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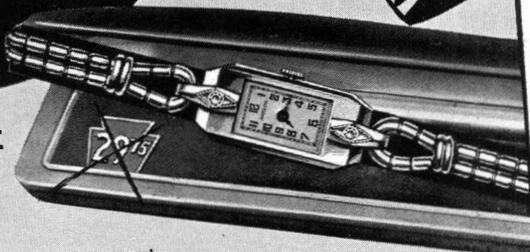
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of Musical Stars of the
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*Watch for the
September Issue*

of
**Popular
Songs**

POPULAR SONGS

George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher

RICHARD B. GILBERT
EDITOR

ABRIL LAMARQUE
ART EDITOR

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LOVE IS LIKE A CIGARETTE

(By Richard Jerome and Walter Kent)

What is love,
You called it Heaven above,
A star that shines in the night,
A bird that sings in its flight,
A flow'r that blooms in the Spring,
It's no such thing.

(Chorus)

Love is like a cigarette,
You know you held my heart a-glow
Between your finger tips;
And, just like a cigarette,
I never knew the thrill of life
Until I touched your lips.
Then, just like a cigarette,
Love seemed to fade away
And leave behind ashes of regret;
Then, with a flip of your fingertip
It was easy for you to forget;
Oh! Love is like a cigarette.

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THE GLORY OF LOVE

(By Billy Hill)

Storms were made to be weather'd
Clouds were made to roll by
Nests were made to be feather'd
True love can never die.

(Chorus)

You've got to give a little,
Take a little,
And let your poor heart break a
little;
That's the story of,
That's the glory of love.
You've got to laugh a little,
Cry a little,
Before the clouds roll by a little;
That's the story of,
That's the glory of love.
As long as there's the two of us,
We've got the world and all its
charms;
And when the world is through with
us,
We've got each other's arms.
You've got to win a little,
Lose a little
And always have the blues a little;
That's the story of,
That's the glory of love.

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TEXAS STAR

(By May Singhi Breen, Leonard R. Barrett and Peter De Rose)

The skies are clear,
The stars appear
Above the land and sea
From out the west,
I love the best
The star that shines for me.

(Chorus)

Texas star a-shinin',
Texas star, keep shinin',
Shine upon the great alone;
Down the road you are guidin'
The rangers ridin',
Over the trail back home.
Mission bells are tollin',
Texas hills are rollin'
Far through the pale moonlight
Where the long horns are lowin',
There's a "norther" blowin',
Callin' me home, tonight.
You are the light that never fails,
Guiding the stranger's hand;
Beckoning down through the wind-
ing trails,
Along the Rio Grande.
Texas star, a-shinin',
Texas star, keep shinin',
Shine upon the great alone.
Down the road you are guidin'
The rangers ridin',
Over the trail back home,
Back to my Texas home.

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LIGHTS OUT

(By Billy Hill)

Now that it's gone
This beautiful day
There's nothing to do
But say:

(Chorus)

Lights out, sweetheart,
One more perfect day is through
Lights out, sweetheart,
One more perfect dream come true.
We've reached the hour of parting
So kiss me tenderly,
Lights out, sweetheart,
Close your eyes and dream of me.

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The man who wrote the song about "pretty Linda Lee" must have been thinking about the radio oriole of the same name.

EVERY MINUTE OF THE HOUR

(By Nick Kenny and Charles F. Kenny)

I have tried to put you in a song,
That the world would sing and play,
But no matter how I end my song,
It always starts this way:

(Chorus)

If you ask how much I love you
This is all that I can say
Every minute of the hour,
Every hour of the day.
I am always dreaming of you,
Loving you the same old way
Every minute of the hour,
Every hour of the day.

(2nd Verse)

I can count the stars up in the blue,
Rhapsodize about the birds,
But I can't describe my love for you,
I'm at a loss for words.

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Keep a Song in Your Heart and You'll Never Go Wrong

GOING UP!

Some Reasons Why Frank Fay Is Radio's Newest Sensation

By Jane Rae

FRANK FAY was born practically backstage, in the old Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco. Theatre dressing rooms became his kindergarten. Hotels and railroad stations masqueraded for him as college. Along with the talents of his gifted parents, the child inherited the best traditions of the troubadours. Soon he was holding his own in the game of tossing smart quips and new gags. As a teddy bear, in Victor Herbert's "Babes In Toyland," little Frank made his first bow before the footlights. He was seven years old.

Imagine the youngster's indignation and surprise when after this taste of professional life, he was sent off to a regular school! It was not long, however, until the stage again claimed him for her own.

Frank became a featured comedian and a favorite singer in the Winter Garden shows. Meanwhile, he built up his reputation as a lyric writer.

Touring in vaudeville, he became the adored, matinee idol of the whole country. Finally, as the greatest of all Masters of Ceremonies he packed them in at the Palace Theatre, New York, week after week, breaking record after record! All records! Fourteen weeks!!!

At this time, the beautiful Barbara Stanwyck was playing the leading role in the Broadway success, "Burlesque." Frank Fay met the Irish lass. They loved each other desperately, and soon were married.

Then Hollywood called them. Barbara Stanwyck made one picture. It was considered so poor that for months she only waited—waited.

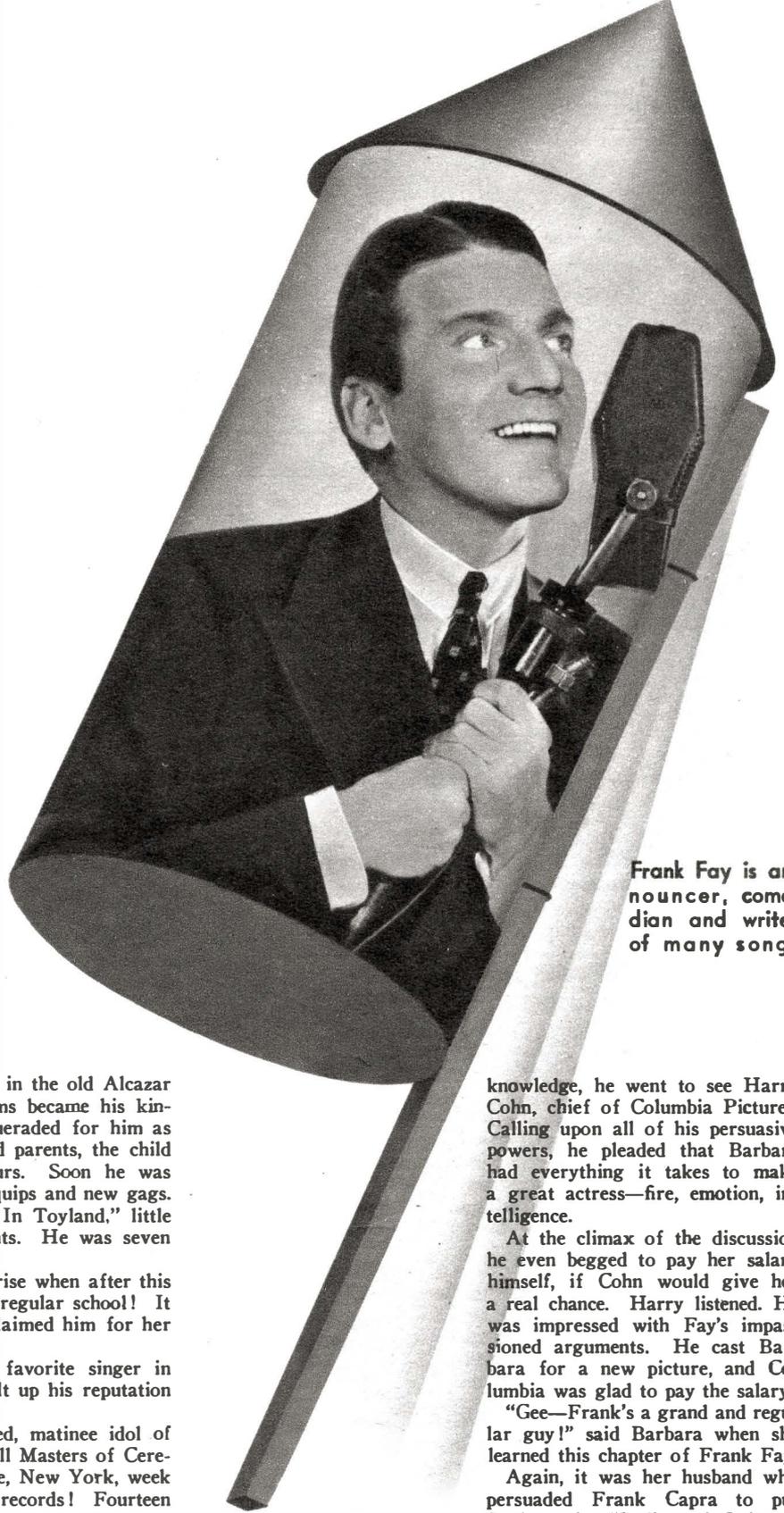
"You have no screen possibilities!" the movie people told her.

But now, you will see a high-light on the picture of Frank Fay. You will see how he forgot his own ambitions, and thought only of his wife, of her disappointment.

For later, the powers-that-be in Hollywood relented and offered Barbara a screen test.

"I'm through with your tests" answered the spirited red-head.

Frank knew that his wife was terribly hurt. Without Barbara's



Frank Fay is announcer, comedian and writer of many songs

knowledge, he went to see Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Pictures. Calling upon all of his persuasive powers, he pleaded that Barbara had everything it takes to make a great actress—fire, emotion, intelligence.

At the climax of the discussion he even begged to pay her salary himself, if Cohn would give her a real chance. Harry listened. He was impressed with Fay's impassioned arguments. He cast Barbara for a new picture, and Columbia was glad to pay the salary!

"Gee—Frank's a grand and regular guy!" said Barbara when she learned this chapter of Frank Fay.

Again, it was her husband who persuaded Frank Capra to put Barbara in "Ladies of Leisure" and, incidentally, her place in the firmament of stars.

Frank at this time appeared in the pictures "Bright Lights" and "Under A Texas Moon" in which he introduced the title song. He even tried his hand at producing.

Barbara, once on flight, soared higher and higher among the brightest constellations of Hollywood.

What serpent could have crawled into their paradise? What could have so cruelly hurt the great songman? Could it have been false pride?

It didn't matter—a flop or two—to a real trouper. And Frank Fay is certainly that. He has known the usual ups and downs. Could it have been the familiar, cruel stab of "He's the husband of the famous star?" That should not (Continued on page 33)



HERE'S

FIFI!

The Madcap of Music Arrives On the Air

By Harry Kane

Fifi Dorsay, the Parisienne who has never seen Paris, is capturing the airwaves as easily as she captivated movie fans

FIFI D'ORSAY, minx of the movies, has now captured the airwaves as the madcap of music. Featured with Willie and Eugene Howard, pert Fifi is captivating radio audiences with the same vivacity which made her such a definite personality on the screen.

First down and then up, next out and now in—the story of fiery Fifi, the Parisienne who has never seen Paris, is that of a vibrant, laughing, courageous girl

Marie Rose Angelina Yvonne Cecile Lussier de'Sablon, one of thirteen children of French parentage, was educated at the Sacred Heart Convent in Montreal, Canada. After graduation she secured a job as stenographer for an attorney. She was just 16 then, and seemed well-started along the road to a solid and sensible business career, when she announced that she wanted to go on the stage.

With a "Non! Non! Non!" her father locked her in her room, but Fifi escaped through a window and caught a bus for New York. She existed on her meagre savings in a small dark room, far from the bright lights of Broadway, but every morning she walked down to the enchanted theatrical district seeking work. For three months she relentlessly pursued a job she couldn't find. She wore out her shoes, her capital, her credit and the carpets on the floors of dozens of booking agents.

Just when it appeared she would have to give up the whole idea and go home to mama and papa, she found a place for herself modelling clothes. Three months later she was a chorus girl in "The Greenwich Village Follies of 1923". This was her start to international fame.

Fifi, like so many other top-notchers, owes her success to a song. Oh, the title doesn't matter, but it was by singing a cute little French song in the "Follies" that she took herself out of the "line" and into the spotlight.

Discovered by a movie scout for Fox Films, the chic and piquant Fifi was given a test which resulted in her first movie part, the role of a French charmer in "They Had To See Paris," starring Will Rogers. This was followed by "Hot For Paris" and "Women Everywhere." She made several other pictures with Will

Rogers and started several songs on their ways to becoming hits. One of these was "The Cute Little Things You Do," which she sang to Will in "Young As You Feel."

In 1931, after spending some six years in the movies, Fifi found herself without a contract. She had been typed as a French comedienne and there simply weren't any scripts calling for French comediennes at that time. So the poor little French girl went into vaudeville. Fifi earned \$3,000 a week on the stage.

The summer of 1931 was unusually hot and Fifi, seeking a place for a cool dip in the arid terrain of Indianapolis, spied the War Memorial fountain in the center of Indiana's capital. Forthwith, she donned a one-piece bathing suit (and a very small piece it was, too) and started splashing in the famous Circle pool.

She had a swell swim and the onlookers weren't kicking, either, when the gendarmes arrived and placed her under arrest and a heavy coat.

"Oo-la-la, I was really frightened, that time," she told me. "One man advised me not to try to vamp the judge because he wasn't feeling well, but the judge was very nice to me. He told me I shouldn't have been in the city's fountain because that was only for birds and ducks. Then he told me to go home and be good."

But with all her fame, fortune and cutting up, the real Fifi is just a big girl full of fun and as fine and democratic as they come. She never forgets a friend, and that includes nearly everybody.

She played the Palace theatre again and again in the twilight of its glory as the country's ace vaudeville emporium.

Several years ago, she bobbed up in the news again; dramatically, as might be expected. She and Maurice E. Hill, young Chicago doctor, were on a trial honeymoon.

"Oh, but we were very properly chaperoned," Fifi told this reporter. "You see, we simply had to find out if we could live together happily after we were married and we decided this was the best and quickest way to find out without taking a chance on wrecking our lives."

(Continued on page 33)

Sing Popular Songs and the World Sings With You

RIVER MAN

(By Jimmy Cavanaugh, Nat Simon and Sammy Mysels)

You're so easy satisfied,
River Man,
Always drifting with the tide,
River Man,
Got no daily work to do,
Got no reason to be blue,
I'm afraid I envy you
River Man.
You can fish the whole day long,
River Man,
You can sing yourself a song
River Man,
Tho your home is just a barge,
And your room ain't very large,
Still you're happy on that barge,
River Man.
Did you ever have a gal,
River Man?
And you tho't she was your pal,
River Man?
And you done her ev'ry favor,
But you knew you couldn't save her,
Because she broke the heart you
gave her,
I just look at you and sigh, River
Man,
I can see you're gettin' by
River Man,
But the trouble I've been thru,
Lawdy what I wouldn't do,
Just to change my place with you
River Man.

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WAKE UP AND SING

(By Cliff Friend, Carmen Lombardo and Charlie Tobias)

When you arise
You rub your eyes
And the day begins anew for you
When you arise
You'll be surprised
What a little song can do for you.

(Chorus)

Wake up and sing
La, la, la, la, la, start the day right,
Take a tip from the robin,
If you do some throbbin'
You'll be hummin' coming home at
night.
Wake up and sing
La, la, la, la, la, be a bob-white,
Pucker up and whistle
And you'll find that this'll



After ten years of married life, George Olsen still finds it a pleasure to shoulder the burden of Ethel Shutta

Make you whistle comin' home at
night.
While the coffee is perkin',
Keep the vocal chords workin'
Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Off key, on key, any old key.
Just wake up and sing
La, la, la, la, la, start the day right,
It's a great builder upper
And around about supper
You'll be hummin' comin' home at
night.

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BIG CHIEF DE SOTA

(By Andy Razaf and Fernando Arbelo)

Chief De Sota,
In Dakota,
North Dakota;
Don't misquota,
Didn't mention Minnesota,
But I plainly said Dakota;
Chief De Sota,
Bought a boata,
Tho' he had no
Place to floata,
Chief De Sota
Bought a boata.
Poor old Big Chief De Sota;

Couldn't float
And was his face red;
Big Chief De Sota,
Was so mad
He scalped his own head;
So Dakota,
Got the goata,
Of De Sota,
'Cause he went
And bought a boata,
But the people
Only motor
In Dakota,
Chief De Sota,
Didn't note-a,
That they motor
In Dakota,
That a boata
Cannot floata,
In Dakota.

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YOU'RE "TOOTS" TO ME

(By Jacques Krakeur 2nd)

One would think you owned a block
of stock
Of society's Plymouth Rock.
Why be so ultra ultra,
When romance has come our way?

(Chorus)

Now your father may be sweller
Than old John D. Rockefeller
But you're "Toots" to me.
You might own an ocean liner
And the rice that comes from China,
But you're "Toots" to me.
Because you've got two arms I sigh
for
A smile I'd die for,
'Cause you're grade "A"
I want to know if I should try for
A wedding day.
I'll admit your eyes are bluer
Than the waters of Kalua,
Or the Baltic sea.
You're the sun in California,
You're the thrill of Ocha Chornia's
melody.
Well I've admitted you're terrific
If you'd forget your fam'ly tree
Now you listen Cinderella,
If I'm gonna be your feller,
You're "Toots" to me.

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MEET JOHN BOLES

He Owes His Success to Perseverance and the World War

"If one learns the lesson of perseverance," declared handsome John Boles, "he has a liberal education.

"You don't need any teacher but yourself—and no school funds," he added.

To the popular singer, the idea of the good soldier never giving up the fight has brought success. It struck him forcibly in his youth. He determined to use it in forging his own career.

When one October 27th, John M. Boles and his wife, Mary Jane, down in Greenville, Texas, welcomed their new-born son, they named him John Love Boles.

The gallant southerner is six feet and one inch tall and weighs 198 pounds. His eyes are blue-grey. His hair is dark brown.

Maybe there is something in names, after all. For, their son has always inspired love. His family adores him. His fans declared they loved him, after they heard him singing the title song in "Curly Top" and, in "Rose of the Rancho", "If I Should Lose You." Boles in turn is generous in his affections; and in his praise of fellow artists.

John attended the Greenville elementary school. At seven, he began the study of French.

Of his early years, he said: "I learned to sing the Negro spirituals as a youngster on my grandfather's plantation. The negroes taught me. They taught me, also, along with the pickaninnies, to do soft shoe dancing."

When he entered high school, he joined the Glee Club. He was pitcher on the baseball team.

It was from a schoolteacher that John says he learned: "No individual is a success who has no goals beyond those he has already reached; no organization, which does not aim at greater progress."

After graduating, he entered the University of Texas, where he majored in science. Life was flowing along smoothly. The tall boy found it gay, and good. He would become a physician, a surgeon, he thought.

He sang in the college Glee Club. On the baseball team, so excellent a pitcher did he become that he was asked to join three of the big leagues.

In June, 1917, he received his Bachelor of Arts degree. But, he did not have a chance to complete his medical training.

Bugles were calling. The song of the hour was "Over There." John went to San Antonio, Texas. He passed first in his class when he took the examination in French for overseas duty.

For 22 months he served with the American Expeditionary Forces, in France, as a spy. He spoke not only French, but also German, Italian, and Spanish.

"Destiny was marching beside me," said John. "I learned the value of patience. A moment's quiet reflection to steady your nerves is worth more than an hour's rampage."

It was one night in Havre that he definitely decided upon a stage career. It was in a YMCA hut. An orchestra was playing. The director asked for a volunteer soloist. The doughboy who stood up and sang was John Boles.

When he sat down, an Englishman praised him. This man, whose encouragement stirred Boles to a determination through which he now earns an enormous income, never crossed his path again.

Even his name is lost, but his constructive advice was gratefully

acted upon. It is a conspicuous trait in John Boles, his respect for wise counsel.

After the Armistice, he returned to his home in Texas. He surprised his family by telling them that he was going to New York to study voice.

First, though, he had to work as a cotton broker in Dallas. It was not long until the famous vocalist, Oscar Seagle, came there on a concert tour. Through the offices of his proud friends, Boles was promised an audition. The day arrived, and with it John Boles' first and last sick-a-bed tonsillitis. He had a high fever.

Regardless, he forced himself to sing for Seagle. After listening to the young man's rich voice, Seagle earnestly advised him to study in New York.

John borrowed \$1,000 from his father and started north. He taught French in the Glen Falls High School, New York, to help make out a living. For a year he studied under Seagle.

After that time, with his teacher's assistance, he gathered up a group of students and, acting as their business manager, took them abroad for a year's study.

"During my student days in France," John said, "my great and beloved teacher, Jean de Reszke, talked to me of Tomorrow.

"Whatever you do," he cautioned, "when you return to America do not get into a rut! Vary the formula of your work. Strike out upon new paths once in a while."

That's what John does. He keeps changing with the times. As he puts it, "Like life, as we have gone from candlelight to electricity."

Every day he takes a voice lesson. Every day he practices for hours. His name is in lights over thousands of theatres singing new songs to popularity. John much prefers singing to acting, but he keeps all of his talents polished up to perfection.

He is a genuine Southern type. He is exclusive, but democratic. He is married to Marcelite Dobbs, a non-professional, Texas girl. They have two daughters, Marcelite, Jr., and Janet.



By Martie MacKenzie

John Boles was a war-time spy.

STRANGE INTERLUDE

con moto e semplice

The world is such a si-lent place since you've gone, — No con-so-

legato e poco rubato

la-tion; I reach out in-to emp-ty space, But no

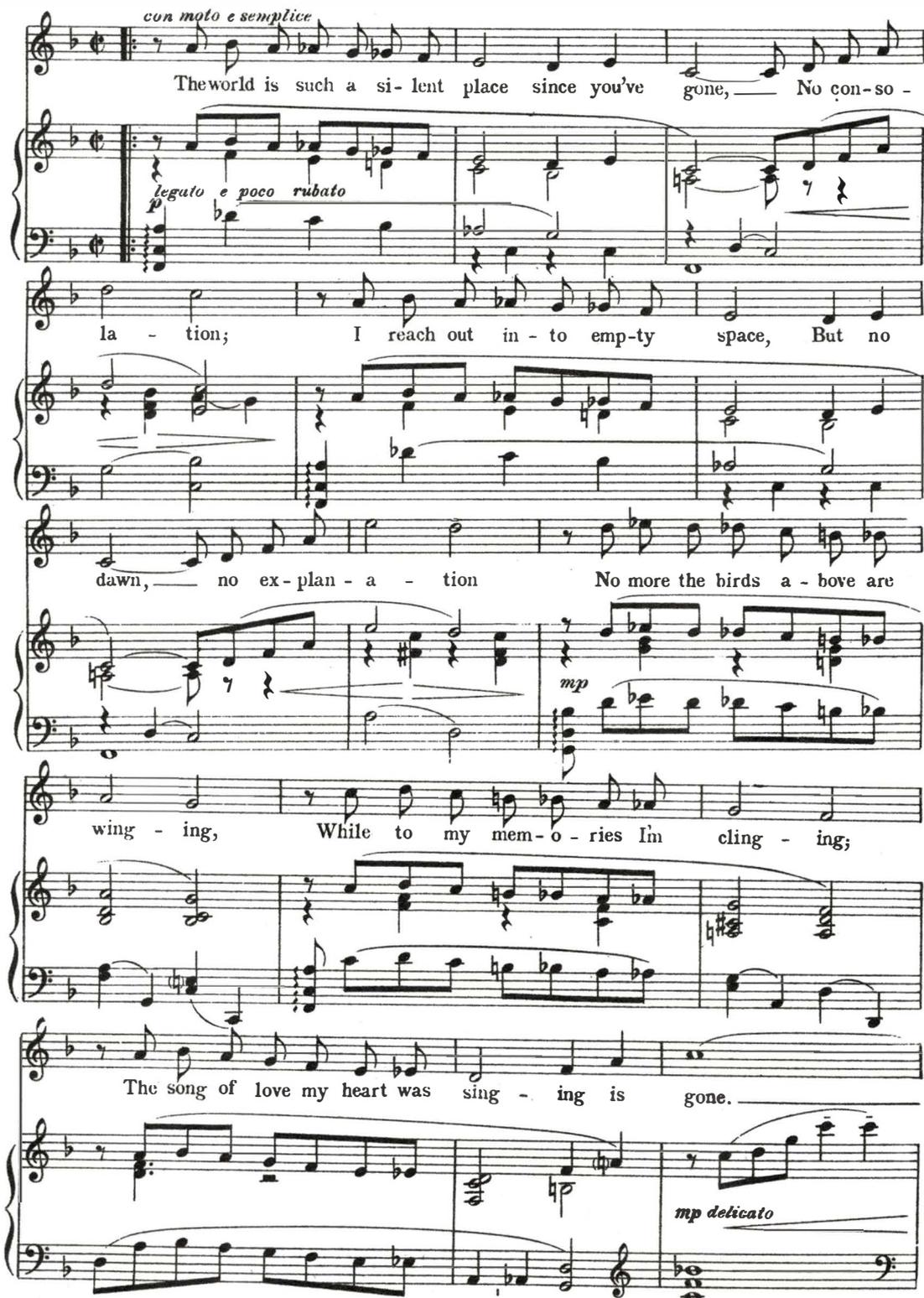
dawn, — no ex-plan-a-tion No more the birds a-bove are

mp

wing-ing, While to my mem-o-ries I'm cling-ing;

The song of love my heart was sing-ing is gone.

mp delicato



Words and Music
by Ben Bernie,
Walter Hirsch and
Phil Baker

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a tempo
The mel - low moon up in the sky dis - ap -

poco rit. *p* *a tempo*
pears — Where is it go - ing? The bab - bling brook that mur - mured

più espr.
by, Filled with tears, — no more is flow - ing.

allargando
I'm in a dream don't let me wa - ken, My ver - y soul from me you've

mf espr. ed allarg *mp*
ta - ken. How can I live through this for - sa - ken Strange in - ter -

rall. *p* *rall.*
lude? — lude?

a tempo *rit.* *mf*
Red * Red *pp* *

LIFE IS A SONG

By Sally Sutton

LOVE found the way for handsome Kenny Baker. How much of romance and courage is held in those words! Today, Baker is in the topmost branches of the Tree of Song; but, on his upward flight the tall young singer, with curly-reddish brown hair, often ran into stormy weather through his adventurous individualism.

He knew the bitterness of meeting a disappointed landlord; and for days on end he suffered a healthy appetite with little to eat.

Baker is only 23 years old, yet Montevia, a pretty California town, set in a grove of orange trees is known chiefly through being his birthplace.

Through his present infectious happiness, Baker was looking backward, showing us the road he had travelled.

"My Dad was first a carpenter. Then, he became a builder. Soon afterwards he had an accident, and was ill for three or four years. When Mother went into the real estate business, it was up to me to run the house, mow the lawns and everything.

"Finally, Dad got well. We moved to Los Angeles. It was then that I first became interested in music, in playing the fiddle; and because I couldn't help singing—the boys nicknamed me 'Canary.' That used to make me fighting mad!"

When Kenny was 13 the family moved to Long Beach, where his father entered the furniture business. The boy, an only child, attended day school and helped in the store at night. It was his ambition to become a member of the firm. But just before he graduated, in 1930, the depression came and blew the business out the window.

"On every possible occasion I had to sing for company!" The smile of the popular, lyric tenor you hear on Jack Benny's program was now irresistible. "I only knew one song, 'Wonderful Mother of Mine,' and I only had about six notes! My voice jumped wildly! But Mother bragged about me! I guess that's why the lady who had been a concert singer said there was a seed of a voice there and that it should be cultivated."

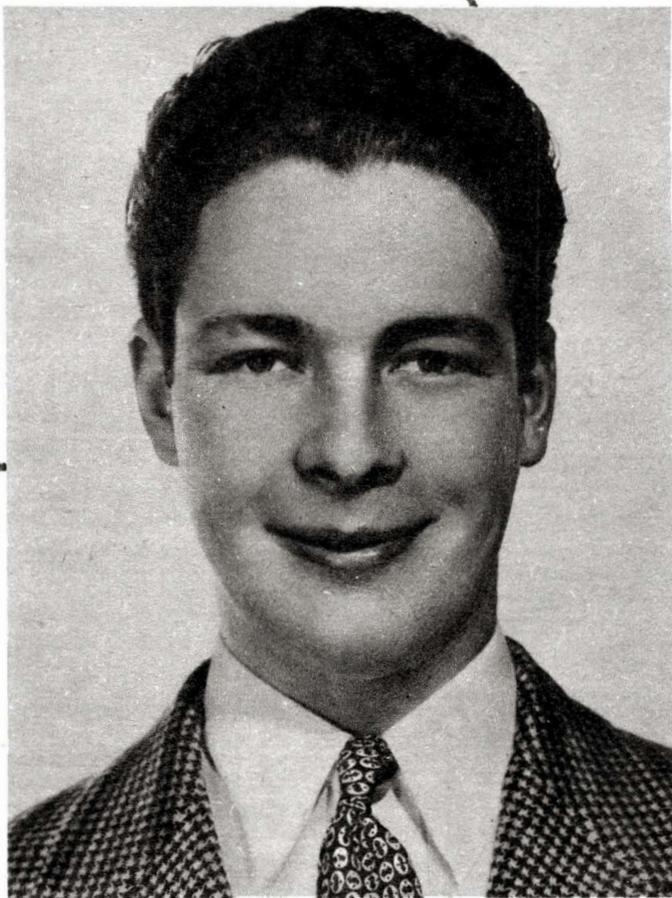
Twenty-five dollars worth of singing lessons were managed. But, no vocal miracles followed.

Young Baker happened, though, to meet a man who was going to Boulder Dam to run a fleet of trucks. He went with him. At Boulder Dam, the youngster worked 18 and 20 hours a day at hard labor. Regardless, the employer went broke, and Kenny did not receive his salary.

Somehow, he bravely made his way back to California. Soon, however, he was off on another adventure. This time it was driving a woman to New Mexico.

"Once there, I got work on her husband's ranch, not very far from Santa Fe," Kenny told us. "I plowed, piled beans, took care of the stock, and ground corn. We began at four-thirty A. M., came in to dinner at five-thirty; and then went back to work. By the time we got the cream separated, and the separators washed out, it was nine, and time to go to bed. My room was in the attic.

Finally, he trekked home and entered Junior College. To gain a musical background he studied harmony, dramatics, musical history and singing. In the summers he worked and saved for the winters.



Kenny Baker had some tough times.

"It was there—at college," Baker's voice was tender, triumphant, "that I met Gerry! For ten months I thought she was just a bold young thing!" laughed the naturally timid Kenny Baker.

Gerry Churchill is petite, lovely, and has the grandest big eyes. It was a beautiful dream of young love come true for them both. For two years Kenny trudged to college, and in the classroom endeavored to see the printed notes before his eyes, rather than Gerry's face smiling at him through all music.

Baker found singing necessary to his very existence. He sang wherever he could reach an audience—from one to one hundred—and whether or not he was paid.

He had only to think of Gerry to get his courage up to the point of asking for 15 minutes time, twice a week, on a radio station at Long Beach. He got the job; and during the six months that it lasted, he and Gerry ran away and married.

"When I had bought the license and paid the preacher, I had \$10 left! From then on I really started to work," Baker told us enthusiastically. "In Los Angeles, with the Cardinal Quartette, I sang at seven o'clock every morning, and earned \$19 a week. I had a church position, 100.

"We had paid off our debts and were getting along fine, when I became terribly dissatisfied. Not with the quartette, not over money, but because I didn't think I was doing the best that I could do.

"I left the quartette. For a whole month we lived on about \$10. It was a diet of bean soup for us! But, Gerry has always been a wonderful help to me. She has great judgment in regard to what is right and wrong for me vocally."

At last Baker found work in a night club. He rehearsed for a month and a half. On opening day he got his notice! Imagine his relief when he discovered that it was simply one of the club's cute little customs. A clause in the contract guaranteed him one week's work and one week's notice. Hence, he was hired each Saturday, and fired each Monday. They took no chances there!

Baker held this position for nine weeks, (Continued on page 32)

Kenny Baker Had to Make Good—He Married on \$10

Whenever Those Ol' Blues Assail You Just Let Popular Songs Regale You!

GLOOMY SUNDAY

(The famous Hungarian suicide song. Read its story on page 21 of this issue.—EDITOR.)

(By Laszlo Javor, Sam M. Lewis and Rezzo Seress)

Sunday is gloomy,
My hours are slumberless,
Dearest,
The shadows I live with are numberless;
Little white flowers
Will never awaken you,
Not where the black coach
Of sorrow has taken you,
Angels have no thought
Of ever returning you.
Would they be angry
If I thought of joining you,
Gloomy Sunday!

Gloomy is Sunday,
With shadows I spend it all,
My heart and I
Have decided to end it all,
Soon there'll be candles
And pray'rs that are sad, I know,
Let them not weep,
Let them know that I'm glad to go.
Death is no dream,
For in death I'm caressing you
With the last breath of my soul
I'll be blessing you.
Gloomy Sunday!

Dreaming, I was only dreaming,
I wake and I find you
Asleep in the deep of my heart, dear,
Dreaming, it was lonely dreaming;
I felt my heart melt
When I dreamt that we two were
apart,
Far apart, far apart, far apart.
Darling, I hope that my dream
never haunted you;
My heart is telling you
How much I wanted you,
Gloomy Sunday.

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CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

(By Andy Razaf and Leon Berry)

Mister Christopher Columbus,
Sailed the sea without a compass;
When his men began a rumpus,
Up spoke Christopher Columbus:
There is land somewhere,
Until we get there,
We will not go wrong,
If we sing, "Swing a song:"
Since the world is round,
We'll be safe and sound
'Til our goal is found
We'll just keep, rhythm bound:
Since the crew was makin' merry,
Then came a yell,
"Let's drink to Isabelle,"
Hum, bring the rum, Ho Hum!
No more mutiny,
What a time at sea,
With diplomacy,
Christy made history:
Mister Christopher Columbus,
He used rhythm as a compass,
Music ended all the rumpus,
Wise old Christopher Columbus.

(COPYRIGHT BY JOE DAVIS, INC.)

EVERYBODY KISS YOUR PARTNER

(By Dick Sanford, John Redmond and Frank Weldon)

I'm just wild about dancing,
So I've invented a game
To play while we are dancing:
Listen and I'll explain:

(Chorus)

Dance around the floor,
With someone you adore;
And when the whistle blows,
Ev'rybody kiss your partner!
Hold her tight and sway,
Don't let her get away!
And when the whistle goes,
Ev'rybody kiss your partner!
Hug her, squeeze her.
If you want to please her:
Kiss her, mister,
Oh! take a step and swing,
You'll hear the angels sing;
And when the whistle blows;
Everybody kiss your partner!

(COPYRIGHT BY MILLER MUSIC, INC.)



A new portrait of Dorothy Page, the lovely singer who combines her radio career with stardom in pictures

OH, MY DARLING CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, Forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.
Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Drefffal sorry, Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.
Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
You are lost and gone forever,
Drefffal sorry, Clementine.

JUST LIKE A

When night is fall-ing, and love is call-ing, the ev-'ning breez-es

p-f

This system contains the first line of the song. It features a vocal line in G major with a treble clef and a piano accompaniment in G major with a bass clef. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p-f* (piano-forte) and a key signature change to one flat (F major) at the end of the system.

sigh, Just like a mel-o-dy, from out of the sky.

This system contains the second line of the song. The vocal line continues with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with a bass clef, maintaining the key signature of one flat.

My lit-tle love nest, Is just a dream nest, A bab-bling brook rolls

This system contains the third line of the song. The vocal line continues with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with a bass clef.

by, Just like a mel-o-dy, 'from out of the sky. It's just like

This system contains the fourth line of the song. The vocal line continues with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues with a bass clef.

MELODY

Words and Music by Walter Donaldson

Copyright by Donaldson, Douglas and Gumble, Inc.

Par - a - dise _____ To somebod - y and me, _____ If it were half as nice _____

_____ How hap - py we'd be, _____ Gee! _____ It's just like Hea - ven,

it sounds like Heaven, To hear a ba - by cry, _____ Just like a mel - o - dy

from out of the sky! _____ sky! _____

MODERN MUSIC

By Maurine Walker

FROM hunger and cold in revolutionary Russia came the young genius Andre Kostelanetz to America. He was only in his twenties. Yet, the experiences which he had already suffered seemed unforgettable.

That was not very many years ago. Today, his place among our great conductors is at the top and he is already known as a master arranger of every variety of melody.

For three years the studious maestro has conducted the Chesterfield series, besides making movie shorts and many Victor records. In Hollywood, he has done distinguished work, among other things the orchestral direction of Lily Pons' feature film, "Love Song."

No man can raise his baton with more assurance and grace than Andre Kostelanetz. For, in the music before him is frequently a breathing part of his very self. It is his harmony, his selection of the part each instrument shall play and how, his expressed musical knowledge and taste.

From the single, silver thread of a melody, he has woven a gorgeous, multi-colored musical tapestry. What his palette is to the painter, a melodious succession of tones is to him.

Kostelanetz' superb 45-piece orchestra is made up of virtuosi drawn from the finest symphony orchestras and dance bands in the country.

Born in St. Petersburg, (now known as Leningrad, it is still St. Petersburg to Kostelanetz) during the time of royal pomp and glamour, the brown-haired, blue-eyed child faced a life worthy of a Gypsy fortune teller's romancing.

At five, he played the piano. Three years later he bowed before a fashionable audience as a professional pianist. Being of a cultured family, along with his brothers and sisters the boy not only attended private school, but studied under tutors. He learned to speak German, French, Italian, Finnish, Spanish and English.

"It was endless study for us children. We only really got to play on our birthdays!" The handsome bachelor was telling me of his life, music, and interesting things in general.

"Our home had a definite musical atmosphere. Everybody played piano. None of the family were professional. Only one aunt played extremely well. She could have been a concert pianist, but she married. My best musical education was playing duets with my mother.

The boy, Andre, diligently studied chemistry. (He could today make a living in that direction). But, each year his amazing musical talent became more apparent, and his devotion to the beloved art more absorbing.

By the time he was 20, Andre had risen to the position of assistant conductor of the Imperial Grand Opera House in St. Petersburg. Then came the wild, terrible days of the Revolution!

"Nineteen hundred and twenty saw the height of Communistic Government," Kostelanetz' blue eyes were shining aquamarines. "No financial exchange was going on. We were only paid by the card system. We would get about 1,000 rubles, possibly equivalent to ten cents. At the Communist's store it would procure nothing.

"At the Opera House we struggled to pay for fuel. In the winter, the singers and orchestras rehearsed in fur coats. After half an hour playing piano, one would have to put on mittens. The hunger was as bitter as the cold. We would drink a lot of tea, or some indescribable soup to fill us up, and soon be as hungry as before.

"There was ever the danger to life. It was nothing at all to come upon a shooting. This was so through 1920 to 1922. One night, I was returning to the home of my uncle and aunt, where



Andre Kostelanetz confesses that he never played fiddle for the Czar, but his life has had its thrills

I was living with them and their son, when I saw the whole house in flames. Everything was lost! But there was no such thing as insurance.

"So, I went to the Government to get some sort of social insurance, and I got exactly one shirt! No money! No overcoat—with winter coming on!

"Then arrived the American relief! Russia was delivered a large amount of food. At first when we got it—we simply couldn't believe it!

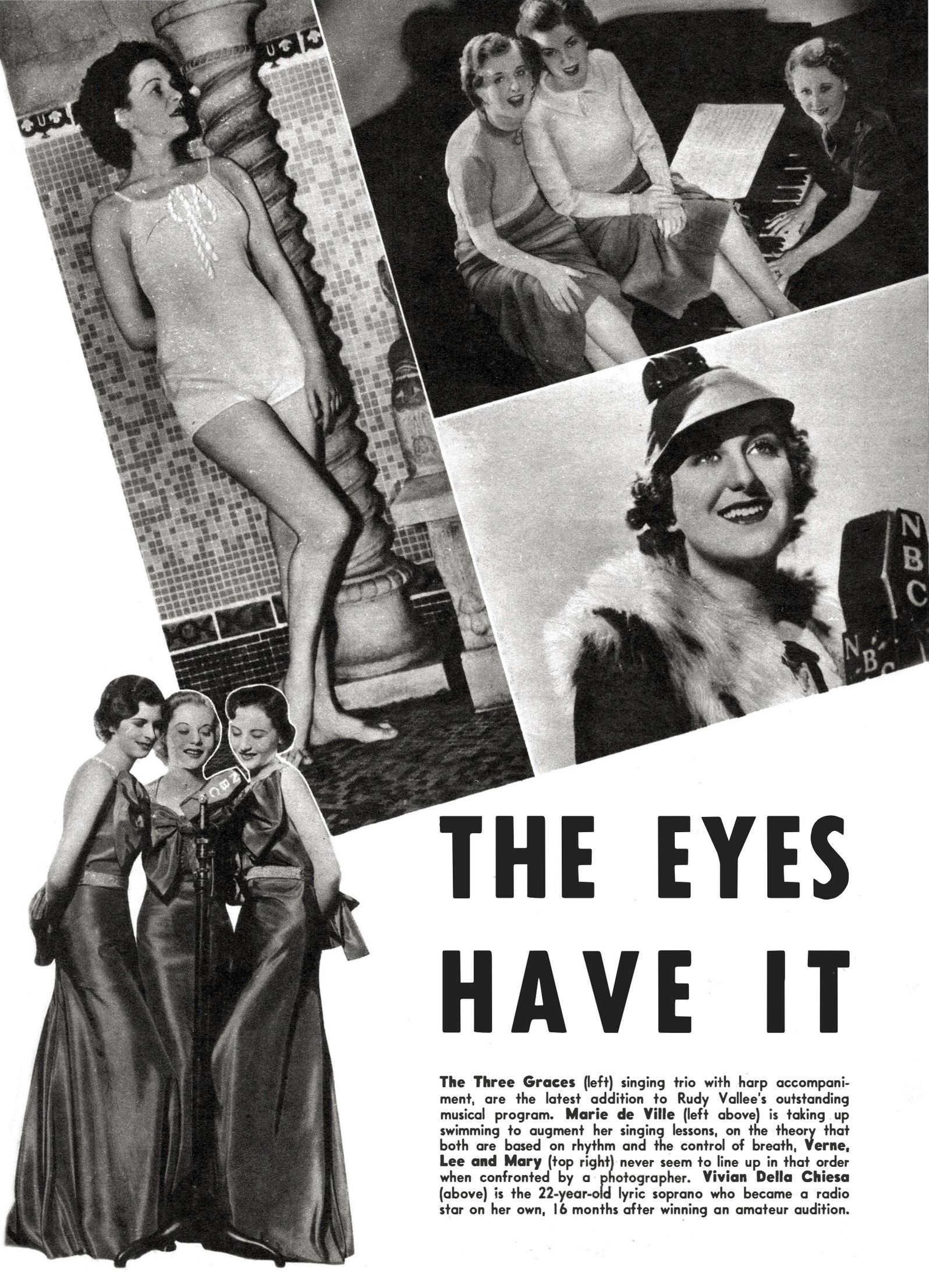
"No, I would not say that my people were of the aristocracy. They were business people—and" he smiled, "I never played for the Czar! My relatives were wealthy people, and the more you had the worse you were off.

"When conditions became impossible, I came to New York. Naturally, any one who comes to the United States faces a huge country. And sometimes with different values than are found in the old countries.

"But, I had always been interested in your popular music. It didn't impress me as at all strange. I did not feel that I had to assimilate it. I felt all along that it was the folk lore of America. And for a very rational reason. Because, after all, it sets forth the history of this country.

"America's great, original art is its popular music. It's folk-lore music. The proof of this is that nobody can imitate it."

Andre Kostelanetz Sets the Pace with His Arrangements



THE EYES HAVE IT

The Three Graces (left) singing trio with harp accompaniment, are the latest addition to Rudy Vallee's outstanding musical program. **Marie de Ville** (left above) is taking up swimming to augment her singing lessons, on the theory that both are based on rhythm and the control of breath, **Verne, Lee and Mary** (top right) never seem to line up in that order when confronted by a photographer. **Vivian Della Chiesa** (above) is the 22-year-old lyric soprano who became a radio star on her own, 16 months after winning an amateur audition.

SING ME A SWING SONG

(By Hoagy Carmichael and Stanley Adams)

Give me a song that's robust,
 Feeling the way I am
 Any old band'll go bust
 If it ain't got that jam
 When a body meets a body
 On a ball-room floor,
 Then a body asks a body
 What's a swing band for?

(Chorus)

Oh! baby! I don't want you
 To croon soft and mellow,
 Let me warn you in advance;
 Sing me a swing song
 And let me dance.
 Oh! baby! I don't want any moon,
 Bright and yellow,
 You can have your sweet romance;
 Sing me a swing song
 And let me dance.
 Mister trombone play some corn,
 I ain't carin' what notes;
 Mister trumpet grab a horn,
 Brother give me hot notes!
 Oh! baby! I don't want
 Any tune on a cello;
 Give the rhythm men a chance,
 Sing me a swing song
 And let me dance.

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BLAZIN' THE TRAIL

(By Walter G. Samuels, Leonard Whitcup and Teddy Powell)

I'm blazin' the trail to my home.
 O-lee-ay, O-lee-o,
 Never no more will I roam.
 O-lee-ay, O-lee-o,
 I'll never rest
 'Til I reach the golden west,
 I'm blazin' the trail to my home.
 My bronc' knows where I'm headin'
 for.
 O-lee-ay, O-lee-o,
 To meet up with my gal once more.
 O-lee-ay, O-lee-o.
 Can't wait 'til I see
 The thund'ring herd go by.
 I'm blazin' the trail to my home.
 Giddy-ap, Giddy-ap,
 Ride 'em cowboy, ride.
 Yip-I-yee, Yip-I-yay,
 On to the Great Divide,
 I'm blazin' the trail to my home.



Aside from her singing as a member of the famous Pickens Sisters trio, Jane Pickens is featured each week as soloist of the Fire Chief program.

O-lee-ay, O-lee-o.
 Never no more will I roam.
 O-lee-ay, O-lee-o,
 Give me that range,
 Where a friend will never change,
 Oh, I'm blazin' the trail to my home.
 O-lee-ay, O-lee-o, O-lee-o.
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A LITTLE ROBIN TOLD ME SO

(By Benny Davis, J. Fred Coots and Bob Rothberg)

Have you heard the latest romance news,
 About my sweetie and me?
 Well, here's the latest advance news.
 But treat it confidentially.

(Chorus)

How do I know there's a field of clover
 Where the sweet magnolias grow?
 How do I know that my cares are over?
 A little robin told me so.
 Down in the lane daffodils are dressin'
 To come out and start the show.

How do I know? Well, then I'm confessin'
 A little robin told me so.
 On my window sill he sat.
 And we had a friendly chat.
 I discovered this and that
 While hob-nob-bin'
 With the red red robin.
 How do I know things will soon be hummin'
 Down on honeymooners' row?
 How do I know there's a great day comin'?'
 A little robin told me so.

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AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to mind?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And days of auld lang syne?
 For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

ON THE BEACH WITH YOU

Words and Music by Tot Seymour and Jesse Greer

Copyright by Harry Engel, Inc.

Tune Ukulele

G C E A

The musical score is presented in a grand staff format, with a treble clef on the upper staff and a bass clef on the lower staff. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as *mp-mf* and *sfz*. The lyrics are written below the piano part. Above the piano part, ukulele chord diagrams are provided for each measure, with chord names like C, dim, G7, C7, F, D7, G7, aug, Emi, B7, A9th, and A2. The score is divided into two systems, with the first system ending with a first ending (1.) and a second ending (2.).

On the beach with you, — I'll loaf the whole day through, And cuddle close be-neath a big red um-brel-la, On the beach with you. — That's where I'll un-do — a bas-ket lunch for two, — And thru a straw, Im 'gon - na' drink sas-pa-ril-la, On the beach with you. We'll sit on the sands, start hold-ing hands, far from the crowd. 'Neath bright skies a-bove, I'll say, "I love you," right out loud. We can dream and plan, and get a sun-kissed tan, — Beside the o-cean blue, I'll be right in heav-en, On the beach with you. On the you. —

FIVE YEAR PLAN

Beautiful Bernice Claire
planned her life to reach
the top in five years—and
she did

By Tommy Walsh



BERNICE CLAIRE is five foot, three and a half inches, tall in heels, has golden-blonde hair and her vamping eyes are gray, brown or greenish, according to no known reason. A girl of strong determination, her eyes hold only the vision of success. But, in her heart burns a love for her "ideal" husband and an adoration of babies.

High above the roar of New York, her apartment might be a typical, suburban home. The large living room is friendly with Chinese rugs, comfortable chairs, soft lights, and a practical student lamp.

An old paisley shawl is thrown across the grand piano. Here, Bernice reads, studies and does her practicing. She must be absolutely alone, she says, when she learns her songs.

A stairway leads upstairs to the bedroom quarters of the star. It is a quiet, appropriate setting for this normal, wholesome American girl.

"I was born in Oakland, California," Bernice said, "and I was raised there, too. My grandfather came from Germany. Jahnigen is my real name. It probably comes through Norwegian ancestry.

"Grandfather didn't believe in compulsory education, so he ran away. He joined the United States Navy, and became an officer. He was very proud of being an American. "Mother was of German and Polish ancestry. Both of my parents were born in California. I think it rather fun to go into a crowd and say: 'No, my family didn't come over on the Mayflower'."

In 1929, a luscious blonde youngster, she left home determined to become "a big light" in the world of entertainment. And she gave herself only five years in which to do it! Then, she actually accomplished that extraordinary feat!

Strangest part of it all, Bernice doesn't seem to realize that she has done anything out of the usual!

But, look at the record! She starred for a year in a mid-west company of "Desert Song"; played star roles in the pictures, "No, No Nanette"; "Song of the Flame"; "Top Speed", and "Kiss Me Again"; made a concert tour of Canada; and won big radio contracts in New York, in

"Lavender and Old Lace"; and now she is featured with Abe Lyman and his famous band. Thus, the end of the five years finds Bernice Claire arrived!

As a child, she first studied dancing, but, it wasn't long until someone discovered that she was blessed with a rare singing voice.

"I decided it was easier to sing than to dance. I gave up the dancing. My first public appearance was in the Oakland Tribune Auditorium. It was one of the Aunt Elsie colossal Christmas and Spring parties."

Thus, she met Miss Alice Eggers, her Oakland vocal teacher. To her, Bernice attributes much of her good fortune. When Emil Pollak, noted impresario, visited San Francisco Miss Eggers arranged for her remarkable pupil to have an audition.

"I'm confident you would succeed on Broadway, or in radio," he told the ambitious girl.

Bernice took him at his word. She made her big decision. She mapped out her five-year plan! Some months later she phoned Pollak. She was in New York! Pollak remembered. He introduced the dazzling Bernice to the producers.

Singing is the greatest joy to Bernice. She has no favorite songs—she loves them all. Among her pets though are, "You Started Me Dreaming", "Desire", "Green Fields and Blue Birds" and "Love Is Like A Cigarette".

Bernice thoughtfully gave me her ideas on matrimony. They are as simple and final with her as was her plan for a career.

"Love! I don't think girls marry any more as they used to, saying 'Oh, isn't he gorgeous! He has such grand, broad shoulders! And, not thinking beyond a flashing, fiery attraction. No, not outside of the sixteen-year-olds, that group.

"I think that a girl who has been out on her own is wiser. She looks for companionship."

Blondely alluring, Bernice's simplicity only adds fire to the fuel of her sex appeal. That's why she may be the girl to start a new "it" vogue on the air.

Bernice Claire Is a Hit as the "It" Girl of the Air

SUICIDE SONG

Congress May Be Asked to Ban "Gloomy Sunday," the Hungarian Death Song

By Robert J. Williams

**"Sunday is gloomy,
I'm weary of spending it;
This is the last one—and then
I am ending it."**

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The complete lyrics of "Gloomy Sunday" are reproduced on page 13 of this issue.)

HOW would you feel if you were the composer of a song that was banned in the capital of your native land, barred by the great broadcasting systems of England and America, shunned by nearly all singers and orchestra leaders and may soon be declared taboo in the United States—all because two dozen unhappy persons have chosen it as their theme song of death?

Reszo Seress, most popular composer in Hungary today, could tell you, for he is the writer of "Gloomy Sunday," better known throughout the world as "the famous Hungarian suicide song," or "the song of death."

No song of modern times has caused such controversy and none, fortunately, has such an unhappy association with the idea of self-destruction.

In spite of its fatal depressiveness, there is a weird fascination in the words and music of this composition, now on the best-seller lists of the various phonograph record companies which recorded it. The sheet music sale is also impressive.

Paul Whiteman has recorded "Gloomy Sunday" for Victor records; Henry King for Decca. Vincent Lopez turned out a jazz version for Brunswick that is startling and a friend of the composer, Karoly Nyaray, sings it in Hungarian on Columbia's platter No. 1027-F.

Hal Kemp's version for Brunswick (No. 7630) is the most dirge-like disc in the history of American recording. Twenty-two master waxes were ruined before his orchestra could put itself into a sufficiently funereal mood. Bob Allen, Kemp's vocalist, claims to have

lost a week's sleep after making the record.

John Granville Williams, 24, a graduate student in chemistry at the University of Michigan, hanged himself after listening to Hal Kemp's band play "Gloomy Sunday."

Another American victim, apparently, was 13-year-old Floyd Hamilton, Jr., who hanged himself with a clothesline in the living room of his home at Sturgis, Michigan. The coroner, Willard T. Balch of Three Rivers, pronounced the death a suicide and said that the young lad had a newspaper clipping with the words of the song "Gloomy Sunday" in his shirt pocket.

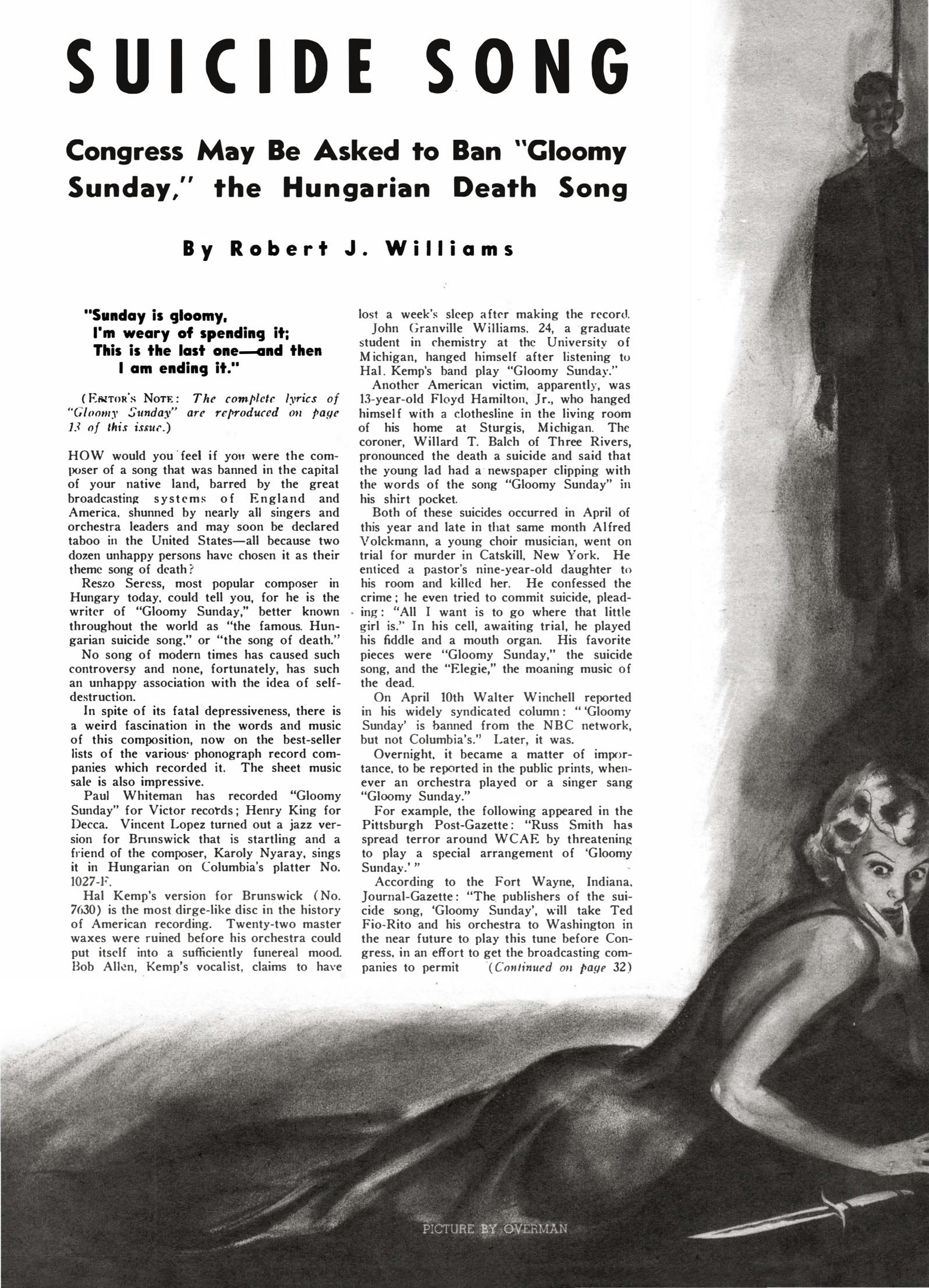
Both of these suicides occurred in April of this year and late in that same month Alfred Volckmann, a young choir musician, went on trial for murder in Catskill, New York. He enticed a pastor's nine-year-old daughter to his room and killed her. He confessed the crime; he even tried to commit suicide, pleading: "All I want is to go where that little girl is." In his cell, awaiting trial, he played his fiddle and a mouth organ. His favorite pieces were "Gloomy Sunday," the suicide song, and the "Elegie," the moaning music of the dead.

On April 10th Walter Winchell reported in his widely syndicated column: "'Gloomy Sunday' is banned from the NBC network, but not Columbia's." Later, it was.

Overnight, it became a matter of importance, to be reported in the public prints, whenever an orchestra played or a singer sang "Gloomy Sunday."

For example, the following appeared in the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette: "Russ Smith has spread terror around WCAE by threatening to play a special arrangement of 'Gloomy Sunday.'"

According to the Fort Wayne, Indiana, Journal-Gazette: "The publishers of the suicide song, 'Gloomy Sunday', will take Ted Fio-Rito and his orchestra to Washington in the near future to play this tune before Congress, in an effort to get the broadcasting companies to permit (Continued on page 32)



YOU'VE GOT ME IN THE

Words and Music by Cliff Friend, Edgar Leslie and James V. Monaco

There's some-thing in your eyes,— that makes me re - a - lize,— You've

p-f

C

got me in the palm of your hand! — The thrill of your ca-ress,— Is

G dim **G7**

mak - ing me con - fess,— You've got me in the palm of your

G aug

hand! — I'm just a sub - ject un - der

C **C7**

PALM OF YOUR HAND

Copyright by Donaldson, Douglas and Gumble, Inc.

your con - trol, — You're do - ing some-thing to my heart and soul, — What

I po - sess is yours, I cant re - sist be - cause, — You've

got me in the palm of your hand, and I love it, You've

got me in the palm of your hand! — There's hand! —

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. Chord diagrams for guitar are provided above the vocal line. The lyrics are: "your con - trol, — You're do - ing some-thing to my heart and soul, — What I po - sess is yours, I cant re - sist be - cause, — You've got me in the palm of your hand, and I love it, You've got me in the palm of your hand! — There's hand! —".

A MAN NAMED SMITH

By Janet Culbertson



Oliver Smith likes to putter around the house with his cockerel spaniels at his heels.

Oliver Smith Found Himself When He Found a Song

BORN on a farm at Flucom, Missouri, about 35 miles south of St. Louis, friendly Oliver Smith comes of old American stock on both sides. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers in that section. They migrated to the United States long before the Civil War.

"My earliest memory of ever having sung was when I was three years old. An uncle of mine came to see us. My mother used to always say, 'Oliver, sing.'

"I didn't want to sing, but they stood me up on a table, and the uncle offered me a quarter. I sang!" Smith smiled.

"Father played the violin, and mother the organ. Our home was a musical one."

The neighbors called Oliver, "the boy prodigy." Later, the family moved to St. Louis. Oliver attended the grade schools, and McKinley High School.

He was captain of the track team. He held the junior record for the 220 yard dash at 22 flat. He was president of the Glee Club, of the Literary Society, and also business manager of the school paper.

His family could not afford to send him to college, so Oliver got himself a job at the Y.M.C.A. He ran the elevator, acted as clerk, secretary, or did whatever there was to do.

He worked afternoons and evenings until nine o'clock. He then went home and studied until three in the morning.

Attending Washington University, he meant to win a Ph.D. He majored in sociology. For two years he kept up this schedule. It naturally affected his health. At last, his mother convinced him that no education was worth such a sacrifice.

He left college and found a position as tenor in a church. This enabled him to study voice with Clinton Elder. After two years the "boy tenor," as he was billed, went on a tour of the West and Middle West. He made, in one season, 144 appearances.

At the outbreak of the World War, Smith became associated with the Council of National Defense in Washington. During this time he was soloist at the famous Church of the Presidents, so called because Abraham Lincoln and other presidents had attended services there.

Later, he went overseas. He was on the Statistical Unit at General Pershing's headquarters, in Chaumont, France.

The boat was 13 days going over, trying to avoid the submarines. When

Sunday came, the Chaplain asked Oliver to sing at the morning services. A doughboy played the organ and Oliver sang, "Jesus, Savior, pilot me over life's tempestuous sea." Months later, his mother heard a lecturer refer to this occasion.

Smith constantly sang at entertainment huts. He learned all the popular songs of the day.

"'Over There' and 'Smiles,'" he told me, "were the soldiers' favorites."

After the signing of the Armistice, Oliver was assigned to duty with the Peace Commission in Paris. He, naturally, had a desire to study in France. He had pretty well mastered the language. Moreover, he liked the French singing technique.

After working under French teachers, when the young American made a tour of France he was given immediate recognition.

"I came to the popular song world by way of the classics," he explained. "Why, on one tour abroad, I appeared with singers from the Paris Grand Opera, and the Opera Comique.

"Returning to my old home, St. Louis, I sang with the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra, and taught voice. I also had charge of the voice department at Shurtleff College, in Alton, Illinois.

"After two years, I went to Chicago, where I did church singing, and taught at the Sherwood School of Music."

Smith now created the title role in the American Opera "The Legend of the Piper." An audition brought him to New York to sing for the Shuberts. He had wanted this chance for a long time.

The Shuberts listened, and then gave him a role in a Romberg show, "The Proud Princess." But, the show was never produced.

"This left me up in the air!" said Smith. "I had to have something to do! Radio appealed strongly to me."

His perfect enunciation and diction, and an indefinable warmth of personality, which his voice carries, brought forth the most extravagant praise from the critics. He has now been with Abe Lyman and his band for three years.

"I like to sing, 'When It's Twilight On The Trail', and 'Oh, Give Me Something To Remember You By,'" he said.

"I study the lyric first, find the theme, the thought. I do not then think of tempo, or quality of voice.

"Popular songs are a medium of expression all people understand. Like the language of Abe Lincoln, the words are simple, clear. A song like, 'When I Grow Too Old To Dream—', for instance, is lovely.

"It is more difficult to get all the (Continued on page 33)

THE DREAM SINGER

RALPH KIRBERY, known to millions as The Dream Singer, is acknowledged to be the best fisherman along Radio Row. But if the truth were known, it is Ralph, himself, who is really the best "catch" of the season.

Six feet tall, 36 years old, with the healthy bronze skin of a genuine lover of the outdoors, Ralph is enough to make any girl look twice. But, he has remained single, for the very good and simple reason that he hasn't yet met the girl of his dreams.

He was born in Paterson, N. J., the son of a silk merchant. As a boy he had a natural interest in music, but he never studied it. His singing ability he inherited from his mother, who was a singer in a church choir.

As a youth, his principal recreations were hunting and fishing; in school, his favorite study was botany.

When less than 18 years old, Kirbery joined the Army and served in the tank corps during the World War. After the Armistice he went to Johns Hopkins hospital in Baltimore to study medicine, but he was not destined to become a doctor, although he undoubtedly would have made a good one.

Instead, he heard of an oil boom in Texas and he hurried to the little town of Ranger, population 500. He wasn't interested in the drilling for oil but he opened an advertising office and got out the town's first telephone directory. Restless again, he sold out his business before the boom died down and returned to his home in Paterson where, for the next 10 years, he ran an automobile agency.

When selling automobiles began to seriously interfere with his hunting and fishing, he became a flour broker. Taking one of many afternoon's off with a friend on a New Jersey lake, the ambitious fishermen were trolling for bass, but the fish weren't biting. Their boat came abreast of a camp where some girls were singing. As a lark, Kirbery lifted his voice in response. The girls were delighted and applauded and, more important still to Ralph, the bass suddenly took an interest in the bait.

The Dream Singer's fishing pal, a newspaperman, urged him to try his singing voice on the radio. Kirbery liked the idea and an audition on a local station was arranged. He clicked and one year later he became a network star. He started with a late Sunday night program, but his popularity became so great among his feminine listeners that soon he was singing every night, at midnight, for five minutes.

Thus, six years ago, Ralph Kirbery became the Dream Singer and his soothing songs found millions of receptive hearts throughout the land. For when Ralph Kirbery sings "If I Should Lose You" he feels all that the words imply. There is sincerity in his voice because he lives the words of each song and he actually means and believes that "living would be in vain" if he should lose the girl of his dreams to whom he dedicates each selection.

Undoubtedly, another reason for the popularity of the Dream Singer is the fact that his voice conveys in a subtle way the universal human experience of heartache, for most ballads—like most people—have a touch of heartbreak in them. This is one reason for the outstanding success of Irving Berlin's "Always" and "Remember," both big favorites with his fans.

We asked Ralph if, perhaps, these songs didn't make him recall some incident of his own life which put a catch in his voice and an extra throb in his heart, but his only answer was a non-committal smile.

This we do know, however, that once, long ago, he fell in love with a Southern belle and they would have been married had it not been for parental objections. Could it be that this experience, which seemed so tragic at the time, has proven to be his greatest aid to radio stardom?

"I have never married because I have never found my ideal woman," the Dream Singer insisted, in answer to a question from me. "The woman I settle down for life with must be athletically inclined and love the outdoor life as much as I do. I prefer brunettes, and not too large."

Although he did not say it, we know that his "ideal woman" ought also to like shooting and flying, for Ralph is not only an expert pistol and rifle shot but also an enthusiastic aviator. He owns a small cabin plane which he keeps parked at the Teterboro Airport in New Jersey.

Ralph Kirbery still lives in Paterson, and he still has his dreams. Sincere, as always, he means it when he says, "If business interferes with fishing—I'll give up the business!" To this Dream Singer life

has been great fun most of the time but now, as he approaches the crest of the wave, he misses the companionship of his ideal woman with whom he could share his dreams.

"In love, as in almost everything," he told me, "I rely on music to see me through. I believe that my songs have done a great deal of good in the world in making people forget their cares and worries, even if only temporarily. As for myself, songs have become the spirit of life and I am sure that through them I will eventually find the joy and happiness of a full life, which is the goal of every man."

Will the Dream Singer find his ideal girl? Who knows?



Ralph Kirbery hopes to find his ideal girl with a song

The Story of Ralph Kirbery As Told to Bob Wells

KANSAS CITY

Kitty

Words and Music by Walter Donaldson and Edgar Leslie

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I left Fris-co Kate, Swing-in' on the Gold-en Gate, When
I just played the chill, for the fam-ous Dia-mond Lil, When

Kan-sas Ci-ty Kit-ty smiled at me! I left Ma and
Kan-sas Ci-ty Kit-ty smiled at me! Folks in New Ro-

Pa, out in ● - ma - ha - ha ha, When Kan-sas Ci-ty Kit-ty smiled at
chelle, Said, he aint done right by Nell, Since Kan-sas Ci-ty Kit-ty smiled at

POPULAR SONGS

me! _____ She comes from Miss - ou - ri and she showed
me! _____ I gave Geor-gia Brown my watch-case Sun -

me, Like a Tex - as steer she buf - fa - loed me;
day, I gave Louis-ville Lou the "works" on Mon - day;

Ev - ry Jim and Jack - Got the well known Haeken - sack, When Kansas Ci-ty
I passed up those Queens, Like you'd pass up Bos-ton Beans, When Kan-sas Ci-ty

Kit-ty smiled at me! _____
Kit-ty smiled at me! _____

D. S.

27

HIS MUSIC IS AN ART

Emil Coleman Says Music Should "Accompany" Dancers

By Ed Kerry

EMIL COLEMAN, himself, is the vital, magnetic force that directs and, through his orchestra, plays popular music in a style that adds enormously to its glamour and stature.

That unique rhythm, which literally makes you speak in accents with it, is distinctly his own. The mellow beauty of tender melodies and the brilliance of the fast dance numbers that put you on your anxious toes are also the result of either the imagination, or the dynamic treatment of this resourceful conductor.

"I don't say that I sacrifice melody for rhythm," he told me, "but the important thing in my music is rhythm. Because, I think I consider the dancers first. I believe that the less conscious I make them of any effort, the more they will enjoy dancing. That's why I feel, when I have played continuously for a long time, that I have accomplished something. Because I have lifted them—carried them."

Emil Coleman is famous for his long-time playing. Once, except for occasional pauses to take a few puffs on a cigarette, he played from 10:30 P. M. until 8:30 the next morning. Often he has played three hours on a stretch, and one hour or more is his usual routine.

"I don't say to people 'dance the way I play.' But, rather I try to fit my music to the dancing of the people on the floor," he said.

That idea sounded a new note of the highest quality in dance music. For, after all, why shouldn't dancing be accompanied by music, much in the same manner that singing is?

"When the people come in," Coleman said in his earnest, interesting manner, "their faces remind me of their favorite numbers. Miriam Hopkins, for instance, has been to Honolulu. She heard a tune there which she liked very much. Any Honolulu music will get her on the floor."

As he talked, his fine hand drawing me illustrations of harmonies, I thought: Here is a splendid gentleman of music, ripened through rich experience, and the outpouring of his rhythmic soul. He loves his art, and highly respects himself, his musicians, and the people for whom he plays.

The maestro, as well as his eight brothers and sisters, was born in Odessa. His early childhood was surrounded with wealth. It was derived from hundreds of rich young Russians who, in order to pass their examinations, needed his father's coaching.

In 1905, with the outbreak of the abortive revolution, the father left Russia, taking his family and servants with him to live in England.

An uncle, in the pretty town of Watford, with whom Emil stayed, discovered that the boy liked to play piano by ear. He sent him to the Watford School of Music. There, after the first year, the brilliant student was able to pay his own tuition with the scholarships he won.

When he graduated, he carried off the Silver Medal, the highest honor that could be conferred upon a foreigner. Now, Emil wanted



Emil Coleman is an artist

to enter the Conservatory in Berlin. He secured a job playing piano in an orchestra of 20 women at a beer garden there.

Through romance, however, Emil was to bring his talents to a new world. While coaching an English opera company, he fell in love with the prima donna, Ruth Zansmer. They were soon married.

It was offers of concert work to his wife that brought Emil to our shores. In America, their son was to be born. His coming was a more important, a more joyous event to Ruth Zansmer than the bright prospect of fame.

Since Emil began his career in New York, it has been a grand succession of triumphs. Not the much-publicized variety, but the growing army of dancers whose allegiance is his and some of the highest salaries on record.

However, at first Emil applied for work at Bustanoby's on Thirty-ninth Street. He discovered the pianist-leader of the band writing notes on scraps of paper at the piano. This busy gentleman handed the newcomer a roll of music and said, "Report upstairs. Play for a private party. Say that Sig Romberg sent you."

He played at the Montmartre, over the Winter Garden, where with only a brief interruption he remained for 11 years.

In appearance Emil Coleman could be a physician or a lawyer. He is of medium height. His face is unusually interesting. Wherever his mesmeric personality comes into contact with people, he achieves success. Professional dancers have shown the touch of his association. At the Trocadero, he had Maurice and Leonora Hughes; a year later, Fred and Adele Astaire.

At this latter club, receiving ten per cent of the gross receipts spelled between \$1,200 and \$1,800 a week for Coleman.

While he made \$40,000 in one year with his El Patio, nevertheless, the genial leader has experienced bad luck enough in trying his hand at owning night clubs. He is said to have lost \$150,000.

But everything's okay now. Every night at the St. Regis, Emil Coleman plays the most totally different rhythm, lifts you off your feet, out of your troubles, and carries you to a world of music where beauty and enchantment never end.

LET'S SWING IT-

Herewith We Bring You the Low-Down on Swing Music

By Gordon Wright

REMEMBER the song a few years ago that went "It Don't Mean a Thing If It Ain't Got That Swing?" Even if it had had "that swing" then, it wouldn't have meant much, because a few years ago people just didn't bother much about swing—not only didn't they bother much about it, but most people hadn't even heard of it.

Not now, though. Today everybody's bothering about swing. "Christopher Columbus," an apparently idiotic bit of swinging nonsense, is being hummed, whistled and trucked to from coast to coast. Jimmy Dorsey's swing band in Los Angeles, Benny Goodman's ditto in Chicago, and the smaller but just as swingy combinations of Red Norvo and Stuff Smith, as well as the more natural-sized Bob Crosby and Tommy Dorsey outfits in New York are all becoming national favorites.

Radio networks are putting on special swing programs, and not only are the phonograph record companies emphasizing new swing recordings, but they're reissuing plenty of old ones as well.

What's it all about? What is this thing that everybody's listening to, that everybody's doing? Just what is swing?

Many people, including supposedly well-versed musical authorities, will try to tell you that swing is a kind of dance, or a type of tune, or that it's a new development in rhythmic beats, or that it's spontaneous improvisation by musicians—jamming, they call it. But don't let them kid you—that's not swing at all! Swing isn't something tangible like that, something which you can just put your little finger on and say "here it is, this is swing!"

Sorry, it's by no means as easy as all that, for swing is something more subtle, something that's much harder to define. In fact, once you get to know what swing is, the chances are plenty to one that you won't be able to define it at all.

What makes it so tough is that swing is a sensation—it's a feeling way down deep inside of you—a feeling that's very difficult to express in words. Quite definitely, swing is an indescribable sensation!

One of the swingiest of all swingsters, little drummer-man Chick Webb, worshipped leader of the band in Harlem's greatest swing emporium, the Savoy Ballroom, tries to explain how he feels when he's swinging with: "Man, it's just like meetin' up with a gal who you use to love, but who you ain't seen in a long, long time!"

Louis Armstrong, considered to be the greatest swing instrumentalist of modern times, makes it even more personal. "Man," he says, "swing is just my idea of how a song should be played!"

Armstrong was one of the first of those Mississippi boat men who started swinging on board as they sailed up and down. It was down there, in case you don't already know, that swing supposedly originated. Those happy-go-lucky colored lads would just sit there on those boats, work themselves up into the correct mood until they'd begin to feel that sensation, and, wham, they'd be off—swinging! No music or anything fancy like that for them—just the right mood, a couple of beats from somebody's foot to start them together, and they'd be off.

What a mood that usually was. If they kept it up long enough, they'd work themselves up into a rhythmic frenzy, similar to the effect the African negroes have achieved for centuries by a simple, monotonous tom-tom beat. There's a story concerning Rappollo, a wild, inspired clarinetist, who one day just never came out of the mood—he's been confined in an insane asylum ever since!

Well, that swinging business began to spread—the river boats travelled further north, and soon these moodists began to hibernate in Chicago. They came up singly, men like Armstrong, Rappollo and the famed King Oliver; they came in groups such as the Original Dixieland Band, or they met in Chicago and formed their own groups—the Original Memphis Five, the Cotton Pickers, and later on the McKenzie-Condon Chicagoans, the Wolverines, and Red Nichols and his Five Pennies.

The general public didn't get to hear (Continued on page 32)



DIRTY HANDS, DIRTY FACE

Words and Music by Al Jolson, Clarke & Leslie and James V. Monaco

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Dirt-y Hands, Dirt-y face, leads the neigh - bors a chase but his smile, is as

The first system of musical notation features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Dirt-y Hands, Dirt-y face, leads the neigh - bors a chase but his smile, is as".

cute as can be Mak-ing noise, break-ing toys, al - ways

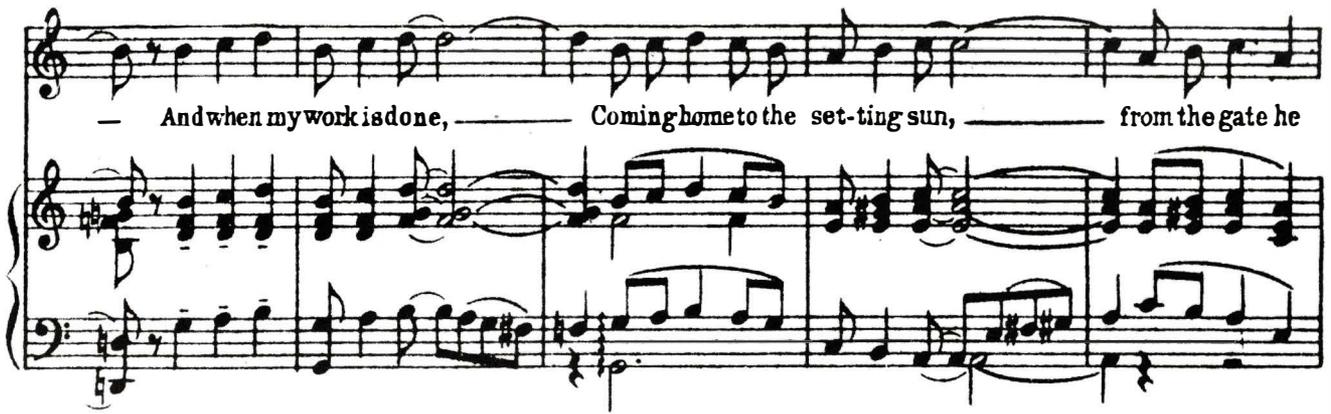
The second system of musical notation continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "cute as can be Mak-ing noise, break-ing toys, al - ways".

fight, - with the boys, but his eyes are a vis - ion to see.

The third system of musical notation concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "fight, - with the boys, but his eyes are a vis - ion to see."

POPULAR SONGS

— And when my work is done, ——— Coming home to the set-ting sun, ——— from the gate he



starts to run, ——— Then I kiss my boy ——— Dirt - y Hands, Dirt - y



face Lit - tle Dev - il they say, but to me he's an



an - gel of joy. ——— Dirt - y



The Story of "Gloomy Sunday"

(Continued from page 21)



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its being played over the air."

"Gloomy Sunday" was composed in 1933 but only lately has the lugubrious ballad attracted international attention. The police of Budapest banned the song when Joseph Keller, a shoemaker, asked an orchestra to play the mournful dirge and fell dead a suicide at the leader's feet, clutching a note in which he quoted the lyrics.

Investigation revealed that 17 other persons had killed themselves after hearing "Gloomy Sunday." Several of the victims shot themselves while listening to records of the song. Two fired bullets into their hearts while Hungarian gypsies strummed the song on their guitars.

Two housemaids ended their lives by falling on daggers. Still others jumped into the Danube clutching sheet copies of the song.

"What prompted me to write this song?" asks Reszo Seress. "It is hard to answer. There are healed wounds which sometimes open; the past returns and tears them. It was in one of these moments that 'Gloomy Sunday' was born. I cried all the disappointments of my life into this song, and people with feelings akin found their own hurt in it. That is how I account for it becoming a 'deathly song,'—because disappointment and suffering are felt by everyone alike.

"This fatal fame hurts me. It hurts me that so many people chose this song as

their death march. If the songs which burst from my heart will not be chosen by suicides as their 'death march', but by those who seek balm for their hearts, I shall feel happy."

As for the song itself, it is written in E Flat minor and consists principally of eighth-note triplets with a few bars of Chopin's Funeral March cleverly woven into the latter part of the composition. Seress, who is only 32 years old, has composed many Hungarian hits, but none of them were indicative of the trend taken by "Gloomy Sunday" and, more important, those who hear it.

In Spokane, Washington, Sid McNutt and his orchestra had to play the song privately before the censor board before it could be performed in that city. Present with the Spokane Censor Board were Mayor Arthur Burch, Police Commissioner Colburn and Chief of Police Ira Martin. Members of the board got a kick out of the song and thought it was good musical composition; but they suggested that the words be not used.

The most recent development is a threat by Representative Karl Stefan of Nebraska to have the song barred from the United States to save the lives of persons prone to melancholia.

"This thing might have a terrible consequence," said Congressman Stefan. "Perhaps we'll ban it in America."

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Kenny Baker

(Continued from page 12)

at \$40, less the 10% agent's commission.

Today, Kenny Baker, snug in a swanky New York apartment-hotel wears a bewildered expression as he recalls those grim times.

"It was dreadful when our friends would tell us of some big dinner party—or mention things to eat. Each day we had to find the manna! Then one day my Dad came to see us. Without a word he went out and returned loaded down with groceries.

"We went home with him. There was Mother, as usual, all full of bragging about her son's singing, and telling how he ought to enter Eddie Duchin's nationwide radio auditions contest and win!

So Kenny entered the contest. But, meantime he had found work. It happened, ironically, that on the same day, and at the same hour, nine o'clock, he was ordered to report for his rehearsal, and to sing in the exciting finals.

There had been 3,000 people. Finally, the contest got down to one other entrant and Kenny Baker.

Singing "To Call You My Own," the handsome California boy with the "bragging" mother and devoted wife, both believing in him, won the race!

At present he is under personal contract to Mervyn Leroy, and acclaimed as one of the finest new voices to be heard on the screen.

Let's Swing It

(Continued from page 29)

much about swing, though. You can charge that against the swingsters, themselves, because for many years they didn't care about the public, and didn't try to introduce swing to them.

But out of the Middle West there suddenly came a clean-cut bunch of lads— young chaps, all of them, with high ideals, financial and otherwise.

After a year or so they changed the name of their band from the Orange Blossoms to the Casa Loma orchestra.

Some of the public, especially the younger, collegiate crowd, went for swing in a big way. But it remained for one definite event to swing the entire public over to it—to make them all perk up and notice that there was something called swing. Two swinging morons, Mike Riley and Eddy Farley, with the aid of a six-piece swing outfit (instrumentally exactly like the original New Orleans groups) began to swing at the Onyx Club in New York. More than that, they began to swing thier own crazy tune, "The Music Goes 'Round and Around."

Everywhere people started to yell with lunatic delight—"I blow through here," "Wahoa," and so on. You know what a craze it became. But people couldn't quite make out what the whole thing was about until the word began to get around that this was swing—that "The Music Goes 'Round and Around" was a swing tune.

Here's Fifi!

(Continued from page 7)

"Well, I got the opportunity to put into practice all my theories about how to get and hold a man. And, you will agree, the proof is in the pudding, for we are still married today and oh, so very happy."

But at the same time, young Dr. Hill is also trying to share Fifi's life with her and, at latest reports, is planning to try acting for a while as an avocation and, if he clicks, as a profession.

The latest development in the career of the charming French-Canadian is her landing of a twenty-six weeks contract as a songbird and comedy foil on the "Folies de Paree" show.

Fifi, by the way, is five feet, seven inches tall; she weighs 125 pounds. Her hair is no longer the jet black of cinema days, but a dark brown. She chose her stage name early in her theatrical life, when first she came to New York. She saw the name D'Orsay on a bottle of perfume and purloined it on the spot (the name, not the bottle). Her fellow chorines caled her Fifi as short for Marie Rose Angelina Yvonne Cecile, etc., etc.

Oliver Smith

(Continued from page 24)

possibilities out of a popular song than it is out of a classical one.

"Because the whole world loves a lover, the love song will always be the greatest song. Love makes the world go round! It is the dominating note in all popular music. Love hoped for, or disappointed."

Smith has sung on the Firestone, Michelin Tire, O-Cedar Mop, A & P Gypsy Hour, Jack Frost, and Ever-Ready programs, and with Paul Whiteman.

In his carpenter shop, Oliver likes to build furniture. "Prof." Smith of the Sherwood School in Chicago, fell in love with his lovely pupil, Juanita Watt, They were married, and are now the happy parents of little one-year old twin girls, Mary and Sari.

Going Up!

(Continued from page 6)

have mattered, either.

However, the story goes that the same fierce pride which had carried Frank Fay to the heights of his art, now wounded and utterly crushed him.

It was January, 1936, when Frank came to New York. Rudy Vallee invited him to appear as a guest star on his Fleischmann Hour. The handsome minstrel accepted. One night grew into three, three into a contract for 15 weeks!

But, before the 14th week, Frank Fay and his songs had again reached the heart of America. He had won his own program on the air! Following a new trend, it was to come from the coast—Fay the announcer, comedian, and writer of many songs!



See description of hat below*



Marion Vallé

*Quills are smart—write it down! Marion Vallé, who delights all America with her brilliant hat creations, pierces this adorable coral pink felt crown with a striking jade green quill. Says Miss Vallé: "It is smart for both summer and fall, for dress, suit, and coat styles, and it has an off-the-face brim which does not cast a shadow over the eyes—this is very important, for it allows the all-important eyes full power to display their magnetic charm."

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Ten million modern, fastidious women have proved Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be the finest that money can buy. The Solid form Maybelline Mascara is obtainable at drug and department stores, in a beautiful red and gold metal vanity—only 75c complete with specially designed brush. Refills 35c.

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ACROSS

1. Rudy's favorite instrument
10. Musical themes
19. Practised
20. That may be estranged
21. Printer's mixture
22. Oscar Piper, the screen detective
23. That most romantic crooner
29. Consumed
31. Song of the cow
32. Human under-pinnings
33. Useless
34. He's an interesting guy!
37. Born
38. Metropolitan star
40. Nothing: French
41. Bark shrilly
43. Writer of verse
45. Journey
47. Gratuities
50. Sport jackets
52. Breaks
53. Leader of a dreamy band
55. Swiss river
56. Nerve network
58. Spanish gentleman
59. Southern state: abbr.
60. Climbing plants
61. Either
62. Whirlwind off the Faroe Island
63. He publishes Popular Songs
66. Hypothetical force
67. Imitate
68. Upright stone tablet
69. That well-known kind of appeal
70. Bearded
72. Beings
74. First aid organization: abbr.

75. Food fish
76. Feminine name
78. Babylonian deity
80. Back
83. Warbles
85. Bathing places
89. Mother of Castor and Pollux
91. Biblical use of "your"
92. Spanish article
94. Masculine name
95. Fever medicine
97. Red and black bean
98. Wandered dreamily
101. Dairy device
106. Butter knives
107. Lasting

DOWN

1. Japanese weight
2. Cutting tool
3. Symbol for xenon
4. Measure of area
5. Per cent
6. First syllable of Cab Cal-loway's yell
7. Bone
8. Kingdom in India
9. He lives on stories
10. Exclamation
11. That "Mammy" man
12. Harshness
13. Tune
14. Unit
15. Mother of Loki
16. Norwegian dramatist
17. Funeral oration
18. Power of understanding
23. Left-hand page: abbr.
24. By
25. Chinese measure of distance
26. "Nola" is his favorite tune
27. By way of the enlightened few
28. Even: poet
30. Gives forth
31. Frenzy
35. Winchell's pet peeve
36. Cereal grass
39. These perform in groups of three on the air
42. Timid gambler
43. Formal requests
44. Propeller
46. Pages: abbr.
48. Fastener
49. Pried
50. Musical groups
51. Place of marital disruption
54. Avarice
57. Compound ether
58. Beverages
60. Appraise
64. Robin
65. Surpass
67. Collection of anecdotes
71. The King of Jazz
73. Grooved
77. Cling
79. Peer Gynt's mother
80. Deceives by imposture
81. Put on the lid again
82. Aroma
84. Sense organ
86. Grape preserve
87. Conductor's rod
88. Make a contemptuous sound
90. Feminine name
93. Childish utterance
96. Eddie Leonard's favorite song
99. Norse god of war
100. Doctor of Science: abbr.
102. Eye: Scotch
103. Prince: abbr.
104. Live
105. Sun god

Answers will appear in the September issue of POPULAR SONGS

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