, WHO, WOW, WOC, WDAF, CRCT, CFCE, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, WRVA, WWNC, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WSOC, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGHL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KTRF.
 10:30 EDT (5 min.)—News Service. (For stations see Monday.)
 10:30 EDT (1)—National Barn Dance. Rural Revelry. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.) WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WLW, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WLS, KWC, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WGAR, KOA, KFI, KDYL, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
 12:00 Midnight EDT (1/2)—Floyd Gibbons. KOA, KDYL, KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

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Blend-Rite
COIFFURE PINS
by STARBUCK

A Radio Editor Writes to His President

(Continued from page 11)

contributions. If it's education, I'd like to ask these questions: What sort of formal educational program could ever teach people to love and understand fine music so well as Walter Damrosch's personal programs? What series could spread the knowledge of opera and symphonic music so well as the Saturday aiternoons at the Metropolitan Opera House provided by NBC, and the CBS presentation of the Detroit and the Philadelphia Symphony Concerts.

We're getting religion on the air, Mr. President. We're getting it from inspired religious leaders instead of small-time promoters who seek their own advancement. We're getting our education in doses more effective and more pleasant than any "educational program" could ever provide. And don't let any fast-talker tell you differently.

There's just one other thing I want to mention. It's about programs that almost all of us enjoy. Frankly, what I propose is out of the question today, but if ever this idea of government ownership and operation of our broadcasting chains gets anywhere, I think we listeners would rest a little better if we knew we could keep some of our old favorites at our elbows. It'll cost money, of course, but this listener has two shows in mind.

One, I'd like you to keep Captain Henry's Show Boat afloat right along through the years.

Two, I hope you will make Jack Benny your court jester and keep him handy.

With them on the air, even the religious and educational interests I've been talking about couldn't ruin radio for us.

Earnestly yours,
Curtis Mitchell.

Do you have to leave home to make good? What do you think? Landt Trio and White give you their answer in the October issue of RADIO STARS.

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Help Me, I'm Desperate

(Continued from page 13)

The murderer was willing to help the innocent lad get out of jail, if this could be done without involving him. But he'd be jiggered before he'd give himself up.

That's poser No. 1. What would you have done? Remember, the Voice of Experience guarantees that all communications sent him will remain anonymous. You can no more drag folks' sacred confidences from him than you can from a priest to whom you confess your sins. The murderer absolutely refuses to say or do anything that will incriminate himself. Meanwhile, an innocent boy has been sentenced to life imprisonment. What's the solution?

Not all the letters the consultants receive are stark, unrelieved tragedy. While they are sad enough to the person who sends them, they often seem quite funny to us. There is one, for example, which the Voice of Experience got, signed *Penniless Pop*.

It was a bitter complaint from a middle-aged husband who wrote: "Wife and I have just got over one more of our regular weekly quarrels that come every pay day. She was raised on a farm and her mother handled the purse and, although her father was a successful farmer, he had to go to his wife to ask for even tobacco money.

"My wife and I never discussed finances before our wedding. When I brought home my first pay envelope, she said, 'I'll take care of that.' Naturally I didn't want to start a row right off the bat, so I gave it to her. It grew to be a habit.

"Once I went on strike. I didn't turn over my salary so she packed up and went home. In order to get her back I had to agree it was O.K. for her to handle the purse-strings.

"The trouble is she gets tighter every day and keeps putting more and more away for a rainy day. She even tried to make me smoke a pipe, because it was cheaper than cigarettes. I got out of this by getting the strongest pipe I could find and darn near smoked her out of the house. But I came pretty near to passing out myself doing it!

"I make a good salary, and we could really enjoy life, if I could only get her to meet me halfway. Then I'd have as happy a home as a man could ask for."

WELL, how about it, you wives whose husbands dole out the pennies, one at a time, and who act as if you are crazy when you timidly suggest a budget or allowing you pin money? How about it, you husbands whose wives consider themselves perpetual paying tellers? It's a pretty tough blow to one's self-respect to be entirely dependent for dough on the whims of someone else, isn't it? I can't see how any red-blooded he-man or gal with an ounce of spunk puts up with it.

I, for one, would let the fair lady go home, bag and baggage. I'd even help her pack. It's my guess she's laughing up her sleeve at her spineless jellyfish of a husband.

What's your solution?

But here's the best poser of them all—the only one the Voice of Experience couldn't answer: "What would you do if you married a Siamese twin?" Since it was written by a man who said he was already married, the Voice of Experience decided against taking time off to map out a program for such a person. Maybe he was right.

Beatrice Fairfax, Tony Wons and Cheerio have also received oodles of posers. Here's one Miss Fairfax received about the eternal triangle. How would you solve it?

A Mrs. L. wrote asking her for advice. Always a storm center, when she was eighteen she had married the steadiest, nicest, squarest-shooter she knew. To save her from herself. They had had three children whom she adored. The youngsters were ten, eight and five, respectively. Old enough to get along without her, if they had to. Her husband was very prosperous and kind to her. But he left her cold.

Now, she had met the one man in the world for her. He was a business associate of her husband, who came up for dinner one night. He was companion, lover, friend—everything she ever dreamed of. After seeing each other secretly for a year they decided to elope. They couldn't stand the strain. They had honestly tried to fight against their love, but it was no use.

Mrs. L. admitted she had no feeling toward her husband. She felt he could get along without her. But her children—the thought of losing them, their love, their respect. She was particularly afraid of what might happen to the oldest, a very nervous child, if she found out. Children had been driven to suicide by such shocks.

SO she hesitated to run away. Didn't Beatrice Fairfax think it would be better for everyone if she stayed at home, and had a clandestine affair with the other man? She felt quite sure she could get away with it. No one need ever know.

How would you answer this woman? She wasn't interested in what was the conventional moral thing to do. What she wanted to know was simply how best to find happiness without losing the love of her children, or harming them. She was unwilling to even consider giving up the man whom she felt was the great love of her life. That's poser No. 4.

There was another presented to Miss Fairfax. This one came in the person of a young lady, terribly worried, bewildered. Oh, what should she do? It was the same old story. When she was sixteen, she had met a young man who wooed her ardently. She had surrendered to him. He had disappeared as soon as he heard she was to become a mother. Her parents were understanding and fairly well-to-do. They had protected her. The baby, who was now six years old, had been left in good hands.

For years she had been tortured by her single mistake. Finally she felt able to face society again. Now, she had met another young man and fallen in love with

him. Her parents had counseled her against telling him what had happened. They felt she had paid sufficiently for her one lapse from the straight and narrow. Besides, her fiance was so straight-laced, they were afraid he would change his mind when he heard her story.

They became engaged. But she couldn't marry him, worried as she was over what she should do. So she asked Beatrice Fairfax to answer her problem. Should she tell the man now, and take the risk of shattering his illusions about her, of losing his love? Or should she marry him and say nothing, taking the risk of his finding out later? Taking a chance on the humiliation and suffering and disillusionment that would bring?

What would you advise the girl to do? Would you confess if you were in her place? Or would you feel that the past was your own business and let it lie buried?

PERHAPS you don't think of Tony Wons as a consultant. But his radio talks in which he presents his own philosophy of life are of such a nature that people confide in him; tell him their innermost thoughts and problems and feel that they can trust his wisdom in finding the best way out of their difficulties.

Here's a tearful plea that came to him last week. It is the problem of a girl and boy who are victims of the depression. Four years ago, the girl and her young man were all set to get married. Each had a good job, and things looked rosy indeed. First the young man, an engineer, lost his job. Then her salary was cut almost to the vanishing point. He has obligations at home; so has she. The depression again.

For a few years he worked off and on, doing whatever he could. Recently, he was offered a position in a far-away town, at a small salary. But it was a steady job and there was chance for advancement. They agreed it was best for him to accept it.

He has been gone three months. And the girl finds life unbearable without him. She has tried going out with other men. She's not interested in them. He writes that he is just as miserable, and never looks at another girl.

Finally, she said she couldn't stand it any longer. She was going to commit suicide. With his obligations at home and his small salary, and she with her small salary and responsibilities at home, it looks as if they can never marry.

As a final resort, she presented her problem to Tony Wons. What would you tell her and the young chap to do? We all know of similar cases. How are these young people solving their difficulties? Or isn't there any way out? Poser No. 6 answers it.

Here's one that was put to Cheerio. He answered it in his Foster Mothers' Day broadcast, just after Mothers' Day. This program is a yearly institution.

A woman had appealed to him for counsel. What should she do? Fifteen years ago she had adopted a baby daughter. She and her husband kept putting off telling the tot she was not their own; they hated the ordeal. They had moved to another state and felt sure she would never find out. But what if a relative should blurt

it out? What if she should learn of her true parentage in one of the million ways such things happen? And wasn't it her right to know the truth? The father felt it best to remain silent. The mother wanted to tell the girl. Her conscience had been bothering her for years. To tell or not to tell. Which should she do?

Well, how would you like a regular job of being an official consultant? Would your answers be these?

Poser No. 1—Innocent boy convicted of a murder; guilty party not even suspected. The weapon with which the murder was committed in hands of the murderer. The Voice of Experience is trying to get the murderer to send him the ice-pick with which he committed the crime. The Voice of Experience feels that he can then go to the proper authorities with it and convince them they have arrested the wrong person.

Poser No. 2—Penniless Pop who hands his unopened pay envelope to the missus. The Voice of Experience advises him to hold on to his salary and sit down and have a heart-to-heart talk with his wife. He suggests they work out a budget together, put aside a fair amount for saving, and go fifty-fifty on the balance, which each is to spend as each sees fit.

Poser No. 3—Marrying a Siamese twin. No solution suggested.

Poser No. 4—The eternal triangle case of the woman who wanted to remain under her husband's roof while she had an affair with another man. Beatrice Fairfax said that whatever else she did, she should not remain at home under those conditions. That her children would certainly find out, and it might wreck their lives. If she felt she could not live without the other man, why not explain to her husband, and try to get him to give her a divorce?

Poser No. 5—The girl who didn't know whether or not to tell her sweetheart of her past affair and her illegitimate child. Beatrice Fairfax said, "Tell him now by all means. But don't confess with a sense of humiliation. Tell him you feel you have paid for your blunder and everyone in the world has the right to expect to be forgiven a single transgression."

Poser No. 6—The engaged couple who didn't see how they could keep on, unmarried. Tony Wons thought, that since they felt they could not get along without each other, the best thing to do was for them to get married and legalize their union. Even though they could see each other infrequently at present, he felt that was the most logical solution. Many women marry traveling salesmen, or an Amundsen or a Byrd, men whom they realize they can not see constantly.

Poser No. 7—The foster mother who wanted to know whether or not to tell her child she was adopted. Cheerio advised telling her immediately. In the form of a story of the little girl who was told by Mary, a neighbor's child, that she was adopted. She came crying to her foster mother and said, "Mother, Mary says I'm an adopted child. Is that so?"

The mother looked surprised and said, "Why, of course, but I wouldn't talk about it. Nice people don't brag."

"Mother, what do you mean?" the child asked.

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chose the nicest baby we could get. So don't talk about it. Remember nice people don't brag."

Pity the Parents of a Child Prodigy

(Continued from page 57)

on the radio all summer. They were snug, folksy people, who had a little group of friends, and ate home-cooking seven days out of seven. They did not like hotel life. But they lingered on to give the child a feeling of home.

When summer was over, and the vaudeville wheels began to turn, the Curleys listened to their daughter's pleading and went off for a tour in the New Jersey tank and timber country. Pa Curley's job was gone for good. Ma was learning to twiddle her thumbs. Their apartment on New York's east side was knuckle deep in dust. Back home the skillets hung dismally on the wall while the good Curley appetites went to waste on rubber steaks.

Pa Curley groans when he remembers. The good job was gone, and here he was in a business he knew nothing about—all on the strength of a child's voice.

"Do I remember the first time she went on?" he asked, glaring at me. "Do I? Say, I was so nervous I ate up all my finger nails, chewed up two pencils and was starting on a fountain pen. I told the fly man to be ready to drop the curtain instantly if the kid fell down.

"The baby went on and sang just like at home. One song, two songs—she was wonderful. The manager practically kissed me and said he was putting her name up in electric lights."

WEARYING at last of rocky beds and rotten food, the Curleys returned to the city. A bleak New York! The bank-roll was flat. There were no red hot offers from the radio studios awaiting them. So they went down to NBC to observe how things were done.

A friend spied them, invited Baby Rose Marie to do a number. She was unprepared, but on she went. Who remembers the night? The spot was on an Ohrbach program. Mr. Ohrbach himself was listening. He phoned the studio. "Hire her," he said.

And Baby Rose Marie came to the big time. Does it help you parents much to know how she did it? It seems to me her chance came to her as it comes to all talent. Just keep on doing what you're doing and, if you have what it takes, someone will recognize it and give you an opportunity.

With the big time came big trouble for Pa and Ma. Still under school age, she had to be carefully fed, given an after-

noon nap, taken to throat specialists, rehearsed, guarded, protected against herself for, come what may, she must not acquire that staginess and affectation which is the plague of child performers.

Baby Rose Marie, with the curiosity of a squirrel and the memory of a printing press, took care of her own education. The electric lights in front of the theatres were her first reader. Gazing up at them night after night, she learned to spell out her own name and so, the alphabet. Rolling around on vaudeville wheels had its advantages. She learned that Pittsburgh was a steel center, that Wilmington produced dynamite, Minneapolis flour.

Now what about spanking? Would you have the heart to spank your million dollar baby? The Curleys do. Not often, but there are times when she gets uppity—then pow! She gets it. For small crimes, her parents keep her away from the movies, from horseback riding and amusements. She grows increasingly difficult, this bright little woodchuck. "How often do I have to call you?" asked her father. Rose Marie held up three fingers. "How often does mother have to call you?" She put up five fingers.

IN addition to the ordinary chores of training the child, inspecting her ears and finger-nails, teaching her manners, putting her to bed at nine, there are mountains of letters to be answered, songs chosen, financial and business problems settled, lyrics rewritten, rehearsals arranged, contracts signed—a thousand and one tedious details. Between times Mama Curley has to shop for the child's wardrobe.

Parenthood becomes slavery. I am not trying to discourage you, but simply seeking to place the facts before you so that you know what a radio career for your child will mean to you.

This, parents, is the case of one successful child prodigy, as good an example as any for you to study before you toss your charming son or daughter to the air waves. There's one more detail: Baby Rose Marie's money is being put away in a trust fund so that on her twenty-first birthday she will be able to yawn and make an impolite gesture at the alarm clock—for on that day she will be wholly and permanently free of financial worries. But I warn you—look before you leap into the shoes of parents of a child prodigy.

Next month RADIO STARS celebrates its second birthday. Watch for this special anniversary number chuck full of pictures and stories. Fred Waring and Babs Ryan will be on the cover

Gold Bricks They Have Bought

(Continued from page 59)

And speaking of mountain lions and skunks, "Those were the only two kinds of furs I ever saw in my life, before I came to New York," chuckles James Melton, of the Ward Bread program. "Well, I was walking along Fifth Avenue one day and a man came up to me and whispered, 'Want to buy a silver fox, buddy?' A lot I knew what a silver fox was! He wanted fifty bucks for it. I would have given it to him, too, only all I had with me was fifteen. So I gave him the fifteen. Darn' nice of me—the fur was cat, worth about ten cents."

MANY a gold brick has been bought right inside the studio. Some time ago, when Jimmy Kemper was appearing over WMAQ in Chicago, a young singer approached him and asked permission to watch him work and thus learn microphone technique and other radio angles from him. Flattered, and at the same time being a decent guy wanting to give a youngster a lift up the ladder, Jimmy said, "Sure." The young singer was an excellent student. Excellent. Inside of a month he was doing Jimmy's own program for a rival station.

Are you feeling better now about that time the fine looking salesman sold you the stock in the oil well?

Oil wells?

Why, the radio stars just love oil wells! They're one of the favorite things they buy. Half a dozen years ago, Frank Parker, the often-heard tenor, bought a well that was absolutely guaranteed to spout a gusher the very next day. "It's spout time it spouts any day now!" he groans. And Phil Duey treated himself to several hundred dollars' worth of "participation units" in a bunch of oil wells supposed to be located near Galveston, Texas, only to discover upon a closer reading of the contract that what he had bought was a large section of sagebrush in Canada.

Even the rowdy Marx Brothers got taken by one of those men with a big black moustache. (Maybe it's in memory of him that Groucho wears that smear of black grease paint across his upper lip.) Anyhow, this kindly stranger got hold of the boys and told them how nice it would be to have a movie studio of their own. He pointed out how many millions the Hollywood studios were garnering and explained moodily that anybody could make pictures, so why not the Marx Brothers? They could act in their own super-epics, and direct them, produce them, release them, and get all the money themselves. All they needed was a studio, and he had a splendid studio all ready to sell them.

They bought the nice man's studio from him. It turned out to be a shack located in the middle of the Jersey marshes. Finally they sold the property to a realtor, for next to nothing, and let him subdivide it and sell it as building lots to hardy laborers who didn't mind mosquitoes. The actual reason for the collapse of the scheme, according to Chico (you don't have to believe it if you don't want to): "We were making a comedy with monkeys in it,"

he swears, "and one day Harpo came to visit us and the monkeys saw him and got scared and ran away."

RAY PERKINS, recently of the Palmer House broadcast, is pretty proud of himself as a collector of antique furniture. One day in a second-hand store he spotted a Chippendale chair and bought it—the proprietor must have seen the gleam in his eye—for a hundred dollars. He took it home and invited a pal, who also collects antiques, to come over and gloat with him. Said pal arrived, bringing the wife and little Ronald. Little Ronald was just learning to read. While Poppa and Ray were gurgling superlatives over the Chippendale piece, the infant prodigy slid under it and looked up at the bottom of the seat. "Pop-pa," came a plaintive whine from down on the rug, "what does g-r-a-n-d-r-a-p-i-d-s spell?" As the label plainly stated, that was from where the antique chair came.

You know Ramona and Peggy Healy—Paul Whiteman features both of them. Well, both Ramona and Peggy have been caught, too! Ramona, renting an apartment, was tickled because it had a piano in it. "We're leaving the State," the people told her, "and if you want the piano you can have it for twenty-five dollars." She bought it—and, the day she moved in the installment collector came and took it away.

As for Peggy, she was coming out of a tea-room one afternoon when a man trying to start a car at the curb spoke to her. "I've got to crank this thing," he said. "Would you mind sitting in the front seat and feeding it gas while I crank it?" Peggy, always obliging, climbed into the car to help. Just then the man spied somebody coming along whose looks he didn't like and hurriedly vanished into the crowd on the sidewalk. What he sighted was a cop bearing down on him. The cop arrested Peggy for sitting in a stolen car.

Jimmy Durante, the innocent city boy, was fooled by a country slicker. Jimmy has an uncle upstate who owns a farm, and this uncle wrote to him and said, "If you see any good fat cattle, buy 'em for me." So Jimmy, just an old cattle fancier from the East Side, hunted around the stockyards until he saw some good fat ones. And were they fat! They were the fattest cows he'd ever seen! He bought them on sight.

AS he later discovered, their owner had run them up and down all day, locked them up all night with salt-blocks to lick, and then in the morning—just before Jimmy arrived to look them over—turned them loose at a watering-trough. By that time they had gotten up enough thirst to drink gallons. What Jimmy bought was out-and-out watered stock.

The first time Paul Whiteman hit New York he was bursting with money to invest. And let it be known that he might be interested in some good real estate. A stranger called, soon after, and mentioned a fine nine-story apartment house which he



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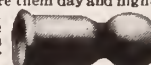
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owned on the upper East Side. They drove over in the stranger's handsome car to look at it. A janitor, bowing and scraping, led them through the building and told them what the rents were—about \$20,000 a year in all. "I'll tell you what I'll do," the man said to Paul. "I'm going to Europe, and I have no way of collecting the rents while I'm gone. If you'll pay me \$500 now and \$500 a month while I'm gone, you can keep the rest." Paul handed

over the first \$500 right on the spot. The apartment house owner was a cheap Broadway racketeer and the bowing and scraping janitor was his confederate. Neither of them had ever been in the apartment building before in their lives. Oh, there are hundreds and hundreds of rackets, and your friends of the air, it seems, have fallen for all of them. So cheer up, Sucker! You're not the only one.

Uncle Ansie Man

(Continued from page 62)

and she played leading roles in fifty-two pictures. And as you cinema experts know, she was chosen in New York for the lead part in "Alice In Wonderland" just a day or so before Charlotte Henry was chosen on the Pacific Coast. But maybe you did hear Nancy do "Alice" on the NBC Christmas party. If not that, certainly you've heard her on the "Wizard of Oz" programs. They'll be back on NBC in the fall, you know. Nancy was born March 25, 1922, is four feet eleven inches tall, weighs ninety-seven pounds, has brown eyes and light brown hair. Pretty as a picture by James Montgomery Flagg, too.

he likes to have ride with him in his Maybach-Zeppelin. Now, that's a car, not a dirigible. He's married to Catherine Cifrodella and has one small daughter, Emily Isabell Catherine Lucas. That snappy enough for you?

Q. How did Lanny Ross come to be called Lanny, huh?

Q. Has Alois Havrilla always announced on NBC under that name?

A. Dawggoned if I know. His name is Lancelot, but how they get Lanny out of that is more than I can figure.

A. Yup. Except, of course, on the Chevrolet program with Jack Benny when Mary Livingstone used to call him Vanilla, Sapparella and such like flavors. Aside from that, he's always been Alois.

Q. Gotta know all about Nick Lucas. Make it snappy, too.

Q. What are the real names of Marion and Jim Jordan on the "Smackout" programs on NBC?

A. Born August 22, 1897 in Newark, N. J. Is American of Italian descent. Has done amateur and professional entertaining and vaudeville. Made air debut from WEBB, Chicago, in 1922. He's five feet seven and one-half inches tall and weighs 150 pounds. His eyes are gray and his hair dark brown. He likes spaghetti and ravioli, of course. And women, well, the gay, talented Latin type woman is the kind

A. This is very confidential, so don't tell a soul. It's Marion and Jim Jordan.

Q. Has Rudy Vallee married again?
A. Say, give a guy a chance, won't you? He's got to get a rest sometime. Nope, he's still married to Fay Webb, and if he's divorced before this comes out, don't call me a liar, call me a prevaricator. It sounds better.

Q. Are the "Wheatenville" sketches going to return to the air and what are Ray Knight and Alice Davenport (Mr. and Mrs. Billy Batchelor) doing now?

A. Well, I guess not. Ray's running his "Cuckoo" program on NBC Saturday nights and Alice isn't doing anything right now as far as radio's concerned.

The Band Box

(Continued from page 61)

the trial of the wild Touhys, who were convicted of the snatching, testimony was given setting forth that an employee of the Dells had "put the finger" on Factor for the kidnappers while he was a guest at the roadhouse.

played at the Golden Bear Dude Ranch in Wyoming one night this summer, it meant a trip of 3600 miles with Leon fighting against time. He took his men to the ranch in a plane, arriving in time to play a two-hour program of dance music, and then left immediately by plane for New York in order to be in his St. Moritz Hotel stand the next night. The entire trip to and from consumed only twenty-eight hours. Of course there was no time for sleeping. What these guys won't sacrifice for art!

• Many times two or more celebrities come out of the same city. Nashville, Tennessee, claims both Betty Barthell and James Melton and Kansas City, Missouri, is the home town of both Gladys Swarthout and Ramona. Now we've discovered that Phil Harris, the dance director, and John Dillinger, America's bad man, were born just a few miles apart in southern Indiana, and both of these well known lads are about the same age. Phil admits that he and John went to different schools together.

• When Leon Belasco and his band

• When Ozzie Nelson took his band on tour these past weeks, he visited ten states. Traveling, by the way, is a popular sport with radio artists. It gives their fans a chance to actually see them in action, and immediately their popularity goes up a few points.

● It may interest you to know that Al Kavelin's theme song, "Love Has Gone," which he uses in his broadcast from the Hotel Lexington over CBS, is his own composition. Al shunned the run-of-the-mill tin-pan alley tunes because, he said, they were mostly written to a formula which makes for a sameness displeasing to true music lovers. That's why he wrote his own.

● Most every trade has its own language. In other words, there are certain words that have a definite meaning in one business while those same words mean something entirely different in other businesses. Now Jack Denny comes along with a glossary of radio "slanguage" used in the studios. It's a vocabulary designed to express quickly and concisely the complicated technical terms. Here are some of Denny's notations:

Corny—lacking culture; dead mike—a microphone which has been disconnected; down in the mud—low volume; fuzzy—a tone lacking clarity; nemo—a program broadcast outside the studio; talking in his beard—a muffled voice; town crier—a very loud singer; woof—a nondescript term

used in testing microphones but which has no exact meaning; fade in—increase in volume; fade out—decrease in volume.

● Peter Van Steeden is being listed on the sporting pages as an athlete who made good as a band leader. Various listed as an Iowa swimming champion, winner of a Miami tennis tournament, and a former golf professional, Van insists that his swimming strokes are wretched, his tennis strokes worse, and his golfing strokes never have given him better than a 100 for eighteen holes.

● Jimmie Lunceford, whose colored aggregation has been making hot-cha at the Cotton Club, is now vaudevilling all over the U. S. Maybe you'll have a chance to see him. This fall Cab Calloway will be back at the Cotton Club.

● Take off your hats to Ben Pollack, one of the few maestros, if not the only one, to be heard on sustaining programs over both major networks. The music he makes at the Hotel New Yorker comes to you via CBS, while his Casino de Paree playing is broadcast by NBC. And this achievement of Ben's goes also for Doris Robbins, his attractive singer.

Beware of Hollywood

(Continued from page 35)

show the country how bad these radio people look in a movie," the movie men may have said. "We'll show the country its favorites in rôles that will make them look like hams. Then everyone will forget about radio and start spending money for movie tickets again."

If you're interested, you can count three strikes on each of our radio generals. Ed Wynn made his goofy movie, made it the way he was told to make it. Jack Pearl did the same. And Kate Smith. They collected their golden harvest and returned to New York.

Between the three of them, they almost lost the war. Critics everywhere used strong and fearful language when they attended their various pictures. People who had lived from one Tuesday to the next waiting for Ed Wynn saw his unfunny film and started buying anything but Fire Chief gas. Jack Pearl's career hit a greased skid. Kate Smith, friend of farmers and firemen, lived to see her own show do what the Broadway boys call "laying an egg."

As I said, there may not have been a war at all, but the evidence shows that three pretty potent broadcasters were rendered temporarily hors de combat by some pretty terrible films.

As for those other generals, Jessica Dragonette wasn't caught that year—but she signed up the other day and she'll be a-Barrymoring around the cinema circuit any day now. Eddie Cantor always has been a double-threat man, good for either method of entertainment.

NOW, bringing this conflict up-to-date, consider the case of Crosby. Bing Crosby was the first instance of a radio singer being turned into a movie box-office attraction. Paramount Pictures hooked him with a gold-embossed contract and

the ba-ba-boo-voiced boy became their biggest asset.

Which flipped a page in history and brought peace—or so it seems—to these twin-throbbing industries. For, if Bing could be groomed into the sort of cinematic goose who would lay golden eggs, why not others?

And why not, indeed? Lanny Ross was signed immediately and made "Melody in Spring." As I write this, Joe Penner is packing his toothbrush for a trip to Hollywood. Ben Bernie has just finished a collegiate opera called "Thank Your Stars." Frank Parker and Jack Benny are broadcasting from California by night and making movies and mazuma by day.

One or two of them may turn into just the sort of customer-catchers the movie merchants seek. And the others? If they're lucky, they'll get off with no worse wounds than Kate Smith got.

They'll get off, if they're lucky, with a slapped wrist and a determination not to be that kind of a fool again.

I thought Kate Smith might have something to tell this big parade of stars who march westward because that's gold in them that Beverly Hills. One year ago, she wouldn't have said a thing. But today, she's back on the air after a successful tour of the nation's playhouses. A sort of vacation from radio, if you know what I mean. Manager Ted Collins—surely you've heard him announcing her programs—made her take that vacation. Realizing that the public had been satiated by the duplicate measures of Kate's broadcasts and picture, he wouldn't permit her to bring a single moon over the mountain for several long months.

THINK Kate is more amused than anything else at the members of this year's gold rush. She knows of so many

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things they are shortly to experience. She knows that they are racing into more headaches and heartaches than they've ever dreamed existed. She knows a lot of them will soon come running home to mother.

"The thing is not to let the problems get you," she says. "Try to meet them calmly. Remember, if you get at all excited, they've got you beat."

According to her, the gay life that Frank Parker and Joe Penner, among others, anticipate is a myth. The stars often enough play far into the night and until the sun rises. But their play is so determined. As if they were paid to play. "And when they do it," she told me, "they've got just as much make up on as when they're on the set. It's a different color, to be sure, but it's still a part of the show."

Here's another thing. Movie stars work

like hell. That's putting it bluntly, but it's the truth. They get up at six o'clock and get to a studio at eight and spend the whole day on their feet. It's often dark—after nine or ten o'clock—before they can go home.

"If you like living in glass houses, if you've got nerves that can stand the wear and tear of fighting directors and picture-stealers and make up men and costumers, then you're the stuff a movie star is made of," Kate says. "If you're not, you'd better stick to your nice, quiet job in a radio studio."

That's her advice, and it sounds pretty good, doesn't it? She's been through the movie mill. She knows what she is talking about.

Kate Smith is back on the air again. Back with her old gang, singing for "her folks." And between you and me, the little Smith gal is simply tickled pink.

Kilocycle Quiz

(Continued from page 8)

WELL, get ready for the verdict. You're just about to find out if you're normal or not—or somp'n. If you're normal, run out in the back yard and tell your neighbors that you're radio conscious. If not, you'd best forget that you even bothered about reading this little feature. Here are the answers to the questions on page 8.

1. WLW, Cincinnati, Ohio.
2. Muriel Wilson sings the role while Rosaline Green does the speaking parts.
3. Connie Boswell. Don't tell us we're wrong and that Helen Morgan also sits because we've seen Helen stand.
4. F. Chase Taylor, otherwise known as Colonel Stoopnagle.
5. Irene Hubbard. Her program is "Maria's Certo Matinee."
6. Ben Bernie.
7. Amos 'n' Andy.
8. Julia Sanderson.
9. Nino Martini.

10. George Gershwin.
11. Victor Young.
12. Program director of the Columbia Broadcasting System.
13. Joseph Pinter is Joe Penner's real name. Before Ben Bernie changed his tag, his ma called him Benjamin Anselowitz. Isadore Lahrheim is really Bert Lahr.
14. San Francisco, California.
15. Lucky Strike Cigarettes.
16. Yes.
17. In Europe the first half of August and in the U. S. after that.
18. Ted Collins, her manager.
19. No. Only NBC.
20. By crushing cellophane before a mike.

Now wasn't that simple? You feel just like flying into a tantrum for having missed some, don't you? Do yuh want some more? If so, let us know. Just drop a line to RADIO STARS, 149 Madison Avenue, New York City.

The Human Side of Edwin C. Hill

(Continued from page 8)

And it made him the star reporter he wanted to be—and on the Sun.

Maybe those human interest stories have been instrumental in making Edwin C. Hill the man that he is—a likable human sort of fellow. Not the ragged, sleepy reporter you might expect of one who must be ready for duty at all hours of the night.

They tell a story about him which illustrates his modesty. A prominent New

York columnist once asked him whom he would want to be if he could be somebody else. Mr. Hill said instantly: "My wife's second husband."

When radio wanted a commentator who could take the cold news of the day and find in it little stories of interest to all people, it picked Mr. Hill. He can do that very thing because he knows life—has experienced it, seen it, recorded it.

Why can't you get tickets for a broadcast?
Watch for the answers in next month's issue

From Stogies to Stokowski

(Continued from page 24)

listeners east of Pittsburgh. West of there no station picked up the program until forty-five minutes later. A storm had knocked down the lines. But the worst had not yet come. Even though they were not concerned with split seconds, as they are today, it was general radio practice to end a program within a minute or two of its scheduled time. That inaugural program ran two hours and forty-five minutes overtime.

Slowly, fighting every inch of the way, Paley's efforts began to show results. Order was beginning to stand out from chaos. Now was the time for the big decision. Should he, could he, remain a serious contender for some of the laurels his firmly established rivals had won? Boldly he met the challenge. But, with the small studio space and inadequate engineering facilities, it promised an uneven battle, threatened a losing fight.

The company was rapidly approaching the point at which it either must provide increasingly impressive entertainment, or fail completely as a network. Plans for six new studios and office and engineering space were rushed. September 18th, 1929, was set as the date for the official opening.

THE first of July arrived and the studios were still incomplete. Tension ran high. Contracts had been made with advertisers which would soon have to be fulfilled. Unless the studios were completed, they couldn't be.

The writer remembers well that night of September 18th, when William Paley, with pretty Olive Shea, Miss Radio of 1929, at his side, stood before the ribbon stretched across the entrance of the new Columbia Broadcasting System building at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. Paley's quiet smile revealed no trace of the strain he had been under, as with the shears, symbol of triumph, he cut the ribbon.

That dramatically simple snip of the shears was the beginning of a new era in Columbia's brand of radio entertainment, an era in which such names as Morton Downey, Kate Smith and Bing Crosby became radio bywords in every household. Under William Paley's guidance, his organization made radio celebrities almost over night of such artists as Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Guy Lombardo, Ben Bernie, the Boswell Sisters and the Mills Brothers.

But you must remember that William

S. Paley was as deeply concerned with the more serious side of broadcast entertainment. Remember how enthusiastically the American School of the Air was received by millions of American children and a good many adults? Remember how sensational were Columbia's first international broadcasts?

Do you recall the first regular nationwide symphonic programs which came to you in 1930 over CBS with the broadcasts of New York Philharmonic Symphony? And even the radio world didn't dream, back in those days, that such a dignified organization as the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Leopold Stokowski would ever go on the air sponsored by a cigarette manufacturer.

You should see young William Paley in the midst of these fights for stations, artists and sponsors. Despite all his accomplishments he has the same youthful enthusiasm he had when he began. He sits behind a desk as cleared for action as the deck of a destroyer tearing into battle. Tall, dark skinned, broad shouldered, he would look as well behind the breech of a roaring naval gun as the telephone into which he speaks quietly, yet decisively.

No papers clutter his desk. No messy deals clutter his mind. He would rather write a check, and frequently does, to clear an unpleasant situation, than to indulge in useless recrimination.

If anything suggesting unfairness intrudes on his ceaseless fight to build Columbia, it doesn't trouble him for long. He will fuss and fume for ten or fifteen minutes. Then he'll say, "The hell with it!" That's the last ever heard of it unless the subject is forced on him.

Nothing has seemed to dampen Paley's enthusiasm for his network. After six years of hard battle, he still whoops joyously at a challenge. Not long ago he was so carried away by his own sales arguments, that he sold time to an advertiser when he hadn't really wanted to. He could have gotten more revenue from another client.

Today, the Columbia Broadcasting System is operating a network of 101 stations. In the first six months of 1934, its income from selling time on the air to advertisers was \$7,730,000. That's what has happened under the leadership of William S. Paley, the young, green, cigar executive who, every one said, would never make a go of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

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Courts, courts, courts! Glory be to the courts! Stars are suing, have been sued and will continue to sue. So RADIO STARS bursts out next month with a nerve-grIPPING tale called "I'll Be Suing You."

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So anyone can afford to use it on arms, underarms and legs. Therefore, why use anything else?
DE WANS Special Facial HAIR REMOVER

"Keep Young and Beautiful"

(Continued from page 65)

the outer tip of the triangle shading off to nothing under the eyebrow and the lower tip shading off to a point about half way between the nose and the middle of cheek. The base should follow a slight curve between the two shadowy tips. This manner of application has been used successfully over a number of years by an important firm and is still the wisest way to put on rouge, for whether your face is broad or thin, the rouge will look natural. As on a large face, the triangle of rouge will cover a larger area than the same on a thin face.

IN the day time it's better not to be eccentric in makeup. Save it for the evening. Color high on the temples, or in hard circles under the eyes, or rouging the hollows of the cheeks, are not in the least ingenious for the day wear.

Now we're ready for the eyes—shadow, pencil, mascara and all. It is amazing to me how little most women make of their eyes. They are often one of our best features and certainly a chief charm, yet you find women taking them for granted, and often, in fact, neglecting and even abusing them.

During the day use a little less eye makeup than at night. Remove all powder from and around eyes. Then cover the entire lid with eye shadow, brushing upward and outward, letting it fade into the eyebrow. Leave no hard lines of color, and see that the corners of the eyelids are shadowed. Under the eyes use the very slightest bit. Well-formed brows do not need penciling, but a touch of brilliantine for gloss. For sparse eyebrows, pencil the hairs rather than the skin, unless they are scraggly and short, then extend line on skin.

You may pencil the lashes, upper and lower, but I prefer mascara. Brush it first on the upper lashes. Half closing the eye, apply mascara with a downward sweep over the top, then open the eye and brush upward under the lashes into a curling sweep. With eyes wide open, carefully mascara the lashes of the lower lids. You will never realize, until you experiment a number of times, just how starry and attractive your eyes can be.

Black mascara in general is for dark lashes. You, with a clear skin and light eyes and dark hair, can use blue. For light haired persons with light eyes, green is good under artificial lights. Brown is usually best for blondes and red hair types.

In choosing eye shadow, you'll find that green is good for blondes and red heads; blue for grey or blue eyes; brown for brown and hazel eyes. Purple is for all in the evening. Green eyes can use blue or brown, which ever blends better with the eyes and the ensemble of color.

The finishing touch—the lips. Relax. Brush off all signs of powder. To bring out the natural color and avoid that painted look, another trick of the trade is to match the shade of lipstick with the membrane of the inside of the lower lip. In general follow the natural contour in applying color. If your mouth is too large, rouge the center of the lips, but do not

carry it to the corners of the mouth. On the other hand, if your mouth is too small, rouge to the corners. To avoid the appearance of thick lips, keep well within the color line of them. To accent thin ones, apply the lipstick to the very edge, but very slightly beyond. At night be more generous.

Evening makeup must vary, naturally, from that of the day, because of the difference in lights. Choose the cosmetics for the lights under which they are to be seen. Usually you will need brighter colors. There should be more orange tones in the rouge, lighter powder and darker eye-shadow. Purple, as I remarked, is good for all eyes at night. Golden blondes with yellow skin tints, who use shades of ochre in the day, can use flesh. On light blondes with pinkish skin, orchid is attractive. The olive-skinned girls need flesh or rachel and you with dark hair and clear skins should try orchid or natural. Clear light skins take light rouge and olive ones need brilliant or medium. Touch the ears and chin with it, too—adds piquancy.

You can stick to your usual shade of mascara, but put it on more heavily. Here's a stunt that lots of radio stars do. Apply cream to the lashes, wipe off excess. Now powder over this, then put on the mascara. Each lash will stand out like a star apart.

Here are some tricks, wiser to use at night than in the day. A deft touch of rouge under the tip of the nose will make it appear shorter. A double chin slightly rouged will make it less obvious. A broad face will look thinner if you apply rouge to the back of the cheek, and hollows can be filled out by putting powder on the cheeks in front of the ears. Rouge the sides of your fingers to acquire long slender hands.

A hint for you girls who have a sun tan—remember that the skin takes on yellowish tints, so powder should be chosen with this in mind. Eye shadow, in most cases, should be brown. Lipstick, rouge and mascara remain the same as usual.

TAKE a Sunday afternoon off, invite your girl friend around and experiment with makeup. Put it on and take it off. Try all kinds of ways to apply rouge and lipstick, different shades of powder, eye shadow and mascara. Remember that makeup is essential in every girl's toilette. It is as important as the dress and the shoes you wear. Too many of us associate it with the idea of dressing up and going some place. All wrong. Put on your makeup from creams to the last touch of color when you get up in the morning. Refresh it several times a day.

Oh, by the way, last week I ran across a grand line of new cosmetics. Have been using them for the past five days and I hardly recognize my complexion it's so improved. They're a boon to the skin, certainly, and done up in the most adorable containers. You'll love 'em.

There's a skin cleanser that nourishes the skin and so makes an excellent nightly facial, so you should leave it on a bit longer to do its work. For quick cleansing,

which is a boon during the day when you don't have much time to fool around, there is a cream that liquefies instantly and rolls the dirt right out of the pores. And the vanishing cream! One little dab and you can be sure your powder will stay on all evening. The powder, incidentally, gives you that lovely pearly complexion that's so rare. And believe it or not, the lipstick stays on—and looks piquantly natural.

For warm weather I've found that talc and cologne keep you dainty and fresh. Usually I reserve perfume for the evening. These are also included in this thoughtful manufacturer's products. And they are all in consistent scent. And what fragrance! I'm beginning to realize why they have been given such a unique name—they are just what they are called, they have a most subtle and elusive odor—makes you want to discover who's wearing it. Drop

me a line and I'll let you in on the secret.

Now I have something else to tell you about. I have a generous sample of the kind of face cream that you've dreamed of. It's a four in one—(1) it cleanses; (2) it softens and refines the skin, helping to give it that youthful freshness; (3) after the cleansing is finished and the cream removed you have a perfect base for your makeup; and (4) it gets after those pesky whiteheads. A generous sample of powder goes with the cream. When you send for these, tell me the shade powder you want.

And don't forget—makeup can give character, expression and personality to the plainest as well as to the most vivacious and interesting features. "Keep young and beautiful!" Of course, it's a woman-size job and requires daily care, but it's worth it—if you want to be loved!

He Won't Be Bossed

(Continued from page 9)

them were deciding factors in their success or failure. Then he jumped over to the *New York Herald* as dramatic critic and followed that with three years in the same capacity for the *New York World*. Now he's doing the same thing for the *New Yorker*.

A colorful fellow, he pounces on human weaknesses and holds them up to ridicule one moment and is the soul of kindness the next.

Sunday mornings at the Woolcott apartment are eventful. No sleeping late and ordinary breakfast there. That's visitors'

day. And early too. No sooner is the "Town Crier" up than in tramp the Noel Cowards, the Dorothy Parkers, and all the other big names of drama and journalism. And over the breakfast table they laugh and talk and settle the problems of the world.

That apartment, by the way, has been christened "Wits End." The immediate family consists of the Master, his secretary, Pip the dog, and "Junior," a Negro servant so-called because his father had served in his place before him. Nothing changes except that the wit grows keener.

Back Talk

(Continued from page 7)

on Miss Mack's programs are no more precocious nor clever than the average. Precociousness, coyness and cuteness are not encouraged by her. She never applauds it.

But here's the question that may be uppermost in the minds of many of you. Does your child have a chance on the air? Miss Mack's answer is, "A hundred to one it hasn't." Even if it has, and did get on

the air, the abnormal life a child like that is destined to lead, makes a wise parent pause to wonder if it really is worth while. Think it over.

But if fate should ever make a radio star out of your child, you should hope that it is developed under Miss Mack, for she'll do a lot toward helping it to be the little lady or gentleman you've always wanted it to be.

Sometimes it's the man who pays and pays. Joe Cook knows, for when he turned the Cook love nest into a gay merry-go-round of entertainment the one great love of his life walked out—leaving a loneliness he cannot escape.

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Let's Gossip

(Continued from page 6)

the situation which was a nice gesture, especially since Joe couldn't help what had happened.

Ah, to be a champ! It must be a glorious feeling. To be a radio star must be even a better feeling. And give a guy a movie contract and a few stage appearances and he'd be in glory halleluiah. Well, Max Baer

ought to know. He has all of that. But listen to this: Carnera, the ex-champ, who also had a part in movies, was forgotten within a week. The other day, at the Marguery, where a radio party was in progress, Carnera sat alone in a dining room which all other guests avoided. While Max, the champ, fought off crowds in an-

other part of the town. Lots of radio stars of yesteryear are in the same boat. It's a cruel world, sometimes.

Lee Wiley is radio's moving girl. She has lived in five places within a year and a half. "Oh, I don't like the view from that side window," she said as she packed her bags at the last domicile.

Food Fit for Kings of the Air

(Continued from page 64)

have at least one hot dish with cold food during the summer. Not only does it make for pleasant contrast but the body needs some warm food. Spaghetti is another delicious hot dish that is a complete meal in itself and, if you finish it off with a green salad or some fruit, you have the best of meal, whether it's luncheon, dinner or supper. Too, it can be served within five minutes after stepping into the house and will delight the most demanding epicure.

The sandwiches, all shapes, colors and sizes, which followed the soup, took only fifteen minutes to make. You wonder how? Well, there is simply no end of potted and deviled meats and fowl to be had—all prepared ready to use—and all kinds of various pastes and sandwich spreads. Besides these, if you'll notice your grocer's shelves, you will see catsup and chili sauce and many other condiments that will add that indefinable something to your food. And for every such article put out by a reliable manufacturer (and always buy only these, if you want to be certain of quality and cleanliness in packing) there is a booklet of recipes of unusual and tasty dishes that you will enjoy making. So you not only get a good product, but acquire an added skill in cookery.

I SIMPLY loved Vivien's rolled sandwiches. You make them by cutting all the crust from a loaf of very fresh bread. Then cut the loaf longwise into very thin slices with a sharp knife. Always use creamed butter to spread sandwiches. After you spread, add filling, then carefully roll the slices the same as you would a jelly roll. Fasten with tooth picks or else tie with ribbons which add quite a gay note. Slice as thin or as thick as you please.

For other sandwiches, use bread a day old. You can cut off the crust either before or after slicing. While it takes a bit more work, I like to slice it with the crust on as you can cut it thinner and it's less likely to break. Then cut the crust off before filling. This way you won't spread the filling too close to the edge, which avoids oozing out at the sides when eaten. To make the fancy shapes Vivien used cookie cutters.

Most sandwich fillings are good on any breads, so be guided by your taste and

imagination. These are some she used.

- (1) Equal parts of minced chicken, tongue, ham and celery moistened with mayonnaise.
- (2) Equal parts of chopped chicken and almonds moistened with mayonnaise.
- (3) Grated American cheese (1 cup), chili sauce (¼ cup), butter (2 tablespoons), Worcester sauce (1 teaspoon) and a dash of paprika.

Other cheese combinations were made with: 1 cup grated American cheese, ½ cup crushed walnuts (pecans or almonds can also be used) and ¼ cup creamed butter. And one with: 1 cup of grated American cheese, ¼ cup each of chopped rasins, dates and peanut butter.

Cream together 3 tablespoons of butter, two teaspoons of tomato catsup, 2 teaspoons of lemon juice, 2 tablespoons of chopped stuffed olives and ½ cup of sardines, for another delicious filling.

Plain thinly sliced cucumbers, watercress or lettuce are always refreshing. But here is a fancier mixture: ¼ cup butter, 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, ¼ teaspoon of kitchen bouquet, a dash of paprika and celery salt. Spread this mixture on bread and add a filling of 2 chopped hard cooked eggs, pickled capers, chopped olives and anchovy paste. (Mix these ingredients to suit taste).

These were the sandwiches that particularly appealed to me, but there are literally hundreds of combinations you can try, for, remember, as I said there is simply no end of potted and deviled meats and fowl, besides all kinds of fish pastes and various prepared spreads.

A delightfully original note that Vivien added to her sandwiches was that some of them were perfumed—don't gasp—it tasted good. You see, she told us that if you put butter and bread into a covered bowl with freshly picked violets, clover, roses or whatever scent you like, the bread and butter will take on that fragrance.

THE baked bean roll with a sausage in the center lasted about one split second after it was served. She made this by slightly mashing one can of baked beans and adding one tablespoon of thick mayonnaise (this is to make them stick together) and then molding this mixture around a prepared sausage roll. It was then placed in the refrigerator to chill and set so that it could be sliced. This and the ice are the only thing that had been made be-

forehand and, as she said, they just happened to be in the icebox. Lucky for us.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you how those little turtles were made—she quickly mixed a prepared biscuit flour and shaped the dough into small oblongs instead of the usual rounds. You can make a cutter by bending the top of a baking powder can. When the biscuits were baked she split them to cool. Then spread them with the sardine mixture. Next she sliced a sweet pickle longwise. Five slices made the two front legs, the two back ones and a tail. The head was a whole sweet pickle.

In this day and age we aren't dipping candles or spinning thread to weave into cloth to make a dress, most of us don't even make a dress, nowadays, for that matter. So, why should we spend unnecessary time and energy over a hot stove when manufacturers provide us with food prepared by the most skilled of chefs and scientists whose life work is to achieve rare flavors and dishes that none of us could ever make.

Too, as many of you probably know from experience, it's impossible to keep much more than a daily supply of perishable foods on hand. So, remember, tubes, jars and cans not only mean a well-stocked pantry to meet any windfall of guests or relatives, but in their gay packaging they add a colorful and decorative note of plenty to the shelves.

By the way, the recipe for the delicious ice, which you can vary with any flavor you prefer, together with recipes for nut bars, brownies, and crystalized orange peel are included in this month's folder, which you can get by filling in the coupon below with your name and address and mailing to RADIO STARS.

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