

RADIO STARS

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AMOS and ANDY

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT THE
WINCHELL-BERNIE FEUD!

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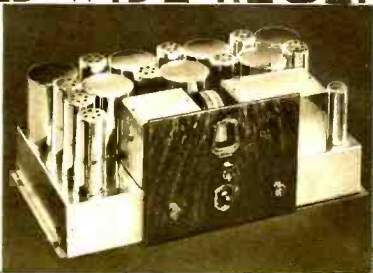
MOVIE MIX-UP!

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Each day come new letters of enthusiastic praise from owners of SCOTT All-Wave DeLuxe Radios. Here are excerpts from a few late ones—on file at

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ENGLAND

over! "Never owned or heard a better, clearer or purer-toned receiver, and this is my 13th all electric set." RCS, Texas... "France, Italy, Russia and China with very

GERMANY

Conn. "Best radio I have ever owned—price very reasonable for what it is and will do—have logged Rome, England, France, Spain, Brazil, Germany, Australia," OSJ, Conn. "VK3ME,

ECUADOR

powerful loudspeaker volume," EB, Indo-China... "Get as far afield as England," GAH, Australia... "Moscow, South America and Pittsburgh fine," EAC, Alaska... "U.S.A.,

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ARGENTINE

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RADIO STARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

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Editors: Ernest V. Heyn and Curtis Mitchell
Associate Editor: K. Rowell Batten Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

NEXT MONTH

You'll be thrilled by a story which tells the complete inside of the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb separation. It's all there—every bit. From the very day they had their first post-wedding misunderstanding. Then, from break-ups to happy marriages, there is the charming love story of Jock Benny and Mary Livingston. The romance of it will delight you. And there'll be the story of "The Voice of Experience." This story, with many delightful surprises, tells of one man's amazing way of helping folks who are in distress. Then, a touch of humor. The hilarious mistakes made by people who, when they're broadcasting, actually forget they're talking into a microphone and say things they shouldn't. There will also be some grand recipes from the Mystery Chef himself—that radio whiz of the art of cooking. Remember these and also lots of other stories in our next issue. And also, of course, our regular departments and loads and loads of gorgeous pictures of the other stars.

RADIO STARS

CLOWNS ON THE COVER

Oh, yes, Amos 'n' Andy they're known as. (Right) We see them perusing a copy of their, your and our favorite radio magazine. Hooray for our side! (Below) In a conference with their business manager. Get that conference look? (Below, right) In their famous, familiar character make-up. (Bottom of page) In character make-up again, with the added attraction of the Fresh Air Taxicab. (Extreme right) Andy messing things up as usual via telephone.



(Right and below)
Culver Service



The real truth about the

By CURTIS
MITCHELL



In this corner, ladies and gentlemen, Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro. And on our right, Broadway's Walter Winchell.



DO Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie really hate each other?

If you are a loudspeaker addict, you know they do! You've heard their blistering insults hurled across space by NBC's most powerful radio stations. Probably you remember the night Walter said: "I've just received a wire from Eddie Duchin, the ork leader, and here's what he writes: 'Dear Walter, I'll offer you \$5,000 to appear in my night club with Bernie and \$10,000 without him.'"

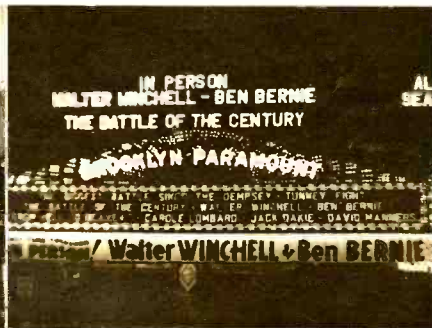
Bernie, too, heard that insult. His ear was glued to a loudspeaker, because Broadway friends had warned him that Winchell was starting something. It took him less than a minute to figure out a nifty way to kiss back at Mrs. Winchell's Walter. The next time he broadcast, his reply rocked the country.

WINCHELL-BERNIE feud

One day, Winchell prints a whole plateful of "scallions" for Bernie. Next evening, Bernie draws a couple of anti-Winchell remarks on the air. Do they really hate each other so much? Or is it—?



Watch out, Walter! There's probably a bomb in it. Shouldn't wonder, after what you said in your column.



When the two scrappy lads played the New York and Brooklyn Paramounts, they were billed as above. Just a gag?

"This wise guy Walter Winchell," he said. "Instead of being on the ether, he should be under it."

And Winchell retorted: "That's as sour as Ben Bernie's fiddling." After that, the battle was on. Winchell was called this, that and the other. Ben Bernie, who kills himself as the Old Maestro, became the Old Shyster, the Old Mousetrapp, the Old Mice-tro.

And the country began to talk. What about this feud on the air? Should it be permitted? Should Winchell's grudge be allowed to annoy Ben Bernie fans? Clubs were formed and committees appointed. The shoulders of Uncle Sam's mailmen began to sag under the weight of letters written to Mr. Blue Ribbon Malt (Bernie's sponsor) and Mr. Jergen's Loion (Winchell's sponsor). They were letters of protest.

SUDDENLY, Walter's acidulous wisecracks were clucked off. No more mention of Bernie. No more mention of the Big Ben whose "Yowsir," and "Folgive me" have become a part of our smoothie schoolgirl's repertoire. No more mean remarks about his fiddling.

Why? I'll tell you. The men who paid Walter's bills decided that too many people were being offended by this attack on Ben Bernie. Too many hot-tempered Ben Bernie fans were raising up on their hind legs and taking offense at the Winchell witticisms. Being offended, they tuned off Winchell and the Jergen's program whenever they got the chance. Which, you must admit, wasn't good for Mr. Jergen's business. That is why Walter leaves Ben alone these days.

But does Ben leave Walter alone? He does not. His sponsors don't mind. So Ben cracks on, punning the temporarily defenseless Winchell whose answers must be written in his syndicated column.

But are they really angry? Listen, this feud starts a good many years ago when Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell went to school together at P. S. 134 in New York. It started the day Bernie found himself in a tough spot with the neighborhood bully. Back to the wall, with tiny fists doubled valiantly, he was in for a licking. But a hard-boiled little classmate with his cap cocked aggressively (Continued on page 40)

COME TO BURNS AND

By MAY
CERF

We're about to crash the best party in the business. A colored maid, in an apple green uniform with a frilly white apron and a perky white cap, opens the door. Gay voices. Chatter. Laughter. The mixed sounds reach us. We cross the foyer into the living room. What a place! Spacious yet cozy. Drapes of cheery red cascade, eggplant colored rug, pale cream walls, soft cushioned chairs and side tables everywhere, a grand piano and a radio, of course. Charm and comfort combined. Just like Gracie, isn't it?

And look at the lamps. How that girl must love them. Maybe she's a descendant of Aladdin. Did you ever see more of them in one room? Rose quartz and green jade and white porcelain. Shades of parchment, of Oriental design. Standing lamps, reading lamps, table lamps.

And flowers. The room looks like a florist shop. Clusters of them in crystal vases. Roses in one place, long stemmed gladiolas in another, yellow jonquils in another. No, it's nobody's birthday. Gracie adores flowers.

Gracious, we're sure in luck. In no other room in New York will you find such a galaxy of radio celebrities. There's no depression around this bunch. If their salaries were added together, they would practically pay the national debt.

There's a group in every corner, each doing something different. How sweetly smiling Gracie is. Such ease. Such poise. Such cordiality. No wonder she's radio's greatest home hostess. She makes every one feel welcome and then lets them amuse themselves. See that red chiffon dinner gown. It's just the right color to accent her vivid brunette coloring.

LET'S start on a tour of inspection. To the left, lads and lassies, you find the "Home Folks." That's what the inexpressible six called themselves. Who are they? Well, George and Gracie, naturally; Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, teammates in real life as well as on the air; Jack Pearl and Mrs. Pearl, funny man of air and stage and the queen of his heart and hearth.

The air of Jack and George are lolling in easy chairs at peace with the world; Jack Benny's hair is graying at the temples. Most distingue. Sh! What's that they're talking about? Radio jokes? Not a chance. Listen. Well, 'pon my soul, it's baseball.

"The Babe is good for another five seasons as a player and twenty years after that as a manager," it's Jack Benny talking. He's a babe Ruth fan.

"Yeah," agrees Jack Pearl, "the haibino's like time and

A PARTY WITH ALLEN

How would you like to be invited to the Burns and Allen apartment for one of their famous midnight suppers? Well, come along, then, and meet all the famous radio folk in a festive mood

tide. He'll go on forever if he keeps his health."

The feminine trio of the air famous sextet are bending over—well, who would ever guess it?—a jig-saw puzzle. It's a fishing scene in Holland. So far they've pieced together, a bit of sea, the sail of a fishing vessel, the boats of a fisherman, a fisherman's wife in a bright blue dress. Keep on, girls. You'll complete it in the sweet leg-and-eye.

"I'm just crazy about jig-saws," Sadie Benny remarks—she is called by her baptismal name—"I never give one of them up even if it takes all night."

Sadie Benny's in emerald green crepe. Unum—it's smart. Mrs. Pearl is in black velvet. Notice the high neck in front and the low décolleté in back. Startling! It's very, very chic. That's Ethel Shutta kibitzing the puzzle. Glamorous is a good term for her. Her hair is so blond and her face so alive. Don't you go for those big puffed sleeves of her black crepe dress?

WHAT a nice smile George Olsen has. They're married, you know, and have two romping boys at home. No wonder Ethel grows more radiant as time goes on. Who wouldn't, living under the same roof with his cheerful disposition?

"Here's part of the dress," Ethel picks up a blue tinted tidbit, in the shape of a lizard, from the scrambled pieces of the puzzle and attempts to fit it into the picture.

"Aw, George, there you go again!"

Have a bon-bon or a salted nut. Help yourself from the small silver dishes of them. That's what Gracie put them there for. Mh! Delicious! And that crystallized fruit! Sent from Hollywood to Gracie by Joan Crawford.

Porta Hoffa is eating one, there in turquoise lace. So's her husband, Fred Allen. He's not to see that. They seldom step out. It takes a Burns and Allen tête to entice them from their own fireside.

Now look to the right, lads and lassies. There's a cluster of stars, for you. Hah! The one and only Eddie himself and the only girl in the world for him—Mrs. Eddie Cantor. She's in New York from their Hollywood home to pay him a visit.

"Now listen, Gracie, that isn't possible—"

COME with me to Burns' and Allen's for midnight supper. It's a meal that sets New York talking.

East side, west side, all around the town, there's no party like it.

Radio's brightest luminaries—Crosby, Cantor, Benny, Downey, Jack Pearl and a dozen others—buck there to eat and make merry.

And that's something to write home about. Radio stars don't have much time to play. When they do play, they have fun.

First, we go to Essex House on New York's West 59th Street. A swank shebang forty stories high. Opposite, in Central Park, a thousand twinkling lights turn the night into a fairyland. Into the lobby, now. It's high, wide, and handsome. Tall palm trees suggest tropical warmth. Green brocade divans with dull gold frames line the walls. An orchestra is playing Nevin's "A Day in Venice." Makes you think of gondolas and moonlight and romance.

Now to the rear of the lobby. Here it is—the elevator marked "Express." Sculptured bronze doors slide open. "Thirty-six, please."

Up! Up! Up! It's like ascending to an eagle's nest. The elevator stops. Out we troop. Past bright green doors. Each door a splash of vivid color in the wide expanse of pale cream walls. Then to the last green door. Our goal. The home of George Burns and Gracie Allen. Gang goes the bronze knocker. We're thrilled and how.

MICROPHONE MAGIC!

A fascinating story of two lovable youngsters—Pat and Peg—who came to New York from the sticks to crash a national radio network. Poor kids! They thought it would be so easy. But when they tried it—

By PETER DIXON

Illustrated by JACK WELCH

THE bare-headed boy and the blond-haired girl hesitated but a second at the building entrance. Hesitated long enough to glance at the building number. It was 711 Fifth avenue and had they any doubts at all about being at the right address, there in big letters, carved in stone, was "National Broadcasting Company, Incorporated."

The boy carried a cased banjo and the girl had a ukulele tucked under her arm. The boy might have been twenty-three years old—the girl hardly twenty. George, the tall doorman at NBC, had noticed them wait at the corner of Fifty-fifth and Fifth avenue until the traffic lights changed. So George knew that the boy and the girl were from out of town. The average New York pedestrian is the most reckless creature in the world and braves death at every crossing.

George watched the boy and the girl walk through the big brass-framed doors and down the long lobby to the elevators. As the girl passed George got a whiff of fragrance that was clean and suggested open spaces far from Fifth avenue. A synthetic odor, of course—New Brown Hiy was the label on the perfume bottle—but it was a perfume that fitted the girl's personality. "Not hawlic but clean and out-doorsy."

"Kids," said George to an acquaintance. "Kids probably a big sensation back on K Double O K in Keokuk. Bet you a week's pay they are going for an audition. They'll get it—but there's not a chance of them getting anything else."

George wasn't far from wrong. They were just kids and they had been a big sensation—not in Keokuk—but in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Over KVOO where the local announcer introduced them three times a week as the Happy Harmonizers, Peggy and Pat, popular singing duo.

Song-pluggers thrust sheet music at B. A. Rolfe. Eddie Cantor dashed up, demanding Jimmy Wallington. Peggy and Pat stood there dazzled.



THEY were pretty good, too, and friends had told them as friends will that they ought to be heard on a national network. After a while they began to believe it themselves. They counted their savings. Not quite five hundred dollars between them but enough to buy railroad tickets to New York and to live for a few weeks until the network officials recognized their merits. Plenty of courage in those two kids. They didn't buy return tickets back to Tulsa. If they failed to make good—well, they hadn't even thought of that.

Some of their best friends were a little worried when Peggy and Pat started off to New York. Peggy and Pat weren't married yet. Engaged and very much in love with each other but Peggy wouldn't hear of marriage until their financial position could be made more secure.

It was an unconventional thing to do, but Peggy and Pat were performers born and while they scorned certain conventions, they didn't scorn the deities. And if you had met Pat and received one of those long, straight looks of his you wouldn't have worried about Peggy.

And now here they were in the capital of radio, New York City, and in the very center of things. They had tossed a coin to decide between Columbia and NBC and NBC was the choice. If nothing happened at National, that left another chance at the CBS studios.

The elevator operator suggested the thirteenth floor of the building when they told him they wanted to see someone about broadcasting. He assumed that they had a period on the air and were not two more seekers of auditions. So up they went to the thirteenth floor.

RADIO STARS

THEY stepped out of the elevator at the thirteenth floor into a scene of mad confusion. A hundred or more people crowded the small hallway. More persons streamed out of big doors marked "Studio. Visitors not allowed." The boy and girl did not know it but they had arrived a moment after the hour—a time when rehearsals were just ended or just beginning. Musicians, carrying everything from tiny flutes to cumbersome bass fiddles were rushing from one studio to another.

A tall, heavy set man, his face as pink as a boy's, came out of a studio and was immediately surrounded by eager young men who thrust sheet music at him. He brushed them aside impatiently. Peggy looked twice at the man, then recognized him. He was B. A. Rolfe, the leader whose fast tempos had made him nationally famous. Later she and Pat were to know that the young men with sheet music were "song pluggers"—representatives of music publishers and their job was to persuade the famous band leader to select their tunes for his next broadcast.

Pat, shielding Peggy from the frantic crowd, shoved through to a desk where an attractive girl seemed to be answering a telephone and three or four questions at once.

EVERYTIME the boy started to speak someone interrupted him with a question about a studio, about mail or about someone due at a rehearsal but missing. Graham McNamee dashed up and wanted to know if the hostess had seen Ed Wynn. Eddie Cantor, his coat collar turned up and wearing dark glasses, wanted to know if anyone had seen Jimmy Wallington.

Peggy's eyes opened wide when a tiny bit of a girl with blue wistful eyes and corn-colored hair answered a call from the hostess and picked up a telephone. The hostess had called "Miss Dragonette" and it was Jessica Dragonette. Peggy couldn't help hearing her speak when she answered the phone. Her voice was very low and very sweet. She almost sang when she spoke.

Two minutes more have passed before Pat managed to ask his question. In that two minutes things became more quiet. The musicians had either disappeared through studio doors or had crowded into the elevators to grab coffee in the drug store on the main floor. The hourly shift from studio to studio was over for the time.

"We'd like to see about an audition," Pat finally told the hostess.

"Have you an audition scheduled?" the girl asked, picking up a mimeographed sheet of studio assignments.

"No," Pat admitted. "We just got in town at noon."

The hostess looked at him with just a trace of pity. She had met so many youngsters seeking auditions.

"Go down to the twelfth floor and speak to the hostess

there," she directed. "You'll probably have to fill out an application blank and wait some time for the audition." She didn't add that he might have to wait two or three weeks.

Peggy and Pat took the stair down to the twelfth floor. Not quite as much confusion here though there were fifteen or twenty people sitting on narrow benches against the wall. They looked like actors to Pat—and they were. The twelfth floor of NBC is where radio actors lie in wait for radio casting directors and button-hole them as they pass through the hall en route to some rehearsal.

Pat asked the hostess about an audition. Reaching into the drawer of her desk she produced two sheets of paper on which were printed dozens of questions. She handed the two sheets to the boy and girl.

"Fill these out and I'll see if I can get some action for you," she said.

She was a smiling, pleasant girl. Pat noticed a brass plate on her desk with her name on it: Doris Campbell.

THE hostess had indicated two small desks at the end of the hall and Peggy and Pat went there to fill out the application blanks. There were many questions to answer. NBC, it seemed, wanted to know everything. In addition to information about past experience, education and musical training, knowledge of foreign languages seemed important.

Pat smiled to himself at one question.

"How much salary do you expect?" it said.

He wisely left that question unanswered and when Peggy whispered a question about it, told her not to answer it.

"Wait until we get on the air—then we can talk about that," he said.

Pat took the filled in sheets back to Miss Campbell.

"How long will we have to wait?"

"We haven't anything else important to do this afternoon," Pat continued. "We don't mind waiting!"

The hostess looked at him in surprise.

"This afternoon?" she exclaimed. "Why, why . . ." Then her voice became kinder. "You haven't been around here long, have you? Sometimes, if you get an audition at all, you have to wait two or three weeks. Or longer."

Pat, being a man, didn't show his emotions in his face. But Miss Campbell saw the consternation in Peggy's face. Miss Campbell liked this fresh faced girl. She decided to try to help them.

"Tell me something about yourselves," she said.

Peggy told her almost everything.

"I'll see what I can do," Miss Campbell said.

Peggy and Pat sat down and waited.

"Peg," said Pat suddenly. "There's only one way I know to save money now. Let's get married right away."

But before Pat had a chance to hear Peggy's answer, Miss Campbell interrupted them. Peggy knew it must be about the audition. Were they going to get it?

Don't fail to follow the career of these two lovable greenhorns in the next issue of RADIO STARS.



There was no mistaking the massive building with the magic name engraved over the brass-framed doors. Peggy and Pat, their hearts pounding, entered. Would they meet with success?



Lee Sims and the motorboat which he loves so much. (Right) Lee Sims and the wife—Illmay Bailey—whom he loves so much. Yes, even more than the boat.

THE MUSIC OF LOVE

That's what Lee Sims taught Illmay Bailey when she came to him for lessons in the art of piano-playing



By JAMES G.
LITTLE

ADREARY day in November, four years ago. Rain pelted from murky heavens and the L trains circling about Chicago's Loop had shiny backs like snakes.

Lee Sims sat alone in his studio. Somehow, the somberness of the elements had gotten him in their mood. His fingers wandered casually over the black keys of the huge grand piano. Four years ago, remember, he was just on the threshold of the radio fame that is his today. Just tasting the sweet juices of success as an NBC artist.

As he played, fantastic minor chords fluttered their brief moments and died. Melodies trailed off into nothingness. There was the patter of the rain on the windows and the ghostly music of soft pedaled strings. But for this, silence, a silence filled with fragrant pipe smoke.

Suddenly the door burst open. Lee looked up to see a smiling face, a wet mass of auburn hair and a huge, animated raccoon coat. He almost knocked the piano bench over as he jumped to his feet. Illmay Bailey! He'd seen her the night before at the Oriental Theatre. The prima donna of Paul Ash's spectacular revue.

"Where's your hat?" involuntarily blurted from his lips. Imagine a prima donna going about without a hat. Was she crazy? What about her voice? Did she want to ruin it? You know how singers' throats are

But then, he didn't wear a hat either. But then again, he didn't sing.

"Never wear one. Love the rain in my face. Like to get my hair wet. How about a few lessons, Mr. Sims?"

Lee's tongue was numb, but his brain was whirling. What a girl! What a beautiful speaking voice and how she could sing. Wow! Bet she liked speed boats, bet she played tennis; bet she could hike and drive a car. She was at home in the out-of-doors, the kind of out-of-doors he loved. "I've found her," thought Lee.

"I'd be glad to give you lessons," came the mundane reply from the wizard of the ivories. "Start any time you like, right now, if you wish. Please pardon my opening question."

"Oh, that's all right. I must look a little wild. I'm going to be in town for 26 weeks, and I thought if I polished up my piano I might use it in my act. May I pay for my lessons ahead of time? Then I'll be sure to stick it."

Illmay gave him a check for \$300. She never took a lesson. She never got her money back. Before the 26 weeks were up she had married the guy. In place of lessons had been long drives. (Continued on page 16.)

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT



The Four Southern Singers—Annie Lourie, Owen, Robert and James Ward. Annie plays a mean washboard and the others perform on jugs, banjo, guitar, fiddle and ukulele. NBC, Monday, Wednesday and Thursday.

This lady is Miss Jeanne Dunne. She's a Hollywood gal and a blues singer. You'll find her on station KFWB, Los Angeles. Why not tune in sometime?

Harriet Hilliard, partly trousered, just like the boys in the orchestra which plays for her. Whose orchestra? Why, Ozzie Nelson's of course, of the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace restaurant. You can hear the boys and Harriet over CBS.

MINNEAPOLIS had a big treat last winter that we've just heard about. Placards announcing the arrival of Isham Jones' dance band at one of the local hills were posted all over the Minnesota city. On the date set, hundreds of happy couples danced to a rather disappointing brand of music. After the loudspeakers had collected their fee and left town, it was learned that Jones was playing in the East and had been in New York on the night he was supposed to be in Minneapolis. It's still a big mystery as to who the imitation Isham was.

DID you know . . . Ramona, NBC singer and pianist made her debut over WDAF in Kansas City in 1926 on a "Night Hawk" program? . . . Edward Reese, the slinky sleuth of the "Law Crime Club," made his stage debut in a one-act play called "The Holding"? . . . Harry Reser is a descendant of Davey Crockett, the famous hunter?

IF you've missed Morton Downey, here's the latest news. He is off the air for the summer, having returned to his old spot, the Café de Paris, in London. Singing in London is an old Downey habit, if you didn't know. This is his seventh summer there. Incidentally, it was just five years ago that Morton sang into his first mike. It was at the studios of the British Broadcasting Company, and was he scared! Now a dozen mikes wouldn't frighten him

YOUR FAVORITES



Wide-World

Mr. Morton Downey, Mrs. Morton Downey (Barbara Bennett, you know) and Master Downey. That wide-eyed look on the baby's face is due to the fact that he's just been told that he is the nephew of Joan and Constance Bennett and the grandson of Richard Bennett. Downey's in London now.



At the All-the-Family Luncheon given by the Advertising Club of New York. Martha Atwell, dramatic director of Ward Baking Co.'s Happy Landing program; Mitzi Green's mother, Mitzi herself, Paul Meyer, Mrs. Grover Whalen and Mr. V. F. McKinnis, Ward's manager.

LOUIS DEAN has a new distinction. He is radio's only singing announcer, his vehement wailing of Pontiac's automotive excellence having startled the natives recently on two separate occasions. Mr. Dimpfleffler, the office stooge, hopes that this practice doesn't become too widespread—the thought of David Ross bursting into melody over the virtues of Ex-Tax being more than he can stand.

CHARLES WINNINGER of "Show Boat" sprang this nifty the other night "I can remember," said Charles, "when passengers used to worry about catching trains. Now, trains worry about catching passengers."

KING KILL KARE, the whoop-de-do-guy of the NBC, recently celebrated the arrival of a crown prince, a seven pounder. Our undercover agents report that in the Kill Kare household, the Crown Prince can do wrong.

HOLLYWOOD was very nearly the scene of another battle of the century last winter. Ely Culbertson, Grand Vizier of the bridge world, was out there making movie shorts. A couple of upstarts by the name of the Marx Brothers challenged him to a match—with a \$10,000 side bet that the Marxes beat Mr. and Mrs. Culbertson. Rumors have it that Rajah Culbertson backed out of the deal. He'd heard, probably, that those actor guys aren't such easy Marx. (Ooooooo! We're awfully sorry!)

ADD crossed decisions: Harold Stokes, NBC yok director, learned to play the accordion when he was a student at the University of Missouri because it was easier to carry than a piano when on serenading trips.

HAVE you listened to "Sleep" played by Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians for his radio signature? There's a story behind it. Back in 1919, Fred was at Penn State attending college. A negro band came to town and blasted that tune in the hottest of foot-thumping rhythms. Fred wanted the piece for his own band and asked who had written it. No one knew. So Fred started to Hawk-Shaw a bit. Finally, he learned that "Sleep" had been a hymn called "Visions of Sleep" written thirty years before by a blind organist in Philadelphia. Fred rearranged it and made it a hit. Today, it's his luck number. He's played it on every single program he's given.

YOU don't know it, but a lot of the songs you hear are clemed up before they tickle your ears. NBC is particularly choosy. That "You Are So Beautiful" number from Johnson's film called "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum," for instance, NBC denatured a pinner set of lyrics and got them before they'd permit the number to hit their air. The CBS, on the other hand, thought the original lyrics were quite all right and broadcast them without restrictions. "Young and Healthy" from the picture "42nd Street," is another that came to you all tidied up.

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



Announcer Graham McNamee escorts Joan Lowell to the Thursday evening broadcast of Radio City Varieties. Miss Lowell wrote "Cradle of the Deep," you know.

Here's a picture—taken some years ago—of Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, the Tune Detective, and Victor Herbert, the famous Irish-American composer of operettas.

Josephine Haynes, from Georgia. Do you listen to the Pennzoil "Parade of Melodies" on CBS Sunday nights? Well, the lovely voice you hear is hers.

NOTES on music: Jack Demy, the hi-biddle-diddle orchestra maestro who broadcasts for NBC (he started and closed the Lucky Strike dance night, if you've forgotten), has four brothers who are lawyers. Jack, a graduate of De Pauw University, was scheduled to stand at the bar, too, but he backslid to a baton and the position of one of America's princes of prancing.

If you're in Chicago this summer to visit the Century of Progress, you'll find those soothing favorites, the Lombardos, at the Dells. Guy is on a tour right now but he'll be out there in the windy city with an outdoor garden and everything when the crowds start to come.

OR, if you like Ted Weems, better look in on him at the Lincoln Tavern.

LOTS of listeners have been wondering what has happened to Wendell Hall, formerly famous on dye and hill as the "Red-Headed Music Maker." Well, sub. Mister Hall has been covorting on the private set of kilocycles owned by WBBM in Chicago. Twice a week, Monday and Wednesday at 7:30. You may be able to get him if he hasn't fallen by the wayside.

THE Girl in the Little Green Hat—you remember the tune, don't you? Well, it was by way of becoming a nuisance on the air because so many orchestras played it. Then, out of a clear sky, the Tastevast Jesters wrote some words about President Roosevelt and renamed the number "The Man in the Little White House." And sang it. At last reports, they had received 5,000 requests for the words. Have you got yours?

WHY, CUPPY is a bizarre sort of humorist. He likes solitude, for one thing, and who laughs at a humor-

ist's jokes when he's alone—now I ask you? The NBC recent sponsorship of his pithy phrases brought out some unique notions. The series is called "Just Relax" and the first period had for its topic "Farewell to Spinalchi."

ELSIE HITZ had the scarlet fever not long ago. After the hospital had finished with her, she went home to convalesce (get well, if you're stumped.) And would the CBS officials leave her alone? Nowza! They carried all sorts of gadgets and whatnots into her parlor and her bedroom and—aren't you amazed?—you've been listening recently to Elsie's magic voice while the owner thereof has been flat on her back.

MYRT has been kidnapped. That's not news anymore, but perhaps you haven't heard the whole story. Myrt was driving home one fine evening. Something went wrong and her usually gentle auto went haywire in an effort to climb a telephone pole. The effort was too much. When an ambulance arrived, Myrt was dragged from the wreckage with a broken jaw.

What to do about it? There was a scurrying about in Mr. Wrigley's premises when the news got about. How would "Myrt and Marge" stay on the air? At first, Mr. Wrigley wanted to cancel. "No," wrote Myrt (she couldn't talk and won't be able to for weeks). "Why should the whole cast lose their jobs?"

So the kidnapping was cooked up. Myrt was to vanish and the air waves were to resound to the lute and cry of pursuit. And Mr. Wrigley okayed the idea. Psssst! Don't tell anyone, but Myrt is safe and sound in a hospital.

ROSBY recollections: Milton Cross, NBC announcer, remembers when WJZ had only one microphone, one studio, a rented phonograph, a rented piano, and two uncomfortable chairs.

All the lowdown on the dastardly kidnapping of Marge's pal Myrt

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES



A tense scene from the "Adventures of Detectives Black and Blue." The witticisms of these two wags are sponsored by Eornshaw-Young, Los Angeles.



The gentleman is V. E. Meadows, Hollywood beauty expert, who's heard three times a week on WOR. The lady is none other than that explosive Lupe Velez.



Miss Willie Morris, of Missouri, sings delightfully and plays her own accompaniments over WEEI of Boston. She's heard on the Edison, Jenney and I. J. Fox hours.

FATHER COUGHLIN is off the air. But only temporarily. It's the seasonal summer vacation. Many people have wondered if the "interests" he fought forced him off. Not at all, folksies. The Fighting Father is coming back this fall, full of fury and righteousness and good sound common sense.

LANNY ROSS, the famous "Show Boat" tenor and one of the reasons girls leave home, didn't show up at a broadcast the other night. He was having his tonsils out. But there's a story. . . .

Lanny had ordered a tailor to deliver a pair of pants to him at the broadcast. When he went to a hospital for the tonsilectomy (ah, there), he forgot to cancel the order. The tailor arrived and found no Lanny Ross, so he left the pants with the beauty at the desk outside the studio. The hours passed and there came the time for her to go off duty. But what to do with the pants? She couldn't take them with her and she couldn't leave them at the desk. A sympathetic page boy finally checked them for her. Several days passed. No one came for the trousers. Finally, they landed up in the NBC Lost and Found Department. Whereupon, NBC wrote Mr. Ross and said would he please come and get his pants.

FOR some years now, Guy Lombardo has been telling protégés: "Don't be nervous. A microphone never hurt anybody." The other night an overhead mike cut loose from its moorings and dropped squarely on Guy's head. So he's changed his story.

MAYBE you noticed that long organ prelude to one of the Amos 'n' Andy programs? It was Bill Hay's fault, the big oink. Held in another studio by a previous program, Bill dashed into the A. and A. studio with the wrong continuity. Ordering the organist to continue playing until he returned, Bill made a wild dash down

the corridor to his desk. When he got back, the organist had oompah-whumpad for four minutes. Amos 'n' Andy had to squeeze all their act into the remaining time . . . and ran over the period one full minute before they reached the end.

LEON BELASCO, busy CBS orchestra leader, was so engrossed a month or so back that he forgot the date. When one of his musicians interrupted his supper music at the swanky St. Moritz Hotel in New York to inform him he had ten minutes to take the air for an "emergency" broadcast, Leon leaped to last minute arrangements. Moments later, Ken Roberts phoned that Leon would have to make the announcements himself. The "emergency" broadcast started. Leon addressed the mike with nervous sweetness. In the first number his male-duo got up and sang furiously off-key. In the second number, Leon had a chorus and started to sing it while the orchestra began to play something entirely different. In the third, he discovered that his tuba player was playing a violin and the violin player was tooting the tuba. It was awful. Great beads of sweat ringed the maestro's musicianly brow. He was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when, instead of the last signature, all his men screamed "April Fool."

WHETHER you smoke or not, Ranny Weeks is a sweet-sounding singer for summer listening. Coming from New England where he spent sixteen consecutive weeks at the Metropolitan Theatre in Boston, he knows his way around the kilocycles. His Band of Famous Brands is the answer to a lot of itching feet, too.

JACK BENNY, Chevrolet soothsayer, wrote us the other day about Secretary Woodfin's campaign to release funds: "They opened a bank in California," he said, "and three mice came out."

Lanny Ross' trousers and tonsils cause NBC some mild confusion

INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) A thrilling moment from "Great Moments in History." As this was snapped the excited gentleman in front of the mike was just discovering gold in California! He's Mr. Slattery. The calm gentleman in front of the microphone is Harold Vermilyea. (Right) The young girl's dream—Lanny Ross.

Culver Service



Culver Service



Walt World

(Left) Frank Black, who leads the Chevrolet orchestra. He is a real musician and knows everything there is to know about arranging music and so forth. (Above) Rubinaff with Momma and Poppa Rubinaff. That violin he is playing was formerly the property of the Royal Family of Russia. It's a real Stradivarius.

Before the mike, away from the mike, in the studio, at home—

OF YOUR FAVORITES

(Left) Jack Dempsey about to broadcast. He looks sort of terrified, doesn't he? Probably would rather face King Kong in a ring than that ole devil mike. (Below) If Miss Betty Barthell wants to play with the elevator at the Columbia Studios they not only allow her—they teach her how! Lucky Betty!

Culver Service



Walt World

(Above) Whee, doesn't his hair get awful nice and cur-leece? A Miami Beach inhabitant by the name of Rudy Vallee. Heard the rumors that Alice Faye may be the second Mrs. Vallee? (Right) May we present the brothers Lombardo? Bet they're playing "Two Buck Tim." And how they play it!



Walt World

These informal pictures show them as they really do look

BACKSTAGE AT A BROADCAST

The Moonshine and Honeysuckle Program



[Left] Lulu Vollmer, Antony Stanford and Ann Elstner. (Below) Ann Elstner, Louis Mason and Sara Haden. (Right) Stanford, Ben Lackland (David), Theresa Whittler (Gypsy), Louis Mason (Clem), Ann Elstner (Cracker), Bradley Barker (Len Boyd) and "Bonnie" and Sara Haden (Piney). Seated, Lulu Vollmer and Robert Strauss.



By OGDEN MAYER

NO visitors!" That is the sign they hang on the door of Studio D when "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" goes on the air.

But we are going in. In, get it? You and your backstage reporter and the rest of the gang. We are going to see Clem and Pink and Cracker and a houn'-dawg called Bones. We are going to live through a studio explosion, an avalanche and thirty minutes of hill-billy hijinks.

Come on! Slime that door, sunny. Stand back, page. We are from RADIO STARS and we've got the right-of-way.

Studio D is one of NBC's smaller chambers. About the size of a three-car garage. "The Country Doctor" is another program that used it all last winter. They had

visitors. Not this one, though. We're in for a treat.

Look at those mikes. They make a pocket fence across the end of the room. One is taller than the rest. Wonder why? On the left, a grand piano. And two chairs occupied by sleepy-looking musicians. One has a violin and the other a cello. But look! Here in the back of the room are two such contrivances as I'll wager you've never seen before. One looks like a slide that might have been borrowed from the kiddies' play-yard. The other is a great sheet of metal suspended in a frame that comes up to a man's shoulder. What are they for?

THERE are our actors. Our lovable home-folks southern mountaineers. There's Piney. And Gypsy. And David, and all the others. Sitting on chairs reading their scripts in that nervous, jittery fashion that studio frequenters learn to recognize as a symptom of "We're about to go on the air."

That corner, there up next to the big control room window beyond which we see a pair of heads and shoulders, is the announcer's stand. Neil Enslin, of

course. You've heard him a thousand times. Tall, sleek, man-about-town looking. He fiddles with a rectangular shaped box that has innumerable red and green lights with little tiny switches in its top.

There's another fellow you might know. Antony Stanford, if you please. He's the production man on the program and responsible for its running the prescribed thirty minutes and not a second more or less. Stanford is an ex-actor, and a good one. He knows all the tricks of this drama business.

Sh-h-h-h-h! That clock on the wall shows almost thirty minutes past the hour.

"Coming up," Stanford cries.

All chatter in the studio dies. Neil Enslin rises to a mike. His voice comes clear, cool, unburied. "W-E-A-F, New York." For a space of almost fifteen seconds there is absolute silence, and Enslin speaks again. "Moonshine and Honeysuckle by Lulu Vollmer." The musicians start to play. Enslin reads from the paper in his hand. It is a resume of last week's episode.

Look! The actors are swing. (Continued on page 12)

Are these y'ah mountinyears real or are they jist them actor folk?

Come right into the studio and discover the answer for yourself



THE STORY OF CHEERIO...

You'll find Wallace McGill, Gerry Riegger, Lornie Gilbert, Pat Kelley, Harrison Isles and the famous canaries—all of Cheerio's program—in the above picture. But you won't find Cheerio there—because he is one of the few people who really hates publicity.

By ANNE PORTER WEST

HERE is the story of a man who wanted to do good for others and did it.

At times we have all had the urge for human service, but most of us let it go at that.

Seven years ago this man we are talking about was in business in San Francisco. Each morning he went to work like any other business man. It happened that a friend of his fell ill and so, on the way to the office, this certain man used to drop in on his friend and say "Hello."

Each time he could see that the sick man was cheered by his visit, and he would go on down to work with the warm glow of satisfaction at having been able to do some one a good turn.

And then one day the thought came to this business man that there must be many sick people in the world in need of just such a friendly boost as he was giving every day to his sick friend.

He thought how wonderful it would be if by some means he could reach all those shut-ins, be able to give each one of them a friendly greeting.

Then it came to him how he could do it. By means of the radio. He saw for the first time what radio broad-

casting could really mean. It would make it possible for him as an individual to do a good deed not only for one person, but for thousands, for hundreds of thousands.

He talked to his friend, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, then president of Stanford University and a past president of the American Medical Association. He told him of his idea, how he wanted to put on a bright, cheering program every morning which would be a sort of mental daily dozen for those could not take their physical daily dozen.

Dr. Wilbur said that the idea was a sound one, that the program would help not only the sick, but also those in good health who were, for one reason or another, sorrowing or discouraged or upset on any particular morning.

AND so with the aid of Dr. Wilbur and several other friends who believed that the proposed program had sound therapeutic value, this certain man made arrangements to go on the air every morning before he went to his office.

Cheerio he called himself, and he dedicated the program to the "somebodies somewhere" who had need of what he had to give.

(Continued on page 44)

Here is an amazing man who actually gives something away for nothing



WHAT ABOUT THE KIDS?

(Left) Paul Whiteman giving an audition to a tot. (Above, left) The Eno Crime Club program, full of horrors. Should such radio entertainment be abolished just because of the children? (Above, right) Irene Wicker, known as "The Singing Lady."

By WILSON BROWN

JUST the other day, a group of mothers, in Scarsdale, New York, banded together to prevent their children from listening to bad radio programs.

Not all radio programs, mind you. Just "bad" ones. Which raises the question: what is a "bad" radio program?

Certainly, if a program causes a child to awaken in the night screaming that some monster is after him, that is bad. If programs produce hysterics or sleeplessness, that is bad. Those things, these Scarsdale mothers claim, have happened and are happening to children all over America.

As far as I can determine, no comprehensive national survey has been made of what children are listening to. True, some stations have attempted to study the question, but only locally. Nevertheless, we know that some programs definitely attract vast juvenile audiences. Breakfast programs, chewing gum programs, fairy story programs. Admittedly, they are selling breakfast foods and chewing gum to the kids. But are they "good" for them—the programs themselves, not the products they advertise? Are these millions of kid intellects being twisted or mangled or unduly stimulated?

THE mothers of America must answer that.

The Scarsdale mothers have already done so. Without mincing words, they have characterized such outstanding kilocycle shows as *The Shadow*, *Little Orphan Annie*, *Myrt and Marge*, *Detectives Black and Blue*, *Howard Thurston*, and *Skippy* as "very poor." They have said that *Chandu*, *Charlie Chan*, the *Marx Brothers*, *Just Plain Bill*, *Paul Wing*, *Bobby Benson*, and *Betty Boop* were "poor."

And in doing so, they have struck right at the top of their children's favorite supper-time spellbinders. No matter what their mothers think, the kids like *Skippy* that was marked "very poor." The kids like *Little Orphan Annie* and *Myrt and Marge* and *Detectives Black and Blue*. Particularly, they like *Chandu*, the *Magician*, whom the mothers insist is "poor."

On such shows as *Eddie Cantor*, *Buck Rogers*, and *Rin-Tin-Tin*, there is more agreement. The parents call them "good" and the youngsters agree. But of the "excellents" voted by the parents; namely, *Great Moments in History*, *Dramatized News Events*, *Roses and Drums*, *True Animal Stories* and *Current Events*. (Continued on page 50)

What is the answer to the mothers who want to abolish certain programs?

GRAND SLAM IN HEARTS

(Opposite page) Mr. Ace, Ely Culbertson, who also knows a little about bridge, and Mrs. Ace. Mr. Ace is deciding that a quick peek into the opponent's hand is worth two finesses any day. (Left) The story of how he wooed—and won—her is a story you'll get an amusing kick out of.



By PEGGY
WELLS

THIS is a story of love and adventure and the amazing jigsaw puzzle that circumstances can make out of one's life. It is the story of Goodman Ace and his dumb-cracking better half . . . the gently goofy homebodies that you know as "Easy Aces."

To begin with, Goodman wasn't in love with Jane at all. It was her sister. In the second place, Jane treated him like somebody from the wrong side of the track and wouldn't even let him carry her books home from school. In the third place . . . but let's start at the very beginning.

Kansas City, Missouri, the seventh grade of a public school. That's our scene. Goodman Ace is in the grip of that malady known as puppy love. Jane's sister, you know. She was long and languorous and Goodman was just wet enough behind the ears to feed her lollipops and licorice sticks. Jane was chubby and blond and ritzier than Mrs. Astor's plush pony. A fly in the ointment as far as Goodman was concerned.

Now, skip a few years. The affair has run the course of true puppy love. Goodman and his light o' love have gone to separate high schools and forgotten each other.

Jane is just a memory, faintly irritating to Goodman as the only girl in his life who looked over and talked over his head whenever they met.

Came a rainy night in Kansas City. Goodman Ace, now a columnist and dramatic critic on a Kansas City newspaper, started for home. Head down, shoulders hunched against the pelting drops, he started across a street. Wheeee! Something whizzed under his nose, sprayed his legs with slop, and rolled away into the night. He leaped back and looked up. At the wheel of the car that had just grazed him was a blood girl, bare-headed and oblivious of the storm.

Jane!

THE memory of her raced back into his consciousness, the memory of how she had ritized him. For years they hadn't met. Did she live in the same old house? Would she still tilt her nose at the sight of him? He waited a half hour and then went to a telephone. Her number was there. When he called her, she answered.

"I just want to punish and bore you," he told her. "I

Mrs. Ace ritized Mr. Ace completely when they met—during their very salad days



can't think of any better way than this . . . so, *guess what this is?*"

Instead of hanging up, Jane guessed and guessed.

Outside it was still raining. Jane had no place to go, neither did Ace, so they talked on and on, Ace stoutly refusing to reveal his identity.

"I'll telephone you," he said by way of conclusion, "the next time it rains."

Well, it didn't rain. Not for weeks. Ace kept his promise all that hot, droughty summer. Many a time he went to the phone and put it down again. At last, a thin summer shower spattered across the city. He rushed to the instrument. Got Jane at the other end.

"Here I am," he said.

"I was afraid you'd forget," she answered. "But who are you?"

"Goodman Ace, remember me?"

The sound of a sharply drawn breath came over the wire. "Oh, you're the boy . . ."

Goodman interrupted like the expert tactician he is. "I'm working for a newspaper and I can wangle a couple

of tickets for Al Jolson's show tomorrow night. Will you come?"

Jane was cautious. "What do you do on the paper?"

In the privacy of his phone booth, Goodman's face turned red. He was a columnist. His name was signed to all his stories . . . and she'd never even heard of him.

"I sell 'em," he lied. "Got a dandy stand on a busy corner. What do you say?"

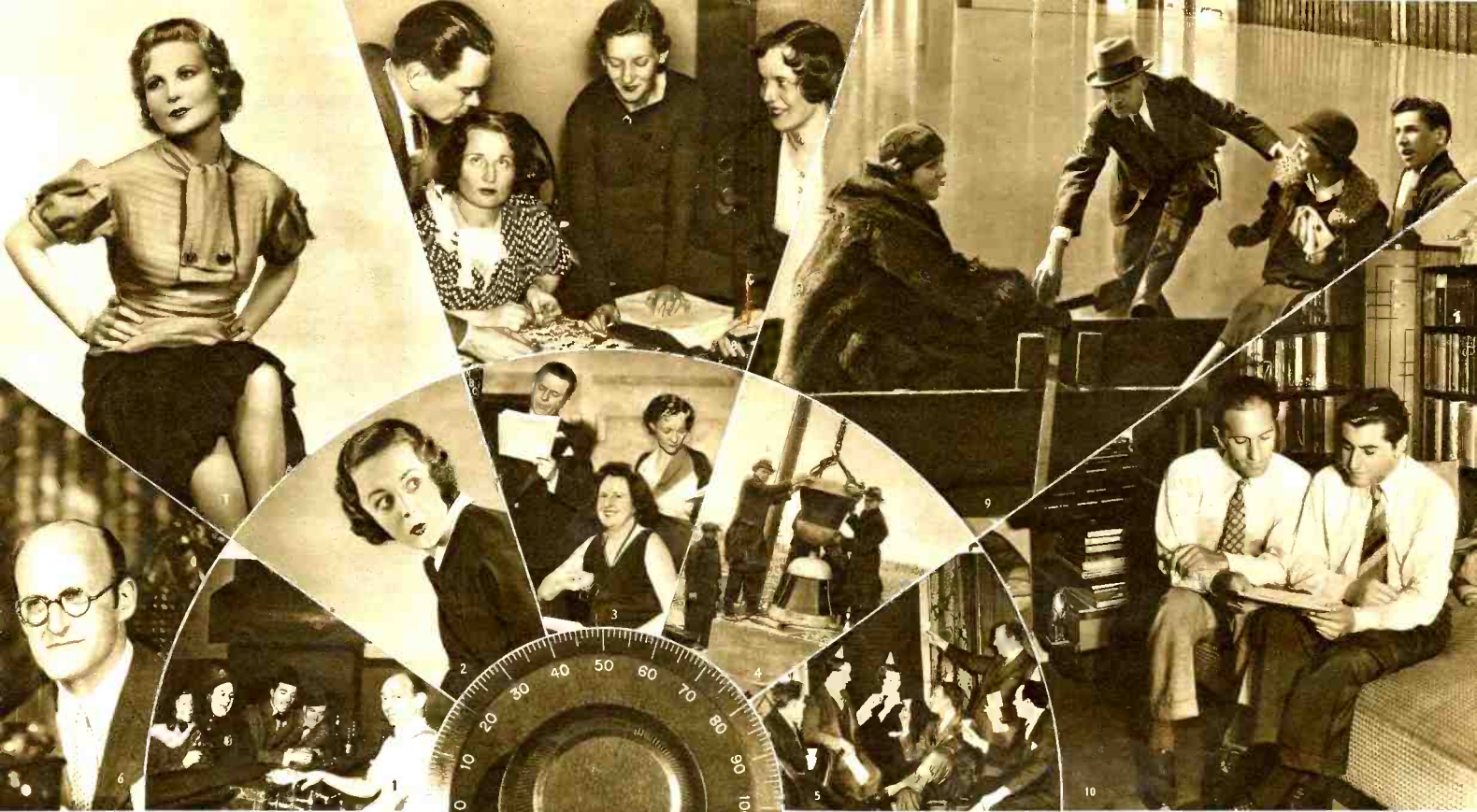
"I'd love it."

That was the start of the romance that was eventually to lead to the broadcasting studio.

WINNING Jane was no easy job, Goodman remembers. The family didn't help either. Her brother, Howard, always met Ace at the door and escorted him into the sitting room where he pointed to a soft comfortable chair and said, "Albert sat there last night." Albert, you see, was Goodman's rival.

The father didn't think much of a newspaper man, neither did the mother. But (Continued on page 50)

Years later, Mr. Ace decided he would get even—with results neither expected



ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the number here. 1. Frank Libuse, "Colonel of American Nuts," Dorothy Rea and two members of the Colonel's orchestra from Chicago's College Inn and WENR sampling some three point two. 2. Dolores Gillen whom you hear as Alice Dudley in the "Northwestern Chronicle" series over NBC. 3. Mrs. Pennyfeather of NBC's "Cuckoo Hour." (Culver Photo.) 4. Working on the new 500,000 watt antenna tower for WLW, Crosley Station. 5. Charles Coburn and Elizabeth Love and others in the cast of "Roses and Drums." (Culver Photo.) 6. Paul Wing, NBC Story Man. 7. "Babs" Bubbles whom you hear with the Waring's Pennsylvanians and also with John P. Medbury. 8. J. L. Van Volkenburg, executive; Ann Walsh, home economics expert; Dorie Stumata, soloist, and Ruth Hulise Nelson, organist—all of KMOX. 9. WLW's Puddle Family living up to their name. Must be a big puddle, don't you think? 10. George Gershwin, of "Rhapsody in Blue" fame and orchestra leader Leo Reisman, formerly of the Pond's Program.

Album

Pat Kennedy
was fired eighty
times

It is Pat Kennedy's silver-toned tenor that you hear, whenever Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, goes on the air waves. Pat Kennedy, ladeez and gentlemen, of the patent leather hair and Irish face and double-breasted English drape blue serge. Yowsa!

Today, Pat is twenty-seven years old, well fed, and as happy as any tenor has a right to be. A far different fellow from the lad he was when he had just turned twenty.

Seven years ago, even five years ago, he was underfed, undersized, ready to fight at the drop of a hat. An East Sider out of New York's famous East Side. His job, because he always could sing a man's heart out, was to pace the streets with a roll of music in his pocket. Race tracks, night clubs, barrooms, they were stopping places where he pulled out his notes and sang his tunes for whatever the kindly fates willed him.

At night, he took his earnings home to his mother, with whom he lived. Sometimes, a few pennies were left over after the groceries were bought.

From that, he went into a song publishing house as a song-plugger. It was a job—his first. Now, instead of singing anybody's songs, he sang those published by his boss. All around the town—at race tracks, in night clubs, wherever he could get an audience.

Took took him to Ben Bernie one lunch hour when Ben was playing at New York's Hotel Roosevelt. Badly dressed, timid in the presence of the famous Bernie, he asked for a job. He didn't exactly expect to get it.



Ben liked the Irishman. He tried him out. Nowadays, we call it an audition. It was a tough spot. Pat was in a strange place, a class place. He had to learn all over. East Side ways aren't those of a hotel's ball room. Bernie tried to tell him that and Pat's hot Irish head lifted in rebellion. They scrapped fiercely. Ben did the only thing he could.

He fired him. Then he took him back. And they scrapped again. And Pat was fired again. Those first weeks are unforgettable. Pat needed to learn so many things. How to sing with an orchestra. How to stand.

Altogether, Ben Bernie fired him eighty times—and took him back the same number.

Today, Pat is a radio idol. He knows his way around the Ritz or Roosevelt as well as anyone. The only music he carries is in his head—and in his throat. And his wallet is fat with the pennies he has left over after the groceries—and the English suits—are bought.



Album

Lee Wiley broadcast with the First Lady

messages of Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt's.

There was criticism of a sort, you remember, that the wife of a man soon to become President should sponsor a commercial product. Lee Wiley was one of the First Lady's most outspoken defenders. Lee knew, as most folks did not, that none of the money Mrs. Roosevelt earned went into her own account. Instead, unemployed relief funds and Mrs. Roosevelt's own personal charities received every penny of it. She knew, too, that Mrs. Roosevelt definitely wanted

to say things to the women of America. This was her opportunity, one she had sought too long to let precedent side-track her.

A curious circumstance, this broadcast period that brought her together with our country's First Lady. She, a direct descendant of America's first inhabitants—she's part Cherokee Indian, you know.

Her background? It includes cow ponies and tepees and Indian school. Ft. Gibson, Oklaloma, was her home until her parents moved to Tulsa. Her father and mother were school teachers. She was a student at Oklahoma University until a nervous breakdown made her an invalid for a year.

That whole year, she spent indoors. The piano was her only recreation. To pass the time, she wrote tunes based on the negro chants she had heard as a girl. One of those tunes was the song we know as "Gut the South in My Soul." It was published after she became a radio star.

LEE WILEY is one of those rare persons on whose door opportunity knocked once . . . and then walked right into her parlor.

It happened in New York during a visit. She was making the night club rounds, a wild-haired stripling of a girl just off the plains of Oklahoma. With a voice that had the wind and the throb of tom-toms in it.

Leo Reisman was the band leader at the Central Park Casino, ritziest of Manhattan's gay spots. Friends of his and Lee's asked her to sing with his orchestra. Friends led her to the floor and left her in the glare of a baby spot. She sang. It was a lark, a schoolgirl's night out. A career was the last thing in her thoughts. She sang because she was full of song and restless vitality.

Leo Reisman and all the others in that night club listened spellbound. The result? Lee was invited to become a member of the Pond's broadcast. It was that job which led her to the same stage from which came those

S H E D E F I E D T H E W O R L D



OUT of New York's Ghetto there has come one of the most amazing women in public life. She has lived through depths of despair and humiliation that rarely come to a mortal. She has risen to incredible heights. She has limited love, found it, and then fought to hold it. She has lost love, lost her man, lost all reason for living. Her name is Fannie Price.

I wonder if some hint of all this doesn't get into her voice when she sings and talks on the Chase & Sanborn Tea program. I wonder if you've felt these things without actually knowing them.

She has seen so much more of life than most of us—since that day when, at thirteen, she quit school to go to work. Her first job: picture her at thirteen, gawky, skinny, behind the counter of a candy store. But candy in the tradesman way of her race. Her first exploit was (listen to this!): the owner of that store had a big stock of one-cent candy sticks. They were old, stale, no one would buy them. Fannie took each one-cent stick, broke it into sixteen pieces and wrapped each piece separately. Putting them into the window, she painted a sign that said "Sixteen pieces for one cent." Before night, all the candy was sold.

She was never one to walk away from a challenge. To her, her first meeting with Nicky Arnstein (to jump a bit ahead of our story) was just that. She was already a glittering Ziegfeld star. Nicky appeared to be a polished man of the world, educated, cultured, with fastidious tastes. So different from the men of the burlesque theatre from which she had recently graduated. So different from her own crowd. At first, she was fascinated, and then deeply in love. She was completely happy.

By BLAND MULHOLLAND

Fannie was so ready to love, so eager to give herself. Always, romance had been like a fairy story to her. And this was Prince Charming himself. There could be no mistake. The rumors about Arnstein that her friends whispered

were rejected blindly. Rumors that he had been arrested in London, Paris, Monte Carlo, that he was an ex-Sing Sing convict.

FANNIE told herself that she was wise and a woman of the world. One previous experience had taught her much. It had been casual, a chorus girl's night out. His name was White and he was a barber. Their marriage lasted a day. But this was different. It was real. So they—Fannie and Nicky—were married. That was in 1919.

In 1927, she divorced him. Those years between—they saw her heart broken and torn by such trials and accusations and shandens assaults on her reputation that she was driven to desperation.

But first, I want you to know how she became strong so that you may understand her better in her dark hours. From the first, she loved the theatre. Her race has given us most of our great comedians. Footlights drew her like a magnet. To Frank Keeney's theatre at first, on Bolton Street in Brooklyn. She was just a kid.

It was amateur night. Two newsboy friends were going to compete for the \$5.00 first prize. By making a dress for a neighbor's child, she had earned the quarter admission. But when she arrived, all the quarter seats were taken. She went to the stage door and said she was one of the entrants. It was her plan to leave before her turn came. But someone pushed her from the wings.

(Right) Fanny and the two children of her second marriage—her disastrous matrimonial experience. The children are Frances, thirteen, and William, eleven. (Left) With George Olsen and his orchestra during her broadcast. (Below) Fanny's great heart, miraculously enough, has not been hardened by her bitter experiences.



Such unhappiness as Fanny Brice reaped from her famous marriage would be enough to turn most women forever against romance

See her! Paralyzed for a moment, staring across the bright bulbs at her feet, hearing her name shouted from a nearby seat, hearing applause. Newsboy friends in the audience were clapping for her. She sang, without accompaniment, without preparation, without thinking of anything but singing a song and slinking away where she would never again have to face an audience.

"... When you know you're not forgotten
By the girl you can't forget..."

Well, it won the \$5.00 that night—and launched Fannie Borach (that's her real name) upon a star-spangled career.

Another scene: she is a chorus girl in a burlesque theatre. How she has worked for the job! One manager, promising to train her as an actress, had carried her along with his show and forced her to sweep dressing rooms, wash floors, press dresses, and clean clothes. At no salary, mind you, except the twenty-five cents allotted each day for food. She had sung through twenty shows a day in a nickelodeon, played the piano, taken tickets, sold tickets, and jointed signs... all for the magnificent sum of \$1.00 a day. (Continued on page 18)

RADIO'S GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER

Why does Jimmy Wallington think his particular job is the grandest on earth? You'll like this story of the gallant, daring Jimmy and his adventures

(Top, left) Setting off on a submarine broadcast. (Top, right) Master Wallington and his nurse—taken in 1908. [Large picture] with his wife Statia, at their place at Bayside, Long Island. That's their boat.



NOT many days ago, James Wallington looked at his assignments as an announcer for the National Broadcasting Company. This is what he saw:

"Broadcast from the lion's cage of Barnum and Bailey's circus."

Now you or I, receiving such an assignment, might scratch our heads and perhaps wonder if there weren't other and easier ways of making a living. Not Jimmy. He stuck the slip into his pocket with an air of satisfaction. It was his job, this lion's cage broadcast; the sort of job he wanted. He's that kind of guy.

Perhaps you know James Wallington as the man who eggs Eddie Cantor on to higher and funnier flights of foolishness. Or the master of the mike during Rudy Valle's Thursday broadcasts. Or Lowell Thomas' running mate on the Sunoco periods. Then you know only a part of Wallington, the clean-collared, Tuxedo-clad part. Underneath, he's another man. It's that man that I shall tell you about.

Today, Jimmy is twenty-five years old. Twenty-five, mind you, with a name that's known in and about every

By DONALD
COPPER

but and hamlet that boasts a radio. Call it fame, if you will. Call it being a celebrity or a big shot or a front guy. It's a job, no matter what its name; and it is a partic-

ularly difficult job for a lad with no more than the weight of twenty-five years to anchor him to earth!

But he's handling it—this big fellow, six feet tall, with hair that shines like anthracite and a football player's hands and feet. You folk who listen to his clowring with Cantor on Sunday nights will be glad to know that. Because you're his friend, as I'm his friend, and you want to see him come through on top.

I wondered about him, for a while. Others wondered, too, and worried. Jimmy had started fast, coming to radio from a pick-me-up job as a furniture salesman. He brought with him a limitless supply of ambition.

That background . . . well, look at it and see if you get nervous. He was born in Rochester, New York, and went to school there. But so uncertainly. One semester, he concentrated on music, envisioning himself as a singer. Next, he was set on writing a great American novel. Next, medicine. Then, theology. (Continued on page 11)



Through the years with EDDIE CANTOR

How he made his financial come-back . . . On the road once more and his Hollywood adventures . . . His first excursion into the field of radio . . . And the happy ending

WHEN Eddie began to get his breath after the body blow of the market crash, he found, as he so neatly put it in those epic words which were balm to millions of fellow victims, that he was suffering "from Montgomery Ward of the liver, General Electric of the stomach, Westinghouse of the brain, and a severe case of Internal Combustion."

He must have had frequent occasion to say then: "Thank God for my sense of humor."

That was all he had on the credit side of the ledger.

With the unquenchable spirit that had taught him to bob right up again after life's hardest knocks, he lost no time in turning it to good account. And thereby went down in history as the man who twisted the Depression's tail and made it say "Uncle."

He did it by resorting to one of his sure-fire comedy tricks, the trick he must have learned early in life when the bullies of Henry Street had him in a tight spot, of taking the laugh on himself and making capital out of it.

He wrote a little book describing the sensations of his one-way ride entitled "Caught Short." It was a very

**B Y E D W A R D
R S A M M I S**

thin little book, but it sold into the hundreds of thousands at a dollar a shot because it contained a thousand dollars' worth of comfort for those who had undergone a sim-

ilar shearing and were trying very hard to laugh about it.

Not many of them realized, though, that it wasn't just another timely gag that Eddie had thought up on the spur of the moment, but was born out of his own bitter experience.

At any rate, Cantor had scarcely hit bottom before he started on the way back.

That much was ingenuity—and luck. The rest of the upward climb was sheer hard work. The inheritor of the Cantor Curse (loathing for work) worked as he never had in all his hard-playing life.

He went on tour with a road company of "Whoopee." In dressing rooms between the acts, on trains and in hotel bedrooms he wrote more books, he wrote magazine articles, a daily column for newspapers, and skits. He performed at more parties, lunquets and benefits. When the tour was over he went to Hollywood and made "Whoopee" into a picture for Samuel Goldwyn on a percentage basis.



Colony Service

(Above) Al Jolson, Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Cantor, Ronald Colman and Sam Goldwyn on the United Artists lot. (Above, right) Eddie and Georgie Jessel in their early stage days. (Right) As he looks on the beach.



Within one year from the jolly day when his brokers phoned him the news that the last Cantor dollar had taken wings, he had put nearly half a million back into his own pockets, and the pockets of his friends, charities and retainers.

The upward climb involved something more than hard work, however. It meant turning his back once and for all on his boyhood dream of the Surprise Lake Camp days, the dream of blue sky, green trees all around and plenty of fresh air. The minute Eddie was wiped out he closed the Great Neck house and took his family back to the hotels.

You can have it now—or you—for a mere quarter of a million dollars, some four hundred thousand less than he paid for it. I am told that it costs him about three thousand a month not to live in it.

So it stands there empty, a lavish monument to an empty dream.

"I was all set to retire then," he told me. "Now? No. Never. I'll be in there clowning till they carry me off."

As the song goes: "Never no more."

Eddie has a home again, in Beverly Hills, among the movie stars. His family lives there; his wife, when she isn't traveling with him, and his five girls. But he doesn't own it. He rents it. It is a transient home, an annex to the Hollywood Hotel.

Eddie says he will never own a home again. I think perhaps the idea of owning a home is too closely bound up with the dream that almost came true. A Ghetto boy living a life of leisure under the open skies? No, it's not in the cards.

WELL, we can't have everything, and Eddie has effected a pretty good compromise. He takes his sunshine on the run. He arranges tours to Florida, just so he can drive to work under a blue sky down a palm-bordered street, or idle for an hour on a golf course without an overcoat. In New York he never misses getting

out to feed the pigeons in Central Park. And he does get a vacation now and then which he spends with his family in Beverly Hills where he has a tennis court and a swimming pool.

There may be another reason, too, why Eddie won't retire. If he ever does get two million dollars again—and it shouldn't take him long at his present rate in spite of his generosity—if he ever does get that sum again, after his other experience, I think he simply won't believe it.

In September, 1931, Eddie went on the air over his famous Sunday evening Chase & Sanborn hour, and made history. You hear a lot of comedians over the networks now. And you have Eddie to thank for them. He blazed the way. At the time he first stepped before the microphone, radio was cold on comedy. Eddie changed all that.

Specifically, you have him to thank for Burns & Allen. Eddie plugged them at the Palace and plugged them with his own sponsor's agency, another comedy act, mind you. They became a sensation and Eddie is as tickled as they are.

Jimmy Wallington, Eddie's stooge and announcer, will never forget that morning before he went on the air. He called them all in, program directors, sound men, control men. He said:

"Boss, I'm old enough to be (Continued on page 39)



MUSIC ON PARADE



(Top of page) Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. Fred has something to say about college boys and radio careers. (Left) Leonard Hayton, one of radio's youngest orchestra leaders. (Right) Sammy Robbins, who conducts the McAlpin Grill orchestra of nights.



By HAL ROGERS

THE Tin Pan Alley that used to be one of the big town's big streets is now but a ghostly avenue. There were times when the curb was lined with swanky imported autos. A car that cost less than ten thousand was shoeed off the asphalt. Today's music springs from a half-hundred little offices scattered all over the Broadway belt. Why? Because of radio.

Radio knocked a lot of music publishers into the red ink pot, if you believe the stories you hear on the sidewalks. In the old days, a piece of sheet music would sell into the hundreds of thousands. Fortunes were made by men who put across a captivating tune. They say that radio has changed all that. Play a piece on the air night after night for six weeks and you can't sell another copy across a counter. Too much plugging ruins it.

Just the same, song writers write on. Orchestras have to play something. We all must have something to put life into our aging feet. So the woods are full of song-writers. And the air is full of hot chas, boops and high-dee-hi's.

Just to keep you informed about this cuckoo world of

rhyme and time, this department will be Johnny-on-the-spot with a lot of what's what and where about the boys and girls that you like best.

As a sample, I'll bet a pretzel you didn't know that "Night and Day" is one of the best sellers of recent months. Or that "Willow Weep for Me" is an ace money maker. Other numbers that have been kicking the gong around are "Little Street," "Echo of the Valley," "Play, Fiddle, Play" and "A Boy and a Girl Were Dancing."

THE hey-hey high life of Manhattan has found a new baton-slinger in the person of little Sammy Robbins, band maestro of the McAlpin Grill. Sam, who is heard over the facilities of the NBC, has been called the "maestro of the mid-Atlantic." For several years past his sweet rhythm has held sway on the swank roof of the Hamilton Hotel in Bermuda. During this time, he became something of a legend. One story called him "Bermuda's little king."

News and gossip about those who bring you the ether notes



This man will teach you to put a five course dinner on the table TEN minutes after you walk into the house

SUMMERTIME is fruit-time . . . and canning time. Peaches, pears, cherries, berries, all of Nature's wonder-wealth is at your disposal. What will you do about it? Radio's own famous MYSTERY CHEF has prepared for Radio Stars' readers a special group of recipes that makes the canning of summer fruit unbelievably simple. These simple recipes do away with all the usual drudgery connected with canning, yet it will give you results far ahead of those obtained by the old and difficult methods of canning. They will show you that cherries, for instance, can be canned in fifteen minutes . . . cherries that will be as full of flavor next winter as freshly picked fruit.

These recipes will be sent you immediately on receipt of your name and address. Just sign the coupon and start the summer right with the Mystery Chef.

And by the way, beginning next month, this famous broadcaster takes charge of a new department in RADIO STARS devoted to you and your kitchen. Surely you've heard him on the air. Now . . . read him. He knows cooking. For twenty years, he has practiced the art of excellent cooking in his own home (he is a prominent business man, you know) and many world-famous men and women are constant guests at his table. In RADIO STARS, he will tell you his famous master recipes that enable you to cook every meat and vegetable known. He will show you the way to cooking happiness. In the next issue, remember. Don't miss it.

And don't forget to send today for the Mystery Chef's summer canning recipes. They cost nothing. Just sign the coupon.

COUPON

Radio Stars, 100 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Please send me the Mystery Chef's summer canning recipes.

Name Address

City State

Sami has been in music since the age of five. Growing up, he directed a high school orchestra in Baltimore, then one at Johns Hopkins University. After college, he rode the rails from coast to coast looking at life from a hobo's viewpoint. For a while he worked in Hollywood. Then the Orpheum Circuit got him as a master of ceremonies. A vacation took him to Bermuda where an astute hotel manager signed him up to agitate the Hamilton Hotel dancers. He was there until his return to Gotham and the McAlpin.

YOU are liable to hear some new tunes soon from Columbia's busy orchestra conductors. Freddie Rich, after three years of watching the skylines from his high Manhattan apartment, has written a thing called "Pent House Symphony." Vincent Sorey has just completed "The Song of My Soul," a melodic ballad dedicated to Nino Martini, the celebrated Italian tenor. Isham Jones, a song writer whose products, if laid end to end, would reach from here to there, has added a trio to his list including "Something Seems to Tell Me Something's Wrong." Isham, by the way, is the author of Ruth Etting's famous lament, "You've Got Me Crying Again."

CLEVER people, those Chinks. They have protested that Cab Calloway's rendition of "Minnie the Moocher" and Duke Ellington's "Limehouse Blues" are hurting the reputation of the Wongs and Chin Lees. As a result, the major networks may bar these two famous numbers from the air. To date, however, no objections have been offered to broadcasting the activities of Fu Manchu. Probably, because Fu Manchu invariably shows up the white detective with whom he is in conflict.

JUST the other day Columbia counted up its brothers on the air. And found thirteen pairs. The Felix Ferdinand orchestra has six brothers in it, Tom and Fred Waring, the four Lombardos, Mark and Harry Warnow, the four Shilkrets, the four Mills brothers, Tom and Jimmie Dorsey of Havton's orchestra, and Sam and Howard Lanin. Columbia's cunny press-men sent us the story with the comment, "Don't thank us for this. It's no brother at all."

HISTORY NOTE—Harry Reser, chief of the Ciegout Club Eskimos, earned his first dollar as a pianist in a Tennessee summer resort.

DID YOU KNOW—that Joe Haymies whose hand slays 'em at the Nut Club in Greenwich Village is a Missouri boy, and went to Drury College, CBS sustains him these days . . . Glen Cross, baritone soloist with George Hall's Hotel Taft outfit, was a ranch hand once . . . and went to school in Wally-Walla, Wash. . . . heh-heh . . . George Olsen's father was in the piano moving business out in the Northwest. George's first important decision was that he'd rather play a piano than move one . . . Herbie Kay and his collegiate troopers was a sensation on the opening night at the Lowry in St. Paul.

YOUR RADIO C O R N E R

Now is the time to think about purchasing that new set. Prices are low and the latest improvements are marvelous



1

1. Scott's Wellington. Unusually perfect tone.
2. The five-tube Clarion for A.C. and D.C. Very adaptable for all uses. 3. The 3A Ham Super—for receiving code signals. 4. Gulbransen's model M5A1—super compact set weighing only 5 lbs. 5. Emerson's nifty portable with built-in aerial. Read about these sets.



2



3



4



5

BROADCASTING is going to take on new life this fall. You'll hear new stars, new program ideas and better programs. If you're interested in a new radio, it might pay you to look into the matter this summer while prices are low. Then you'll be ready for the new season.

The E. H. Scott Radio Laboratories, Inc., 4450 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, have a fine looking and sounding model on sale. It's called the Wellington. This console is a fine specimen of furniture craftsmanship of classic Gothic design. The front panels are of English burl walnut, with overlays on drawer and grill of imported English oak. The center drawer of this console can be equipped either with the regular single record phonograph or any automatic ten record changer. Lovers of good music will revel in the beautiful tone secured with the extra large tone chamber.

Another honey of a set is the Super Fadalette. It's called Model 106 and it is of leatherette, gold embossed, and is available in deep green, dark red, Spanish brown and ivory. Three of its outstanding features are that it has seven tubes, is equipped for short wave reception in addition to covering the entire general commercial broadcast band, and the price has been reduced from \$29.50 to \$24.95. It's manufactured by the Fada Radio and Electric Corporation, 24 Orchard Street, Long Island City, New York. Sounds worth investigating.

By **GORDON
STARRETT**

IF you want a portable, one that looks well and sounds well whether it be on the parlor table or the folding cot of a resort tent, look at Model 30 of the Emerson Radio, product of the Emerson Radio and Phonograph Corporation, 641-649 Sixth Avenue, New York City. It's

a five tube superheterodyne with dynamic speaker. A handy thing about it is that it operates on either direct or alternating current. It is in a closed cabinet, a smart traveling case with beaded straps, and with all sides and top of solid burl walnut. Open it—both catch and hinges are concealed—and you reveal the handsome burl walnut instrument panel with marquetry inlay. The handles and trimmings are oxidized bronze. The retail price is \$30.

The Gulbransen Company, 816 North Kedzie Avenue, Chicago, would have you look at its Model M5A1, a super-compact five-tube set for either alternating or direct current with a range of 530 to 4000 kilocycles. It weighs only ten pounds, is 7½ inches high, 11½ inches wide and 6 inches deep. Its current consumption is 40 watts.

A new and interesting five tube Personal Radio is announced by United American Bosch Corporation, Springfield, Mass., as a forerunner of new engineering developments. The new model, classified as a super five, is of the superheterodyne type with full automatic volume control. An entirely new tube has been developed which is described by the engineers. (Continued on page 17)

Come to a Party with Burns and Allen

(Continued from page 9)

plump dieting day by dieting day.

"Sleeping," Barbara tells him with the beatific look usual with new parents.

IDA CANTOR and she go into a serious conversation on teething, colic and feedings. Ida Cantor is a dear. Every one loves her.

There, in front of you, lads and lassies, are Bing Crosby and Dixie Lee, the beautiful cinema belle. Cuning, isn't she? She and Bing are married and happy.

"I'm not going back to Hollywood until Bing goes if I never make another picture," she is saying.

"Say, Crooner, have you started the great American novel?"

Colonel Lenuel Stoopnagle—who is Chase Taylor by the name his parents gave him—calls to Bing Crosby "Crooner" is what Bing's friends call him. They do it to kid him, Great kidders, all of them.

"Not yet," laughs Bing, "but I will when I get time. Maybe some day during my lunch hour."

Now it comes out, Bing Crosby wants to be a writer. What do you know about that!

Clang! Clang! It's the knocker on the entrance door. The newcomers enter. Gee, but she's easy on the eyes. Her brown three-piece traveling suit is a sartorial gem. He's not bad looking, either.

Look out, Gracie! You're wrecking the jig-saw puzzle. Half of it's on the floor. But Gracie doesn't care—what's a jig-saw puzzle?

"Jane—darling!" Gracie's arms clasp the vision in brown. She's just tickled pink. "When did you get into town?"

"A few hours ago," the lady addressed as Jane answers, returning Gracie's enthusiastic greeting.

The Goodman Aces—that is, "The

Easy Aces," are in from Chicago. It's a joyous reunion. Pals are the Aces and the "Home Folks," even though George Burns, Jack Benny and Goodman Ace each thinks his wife is the brightest dwinit on the air. But why go into that?

Gracie moves from group to group. She talks with them, laughs with them. She offers them candy, salted nuts and cigarettes. She sees to it that every one is amused. She spies one ill group. There, near the piano, Harpo Marx with Al Boasberg, Harry Cohn and Eugene Conrad, gag writers and script men, in case you don't know. All friends of George and Gracie.

"How about a game of contract?"

Gracie suggests.

"Great!" a chorus of four voices replies with vigor.

"Nat, dear," Nat is Gracie's pet name for George, "will you set up the card table, please? Harpo would like some bridge." For that matter, Harpo would always like some bridge.

"Sure will, Goo-gie," that's George's pet name for her.

HARPO MARX plays a grand game.

He's afraid of no expert—not even Culbertson. Where are the other Marx brothers? Harpo does not say. He probably doesn't know. The bridge game starts.

Gracie looks around. Quite a mob, isn't it? She expected only a few—certainly not so many as this. But that does not stump her. Not in the least. She heads for the kitchen and holds a conference with her maid. The Frigiditaire is despoiled of its contents. Three baked chickens—a pound of fresh mushrooms, four bunches of celery, green peppers. Just right for chicken à la king. It's Gracie's favorite dish for midnight supper and she always has the

ingredients on hand. A smoked tongue, home cooked. A box of Camembert and one of Gruyere cheese. These she arranges on a table.

Quickly, she makes a selection from rows of canned goods on the pantry shelves. Ripe olives, sweet mixed pickles, spaghetti in glass jars, a large jar of Russian caviar for appetizers, a box of crisp potato chips. Last, but not least, a delicious baked chocolate layer cake.

The maid is left to do her utmost. Gracie goes back at the jig-saw puzzle. Everybody's happy, as Ted Lewis would say. She's free to amuse herself in her way just as her guests are enjoying themselves in theirs. There's no feeling that you *must* do this or *must* do that, just because you're in someone else's house.

That's what makes a Burns-Allen party a thing of joy. You do as you please. Talk if you're in the mood. Sit silent as a Sphinx if you're not. Play bridge or talk style or do a jig-saw. You may even do a song or dance if a stunt of some sort if the notion strikes you.

The notion has struck George Burns and Jack Benny. It often does at a party. They're harking back to their old vaudeville days. Now isn't that a grand break for us?

They are doing an old-fashioned song and dance act. How they step. How they gesture. Gracie is reversing things. He takes the role George acts on the air. He's the comic and Jack Benny does the straight man. George sings, "She's Only A Bird in A Gilded Cage." Jack does a jig.

Gracie's laugh leads all the rest. The identical Allen laugh that floats through the ozone to a million American homes. Gracie's one wife who laughs at her husband's jokes. There's wifely devotion for you.

No, she won't pull a joke or a wise crack. Not a chance. She never does at home. It's George who is the fire-side cut-up, and how George enjoys it. She keeps her clowning for the radio and the talkies. And therein we think she's very wise.

"Food," announces Gracie "Come and get it!"

It comes in, chicken à la king, on a steaming platter. The spaghetti, too, and all the appetizing appetizers clarifying and tastefully arranged.

Come, let's show our tact. Midnight supper is a regular meal with radio stars. We mustn't intrude any longer. "Good night, Gracie. Good night, George. We're leaving."

Back down the hallway to the bronzed elevator doors. Down to the silent, night-swathed streets. Going home we can look back at the skyscraper we've left and see the gleaming windows on the thirty-sixth floor. Burns and Allen windows, those. They'll be bright all night tonight. It's always that way when they throw their famous parties.



"Please, the Baron makes the funny answers," mumbles Jack Pearl between gulps of the post-prohibition happiness. Cliff Hall, Charlie to us all, maybe would like a sip, eh?

Through the Years with Eddie Cantor

(Continued from page 34)

your father. But you're veterans at this game and I'm an amateur. What you say goes with me." After that, they loved him.

So it began. Eddie was no more nervous than before the opening of any new show. After all, he was just being himself in front of the microphone.

So also began the new Three Musketees, Eddie and Jimmy and Rubinoff. "I'd give my right arm for Eddie," says Jimmy feelingly, "and I know he'd do the same for me."

EDDIE makes Rubinoff the butt of his jokes, but so adroitly that he creates sympathy for him. He is building them, Jimmy and Rubinoff, as much as he builds himself.

Eddie and Jimmy work from a skeleton script. But Jimmy says Eddie's best gag just pop out. And they never rehearse their solo spots. Spoils the freshness. Eddie is forever pulling tricks just to give Jimmy and the other boys a laugh. Once he came out in pajamas. And once in a Santa Claus suit.

The only thing that bothers Eddie about radio is the fact that he has to stand still in front of the microphone when he sings, instead of hopping around. Of course it's harder than the stage, because, as he says, "You can't change a gag if it's no good. Your show opens and closes the same night."

I asked Eddie how he evolves his gags.

"I always start with a location," he declares. "I try to create a picture of some place where we all are. Then the situations grow naturally out of that."

"For example, we are in a customs' house landing from Europe. I say I have eighty bottles of perfume. The customs officer asks me if they're for my wife, and I say, no, they're for Rubinoff. He says: 'What! Eighty bottles of perfume for Rubinoff? I can't imagine such a thing!' And I reply: 'Yah, you've never been around Rubinoff!'"

EDDIE'S friends are by no means confined to performers. They run the gamut from the Prince of Wales to the lowliest page. Having climbed to the top, Eddie is still one of the boys. Many a time he'll take the whole Chase & Sanborn orchestra down to the drug store for a coke after rehearsal.

Garbo wraps herself in a cloak of inaccessibility. Eddie sees everybody. He takes his own phone calls. You'll find about as much privacy in Eddie's dressing room as in Grand Central.

Callers come in a continuous heterogeneous stream: gag men, composers, actors, song pluggers, pals and panderers, old neighbors from Eldridge Street. And although his day is about twice as full as yours or mine, he finds time, somehow, for all them.

He finds time, too, for pleasant little things. Sending his car to bring a crippled kid to the theater. Or making a

second to sell for the unemployed.

And is he smart? Well, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, one of the canner producers, put up one million dollars of his own money to back Eddie's say-so that a picture about the exploits of a Brooklyn bullfighter with himself in the title role would be a box office riot. At this moment, "The Kid from Spain" is proving the soundness of Eddie's judgment.

A year ago February, when Eddie had built himself up to be one of the top drawing cards of radio, perhaps you were surprised when suddenly, without warning, he went off the air.

He had to go to Hollywood to make a picture. So he said. But you can make a picture, even a musical, in five weeks' shooting time, with three weeks' rehearsal. And Eddie was gone until October.

The real reason is that Eddie was smart. He knows that if you have a turkey dinner every Sunday for a year, you'll get tired of it. He also knows that if you have Eddie Cantor every Sunday for a year, you'll get tired of him, no matter how much you like him.

That's the real reason behind his disappearance. And I wouldn't be surprised if he dropped out of sight again for a while before very many months.

But he'll be back, too, just about the time your appetite is whetted up for more of the antics of Eddie and Jimmy and Rubinoff. And as a result, he'll still be in there when many of the lesser comedians are forgotten.

I cannot close this little sketch of Eddie, without a mention of Frenchy, because I feel that had it not been for Frenchy, we would have no Eddie Cantor today. Frenchy used to be a masseur at the Lakeview Golf Club in Great Neck. One day he took the kinks out of Eddie's shoulder and remained to

take the kinks out of his life always.

For one thing, he made Eddie sleep. Eddie has never been very much of a sleeper. He thinks up jokes in the middle of the night. And noise is his *bête noir*. His nerves are as taut as banjo strings. Once he changed his hotel six times in as many nights because each time he found they were putting something up next door. Now Frenchy gives him a rub every night when he's through and Eddie sleeps.

Frenchy starts him off in the morning with a rub and a glass of orange juice. And every time Eddie passes a defecation, Frenchy grabs his arm, because the boyhood passion for sausage and pickles is still strong in Eddie, and his regime calls for a strict diet.

Frenchy likewise looks after the Cantor suits, all double-breasted and blue or gray, no loud checks. Besides that he says "No!" for Eddie, when Eddie ought to say it and can't; hence, Eddie gets a little peace when he needs it and keeps very fit in spite of a gruelling program that calls for four or five performances a day and as many rehearsals, to say nothing of the hours of unfinished business and *ad lib* clowning.

As this was being written, four comedians were packing them in on Broadway in a bad season. One is Georgie Jessel. The other three are Eddie Cantor. Literally.

While his picture, "The Kid from Spain" was standing them up at one theater, Eddie was playing with Jessel in person, was standing them up at another, and on Sunday night, he was broadcasting before a packed house at the Times Square studio.

The skinny, pop-eyed kid from the East Side has shown that he can take it, and laugh, and make the world laugh with him. And beat the Cantor Curse.



Ed Wynn recently had an anniversary—the occasion being the completion of his first year as a radio player. Did you know that, as Fire Chief, Ed Wynn has to be an excellent judge of hose?

The Real Truth About the Winchell-Bernie Feud

(Continued from page 7)

over one eye swaggered up and cut in on the bully's fun.

To make it clear, Bernie was the kid on the spot . . . and the gamester who took his part was Walter Winchell. The bully? He danced home to mama with tears in his eyes and has never been heard of since.

That was the beginning of their "feud." Their friendship, I'd call it.

Walter left school not long afterwards. At the age of thirteen, you may have missed his story. In brief, he got a job in a Harlem movie house as a singing usher. Two other ambitious kids worked with him. One was Georgie Jessel and the other was Eddie Canton. Winchell was spelled with one "l" in those days. When Gus Edwards put him into a vaudeville review, a printer made a mistake and added another "l" . . . so Winchel became Winchell.

DURING the World War, he enlisted in the Navy and became an admiral's confidential secretary. Can you imagine Walter keeping something confidential? Then he toured the country as a "hooper," earning \$100 a week. But he wanted to be a newspaperman. So he took a 75% cut and got a job on a theatrical weekly for \$25.

From that humble spot to his present post as "the most famous newspaperman in the world," he rose quickly.

Success hasn't stopped him. He is still very much on the job. All night long, usually. His getting-up time is at four o'clock in the afternoon. By five, when most people are closing their desks and thinking of dinner and easy slippers, he is arriving at his office. After three or four hours at a typewriter he starts his news hunt.

"It's a dizzy business," he says. "But

I love it. All Broadway is my back yard."

And now . . . Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro.

Benjamin Aneel was his name at first. He was a boy prodigy with the violin. Good enough to give a concert at Carnegie Hall (to which came vast droves of relatives) and get a job in a music store selling \$5.98 violins. When he was fired, he went into vaudeville. With the name shifting to Benjamin Berni . . . B-e-r-n-i, yowsir! The "e" came along years later.

Theatrical careers are much the same . . . playing for "throw money" in cheap cafés where you coffee and cakes are bought by the coins tossed at your feet . . . being a master of ceremonies . . . teaming with another performer and toting the sticks. One of Bernie's partners was Phil Baker, now starring on the Armour program. One night, Ben happened to hear Paul Whiteman's band. "I want a band, too," he told a friend. Within a few weeks, he had one. And that was the beginning of Ben Bernie and all the lads.

BUT the feud? The Winchell-Bernie feud.

Well, it was Walter's idea. Walter is a smart showman, remember. And his job, in the days that he was growing from a forgotten hooper to a big shot on the Big Stem of New York, was to attract attention to himself. One way of doing this, he realized, was to start a fight.

His first sparring partner was Mark Hellinger, rival writer and Broadway columnist. For months, these two tossed brickbats at each other. And the town ate it up. Only a few on the inside knew that they were the best

of friends. Finally, too many protests were lodged. Their editors made them quit.

So Winchell picked another victim. He wanted a fight, remember. Something that would make friends and enemies. Deep in his mind was the memory of a maxim of Barnum's. "I don't care what they say about me," Barnum stated, "just so they mention my name." Winchell picked the most popular guy on the air, Rudy Vallee.

Thousands of people rushed to Rudy's defense. Letters and telegrams stormed Winchell's office. His editor went gray with worry, but Winchell grinned. This was what he wanted. But one thing was wrong, Vallee wouldn't hit back. So Walter dropped his ribbing.

Then he remembered Ben Bernie, the kid in the play-yard with the big bully about to sock him . . . the up-and-counting band leader whom he had met again on Broadway when Winchell was only half of an unimportant "hooper" act.

That had been twelve years back. Walter had seen Ben on a vaudeville bill, recognized him and characteristically, panned the act. After that meeting, for the first time in years, they became pals.

So Walter picked his pal to become the goat of his reperter. And Ben agreed to do his part of the berating. And that was the beginning of the famous feud that has split communities.

As for Winchell and Bernie, they love it. Why shouldn't they? They're getting rich on it. Not long ago, the two of them were booked into the Paramount Theatres in New York and Brooklyn. Advertisements called their meeting the Battle of the Century. Record-breaking crowds jammed both the theatres. For each week of this "battle," Walter was paid \$7,000. Ben got \$6,500. No wonder they love it.

Not long ago, Walter heard that Ben had fallen for jigsaw puzzles. He had a special one made up and sent it to him without any name or letter. It was composed of hundreds of pieces. Ben worked over it a day and a night and finally got it together . . . and found a picture of Walter Winchell thumbing his nose above the caption, "Barnum was right."

Let this put a finish to all the foolish arguments that Ben and Walter are enemies. Positively, they are the best of friends. Last winter, when Walter's daughter Gloria died, Ben was thoroughly broken up. When Ben's mother died a few months earlier, Walter was one of the sincerest mourners.

Such friendships as theirs are rare. Broadway is no place for friendships, you know. It is a street of jealousies and bitterness. Walter Winchell, who once named it the Grandest Canyon, described it perfectly when he said "Broadway is the place where they'll slap you on the back, if you're sun burned." But there are exceptions.



Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, gives up the accordion for the meat saw—just temporarily, of course. That's Harry Norton, "Bottle," behind him—

—with that luscious steak.

Radio's Gentlemen Adventurers

(Continued from page 32)

—he would lead the world to Christ and His teachings. To put it bluntly, the boy didn't know what he wanted.

Who can blame his restless questing for something to entrap his interest? All of us are like that, aren't we? We search until we find our groove. And then we settle into it, becoming more or less useful citizens.

JIMMY'S groove, though, wasn't in any profession or trade. He had a heart for adventure, for doing the unusual and then turning to something else still more unusual. Not until that lucky day in Schenectady, New York, when he rode a tramcar out to Station WGY did he find the thing he sought.

I have said that Jimmy started fast. Within a few weeks he had wangled a transfer to New York with the NBC, a cub announcer. Within two months, NBC officials got word of a tremendous concentration of the American battle fleet in the Atlantic for the annual maneuvers. Who should handle it? Someone remembered Jimmy's stalwart figure and his glib world-painting. "Let Wallington go," they said.

Wallington went. He went to sea in a plunging, rolling hulk of a navy boat and, with George Hicks as a partner, turned in a job of eye-witness reporting that started something new in the broadcasting business.

THAT something new led finally to the broadcast you may have heard from the lion's cage in New York's Madison Square Garden. It led to the fame he has gained and the snug balance in his bank account . . . and to the happiness and the home in Bayside, Long Island, that he and his wife share.

I wish it were possible to pass on to you the ebullience of this young man, the everlasting bounce that drives him up and out. Not many have it; particularly, not many announcers. Ted Husung has it. Walter Winchell, in another field. Eddie Cantor in still another. Jimmy tries to explain it by saying, "I get a kick out of it."

A kick, understand? Adventure gives that. The off-track odds and ends of life that pitch one's pulse at a fever beat. Wallington seeks just that and has always sought it. With George Hicks, whose reports from the *Los Angeles* as it hovered above the Atlantic fleet that day of their first big assignment he considers the finest reporting job he's ever heard, he has taken a mike everywhere. Into every risk, too!

THERE was one risk particularly. It has given him one moment that he will remember when all the others have gone. It was at New London, Connecticut, in 1930. He was there to broadcast the Navy's trials of a new submarine rescue device called the Momsen Lung. A part of the test was to ride a form-fitting diving bell with a mike strapped under its roof down into a hun-

dred feet of sea water in order that the world might hear what it felt like.

On the day before the broadcast there, Jimmy and a naval lieutenant got in the bell and started down. Standing erect in bathing suits, they felt the water come up around their feet and ankles, up to their knees and hips and chests before the pressure within the bell shut it off and they were under water.

"Down." The gray-green light of the surface turned to dirty gray, to black. They had only a flashlight. On the bottom, with water lapping their chests, they completed their tests and the lieutenant pressed the "up" button. The heavy bell—three tons of deadweight—started toward the surface. Up, creeping from beneath the weight of piled up water.

SUDDENLY, it stopped. Through his earphones, Jimmy heard that there was a breakdown in the electric power. And electric power was the only power that could lift that three ton bell. He and the lieutenant pushed buttons savagely, hopelessly. The bell hung in thick, opaque water.

"Trapped!" Can't you imagine the fierce thoughts that flogged his mind as he stood there, helpless, with water lapping a chill, ominous ring about his shoulders?

"How far down are we?" he asked. "Your guess is as good as mine."

Untold feet of water stood between them and fresh air. On other days, men had come pitching to its surface from deep-sea tests, bleeding from their mouths. Some had been carried away to the hospital, unconscious.

"This air won't last long," said the lieutenant. "What'll we do?"

"Shall we swim for it?" Jimmy asked. "Right."

Jimmy swam for it. Ducking down under the side of the bell, he started up. Seconds passed. He tried to see but the water was a blur over his eyes. Pain surged through his head, lodged inside his temples and tried to burst through. More seconds, rising, swimming, aching. . . .

At last, his head broke the surface and he clawed himself a handhold while he gulped air. A moment later, the lieutenant arrived at his side. Silently, they shook hands. Those seconds, coming up, are the ones Jimmy Wallington will never forget.

Yes, that's adventure of a sort. Red-blooded, the story-writers call it. There is another sort, less spectacular though, that means a lot in a fellow's life. For want of a better word, let's name it "domestic" adventure. This one started in October of 1929. Her name is Stasia. The name of James Wallington meant little enough to the world in 1929. She took it, nevertheless. Their Long Island home called "The Gables" is a handsome, happy place with dogs and a boat and an ocean of water for a weary announcer's play days.

There haven't been so many of these lately. As this is written, Jimmy works in about thirty programs each week. During a part of the time he clownes with Eddie Cantor, he made a trip each week-end to wherever Eddie's roadshow was performing. Leaving each Friday, he traveled in turn to Miami, Jacksonville, New Orleans, Des Moines, Cincinnati and other spots. By Tuesday he was back in New York, ready for work.

What work? Well, you've heard about the lion's cage broadcast,



Roland Liss, the two-year-old veteran, who leads a juvenile band each Sunday morning on NBC's children's hour. Milton J. Cross is with him and they're conferencing about "that program."



When Clara, Lu n' Em visited New York recently, they were entertained at luncheon by Mr. Alfred E. Smith, brown derby exponent. It took place in Mr. Smith's Empire State Building.

Backstage At a Broadcast

(Continued from page 21)

ing into their places before the mikes. Three at one, two at one, one at another. In the center, there—that is Clem. He's the reason for that tall mike. He needs it. Louis Mason is his real name. A native born Kentuckian, he knows the dialect that he uses.

And so do all the rest. Cracker is from Louisiana—her real name is Ann Elstner. Piney—Sara Haden—is from Texas. Gypsy was once a little Missouri girl called Theresa Whittler. And David—Ben Lackland, to you—is a Virginia gentleman, huh

NOW, watch them: Enslin is approaching the end of his announcement. The introductory music is fading. Louis (Clem) Mason, standing alone at his tall mike, spreads his feet and bends his knees. His right hand grips the script. All six feet of him are tensed for the opening line. Just the sort of Clem you imagined, isn't he? All except the glasses, perhaps, that he wears when he reads.

But wait! What is this fellow doing? This chap at the rear of the room, with one hand on that huge sheet of tinlike metal that we just described. His eyes are glued to Tony Stanford who stands like an orchestra director. Enslin stops talking, jerks a forefinger at Stanford. Stanford's hand sweeps through the air. Immediately bedlam crams the studio. Screams! Thunder! The furious barking of a dog! Our ears hum and hurt!

But look! Look! The man beside the tin sheet is slaking it like a dog

with a bone. And the racket he makes! It's a thunder machine. Such a thunder as might come from a dynamite blast. Every actor in the studio is bending over a mike screaming and screeching. Off in a corner, a black-clad, speartailed man's mouth opens and closes. The sound he makes is betweenarf and woof. That, ladies and gentlemen, is Bones the houn' dawg. His real name is Bradley Barker and if you read the June issue of RADIO STARS, you read his story under the title, "He Barks for a Living."

ABRUPTLY the sound ceases and Clem's voice rings out, "Come back here, Bones." Then, to the girl with him, "Don't ye wimmen folks go no further than right here."

It is the beginning of the 135th episode. Almost three years ago "Moonshine and Honey-suckle" became an aerial feature when Lulu Vollmer presented her first script to the National Broadcasting Company.

"Listen! Clem and Cracker are talking. She wants to go with him to the scene of the explosion. I've listened to Cracker many a Sunday afternoon and tried to visualize her. Tried to imagine what she looked like. Now I know. Tall and slim and chic as a Paris mannequin. A daughter of today, I'll bet. But close your eyes. Her voice wafts you back to down south mountains and their shabby shacks. All these actors are that way.

Look! There's Pink. Everybody's friend. Short, sandy hair that is thin

ning on top, he hitches his voice to a star and squeaks out those lovable lines. Maybe you heard him in the Stebbins Boys' sketches last year in Jocky Spencer. His real name is Robert Strauss. With every word he utters, his face works with effort. No half-way acting for him.

Listen a moment to this play. The mountaineers are talking about the man and woman whom they suspect of having caused the explosion.

Clem: "Tain't natural fer woman to be crime-minded. When she is, she follows some man that-a-way."

Cracker: "I ain't agreeen' with ye."
Clem: "Why not?"

Cracker: "Good as I love ye, yo couldn't lead me into no crime life."

Clem: "I ain't heurin' on lut, bu ye'd find some mighty dern good excuse for any low-down thing I done."

OBERVE the expert way in which they address those mikes. Smooth running, isn't it? Not by accident, either. For every thirty minutes this troupe is on the air, it spends six hours in rehearsal.

Look at those musicians on their stools. The one with the cello is almost asleep. Nothing to do, he figures. But something is about to happen. The man who rattled an explosion out of that giant tin sheet is standing behind his sound effects table.

The actors crouching behind their microphones are shooting words at the tin black boxes. The script has taken us to the very scene of the explosion

RADIO STARS

where Clem and all the others are searching the ruins.

In the play, Pink arrives at the haunted dark ravine that the mountaineers have avoided for so many years. Watch! The sound man—Judge Street, they call him—reaches his right hand to a lever on that kiddie slide contraption. Only this isn't a kiddie slide. Where the kid would be at the top is a black box the size of an orange crate. Judge Street jerks the lever and the box teeters forward. A torrent of stones and gravel pours down the tin slide to the floor below. The scrape and rattle of it roars through the room. Landslide!

The dozing musician starts half out of his chair. The mike beside the slide picks up the sound and a million listeners are living through Pink's adventure. Cute, these sound effects, aren't they?

Another one that you may have missed came when Clem was supposed to lift the top off a box. In everybody's loud speaker there sounded the authentic scraping of wood. It was Mr. Judge Street operating with a bow that was probably used for a bass viol before its horse hair strings were replaced with a strip of soft rubber, drawing it across the edge of a fruit basket. Simple, when you know the trick.

AT the fifteen-minute mark there is a break for station announcements. The musicians saw their instruments as if glad for something to do, and then relax into a coma while actors and actresses weave in and out about those mikes saying their lines.

I wish we could learn more about these actors. Many people have thought that they came to the air straight from Carolina highlands. They are wrong. All of these people are professionals. Most of them have been on the stage. Louis Mason, still a most eligible bachelor, was a matinee idol before he deserted the footlights for the microphone. Ben Lackland, David, on the air, is on Broadway today in a successful play. Southerners all, they nevertheless talk much as you or I in ordinary conversation. Human folks, likable folks—when one of their number gets his tongue twisted around a couple of words, they laugh silently but heartily at his embarrassment.

And so the play reaches toward its final curtain. Now, a strange man, found in the ruins left by the explosion, has just died. Clem and the others are talking about him.

Piney: "He asks forgiveness."

Cracker: "We give him ours."

Clem: "And the All Merciful can't be less tender to the dyin' than man"

The women whimper before the mikes. Neil Ensen rises from his chair and takes a stand before his own mike. Tony Stanford is out in front of the actors with a stop watch in his hand. The sound man is silently putting away his mystic devices. Clem's voice sings out the final words, loud, sure, like the leader of a mountain clan. Ensen breathes deeply and makes a benediction of "This is the National Broadcasting Company."

The 135th episode of Lulu Valtmer's "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" is over.



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The Story of Cheerio

(Continued from page 22)

See



HOW
MUCH MORE
ALLURING
YOUR EYES
could BE
WITH
MAYBELLINE

Like magic, your lashes can be made to appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant . . . a rich, dense fringe that will instantly transform your eyes into bewitching pools of loveliness. Brilliant! Fascinating! Exciting! Truly, this added enchantment will give you a great advantage over women who have not yet learned the Maybelline secret. But, you must use the genuine New Maybelline . . . because this mascara is tear-proof, non-smarting, harmless, beneficial to your lashes and delightfully easy to use. Obtainable at all leading Drug and Department Stores. Black or Brown, 75c.

Maybelline



EYELASH
DARKENER
The PERFECT
MASCARA

It was a simple program, made up of some wise sayings, some inspiring poems, some gay nonsense, delivered in a warm, magnetic voice, the very quality of which was comforting and heartening.

And the "somebodies somewhere" who were sick or lonely or downhearted or grief-stricken, wrote in by the thousands to say how grateful they were for the mental setting up exercises which helped them to start their day right each morning.

There is a story that Cheerio put on the program in memory of his mother. The truth is that when the idea came to him she was in good health. But by the time he was broadcasting she had been stricken with her last illness, and so had become, by a dramatic turn of fate, the most important member of that audience for whom the program was intended.

For a year Cheerio made his friendly visit over the air every morning. Then Herbert Hoover, at that time Secretary of Commerce (which made him chief of radio) came to talk to him.

"He must go to New York," Herbert Hoover said. "He must get on a national hook-up instead of a local hook-up. The good he was doing must reach hundreds of thousands instead of thousands."

Cheerio went east. He told the officials of NBC what he wanted to do, of the friendly message he wished to send out over their great national network. At first it was too simple for them to understand. A man wanting to give his time doing good for others and not wanting any pay for it and insisting that his name be kept secret. It was incomprehensible.

"And," they discouraged him, "no one listens in the morning anyway. It would be a waste of time."

But finally, after months of persistence on Cheerio's part, NBC agreed to cooperate in this mental daily dozen idea. They said he could have fifteen minutes over one station, WEAf, as a test.

With Cheerio that first morning—March 14, 1927—were two other persons who were willing to help. There was Russell Gilbert, another business man, who had once been in vaudeville and who said he could find time before going to the office to play the piano and tell a joke or two. There was Geraldine Kiegger, a tall girl with a lovely contralto voice, who had been a pupil of Madame Sembrich. These three—Cheerio and Gil and Genny—were the original Cheerio group which, all numbered, dropped in for its friendly visit on the "somebodies somewhere" who were listening in.

THAT was six years ago. There are thirty-five stations broadcasting Cheerio now instead of one—practically the entire NBC network for the eastern and central time zones. The fifteen minutes allowed for the program's trial

has been increased to half an hour. And for six years more and more "somebodies" somewhere have been taking their mental daily dozens from one they know only as Cheerio, getting from him the "exercises" to fight, not overweight, not flabby muscles, not sagging shoulders, but things infinitely worse—drowsiness and boredom and loneliness and discouragement and ill health and sorrow.

"Good morning," he says, "this is Cheerio."

A mother of four children who has just gone through the hullabaloo of getting those youngsters off to school, takes a deep breath, draws up a chair to the radio, relaxes, and says, "There, now, those breakfast dishes can just wait."

A doctor going out to make a round of visits, pauses as the program comes on. "I'll listen to this a while. I'll get a good joke or something cheering to take to my patients."

An invalid who has spent seventeen years in a wheel chair listens to Cheerio's warm sympathetic voice, to the songs of Genny and Lovina and Gil and Pat, to all the gay banter and nonsense, and says, "When someone has taken so much trouble to cheer me it would be ungrateful to spend a weepy day."

That's the sort of good work Cheerio and his group are doing. The group is larger now. Besides the original three there are thirteen other artists. There is the soprano Lovina Gilbert, Russell's wife, who joined the group the first week. There is Pat Kelly, the Irish tenor. There is Elizabeth Freeman the Bird Lady, whose singing canaries accompany the music so beautifully. There is Loyal Lane who works the controls. There is Harrison Isles and his orchestra. And we must not forget Dr. Crumline of the American Child Health Association, who comes in every Thursday to give a talk upon some subject pertaining to the welfare of children.

It was the American Child Health Association which did much of the early financing of the program. Now NBC pays the artists—except Cheerio of course, who has never received a cent for his work—and the clerical force which does the research for the program.

THE scheme of the program is the birthday party, you know. Present at the birthday breakfast table in make-believe are the great ones of the past and present who were born on that day. (An incredible amount of research has gone into collecting those dates.) Special honor is paid to the famous birthday guests. Their works are read, their music is played, their songs are sung. Stories are told of their lives. All very intimate and sweet.

And to all whose birthday is on that date goes out the Cheerio birthday

greeting, the message of good will and good cheer.

And if the birthday guest happens to be ninety years young or over, he or she has special mention. The greeting goes out to "A young lady of ninety-two of Akron, Ohio," or to "A Civil War veteran of ninety-six of Brookline, Massachusetts." And if the guest is a hundred years or over—and you would be surprised how many there are who have reached the century mark—the name itself is read over the air, and the Cherio family shouts, "Hip, hip, hooray."

But there is something else that is a by-product of these greetings to those of ninety and over, and that is that the listeners of sixty and seventy begin to feel like two-year-olds. A daughter writes: "We used to think our mother was old. But now we don't any more—because of Cherio."

There are some hard-boiled listeners who say the Cherio program is a lot of blah-blah-sentimentality. All right, to those persons, it is. But ask a certain manufacturer what happened to him when he tried to interfere with that sentimentality.

You see, the manufacturer wanted some time on the air to advertise his product. On eleven Middle West stations he was given the last fifteen minutes of Cherio's half hour and the Cherio program was cut correspondingly.

THEN came the fun. The Cherio audience rose up in arms. It deluged that particular company with telegrams, letters, telephone calls—all saying practically the same thing: "If you don't give us back our Cherio, we'll boycott your product."

"Help!" said the manufacturer to the powers of NBC. "Give me some other time, quick." And we'll wager he'll prefer tackling a bunch of wildcats to interfering with that "sentimental" Cherio audience again.

The question might be asked: Why didn't that manufacturer offer to sponsor the Cherio time? The reason is that Cherio has made it known from the start that he feels the commercial element would interfere with the program's purpose.

For the same reason he insists upon remaining impersonal. He feels he can do most good by entering the homes of his listeners not as a definite personality, named and pictured, but as a spirit—a spirit of helpfulness, of cheer and comfort and inspiration. He is *not*, as some have said, trying to build up a great big mystery about himself and so achieve publicity. And he has been so consistent in this attitude that even skeptics are beginning to believe him.

In March, 1930, was founded the Order of the Red C. For one week—the seventh to the fourteenth—in the month of March, you can see a Red C in the windows of many homes. (Incidentally, there was one in a window of the White House in that week of 1931, when Herbert Hoover was president.) Those C's stand for Cherio. They celebrate the program's anniversary week and they express gratitude to the man who wanted to do good for others and did it.



I was so lonely and fringes, a newcomer to town. Neighbors called once - but never came again.

I read now a woman became popular by learning to play through the U. S. School Course.

Even I was able to play real lums. Now I'm invited everywhere. They call me "the life of the party."

MUSIC - the Surest Path to Friends

... so easy to learn this short-cut way

NO longer need you envy people who play - who are always the center of attraction at parties who make friends immediately wherever they go. Now this newly perfected short-cut home study method can make YOU an accomplished musician. It can bring you the good times you've always missed for.

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This new "print and picture" method is, literally as easy as A B C.

The U. S. School system perfected instructions, written by expert teachers, first tell you what to do. Then a picture shows you what to do. Then you do it yourself and hear it. And you learn so much more quickly by

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Prize to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play here today for our booklet "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home." With it comes a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows graphically how simple this method makes instruction really in fact, instruments supplied if desired, cash or credit. Mail the coupon TODAY to U. S. School of Music 355; 114 West 114th St., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

355 West 114th St., New York City

Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Flute Violin
Saxophone Trumpet
Drum Organ
Tuba Bagpipes
Harmonica Guitar
Piano Accordion

Name.....
Address.....
Instrument.....
How you.....
Instrument.....

Life made her pay

ONE MOMENT'S

PRICE!

She first noticed him because of his striking resemblance to her favorite movie idol. . . . And she really hadn't meant to drop her pocketbook, but when he picked it up and returned it with a smile, she blushed at the seeming obviousness of her action. A train ride together . . . a common destination . . . and the spark of their meeting became a flame of love and desire. Love, on her part. For him, only desire. . . .

But that was something she was to find out later—when fate demanded "One Moment's Price."

Read this girl's true story, vivid as life

in "If, beginning in the new issue of MODERN ROMANCES. And discover at the same time the most absorbing of all



magazines! Every month this unusual publication brings you a score of true stories and special features, including a novel-length true story which would cost you \$2.00 in book form. In MODERN ROMANCES you get it, generously illustrated—plus many other enthralling stories— for only 10 cents!

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You'll be thrilled by this remarkable magazine. Get acquainted with it this month. Today!



Stoopnagle and Budd have a new invention! That little gadget there is a meter for proving that Stoopnocracy is worth twice as much as Boobnocracy — after you've taken away the number you first thought of—times two.

The Music of Love

(Continued from page 13)

speed boat rides, tennis, gulf and hikes. "It was love at first sight," they both admit. Hlomy admired Lee's mastery of the keys; she admired his pep and "regular fella" style. Lee liked Hlomy's singing, he wanted her to sing for him always, and when he saw her for the first time, hair wet and eyes shining, he knew his "time" had come.

After moving to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, from Champaign, Illinois, where he was born, Lee, although still a very little chap, used to fiddle the keys on the old black upright every time he got a chance. Of course, there was a lot to do about the house in between school hours, but he managed to practice a bit each day. At night he would give a concert for his parents before trundling off to bed. It must have indeed looked funny to see this tiny night-gowned figure, perched high above the pedals, playing for dear life. He had magic in his fingers even then.

Lee reached the age of thirteen. Time a man should seek his fortune. What to do about it? Just pack up and leave. So he did, with little more in his knapsack than a charming personality and a gift of talent from the gods.

He had been playing for some weeks at a motion picture house in a small Iowa town when the incident occurred which turned his tracks to Chicago.

A man, incensed over the fact that such things as a government tax on a movie ticket existed, became somewhat unruly when the cashier attempted to explain. Lee has broad shoulders and hard hands, and he was no longer the

youngster who had left home to seek his fortune. He was a man. There was only one way to settle the argument. He did, with as straight a left to the jaw as was ever seen in Iowa. Then he started for Chicago.

He sought new horizons, but for weeks his only horizon consisted of an empty stomach and an emptier pocket-book.

BUT a good man can't be kept down, so the adage goes, and Lee proved it. He landed a job with a company which recorded roles for player pianos. They were very sorry that his salary would only be \$60 per week. He chuckled to himself. What a lot of hamburgers that would buy. He stayed with the company for five years.

Then he landed a job as accompanist for a song plugger. He might have continued being an accompanist, but he had a run-in with an aspiring operatic "star," and vowed he would never play for anybody again. He didn't—until he met Hlomy.

Radio interested him; he started a music school; he played at private parties; he made recordings. The name Lee Sims became famous.

LOMAY BAILEY didn't always have that crooning break in her voice. Time was when she was an opera prima donna and rose to enjoy radio acclaim after years of work before the foot-lights.

She was born in Wellington, Kansas, and she worked her way through school

by doing lifeguard work and teaching youngsters how to swim. Fairmont College boasted of her athletic prowess. She won seven state intercollegiate championships.

At an early age she became engrossed in singing, and when she finished her education she entered into competition for a scholarship offered by the American Grand Opera Company. Like her tennis championships, she won it.

Upon completion of her studies with Vladimir Rosina, the director of the company, she was given a place in the company and sang leads for a year. Following this came a year of Chattanooga and then she came to Chicago to sing with Paul Ash.

She met Lee. He, the master of radio technique, taught her how to modulate her tones so that they would be suitable for the delicate microphone. When she had progressed to his satisfaction, Lee introduced her to the listening audience in one of his Piano Moods programs from Chicago.

Letters poured in and another radio star joined the constellation.

SOFT summer evenings are broken by the staccato bark of a speed boat's engine. Out through the entrance to Chicago's Belmont Harbor scoots a long black shape wearing a gleaming eye. Lee and Hlomy are off on another of their cruises.

They practically live on the water when opportunity offers. One of Hlomy's favorite diversions is to stage a diving act, about six miles from shore.



Ralph Rainger, who has composed a whole lot of song hits, and Baby Rose Marie, eight-year-old ether star. You'll see her in "International House," Paramount's movie featuring radio favorites.

She Defied the World

(Continued from page 31)

BUT now, she was in the chorus, an understudy for a featured singer, and blissfully happy. This day, as the show is about to start, the featured singer faints in the wings. Fanny is thrust on in her place. Still in her 'teens, weighing about eighty pounds, she was required to do the same number a voluptuous adult woman with all the curves allowed by law had done. But she couldn't. With the spotlight's hard, white eye on her, she began to sing and to dance. With a Yiddish accent. With awkward, scared spontaneous motions. The audience roared. Here was a comedienne. At the end, she was called before the curtain seven times.

After that, the number was Fannie's. The lovely lady of the curves took Fannie's place in the chorus.

So, by easy stages, she learned her business and attracted attention. When she was seventeen, Florenz Ziegfeld saw her at a benefit and hired her. Within a year, he had glorified her in the first of a dozen Follies in which she starred.

And so we're back to Nicky Arnstein again—Nicky, the Nemesis that dogged Fannie's life through those harrowing years. She loved him blindly, boldly, without reservation. Even when he proved himself unworthy of that love, she loved him. When everyone else was against him, she took his word against the world and believed him.

At first, I think Fannie and Nicky were as happy as newlyweds could be. When a baby girl was born to them,

their delight in it and in each other was the talk of Broadway. Her friends began to wonder if they had been wrong about Nicky. If those rumors had been groundless. Could he be innocent after all?

Till the day the headlines of the newspapers screamed of a \$5,000,000 bond robbery, a crime as sensational in its day as the Lindbergh kidnaping of last year. It shook the country. Police threw out dragnets, and found no one—and no bonds. Both robbers and loot had disappeared. Presently the chase steadiied to a methodical, painstaking combing of all America for the criminals. The headlines turned to newer sensations.

At home, one afternoon in the sumptuous Arnstein-Brice apartment, Nicky got a phone call. Without packing, he put on his hat and coat, told Fannie good-by in these words:

"I'm in a little trouble. I've got to go away for a while. It's best you don't know where."

"Have you done anything that you shouldn't?"

"I've done a lot of things that I shouldn't," said Nicky, "but this time I want you to know I'm innocent. Please believe me and stick it out."

And he left.

Fannie got the stories from the evening papers. Nicky was accused of having acted as a "fence" for the bond robbers. He was accused of having bought the stolen bonds and sold them to other buyers. The police claimed to have definite proof of his complicity.

THAT was the beginning of Fannie's nightmare. Of course, she doubted the police proof. Hadn't Nicky, whom she loved, told her that he was innocent? Wasn't that enough for any wife? Certainly it was enough for Fannie.

She was so loyal. It was no easy job. The police thought she knew where Nicky was. They thought she knew where the bonds were hidden. They tapped her telephone. They opened her mail. Followed her wherever she went. Searched her apartment and turned it topsy-turvy. Browbeat her with savage questions.

But that wasn't the hardest part. Each night, she was on the stage of the Follies, a target for all eyes, and jibes. Each night, she sang and cut her capers and did her high dives while audiences told each other that that was Nicky Arnstein's woman. Some nights, there were hisses. She would go home and lie awake until nine or ten the next morning. Of course, the strain began to tell. She longed for an answer to give those critics who blamed her for standing by her husband. If he is innocent, tell him to come back and prove it, they said. She couldn't tell him because she had no idea where he was. Not even after a year had passed.

Florenz Ziegfeld gave her the answer to the mox, quite by accident. One night he handed her a song and said, "Go out there and make them cry." That song was "My Man."

She faced the audience, a new Fannie Brice. Singing, her vision was lost in

the distance, and the aching heart in her was laid bare to an amazed theatre full of strangers.

"Oh, there never was a man just like my man,
Never was a man could love just like he can . . ."

Here was something incredible. A woman's tortured soul floating through the air, ringing in a thousand ears. Ziegler stood in the wings, wiping his eyes. A hundred lacy handkerchiefs showed in the first few rows of the orchestra. Fannie sang . . .

"For no matter where he is,
He will always be my man"

For the first time since Nicky Armstrong had disappeared, people understood Fannie Brice.

That song, carrying in it the hurt desire of a woman's love, swept the country. And with it, Fannie Brice's answer to the world.

IT was two years before Nicky Armstrong came back to Broadway. When he came back he surrendered to the police. Presently, he stood trial, was found guilty, condemned to Leavenworth Penitentiary.

During his term, "My Man" continued to be Fannie's theme song. Day and night, she lived its steadfast sentiment; giving all and asking nothing but the return of her love.

It is a tragedy that such a love as hers should be shattered. But it had to be. Fannie's friends had been right from the first; Nicky was not the man for her. She learned that when he came back from Leavenworth. He behaved—to put it mildly—very badly. Despite all that Fannie could give him, despite the two children she had borne him, he misbehaved. When she could stand it no longer, she obtained a divorce.

I wonder that she had the spirit for a new start in life. The Ghetto must instill a tough secret fiber in its children. But she began again, valorously. With her children constantly with her, she went forward in her work making talkies, playing across the country in a musical comedy, starring on Broadway.

Finally another man brought her a new and finer sort of happiness. His name is Billy Rose and he is another son of Broadway, a show producer. Their devotion is one of the legends of Manhattan. He calls her Pookie and she calls him Patsy.

Of all the work she has ever done she likes radio best. It permits her to be at home more with Frances, now thirteen, and William, now age eleven and Patsy.

There is one song, though, that she seldom sings. The name of it is "My Man." You know why, now.



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NEXT MONTH! "THE INSIDE STORY OF THE RUDY VALLEE-

FAY WEBB BREAK-UP"

Grand Slam in Hearts

(Continued from page 25)

Jane did. So she and Goodman ran away one rainy day five years ago and were married.

Those first three months were beautiful and hectic and awful. They ran up bills for \$2,000, furnishing a chummy apartment. They threw parties and entertained friends and visiting theatrical celebrities.

And then, Goodman was fired.

Out of a job, with debts hanging over his head, with a brand new wife to keep comfortable and happy, Goodman looked about. He found nothing, nothing, nothing. All day long, he searched. Those nights were bitter times, for then he had to come back to Jane and tell her that he had got no new work. For Jane, though, they were the peaks of her busy days. For her, they were an opportunity to prove that she was the sort of wife and helpmate she should be. Soothing, encouraging, inspiring, she helped Goodman back on his feet after each discouraging day.

Six weeks passed. The first day of the seventh, Ace was reinstated on his old paper at a raise in salary. That was the turn of the tide.

Their apartment in the fashionable Bellerive Hotel in Kansas City became a scene of industry. Ace had always been a hard worker. He turned to talking over the radio. He wrote skits. He wrote stories and articles. It mattered little enough to him or to Jane

that theirs was the only Ford among all the straight eights and twin sixes in the Bellerive garage. They knew instinctively, I think, that they were on their way up.

MAYBE you heard his first radio program. Station KMBC put it on the air under the title, "Where's a Good Show?" It was really a radio guide to local motion picture showings. Always Jane went to the studio and waited patiently outside the glass partition. One night, as she waited, she saw Ace jump suddenly from his chair and run to the door. Why? What was it all about? He opened the door, grabbed her hand, and dragged her into the studio.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he sang into the mike, "I want you to meet my new roommate."

That was Jane's first audition, her first time on the air. Goodman had run short of material and her honey chatter filled out the fifteen minutes.

Not until many months later, however, did the "Easy Aces" idea arrive. While both of the Aces were ardent followers of the game of bridge, they didn't take it too seriously. They chose as fellow players others with the same views. The result was bridge games that sparkled with better wise cracks than squeeze plays and fineses. One night, Ace suggested:

"I'd like to put this bridge game on the air."

"You wouldn't need a radio station," Jane retorted. "Just open the window and the whole town could hear."

"But we need the radio," said Ace. "The way you play, we'd need a network and a five-thousand-dollar salary. In two years, we would be almost even."

And the very next day, Goodman Ace wrote the first episode of "Easy Aces." When he went out to peddle it to a sponsor, he was offered \$20.00 a week.

THE rest is an old story. The program grew in popularity, one sponsor succeeded another, the price went higher and higher. He went to Chicago with it and tried it out locally over WGN. Lavis sponsors visualized a national audience for the program and put it over the Columbia network. The contract that Goodman and Jane signed was for four years. In radio history, there has been only one longer contract, the five-year agreement under which Amos 'n' Andy are working.

In the preparation of their scripts, Goodman is the writer and Jane the audience. Always, he tries each episode on her before it hits the air. Each gag is put on parade for her reaction. If she says, "Oh, it will do," the gag is thrown out. If she laughs, it stays in.

It's a job this Goodman Ace has cut out for himself, isn't it? Trying to sell Lavis, trying to entertain an audience that spreads from coast to coast . . . and trying to make his wife laugh.

What About the Kids?

(Continued from page 23)

only the first two are at all popular with the children.

So what?

OBVIOUSLY, it is the age old problem of conflict between mother and child. Kids inevitably want one thing and parents, with the best intentions in the world, attempt to steer them toward other things. Which is right and which is wrong? No national board of review can guide us, nor should it. We must depend upon our own good taste and good judgment.

Of all the women in the United States equipped by education and training to give an opinion upon this knotty question, none is perhaps more fitted than Sionie Matsner Gruenberg. Mrs. Gruenberg's life has been devoted to child study. She is director of the Child Study Association of America. As chairman of the Parent Education Committee of the National Advisory Council of Radio in Education, she has made special studies of children and parents in relation to radio. Probably, you have heard her talk on the air. Most important of all, she has children.

Mrs. Gruenberg believes that it is not safe for parents to censor what is offered to the public on the assumption that any of them already knows what is best for all of us and all of our children, especially as there are a great variety of views as to what actual effects are produced upon children by this or that type of picture, this or that broadcast feature.

Here is a significant statement she made recently. "It is true that some children are decidedly upset by a mystery thriller. Shall we then declare that such thrillers shall never be broadcast? Some children are decidedly upset or misled by nursery rhymes and fairy tales and by commonplace fiction. But we shall nevertheless continue to tell them tales and to teach them to read for themselves."

A STUDIED judgment, that. Based on years of experience. And one with which I must agree, though the mothers of Scarsdale may not. I know a two-year-old child who runs shrieking to his mother whenever he hears bass notes played on a piano. I know an

other child of the same age who always says, "Listen to the thunder," at the same piece of music. And he says it with real delight in his voice. So it's the old, old story, isn't it, of one man's meat being another man's poison?

Can it be that those mothers in Scarsdale are unduly alarmed? Might they not be frightened over the exceptional child's reaction rather than the average?

And isn't it logical to suppose that such a program which frightens its listeners into nervousness or hysterics serves its own purpose? No smart sponsor, it seem to me, would permit such a thing to happen after it had been called to his attention, because the prime purpose of his program is to build good-will. A hair-raising kid-scare does not do that.

Quite possibly, this conclusion is wrong. Perhaps broadcasters have discovered a dollar and cents value in nightmare broadcasts. If they have, and if they are exploiting them, then every mother should follow Scarsdale's lead and say seriously, "What of the kids? Should they hear such things?"

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