

RADIO STARS

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THE CAPITOL FAMILY • GENE AND GLENN • SID GARY**

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RADIO STARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

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

NEXT MONTH

You'll read about Al Jolson's return to the mike. This story on him will delight you—and will add a thrill to listening to him. Morton Downey, prince of singers, will tell you all about the practical jokes which he loves to play. The "Hollywood on the Air" program—at which all the important movie stars appear, will be described in thrilling and colorful detail. That's only three of the features. There'll be just as many as this month—and they'll be every whit as fascinating.

What chance have

YOU in radio?

By CECIL
B. STURGES



Donald Navis won the 1928 Atwater-Kent audition, \$5,000 and a year's tuition were the prizes. Now, Don earns—well, much more than that \$5,000. (Right) There's a CBS studio. How would you like to be standing in front of that mike?

Paul Whiteman has helped many, many talented young people to achieve fame. Peggy Healy, above, is one of his finds. She is now heard with Whiteman when he broadcasts from the Biltmore Hotel in New York City.

WHAT chance have you in radio?

Thousands of boys and girls and men and women from every walk of life are storming the studios these days trying to answer that question. They are bringing violins and ukes and harmonicas in their efforts to crash the gates to fame. Most of them return home disappointed and heartbroken. Some of them remain to soar high into the dazzling heights of \$5,000-a-week jobs.

So, I am asked on every hand, "What chance have I in radio?"

And this is my answer: Do you play an instrument? Can you croon a little tune? Is your speaking voice clear and mellow? If you can answer yes, then you've got a chance in radio. A chance to win wealth and fame.

Granted that you have some pleasing talent, how can you "market" it? This article, the first of two, gives you some straightforward advice

But how much of a chance? Let's start with the stations themselves. Are they satisfied with their present talent or do they want new names and new voices? I have put that question to three score station directors. Almost without exception, they said: "We are always looking for talent. We are glad to give newcomers a chance."

Those station directors are continually seeking new entertainers that they can build into top-notch attractions. Are you—I mean you—potentially that sort of entertainer?

BE honest with yourself. How does your voice sound in a room? Do your friends laugh when you sit down at the piano? Or have you hidden your light under a bushel? Perhaps you've never had a chance. But you

[Below] Cab Calloway. There's a trick in the broadcasting of his vivid, wild African music. Every orchestra leader — big time or small town — must learn that trick if he wishes to broadcast.



How did they "get there"—those famous ones? Pull? No. Just luck?

6



How would you go about securing an audition? No, don't take the first train for New York. Go to your local station—or the one in the nearest town or city. Next month, in RADIO STARS, we will print a chart of the chief large and small broadcasting stations in the country. It will help all radio aspirants immensely! Don't forget to watch for it. Next month!

feel you could do big things. What then?

Just this: *start modestly*. And be original. Remember the famous story of Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd? They went on the air for the first time to substitute for a cancelled program. Their humor was invented on the spur of the moment. And the sober citizens of Buffalo, N. Y., got out their pencils and papers and wrote thousands of letters to the boys, begging for more. Their program was *new*. That is one reason they clicked.

And the Mills Brothers . . . they began imitating various instruments in their father's barber shop. Just as a joke. Now they're famous.

Uncle Don, the Michigan piano player, had a hunch that children might like to listen in, too. He persuaded a radio official to give him a trial. And he is making a million as a result. The new idea of broadcasting to kiddies sold him.

Now the way to go about getting the ear of a radio official is through an "audition." In other words, you sing and he listens. Almost every radio station holds auditions regularly. It is the one sure channel you have for getting a hearing. Arrange for an audition (I'll tell you how later) and then do your best.

Arrange for that audition at your local



station, if possible. Or if you live in the country or in a town where there is no broadcasting studio, go to the one nearest your home. It may save you a lot of money and trouble.

There is the case of the little Michigan girl who arrived in New York last year and secured an audition at one of the biggest studios. She sang, and was rejected. One wise old gentleman advised her to go home to mother. Instead, she went to Brooklyn and got another audition at a small station. Here, she was successful and was assigned immediately to a daily broadcast. But in a few weeks, she decided that she didn't like broadcasting as much as she had anticipated. So what did she do? She went home to mother.

I earnestly suggest this tie-up with a small station for the reason that every amateur has so much to learn about "mike technique." You've heard Ethel Shutta, haven't you? She came to radio from Ziegfeld's Follies and a long list of Broadway successes. You would think she had little to learn. But not long ago, Ethel told me, "I had to learn to sing all over." It took her six not-easy lessons to change her technique. She had to forget her habit of punching a song across a double deck of footlights to the very last row in the orchestra. She had to learn to sing softly and evenly and absolutely on pitch. That is "mike technique" and it comes only with practice.

THIS applies to soloists, harmony teams, comedians or what-are-you? Mr. Joy, of the NBC, says, "Think a long time before you come to New York—and this is true of all larger cities. Try those small stations at home

Not entirely. Work? Certainly. And—very important—knowing the ropes

7



[Left] A large studio at CBS. That gentleman is rehearsing a speech. Improving his "mike technique." [Right] This pretty girl is Janey Vance, another Paul White man discovery. A short while ago, Janey was just a co-ed.

or do some amateur entertaining. Do anything to gain experience. And then if you're still convinced that you have talent, you can try to sell yourself."

If you think this big-oaks-from-little-acorns story is far-fetched, just look over radio's "Who's Who." Amos 'n' Andy first hit their stride on a small mid-Western station. The Mills Brothers were amateur entertainers in Piqua, Ohio, before they made WLW at Cincinnati and then the Columbia network. Jane Frohman, a Missouri girl, tried her luck and talent on WLW and KMOX in St. Louis. Now she has a coast-to-coast web. The Boswell Sisters made their radio debut over WSMB in New Orleans. Irene Beasley began on a tiny station that could hardly be heard ten miles away. Then KMOX grabbed her and she stepped from there into an ocean-to-ocean hook-up.

This is important. Once you have gotten on a small station, be sure that some network official hears you. Write to the CBS or NBS production department in Chicago or New York and advise them of your experience, talent, type of entertainment and when you are on the air. Remember the Three Keys, those colored jazz lachelors? They were harmonizing on a tiny Philadelphia station one night when a New (Continued on page 48)

THE AMAZING



YOU'VE never seen anything like the Lombardos. You've heard them often enough on the radio, but it's seeing them, and hearing them talk, and knowing how that slow tempoed band operates that gives you an insight into those lads. Incidentally, the tempo is the only thing that's slow about "The Royal Canadians."

There are eleven musicians in the band—four of them Lombardos. There's Guy, the leader (he's the eldest), Carmen, tenor saxophonist and singer; Leibert, trumpet; and Victor who also plays the sax. He is just twenty-one and joined the band only a couple of years ago. The perfect personal harmony of those four brothers is rivaled only by the perfect musical harmony of the band.

In order to know them—and they're worth knowing as your radio dials have already shown you—you must get a distinct picture of the four, for although they are all extremely close, one to the other, they are individuals.

Guy is even tempered, good-natured but withal a grand

showman. He carries a violin he doesn't play. Carmen is the most volatile, the most Italian in ways and nature—a sleek haired faun-like little man with pointed ears and an intense face. Originally a flutist, he changed to saxophone. Occasionally he plays the flute. It is then that he looks like the spirit of Pan himself.

Leibert, dark like the rest, but bigger, is the worrier. He does all the worrying for all the Lombardos and will take on anybody's troubles in his spare time. He actually seems to enjoy it.

Victor lets nothing worry him. He is bland and vague and has a favorite movie actress but he just can't seem to get around to remembering her name.

The three older ones started together when Guy was just twelve. They were all the band there was until a few neighbor boys joined with them and presently they became the Royal Canadians. Now they earn, from their various activities, a sum close to \$8,000 a week. They play at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York, do stage engagements,

By **KATHERINE
ALBERT**

It's amazing, that four brothers can work in such perfect harmony

LOMBARDOS



(Above) Guy and his wife. (Above left) Leibert, the trumpet player; Carmen, singer and tenor sax; Guy, the maestro, and Victor, sax artist. On the opposite page is a panorama view of the entire orchestra, with Guy conducting.

broadcast nightly from the hotel over CBS and toss off weekly programs for Robert Burns Cigars, with the team of Burns and Allen.

THEY are all married and that reminds me of a swell yarn about Victor's marriage. One night shortly after Victor joined the band Guy came to the hotel late, but he noticed a particularly expectant air among the brothers. Carmen came up to him. "Vic's got something to tell you," he said.

"Sorry," said Guy. "I haven't got a minute—we are late now."

"But this is important," Carmen persisted. "Victor wants to ask you if it's okay for him to get married."

Victor was at his elbow. "Yeah, Guy, that's right. I've met a swell girl. I want to get married. I've been an awfully good boy lately—not going out, saving my money. I got a lot saved. Honest."

"How much?" asked Guy.

"Seventy-five dollars," said Victor with a note of pride.

"And you—you poor crazy kid—you think that's enough

to get married on? You're just a baby. Where will seventy-five dollars get you?"

"Come on, come on," Leibert, the worrier, broke in. "We're late now."

So Guy led his troupe to the platform, played the allotted time and thought no more of Victor's question. Guy had problems of his own. It was one of the few nights when the band wasn't up to scratch. The boys all seemed lackadaisical.

When the evening was finished Guy gave them a pretty stiff hawling out—the third he has given them since the band was organized. He didn't mince words, just let them all have it, including the brothers.

A little embarrassed at having to talk to his boys so harshly, he grabbed his hat and started to hurry out the door. Vic stopped him.

"Say, Guy," he said, "have you forgotten what I asked you earlier?"

His face was so eager and so earnest that Guy began to laugh. "Listen, you big stiff, you'd better marry that girl before she changes her (Continued on page 46)

But the Lombardos have a system—Guy is the boss. It avoids fights

BACKSTAGE AT

Once more we go behind the mike—right into the sacred precincts of the broadcasting studio—to see how it's done. This time we're lucky enough to visit Ed Wynn during one of his hilarious half hours

By OGDEN
MAYER



(Left) Know who that is? We'll give you one guess—no more. (Above) During a rehearsal with Wynn at the Times Square Studio. No need to tell you that's Ed Wynn in the dinky fire helmet. Graham McNamee is the chap in shirt sleeves.



PUT on your red underwear, get out the garden hose and Little Willie's fire hat, and climb aboard our wagon. We're going for a ride, folks. We're going to see the Fire Chief.

I mean Ed Wynn . . . the Ed Wynn. Are you ready? Clang-clang! We're away . . . so-o-o-o hang on if you don't want to get lost.

Ed Wynn's Fire House is a little theatre high in a Broadway building, the NBC Times Square studio. We'll find it jammed to the eaves. Big Chief Wynn packs 'em in and, if you don't know, the tickets to these Texaco broadcasts are the dearest ducats on Radio Row.

Hold tight! We're swinging for a corner on two wheels! Broadway and Forty-second Street! Clang-clang! See those lights. The street is ablaze with the mazdas of a dozen theatres. Look! Men in opera hats . . . women in cloth of gold . . . dirty urchins swinging at cab handle doors, sniping for a tip . . . a blind beggar with his cane a-tap . . . and beyond, a sign that advertises a Flea Circus . . . Broadway!

We go through the foyer of the New Amsterdam Theatre to a big elevator. We're whisked skyward and poured into an ample hall. What a crowd. It carries us through the doors.

Ed Wynn started his broadcasts here, by the way. Tonight is his last for a while. After tonight, he works

A BROADCAST



The Fire Chief Quartet—rehearsing with the help of some members of the orchestra. Below you can see the famous shoes which Wynn has worn at every performance during the last thirty years. Yes, it's superstition. You'll be amazed how much he's spent on repairs for them.

from Pittsburgh or Chicago or Baltimore, wherever his show happens to be playing. But when the road run is over, back he comes to this same broadcasting band-box.

Look at that stage. Huge gasoline pumps flank each end of the footlights. Texaco pumps exactly like those you run alongside at anybody's service station, one for regular and one for ethyl gas. On the stage beyond, a dozen rows of black-coated musicians. And just within the brilliant hedge of footlights, a quartet of chin-high mikes stand as stark as winter trees.

Let's go backstage. This door, here. Step fast. The show's about to go on. Forbidden ground, this. These boards have been trodden by one darling of the theatre. In the old days, this was the Ziegfeld Roof. Flo Ziegfeld's own roof, mind you. Downstairs was his private office, its walls sagging with a thousand pictures of his wife and idol, Billie Burke. Downstairs in his New Amsterdam Theatre a dozen Follies ran their dazzling course and Flo's glorified girls danced for tired business men.

UP here . . . here in Ziegfeld's roof . . . those same tired business men brought their pretty darlings for a late bite. Up here gathered the brightest wits of the town and the ravishing beauties. Maurice Chevalier sang on this stage before Hollywood discovered him. These

boards have felt the dainty tread of Marion Davies, Billie Dove, and Lilyan Tashman.

And now, radio's own giants fling their jests from it, hurl their advertising shafts and their musical lances until every house in the land is a-tingle.

Yes, radio's own giants. We're in their midst back here. In the midst of the shining black-and-whiteness of their tuxedos and shirt fronts. And the nervous good-nature of their smiles. The tall chap with the sheaf of papers in his hands is Louis Wittén.

He runs the program, makes some announcements. The thin-faced man with the ill-fitting tux looks familiar. Know him—Graham McNamee?

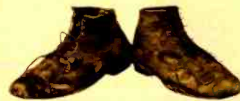
"Hi, Mac."

"Say, this suit is almost new and look at it!"—grabbing the front and folding it over. "I'm losing five pounds a week . . . water diet."

Now here's a guy. Willie Crowley is his name. He is Ed Wynn's dresser. His post is beside that grand piano back in the wings. Look at his job for the evening . . . seven crazy hats in an orderly row on the flat grand top . . . seven zany coats into which the Fire Chief changes.

Willie points to a derby that is green with age. "Thirty-two years old," he says. "Mr. Wynn likes his things to be old."

The green door in the wall (Continued on page 42)





She Left a Convent to Face Life

Jessica is a quiet, poised girl. No theatrics for her. No firecracker outbursts. But in her quiet way she has gone very far indeed.

By BLAND
MULHOLLAND



HERE is a life that should be a shining star of hope to every woman who is hungry for fame and a favored place in the sun. It is a story of a girl who slashed the shackles of precedent in order to pioneer in the new world of radio. The trail she blazed is still a clear cut path to the rainbow's end and its pot of gold.

Jessica Dragonette is a symbol to me. She is a symbol of the *improbable*, a personification of the many opportunities for women that are almost never grasped. Her life is a demonstration that the improbabilities are rarely impossibilities.

I have heard persons give her such praise as is generally reserved for the saints. She has been called the girl with the smile in her voice, the bird of paradise singer, the nightingale of the air. And I have heard people damn her.

You can have your opinion and I can have mine. You may like sopranos or you may not. All this has nothing to do with what she has done. Her accomplishments are already in the record and as such, they are her monuments to what one woman can do.

It is not my plan to paint you a goddess or a woman of such superhuman attributes that comparisons with ordinary mortals are impossible. Rather, it is my aim to show you a girl who saw, with an unerring clarity of thought, the road that lay ahead. And took it.

Of course, there were times of fear and trembling. What explorer who ventures into uncharted areas ever goes forward without wondering if he has chosen the best way? There were times of heartsickness and discouragement. And eventually times of such triumph that

From the heart of India to a radio microphone is a long journey. But Jessica Dragonette made it—with the help of courage and something of a divine wisdom

She believes that the simple things are the most beautiful. That is why she always sings simple songs. People will always love them best.



made up for all the hazards of the venture.

JESSICA DRAGONETTE came by her pioneering spirits naturally. She was born of French-Italian parents in the far-away city of Calcutta, India. In that teeming town, she first raised her tiny soprano voice in a challenge to life. Her voice against the world of brown, blank Indian faces.

She was still only a tot when she sailed away across the dreaded Bay of Bengal. The next six years were spent in wandering . . . those years that Confucius meant when he said, "Give me the first six years of a child's life and I care not what you try to make of him afterwards." We say the same thing thus: "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined."

At six, she was an adventurous, self-possessed little (Continued on page 44)

Where are the stars of yesterday...?



(Above left) Do you remember the Red-Headed Music Maker? He used to play "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," to the delight of listeners-in. Wendall Hall was his name. (Above right) Joe White, the Silver-Masked Tenor, has never achieved anything like the fame he once had.

Vincent Lopez is one of the few radio headliners of the old days who has remained. Perhaps because he gives "just good dance music," and avoids the mistake of too fricky programs. (Above right) Vaughn de Leath was one of the top notchers in the early days—and still is.

WHERE are the radio stars of yesterday? Where is the Silver-Masked Tenor? Goldy and Dusty? Harry Snodgrass, the convict pianist? The Firestone Tenor?

Only a few of the big names of a decade and less ago still are celebrities. While the Revelers, Vaughn de Leath, Vincent Lopez, Billie Jones and Ernie Hare have survived the tricks of time, many of the other pioneers have gone the way of moving picture idols when public fancy has changed or have turned to other, more permanent careers. Even so young a medium as the air waves already has stored up memories.

And memories of Joe White, the Silver-Masked Tenor, are particularly sacred because six or seven years ago he was without a doubt the best loved of all microphone singers. With the Silvertown Orchestra he toured a vaudeville circuit and broke one house record after another. Legends grew up that he wore the mask because his face was scarred in the war; that he had been blinded by a shrapnel; that he was a famous concert artist in hiding.

All of them, indeed, were preposterous. His anonymity and the silver slitted cloth were merely devices to sharpen the listener's appetite for his Irish melodies. Today you

How good is your radio memory? Although it's a pretty young profession, already there are many players who have dropped out—forgotten. See how many you can recall

By JACK FOSTER

known their star waned, and today you see them only occasionally on Radio Row. Several months ago they were featured in a brief commercial series but this did not, as they hoped it would, restore the golden days of their fame.

At about the same time as these golden days, in the Middle West—in Jefferson City, Mo., to be exact—Harry Snodgrass was broadcasting piano melodies from the state penitentiary station, WOS. Thousands of listeners petitioned for his pardon. He received it. And on a subsequent vaudeville tour he was more sensational than the most gifted performer. But his appeal did not last for much longer than a year, and now he is reported either to be running a hardware store (Continued on page 41)

still find Joe White riding the radio elevators with the Jimmy Meltons, the Richard Crooks, the Donald Novises. Occasionally, too, he appears on a sustaining program when the ring of his light Irish voice is appropriate. But for all his former fame he is not signed on a sponsored series.

Nor, indeed, are Harvey Hinderman and Earl Tuckerman. As Goldy and Dusty, this pair in the mid-twenties attained a popularity almost as enthusiastic as lately was Amos 'n' Andy's. Children particularly made them idols. But when the tricks of their delivery became too widely



One of the secrets of radio success is to change your name. So, at any rate, it seems—for there's hardly a performer on the air who is known to you by the name on his birth certificate

By DANNY TOWNE



(Upper left) Al Jolson's real name is not so far different from Al Jolson—but far enough to make it sound Swedish. (Lower left) Russ Columbo's real name will take your breath away—if you try to say it. (Above left) Meet Miss Leftkowitz, better known as Leaf. (Above right) Abe Lyman didn't change his first name, but he certainly did his last!



Don't Give Your Right Name

S H-H-H-H-H . . . I've been peeking through keyholes and looking up birth certificates and passport records, and I've found the sure recipe for success. It is simple and, for the evidence I've gathered, quite effective. It is just this: don't give your right name.

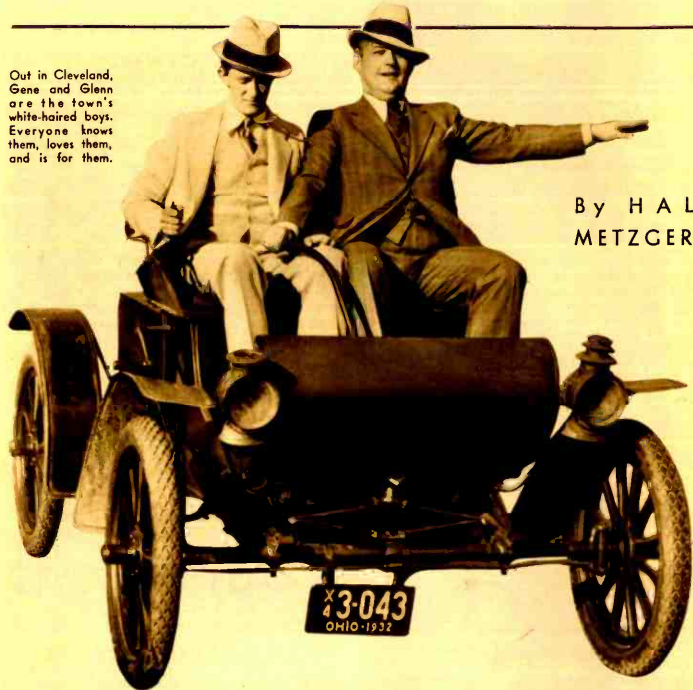
What formula do our ether deities choose for converting their monickers? It puzzles me. Do they go in for numerology, crystal gazing, or lifting slips out of a hat? What's in a name anyhow. I mean the one you are born with? For that matter, what's in the kind of name you pick out when you're climbing the ladder of fame? There must be something, for so many people do it.

Eddie Cantor, for instance. His home folks know him as Edward Iskowitz. And Ed Wynn. His real name is Edwin Leopold and he gets the Ed Wynn tag by dividing his first name. Have you ever heard Ann Leftkowitz play the organ . . . beg pardon, I mean Ann Leaf. Or the celebrated comedy team of Nat Birnbaum and Allen. . . . Nat Birnbaum, believe it or not, being the genial George Burns who is Gracie Allen's husband.

Maybe these radio people got it from the movies. Hollywood changes a name without even batting an eye. I'll bet you didn't know that the glamorous Carol Lombard is just plain Jane Peters to her folks. Billie Dove is Lillian Bohny. Richard Dix is (Continued on page 44)

++ WHEN CLOWN

Out in Cleveland, Gene and Glenn are the town's white-haired boys. Everyone knows them, loves them, and is for them.



By HAL
METZGER

IN his day and age, a young fellow by the name of Aladdin got the jump on the rest of the world by rubbing up an old lamp and using, by special permission of the copyright owners, a formula which brought him anything from gilt embroidered carpet slippers to a pair of velvet trousers.

However, all the old lamps and formulas Aladdin might have gathered together would have been as yesterday's milk compared to the magic that Gene and Glenn, NBC stars, have evoked through a little black box called a "mike."

Out in Cleveland, Ohio, Gene and Glenn are the town's white-haired boys. Everyone knows them, loves them,

and is for them. They're the burg's big brothers—and as such, they're a pair of the most interesting men-about-microphones that you'll ever meet.

We start with Gene. Thirty-three years ago in the city of Chicago among the blue-eyed, light-haired baby boys who were ushered into the world with the dawn of April 13, was one who was labelled Eugene Francis Carroll. Somewhere a baptismal record bears this name. But the neighbors insisted on calling him just plain Gene. There is a brother in the Carroll family and his name is Albert. Albert happens to be Gene's hero. For a number of years Albert has been on Broadway doing impersonations in a big way. Twenty-five years ago he was

MEETS CLOWN ++

Gene and Glenn were on the air for years before either one knew that the other existed. Their partnership came about through curious circumstances

doing dramatics at Hall House in Chicago. Gene, the small brother, was often allowed to tag along. One day when the director was casting a Shakespearean play he came across a bit for a little boy. Gene was about seven but didn't look it and since he was on the scene, the director gave him the rôle. There were no lines to memorize. He only had to carry the crown. What a day that was. From the moment when he played the part of a court page and rested a crown on the top pillow at the feet of a queen, he felt that there was nothing else worth while in life but the footlights.

Of course, there were school days. After a two weeks' period of being absent from school, in a showdown with truant officers, he said good-bye to high school days of his own volition. His family was not wealthy and Gene had to work for his spending money. He started out and found a job in a drug store. The pay was \$3.00 a week. When a grocery mail order house offered \$5.00, Gene jumped at the chance. Even this work, though, was rather dull and he passed the time away by whistling and singing his favorite popular songs. In short order, he had found three mail order pals and organized a quartet.

Then as circumstances often direct, Gene found himself



In both of these pictures Gene is on the left. His full name is Eugene Francis Carroll. It was the neighbors who first called him Gene. Glenn's name is Glenn Owen.



in vaudeville without quite remembering how it happened. He was booked with the Stuart Sisters. In 1917 he made his debut in Cleveland at the Priscilla Theatre. After that, he and a boy friend named Jack Grady entered into the business of team work.

It was along about 1921 that Gene stepped out and bought himself a marriage license for a Christmas present. The girl's name was Anna, since heard over the radio in a little team called "Polly and Anna." Since Gene's marriage, he has had a chance again to play with "Three Red Peppers," but not before the footlights. These peppers are a trio of lively Carrolls, aged 3, 6 and 8.

It was quite by accident that the team of Jack and Gene walked into the studios of WLS one day and decided that radio was their meat. This partnership, however, was not to last. Jack soon contracted (Continued on page 50)

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT



The famous revelers. Here is one group of singers who knew popularity before radio became what it is today. The boys have been making records for years. (Left to right) Lewis James, Elliott Shaw, James Melton and Wilfred Glen.

THE mystery deepens, the plot thickens, and we're all God's chilluns in the dark. Who is the Singing Lady?

That's what we want to know. Remember month before last? We thought we had her identity pegged down. We told you it was Edna Kellogg of Chicago. We sat back and snacked our lips because we thought we had done a good job of Sherlocking. But we were wrong. For Edna Kellogg swears she is not the Singing Lady. Then who is this miss whose gracious voice is one of the treats on the air? We've got our sleuths watching the Chicago studios day and night. We're on her trail through night and day. Some of these times, we'll find her out. And then we'll let you in on the secret. Yowza . . .

DAVID ROSS, whose deep voice introduces Morton Downey on the Woodbury program, has at last got a sponsor for his poetry. Ross' poems, which go over a CBS network of nearly fifty stations, are one of the ether's most soothing offerings.

THOSE Boswells bob up again. They've been on a vacation down in their home town, New Orleans. While there, they called on one old neighbor of eighty years. She hadn't seen them for six years. Her greeting was this: "Oh, I remember you girls. Do you still sing?"

EASY ACES has gone Hollywood, have you noticed? Mr. and Mrs. Ace visited movietown while on their vacation trip last summer. And by the way, right here is the place to stop the rumors that Jack Benny and Mr. Ace are one and the same guy. They aren't, folks. Their voices are almost identical, but one talks to his mike in New York and the other cracks wise from Chicago.

DON'T miss Al Jolson. America's "Mammy" boy is



(Above) Stoopnagle and Budd as they appear in the movie short, "Moonbeams," which Warners are making. (Right) Harriet Hilliard, that lovely voice you hear with Ozzie Nelson's band.



YOUR FAVORITES



Charles C. Daves (left), president of the Century Progress Exposition to be held in Chicago in 1933, spoke between the acts when a realistic re-creation of the Fort Dearborn massacre was broadcast. Betty White, Alice Hill and Tom Powers played the leading roles.



coming onto the air at a salary reported to run into five figures. Chevrolet hired him. The first contract called for four weeks only. Al demanded it so he would know whether or not he had the sort of personality wanted by radio. If he clicks, he's good for a year. Incidentally, this white guy who blacks up and sings about Dixie was born in Petrograd, Russia—née St. Petersburg.

HERE is another Benny blurb, but what can we do when the fellow is so popular? People have been asking who is the dumb little lass who works with him on the Canala Dry programs? You know, the dumb little minx who is always running off with that other guy? Well, the dumb little minx is none other than Mrs. Jack Benny. No wonder he is worried.

A DRUGSTORE friend of ours got the shock of his life the other day. A fellow rushed into his place and stuck out a perfectly sound hand. "Bandage it," he ordered. Our drugstore friend protested. "Nothing is wrong with it. What's the idea?" "Bandage it," the stranger insisted. So our friend bandaged it. The stranger, believe it or not, was Rubinoff, the violinist. He had been invited to a party and he knew he was expected to play—so he bought the bandage and a lovely time was had by all, especially Rubinoff.

THIS is a gag from Chicago. It sounds just like those Aces—who get their second mention here only because the joke made our mother-in-law break down and chuckle. Goodman Ace was explaining why he and Jane Ace could not accept an invite to go sailing. "I took Jane out once," he said. "We were going along when someone yelled, 'Look out for the boom.' Jane stuck both fingers in her ears and shut her eyes, and the thing came around and knocked her overboard."



(Above) "Bobby Benson" and "Buck Mason"—otherwise Richard Wanamaker and Herbert Rice of the H-bar-O program. (Left) Elsie Hitz and John McGovern who have been heard in the "Mysteries of Paris" series over the Columbia network.

Clearing up the many rumors that Mr. Ace is really Jack Benny

Why did Rubinoff want his hand bandaged when it hadn't been injured?

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



The gentleman with the banjo is Harry Reser. John S. Young is standing directly behind him. The other gentlemen are members of the Clocquot Club Esquimos quartet.



One of the most important subjects in his life is Ford Rush, Jr. Here you see the two of them together. They're great pals—none of the "father and son" stuff.



Edwin C. Hill, the old-time newspaperman who fell on the presidential poll were heard over WABC, stops to cast his own ballot as he watches the girls mulling out ballots in the plant.

If something hadn't happened, radio personalities would be a lot different. For example, Norman Brokenshire wanted to be a mechanic. George Price's boyhood desire was to be a jockey. Nat Shilkret started out to be an engineer. Little Jack Little was all set to be an admiral in the navy. Singin' Sam planned to own a circus. David Koss looked forward to becoming a pearl diver. And Irene Beasley was a school-marm.

GEORGIE PRICE'S recent imitation of Will Rogers on the CBS brought a nice note from Will out in Hollywood. Will wrote Georgie:

"Everything came over fine except the noise of the chewing gum. I guess you weren't using the kind I use and am sending you a pack of my favorite brand."

IT'S too bad you can't see that Lombardo hand in action at some of their theatrical engagements. They wear red coats and black trousers, like the Canadian Mounted Police. The Lombardos are Canucks, y'know.

HERE'S a titbit. One of Paul Whiteman's earliest public appearances as a musician was before the inmates of an insane asylum. When Paul was 16, he and a friend began ragging the classics. The warden of the Nebraska Insane Asylum heard them and invited them over. The youngsters were a great hit with the patients who thought Paul and his buddy were crazy, too.

KWY's Two Doctor's are drawing huge crowds to their programs. Crowds of housewives. And it is giving the KWY managers a great big headache because they haven't

got enough room. But the invitation is still out. If you're in Chicago in mid-afternoon, just drop around to the Straus Building and see the Two Docs. They'll give you a glad hand and a gay time.

REMEMBER Sisters of the Skillet? Heh-heh, who doesn't? Well, the boys are back as Eddie and Ralph on the Armour program over the NBC blue chain. And the boys love it. Between them, they weigh 500 pounds, you know. And they put a lot of stuff in their comedy. Remember, they're Eddie and Ralph.

GEORGIE PRICE is just about Columbia's lightest-weight singer. He tips the beam at 109 pounds. The other day his car stalled and his chauffeur got out to crank. This chauffeur weighs 103 pounds and he couldn't quite do the job. Georgie got out to help. Today, both Price and his chauffeur are nursing sprained backs.

FRED ALLEN is one of the stage's nimblest comedians. He is heading a great array of talent in the new Bath Club series. Sponsored by Limit, it hits the air from sixty stations. It's a mighty cheerful effort if you've got nothing to do on Sunday night.

If you ever visit these big studios around the country, you're met by page boys who tell you when and how to go where. Last summer, three of NBC's ace pages, Frank Mullahy, Jack Treacy, and Tony Cusumano, went on a vacation. They bought a Ford for \$18.00, traveled 3,000 miles from New York to Daytona Beach, Florida, and then up to Montreal, Canada. When they got back to work, they sold the car to another page for \$10.00.

No wonder Whiteman made a name for himself as a jazz king

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



Bing Crosby is telling it to the world—in song. Bing is said to be about due for a return to the air. He had salary difficulties with his sponsors, you know. But they're practically straight now.



Know Meyer the Buyer? You've heard him on Columbia. Ted Bergman is his name. Here he's talking to Harry Mershfield, the creator of the character. He's a famous cartoonist is Harry.



Eddie and Ralph—as they are now known. They used to be the Sisters of the Skillet. Incidentally, the boys—if they got on a scales together—would send the pointer above the 500 mark.

THE Corn Cob Pipe Club is the only radio program that we've heard about where refreshments are served. During its broadcast, Pat Binford usually opens the program by throwing handfuls of taffy kisses to the audience, and the other performers, when not before the mike, take turns in passing out bowls of home-made taffy.

HARRY BARRIS who used to be one of Paul Whiteman's original Rhythm Boys is getting along in the world. He has an orchestra that plays in New York's Coconut Grove and he writes songs. Among his tunes are "Mississippi Mud," "At Your Command," "It Must Be True," "I Surrender, Dear," and "It Was So Beautiful."

Now here's the reason for this yarn. Barris, who writes those moony, croony ballads, can't sing 'em. He's a wow when it comes to snappy, hotcha stuff but the slow stuff leaves him limp. His voice hasn't the Crosby-crush in it, and that's just too bad for the longing-for-yuh kind is all he can write.

A GENT bearing a basket of fruit greeted the Boswell Sisters as their train stopped at Charlotte on their way back from their late summer vacation. He chatted for some minutes and then added slyly as the train pulled out, "When you get to New York, please give my love to my boy—his name is Louis Dean." And Louis, you remember, is the suave announcer who works right in the same studio with Connie, Vet, and Martha.

CHARLES RANGE, a junior NBC production man, gets the month's gold-plated pretzel. He was running a machine that simulated the growl of a tiger on the First Nighter Show. The string broke—and there was Charlie and the First Nighter Show in the midst of a terrific

scene with no growling tiger. So Charlie stepped up to mike, bared his teeth, and growled as big as you please.

HAVE you heard Julia Sanderson sing "They Didn't Believe Me" on her melodious programs? It reminds us that Jerome Kern, who wrote it, gave her a Steinway grand piano in appreciation of the way she sang it when she was starred in his operetta, "The Girl From Utah."

ALEXANDER McQUEEN, who tells "Nothing But the Truth" over NBC networks, once kissed one hundred girls in the interests of science. Some one asked McQueen why a girl closes her eyes while she is being kissed. After a week of intensive research he announced the following results: 72 per cent of the girls closed both eyes during the entire period of osculation. 3 per cent closed one eye. 4 per cent started with eyes open but soon closed them. The other 21 per cent kept both eyes wide open all the time.

In the interests of science, McQueen asked the girls why, or why they did not, close their eyes. Representative answers, he says, were: 1—Said she habitually closes her eyes because her boy friend is not very good-looking. 2—Closed her eyes because his mustache tickled her. 3—Said she always closes her eyes because she likes to imagine she is being kissed by Rudy Vallee. 4—Said she closes her eyes because a kiss with her is a very serious matter and she wants to concentrate on it.

THERE'S nothing phoney about those English accents in the newly inaugurated "Fu Manchu Mystery Stories" over the WABC-Columbia network. It's the real McCoy. Three of the principals in the cast and the director are veterans of the British stage.

Want to know the reasons why girls close their eyes when being kissed?

THAT FAMOUS CAPITOL FAMILY

By PEGGY WELLS



This famous group of radio entertainers has recently celebrated its tenth anniversary. Read about the highlights of those years

Of course you remember the ubiquitous young woman who could never play the piano because she "forgot her music."

She hasn't a thing on the Capitol Orchestra. All these musicians forgot their music and what's one blushing amateur pianist compared to a stageful of flutists, cellists, trombonists and piccolo players all sitting music-less?

At any rate it was the most awful moment in the Capitol Family's history.

It occurred at the Madison Square Garden radio show a couple of years ago when the family was to broadcast its hour from there. Hundreds of people were looking on, hundreds of thousands of people were listening in. The thick velvet curtains of the stage parted. Major Bowes—the major domo of the Capitol Family—stepped to the microphone. Stretched before him was a wide expanse

Major Bowes (left). The Major took over the program when Rosy—who started the famous Sunday night radio parties—left to manage his own theatre. And the Major has been going strong ever since. Thank you, Major. (Right) Caroline Andrews. She was the original coloratura for the "Family."



(Above) The occasion when the Capitol family broadcast to Commander Byrd at the South Pole was an event. Trader Horn figured in it extensively. Left to right: David Mendoza, Bugs Baer, Westell Gordon, Major Bowes, Trader Horn, Walter Kelly, Dr. William Art, John S. Young. Seated are Sylvia Miller and Louise Bove. (Right) A close-up of Miss Bove.



of orchestra but there was not a sheet of music in front of any of the musicians. Either waves like time and tide wait for no man, not even radio announcers. The hour had to go on and the Major realized that until hurrying messengers could find the music at the theatre many blocks away and return with it, he had to stand there and say something amusing.

Nor did he know how long it would take for the music to be found. Perhaps he should have to talk, stalling for time, ten minutes, perhaps thirty. As it happened it was exactly thirteen minutes from the time he stepped to the mike until the music arrived and the orchestra leader lifted his baton. It seemed more like thirteen years to the Major. But the day was saved and, if you happened to hear that particular program, I'll wager that you didn't know anything was wrong. The Capitol Family are all a bunch of trouperes and the show always goes on.

It has been going on, in fact, for the last ten years, for this remarkable group of entertainers have been on the air longer than any other non-commercial, or sustaining, program in the short but eventful history of radio.

Of course, you know the Capitol Family. Every Sunday for an hour they broadcast over a coast-to-coast loop through the NBC chain of stations. They were the first radio program to be broadcast from a theatre—the Capitol movie house in New York.

It took a bit of foresight and a great deal of courage to give that first program on November 19, 1922. At the time, the theatres were terrifically opposed to radio. Theatre managers throughout the country were fearful lest its growing popularity cut in on their business. There was a concerted action on their part to ignore—or actively fight—the radio. But the Capitol management was wise enough to see that the radio was a great entertainment force and instead of combatting, this theatre cooperated. The result was, as the ten years have proven, worthwhile. For two and a half years it was "Rosy and His Gang." Maybe you remember them. Rosy was manager of the Capitol at the time. When he left to manage his own theatre—that amazing giant that rears its head amongst the white lights of Broadway—Major Bowes and his "Capitol Family" took the hour over. They've been going—and going strong—ever since.

Major Bowes is quite a remarkable fellow. He arranges every program himself, does all the rehearsing himself and listens to what auditions there are. He doesn't like auditions. Because the same folks remain with him year in and year out—Yasha Bunelchuk, conductor and cellist, Maria Silvera, Westell Gordon, Hannah Klein, Waldo Mayo, Tom McLaughlin and (Continued on page 46)

Album

Irene Taylor
comes from
Missouri



IRENE TAYLOR is a cute and cuddly little person. She walks up to a mike as if it were her best friend—or a pet kitten—or a slightly peeved maiden aunt. And she sings her young heart out to that black metal box.

Not many singers can be so intimate and yet so ardent. She manages it, with sparkling eyes and a tossing mop of brunette hair.

Down in Cape Girardeau, Missouri, they still remember her. She was the judge's little girl. Old Judge Taylor was a pillar in that muddy Missouri

city. His black-eyed daughter, though not exactly a chip off the old block, was always one to go places and do things. And with the grand old Mississippi River flowing past her front door, there were always plenty of things to do.

One thing she did was to sing.

Those neighbors still remember it. They called it "coon-shoutin'." Cape Girardeau is part of Dixie, you know. Irene got her "blues technique" from listening to cotton pickers and river deck hands. Down there, Irene's kind of singing wasn't exactly respectable. A judge's little girl was expected to be steady and stolid and reasonably dumb.

But not Irene. She jumped the town. She went to Kansas City and sang for Coon-Sanders, the leaders of a famous land of Night Hawks. They liked her style and her voice and put her on the air.

After a few months, the town was at her feet. She had

her first taste of fame at an age when most girls are wondering how much longer their mothers are going to make them go out with a chaperon.

After K. C., she moved to Chicago. Paul Whiteman was in Chicago—this was over a year ago when he held sway as the musical monarch of the Edgewater Beach Hotel. An audition was arranged and he heard her.

"I'll send for you some of these days," he told Irene. She thought that was Paul's nice way of letting her down. She never dreamed that he really meant it. Her next job was with Charlie Agnew and his orchestra. A winter rolled past and Whiteman left Chicago for New York and a handstand in the aristocratic Biltmore Hotel.

Just a few months ago, he kept his promise and sent for Irene Taylor. She is with him now, singing those blue notes and new notes in a manner that may not be quite respectable in sleepy old Cape Girardeau but is extremely satisfactory almost anywhere else.

Album

Sid Gary once
doubled for a
movie dog



ered his dereliction, they practically disowned him. And that made it easy for him to go on the stage. One of his first partners in the theatre was a shy fellow named George Burns. You know George today as half of the furiously goofy Burns & Allen duo. For three years, Gary and Burns toured America. Then George met Gracie, and that was that.

Sid went on, making vaudeville appearances wherever there was a wide place in the road. On the side, he made some phonograph records. One,

SID GARY has led a rough-and-ragged sort of life. He has known ice cold dressing rooms and blue-blooded dowagers and most of the theatre's recent gods. He has traveled up and down America in good company and bad. And he has come up smiling—and singing.

The lower East Side of New York was his birthplace. Not an auspicious start, at a glance. But what a progeny of genius it has nurtured. Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor, George Jessel. His father was the cantor of a Hebrew temple. With two other brothers, he sang in that choir.

His father, more than any other man, directed and developed his voice. Presently, Sid was a soloist and singing with Cantor Josef Rosenblatt. And he was more than a soloist; he was a practical joker as well. More than once, he broke up practice with some well-timed stunt.

Sid played hokey from school to appear in his first vaudeville skit. When his deeply religious parents discov-

"Sonny Boy," sold to the tune of 600,000 copies.

Then came a contract to go to Hollywood. He went out with Joe Frisco. This, he felt, was his big chance. He reported to a studio and was given an assignment. And what an assignment. He was to double for a dog in a comedy called "Dogway Melody," a take-off on the picture, "Broadway Melody."

About that time, Sid met a Chinaman. This Chinaman, instead of soliciting laundry business, offered a job in Shanghai, China, where an entire night club was at his disposal. Can you guess what that did to the footloose songster? He made arrangements immediately.

A few days before he was ready to sail, he got a letter from his brother. It contained a lot of clippings and pictures that showed only too clearly the massacres and killings that were taking place in Shanghai. The letter itself was just one line. It said, "Don't be a sucker."

Sid stayed home and went into radio.



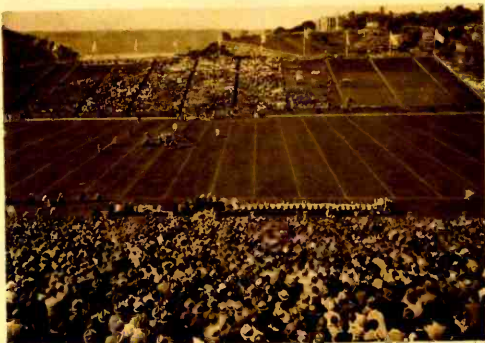
ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the number here. 1. Tommy OH, organist of WCKY, Covington, Kentucky. Tommy is in his early twenties and is a swell organist. 2. The King Sisters, heard over KSL. They go in for modern melodies and grand harmonies. 3. Raymond Paige, the music director of KHJ. He smokes fifteen cigars a day. He knows the ropes. 4. Marjorie Hannon, ingenue of WLW's dramatic staff. You heard her in "Tylers on Tour." 5. Herbie Kay and Dorothy Lamour. You've heard his orchestra and Miss Lamour's voice over WLW. 6. Nat Brusloff's Orchestra being entertained by the "Our Gang" dog. 7. Sis' Ca'line and Mis' Emma, WFAA. 8. Sunshine of the Sandman Soldiers—also WFAA.

AT A FOOTBALL GAME

Broadcasting a football game is no casual job. Ted Husing and his colleagues have worked out a system which is highly efficient and very clever. Read about it

By CURTIS MITCHELL



YOU'VE got to ride a thunderbolt to keep up with this fellow, Ted Husing.

He is like electricity mixed with nitroglycerine. To hear him talk gives only an inkling of what he is like. In action, he moves like lightning. Before a broadcast, he is up and down, all over the place, picking up last minute details. With a mike in his hand, he settles into his chair and words spurt from his mouth, forming sentences, painting pictures, creating ideas.

Beyond doubt, he is America's most popular sports announcer. Believe you me, I was plenty pleased to get his invitation to accompany him on his first football broadcast of the 1932 season.

The game itself was unimportant . . . Columbia University against Middlebury College at Baker Field in New York. But it was Ted's warm-up for the season of following Saturdays, his chance to dust off all the old adjectives and descriptive phrases. And my chance to peep backstage at the wizardry of sport broadcasting.

For years, since first hearing a football broadcast, I've been asking myself questions. How does the announcer's voice at a sports stadium get onto the air? How does the observer follow the players? How does he know so much about each player? How can he know what the plays are when the average spectator can see only a tangled mass of bodies around the pigskin?

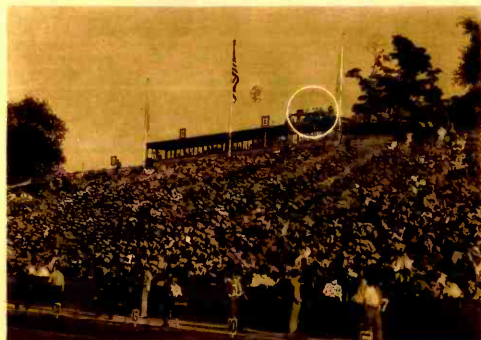
Well, I got all the answers. Ted Husing gave them to me . . . and I'm going to give them to you. Come along. We're going to the game.

BAKER FIELD . . . people swarm to it from subway and trolley and taxi. The typical early-season football mob. Boys selling blue feathers with white C's on them . . . kids with plaster footballs to pin on your lapel . . . students in frosh caps . . . program sellers spilling from



The sound engineer who works with Husing's unit. There are several microphones down on the field, and it is the sound engineer's job to tune these in occasionally so that the cheering and music can be heard. He also controls the sound volume at all times during the game.

-WITH TED HUSING



Across the page you get a view of Baker field. You can just see a dash of the Hudson. And those hills in the background are the Palisades, for the benefit of those people who don't know their New York. In the picture immediately to the left you can see (in the circle) the place where Husing does his broadcasting.

Pictures in this feature by Culver Service



At this particular game, Ozzie Nelson made the "between-halves" talk. Ozzie used to be a football player himself. His regular job is orchestra leading, as you probably know. Ted Husing is the chap in the sweater. The other gentleman is Curtis Mitchell, the author.

curbstones. Then, through the gates and up a dizzy flight of steps to the press box. Here are newspapermen, pounding typewriters and telegraphers tapping out messages to newspapers up and down the Coast.

We go through the press box, climb the flagpole at the end like school boys going after bird's eggs, and find ourselves in the aerie of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Really, it's no aerie at all. It's just the roof of the press stand. But here is Husing and his mates and their equipment. No railing to keep us from stepping off into space. No screen protects us against sun or wind. But it is a grand spot from which to watch a ball game.

And here is Ted himself. Bronzed, grinning, bare-headed, wearing spectacles, he greets us. His shirt is open at the neck. He wears a combed wool sweater, flannel trousers, and soiled sports shoes. Climbing that pole did that. A leather windbreaker swings from the back of his chair. Husing is tall and lean and flat across the stomach. He gives an impression of tremendous nervous energy.

The chap next to him is Les Qualley. Les is Ted's Man Friday. They have worked together for three years. Way back yonder, they played on the same football team. He is the observer, the chap who follows the plays with those binoculars mounted on the tripod before him.

Next in line . . . next George Walker, at the controls. He is a youngster but he knows his business. His job is to control the volume from the various mikes. And to watch the dial in the center of the control board that stands dead ahead of him. Walker has made dozens of football broadcasts with Ted—but he has never yet seen a game. His eyes must stay glued to that all-important dial.

BEYOND that is Seth Butler. He is the second engineer. His work comes before and after the broadcast, setting up and taking down equipment. During the game,

he loafs. After all, he must relax some time. And that is Ted's all-star team. It is trained to the minute, on its toes, and ready to swing into action. Watch them. Ted glances nervously at his wrist watch. A stopwatch is in his right hand. Les is fussing with papers, thumb-tacking them down so wind won't whip them away. Walker at the controls is wearing headphones. He is listening to the program coming from the studio ten miles down town.

"Coming up," he says suddenly.

Everyone waits. Down below, crowds are pushing through the entrance like ants through the neck of a broken bottle. Thousands are climbing to their seats. Walker's voice comes again, saying, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System." That is the cue for station announcements. He has heard the network announcer downtown say those words and he repeats them word for word so Ted who has no earphones can hear them. Ted's

thumb snaps at the stop-watch. The second hand jerks around the dial. Fifteen seconds. He begins to talk, in a softer voice than you would imagine.

"This is a home-coming for me," he says. "Five years ago at this same field I was given my first solo sports assignment."

Fifteen minutes of that sort of thing . . . describing the Hudson in the distance, the Jersey palisades beyond, the green hills about the bowl. It is all *ad lib*. Without notes. Rarely does he hesitate for the word he needs.

The teams trot onto the field. He describes them and their coaches, referring for the first time to the notes on his table. Les Quaiely is watching the players through his glasses, checking the line-up, memorizing their numbers and faces.

PRESENTLY, the game starts. Now Quaiely starts to work. He and Husing have invented a 22-button annunciator that tells just who is making the play, the tackle, the assist. This annunciator is composed of two metal boxes, each slightly larger than a thick book. Les' box has twenty-two buttons protruding from it. A card fits over these buttons and on this card he writes the names of the twenty-two players on the field with Ted's player. An electric cable connects this box with Ted's. Husing's box has no buttons but there are small ground glass windows in it instead. In each of these windows, a player's name is penciled.

Let's see how it works. The players are lining up. Ted bends toward his mike. "The Columbia Lions are coming out of their pre-let formation," he says. We see one player drop back, hands outstretched to receive the pass from center. Quaiely's eyes are glued to the glasses. He identifies the player as Cliff Montgomery and presses a button on his annunciator. A glass window on Husing's box turns bright, lighting up the name Cliff Montgomery. Ted's voice . . .

"Cliff Montgomery is going back. The ball is passed.

He's got it. There he goes . . . skirting right end."

We see a blue-sweatered form spring at Montgomery. Arms wrap the star's legs and drag him down. They hit the sod and roll over and over. Les Quaiely sees it all through those powerful glasses and presses another button. A new name gleams briefly in the Middlebury tier of glass windows. Ted reads it.

"Ric Gordon made that tackle. He stopped Montgomery on Middlebury's forty-one yard line." His eyes drop to a long sheet of paper tacked to the table. "Gordon is playing his last year for Middlebury. He is a hundred and sixty-eight pound half-back and hails from Red Bank, New Jersey."

You can look over Ted's shoulder and see that paper. It holds the numbers and names of every player and substitute on the field. After each name are the details of position, weight, height, age, prep school, and home address. That is where Ted gets his information in the midst of a thrilling play.

Down below, a voice comes from the crowd. "Hi, Ted!" A tall man is standing up, waving. Ted sees him, recognizes an old friend, and waves back. His voice never pauses, never stumbles.

SUDDENLY, the first half is over. Ozzie Nelson, celebrated orchestra leader and once a Rutgers football star, climbs up to our rooftop. He is to make the between-halves talk. Ted introduces him and slides the mike to Ozzie.

Les Quaiely stands up, stretching. Suddenly, he reaches beneath his table and pulls out a vacuum bottle. Silently, he pours a cup full of brownish liquid and hands it to Ted. Husing rubs his throat and drinks it. I catch a whiff. It is coca-cola.

Ozzie Nelson talks as well as he used to play football. He has a few notes but his words slide out without a hitch. They say he studied to be a lawyer but music offered better and quicker money.

The second half is much like the first. Ted snaps the plays at the mike, snaps away the names that Les signals in those ingenious lighted windows. Walker is watching his dials, listening to Ted's words.

An airplane drones over. Ted sees it and mentions it. Walker, who has another mike out in front of the crowd and a third, at the opposite end of our roof, "fades in" the third one. And a hundred thousand loudspeakers rumble with the throbs of that passing airplane engine.

And later, "It's a cheer," Ted says. "Let's catch it."

Walker "fades in" the mike down on the field before the cheering section. Up here, we scarcely hear anything, but all over America sets vibrate to the famous yell, "Roar, Columbia!"

Ted resumes the play-by-play report. And lights a cigarette . . . an Old Gold, for there's not a cough in a car-load, so they say. Quaiely and Walker have packs of Camels beside them. Ted puffs between plays. It doesn't slow him up at all.

A messenger boy sticks a sheaf of yellow telegrams up over the edge of the roof. Seth Butler takes them and hands them to Ted. He reads as he talks. They are from famous movie stars, famous athletes, and a dozen big radio names. They are welcoming him back for the football season. Ted says:

"To those who were disposed to send wires, I want to give my sincerest thanks." And his crackling description goes on.

The accuracy with which he (Continued on page 45)

The strange dreams of COUNTESS ALBANI

By IRIS ANN
CARROLL

The countess is of the Spanish aristocracy. With that blue blood she has also inherited a strangely powerful psychic sense which manifests itself in her amazing—and sometimes horrible—dreams.



All her life, the countess has had vivid dreams. These dreams foretell happenings to her. And these happenings, happy or terrible, invariably come to pass in due time

WHAT is the stuff that dreams are made of? Countess Olga Albani would like to know.

Dreams have haunted her since she was a child. They have slipped like gray fog through her mind in the dark nights and forewarned her of impending disasters. They have come with the sunrise like the odor of fresh dew and invited her to unanticipated delights.

She dreams of many things—muddy waters, a baby's bonnet or a locked door. And she has learned that all these things mean something that is often dreadfully explicit.

A sharp knife in a dream puts her in a terror. How ever she sees the shine of a bright blade while you sleep?



Hope that you never do. Countess Albani dreamed of keen, long knives one night. In this vision, she saw a serpent as long as a tall man's arm that coiled and uncoiled unceasingly about the blades without ever cutting itself.

Morning came and in the warm drowsiness of arising, she forgot. In her bath, in her health exercises, in her morning rehearsal for that week's broadcast, she escaped the dread memory.

Mid-afternoon! She was resting, clad in pajamas for comfort, gazing vacantly at nothing from the depths of the bottomless divan in her drawing room. She has the habit of looking inward, sometimes for hours during which she moves hardly a muscle. This (Continued on page 42)

Album

James Wallington studied to be a minister—for two months

JIMMIE WALLINGTON is one of those young men who know exactly where they want to go.

At fifteen, he knew. So he entered the Auburn, New York, Theological Seminary to study for the ministry. For one flaming month he burned with a zealot's fire to go out and convert the world. At the end of the second month, he was fed up with his chosen profession.

At sixteen, he knew. So he attended the University of Rochester in his home town of Rochester, New York, as a pre-

medical student. The science of healing became his great obsession. By mid-year exams, though, Jimmie had lost interest.

At seventeen, he knew. So he decided to major in English and music. He would be a singer. He organized a glee club quartet and toured the state with it. He became a baritone in a Rochester church. And a featured member of the Rochester American Opera Company.

At nineteen, he knew. Having transferred his credits to Union College and graduated, he got a job as a traveling salesman for a furniture firm. There, at last, with college behind, he thought he had found himself.

But some friends told him that Station WGY in Schenectady needed a radio mechanic. And radio had always interested him. He applied for the job and discovered that a mechanic was not wanted at all; the opening was for an announcer.

"Okay," Jimmie said. "I'll take it."



For the next three weeks, Jeemes talked into a dead mike. At the end of that time he went on the air with a prodigious amount of enthusiasm. One of his first jobs was to read the news and messages that were sent to Admiral Byrd's crew at Little America. And one of his most precious possessions is a message of congratulations that he got from Byrd at the time of his marriage and airplane honeymoon across Canada.

This Jimmie Wallington now really knew what he wanted to do. He wanted to announce from New York's own studios and he set his heart on getting a job in the big town. At the first opportunity, he took a test at the NBC key station and passed.

Now he lives modestly in an apartment hotel located near the studios. His wife is Stanislaw Butkiewicz, a well-known ballet dancer. Whenever a particularly hazardous broadcast is discussed by the NBC program department, Jimmie always asks for it. He likes 'em.

Album

The Funnyboners have never made a funny boner in their lives



growing up in Springfield, Mass. At the height of six feet and four inches somebody decided he was big enough to go to college and away he went to Dartmouth. After college, he rehearsed for a Broadway show for five weeks, played the one week the production lasted, and then wandered up to Utica, N. Y., where he acted as dramatic critic for the local newspaper. Somehow, that job slipped from under and he—like Dave and Bunny—began the trek home to Boston.

Down there, somebody in a night club wanted a big soloist. Gordon, who was big but no soloist, applied. He was hired for a week—and retained for a year.

Shortly after that, the trio got together and went on the air for the first time in their lives. For a while, they were Fox Fur Trappers. Then Oxolians. Now they're sustaining and nourishing the CBS network.

Dave, by the way, has a year old daughter who does more joining in than listening whenever her dad is on the air. He reads a lot of books and plays tennis.

Gordon's hobby is collecting old books. He really can't afford it, he says, so it is only a hobby.

Bunny, who is a b. i. b. '04 man (born in Boston, 1904) is distinguished because of his aversion for a steady job. At one time, he even went as far as Sweden to escape employment. Once there, he discovered that a craze for saxophone playing was sweeping the country (and him a sax player, too) and so many people begged him to give them lessons that he broke right down and went to work.

THREE years ago, three boys with time on their hands got together and determined to scale the heights of trio-dom. They were Dave Grant, he's the tenor and plays the piano; Gordon Graham, baritone; and Bunny Coughlin, who is a baritone, too.

Their getting together is a story. Dave, a Newton, Mass., lad, inherited so much musical ability from a medicine-showman uncle that, when he enrolled in M. I. T. at Boston, he did better with a jazz orchestra than with the calipers and micrometers of the engineering course. Result: he took his orchestra away from there on a long tour across America.

His saxophonist was a lad named Bunny Coughlin. At Duluth, the land flopped. There was no money in the poke for a trip home—so-o-o-o (à la Ed Wynn) Dave and Bunny hitch-hiked back to New England.

In the meantime, Gordon Graham, youngster of the outfit, born in 1908, in Cambridge, Mass., was living and

JUNE PURSELL'S early



(Above, left to right) June has a black velvet Sunday night dress which is perfectly plain, as black velvet should be, and which depends upon the white chiffon organdie collar and sleeves for decoration. The skirt is bias-cut to make it fit snugly. Then—another black and white favorite—she has a black wool street frock with an oyster white, buttoned-on bib. And in the next picture we find still another black and white dress—black crêpe with a white satin yoke which ties in an amusing jabot fashion. The small picture shows the detail to better advantage.



WHEN I first visited June Purcell in her charming New York apartment, she was wearing the blue and white polka dot lounging pajamas that are illustrated on page 35. You can see that they're simple and tailored. They sum up June's theory of clothes.

"I don't go in for frills and feathers," she explained. "I prefer tailored clothes, even for dressy occasions. That's why I'm so crazy about the present styles. About two or three years ago when fashions demanded ruffles and a lot of geegaws on the skirt, I couldn't see them at all. But now the slim, straight skirt is 'in,' I say, thank heavens. Just look at this." And she rushed over to her closet and disengaged one dress from its hanger. It was a black velvet Sunday night dress, with a flared

collar and double cape sleeves of white chiffon organdie. (Shown on this page.) It's a guimpe dress, really.

"You see, this skirt is cut on the bias line. That's what makes it cling and fit so snugly. The only thing that relieves the severity of the dress is the collar and sleeves. And now you can see that what I consider the most important detail in a costume is the line. A slim, molded skirt, with just the slightest suggestion of a flare, fullness above the waist, and those adorable big sleeves

that give a broad shoulder look—that's my idea of the most flattering line a girl could select."

"If I'm going to live up the dress in any way, I pick on the neck and sleeves, because they don't interfere with the line. That's why I find the two-color combinations

By HELEN
HOVER

She has "the stunningest clothes," this California songbird. And she's

WINTER WARDROBE



(Above, left to right) Now, there's a good-looking suit! It's made of brown and white flecked tweed, in very swagger style, and the big cuffs and those three buttons are of brown beaver. The coat swings, swaggeringly, straight from the shoulders. (The small picture shows the brown, hand-knit sweater June wears with the suit.) In the center picture, June is wearing her favorite lounging pajamas—polka-dotted blue and white silk, with a red and white sash. The third picture shows you a very nice looking fur sport coat—silver muskrat, with leopard trim.



most satisfactory. They provide interest, but don't interrupt the silhouette. Look—here's another dress that shows you what I mean." And June brought out the black crêpe and white satin dress shown on page 34.

"I love the tricky effect of the white satin yoke on the shoulders. The broad cape sleeves widen the shoulders, in direct contrast to the narrow skirt." And will you notice, too, the amusing white satin ties which form a jabot? "I guess," June laughed, "you've noticed by this time that I go in for black and white in a big way. It's all I can do to keep myself from buying all black and white dresses."

But June's platinum blonde hair, blue eyes and fair, clear complexion are set off beautifully by this striking color combination. For that matter, black and white is grand for any girl who has a decided coloring.

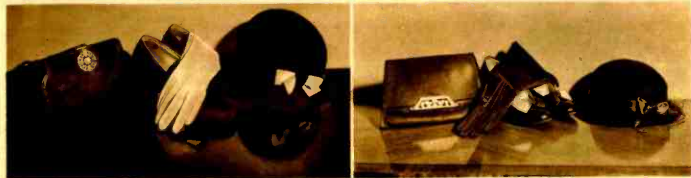
I poked about her closet and brought out another black and white dress of sheer wool. (Page 34.) This one has a long oyster white bib which ties high around the neck with a pert bow. It frankly buttons onto the dress with three large buttons on either side. The dolman sleeve is another example of the new type of sleeve that gives a girl those much desired broad shoulders. The cavalier, flared sleeves repeat the same button idea. (See page 36.) "And now I'm coming to my pet—the sports outfit."

No one can overlook the smartness of June in that brown and white flecked tweed swagger suit. (See above.) The smart flared, unbroken line of the coat, the huge beaver sleeves, and those knobby beaver buttons are three of its most distinguishing features. You must be very careful about the length of a swagger coat. Be sure that it's not too long or too short. The seven-eighths length

immensely sensible about them. You women will find many helpful hints here



(Commencing at the left and reading counter-clockwise) June likes black and white for street wear, and plain black or plain white for evening. That white satin evening gown keeps to the straight snug lines which are always smartest and depends, for a dramatic note, on that lovely sequin collar—which, incidentally, widens the shoulders as fashion demands. Below, two groups of accessories—the first group is black and white and go with any of June's black and white frocks. The second group is brown—brown felt sailor, brown suede gloves, brown calf bag and calf opera pumps with beige and brown bows. Above, you can see the detail of the dolman sleeve of June's black wool street frock. The white cuffs button, to match the buttoned-on bib. And above that, a demonstration of the "at-perplexing problem," "How should I wear the new sail-ors?" Fashion says, "Set squarely on the head."



as June wears it, is the correct one for this type. The brown jersey sweater blouse that she wears is very simple. (You can see it in detail on page 35.) "I like my sports clothes *sporty*," June declared. "To wear a dressy blouse with this suit would ruin it, I think." The tiny white piqué collars and cuffs are sufficient relief.

JUNE showed me several other sweaters and sport blouses that she's going to wear with this suit. A very natty one was a beige wool sweater with a bright red monogram on the upper left-hand side.

The hat that June wears with her suit is a brown felt sailor—very shallow, with a square crown, narrow brim and short nose veil. (See above.) The veil, incidentally, is no longer confined to dressy hats alone. However, a sport or tailored hat requires a short veil, while a more

formal, dressy sort of hat can stand a longer one. The brown fur coat has the same swagger, nonchalant air that she likes in all her sports clothes. (See page 35.) It's silver muskrat trimmed with leopard on the collar, cuffs and pockets. Notice the wide, notched lapels, the deep patch pockets, and seven-eighths length. And notice, also, the brown suede, steel-trimmed belt that defines the waist.

"In evening clothes, I like either black or white best of all. It must be very simple and very clingy. But I do love a dramatic touch somewhere on the dress to make it distinguished looking. I guess that's why I was so set on the silver sequin yoke on this one." (See above.) It's a heavy white satin gown, with a bias skirt.

June wears evening clothes with the same chic that she wears in sports things. She's five feet five, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds and carries herself gracefully.

HE'S NEVER HAD A SINGING LESSON

Singin' Sam, the Lawn Mower man—what's wrong with that? You know, of course. Yet, when you've read this intimate story of Harry Frankel—who is Singin' Sam—you'll learn that it's not so wrong after all

By
CATHERINE
LAMBERT



Singin' Sam himself. Read what a big part lawn mowers played in Sam's radio success. Yes, and coffee, too. His final success came from the fact that he tries to give something for everybody in his programs.

AMIDST all the hullabaloo and excitement of an enormous radio studio there is one small room which gives off a mood of quiet charm—intimate, cosy and warm. Here, tucked away, Singin' Sam, the Barbasol man, does those low, melodious old-fashioned songs that delight his radio fans.

A few minutes before time to broadcast you find Singin' Sam—whose real name is Harry Frankel—his pianist, Emil Sidell, his guitar player, Ralph Coluccio (both of whom have been with him since the old days) doing a little rehearsing. It is, as a matter of fact, the only time that rehearsing is done for Frankel believes too much going over a number takes away from its friendly intimacy. So, except when he must learn a new song, Sam doesn't go in for the "me, me me's" in which most singers indulge. Incidentally, he never had a singing lesson in his life. Those resonant tones come naturally. And naturalness is the keynote of Frankel's work.

Presently a very wise looking gentleman arrives and seats himself before a table. His duties remain as mysterious as the little gadgets in the control room. The announcer puts in an appearance and just on the stroke of eight-fifteen, having received a high sign from the room beyond, starts in telling the world that this is the Barbasol program. He is young and red-headed—a personality

boy—and he gestures before the mike as if it were an eager audience. A couple of minutes of his announcement and his work is done. From then on it's all Sam's show.

FRANKEL sits right next to the pianist. He sits during the entire program—the amount he gestures before for greater intimacy. As he sings he keeps one hand to his ear so that he may better hear his own voice. Before him are small cards upon which are written the names of those who have made requests for numbers, but when he makes the announcements—as he does himself—he "ad libs" the lines, using such homely phrases as "God bless your soul!" and the like.

The amount of his fan mail is enormous. "When they are for you, you can almost say anything you please," Sam explains. They are for him—to the tune of some 10,000 letters a week. It is his ambition to sing every number requested and give the names of those who have asked to hear the piece, but right now he is six months behind schedule. So don't go getting mad at Singin' Sam if you don't hear your favorite ditty for some time to come. He takes the requests in turn.

"But what do you do?" I asked him later, "when they ask for something you don't know?"

He smiled. "Well, honey, to (Continued on page 49)

Album

Ward Wilson holds his nose when he gives an imitation



WARD WILSON, the long, tall boy on the NBC network who gives those imitations of radio personalities for Royal Gelatine, has a curious talent. And it was discovered by accident.

Wilson was an engineer on the staff of WEA-F in New York. It was his job to attend to the laying and testing of land wires for broadcasts originating outside the studios. "Nemo programs," they are called. It was while testing this trial equipment with the studio control room that he first displayed the ability that was to make him a household favorite with radio fans everywhere.

It happened thus: Wilson was out in the field—probably in some banquet hall from which a program would come. Up at 711 Fifth Avenue, home of WEA-F, engineers listened for his test call. Usually, it was something like, "Woof, woof, one, two, three, four . . ." Anything to check the voice sound over the wire. While they listened, they got the surprise of their lives. The words they heard were, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. This is Graham McNamee. We shall now present Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees." There was a pause. The engineers wondered excitedly if their wires had gotten crossed. Then they heard, "Heigh-ho, everybody. This is Rudy Vallee again. We shall open our program this evening with the 'Stein Song.' Woof, woof, one, two, three, four."

Not until then did they understand that Ward Wilson had been imitating Graham McNamee and Vallee.

That performance got Ward his chance on the air, for the story was spread by the still amazed engineers. Since then, he has given over forty imitations of forty different voices, all of them uncannily like the originals.

The means he uses for securing these various sounds are interesting. If the voice demands a basso quality, he talks directly into the mike. If it has a higher range, he stands a foot or so away. The cupped hand will change the voice's quality. And if he wishes a nasal imitation—you've heard the famous Sherlock Holmes on the air—he merely holds his nose.

Ward is a New Jersey boy. He was born in 1903. From the start, he intended to become a radio engineer.

In order to work out his impersonations, he has developed an ingenious method. He goes to an empty hall that is equipped with a mike and a loud speaker. Giving his imitation before the mike, the loud speaker fills the place with sound. He perfects his work from that.

Album

Welcome Lewis' studio name is "Half-Pint." She's five feet tall



It just happened that this night one of the guests was a program director. He heard the great big voice coming from the little litsy girl and was amazed. Several days later, he was still amazed enough to give her an audition. And Welcome "clicked."

We've called her a dainty morsel. Well, she's just two feet taller than a yard stick. And ten pounds lighter than a sack of sugar (That's ninety pounds to you). If that isn't dainty and a morsel, well . . . we'll take vanilla.

In the good old days in California, neighbors often wondered how the kid came to be named Welcome. Some said she was named after the family doornat. Some said Motler Lewis opened the dictionary, put her finger on the first word she came to . . . and got Welcome. But Mrs. Lewis (she already had eight children, remember) said that Welcome was named Welcome because, doggone it, she certainly was welcome—the more the merrier. And that settled the argument.

Nowadays, Welcome is a blasé and sophisticated New Yorker—on the surface, anyhow. Underneath, friends tell us, she's as ingenious as that little kid under the California sun. Still gets a kick out of tall buildings and seeing folks step on banana peels and going to the movies. Say, you can tell that in her broadcasts, can't you? It's one reason for her success—her almost naive delight in everything that goes on in the world around her.

If you don't believe in that bewhiskered *bon mot* about good things coming in small packages, just glance down the line at that dainty morsel of femininity (ah, there) named Welcome Lewis.

Welcome is the girl with the high heels and the low voice. She wears high heels to please herself and sings low to please you. And because she can't help herself.

Not long ago, if a nice benign Santa or godmother had offered her a wish, she would have asked for a sweet true voice that would go way up to yonder. A soprano, no less. That was before she was a radio star. That was when she was parlor singing for the amusement of herself and her friends.

That parlor singing, by the way, put her on the air. It was up in Yonkers, New York. Somebody was throwing a party and, as usual, Welcome did her melodic stint. And why not? Her friends liked her cooing. She was dependable at a party . . . like mayonnaise.

Album

Alice Joy was one-fifth of a piano quintet



WANT to know about that Joy girl whose voice is so much like her name?

"Radio is hard work—and I love it," she says. She thrives on work.

Always has. Back in Streator, Illinois—she calls it home—she was known as the busiest girl in her class. Her first stage work was behind a grand piano. Did people laugh when she sat down to play? Not a bit. There were four other girls behind four other grands sitting down at the same moment. They played in forty-seven of our forty-eight states before they broke up. Our sleuths are now trying to discover why they didn't play that forty-eighth state.

Alice is four inches and five feet tall. She weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is a very dark brown. So are her big, bright eyes.

She adores red. There is always a touch of it in her clothes . . . and cheeks. Except after dinner when she slips into those slick, shimmering cream-colored things from the Rue de la Paix.

And speaking of dinners, she has 'em. They're famous the breadth and length of Radio Row. Famous for steaks three inches thick, sliced through and through and crowned with fried onions. (Um-m-m-m . . .)

And is she still a yoker? Ask her and she'll tell you that her greatest thrill came the first time she got on a ferry boat from Manhattan to Staten Island and felt the wharf. The craft took her through the shadow

of the Statue of Liberty and little Alice-in-Wonderland almost died of joy.

During the war, she applied sixteen times for overseas service. A Liberty Loan drive snagged her attention before she got back enough strength to apply the seventeenth time. It took her up to Canada. After the Armistice, she met a Canadian who held a Distinguished Flying Cross and was credited with breaking up several German airmen. It was all very hectic for a few weeks. Alice recalls. When she came to, folks were saying, "Good morning, Mrs. Burns." And she had a husband, Captain E. Robert Burns.

Her first air appearance was during an RKO Theatre of the Air broadcast. She sang "The Last Rose of Summer." With a voice that suggested tears. A smart advertising man who recognized the value of a good cry ever and then signed her up on the spot. Now she is a big favorite. They're naming a street after her in Streator,

Where Are the Stars of Yesteryear?

(Continued from page 14)

in Tennessee or broadcasting over a small Illinois station.

EXACTLY what has become of Wendell Hall I cannot say for sure. The last time I saw him he was a guest at a Lucky Strike Dance Program. Dressed in his characteristic checked suit, twisting his sandy mustache, he vowed that he had a great program idea. You remember him, of course—the Red-Headed-Music-Maker, troubadour of "It Ain't Gonna Ram No More." With his lango—or was it a guitar?—he toured stations broadcasting for local accounts long before networks were organized. What a name his was in those days! How we tuners with our battery sets searched among the regenerative squeals for his bright Southland singing! Well, after he ceased to be a headliner, he produced the old Majestic Theatre of the Air, and when this folded he also left the network scene and is heard no more.

In the budding years of 1923, just before Hall's time, Major J. Andrew White and Graham McNamee were, I am sure, the most widely celebrated radio personalities. They teamed up now and then, you know, for special broadcasts, such as the descriptions of prize fights.

Major White has left the mad business of broadcasting. Several months ago he sold his interest in the Columbia Broadcasting System with the announcement that he was going to produce a Broadway revue. He is living comfortably on the profits of his stock sale, the revue not having been produced as yet.

McNamee is, of course, still one of the important radio personalities. But it is significant to note, I think, that he did not participate in descriptions of the Democratic Convention in June or the Chocolate-Berg fight in July. It is the general opinion among New York radio reporters that hereafter McNamee will devote most of his time to news reel making and studio broadcasts, such as the Ed Wynn show, rather than to all his special event programs far and away. He has been so severely criticized by fans and reviewers.

YES, the changes in this young entertainment medium have been unbelievably many. Phillips Carlin, who used to assist McNamee on special broadcasts, now is an assistant on the NBC program director and no longer appears on the air. That one famous team, the Radio Franks, the last time I saw them, were singing in a swanky Manhattan restaurant which since has been closed. I don't know just what they're doing now.

Remember Louis Katzman, conductor of the Whittall Anglo-Persian, first of that group of programs which took mythical tours via music? He has

maestroed several radio acts since those early days. But at this writing he is conducting only one tune thrice a week—"Happy Days Are Here Again," signature melody of the Lucky Strike Hour. It's rather sad—isn't it?—after having conducted a big orchestra on big programs.

Remember, also, Allen McQuahae, an Irish tenor and a real celebrity of his hour? I saw him last on the boardwalk in Atlantic City and he pointed proudly to an electric sign which he had designed. For it seems that he is now—or at least was then—an electric sign perscruter architect. And he seemed to be prosperous enough.

And, speaking of tenors, you still find Franklin Baur, the former Firestone Tenor, on Broadway now and then. But he's not sung since a microphone since his run-in with Harvey Firestone, Sr. That was a funny one, indeed. Mr. Firestone, his sponsor on the air, asked Baur to sing on the Light's Golden Jubilee Program in Dearborn, Mich. Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, Owen D. Young—oh, yes, and President Hoover were to be there, he said.

Baur, unimpressed, replied that he would be glad to sing for his usual fee—\$1,000 I think it was. What did he care about Hoover and the rest? This so angered Mr. Firestone that he did not renew the Baur contract and the NBC, as far as I know, has not booked him since. It was a gag, apparently, that no announcer or other was quite appreciated. Baur, you may remember, was the original tenor of the Revelers, before Jimmie Melton joined up with them. But that was quite some time ago.

OF the radio stars of yesteryear a few also have died. Colonel C. T. Davis, a British officer who served in India and who brought the delightful Old Man Donaldson tales to the air, succumbed about two years ago in his studio which was decorated with relics of the Far East. It was in August, 1929, that John D. Daniel, one of the most courageous and signed off for good. And only a dozen months ago Joe Knecht's career was ended.

This story of Knecht, the Silvertown Orchestra conductor, is tragic. When the program collapsed he was without a sponsor for a long time. He went from studio to studio without receiving any encouragement until John Royal, NBC program chief, assigned him an orchestra and a noon-time concert period. He was happy as a child, sent announcements to the press and everybody congratulated the veteran. It was only a few weeks after he began his new program that a sudden illness took him away.



Cry all you like - this new mascara is WATERPROOF

EVEN the teariest talkie can't spoil your eye make-up if you use Liquid Wink. It is the one mascara that's really waterproof—won't smudge or run—ever. And low it flatters eyes! It makes your lashes look dark—long—full. It keeps them soft. Men are captivated by such lashes. Liquid Wink is easy to apply. Beauty authorities recommend it. . . 75c at all drug and department stores. . . Or send 10c for the convenient Vanity Size.

wink

ROSS COMPANY
245 West 174th St., New York City—Dept. R-1
I enclose 10c for Liquid Wink Vanity Size.

Black..... Brown.....

Name.....

Address.....

Don't Forget That Al Jolson Story— Next Issue

Learn Radio in 10 Weeks PAT FOR TRAINING AFTER YOU GRADUATE! SET DETAILS OF MY AMAZING OFFERS!

Program for John H. Radio Broadcasting, Chicago, Ill. Includes: 1. How to start a radio station. 2. How to get a license. 3. How to get a sponsor. 4. How to get a program. 5. How to get a studio. 6. How to get a microphone. 7. How to get a record. 8. How to get a radio set. 9. How to get a radio program. 10. How to get a radio station.

Send 10c for details. Send 50c for program. Send 1.00 for program and set. Send 2.00 for program, set and microphone. Send 3.00 for program, set, microphone and record. Send 4.00 for program, set, microphone, record and radio program.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

The Strange Dreams of Countess Albani

(Continued from page 31)

mid-afternoon, the dream came back to her, swimming up out of her subconscious like ink pressed from a sponge.

She knew . . . knew, mind you, that someone had betrayed her. I asked her how she knew.

"I knew without reasoning. I knew without even feeling the need of reasoning."

To one of her blood, betrayal is a serious thing. The hot pulse of old Spain is hers, and the overwhelming, sat (covered is a better word) in that bottomless divan, a lost mortal who knew not what she had done.

Her husband came from his business duties. Her boy romped in from his play. In her mind was the insistent clamor of what . . . what . . . what is it?

That night she learned. A life-long chum had, that very day, told a story aimed at the root of Countess Albani's good name and position in society. That life-long chum had turned Judas through envy of Olga Albani's radio success. And spread a treacherous web of lies about her. That was the betrayal of which that dream had warned.

This singer from old Spain is no jittery nervous wreck with a dream psychosis. On the contrary, she is a full-blooded, energetic girl with a flair for full and soul-satisfying living. But these dreams, that come unbidden have come to mean a great deal in her life. Sometimes, her dreams are happy. To dream of a garden in bloom provides the anticipation of some exceedingly joyous moment.

Recently, before she received her contract to sing on the Buick broadcasts, she dreamed for three nights in succession that she was gathered on a railroad car and seated at a table that literally

groaned with food, a Lucullan feast laid in the shadow of tall candeliers. Through-out each of the dreams, there was no other chair at the table except hers. No other service of silver and china. Shortly after that third dream, she received a telephone call. It informed her that she had been given the finest contract of her career.

"I know," the countess said. "I know I should get it."

THE one took a trip with a dear friend. They were doing the usual thing and having a carefree, carefree tranquil time. There was no foreboding of disaster. Nothing in their easy daily routine presaged the swift catastrophe that was to follow.

One night, the Countess dreamed of a baby's bonnet. It was a white lacy creation with a bow of delicate pink. It lay on a table in a hall . . . and in her dream the countess recognized that dream-hall as the hall of the very house in which they were staying. What harm, one might wonder, could lie in that infant cap.

No process of reasoning known to science could have twisted that garment into a savage symbol of death. But once again, with these things, Olga Albani knew. She knew, understood, that the baby cap meant death.

The vacation was finished abruptly. She and her friend returned home. And, within the day, that friend was lying dead in her bedroom. A doctor called it heart failure. Countess Albani knew what her dream of that baby bonnet.

Sometimes she dreams of water. Clear water or muddy water, each having its own secret significance. Clear water are pleasant. They mean to her that life is so

the upswing; that her mind will be untroubled and her soul at peace. Muddy water . . . say, just the thought of it brings a nervous moisture to her skin. No Always, it is the forerunner of something unpleasant.

A WAVE of the Countess' friends knew of her celebrated emerald ring. It was an heirloom, brought from Spain in a fat-breasted frigate by some doughy ancestor. Perhaps you have seen a bishop's ring, the sacred symbol that some of the Roman faith took to kiss. Her ring was much like that. It was almost her most precious possession. The day after she dreamed of muddy water—she lost it. It vanished magically, mysteriously from her finger, she knows not how. The dream, again . . . it foretold that loss.

Did you ever know anything similar? Are you another one of those whose psychic make-up is such that their dreams presage the occurrence of accidents or tragedies? If you are, you and I, together, can understand these things. Those others of us who throw a sturdier bulwark before the subconscious mind must simply gaze and wonder at all.

To us, the dream of a doctor is insignificant and meaningless. Or a dream in which one sees colored people. But to the Countess, such dreams mean quarrels with someone she loves. Unpleasant, burdensome bickerings . . . Much of her life is guided by just such dreams. To be forewarned to be forearmed. Once warned, she is ready for whatever comes. There is nothing else she can do, she says.

Except . . . of course. And she does sing glowingly, vitally. For even the worst dreams are not allowed to affect her work which she loves.

"And Ed Wynn, the Fire Chief!"

Ed Wynn scampers onto the stage, coat-tails flying, his head balancing an opera hat three sizes too small, hair spreading wildly under the brim of the topper. Graham McNamee trots after him. The crowd begins to laugh. Ed stops at the front of the stage before a stand that holds his manuscript. Two mikes flank him. That mike to the right and a bit rearward is Mac's. Their voices roop into the opening gap.

"How's your . . .?" Graham asks. "I mean that Chov do."

"Oh, Graham. Yesterday, he became the father of eight little red-haired puppets."

"[It] be feels roop, Chief."

"Yes, he does, Graham. It was a red-litter day in his life."

Willie Crowley peers through the

wings at his boss out on the stage. "Say, Willie. What were those gadgets you put in his coat pocket just before he went out there?"

"They were religious medals that I put in his pockets . . . a small crucifix, a rosary and a medal. I'm a Catholic, ole. See. Mr. Wynn isn't a Christian but we have the same God and I've got in the habit of putting those things in his clothes." He spoke earnestly.

A WAVE of laughter rolls across the footlights, chasing Wynn and Mac back into the wings. Willie takes the opera hat and hands Ed a multi-exposed derby. The coat is changed. On the stage, Don Voorhees and his band are snatching through a brilliant musical arrangement. Voorhees directs jerkily, all elbows and wrists, holding a yellow lead pencil for a baton.

The music ends and Wynn and Mac gallop out. Gallop is the word . . . or gallumph! Seeing Wynn run is like watching a truck horse on a race track. They jump into the commercial announcement. Wynn tries to be serious. Ed kids him out of it.

"Fire Chief Gas . . . now available at no extra price."

Wynn tee-hees, "Step this way, ladies and gents. Here's the gasoline of the century. A gentleman here takes a gallon, a lady over there takes a gallon." Graham stops to argue. "You ought to learn more about this gasoline, Chief. You ought to get a car—if you ever expect to get a wife."

"I don't agree," Ed lipps. "I don't think you need an automobile to win a wife. King Solomon never had a car, and he didn't do so bad."

The hand ladies up a tempo of melody. Don's pencil stabs a thousand holes in the air. Wynn and Mac retreat to the wings again. Willie hands over a decrepit straw. A sort of orange peel jacket goes with it. On the stage, four serious young singers surround a mike, singing . . . the Fire Chief Quartet. It is like that for the next half hour, or two hours and then he'll come back. The Chief goes on and speaks his piece. Graham McNamee feeds him the lines and Ed adds the speller.

"For Heavens sake, don't you know what dormitories are the same as camels only they have two humps on their backs?"

"When I graduate, I expect to make a few berries strutting my ukelele."

"Oh . . . strumberries?" asks Wynn.

"She's two-faced."

"Two-faces? You mean she's eight-faced. She has an octopus."

At the next change, Wynn gets a black and orange collegiate cap and a zebra-like blazer. He waltzes back before the audience, tottering and giggling. Every minute he is out there, he honk's a horn. He honks the time of his life. For his last number, he dons a miniature fire helmet and a wisp-waisted coat. He reads letters from people up and down America—those dumb letters that climax his gittering program.

Louis Witten is busy with his watch again. The half-hour is almost up.

Wynn snaps over his last gag. Voorhees takes his band and the quartet through a tempestuous reprise and Witten feeds his mike twenty seconds from the limit.

He says, "Each week, the Texas Company presents . . ."

At the end of a musician across the stage thumbs his button and a fire siren shrieks like mad. The bell clangs. A light beside Witten's mike flashes a signal from the control booth. Witten, in studio G at 711 Fifth Avenue, a new program is pouring along the wires to the WEA-F broadcasting plant.

A howl of fire is back on the stage. Now, Ed, abandons the mikes. He steps across the footlights and talks to the seven or eight hundred people who have squeezed into the little rock theatre. He thanks them for coming and expresses his persistent bewilderment at radio.

"These mikes still scare me," he says. "I don't feel at home with them. I'm not like Graham. I think he would marry one of them if he could."

After the speech, he comes back into the wings to get a telephone call. "It's the best ever," Witten tells him. Willie is packing up the coats, the hats, the thermos bottle. The crowd is filing out. An advertising executive comes up.

"Some folks from out-of-town want to meet you, Ed. Mind coming out?"

Ed stands there, still wearing his funny fire hat, his thin-hipped coat. And shoes . . . a pair of shoes that are sized for a man of all existent shoes. They are patched, and the patches have been patched. And the patches on the patches have been patched.

"I've worn 'em in every show I've played for almost thirty years. Willie figured up the other day I've spent about three thousand dollars on them just to be able to wear 'em."

He darts away through the green door to meet the people from out-of-town. He will talk to them for an hour or two hours and then he'll come back to Willie, surrender the fool's costume and don his wing collar, white spats, and felt fedora. He will come Ed Wynn, man-about-town instead of the biggest laugh-maker in the radio racket. And the nicest sort of guy you'll ever meet.

The old Zeigfeld floor is silent now. The lights are dim. The audience is leaving. A couple of tardy musicians are logging their instruments off the stage toward the elevators. There is a sort of nervousness in the way they are hurrying away, as if they don't want to be the last to leave. Well, we don't care. We'll wait here for the elevator with the musicians.

They say this place is haunted, you know. They say strange sounds can be heard up there in the hours before dawn. And me, I have seen things a gray, gaunt shape that teeters up the aisle and across the stage . . . a gray, familiar wraith. This is Flo Zeigfeld's favorite spot, you know. And now Flo Zeigfeld is dead.

"Don't you?"

"Yassul, goin' right down, suli."

NEXT MONTH IN RADIO STARS

Of course you've heard about Al Jolson's return to the screen. There'll be a story on that which will delight you. Having read it you will appreciate his programs much more.

Morton Downey, that prince of singers, is one of those jolly fellows who just loves a practical joke. Oh, no, Morton is no ordinary practical joker. He goes in for coming acts are startlingly original—in fact, you will be amazed at the originality of some of them! Don't fail to read about the crazy things which Morton does in the name of practical joking.

Hollywood on the Air. You know the famous broadcasts, of course. Well, Water Ramsey, who is right in Hollywood, has written a story which goes behind the mikes during these broadcasts. In this story you'll meet many movie stars who, for once, are not quite as poised as usual. After all, why not? They're performing in a different element. No cameras are whirring. And they know that millions are listening in. See the different reactions of these famous people to the radio microphone.

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Don't Give Your Right Name

(Continued from page 15)

Ernest Brimmer. Nancy Carroll is Nancy La Hiff and Sue Carol is Evelyn Lederer. Ann Harding was christened Dorothy Gately.

And those famous Spanish actors, what of them? I mean Raquel Torres and Don Alvarado. Well, Raquel is Paula Osterman to her postman. And Don Alvarado is Jose Fagin. On the other hand, get a load of names what are names. Reading from left to right, Gilbert Roland is DeAlonzo Louis Antonio Damoso. And Dolores del Rio is Lolita Dolores Asanolo De Marino. And Karl Dane, remember him? He once was a babe called Rasmus Karl Thekelson Gottlieb.

CLAIRE WINDBSOR knew what she was doing when she stepped away from the folks who called her Olga Cromk. And Ina Claire when she left off being Ina Fagin. Little Dorothy Janis never did like her name. It used to be Dorothy Penelope Jones. Nick Stuart came to Hollywood as Nicholas Prata. And Josef Von Sternberg was around in the old days as plain Joe Stern. Richard Arlen, whose real name sounds like an Alger hero, was known in Minneapolis as Richard Van Mattimore.

Yes, the movies gave our radio stars a good (or bad, if you'd rather) example when they started turning Jones

into Janis and Osterman into Torres. And why? Well, I'm told that it is the sound. A man likes or dislikes a name. So does a woman. Accordingly, name, so long as it is banished for a harsh sound, one is banished for one that will trip through a loudspeaker like a Floyd Gibbons avalanche yarn.

Take this thing you've been listening to the old maestro, Benjamin Angel, ladies and gentlemen. Benjamin Angel, ladies and gentlemen, who is speaking words for his alma matra, ladies and gentlemen, yowza. Catch on? The guy's radio name is Ben Bernie. It's a lot easier to say and hear, isn't it? And Arthur Tracy, the Street Singer. If you know him well enough, you can call him A. Praxowitz. David Ross, who reads poems and announces Morton Downey's programs with one of the best voices on the air, was Dave Rosenfield several years ago. Al Jolson, the mammy singer, is Asa Yoelson.

Vaughn De Leath made a curious switch. Her family name was Von der Leath. Get it?

Will Osborn, the orchestra leader and singer, was baptized William Opland.

Virginia Rea is down in her baby book as Hallina Murphy.

William Hall, the baritone boy of the CBS, is really William McLaughlin.

Mildred Bailey is just a singing name for Mildred Rinker.

Fred Allen signs I.O.U.'s as Fred Sullivan.

Little Jack Little, the sprightly Englishman, started in life as John Leonard. Rudy Vallee changed only the first of his labels. His whole name is Hubert Prior Vallee.

Alie Lyman, in his forgetful moments, answers to Abe Simon.

Freddie Berrens, conductor of a half-dozen orchestras, was a school boy named Fritz Bernstein.

Jacques Renard, to his best pals, is still Jacob Stavinaky.

Tony Tones worked as a factory hand under the name of Anthony Snow. (Snow spelled backward makes Wons, the rascal.)

Paul Douglas, announcer ingratiating, is actually Paul Fleisher. Carl Fenton, bator waver extra-ordinary, is a guy named Ruba Greenburg.

Tel Cook, of the Chicago banmaster cooks, really is named Russ Colombo (but not the one you're thinking of.) And the other Russ Cook—"Cross-by, Colombo, and Vallee"—fame is down in his family Bible as Ruggerio Rudolph Eugenio Colombo.

And there you are. It's a tidy list, isn't it. Remember, if ever you go to a job in the studios, don't give your right name!

It doesn't seem to pay.

She Left a Convent to Face Life

(Continued from page 13)

lax with a cosmopolitan smattering of languages and lanis. And it was at six that she was brought to the United States and placed at the Georgian Convent at Lakeview, New Jersey. What torture must have been borne those first few months. Where her world had been bounded by the shores of the seven seas, it was now a convent wall. And her only companions were the children of her own age and grey-gowned, unsmiling sisters. Not a happy time for a child.

Time has dulled many a heart-ache and time must have dulled this. So the years passed, leaving scarcely an imprint on the youthful woman of the world. And as they passed, that tiny voice that she had first thrown at the blue sky of Calcutta became a fine, pure thing.

Then, suddenly, she was a grown girl, a graduate ready to joust with life's windmills or to drudge among its pans and pots. Fate led Jessica Dragonette to the windmills.

I am painting in this living background so that you may understand the things behind the decision she was soon to make, the decision that changed her entire life.

SHE came to New York, drawn as a moth to a flame. The amber gleam of Broadway's gey paint colored her career for a while. If a friend had pointed her out to you in those days you would have said, "Just another soprano." But she sang for Max Reinhardt in "The Miracle" and the manner of her singing was to presage her career in radio, for during the long run of "The Miracle," the audience never once saw her. But it heard her—an invisible angel singing from the clouds. Strangely enough, some of her fan letters these last few years have called her just that.

There were other theatrical engagements, too; all successful, and she was well on the road to stardom when she learned that a singer was needed by WEAF, the pioneer station on Manhattan's lower tip. Radio scarcely interested her. It took several engagements to convince her that the microphone was a suitable substitute for a visible audience.

Suppose you were on the highroad to something of which you had dreamed and, abruptly, an incredible robot of a machine that could hurl your voice into the most distant home absorbed your

interest? Can you imagine the outcry of your friends and well-wishers.

"Don't experiment with this crazy radio gadget," her friends warned her. "It's a fad. Only the theatre is real. Stick to it."

But down deep in Jessica something was stirring that hadn't stirred since her sixth year when she went into the convent. It was an unrest, a sort of divine irritation with those who wanted her to take the "sure" thing. This radio gadget, this thing of such momentous but perfectly controlled power with its ability to penetrate to those friendly heartsides, this thing aroused her as nothing else ever had.

So she made her decision. She would seek her career in radio.

SAW and heard her sing the other evening on the Cities Service program. She sat calmly on a sort of dais until it was her turn. When she arose and walked the thirty feet to the microphone, I could not help but feel the precision and restraint of her movement. When she sang, I felt even more than before that there was a woman who had studied and perfected something—something beautiful—that is entirely her own.

She sings with her mouth about six inches from the microphone. Most artists use music or notes to remind them of words or tune. She uses nothing, not even memory, for by the time she presents a song it has become such a part of her that it comes to her without conscious effort.

Not once during a selection did her eyes leave the black box of the microphone. Not once, not even when she stepped back for an orchestral interlude. I asked her about it afterwards. She was surprised.

"I really didn't know it," she said. "When she plunged into the muddy waters of radio six years ago, there was no one to tell her to sing in this or that manner. Six years ago, no one knew. Then the studios were exciting laboratories in which something new was always being discovered."

They were more than laboratories, Jessica remembers. They were often more like factories of entertainment... sweat shops where men and women drudged from sun-up until the last throbbing listener in Seed Tick, Missouri, had switched off his one-bulb and gone to bed. There were the days of heartbreak and headaches. A new opera every week was no unusual assignment. A dozen new songs to memorize. The rush of it nearly drove her frantic.

WHEN one loves a thing, one will willingly become a slave to it. That was Jessica, driving herself to the last ounce of her slender strength, living through those rousing, natal days of radio entertainment, and developing a technique that would make her voice sound good on even the bad radios. A beautiful tone. Good diction.

Self-taught, she learned to evaluate

true beauty as it applied to her other performance.

"No one has to be told that a flower is beautiful," she explains. "It is beautiful, not even memory, for it is simple." Think back. Have you ever heard her sing anything in that throbbing thrush-voice of hers that is so simple? I'll wager not. For that is her keynote—simplicity. If a lyric or a tune does not measure up to it, she changes it.

At six years of singing for the public, it is her opinion that all people are romantic. Why? Because people have told her so. She has letters from the Premier of Canada and the Fire Chief of Butte, Montana, and the little girl who clerks in ribbons and notions at the five and ten cent store. They tell her the same old story. They are hungry for the sound of a voice that can lift them out of drab reality.

The sight of her before a mike—and I'm trying to express this so you can see her, too—is that of an undisturbed, assured young woman. The movement of a hand and the slant of her head are both as "pat" as the pitch and the last note of her song. It is impossible to imagine her wasting a movement or a word. Perhaps this poise is something that came as a heritage. I don't know. It is, however, a reflection of the purpose that first carried her into the untried field of radio and subsequently into the heights.

It isn't me to glorify Jessica Dragonette. It is my aim to tell the story of a girl who cut through the bonds of tradition in order to pioneer in a new world, for the world of radio is still but an infant among the other fields of entertainment; and the trail she blazed is still a clear-cut path to the rainbow's end and its pot of gold.

At a Football Game

(Continued from page 30)

The minutes tick past. Suddenly, the timer's gun booms. "Columbia wins!" Husing says. He has been talking for two and one-half hours. It flows into his resumé, reading from notes that he and Les have made during the game. At the end:

"The crowd is filling out. It's time to go home. So we'll say 'au revoir,' and yours very untruly, Ted Husing. This is the Columbia Broadcasting System."

Ten miles away, a hundred miles away and a thousand miles away, announcers in all of the Columbia network stations are giving their call letters. Ten miles down town, a jazz orchestra begins to play. George Walker hears it, throws a switch, snuffs off his head phones and leans back to stretch. The football broadcast is over.

Don't miss the features on these two radio personalities—**AL JOLSON—MORTON DOWNEY**
You'll find them in the next issue of **RADIO STARS**
Out January First—dated February

the world needed
a Quality Garter for
25¢ and you can tell
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Call 15¢ on this advertisement now. We will be paying the writer for writing the music for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the lyrics for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the stories for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the plays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the screenplays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the teleplays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio plays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio stories for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio screenplays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio teleplays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio plays for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio stories for the radio. We will be paying the writer for writing the radio screenplays for the radio. 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The Amazing Lombardos

(Continued from page 9)

mind." And with that he was gone. Vic turned to the others. "Did'ja hear what he says? Did'ja? He says I can get married!"

Guy is the head man with the Lombardo brothers. Modest and unassuming as he is, he is the giver of advice. But Carmen is the gayest one. No one is allowed to watch rehearsals because Carmen is such a clown. He is never still a minute when he's not beating his time he is just aimlessly tapping his feet. He's the real musician. He is also the composer of such hits as "Sweet-hearts on Parade," "Coquette" and many others.

When something goes wrong at rehearsal and Guy frowns, Carmen begins to grin. The grin widens out from him to Leibert. Then Vic gets it and presently when Guy looks up in a stern manner, they're all grinning up at him and everybody is merry and bright again.

The Lombardos can thank their lucky stars for radio, for without it they might never be the sensation they are now. When they were playing in Cleveland eight years ago radio was comparatively new. Someone asked them to broadcast but since there was no remote control in those days they had to pack their instruments way out to the station. It was a terrific jaunt and one day Carmen said, "I don't see what this radio stuff is getting us, anyhow."

"Nor do I," Leibert echoed.

But Guy persisted. He thought radio was going to be a great thing.

"Radio is something for kids to play with," Carmen said. "What grown person is going to sit with a pair of earphones glued to his ears?" But Guy persuaded them to keep on broadcasting.

THEN they were asked to play at a summer resort for a dance. Guy set his price at \$300 for the evening. The manager thought that was pretty stiff. "Make it \$250 and I'll give you seventy-five per cent of the gate receipts."

But Guy wasn't interested in possible

gate receipts at an unknown summer resort. They compromised on \$275.

That night it rained and Guy was patting himself on the back that he hadn't fallen for that funny percentage basis. A rainy night, a kick joint—he was wise to take the twenty-five dollars instead.

And then, suddenly, the miracle happened. People began to arrive in droves. They came so fast that it was impossible to sell tickets and the manager had to grab their money as they came in. He was walking around the floor with his pockets bulging with dollar bills.

Thirty-five hundred people came to the dance. The resort had prepared for about four hundred. The reason for the mob was the fact that all those people had heard the Royal Canadians over the radio. And had thought they were swell!

In telling the story later, Guy said, "I sure felt bad that I hadn't taken up that gate receipt offer. We would have made almost \$2,000, but it was worth lots more than that to me to be able to tell to Carmen and Leibert, 'Now is radio any good? Now is it worthwhile packing our instruments out to the station every night? Am I right or wrong?'"

Yessir, it was radio that put the Lombardos over and they're all grateful. But they're all nervous, even now, when broadcasting time comes. It throws them off to watch Burns and Allen do their act so they put them behind a screen at the studio.

The success of a hand on the radio is all a matter of right placement, Guy says, and how near or how far away the players are from their microphones.

This is the same as to make every time for often a radio room is more alive one night than it was the night before, depending upon how much it has been done during the day. Guy must always know when visitors are to be in the studio for their presence changes the acoustics and they may increase in the afternoon and come back

at night with the chairs in exactly the same position only to find the placement is wrong.

YOU know—or did you?—that the fiddle Guy carries under his arm is a "prop"? He's not such a hot violinist and by his own admission he can't use lots better. But he can't use a baton, so he uses the fiddle bow and tucks the instrument under his arm.

Maybe you've heard the famous New Year's Eve story but don't try to stop me if you have. Guy usually plays about \$12.50 for those prop violins, but because it was New Year's Eve he decided he would carry his good fiddle, the one that had cost \$500. He did so without telling any of his brothers.

When the festivities were at their height, Carmen, the clown, picked up what he thought was a \$12.50 instrument and broke it across his knee. It was the real one, but until it could be explained everybody thought that the look of horror on Guy's face was just good acting.

Victor is the one they always kid, but they are all crazy about him. When he first asked to join the band two years ago Guy said, "Nothing doing. Not until you've had some experience do you get in this troupe." So Vic had to play in two other bands before he could come with the Royal Canadians. Many leaders have tried to get Carmen and Leibert away from Guy but the amazing Lombardos just simply won't be separated.

It's their one sorrow that their youngest brother, Joe, just nineteen, isn't musically inclined. But whatever one Lombardo does is okay by any other Lombardo. This is the same as to make every time for often a radio room is more alive one night than it was the night before, depending upon how much it has been done during the day. Guy must always know when visitors are to be in the studio for their presence changes the acoustics and they may increase in the afternoon and come back

They're a great family—those boys. Their wives are pretty nice, too, as Guy, Carmen, Leibert and Victor don't hesitate to tell you when you ask them.

That Famous Capitol Family

(Continued from page 23)

enormous family of weekly listeners. Besides the regulars—the folks who sing or play each week—there are a number of guest stars—who are happy to appear occasionally with the family.

Perhaps the largest group of guest stars arrayed themselves on that memorable night when the Capitol Family appeared to Commander Traler, an adventurer from the theatre to those wide white wastelands of the South Pole.

That was an emotional night—a thrilling night long to be remembered. It also had its amusing side.

There were, collected in the studio, such notables as Bugs Baer, Walter Kelly ("The Virginia Julefe"), Dr. William Axt, Sylvia Miller, Louise Ray and many, many others. But by far the most amazing of all these was that very cute old lady, Traler Horn.

It was Major Bowes' idea to have the redoubtable Traler, an adventurer from the old school, talk to Commander Byrd, the modern adventurer. Traler Horn was delighted to have the opportunity.

But a few minutes before the exciting program began, someone, who knew the

Traler very well, came up to Bowes and said, "Listen, Major, you can't put Traler Horn on the air. You'll give him three minutes to send a message to Byrd and he'll be talking all night. I know him. He's not only an adventurer but a recounter. He'll tell Byrd—and the poor guy is way off there at the South Pole with no place to go—his life's history. Why, there won't be any time left for the rest of your program. Take my advice and break the news gently to the old boy that he can't go on."

Major Bowes registered the advice and got busy on a plan. He gave Traler Horn a microphone of his own in a corner of the studio. He seated him in front of it. When the time arrived for the Traler to speak he was told to begin. He greeted Byrd charmingly. Major Bowes let him talk for two minutes—quite enough—and then, when he paused for breath, the Major, in the control room, cut off Traler Horn's microphone and went on with the rest of the program.

AND there sat the Traler by his own little mike, which was now as quiet as a defeated candidate after election day, talking . . . talking telling Byrd dozens of stories, wishing him all the luck in the world—while the rest of the program went merrily on. He talked for almost the remainder of the hour, had a swell time and everybody was happy, including Byrd.

The guest stars are always more nervous than the regular members of the family. Robert Montgomery, Johnny Weissmuller, William Haines, Polly Moran, Jean Hersholt, Una Merkel, Anna May Wong and little Jackie Cooper are a few who have spoken to the listeners-in. Bob Montgomery, the suave polished man, came before a movie studio microphone, died a thousand deaths when he talked to the thousands who form the invisible audience. Una Merkel had a bad case of microphone fright. Johnny Weissmuller begged to be excused from going on and said, later, when the Major had insisted, that he had never been so frightened in his life.

But it was different with Jackie Cooper. Nonchalant? Why say—he didn't need to light that certain brand of cigarette. Most of the other guest stars write on paper what they are going to say. Jackie had no lines at all.

Ten minutes before he went on he said to Major Bowes, "What do you want me to say?"

"Why anything, Jackie, anything you like," the Major answered.

"Well, shall I say that I listen in to the Capitol Family in California—I do, you know—and that I sure get a kick out of it out there but I never thought I'd be broadcasting from the theatre, but I think it's swell!"

"That's fine, Jackie," said the Major. "Say just that."

And Jackie did, except he was almost late at the mike and a slight bribe had to be given him before he would go on. The minute he walked into the studio he spotted the big drum. He wanted to



TERRIFIED. I tried to edge stealthily toward the phone . . .

. . . The burglar, with his back toward me, was trying to open the wall safe! He was turning the knob now. Opening the little metal door.

There was a slight noise. Instantly he whirled around. And I recognized him!

"The room swam before my eyes. 'Larry! Larry!' My knees went weak and I leaned drunkenly against the wall."

He didn't speak. Just stood there staring . . .

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RADIO STARS

give that drum a whack—but there was no time, the program was ready to begin.

"Go," moaned Jackie. "I've just gotta hit that drum."
But everyone agreed—including the drummer—that if Jackie would go on and say his radio piece like a good boy, Jackie as the program was over he would be shown the mysterious inner workings of the drums, tramps and percussion instruments.
Jackie consented, went on, waited until the program was over. Two hours later a befuddled bass drummer staggered out of the studio muttering in his head something about never making "a promise to a kid like Jackie Cooper."

Of course, the guest stars who have appeared before the microphone before—stars like Jack Benny, Al Jolson, Nick Lucas, Cliff Edwards, Kate Smith, etc., have no fears.
Major Bowes' variety finishes his program with a charming little poem. There are hundreds of thousands of requests for copies of these—which are

always supplied. "Around the Corner" by Charles Hanson Towne is the favorite and there are many requests for the Major to recite that than any other. But a poem called "A Little Journey" caused the most dramatic and touching circumstance.

A mother whose son had left her, after a quarrel, heard the Major recite this poem. She wrote, asking for a copy which was sent to her. Several weeks later the Major received an ecstatic note of thanks from the mother. She had sent the verse to her son and, on his birthday, he had come back to her forgiven and beg to be taken back. Of course, she took him back!

So because the Major always ends his program with a poem, I might as well finish this story the same way. Here's the verse which brought the son back to his mother and brought a mother's thanks to Major Bowes.

"'Tis a little journey
Soon gone by
This we walk;
Hardly time for murmurs
Time for talk.

Yet we learn to quarrel
And to hate;
Afterwards regret it
When too late.

Now and then 'tis sunshine—
Sometimes dark;
Sometimes care and sorrow
Leave their mark.

Yet we walk the pathway
Side by side;
Where so many others
Lived and died.

We can see the moral—
Understand!
Yet we walk not always
Hand in hand.

Why must there be hatred?
Greed and strife?
Do we need such shadows
Here in life?

'Tis a little journey
Soon gone by
This we walk;
Hardly time for murmurs
Time for talk.

What Chance Have You in Radio?

(Continued from page 7)

York NBC executive happened to hear him on his radio at home. Next day, he made started turning with the result that the Three Keys came to New York and a tremendous network.

Yes, sometimes luck does play a big part. Have you heard Jane Vance? She was going to college in Chicago when Paul Whiteman was playing at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. One night, Jane came down with some of her Northwestern University classmates. Paul, always on the look-out for attractive talent, saw the young co-ed. He gave her a chance to sing the mike and she came through beautifully.

ANOTHER gal with a lucky streak is Frances Langford. When Rudy Vallee toured Florida he happened to hear her sing. He liked her voice and invited her to come to New York. She came and got a contract with WOL.

The hill-billy music of the Pickard Family is famous in the south. That program got started in a curious way. One day, the family wished to get in touch with Mr. Pickard but they didn't know where to find him. The matter was of vital importance so they called up station WSM in Nashville, Tennessee, and asked them to broadcast the message. And Mr. Pickard got it from a friend who happened to be listening in.

In some time later, he went to the station to thank them for their unusual service to him. During his conversation, he mentioned "hill-billy" music. And the program was born then and there.
Now what about instrumentalists and orchestras? Well, the small station is a good training ground. Particularly for orchestras. Unless you have worked in a studio, you have no idea of the difficult "art" of arranging (seating) a

group of musicians so the mike picks up their instrument sounds correctly. Really, it is an art. It takes lots of experience and experimenting. If you would be a Bernie, Shubert, Brussaferri or Gab Galloway, learn how to do that before you attempt to lure an important station to listen to you. It is half the battle.

You instrumentalists who have no orchestra connections, are going to find a crowded field. Station musicians are well paid people—but the jobs are scarce. Charles Carllie, CBS's most dulcet tenor, is another Atwater-Kent winner. Before that, he worked for a railway and then a bank. Now he is one of radio's big finds. Any Atwater-Kent dealer will be glad to tell you how to enter the annual Atwater-Kent Audition. And if you should win, you're almost certainly on the highroad to success.

Indeed, several paragraphs back, to tell you how to secure auditions. A few weeks ago, I wrote letters to most of the big stations in North America. I asked them if they conducted auditions, at what hours, and who was in charge of them. All this material has been systematized in a clever chart that will give you just the information you need.

Next month, I am going to finish this discussion of "What Chance Have You in Radio?" by discussing the openings for announcers, actors and talented children; and for all those clever people who would rather create programs than be in them. There is a tremendous field for folk who can write and direct and conceive new, original ideas. Radio networks are never tired of the best season's smash hit entertainment. All this plus—the chart of stations and audition hours will be published in our February number. Watch for it!

In mentioning the roads that lead to radio fame, one must include the

celebrated Atwater-Kent auditions. This company runs an annual contest in which hundreds of performers vie with one another for a grand prize of \$5,000 and a year's study at a recognized American institute of music. Donald Novis won his state audition in 1927.

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He's Never Had a Lesson

(Continued from page 37)

tell you the truth I know almost every one of those old-fashioned tunes that the folks want to hear. But the listeners are mighty picky. I've had my times when they ask for a number from way back yonder they send me the music. I have it transcribed to suit my voice—I sing lower than most folks—and sing it as soon as I can."

He has an enormous library of music which he carries around in a specially built trunk. That trunk has been plenty of service, for twenty-six years ago, when Harry Frankel was just seventeen he joined up with a minstrel show. It was three years ago in Cincinnati that a friend of his in the lawn-mower business asked him to go on the air.

"I DON'T know anything about it," Frankel protested. "The stage is one thing, radio's another. I think you have to grow up in any business. I'm not qualified."

But his friend insisted and over a local station Singin' Sam, the lawn-mower man, was first heard. He was nervous at first, feeling his way. He didn't know what the amazing young audience would and would not like, but the first week brought him enough fan mail to break the postman's back. He had, somehow, hit on the right thing.

The lawn-mower business is a seasonal one, so with the end of summer he signed for radio work with a coffee company. Again he was Singin' Sam—but this time he was Singin' Sam, the coffee man. A year ago last July the Barbasol people heard him and brought

him to New York to be Singin' Sam, the Barbasol man. His success has been terrific. Although he broadcasts for only fifteen minutes a week, his times the rest of his life isn't leisure. He still fills vaudeville engagements—coming in from the theatre often still in make-up to broadcast. He is also in great demand for recording.

Unless you have imagined that he is a colorist man—as lots of people do—he looks a pretty much as you might expect him to look with keen, humorous blue eyes, fair hair and a genuine sort of smile. The southern accent he brought with him from his birthplace, Danville, Kentucky.

"I try to dope all my programs out so that there's something in them for every member of the family. Emil and I run over the tunes together and get them pretty well set.

"I usually open up with a fast number and then go into the old fashioned songs. When I first started this radio business I was determined that I wasn't going to imitate anybody and it seemed to me that when folks were sitting around at home what they would like would be something sort of cosy."

And what do you suppose is his favorite amusement? Give you fifteen guesses. Give up? Well, it's listening to the radio. Honestly, he listens in partly because he enjoys it and partly to hear what other people are doing on the air, but mainly, he says, because it's a grand way to have a good time.

I don't know anybody who gets more fun out of his work than Singin' Sam.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF OCTOBER 3, 1917, OF RADIO STARS, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT DANFORTH, NEW JERSEY, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1932.

Name of the owner: Helen Meyer, wife of the State and county official, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the above entitled publication, and that she is the owner, manager, and publisher, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the above publication for the period specified in the Act of August 24, 1912, embedded in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on reverse of this form, to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, manager, editor, and business manager of the above publication are: H. DeLoatch, Jr., 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; editors, Ernest W. Herz, Chas. Mitchell, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City; managing editor, none; business manager, Helen Meyer, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and immediately followed by the names and addresses of all stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of all individual owners, or if owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, partner, or proprietor, must be given, and also those of the stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

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Nancy Carroll and Cary Grant in a scene from "HOT SATURDAY"

"You're gorgeous," he told her.

"You're dangerous!" she replied.

AND she was right. But not in the way she meant. For the wagging tongues of the town were destined to hurt her in a fashion that Romer Sheffield never could.

It was all the fault of one "HOT SATURDAY"—but then, if you knew the whole story, perhaps you wouldn't call it a fault! Anyway, after you've read it, you'll agree it's a charming tale.

In SCREEN ROMANCES this month you'll find the complete fictionization of HOT SATURDAY illustrated by many photographs of adorable Nancy Carroll and handsome Cary Grant in scenes from the talkie.

And that's not all! In the same issue are the absorbing stories of 9 other enjoyable new pictures. You'll be elated by this feast of romance, adventure and life:

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HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, Al Jolson's first picture in some time.

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TESS OF THE STORM COUNTRY, called by many the sweetest love story ever written, interpreted perfectly by

Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY, with James Dunn . . . (wouldn't you like to!)

PHANTOM FAME, the punch-packing story of a press agent, with Lupe Velez and Lee Tracy.

SILVER DOLLAR starring lusty Edward G. Robinson and Bebe Daniels.

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TOO BUSY TO WORK, with Will Rogers and Marian Nixon.

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