



Ruth Etting



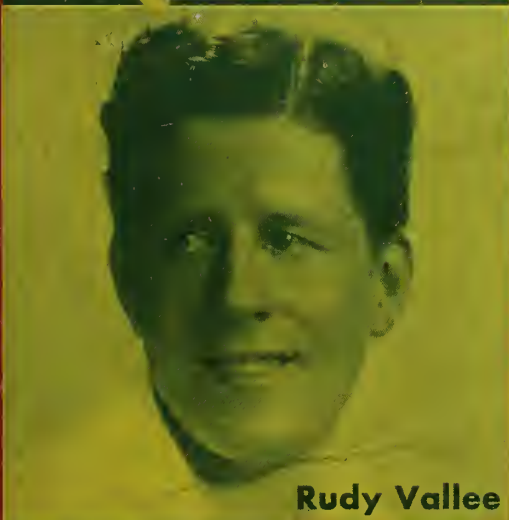
Milton Downey



Russ Columbo



Bing Crosby



Rudy Vallee




Kate Smith

Portraits and Life Stories of **RADIO STARS**

10¢ What Do
Your Radio
Favorites
Look Like?

Fascinating Pictures
and Biographies of
**BING CROSBY, KATE SMITH,
RUSS COLUMBO, GUY LOMBARDO,
RUTH ETTING, RUDY VALLEE**
and many others



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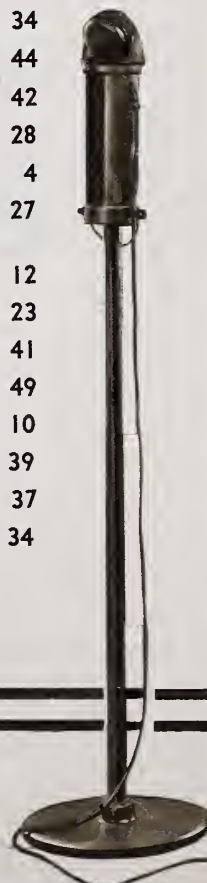
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

RADIO ALBUM

• C O N T E N T S •

LIFE STORIES AND PORTRAITS OF THE RADIO STARS

ALBANI, COUNTESS OLGA.....	31	THE MILLS BROTHERS.....	50
AMOS 'N' ANDY.....	16-17	MUNDAY, BILL.....	35
BAILEY, MILDRED.....	20	MUNN, FRANK.....	45
BERNIE, BEN.....	21	PALMER, OLIVE.....	22
THE BOSWELL SISTERS.....	25	PERKINS, RAY.....	47
COLUMBO, RUSS.....	8	POLLOCK, MURIEL.....	18
CRAWFORD, JESSE.....	15	PONS, LILY.....	48
CROSBY, BING.....	6	THE REVELERS.....	24
CROSS, MILTON J.....	35	RICE, GLADYS.....	36
DAMROSCH, WALTER.....	26	ROLFE, B. A.....	38
DOWNEY, MORTON.....	5	ROSS, DAVID.....	34
DRAGONETTE, JESSICA.....	7	RUBINOFF, DAVID.....	44
ETTING, RUTH.....	9	SEIDEL, TOSCHA.....	42
GRAY, ALEXANDER.....	19	SINGIN' SAM.....	28
HARE, ERNIE, AND JONES, BILLY.....	13	SMITH, KATE.....	4
HUSING, TED.....	33	STOKOWSKI, LEOPOLD.....	27
JARRETT, ART.....	30	STOOPNAGLE, COLONEL, AND BUDD.....	12
JONES, BILLY, AND HARE, ERNIE.....	13	THOMAS, JOHN CHARLES.....	23
JOY, ALICE.....	40	THOMAS, LOWELL.....	41
KALTENBORN, H. V.....	46	TRACY, ARTHUR.....	49
KNIGHT, RAYMOND.....	43	VALLÉE, RUDY.....	10
LEAF, ANN.....	14	WHITEMAN, PAUL.....	39
LEWIS, WELCOME.....	29	WINCHELL, WALTER.....	37
LOMBARDO, GUY.....	11	YOUNG, JOHN S.....	34
McNAMEE, GRAHAM.....	32		





KATE SMITH ran away from school four times in one day

KATE SMITH has two parrots. One is named Ben and the other Al. When she comes in their room, no matter whether it's day or night, they pipe in unison, "Hello, baby."

She likes to eat—and it is characteristic of her that she does pretty much as she likes. When she was a kid she didn't want to start school . . . it was much more fun playing with her gang of neighborhood kids. That first day (she'll never forget it, either) she ran out of the classroom four times.

Her gang must have been a desperate little clique. Boys were the only members; except Kate, who bossed them and did the initiating. That little rite was as follows: the novice was taken into a dimly lighted room, where Kate jabbed a pin in his thumb and impressed his thumbprint in blood on the club roll. Ah, then, she was the days.

She was born in 1908 in Virginia and then moved across the Potomac to Washington. Her parents wanted her to become a nurse. She tried it for one year and turned her eyes at the stage.

Eddie Dowling heard her sing and asked her to come to New York. "Honeymoon Lane" was her first show. Others that followed were—hits, all—"Hit the Deck" and "Flying High."

She was a new sort of sensation. Big, frankly fat, not beautiful according to stage standards, nevertheless the public loved her.



As for radio, she had never thought of its possibility until a friend took her to a studio.

"That's your audience," said an announcer. "Try and make it smile."

Fan letters told the story. Thousands of them. And that was her beginning as a radio star. Now, of course, she is in the Big Money.

And she spends it for, of all things, perfume, perfume, and more perfume. Right now she has five hundred bottles in her dressing room.

MORTON
DOWNEY chews
his fingernails



MORTON DOWNEY is a superstitious Irishman: After almost every sentence he knocks wood. Once, he agreed to sing for a business man's lunch club. When he reached the scene he learned that the club was composed entirely of Jews—and he knew nothing but Irish songs. He knocked on wood, sang them . . . that time he got away with it.

One subject he knows through and through is German police dogs. He raises them and gives them to his friends.

After a particularly trying broadcast, the nails on the thumb and forefinger of his right hand are bitten down to the quick. It's an old, old habit.

He carries a silver-backed comb in his vest pocket (he's had that comb for eight years) and it's one of his mannerisms to comb his hair every few minutes like Edward G. Robinson did in "Little Caesar."

He has two cars—one imported, one domestic—and he loves them. If anyone else drives, he is nervous. When he drives, everybody else is nervous.

Twenty-six years ago he was a baby in Wallingford, Conn. He began to sing immediately—if you don't care

what you call singing. After a while, he improved. At fifteen, he sold newspapers on a railroad train. When he got a job in a freight yard running a donkey engine he was in a seventh heaven . . . but they fired him for speeding.

His first theatre appearance was in New York where he sang "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" in a cowboy suit. A few weeks later he undertook a vaudeville engagement and was doing fairly well at it when he went into a section of New York that is exclusively Jewish. Morton knew nothing but Irish songs—and he sang them. His engagement was terminated immediately.

He tried other businesses. Once, he peddled insurance. His first real break came when Paul Whiteman signed him up at \$70.00 a week.

Jobs as entertainer in a Palm Beach cabaret and a Havana night club eventually landed him in the European Café de Paris. That was in 1927. There, under the sponsorship of Lady Mountbatten, he was a big success. One night he sang "You Took Advantage of Me" eleven times at the request of the Prince of Wales.



HIS parents really aren't to blame for his name. They called him Harry L.—and thought they had done a good job, too, until the infant Crosby changed their minds. At the age of three he developed into a blood-thirsty cowboy with a lust for Indian scalps. He scoured the plains of his front and back yard in Tacoma, ferreting out the savage redskin. From morn to night his voice announced the endless battle, "Bing, bing, bing!"

And Bing he has been ever since.

He attended Gonzaga College in Seattle, Wash., doing a little studying and a lot of singing. The money he made helped to pay his way. On the side, he clerked in a law office.

When he left school he joined a couple of other fellows, two pianos and a pair of cymbals in producing a variety of harmony new to the West Coast. It caught on in vaud houses, movie palaces, and night clubs. Paul Whiteman signed them. Don't you remember the records of the Rhythm Boys?

Last year, while entertaining at the Cocanut Grove, Los Angeles, he attracted wide attention.

He has more golf clubs than any other person on the air. And uses fewer of them. Not long ago he played Bobby Jones and Johnny Farrell. "Well, it was a nice walk anyhow," he says.

His car is one of the fastest—and the basis of the queerest ambition outside a sanitarium. He wants to get enough summonses for speeding to paper a room. He's already got most his ceiling finished.

His weight is 165 pounds. His height is five feet and nine inches. He never wears garters.

There is a story about the manner in which he became radio's crown prince. William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was en route to Europe on the *S. S. Bremen*. The third day out he heard a victrola in an adjacent cabin playing a record. It was Bing Crosby singing "I Surrender, Dear."

... Paley surrendered.

BING CROSBY doesn't wear garters. His real name is Harry



JESSICA DRAGONETTE, standing before the NBC microphone, was appalled. It was her first broadcast. She stood there, hands clasped, with the last note of her song whispering through her lips. As it died, her face turned white and then red. The studio was silent . . . there was no applause, no sound at all save the abrupt hum of the announcer's words. She turned away. No . . . she did not like the radio, she did not want to broadcast again, ever. It was too stiff and chilled—like talking to a robot or telling a joke to a deaf man.

Later she got the idea of radio entertainment, and when she did begin to comprehend the technique of this new art, she applied herself with such enthusiasm and understanding that her fan mail mounted by leaps and bounds. Within a month, she was the most popular singer of classical and semi-classical songs on the air . . . and today's most recent poll reveals the same warming sentiment.

This little singer is a dynamic performer. She was

born in Calcutta, India, of American parents who kept her abroad for six years. Her first and only school was the Georgian Court Convent at Lakewood, New Jersey, where she received her musical training. When she came to New York, nothing distinguished her from a thousand other young sopranos who were looking for something to do.

It just happened that Max Reinhardt, the celebrated German director, was preparing his American production of "The Miracle." He wanted a soprano to sing the one solo part. A hundred tried out for the job—and Jessica was the one selected.

When Chaliapin, the famous Russian basso, came to view the show, he heard her voice and said, "The angel has the perfect voice, the superb voice."

Within two years, millions of listeners, untrained in music but capable of recognizing and appreciating beauty and sincerity, were enthusiastically agreeing with Feodor Chaliapin.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE was born near the Black Hole of Calcutta

RUSS COLUMBO
 started as a violinist.
 Played classics, too



TODAY they call Russ Columbo the “Valentino of Song.” It is his voice that has put him over, that has won him more pounds of fan mail than he can count. And everyone is pleased about his success except the old German violin teacher of his childhood days in Calistoga, California.

Russ was the talented member of the Columbo clan. There were eleven brothers and sisters and the German master singled out black-haired, bright-eyed Russ for a rigorous course in the classics. The father, who had been a musician in his native Naples before he migrated to America, was delighted. But Russ developed a voice and abandoned the classics for what he calls the “hot fiddle.”

Russ’ ideal of a great man was Rudolph Valentino. As a kid, he saw every Valentino show. People now comment on how much he himself looks like the former screen idol.

He was fourteen when a woman came into his life—the first person to divert his attention from his movie idol. She was a blonde, a dancer at a theatre. He sat in the first row and adored her—and he still wonders who she was.

His progress with the violin was good enough to enable him to play solos on the stage of the Imperial Theatre in San Francisco when he was not many months older. When his family moved to Los Angeles he promptly became first violinist of the Belmont High School orchestra.

And then his mellow baritone began to attract attention. The manager of the Los Angeles Mayfair sought out Russ, heard his gentle baritone . . . and offered \$75.00 a week for his voice. The job led to subsequent spotting at the Roosevelt Hotel and the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador.

Talking pictures attracted his eager interest. He does look like a movie hero, you know. He appeared with Betty Compson, Lupe Velez, and Gary Cooper but somehow fortune didn’t favor him. Then he opened his own night club in Los Angeles, the Club Pyramid.

Those months of singing had built up a tremendous Columbo following on the West Coast. Eastern studio executives heard of his popularity and invited him to New York for a nationwide broadcast. The day was Sept. 5, 1931—and the next day’s mail brought the evidences of success.

RUTH ETTING

wanted to be a designer of dresses



THE little Etting girl, in her first years back in David City, Nebraska, dreamed of becoming a great designer. High school completed, she went to Chicago and enrolled in the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts for a course in designing. When she finished the course and set out to look for a job, some sort of lucky fate led her to the costuming department of the Marigold Gardens—the famous Chicago theatre where so many revues have been staged. And one night, when one of the chorus girls obligingly took sick, it was Ruth Etting who stepped into her place.

Good-by designing! She made a hit. She was given a regular bit in the show. Furthermore, the stage bug had bitten her. That was in 1922.

Shortly after, she was appearing in vaudeville. And then a smart night club bid for her services.

Ziegfeld heard about her. And a Ziegfeld accredited agent hopped the Century to secure Miss Etting for the "Follies of 1927."

Ruth signed a Ziegfeld contract. However, rehearsals for the "Follies" were slow in starting. Meantime, she fidgeted about in New York with nothing to do. So when

A. J. Ballaban, theatrical producer, asked her to team up with Paul Whiteman for the opening of the Paramount Theatre she consented. She played three weeks at the Paramount—and would have remained longer, but Mr. Ziegfeld objected.

Her not-to-be-imitated torch singing was a sensation. In the "Follies" and in "Simple Simon" and "Whoopie" and again in the "Follies of 1931." The movie people got after her. She couldn't go to the Coast because of her stage contract, but, after all, Warner Brothers have a studio in Brooklyn. Ruth made several Vitaphone shorts. And movie audiences loved them. Perhaps some day she'll make a full length picture.

Ruth's recordings are the best sellers in the platter market. And in a radio contest she was chosen the most popular non-commercial artist on the air. Salary? Well, for all she sings about getting ten cents a dance, her weekly earnings run up into five figures.

As a matter of fact, Ruth Etting loves rural domesticity. And old overalls. And she says she'd like to retire in a few years and go back to David City, Nebraska. Her dad, incidentally is mayor of the town.



RUDY VALLÉE

always closes his
eyes when he sings

no saxophone teachers in little Westbrook. He bought all the available records of saxophone numbers. Hour after hour, he would listen . . . and then try to play what he had heard. It was in that hard school, making mistakes and correcting them, that he learned.

In high school, he organized musical clubs. If there was a dramatic presentation requiring the services of a tall, handsome youth, Rudy stepped into the rôle. To the University of Maine was a natural step. He stayed there one year and then chose Yale.

Dance orchestras were needful of young men who could play a sax and Rudy got plenty of work. That summer, he went on a vaudeville tour with some other college boys. Somehow, the tour ended in London, England. Over there, Rudy visited night club after night club, listening to other sax players. When he went back to Yale he was the best musician on the campus.

All this time, he didn't know he could sing. Sometimes he whispered a chorus of a song through a megaphone but it was a standing gag that the one way to ruin a dance was to let Rudy sing. Those were the years of fast, jerky rhythms.

After graduation he came to New York and sought a job in anybody's orchestra. No one wanted him. Those were weary months when the dollars were far apart. Finally, he got a chance to organize an orchestra of his own for a night club. He did it—and introduced the "slow time" that made him famous.

When he sings, he closes his eyes, always. He got the habit from singing in a night club under glaring white lights. Anyhow, it's easier to remember the words that way, he explains. Once, in a broadcast, he forgot the words and had to la-de-dah for several bars.

THE world knows most of the story of Rudy Vallée, prince of crooners, who was swept aloft by the rising tide of radio fan letters years ago. It is a remarkable story in that it employs none of the stock props of the publicity business. He hit the top without benefit of press agent, advertising campaign or pull. He just happened.

His youth was spent as an average small-town boy living in Westbrook, Maine. After school hours, he worked in his father's drug store.

Music was his chief interest. He wanted a saxophone—and he got it (despite parental opposition) by getting a job as usher in the local motion picture theatre and earning the money. And then, when the mailman delivered his grand mail order sax, he discovered that there were

GUY LOMBARDO'S violin has only one string



THE little town of London, Ontario, must be a quiet place now that the Lombardos have left it.

Guy Lombardo and his brothers, Carmen, Leibert, and Victor, were Ontario's best boy musicians. They were the nucleus of almost every band or orchestra that was formed. In high school, they played saxes or hookey with equal readiness. Later, they organized their own band and distinguished themselves from all other Canadian organizations by refusing to emulate the staccato insanities of visiting American outfits. Guy, the leader, had his own ideas of music. He insisted on "sweet" playing rather than tricks and noise. When the Prince of Wales heard it, he was delighted.

Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians were a big name



in the dance club business long before radio discovered them. Many a visiting tourist from the American side trotted to their gentle rhythms before Guy ever confronted a mike.

Today, according to a poll conducted by the *New York Telegram*, they are the outstanding dance orchestra of the air.

And what manner of men are these Lombardos? Well, Guy has one ambition. He wants to sleep at night instead of in the daytime. Speed boats are his weakness. He's the sort of man who can't withstand a \$5,000 forty-footer. Wind and salt spray are his idea of heaven. He owns a summer place on Long Island Sound and a fleet of the raciest craft in America.

That fiddle with which he has posed for innumerable pictures has just one string. He bought it years ago—price \$12.00. It's a prop.

Carmen Lombardo is a younger brother who sings those slow, slippery numbers, and writes some of them. His weakness is backgammon. Leibert, the third of the clan, does things with a cornet. A famous band leader once offered to trade Guy three trumpet players for him. Occasionally, he sings the chorus of a song. The fourth Lombardo answers to either "Useless" or "Ladies' Man," despite the fact that his real name is Victor. Once, when he was in high school, he had an ambition to be a life guard. Nowadays, the baritone saxophone is his chief preoccupation. His birth certificate shows him to be just twenty-one but he claims to twenty-four. When he sleeps, he sleeps "as is."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE and BUDD were brought together by accident

Georgetown University attracted his interest and he enrolled for a music course. Most of his nights were spent with the glee and instrument clubs. After graduation in 1929, he joined Johnny Johnson's orchestra and crooned his way along. Music was a fickle mistress, though. The orchestra broke apart and he had to go to work in a telegraph company. Weeks later, his department was wiped out and Budd took a post behind a drug store soda fountain. It was when an executive of Station WEBR in Buffalo saw Budd cutting capers for his customers that Budd got his chance. The executive hired him on the spot and the cheerful young man slid naturally into the job of announcing, acting, and writing continuity.

Colonel Stoopnagle—or F. Chase Taylor—was vice-president of a Buffalo brokerage house when the radio bug bit him. He resigned last year to devote himself to creating better Stoopnagles.

F.CHASE TAYLOR and Wilbur Budd Hulick, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd of Tastyeast Gloom Chaser fame, bumped into each other in a Buffalo, N. Y., studio and radio gained its foremost comedy act.

On the night of Oct. 10, 1930, station announcer Budd Hulick of WMAK had an empty fifteen minutes in his program. He needed something to fill the hole. As he scurried through the office in search of something or other, he bumped into Chase Taylor.

"Come on in with me and ad lib," he said.

Taylor paused just long enough to grab a folding organ. They settled themselves in front of the mike and began to talk. Five minutes, ten . . . fifteen. Phone bells started ringing. Voices yelled through receivers. "Who are they? When'll they be on again? They're the funniest nuts I ever heard."

And lo, Stoopnagle and Budd were born.

Budd is twenty-five years old . . . and he has been a very busy young man. Almost all of those twenty-five years he has known that he wanted to be connected with the stage or radio. As a youngster around Asbury Park, N. J., he was the moving spirit of many amateur theatricals.



**BILLY JONES and
ERNIE HARE** were
born on the same day
—March 15

AS the Happiness Boys and the Interwoven Pair, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare are known wherever radio has reached. Original songs and snappy patter are their forte. They have entertained from coast to coast and from border to border.

Hare was born in Norfolk, Virginia, and educated in the Xaverian Brothers' school in that city. After reaching the age where he had to support himself, he began a selling career. First, he sought orders for baking powders, then for pianos, and finally for musical publications. He was a grown young man when he discovered the value of his voice. And the discovery caused him to give up a job as traveling man for a publisher to work for \$25.00 a week with the Oratorio Society of Baltimore. It proved to be a wise move for, within four years he had reached Broadway and was receiving a salary in three figures.

His record includes ten of the



famous old Winter Garden Shows, among them "Sind bad" in which he understudied Al Jolson, and four "Passing Shows."

Billy Jones is a born and bred New Yorker. Choir practice as a child led him to think that he might sing some day but he didn't have the money to spend on special lessons. To earn his living, he got a job in the United States Customs House. That wasn't what he wanted. He became a bank employee and was very bored. He went out in the great open spaces and took a job as a sheep herder. Then, successively, he became an ore miner in upper New York state, a pole-hiker for a telephone company, and a fireman at the Croton dam.

These jobs took him into many small towns. In those days, home talent entertainments provided amusement for long winter evenings. Billy's voice developed with this experience; also his knack of telling stories. Eventually he tossed up his small-town job and hurried back to New York to break into the radio game.

And in a recording studio, he met Ernie Hare.

An official suggested that they do some duets. The impromptu partnership so formed became the basis of one of radio's firmest friendships.

ANN LEAF is only twenty-four years old. She's four feet eleven. Her friends call her "Little Organ Annie"



ANN LEAF is another bit of evidence to support the old theory that the best things come in small packages. She is just four feet and eleven inches tall and weighs under one hundred pounds.

It is hard to believe that, if you are listening to her expert manipulation of the console. There is so much sound—all at the command of her fingertips—and such a volume of music that it seems incredible for so tiny a lady to be the mistress of it all. And the pedals—how does she manage to work them? Perhaps you've wondered when you listened to her Nocturnal program.

Her friends kid her about her size. They have many cute names which they scream from one end of the studio to the other. Her cheeriest smile always answers them. "Sweet and Lowdown" is one monicker; so are "Little Organ Annie," "Little by Little," and "Mitey."

She was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1906. Even then, she was tinier than most babies. But she grew up into a strong kid.

Ann's parents were wise people. When she showed an interest in the piano at the age of five, they did not insist

that she give up her gay afternoons with the school kids . . . but they did make her practice early every morning. It was there in Omaha that the tiny girl learned the basis of the art that now makes her one of the two or three greatest organists on the air.

When she was eleven, a concert orchestra invited her to play with it. She was terrified, naturally. An orchestra, fifty men with instruments behind her, the white-faced, unsmiling audience—it seemed an impossible task. But again her parents directed her until she was so enthusiastic about it that nothing could have prevented her playing. She played a Mozart concerto—and did it creditably.

After high school in Omaha, she attended the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art in New York. Her only interest was in the piano until one day she played on a small home organ. It was just a tiny box of pipes but she became enthusiastic about it. When she went out for a job—it was for that of organist.

A Los Angeles movie house was the scene of her first success. As her fame spread she moved into other and bigger theatres. And the radio became her medium when CBS officials chose her to finish the day with an organ nocturne.

The installation of sound in so many theatres was a tragedy to many competent organists. Thrown out of their jobs, for which they had spent years in training, their plight was indeed sad. But Ann Leaf had very wisely investigated another source of income.



JESSE CRAWFORD
had two hours' notice
before playing the
organ—for the first
time in his life



ARE you one of those who have listened week after week to the swelling beauty of the Poet of the Organ's renditions? Have you ever wondered whence came the dexterity and depth of feeling necessary to interpret that music?

Jesse Crawford was a boy in a Catholic orphanage when he took the first step toward the job that would make him famous. One day, he prowled through the orphanage's attic and discovered a room crammed with dusty and dented musical instruments. To him, it was a gold mine. He picked up a cornet and put it to his lips. He blew and sound filled the room—and Jesse Crawford was happy for the first time in his life.

Most of his days were filled with dish-washing and sweeping (he had to earn his way through this orphanage) but he did have a few spare moments. He spent them in the forgotten room with his cornet.

One day he looked up and found a priest watching him. Discovered, he cried out in fear, certain that they would take away the instrument. But the priest said, "I will teach you to play it."

Once given direction, his uncanny musical ability became startlingly evident. He was allowed to try other instruments . . . and finally the piano. He mastered them all.

Reaching the age of long trousers, he set out to make a living. A friend paid his initiation fee into a musician's union. He received an offer to play the pipe organ

in a theatre. Not once in his life had he played an organ. Fortunately, he had two hours for practice before the show began. He sat down at the console and began to transpose his piano technique to suit two keyboards. He did it—in two hours.

His first big success came in Chicago, where his organ solos were a tremendous drawing card. A rival theatre, attempting to capitalize upon this popularity of the organ, imported a young lady player. One day, Jesse visited her theatre to hear her. He decided her playing was grand and that she was grander. Within a few weeks he had met her, wooed her, and married her.

When he broadcasts today it is from an organ studio high up in the Paramount Building in New York. There are two consoles. The main one is for him and the extra one for Mrs. Jesse Crawford.

Playing with his back always to the audience has made him very particular about the fit of his coat. He has been known to send a suit back to the tailor's four times before it suited him.

AMOS 'N' ANDY were
"hoofers" once upon a time



AMOS 'N' ANDY have done more to introduce new slang into the American idiom than any other comics of the day. Their "I'se regusted," "Doan mess wid me," "Awa, awa, awa," "Ain't dat sumpin," for instance.

Andy is Charles J. Correll and Amos is Freeman F. Gosden. Between them, they are all the other players introduced in their nightly skits. By varying their voices and standing various distances from the microphone they are able effectively to impersonate their characters.

What was Andy's training for this phenomenal success? Well, he was born in Peoria, Ill. (the town has recently erected a statue to him) in 1890. From the time he was a boy selling newspapers he dreamed of a stage career. As a youngster, he played the piano in a movie house. In his spare time he practiced stage dancing. Despite his father's injunction that he should settle down to a useful pursuit such as bricklaying, he developed into a hooper.

The day a professional producer came to town to put together a local show is the bright spot in his life. Young Correll so impressed this producer that he was put in charge of part of the production. And that led to a line of work that took him two years later to a little town in North Carolina where he met—Amos.

Freeman F. Gosden was born in Richmond, Virginia. A Negro "mammy" raised him. From his "mammy's" own sons, he learned the buck and wing steps of Negro jig dancing. When a visiting showman asked to see

some home talent, young Gosden stepped up. There is a curious parallel here between the lives of these two men who are now the nation's foremost radio entertainers. This producer was sufficiently impressed with Gosden to hire him to put on another show in another town. The instructions sent Gosden to Durham, South Carolina, and the man he met who showed him the ropes was Charley Correll.

And thus began the friendship that was finally to produce Amos 'n' Andy.

AMOS learned the buck and wing in his own home town



They traveled together for six years. When they were in Chicago in 1924, they took an apartment together. It was fun to practice chatter and songs in their rooms. They decided to try their luck on the radio and WEBH gave them an audition. Results were so-so . . . so they forgot the air to write a show for Paul Ash, Chicago's reigning sensation.

About this time, WGN asked them to accept staff positions in order to put on an aerial comic strip. Something like "The Gumps" was suggested—and both men negatived

that because they knew nothing about married life. Then they hit upon the idea of Sam 'n' Henry, two colored boys who had left Atlanta to start an express business in Chicago. It is remembered that Sam 'n' Henry were an overnight radio sensation.

Two years later Amos 'n' Andy were born on station WMAQ in Chicago, Gosden and Correll having resigned from WGN. Amos 'n' Andy became bigger even than Sam 'n' Henry—and then the NBC brought them to New York for a national hook-up.

And if you think they aren't popular, a year ago when the NBC changed their hour of broadcast to 7 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, over 100,000 telegrams of protest were received from the West Coast. Whole communities threatened to boycott the product that Amos 'n' Andy advertised. The difficulty was settled

by having two broadcasts nightly, one for the east at 7:00 and one for the west at 11:15.

Of course, the children weren't a bit sorry to hear that because otherwise it would mean that their beloved Amos 'n' Andy would be on the air during school time!

Sometimes you hear people saying that Amos 'n' Andy aren't anything anymore. Don't you believe it. Amos 'n' Andy became what's known as a National Institution some time ago and it looks as if they will remain just that for many years to come.



MURIEL POLLOCK used to deliver newspapers on her bike

AT the age of fourteen diminutive Molly Pollock, considered the finest woman jazz pianist in America, was playing the piano in a movie theatre. When the vaudeville performers on the bill saw the little girl in the pit, they complained to the management. They didn't want that little kid entrusted with their accompaniments! But Molly stuck to the job. It was in Far Rockaway, Long Island. She soon learned that she had an unusual gift for improvisation. And thus it was that her passion for composing was born. At that time she managed to hold down another job as well. With her brother Bob she used to deliver newspapers on a bicycle!

At sixteen she wrote an operetta, "Madam Pom Pom." The work entailed in composing this complete score caused her to "flunk" geometry and so she went to an Art School to study textile designing. Later she studied at the Institute of Musical Art in New York under Anna Lockwood.

Encouraged by a number of sincere friends whose approval she trusted, she decided to devote herself for a time to serious composition. She joined the artists' colony at Woodstock, New York, and wrote music.

When she returned to New York she made up her mind to innovate a girl piano duet for the stage. When she and her partner, Constance Mering, were granted an audition before Ziegfeld, Molly noticed that the impresario was shaking his head. Discouraged, she stopped in the middle of the performance. Later she learned that she had misinterpreted the gesture. He had approved highly and forthwith hired the duet. For a year and a half Molly and Constance played "Rio Rita."

Next Molly wrote a musical show, "Pleasure Bound," which was produced by the Shuberts. After that she went into radio work with the first female piano duet.

Molly has never stopped studying. Under the tutelage of William M. Daly, she has perfected herself in the complicated art of orchestration—and still works with Mr. Daly today. A number of her serious compositions have been played by the biggest orchestras on the air: "Reminiscences," "Mood in Blue," and "A Spanish Suite." Several of Molly's lighter pieces have achieved popularity—"Eatin' My Heart Out For You," "Give Me Your Love," "On the Boulevard."



ALEXANDER GRAY was a Pennsylvania farmer

WHEN Alexander Gray was a boy in short trousers he lived on a farm nestled among the Pennsylvania hills. His uncle raised cows and pigs. One of Alex's duties was to call the live stock to the feed trough. Many a wintry day the lad went out in the cold and sent his young voice down the valley. That practice undoubtedly gave him the power and resonance with which he now thrills us during Chesterfield periods.

A move to town brought him face to face with the question of what he wanted to do with his life. And he turned to mechanics. When he went to Pennsylvania State he studied engineering.

Those were rocky years for young Alexander Gray. He earned his way . . . stoked furnaces, washed dishes; yes, he even sold aluminum kitchen utensils. But somehow he managed to find time to join his college glee club—and presently the healthy young baritone of the cow calling days was pouring itself all over the Penn State campus. He learned then that he enjoyed singing and—what is more important—he learned that other people enjoyed listening.

His big break came when he won the Mid-Western

contest sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs for American trained singers. He knew then that he could do big things. One of those big things was to sing for Florenz Ziegfeld.

Such an audition is not easy to arrange. Ziegfeld is usually flitting around the country—California, New York, Florida. Somehow, Alex cornered him in the East and made him listen.

The result justified his faith in himself for Ziegfeld hired him on the spot.

Gray started playing in Ziegfeld shows. He appeared in several editions of the "Follies." It was Gray who first sang that well-remembered song hit, "'Neath the South Sea Moon." The musical comedy phase of his life finally ended with the two-year run of "The Desert Song."

When musical pictures became the Hollywood vogue, he joined the gold rush westward. He played in several pictures for Warners. With interest in singing talkies waning, he had to make his way back to New York again. Vaudeville offered a pleasant route.

His chance in radio was of his own making. And as usual, he made good at it.



HOW and why is it that all these "low down" song-birds with deep, full voices are invariably so tiny? Mildred Bailey, whose voice comes over the airwaves with incredible power and "push," just barely tips the beam at one hundred pounds. And her height is two inches past five feet. Those who know her ask "Where does she get that voice?"

Perhaps there is something in practice. She started doing things to songs when she was a kid. That was out Puget Sound way.

She landed in the West Coast's star spot for lasses with lungs. She got a job in a Seattle ten cent store, shouting songs at the customers as they milled past in the aisle. Can you imagine the work of singing eight hours a day? She liked it and the customers liked it. They told their friends to drop in to hear that little Bailey girl sing. Her reputation spread across Oregon and Washington.

A manager for a Vancouver, Canada, supper club heard

of her. He slipped into the crowd of shoppers one day and leaned against a counter, listening. Mildred sang the usual songs, all unaware.

The manager went away, smiling to himself. The girl had the voice. With a little training in "putting herself over" she would wow them. He wrote, offering a job.

She hurried to Vancouver. That voice, low in the throat, pulsing, was something new in Vancouver. She was a riot, a smash hit, a success.

Later, she took a train for Chicago "just for fun." She wondered if she could make good in the big Middle Western town. One of the first persons to hear her was Paul Whiteman.

"You're going to sing with my outfit," he told her—and she signed the dotted line.

Chicago loved her, still loves her. America learned of her when Whiteman put her on the air. And fan mail, the unfailing thermometer of popularity, has already proclaimed her one of radio's favorite godchildren.

MILDRED BAILEY sang songs across a ten-cent store counter



CAN you imagine the dapper, suave, and exceedingly funny Ben Bernie in the rôle of a village blacksmith, forge-blowing, bending over a mule's forefoot? That is what he might have been had he followed in his father's footsteps.

Instead, he has followed nobody's footsteps—and recently he was adjudged to be the overwhelmingly favorite master of ceremonies of the air.

He is a native New Yorker—born on the East Side, which means he started out in life with two strikes already called on him. Phil Baker and Eddie Cantor were his friends. The section was crowded with tenements and people. Ben liked to run wild with his gang, getting into mischief.

But his father, as wise a man as are most blacksmiths, bought Ben a fiddle. It was cheap and it squeaked, but it was the realization of young Bernie's dreams. He stayed at home every afternoon, playing and practicing. That fiddle didn't make beautiful music but it did what

the Bernie parent knew it would do: it kept Bennie off the streets until he entered Cooper Union.

Amateur collegiate theatricals attracted his attention. He joined all the student dramatic clubs. When the day came to decide upon the annual show that the students would give, Ben Bernie showed for the first time that he had an uncanny knack of knowing what the public wanted.

The school president and most of the other students wanted to produce Shakespeare. Ben held out for a minstrel show.

Not long after that he organized a dance orchestra and went into vaudeville with Phil Baker. He called himself the "Young Maestro." His method of "gagging" while conducting brought him quick fame. No matter where he played, he talked and soon audiences were believing that there was no other band leader in the world quite like Ben Bernie.

The only creed of entertainment he knows is wrapped up in that simple phrase he made famous, "I hope you like it."

BEN BERNIE was once the "Young Maestro"



OLIVE PALMER
refused an operatic
contract—absolutely



A YEAR or so ago when Olive Palmer (whose real name is Virginia Rea) signed an exclusive contract with a commercial company, a contract that restricted her from singing for any other program whatsoever, a great many people thought she was committing professional suicide. They told her the public would forget her, hearing her only once a week.

Olive Palmer thought otherwise—and she was right. Her association with the Palmolive Company brought her greater prestige and fame than she had ever known.

At the age of five, she wanted to sing. This was in Louisville, Kentucky, during rehearsals for a church concert. On the night of the concert, a tiny, wee voice piped out in song at an unexpected juncture. Everyone in the church listened. When the ditty was done, they burst into applause—and the girl who was to become famous as Olive Palmer had scored her first triumph.

The years passed and little Virginia developed a voice that became the talk of the blue grass country. She thought occasionally of plans for an operatic career. Her family put its foot down at the mention of the subject. A nice girl might sing for her friends, but the idea of going on the stage for the sake of fame or money was horrifying. The wise little lady kept quiet and went about getting a careful vocal education. When she graduated from a Middle West university, she went abroad for

“finishing.” Noted European voice teachers gave additional lessons. She was all ready to come home again when a flattering offer came from the Paris Opera Company.

There is no doubt that she could have taken it and gone on to the heights—but she got suddenly homesick. She wanted to go back to Kentucky and that is just what she did.

One of the most delightful things about her is her languorous southern accent. And that is almost the only languorous thing in her make-up. She rehearses a great deal. She gets in two or three rounds of golf each week. Sometimes, when she isn't terribly busy, she makes plans for another European concert tour, but just now that must wait, for she has sold her voice to the radio—and the radio fans demand that she stay with them.

**JOHN CHARLES
THOMAS** was once a
camp meeting singer



JOHN CHARLES THOMAS is a phenomenon. He is American trained and American born, he has kept his American name, and yet he is one of the biggest favorites on the Continent.

His father was a Methodist minister and his mother was a singer. When he was born—at Myersdale, Pennsylvania—there was great rejoicing in the Thomas home that he was a son. His father planned for him to become an evangelist.

John Charles grew quickly into a sturdy boy with a lusty voice. Mother, father, and son, they formed a trio that participated in the camp meetings at which the father preached. Each autumn was a time of exhortation and worship. Young Thomas lifted his voice again and again in the Pennsylvania hills . . . and he learned, without quite realizing it then, that his future somehow

would be that of a singer.

But at first he thought it would be great fun to be a doctor. With that in view, he attended the Baltimore Medical College and it was while he was there that he unexpectedly won a scholarship in the Peabody Conservatory of Music. The issue confronted him squarely—he knew he had to choose one road or the other.

He chose music. In less than a year he was in New York, singing in light opera. What a matinee idol he made—built like a football tackle (he has actually played against the celebrated Jim Thorpe) with a powerful physique and six feet of height.

Light opera was just a stepping stone. As soon as he had earned enough money, he declared himself exclusively a concert baritone. His success was immediate.

His first attempt at serious opera was in Europe. In Belgium, the people call him America's singing ambassador. When Leopold of Belgium and Astrid of Sweden were married, he was one of the chosen few to appear in a gala concert performance at the Royal Opera House.

American through and through, but a man of the world nevertheless, John Charles Thomas is today a great radio singer. His famous baritone voice has taken him a long, long way from the Pennsylvania hills . . . clear to the Royal Court of Belgium. And that's a pretty good record for any Methodist preacher's son.



THE REVELERS were once the Shannon Four

SEVERAL years ago when the Victor talking machine people wanted a male quartet they looked around the studio to see who was making records. They found four bright young men with excellent voices—and the quartet was formed and dubbed the Shannon Four because of the popularity of Irish songs.

Now they are called The Revelers. James Melton and Lewis James, first and second tenors; Phil Dewey, baritone; and Wilfred Glenn, bass, are the members.

Lewis James was born at Ypsilanti, Michigan. His first interest in music was aroused after he left high school. He came to New York to study and Frank Damrosch chose him to sing with the Musical Art Society.

Phil Dewey is an ex-farm boy from near Macy, Indiana, one of eleven children.

He worked his way through the University of Indiana. He is a Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Music.

The Juillard Musical Foundation of New York gave him a fellowship and he came East to study. A job in the cast of the musical comedy, "Lady Do," kept him in bread and butter. "Good News" was his next show. His chance to broadcast came when a famous male quartet showed up for a studio program with the baritone missing, suddenly stricken ill. A friend recommended Dewey and he was rushed into the breach . . . and he is still there.

Wilfred Glenn, whose booming bass has made him a national favorite, was twenty years old before he knew he had a voice. He is a native of Dry Creek, California, has adventured as a ranch hand, seaman, Alaska fisherman, explorer, and has been a soloist in the Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. An original member of the Shannon Four, he has been in radio since its infancy.

James Melton, top tenor of this aggregation, was born in Moultrie, Georgia. At the University of Florida where he went out for football, an injury forced him off the gridiron for life. Needing something to fill in his spare time, Melton bought a sax and learned to play in six lessons.

When he came to New York, no producer would listen to him sing. He learned that an audition was being held at the Roxy Theatre. He went to the door, got inside the theatre, and asked to see Erno Rapée, musical director. Doormen, ushers, attendants told him the hour was too late, it was impossible. Melton thought fast—and started to sing at the top of his voice. The tones rang through the movie cathedral. Erno Rapée rushed forward and hired the unabashed youngster on the spot.

That job led to his connection with The Revelers and the radio. Today, his name on a broadcast program means that thousands all over the country listen.

THE BOSWELL SISTERS are three-quarters French

THERE is something about that distinctive Boswell rhythm that gets under the skin. Connie, Vet, and Martha, harmony makers de luxe, undoubtedly mean it that way—but there was a day when they were the most sedate trio of young ladies in their native parish of New Orleans.

It was six years ago that papa Boswell decided he needed a trip to Florida for his health. He looked fondly at his three girls, each just a year from the other in age, and admonished them to practice hard while he was gone. He gloried in his girls' talents.

At his departure, a change came over the Boswell household. Strange instruments appeared from unexpected places.

They started to play "St. Louis Blues." Now and then they stopped to construct a weird minor—and went on. The walls of the old French house rang with unaccustomed rhythms.

That was the beginning of the famous Boswell rhythm. Today it is known from coast to coast.

They began their musical education when they were hardly out of the cradle. Coöperation has been their fetish since they began to play together as babies. Once, the art school which they attended had a Christmas poster contest. The girls were smart enough to know that none of them was a good enough artist to win the grand prize. So they did a co-op job. Connie conceived the idea, Vet did the drawing, and Martha contributed the lettering and borders. The poster brought home the bacon.

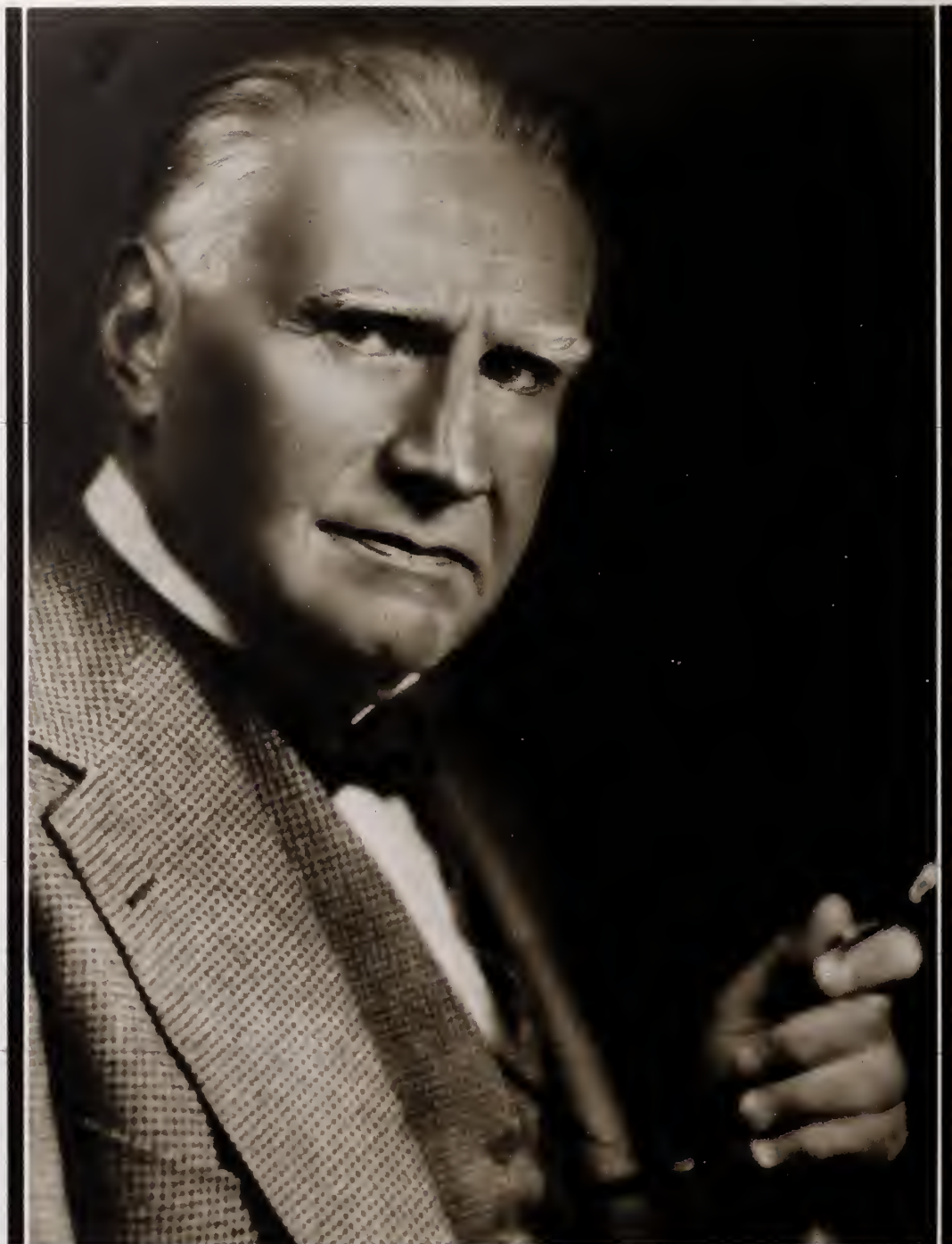
"Hot" rhythms were a natural outgrowth of their listening to the negro plantation singers around New Orleans. They developed their own style while singing for their own school entertainments.

Their first professional appearances were in vaudeville houses around New Orleans. Stage contacts gave them an opportunity and in no time at all they were radio favorites. In 1928 they decided to attempt a greater success. Chicago was their goal. A six weeks' engagement was contracted for. And six weeks were enough to establish them as creators of an entirely new type of singing. Now they're on a coast to coast hook-up and the outstanding female harmony team.

Their likes are unusually similar.



DAMROSCH
has never gone
to college



WALTER DAMROSCH is the possessor of three honorary degrees as Doctor of Music from three great American universities—yet he has never been to college.

It so happens

He was born in Breslau, Germany. When his parents brought him to America in 1870 he was nine years old . . . and already a student of Greek and Latin. He learned to speak the new American version of English in fourteen days.

His father was one of the great music masters of his day. Young Walter's musical education being the important thing in life, no expense was spared to give him the best. Tutors were thick around the place. He studied pianoforte and conducting. When he found a bit of spare time he went down to the Cooper Union high school and put in the hours with a brush and a box of paints.

His father died when Walter was just twenty-three. And then the son justified all the labor and work and education that had been crammed into him by a half-

dozen great instructors. He stepped into his father's shoes as conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra—and he has held the job ever since. For, when the New York Symphony and the Philharmonic Orchestra merged three seasons ago, Damrosch took the many superlative musicians who were left jobless and welded them into the *new* New York Symphony which you hear over the air.

A conductor at twenty-three. The event was only significant in that it showed how far this brilliant young musician might go.

Since becoming Musical Counsel for the National Broadcasting Company, he has done as much, probably, as any one man to give the American masses a clear understanding and liking for fine music.

Nine months of the year he directs the RCA Educational Hour through a coast-to-coast hook-up. It is a program designed for students, and in it Damrosch demonstrates and explains the works of all the world's music masters. His Sunday symphony concerts are usually one of the brightest spots of the whole day.



STOKOWSKI,
the Pole, was
born in England

THE big man in his shirt-sleeves who labors with prodigious energy at the Columbia Broadcasting studios is Leopold Stokowski, the celebrated orchestra conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony.

No man has a deeper belief in the integrity of his art than this Polish gentleman born in London in 1882. As a boy, he learned violin, piano, organ, theory and harmony.

His studies were completed at the Paris Conservatory during the last century. In 1900 he was a church organist in London. In 1905 he came to New York to occupy the same position at Saint Bartholomew's. In 1909 he was invited to become conductor of the Cincinnati orchestra—and he accepted.

His passion always has been to create music that will stir and please the masses. The Cincinnati post gave him this opportunity. With a half-hundred musicians at his command he was able to do so much more than when limited by the console of his church organ. He worked night and day until the Cincinnati ensemble was known throughout the world.

One of the oldest and finest symphony organizations in America is at Philadelphia. In 1912 a vacancy occurred—and Stokowski was invited to assume its leadership. He did so—and has been there ever since.

When radio was mentioned to him, he became enthusiastic, seeing it as a new outlet for his music . . . and a new source of comfort and joy to the millions who had been without music. But as he attacked the problem, he realized that the mechanical business of picking up the sounds made by a symphony orchestra and putting them on the air had never been perfected. So he went to work in his shirt-sleeves, experimenting with new mikes, new pick-ups, different seating arrangements. He had tubas playing in pits and clarinets on ladders. He had violins with their backs to the mike and French horns blowing through felt pads. And finally he got the result he wanted.

As result, William S. Paley, CBS president, had a special medal struck off in appreciation and recognition of Stokowski's distinguished contribution to radio progress.



SINGIN' SAM
was a minstrel
in the good old
days

SINGIN' SAM is a man without a last name. But not one without a history. Since he filled the job of "boy basso" in the old J. A. Coburn's Great Minstrels, he has been singing around the United States and having a grand time of it.

If you're old enough, you remember Al G. Fields' Minstrels. Singin' Sam was their star comedian. And haven't you heard those two inimitable stage comics named the "Two Black Crows"? Singin' Sam was one of the originators of that happy act.

Radio discovered him only about a year ago. He went into his first radio broadcast with a distinct idea. He had listened to a lot of programs . . . and been annoyed by the rustle of paper as performers or announcers turned their script pages. He was tired of the strict formality, the clockwork-like precision. He wanted to be natural and unaffected.

His first broadcast was an innovation. He spoke with a drawl and a happy lilt. When he sang, warmth colored his deep tones. Between numbers he joked in a mild,

easy-going and completely inoffensive way. The whole period was devoted to just that type of entertainment. As comfortable and unhurried and unembarrassed, as if he were standing by the piano in anybody's home and singing to three or four people.

Then he went home and waited to see what the morrow's mail would bring. There was only a little comment. That night, studio officials thrust a script in his hand and told him to use it. He put it on the piano and didn't look at it. His second broadcast was a repetition of the first; drawling, amiable, comfortable, with the reassuring friendliness of his voice to hold it together. He thought he had a good idea and he was determined to give it a trial.

Then the mail started to come. It was as if persons, hearing the first broadcast, had been unable to believe it until it was repeated a second time. Within two and one-half weeks, Singin' Sam got 25,000 letters. And up to date, nobody else has ever tried to make him use another script.

WELCOME
LEWIS' friends
call her "Half-
pint"



IF ever you see a little girl with black hair in a big red roadster rushing somewhere at eighty miles an hour, you can bet that her name is Welcome Lewis and that she is working on a new song.

That's the way she likes to work—humming the tune while her bus eats up the miles.

Why is she called Welcome? It's a cute story. Her mother had eight children, mostly boys. She wanted one more . . . she wanted a girl. And she got—have you guessed it?—what she wanted. Mrs. Lewis was so overjoyed she cried, "She's welcome." And she still is.

She grew up (but not very much—she only weighs ninety pounds right now) with a deep contralto voice. The deep voice got her a job on the radio the minute the musical director of a broadcasting company heard her sing at a party. After years and years of practically continuous eating she is still just a little girl. Height, almost five feet and no inches in tallest high heels.

Her musical career started in her own back yard in California just twenty odd years ago. Mother Lewis'

numerous children and a few neighbors' children gave her just the material to form a Welcome Lewis Symphonic and Classical Orchestra. The music they made, listeners remember, was neither symphonic (whatever that was) nor classic. But it was loud.

The manner in which she got her chance to sing on the radio is another demonstration of that thing called destiny. She had no particular aspirations toward success—indeed, she thought her unusually low voice would ruin any opportunity she got. Then the break came.

She was attending a party at a famous radio artist's home. She was asked to sing—and how lucky for her that she did. For another guest was the musical director of a radio broadcasting company. . . .

The next day's mail brought her good news. It was a letter from the director begging her to come for an audition. She went, not because she thought she had a chance, but because she wanted to see the inside of a studio. Needless to add, her low, vibrant tones registered perfectly—and you know the rest.

ART JARRETT didn't like to have his hair mussed

WHO would have thought that the dark, handsome kid in the shell, an oar gripped in his clenched hands, would grow up to be a radio singer? Who, watching the rhythmic sweep of those eight oars, watching the tapered body that was Art Jarrett's would have named him as a future wearer of the mantle of Crosby, Columbo, and Vallée?

Certainly not Art Jarrett himself. He was interested in winning a race—in winning any race that came along. Athletics attracted him more than anything else. In

Brooklyn, where he was born (1908) and educated, they still remember his feats on the gridiron. He played without a helmet, it seems, with those raven locks of his carefully combed in place. As long as opposing players left him alone he was a mild-mannered and model young man—but let those hairs be mussed and Art Jarrett began to run wild in the high, wide and handsome manner he made famous.

After prep school days he transferred his interest from sport to law. Fordham University was his choice. But one day, in a fellow student's room, he heard a radio announcer mangling the king's English.

"I can do a better job than that mug," he said—and set out to prove it.

His audition with the broadcasting company was unsatisfactory. They didn't want him as an announcer. However, to soften the blow, they advised him to become a professional musician.

And that is just what he did. He joined Ted Weems' orchestra, playing the banjo and guitar. Before many weeks had passed he was singing most of the songs.

Oddly enough, it was a recording of some popular piece that brought him back to the attention of the same officials who had once rejected him. Art had made a number of records, part of them good and part of them just fair. All of them revealed the richness of his voice and gave a clue to what it might sound like through a microphone. Such a record caught the attention of a Columbia man and Art was hurried into a studio for an audition. Of course, it was a success.

His first job on the air was in a sustaining program of Station WBBM, Chicago. The hour was not very favorable and there was no great amount of special publicity but his fan mail showed that he possessed a Certain Something to an unusual degree.

Hundreds of letters inquired about Art Jarrett and asked when he could be heard again. And fan mail is the test!

Now he gives the answer over the air almost every night, using a national network—and the kid who started singing in Saint Patrick's Cathedral in New York is making good in a big way.



COUNTESS OLGA ALBANI was born in a Spanish castle

YOU really should see Olga Albani to believe her. She is so Spanish and yet, at the same time, so American and friendly that it is hard to believe that this slender, dark-eyed beauty has a pedigree that goes back through Spanish history for hundreds of years before the time of Queen Isabella and Columbus.

It is especially difficult to believe when you hear her saying how well she likes to cook.

She was born in Barcelona, Spain . . . yes, in a castle with a dungeon keep and drawbridge. The name given her was Olga Medolago Albani. She was still an infant when her parents decided that the United States offered greater opportunity than slumberous Spain.

So it happened that Olga, instead of being cloistered with nuns in a Castilian convent, went to a Long Island academy and ran screaming about the playgrounds with pigtailed flying as high as any native born child. Later, she was just one of hundreds of youngsters registered at the Horace Mann High School in New York City.

Her parents were old-fashioned enough to believe that a girl should be able to do something other than dance and chat and they gave her instruction in music at home. Her natural fire and their tutoring made her a favorite for school play rôles. She hugged each opportunity with glee and made the most of it.

It was her secret thought, even then, that she would go on the stage. Such a thing could not be mentioned in the Albani household, of course. Spanish nobility does not wear greasepaint. She made her preparations carefully, studied and developed her voice, and when she felt that she was ready she had a talk with a producer who was so startled at being called on by a real countess that he gave her a part in "New Moon."

When the news reached her home, there were immediate preparations to return to Spain. It is significant that no one did return, especially Countess Olga who made a triumph of her appearance on what her relatives called the "wrong side of the footlights."

An opportunity to sing for the radio resulted in widespread appreciation. Fans liked her clear voice. And

her parents liked the idea so much better than the stage. It seemed more dignified. So Countess Olga settled the situation by declaring for the radio, exclusively, and there she will stay, she promises, unless some of these days she decides to settle down in a suburban cottage and cook and cook and cook.

You must have heard her voice over the air. She sings mostly classical and semi-classical stuff—in a pure soprano voice. She never has made any attempt to go "blue." She's on the Buick Sunday night hour.





GRAHAM

McNAMEE practices golf on the parlor rug

at Aeolian Hall—but the new fangled radio attracted him too intensely to be resisted. He hung around, announcing some, singing some, learning what it was all about. Then in 1923 he was handed two assignments that decided his future. WEAf managers decided they wanted to air the Harry Wills-Johnny Wilson championship fight; and to put the baseball World Series through the ether. For some unremembered reason, McNamee got the job—and did it in a preëminently satisfactory manner.

His first national prominence came in 1924 when he announced the long drawn out Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden. It was his first opportunity to chatter about individuals and incidents (he had to do it to fill up the time) and it brought him a popularity that hasn't waned through the years.

He has been called a Middle Westerner but actually he was born in Washington, D. C. Later, his family moved to Minnesota where he studied the piano at age seven and became a boy soprano in an Episcopal church. After he came to New York to study voice he was soloist for several important churches. Today, there is so little time for practice that he sticks pretty close to announcing.

Outside the studio he is a rather normal man. He likes apple pie, practices golf on the parlor rug, forgets to mail letters, and raises flowers. Also, he has five radio sets in his apartment and whenever he is at home at least one of them is always going.

And here is a funny thing: McNamee has never played any game except hockey. He knew nothing about the technical side of football

TEN years ago, an idle juryman, excused by the court for the noon recess, wandered up Broadway in New York City in search of diversion. He passed a building which housed the studios of WEAf and decided to go in to see what a radio station looked like.

That juryman was Graham McNamee and his casual visit that noon-hour was the beginning of a career that has made him world famous. Since then he has talked to kings, queens, cardinals, presidents and pugilists.

In the beginning he was a concert baritone. Only a few months before he had made a successful appearance

when he broadcast his first game. Of course, he has probably absorbed a great deal of sports knowledge by this time. But the fact that *he prefers not to know anything about the technical end of a game when he broadcasts it.* That sense of spontaneity—that feeling he is making it up as he goes along—is much easier to acquire if he actually *is* making it up. And he loves that rushed feeling. He is purposely a last minute man. He dashes into the studio a split second before he goes on the air—honestly breathless—honestly excited—and practically collapses from nervous exhaustion when the broadcast is over.

TED HUSING once
sold wicker furniture
to housewives

If ever, on an autumn afternoon, you turn your radio dial and a rushing tumult of words pours from the loudspeaker, words that are distinct and excited and technical and expert all at once, you may know beyond doubt that you have one of America's great announcers, Ted Husing.

His own natural interest in sporting events makes him an eager, exciting commentator in that field. Prize fights, football games, or such spectacles as the mock attack of 700 airplanes on New York last year are grist for his mill.

His best efforts probably result from football games. And that is as it should be, for he is an inveterate fan. Each year, at the beginning of the season, he goes up to West Point or out to Notre Dame and works out with the team for a fortnight, putting on



moleskins and playing in the scrub backfield or line, carrying the ball, punting, learning all the new rules and new plays so he can project them to his listeners when, from the security of his observer's seat, he sees them happening on the gridiron.

Athletics are nothing new to Ted Husing. After his parents brought him from Deming, New Mexico, where he was born almost thirty years ago, he became a grammar school five letter man. At Stuyvesant High School in New York City to which his father sent him, he played basketball, football, baseball, and boxed. When America entered the war, he added a few years to his age and went out to Governor's Island to enlist.

Officers there looked him over, passed him, and asked "What can you do?"

"I can fight," said Husing.

"Okay, you'll be our physical instructor," they told him.

His honorable discharge enabled him to look for a job. The first thing available was a position as salesman for wicker furniture. He tried hard but after the war the market for wicker was terrible. He resigned and became a runner for a Wall Street firm. That intrigued his imagination, for he carried huge sums of money and securities.

Then WJZ advertised for an announcer. He was the 600th would-be announcer to apply. It didn't matter. The other 599 were eliminated and Ted got the job. Since then he has gone to the Columbia Broadcasting System where his wit and fluent delivery are ready for any emergency.



DAVID ROSS was a Russian baroness' secretary

DAVID ROSS was born in New York City in 1895 and his memory of those early years is one of a desperate struggle against poverty. Some of those years he was a newsboy, a kid on a windy corner with a stack of papers almost as large as he was. The voice that later would thrill millions with its magnetic dramatic readings was then but a ready pipe that could hardly lift through the clangor of city noises loud enough to say "Papers . . . papers!"

Somehow, that struggle on the city's street taught the boy beauty. When he grew older he discovered something in books that thrilled him. He began to read poetry and plays—and to write.

Today, he owns one of the finest assortments of poetical works in the English language. And his own poems have been published in many leading magazines.

There were lean years, of course. Part of them he taught classes in an orphan asylum and acted as dramatic director of a summer camp. Once, he got a job as secretary to a Russian baroness. He wasn't a good secretary, he remembers, but he suspects he was hired because he looked like a poet—or hoped he did. Probably, the baroness had a weakness for poets. But Ross doesn't say very much about that.

When he talks, it is about drama and art. Sometimes he gets excited (but not when he is on the air) and then the sight is one to behold. Persons have described him as a bundle of gesticulations. With a voice. And what a voice. It has brought him a vast following for his work in "Arabesque," "Poet's Gold," and the "True Story Hour."



JOHN S. YOUNG wears Russian pajamas

NOT many years ago there was a young man at Yale, a classmate of Rudy Vallee's, who could not decide whether he wanted to be an actor, a playwright, or a lawyer. So he flipped a coin—and playwriting won the toss.

Today he is Mr. John S. Young, the famous radio announcer.

How did he skip from playwriting to announcing? It was pretty much an accident. He studied playwriting and actually wrote several dramas—but his experience with managers was not the kindest. They did not want his plays. So he tried acting. That took him before the microphones of WBZ and WBZA and he found that he liked the kindly little gadget called a "mike." A friend asked him if he would like to announce a program, "just for fun." Young agreed . . . and his career got under way. His first assignment was on the fifty yard line of the Yale bowl where he reported a football game.

A year or so with the famous New England stations gave him a sure knowledge of his business and he came to New York to become a staff announcer for the NBC.

Persons around the NBC office immediately noticed one thing. He took his work seriously. And did it well. He was assigned to some big programs. With Milton Cross, he was among the first radio announcers to be assigned to make phonograph records. His voice now goes into 4,000 theatres each week in news, sport and travel reels.

In appearance, he represents what the "well dressed man will wear." Has a suit for every day in the week.

His one extravagance is Russian pajamas and his one passion in life is beefsteak cooked rare.



MILTON J. CROSS knows of a mule that was named after him

MILTON J. CROSS is big and easy-going and slow-talking. In a place where everybody is in a hurry and the peak of activity is never far from madness, he is the one calm spot. Nothing gets him excited. Nothing hastens his pace or his speech, yet he gets things done in time and is never late.

He is usually smiling and he knows everyone. He is one of the few successful New Yorkers born in New York. That was thirty-three years ago. After attending DeWitt Clinton high school he entered the Damrosch Institute of Musical Art. Years later he was to be heard on programs with Walter Damrosch. When he left the institute his diploma told the world that he was duly accredited to supervise music in the public schools. But radio caught him before he had a chance to use it.

He heard about a radio station called WJZ located on the roof of the Westinghouse factory in Newark. Those were the days of crystal and one tube sets. Milton went over for a look—and was invited to sing into a mike that hung from the ceiling on two wires. He sang and made a lot of friends. As the station grew, a second announcer became a necessity and he was offered the job.

His was a musical romance. Before her marriage Mrs. Cross was Lillian Fowler. She was playing and Cross was singing at a Fifth Avenue church when they met.

He has received thousands of gifts from fans. One is a clock carved from a block of anthracite coal to represent a microphone. It came from the same Pennsylvania mine in which there is a mule, named by an ardent admirer, that answers to the name of Milton J. Cross.



BILL MUNDAY was the youngest lawyer in Georgia

BILL MUNDAY is the lad who went from Atlanta, Georgia, to Pasadena, California, to report a football game for the radio audience and described a huddle as a "crap-shooting formation." The phrase clicked with thousands who liked his southern breeziness so well that they demanded more games for him—and last year he handled some of the outstanding football conflicts of the season.

He was born on Labor Day, 1903, in Atlanta. At fifteen, he started newspaper work for the *Atlanta Journal* and one year later entered college. He was twenty when he graduated and was admitted to the Georgia bar—the youngest attorney in the history of the state.

His introduction to broadcasting came when Phillips Carlin, who described the Yale-Georgia game for an NBC broadcast one year, asked Munday to give a résumé of the game between halves. Munday did so well that Carlin recommended him to Graham McNamee. When McNamee covered the Georgia Tech-Notre Dame game, Munday worked with him. And so Graham took him west to Pasadena to help handle the Georgia Tech-Southern California battle. And Munday's work was most enthusiastically received.

Since then, he has been on national hook-ups all over the United States. People remember his Southern dialect and his boyish enthusiasm and say he is headed for great things as an announcer, but Bill Munday has other ideas. He announced a few months ago that he was through as a sports announcer. Perhaps he means to give more time to law or newspaper work.



CHARM radiates from Gladys Rice, featured soprano of the National Broadcasting Company, whether one meets her face to face or listens to her voice.

Some people are like that. They instinctively do the right thing, say the right words. That is Gladys' heritage. When she sings she insists on singing songs that have a meaning to her listeners. Not just any new thing with a fetching tune but a ballad that is dear to a hundred thousand persons because of the sweet memories its singing can recall.

She is a true child of the theatre. Her father and her mother were John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, famous vaudeville partners twenty-odd years ago. After she was born, they took her with them—everywhere. Make-up boxes were her playthings. Travel in stuffy day coaches was the usual thing instead of an adventure. During a performance, she slept in a trunk in the theatre's wings.

Her first actions and her first walk were those of the actors and actresses around her. She spent much of her time standing before a mirror, making funny faces at herself.

Rice and Cohen didn't want Gladys to become an actress. So they sent her away to Ivy Hall, a school in Mount Vernon.

GLADYS RICE used to sleep in a trunk

It was there that she learned she had a voice of unusual promise. Her teachers urged her to develop it. She did so—hugging the secret thought to herself that some day she would go on the stage. She was just seventeen when an opportunity came to join a musical stock company in Mt. Vernon.

People who saw her knew that she had two careers, in music or in drama. She chose music and abandoned everything else in order to devote her full time to her voice. And the results justified the effort. At nineteen, she was making records.

Roxy needed a singer for the "gang" he was placing on the air and she joined him. Her pleasing soprano tones immediately established her. Today, she is almost everybody's favorite.



WALTER WINCHELL was a singing usher

WALTER WINCHELL is a home town boy who has made good—right in his own home town. He was born in New York City in 1897, somewhere around 116th street, and he rapidly became known as one of the noisiest babies in the block.

Presently, public school absorbed all his time but almost none of his interest. That was Public School 184—and how well he remembers it. He had just reached the sixth grade when his teachers gave up the unequal battle and decided he would do better in other fields.

One of his first jobs was in the Imperial Theatre where he was an usher . . . a singing usher, if you please. George Jessel and Eddie Cantor were with him, working at the same job. When Gus Edwards, the vaudeville producer, discovered them he signed them

up and put them on the stage as the “newsboy quartet.”

After several years of trouping, Winchell had become a hooper, a sayer of funny sayings, and a songster. So he got himself a partner and went into vaudeville for a string of unimportant performances that was broken only by service in the U. S. Navy during the war.

It was during these years that the urge to write first cropped out and as a result he published his own little vaudeville newspaper, a single sheet of paper, Corona-typed, and stuck on the bulletin board of whatever theatre in which he happened to be playing.

His real start as a newspaperman came when the publisher of a vaudeville weekly saw Walter's home-made column and hired him to write it every seven days for big time publication. Walter accepted and went to work as a writer for \$25.00 per week.

His jump from there to the new-born New York “Graphic” at \$100 a week is history. After a year, that paper raised him to \$300. Then the New York “Mirror” hired him for \$500. Last year they raised him to exactly \$1,000 a week.

His pursuit of news has made him famous. He has added more slang to our language than any living man—“flaming,” “came the yawning,” “Reno-vated,” etc.



B. A. ROLFE was a
"boy wonder"



B. A. ROLFE is the man who conducts the Lucky Strike dance orchestra—and who has made you dance to his tunes whether you liked them or not.

Just recently, remember, he was the center of a national controversy regarding the pace of a pleasant night's dancing.

Lucky Strike managers determined to find out if people in full possession of their strength and vigor really wanted slow tunes . . . and you know the answer. Today, B. A. Rolfe leads the same fast numbers but he intersperses them with "breathers" of the so-called "sweet" variety.

"B. A." has had an eventful career. Born at Brasher, N. Y., of two unusually musical parents, he became a "boy wonder" at the age of eleven when he toured Europe as a solo cornetist.

After triumphs in various capitols and audiences before crowned heads, he came back to America to establish himself firmly in the entertainment world. At an early age, he abandoned the cornet for business. His partner was Jesse Lasky—the same Jesse Lasky who established the Famous Players-Lasky company that is now the Paramount motion picture company—and they produced a series of vaudeville acts.

When Edison, among others, perfected the black magic of the motion picture camera, "B. A." became interested. He foresaw the marvellous possibilities of the new form of entertainment and decided to get in on the

ground floor. Before long, instead of producing vaudeville acts, he was producing motion pictures. He had Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne in "Romeo and Juliet." Gloria Swanson, Viola Dana, and Ethel Barrymore starred for him.

Then came a battle for control within the rapidly growing industry. When it was over, "B. A." was through as a producer.

The old trumpet was in his trunk and he polished it up. Vincent Lopez was the reigning sensation in the orchestra world. He joined him and toured America. "It was the best way I knew to get back in shape," he explains.

His next step was an orchestra of his own. He played in a New York restaurant and some of his programs were put on the air. The customers liked him so well that, when Lucky Strike was in the market for an outstanding dance ensemble they bought his complete organization and signed it up to an exclusive contract. And once again "B. A." is on top of the world, owns his own yacht, and argues with people about the sort of dance music they like.

PAUL WHITEMAN

once drove a taxi



THAT famous red book called "Who's Who in America" contains just one biography of a band leader—and that leader is Paul Whiteman.

He was born, the volume informs us, in Denver, Colorado, in 1891. He married Vanda Hoff in 1921. When a son was born he was named Paul Whiteman, Jr. Today, that son plays his own little fiddle at the Edgewater Beach Apartments in Chicago while Papa Paul is busy from ten o'clock in the morning to twelve-thirty in the evening at the NBC studios.

The Whiteman talent for music is a heritage. James Wilberforce Whiteman was supervisor of music in the Denver public schools for over fifty years. Paul, his son, grew up to be a lover of fine music and an instrumentalist of a high order. At seventeen, he was already the chief viola player in the Denver Symphony Orchestra. In 1915, he held the same position in the World's Fair Orchestra at San Francisco.

Not all the time, though, did young Whiteman stick to his career. He was too eager to see life. Once, he got

a job driving a taxi and stuck to it through a summer vacation. Later, he joined an automobile racing crew. Those were the early days of the automobile business and he made it part of his job to sell cars to those who became interested in the snorting, roaring vehicles.

But those were mere asides. Music was, is, and always will be the chief interest of his life. In California he began to experiment with instruments and rhythms that were different from the placid movements of the classics. He began to see that there was a different way of playing notes. To carry out his ideas, he had to organize his own orchestra. He took up jazz, a noisy newcomer from the southland that was sweeping the country toward insanity. He made it beautiful.

The war interrupted his career and he joined the Navy. For "duration" he was a band leader on a warship. With his discharge, he went back to San Francisco and started to build up an orchestra. A hotel man invited him to play at the opening of the Ambassador in Atlantic City. With that came a chance to make records for the Victor phonograph company. Ziegfeld heard him and signed him for the "Follies."

Later his music went over the air—the first band to play for the radio—and was picked up in all parts of the United States.

Recently, he married Margaret Livingston of motion picture fame. Their home is in Chicago where he is chief orchestra director for NBC.

ALICE JOY won't throw out flowers

ALICE JOY is an odd bit of humanity. One could call her an old-fashioned girl were it not for the fact that, in some ways, she is so modern.

She insists on singing "chest tones" which is her own particular style of vocalizing. It's her system and if she is stuck with it—well, she intends to keep right on singing. There's a doggedness about her insistence on that point. One might think of her as a hard practical sort of person until one remembers that:

She will not wear flowers because she loves them too much to watch them fade. It makes her furious for anyone to pull the petals off a flower in her presence. If she has flowers in her home, she won't throw them out as long as a single leaf remains fresh.

Cooking is her favorite indoor sport. Her kitchen is a house-wife's dream. There is a gadget for every item from pouring milk to straining soup. Her idea of a pleasant afternoon is to cuddle up with a three-inch steak, a half-dozen raw onions, and a frying pan.

Her introduction to the stage came as a member of a quintet of piano players. Can you imagine it—five girls and five pianos on one little stage. She was the kid of the bunch and it was all new and thrilling. Sometimes, instead of playing, the five girls sang. Alice's deep tones made her a leader.

The World War brought that to a finish. She applied sixteen times for overseas service. When they refused her she sang in soldier camps and for Liberty Loan Drives. In Canada, she met a captain named Robert Burns. He had won England's Distinguished Flying Cross for bringing down several German planes. They were married and she liked so much to be called Mrs. Burns that she almost forgot the stage.

But the year of 1929 brought her back. By sheer coincidence, she took part in an RKO Theatre of the Air broadcast, singing the "Last Rose of Summer"—and reaped such a harvest of plaudits for the voice with the "sob and tear" that she was signed up.





LOWELL THOMAS didn't know how to talk

LOWELL THOMAS, globe-trotter and adventurer de luxe, has been an interesting figure since he got his gang of boyhood pals together out in Cripple Creek, Colorado, his home town, and told them he was going to step out and see the world.

His first job was that of getting through college. He had to work and work hard. He fed cows, tended furnaces, acted as cook and waiter, assisted a geologist, reported on newspapers, anything that was decent. During those years he attended Valparaiso, Denver, Chicago, and Princeton Universities. A rolling stone, even then—gathering a polish of experience and doggedness that was to take him into some extraordinary situations.

Once, when he was out of money he went into the mountains beyond Cripple Creek and mined for mineral.

He was barely of legal age when he outfitted and headed two private expeditions into the Arctic. Somewhere in his childhood, he remembered tall tales of the aurora borealis and thundering herds of caribou, told no doubt, by Cripple Creek miners who had prospected the Arctic in their search for gold. Thomas found no metal but he learned a great deal about the country.

Upon his return to the United States he realized he had a great many experiences to tell and a great lot of information to impart—but he knew so little of public speaking he was afraid to do it. So he hired a tutor. In a short time, he was lecturing before so imposing an organization as the Smithsonian Institute.

Since then he has explored in Burma, India, and Central Asia. His books on such interesting personalities as "Count Luckner, the Sea Devil" and "Lauterbach of the China Sea" are absorbing reading.

Now thirty-eight years old, he says he is just beginning to go places and do things. His New York apartment is a nine room duplex in the city's most fashionable section but his real home is a big house in the Berkshire foothills where he has installed the trophies collected along his paths of adventure.

TOSCHA SEIDEL

is an African chief



TOSCHA SEIDEL packs a gun whenever he goes through the streets with his valuable Stradivarius violin tucked under his arm. He doesn't expect to have to use it—but if anyone ever bothers that precious fiddle, they'll have a tough customer to deal with.

Sometimes, instead of the pistol, he takes Hector. Hector is a dog that weighs 170 pounds, all bone and muscle. He adores Toscha and would give his life, if need be—and Toscha adores Hector.

He lives in Westchester County, New York, where he plays ping pong in a room that has held, at one time or another, most of the musical celebrities of the world. His contract bridge isn't so good. Getting up time for him is 7:30 a. m.

He was born in Odessa, Russia, thirty-three years ago. At three he was playing the violin. At fifteen, he was a full-fledged virtuoso. A tour of triumph through Europe took him finally to Christiania which was then all excited about another prodigy named Jascha Heifetz. The Queen of Norway, wishing to decide for herself which was the greater violinist, invited them both before her. With the court listening, Toscha and Jascha played the "Bach Concerto for Two Violins."

The Queen—and Norway with her—was unable to choose a winner. Whenever anyone asked, "Which do you prefer?" the answer was invariably, "Whichever one I hear last."

For months, that rivalry continued. Today it is still unsettled but Toscha and Jascha are the best of friends.

He has played his way around the world a half-dozen times. To him, each trip is a new adventure. He has a tremendous appetite for living. In France, he found inspiration in onion soup. In Norway, King Haakon was his host. In South Africa, the natives made him a chief of their tribe.

In the studio, he is a different man. His jollity vanishes and he becomes again the intent, earnest youth who played his way to fame from the depths of a quaint Russian city. Before the microphone, he becomes a force. Half-caressing his violin, talking tensely to his pianist, he makes ready to play out his heart and soul, to deluge the whole world with his music.

And he does it all in his shirt sleeves.



RAYMOND KNIGHT wrote a prize play

A CURIOUS, serious gentleman is Professor Ambrose J. Weems when you meet him without the cockeyed air and attitude of Station KUKU, that mythical mad-house studio which has entertained America for so many months.

Raymond Knight is the man who invented Ambrose Weems and most of the nonsense that offends your eardrums from KUKU. In the flesh, he gives the impression of knowing his way around. His record verifies that impression.

He was born in Salem, Mass., at the turn of the century. His father was a dentist but his own ambitions led him into law. He even graduated from a law school and became a practicing attorney before he realized that another destiny was calling him.

During the World War he joined an engineering outfit. He was a sergeant when the government favored him with a discharge. He leaped into playwriting, determined to catch the world by the tail. Strangely enough, the world escaped at the moment—but Knight kept on chasing.

In 1927 a one-act play of his won the Drama League's national contest. It was called "Strings" and was broadcast all over America and Europe by the National Broadcasting Company.

Since then, he has done every sort of work imaginable on the air. A part of his job as production manager for NBC is to provide the "off-stage" sounds demanded by a story. Such noises are sometimes difficult to produce. Raymond Knight is responsible for such additions to the art of broadcasting as drawing a nail lightly across a metal surface to make the sound of a squeaking door, rubbing two pieces of sandpaper together to make the



sound of lapping water, bursting a blown-up paper bag before the "mike" to indicate a pistol shot, drawing a piece of knotted rope through a hole in a drum to indicate a railroad train.

His radio debut was made in "Embarrassing Moments in History." Since then he has been heard in "Hello, Mars," "The Triadramas," "The Ingram Prize Fight," and he has directed "Empire Builders" and "Real Folks." But his greatest rôle has been that of the amiable lunatic. Prof. Ambrose J. Weems, "who is only thinking of you, dear public."



THE heel of the Tzar lay over Russia when David Rubínoff was born in Grodna in 1898.

In order to take lessons, David had to travel five miles, often through sleet and ice storms. One day, after starting home during a blizzard, he slipped and fell down a hill. His violin case slid from his fingers and vanished. He got to his feet and started searching. Blinding wind and snow baffled him at every turn. He commenced to cry—and the tears froze as they fell.

Darkness finally drove him home where he lay awake all night, waiting for the dawn. This second day his family went back to help him. Sleet still lashed the earth . . . and they found nothing. Three days passed like that—and little David never closed his eyes. On the fourth day, the sun gleamed across a world of high piled drifts. They resumed the hunt—with neighbors helping. And David found his little fiddle between two rocks at the bottom of a drift.

That night he slept for the first time.

He was fifteen (studying in the Royal Conservatory of Warsaw) when the legends that he had heard of the United States became a reality. His parents moved to America, bringing him. He completed his studies here.

His first job was that of orchestra director of a group of motion picture theatres. It was 1916.

Recently, he has made many records for Brunswick. And he has found time to write "Dance of the Russian Peasant," "The Russian Rhapsody," and "Fiddling the Fiddle."

Rudy Vallée brought him into radio. It was a case of one friend doing another friend a good turn. Rudy liked Rubínoff's music—and he arranged for the audition that sold him to NBC officials.

If you were to meet Rubínoff you would say he looks entirely unlike a musician. His most violent dislikes are handball, bridge, and golf. He possesses a tremendous enthusiasm collecting photographs, reading in bed, and nibbling at dried pumpkin seeds.

DAVID RUBINOFF nibbles dried pumpkin seeds



A FEW years ago, Frank Munn was a young fellow trying to get along. He had a high tenor voice that had been described as silvery, he had a few dollars, a big appetite, and little else.

And then he got a chance to make real money—if he would change his name . . . or rather, hide his real name under a pseudonym.

His story really starts when he was a metal worker in a Bronx machine shop. There's little enough romance in such a business, he can tell you. He saw the monotony of his friends' lives—and he determined to plan a better future for himself. He analyzed himself carefully . . . and discovered that his best talent was an untrained tenor voice. He wondered if it might let him escape from the shop.

Every dollar that he could save went toward music lessons. A teacher took his raw tones and polished them. Within a few months it began to appear that he had chosen wisely. He quit the machine shop

and went down into Manhattan to look for a job.

On the day that he spent his last dollar, he walked into a recording studio and got work.

A conductor who has since become his friend offered him tips to smooth out his performance. Old WJZ, that alma mater of so many radio veterans, put him on the air and when the station was purchased by the National Broadcasting Company, he was one of the first to sing over the NBC network.

Then came the offer that would make him nameless. The Palmolive Company wanted an hour of music—and it wanted its chief singers to be known as Olive Palmer and Paul Oliver. So Frank Munn became Paul Oliver (for a price) and sang himself into fame.

Eventually, the contract ended—and Munn was at liberty to resume his own name. But it was unknown to America, everyone had forgotten him. Still, he had no choice. So, as Frank Munn he has started again to build himself a success comparable to that of Paul Oliver.

FRANK MUNN almost lost his name



H. V. KALTENBORN

is a Phi Beta Kappa

WHEN H. V. Kaltenborn "edits the news" over the Columbia chain, his listeners always have the feeling that he knows what he is talking about. Always he tells the news fully and fearlessly, and that is characteristic of him.

He has a personal and insatiable thirst for first-hand knowledge. His curiosity has led him all over the earth into some of the strangest corners man has ever seen. When he was just fifteen he ran away from his Milwaukee home without a penny. His destination was "anywhere—anywhere life might be happening."

Three years later he was taking part in the Spanish-American war. Fever, tropical sickness, and hard living in strange climates did nothing to dampen his ardor. As soon as the Spanish fleet had capitulated before Dewey at Manilla, he caught a boat to Europe where he bought a French bicycle and went on a tour that took him across Germany and into England.

College made its appeal—and he realized he would get nowhere as a rolling stone unless he knew what this life

was about. He returned to America and entered Harvard. This meant work of the hard, gruelling sort that most boys do not experience. But Kaltenborn likes work—it is one of his religions. He did everything there was around Cambridge in the way of odd jobs . . . and somehow, managed to find time for a fling at public speaking and oratory. When he graduated at the end of four years he wore the prize Phi Beta Kappa key and had won the Boylston contest for public speaking and the Coolidge contest for oratory.

A newspaper gave him his first job—and he knew he had discovered his life work. He went through the mill, from copy devil straight to his final job as Associate Editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

He still loves travel. Each summer he goes abroad and interviews the heads of all the important governments. Sometimes he lets the big boys alone and spends his time in ferreting out interesting little people with interesting big ideas.

If he has any hobby at all, it is a relish for life.



RAY PERKINS' first song hit made him \$7.37

THE life of Ray Perkins, known to all radio fans as the "Old Topper," is a perfect example of the young man who brings a talent to the "big town" and tries to sell it.

He was born in Boston late in the last century. His family moved to New York when he was just a kid. He played in the city streets, attended prep school, and finally entered Columbia University.

Part of the time he studied his lessons—and a part of the time he wrote songs. There was no reason nor method about his song writing, it was just a game that he did for his own amusement. One day, he was whistling a tune to himself when an upper classman tapped him on the shoulder.

"What's that number, buddy?" he asked.

Ray blushed and admitted it didn't have a name.

"You mean you wrote it—yourself?"

"Yes," said Ray.

The upperclassman was working on the annual Columbia U. home talent show. He wanted a tune for a

certain spot—and he took Ray's. Next year the young Perkins man wrote almost the whole show. It was a hit.

The Shuberts, theatrical producers in New York, hired him when he graduated and used most of his songs in "The Passing Show" at the Winter Garden. His first tune published was "Tables for Two" and he got just \$7.37 in royalties. The next, "By-lo," was a hit.

George Cohan bought his services for a while after the Armistice . . . and then Ray went back to free lancing, making piano rolls, writing songs and plugging them, making phonograph records. For a short time, he was part of a vaudeville act. From 1920 to 1925 he wrote "Scandinavia," "Stand Up and Sing for Your Father," and "Down the Old Church Aisle."

In 1926, he made his radio debut as Judge, Jr. It was his first job in front of a mike. He didn't like it. Then the talkies roared into Hollywood and he went west to work with Warner Brothers. "Under a Texas Moon" and "Lady Luck" were two of his offerings to the screen.

Last year he came back to broadcasting—a headliner.



LILY PONS started out as a pianist

LILY PONS is a perfect example of the girl who didn't know what she could do until she tried.

Five years ago, she had not sung a note. Instead, all of her life, she had studied the piano. The career of a concert pianist lay ahead.

At fifteen, she won a scholarship that permitted her to study at the Paris Conservatoire. And there, presently, she ran away with all the first honors.

Life was shaping itself beautifully ahead when a friend offered her a job on the stage. She accepted and became an ingénue at the *Théâtre des Variétés*.

And then she met a man from Holland named August Mesritz. They became friends, sweethearts, husband and wife. Their interests were both in music and art. When he took her back to Holland, she was certain her professional career was over.

And then, one day, she began to sing. Her husband is a music critic, an unerring judge of fine voices. He leaned forward, amazed.

"You must study," he said.

Lily studied, thrilled with the discovery of a new talent—yet half believing nothing would ever come of it. She studied for the fun of it and joined an opera company that was organized to tour France.

At Montpellier, an American gentleman heard her. He saw that Lily Pons was invited to America for an audition.

Her first rôle in the famous old Metropolitan Opera House, with its celebrated diamond horseshoe, was that of Lucia di Lammermoor. That night excited admirers forced her to take thirty curtain calls. The audience found her un-prima donna-like slenderness as astounding as her lovely voice.

So brilliantly did the "Nightingale of the Riviera" start in the United States. Now her broadcasts take her voice to every part of the world.

ARTHUR TRACY

was once a street singer

IF you have listened to the Street Singer, that debonair stroller who charms with his caroling over the Columbia Broadcasting System, you will want to meet Arthur Tracy.

Arthur is the Street Singer himself. And he comes by the name honestly, for when he was a boy in Philadelphia he would sing under the windows for coins.

Tracy inherited a vast amount of natural talent from his parents. Both mother and father, however, picked another career for him. They wanted him to be an architect.

Arthur was perverse. Some spark of doggedness prevented him from accepting the parental edict. Deep in his heart he knew that he was meant to sing.

A Philadelphia voice teacher undertook to improve his volume. The strain wore him out and he lost his voice. For seven months he couldn't speak above a whisper.

After high school, he went to the University of Pennsylvania to study architecture. Finally, he got his parents to agree that he would be a happier singer than architect and they permitted him to enroll in the Curtis Institute of Music where he studied violin until he found that holding the instrument under his chin cramped his neck muscles and affected his singing. So he gave that up and gambled everything on his voice.

He was giving local concerts around Philadelphia when a scout for a New York theatrical producer spotted him and offered a contract.

For five years, he played in musical comedy. There was a period when he was a master of ceremonies in a motion picture theatre. Then a friend brought him in to WABC, key station of the Columbia system. His afternoon broadcasts attracted so much attention and his pleasing personality won so many friends that he was shunted into the coveted 11:00 p. m. hour.





THE MILLS BROTHERS were the fastest "click" in radio history

FOUR young negroes from Cincinnati opened "cold" on a Columbia circuit a few months ago. Before the program was half finished every listener in the huge New York studio knew that those colored boys were the "hottest" outfit to come to radio in many Wabash moons.

There are four of them, John (21), Herbert (19), Harry (18) and Donald (17). John is the bass, tuba, and third trumpet . . . and plays the only real instrument they use, a mail order guitar that cost \$6.25, C. O. D.

Herbert sings second trumpet. Harry, who does first trumpet and "licks", is the biggest eater in the quartet. He'll answer to almost any name but "Fats." Flood, his real middle name, is the one he prefers.

Young Don, the kid of the outfit, looks as if he is wearing his first long pants. But he isn't. They're his second.

These boys started singing in their father's barber shop. Their idea of imitating band instruments came when John was offered a job playing a cornet in a colored band—but he didn't have a cornet so he volunteered to make the

same sort of noise. The offer was not accepted—but John got an idea.

He got his brothers together—he was just thirteen and Bob was barely nine—and presently the old home town of Piqua, Ohio, was startled by as unholy a noise as ever came out of a barber shop. Gradually, they learned harmonies and imitations—and pennies and nickels dropped around their feet wherever they sang.

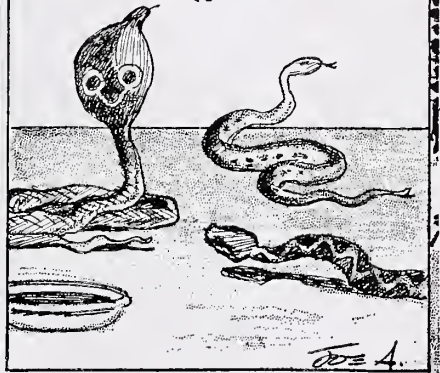
The next step was the local opera house. It was a terrific undertaking for those youngsters. They put everything they had into preparations. The day their performance was scheduled, rain fell at sun-up and continued throughout the day. But that night the opera house was jammed.

Clubs heard them after that, then motion picture theatres and small vaudeville houses. When it was suggested that they leave Cincinnati to which their family had moved, they refused. New York was "big time" to them and they didn't think they were ready. Ultimately, family advisors insisted. You know the rest.



IT IS SAFER
TO KISS A
DOG THAN
YOUR
SWEETHEART!

THERE ARE MORE WILD SNAKES
IN THE METROPOLITAN AREA
OF NEW YORK THAN ANY-
WHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD!



NOBODY EVER HAD A
STOMACH-ACHE!

DID YOU KNOW—?

Nine divided in
half equals four...

The richest man in
the world is worth
a dollar...

It is safer to kiss a
dog than a girl...

There's a volcano
packed in ice...

There's a lake that
plays hide and
seek...

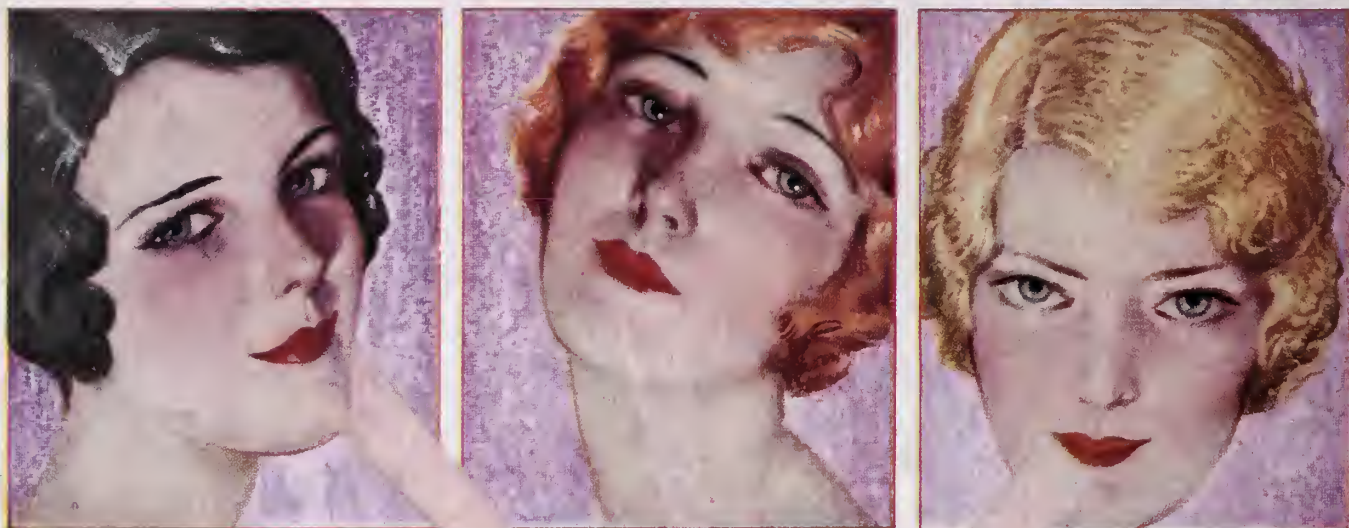
The Empire State
Building is not the
highest in the
world...

Find the explanation of these and many other startling facts in

DID YOU KNOW—?

The most amazing book on the newsstands! Profusely illustrated

10 cents



ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .
to blend with your complexion

TANGEE

BASED on a marvelous color principle, TANGEE changes as you put it on—and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For TANGEE gives a natural glow without thickness or substance—permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much TANGEE you apply and upon your own natural coloring!

Unlike other lipsticks, TANGEE has a solidified cream base—it not only beautifies, but actually soothes, heals and lasts twice as long!



NEW! *Tangee THEATRICAL, a special dark shade of Tangee Lipstick and Rouge Compact for professional and evening use.*

TANGEE LIPSTICK, \$1. The same marvelous color principle in ROUGE COMPACT, 75c.

CREME ROUGE—Most natural and permanent of all rouges, \$1.

TANGEE FACE POWDER, soft and clinging, blended to match your natural skin tones, \$1.

NIGHT CREAM, for both cleansing and nourishing, \$1. DAY CREAM, to protect the skin and as a powder base, \$1.

TANGEE COSMETIC, a new "mascara," does not smart the eyes, used also for tinting the hair, \$1.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

Containing miniature Lipstick, two Rouges, Powder, two Creams and "The Art of Make-up"

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