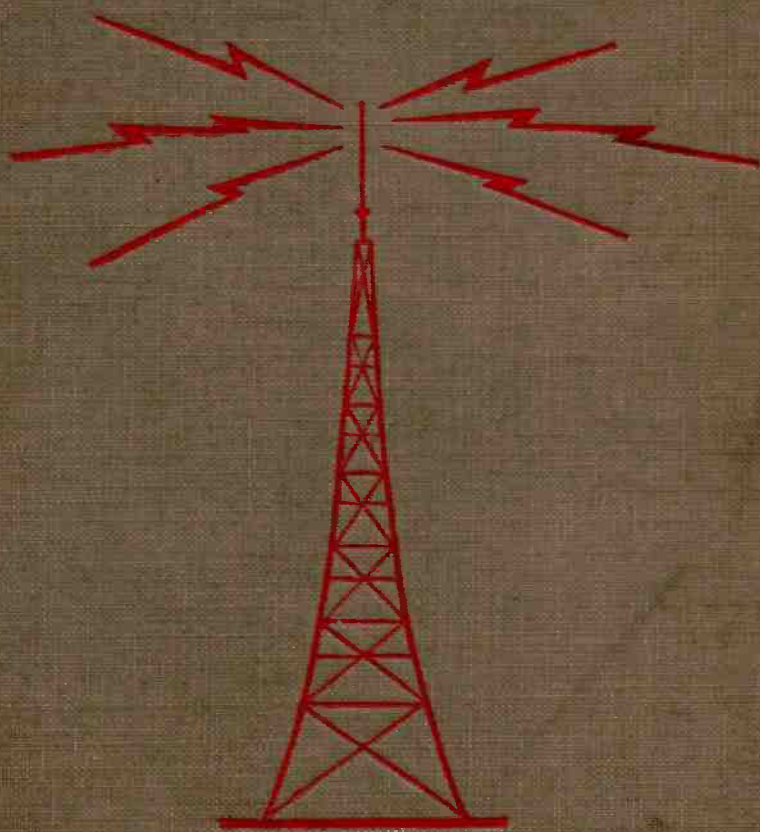


RADIO STARS OF TODAY

Or Behind the Scenes in Broadcasting



ROBERT EICHBERG

RADIO STARS OF TODAY

Or Behind the Scenes
in Broadcasting

By Robert Eichberg

Forewords by

PRESIDENT LENOX R. LOHR
of National Broadcasting Company
and

PRESIDENT WILLIAM S. PALEY
of Columbia Broadcasting System

*Large cloth quarto, jacket in color
and over two hundred and seventy-five
illustrations from photographs, \$3.50*

There are over twenty-seven million radio sets in America. That makes one hundred and eight million listeners, estimating four to a family. And all of us would like to attend the broadcast of our favorite programs when they are put on the air in the studios of Radio City, the CBS radio theatres in New York, and elsewhere about the country.

To meet the demand, CBS gives away approximately 700,000 tickets a year to their broadcast performances; NBC about the same number. This makes a total of almost a million and a half tickets distributed annually — yet it is only two percent of those for which requests are received. Thus most of us must continue to enjoy our programs by way of the ether.

It is for this 98% of the radio listeners, who cannot secure tickets, that the author has written the text and collected the photographs for RADIO STARS OF TODAY.

The purpose of this book is to conduct the reader behind the scenes in the stations; to show him where and how broadcasts originate and what makes the wheels go 'round.

(Continued on back flap)

(Continued from front flap)

It introduces him to more than fifty of the famous radio artists and takes him into their studios and into their homes, to hear what they would say if he could sit down and have a chat with them.

It describes the manner in which the radio police work and tells of broadcasts from the "ham" shacks, from airships and boats.

It includes a radio "script" as used by a famous comedian.

In brief, this book is designed to show what really takes place on the other end of the radio waves to which the reader's set is tuned.

The author — radio columnist and feature writer of the *New York Evening World* — has based this book on his experience in preparing more than two million words on radio for leading magazines and newspaper radio pages throughout the country. He has interviewed practically all the well known personages of radio, from artists and announcers to executives, and has intimate knowledge of radio studios and equipment, as well as all phases of commercial broadcasting. In selecting the stars to be included and the various phases of broadcasting to be covered, the author had the advice of numerous radio editors as to the material which would be of greatest interest.

"You have explained the inner workings of radio's mysteries thoroughly, tersely, and to the point."
— *Fred Allen*.

"Nothing escapes Robert Eichberg's attention once he visits a broadcast — his knack of catching all the intimate details will delight radio performers as well as listeners." — *Goodman Ace*.

"Your book is a most comprehensive survey of radio personalities. Moreover, you have succeeded in humanizing these personalities." — *David Ross*.

DRAWN

RADIO STARS OF TODAY:
or Behind the Scenes in Broadcasting



☆
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RADIO STARS OF TODAY ☆

OR
BEHIND THE SCENES
IN BROADCASTING

BY
ROBERT EICHBERG

With over Two Hundred and Seventy-
Five Illustrations from Photographs



With Forewords by:

LENOX R. LOHR,
President of National Broadcasting System

WILLIAM S. PALEY,
President of Columbia Broadcasting System

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PUBLISHERS

30819

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ROBERT EICHBERG

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FOREWORD

BY LENOX R. LOHR

President, National Broadcasting Company

Radio is winning for itself an increasingly important place in the national life of the American people because it is proving a unique public service.

A pioneer of progress in modern means of communication, radio has in the brief span of a single generation also become a pioneer of progress in the modern way of life.

By permitting the whole American people to enjoy entertainment of the highest level, once available only to the fortunate few, radio is effectively raising the American standard of living.

By bringing into the most isolated hamlets, into the most remote homes of the nation the best the great urban centers of culture and enlightenment have to offer, radio is carrying on the early pioneers' work of unifying the American people.

By bringing more pleasure, more contentment, more understanding into the daily lives of millions, radio is broadening, strengthening, and elevating the bases of the democratic way of life.

And, above all, by providing, particularly for the younger generation, a new means of popular education, radio is helping create insurance against the uncertainties of the future at a time when some other nations are confusing and confounding the ideals by which our nation lives and prospers.

The National Broadcasting Company which has been intimately associated with every important development of the American radio industry, is proud of its large share in this public service. It is proud that it has had and continues to have the opportunity to help Americans enjoy and appreciate the cultural and educational fruits of the system of democratic liberty and free, private enterprise. It is stimulated to greater efforts by the sense that the radio has become the most significant contribution to American social life since the creation of the free public school system.

The role of the National Broadcasting Company in furnishing the nation's entertainment can be symbolized by the fact that the two NBC Coast-to-Coast Networks are on the air a total of thirty-five hours every day. Technically — in point of excellence of transmission and purity and accuracy of tone — NBC broadcasts are on a level with the best in the world, thanks to unceasing work by its research engineers. In program material, NBC broadcasts let nothing of value or public interest escape. NBC can be said to mean: "Nothing Better Conceivable."

No radio company in the world has done more than NBC to bring to the rising generation a keen and real appreciation of fine music. For many years Dr. Walter Damrosch, beloved dean of American orchestral conductors, has spread the gospel of good music by means of his music appreciation hour over NBC.

And having helped stimulate an appetite for good music, NBC has also provided the world's best available musical fare to satisfy it. The immortal masterpieces of the great composers of the operatic stage, from Verdi to Wagner, sung by internationally famous stars from the stage of New York's Metropolitan Opera House, have gone out over the airways through NBC microphones. What was — before the advent of radio — a rare treat for the wealthy and fortunate has become the normal possession of the whole people.

And also to that great audience, to the homes of all in America, NBC soon will bring the genius of the greatest living giant of the world of music — the man who during his lifetime has become one of the immortals — Arturo Toscanini. The Maestro whose wizardry made Carnegie Hall the Mecca of thousands of lovers of symphonic music, will soon wield the baton of the augmented NBC Symphony Orchestra for the millions of the radio audience.

The practical has had as much emphasis as the beautiful on NBC programs. The Farm and Home Hour daily brings to farmers and agricultural communities a full hour of enjoyment and helpful information.

Every week from Town Hall in New York City, NBC broadcasts a program of discussion by public figures and experts of a topic of broad national import. Once a year, NBC broadcasts the outstanding addresses at the *New York Herald-Tribune* Public Affairs Forum.

Current events command a considerable share of the attention of NBC program-makers, particularly when happenings are linked with scientific, social, or political progress. No energy or expense is spared to bring such events directly to the public. A recent example is the total eclipse of the sun — the longest visible in 1,200 years. A group of NBC men travelled more than 7,000 miles to a tiny atoll of the South Pacific to bring to the radio audience a description of an event which not so long ago would have been seen only by a few terrified South Sea islanders.

No statement on the work and role of radio — no matter how brief — can omit mention of the artists. And no book about radio can be just unless it devotes a considerable portion of its space to the men and women whose talent is the life blood of the entire industry. The author of this splendid volume has been wise indeed to recognize this. From the funsters and light entertainers to the headliners of serious music and the dramatic arts, these men and women are the firm pillars of radio. NBC is happy to call attention to the unflinching cordial and mutually-profitable relations it has always maintained with the radio artists.

FOREWORD

BY WILLIAM S. PALEY

President, Columbia Broadcasting System

Many American readers, a few years ago, re-discovered a book written in 1886 by a New England newspaper man, named Edward Bellamy. Under the title *Looking Backward*, the author set his imagination to the task of visualizing the world as it might ideally evolve by the year 2000. In the fanciful world which took shape in the story, a 19th century American relates his strange experiences in a 21st century Utopia.

To those of us concerned with radio broadcasting today, one of his experiences seems most prophetic. It occurred when his hostess asked him if he would not like to hear some music and gave him the choice of a long list of programs, tabulated by the hour.

"The card," relates Bellamy's hero, "bore the date 'September 12, 2000' and contained the longest programme of music I had ever seen. It was as various as it was long, including a most extraordinary range of vocal and orchestral combinations."

The selection made, his hostess crossed the room, "so far as I could see, merely touched one or two screws, and at once the room was filled with the music of a grand organ anthem." Later, the book's hero is delighted to discover that even the bedrooms of this Utopia are equipped with receivers so that "any person who may be sleepless can command music at pleasure of the sort suited to the mood."

Bellamy, writing slightly less than a decade before the advent of wireless and many years before the first audible radio broadcast, puts these words of admiration in his hero's mouth:

"It appears to me that if we could have devised an arrangement for providing everybody with music in their homes, perfect in quality, unlimited in quantity, suited to every mood, and beginning and ceasing at will, we should have considered the limit of human felicity already attained and ceased to strive for further improvements."

It has been a number of years, now, since radio has achieved this "limit of human felicity" for American listeners. Nevertheless, as the author of this book has attested, the broadcasting industry has not ceased to strive for further improvements. The world's finest musical organizations broadcast regularly over nation-wide, and often over world-wide, hook-ups. Yet in music radio has been able to offer even more to the public than a medium for presenting the best work of classic and contemporary composers.

As an example of radio's further role in music, six prominent American composers were commissioned last fall to write music specifically for radio — music created to take full advantage of the electrical and acoustical dimensions of the broadcasting technique. By the time this foreword is read, listeners will already have been presented with some of the works thus created by Aaron Copland, Howard Hansen, Roy Harris, Walter Piston, William Grant Still, and Louis Gruenberg.

But the scope of broadcasting in present-day America has been expanded through and beyond the rich domain of music — to provide a great news, educational, and entertainment service for the entire nation.

In national affairs, radio carries both sides of every great issue before all the people; in times of national emergencies, such as existed last year in the Ohio River Valley, the broadcasting companies mobilize their facilities on an instant's notice to coordinate the relief efforts of the whole country in a smooth-working whole; and when great events occur abroad, American radio listeners are already at the scenes — in London, Rome, or Tokyo — and American transmitters and modern receiving sets bring the world to the living-room of the most isolated homestead. Surely no nation in the world has brought to the microphone a richer or more varied pageant of radio performance than has America.

The personalities to whom a large portion of this book is dedicated are members of a great confraternity of talent which radio has gathered together for the purpose of bringing drama, laughter, glamor, surcease from care, into the lives of millions.

These millions seldom pause, today, to marvel at the mechanism which makes possible their entertainment. In this, I think, lies a glowing tribute to the swiftness and completeness with which radio has been transformed from the status of a scientific wonder to the status of an essential need in everyday life in America.

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CHAPTER I

BEHIND THE SCENES

Practically every popular belief concerning radio broadcasting is incorrect. Marconi did not invent radio. The heads of the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting Company do not plan the programs their stations transmit. One needs no pull to become a radio star; an "unknown" can leap into fame. Radio is not a highly-paid profession for the great majority of its artists and script writers. And, more than all else, it is not a waste of money for the advertisers; they do not put on programs merely to avoid payment of large income taxes.

The first man to send messages through the air was Mahlon Loomis, a District of Columbia dentist, who made his first successful experiments two years after the close of the War Between the States. He patented radio (and, for that matter, the wireless transmission of power, which Nicola Tesla and others have since brought nearer perfection) in 1872. Marconi, many years later, brought the experiments of Loomis, Hertz, and others to the point where they might be of practical use outside the laboratory.

In 1907 broadcasting really began; in 1920, stations, among them WJZ, were heard regularly; in 1922 it became popular with the public, until now there are some twenty-seven million sets in general use, and more than five hundred stations supply them with programs throughout the United States.

In 1936 the NBC's gross receipts were over thirty-four million dollars and those of CBS, almost twenty-three million, five hundred thousand dollars! This is in addition to the amounts paid to broadcasters, on which no figure can ever be ascertained, for while Bowes was then receiving thirty-six hundred dollars per broadcast, Cantor seventy-five hundred dollars, and Kate Smith seventy-five hundred dollars a week, according to rather reliable sources, sustaining singers on the major networks have worked for as little as twenty-five dollars a week on a daily program, and at the small stations even staff artists have been paid ten dollars or less weekly, while many sustainings are unpaid.

A number of these payless youngsters, among them Kenny Baker and Doris Wester, have risen to the top. Their names are nationally known, though they once worked for nothing to get their chance. But now the stations are flooded with requests for auditions, and one requires experience to get a hearing.

Staff announcers on the big networks may get from fifty to ninety dollars a week, unless they appear as part of the entertainment in a sponsored show, like Jimmie Wallington, Graham McNamee, Dave Ross, and others. Then the sponsors pay extra. Similarly, staff script writers work on a low weekly salary; only those turning out exclusive material for some specific show or

star get more, as in the case of Dave Freedman, who long prepared Eddie Cantor's gags. Most of the comedians get their humor from their writers. Goodman Ace, of the EASY ACES, is one of the few exceptions. But he is naturally humorous anyway.

To Merlin Hall Aylesworth and later Lenox R. Lohr of the NBC and William S. Paley of the CBS must go the credit for making American radio entertainment what it is. They have directed the co-ordination which has welded a diversity of unrelated sponsored programs into a daily variety show. They have seen that advertising shall not dominate entertainment, and have given us educational and outstanding public events of general interest as part of our broadcast fare.

It is, nevertheless, the sponsors who make possible the presentation of the most highly paid stars. They are enabled to do this only through the added sales which their broadcasts produce. For example, Ed Wynn, who was said to get seventy-five hundred dollars per broadcast, exclusive of the salaries paid to the quartet, Don Voorhees' band, and McNamee, plus about fifteen thousand dollars per hour for "time on the air" got three million people to go to Texaco gas stations. This was checked by offering listeners little red fire hats given through the gas dealers. Three million of the hats were given out as a result of the announcement on the air.

Amos 'n' Andy once offered a free bottle of mouth-wash in exchange for two empty Pepsodent cartons. Two million cartons, representing a half-million dollars' worth of toothpaste, came in.

Irene Wicker, Kellogg's SINGING LADY, offered some books in return for package tops. She got fourteen thousand a *day*. When Walter Winchell broadcast for a hair lotion, he increased their sales 250 per cent in two months. And so it goes.

Broadcasting is a breath-taking and mysterious business. Nobody knows what is going to succeed or what is coming next. (The present indications are, of course, that it will be television.)

But despite the extent to which this industry has grown, most people do not know what a radio station looks like; they are very different from those seen in the movies. And very few know how the stars look when they are at work, at play, or at rest.

The purpose of this book is to take you behind the scenes in the stations; to show you "what makes the wheels go 'round,'" to take you with the artists into their studios and into their private lives; to acquaint you with the manner in which the Radio Police work, and to tell you something of broadcasting from "ham shacks," planes, and boats. In brief, to show you what the radio you listen to *is* like on the other end of the ether waves.

But first we should visit a station to look at the studio and all the technical devices and apparatus necessary to put a broadcast on the air. And because the NBC Building at Radio City contains the largest and most modern of all stations at the present time, we shall go there.

Before we go into the studios, let us meet
William S. Paley, President of CBS —



— and Lenox R. Lohr, President of NBC
(right). To these two men must go much of
the credit for making American radio enter-
tainment what it is today.

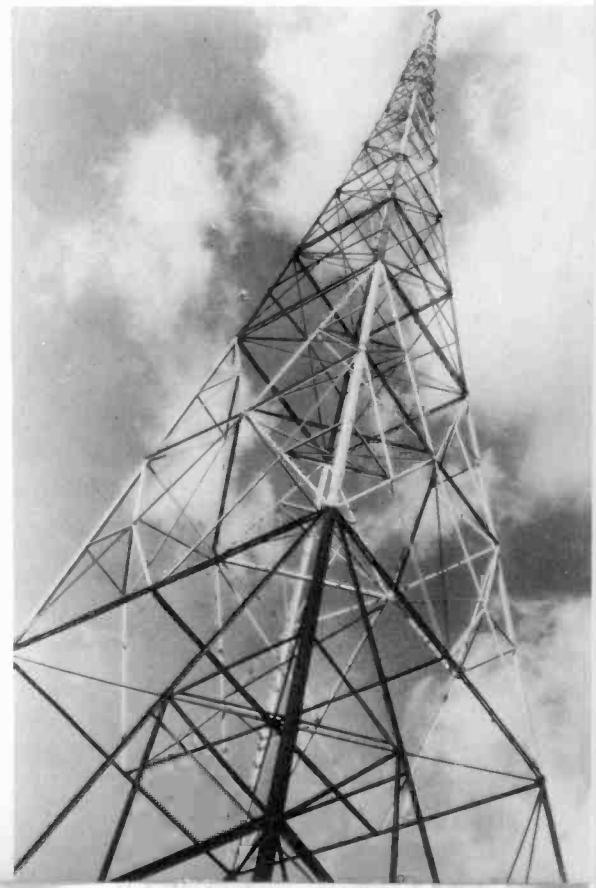




The world's most elaborate radio station is operated by the National Broadcasting Company in Radio City, New York. At the left is an airplane view of the radio capitol. The tall structure is the RCA Building, and the white circle shows the portion of it occupied by the broadcasting studios, which cost \$5,000,000 to equip and decorate.

This is where radio programs originate; below is where they take to the ether.

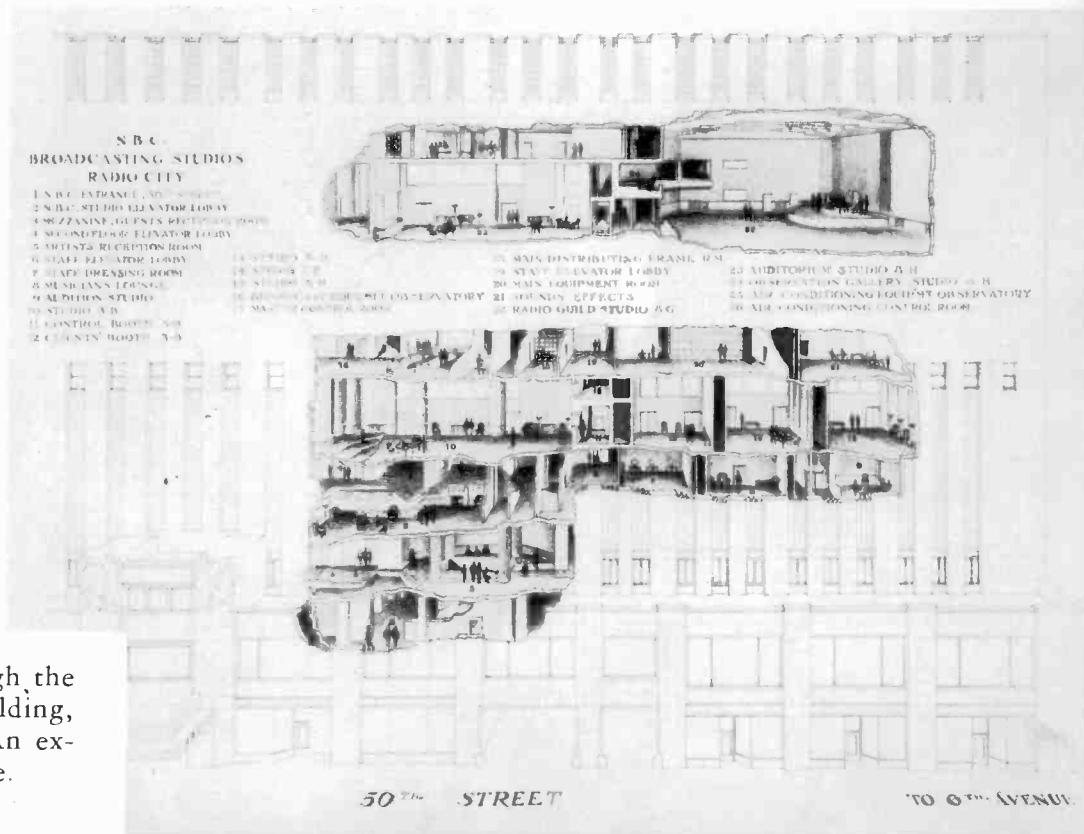
A close-up of one of the 300-foot towers which support the WEAF aerial at the transmitter, located in Bellmore, Long Island.



Down there at the foot of the stairs is where approximately a million people bought tickets entitling them to visit the station this year. On both sides of this floor are show cases containing historic bits of radio apparatus.



Looking from the other side of the stairs, we see the walls panelled with photographic enlargements of coils, microphones, antenna towers — all the things that go to make radio the fascinating entertainment which it is.



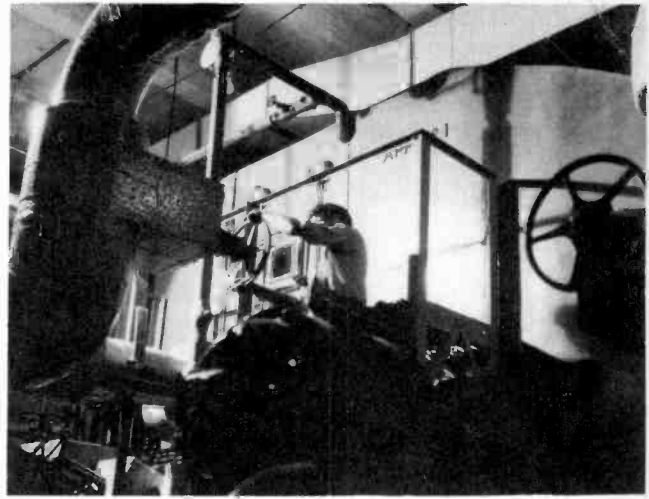
Here is a plan view, as though the walls were torn out of the building, so that you might look in. An explanation appears on the picture.



The picture above shows the present main studio in Radio City. It seats 1250 in the audience, including the balcony. It measures 78 feet by 132 feet, is three stories high, and is where the Cities Service, Showboat, and several other important programs originate. Completely air-conditioned, it maintains an even temperature of 68 whether the weather outdoors is 0 or 115.

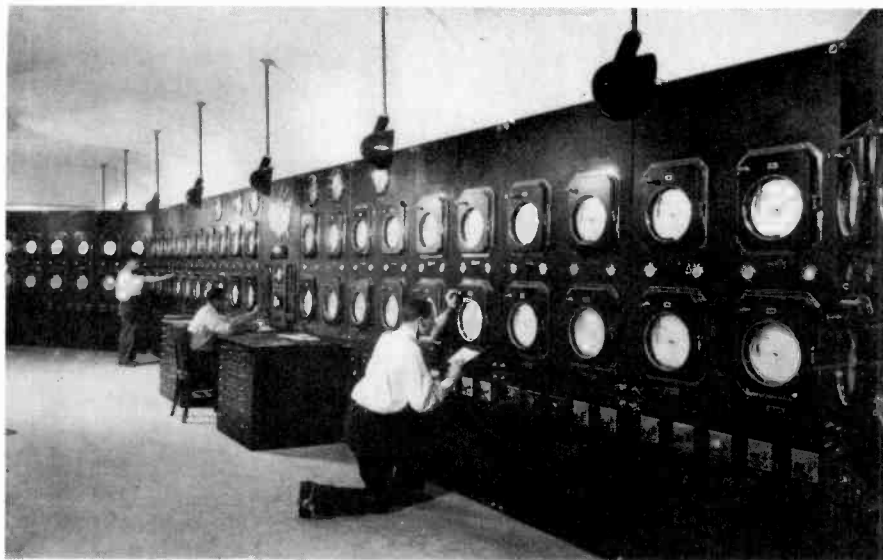
And here is what, not so long ago, was considered the last word in radio studios. It was operated by WEAJ at 24 Walker Street, New York, in 1922, and was then the main studio.

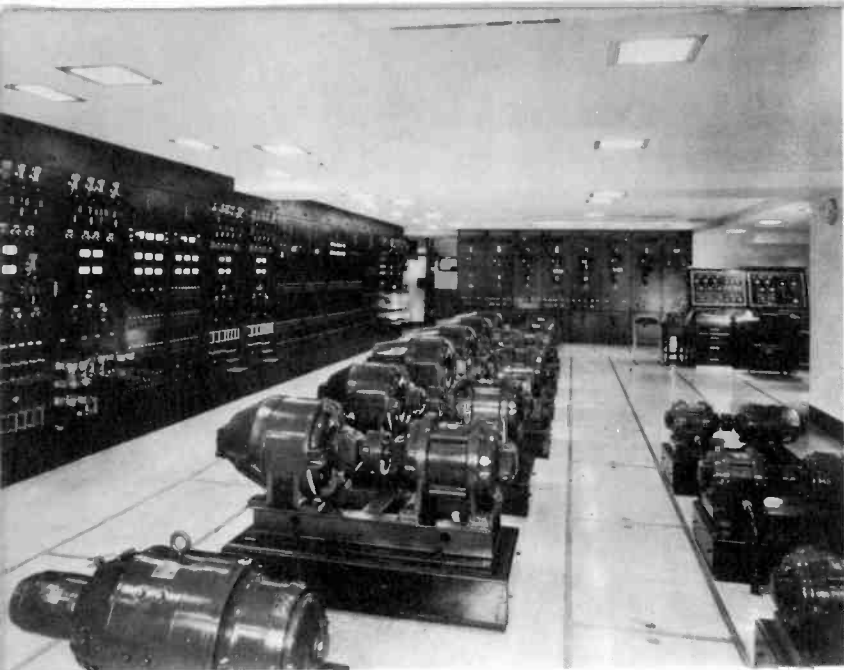




This is how they do it. The top picture shows a man adjusting the mammoth pump which washes air in big tanks of water; it is then warmed or cooled, brought to the correct degree of humidity, and piped under pressure to studios throughout the building.

In the other picture the men are controlling the air temperature and humidity in this, the world's biggest air-conditioning plant. Those dials automatically keep a record of minute changes in the atmosphere of each room.



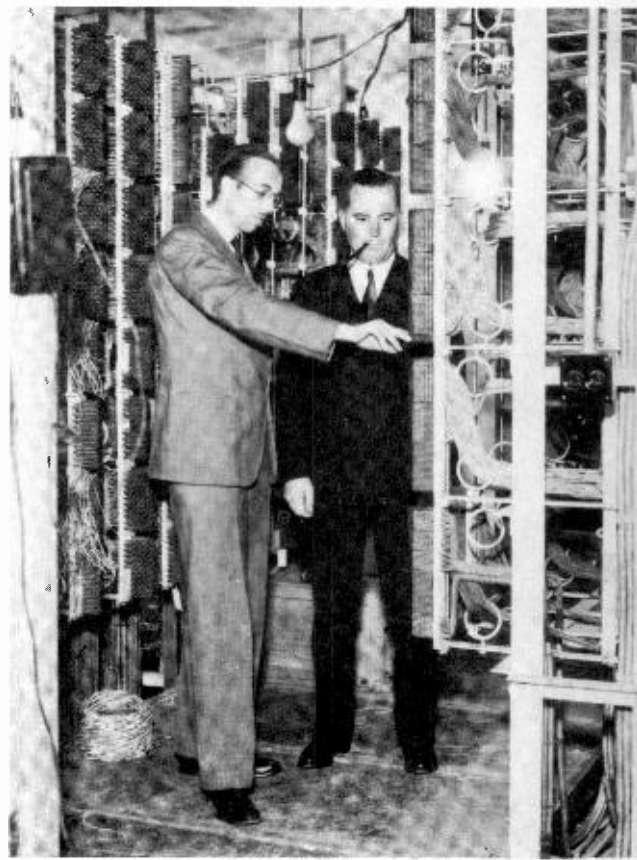
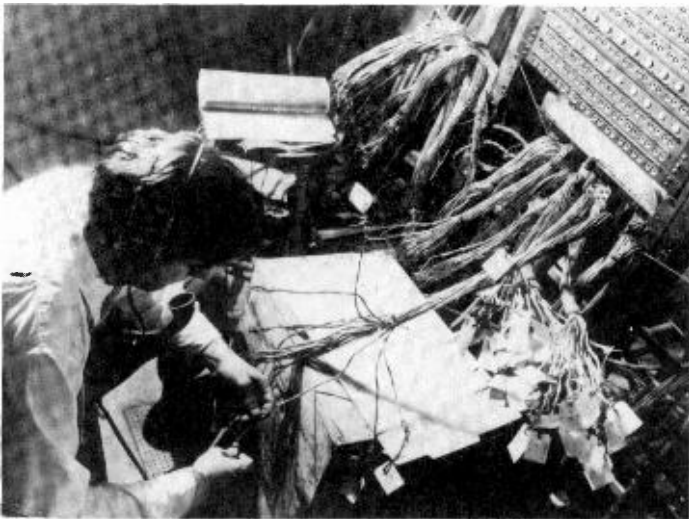


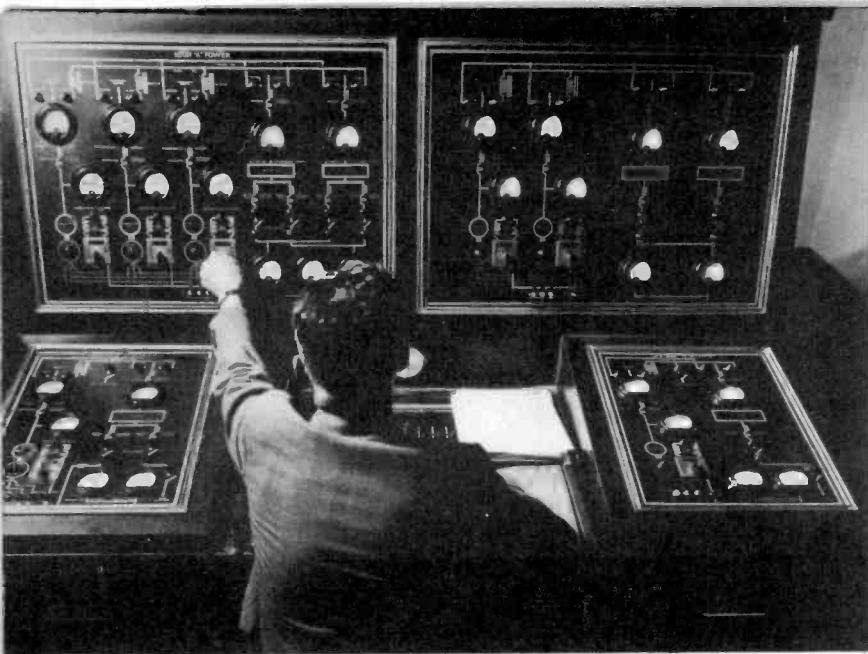
P-o-w-e-r! More than half of the broadcasting stations in America radiate 500 watts, or less power than it takes to run your electric toaster. Divide this power among the nation's 25,000,000 radio receivers — figure that 99.999999-9999999% of it never reaches anybody's aerial — and you will realize what a marvelously sensitive device your radio set is. Above, you will see the motor generators which provide power for NBC key stations — WEAF and WJZ of 50,000 watts each. The switchboards with which the room is lined control the distribution of power throughout Radio City.

If war came tomorrow, you might lose your life, but not your radio programs. Even if every power plant in America were destroyed by bombing planes, an earthquake, or a ray capable of stopping all motors and generators from turning, national communication could be maintained by means of radio, for the batteries shown below store enough electricity to operate the two big stations for a full week. The stations might thus be used to direct the movement of troops, to organise relief for the stricken metropolis, or to serve the public in various other ways.

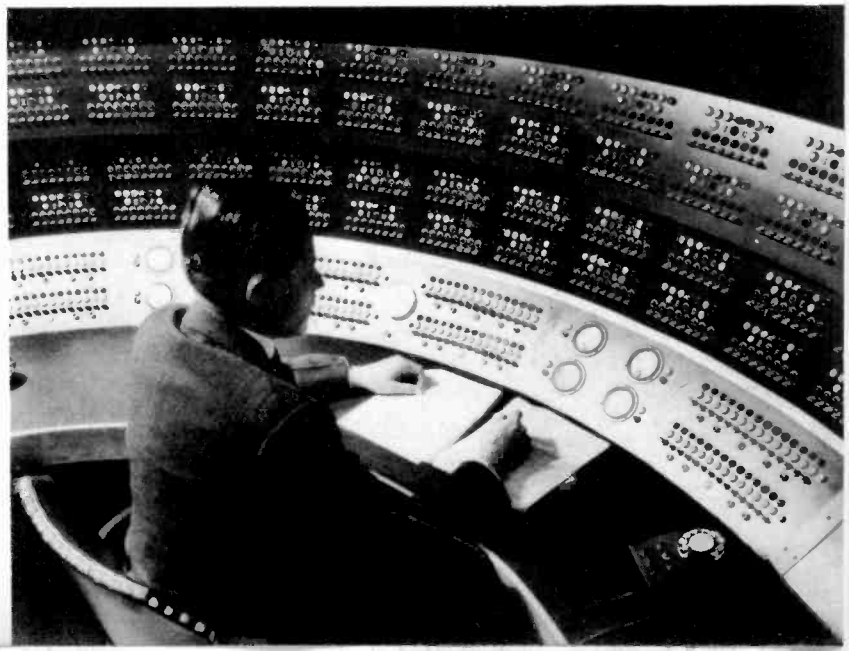


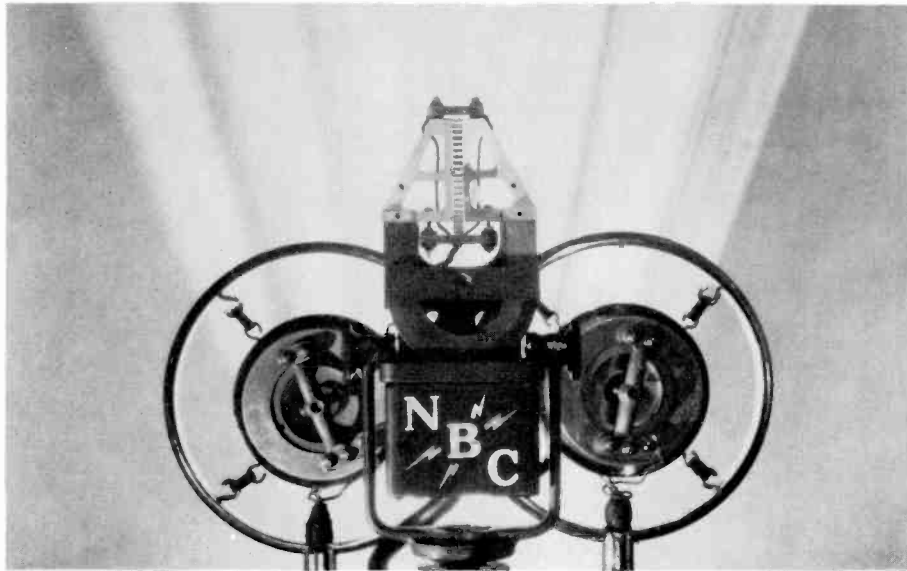
Every wire — the “nerves” of the radio station — must be marked to indicate its connections. Below is an operator checking one of the NBC switchboards which control more than one thousand miles of wire. At the right, O. B. Hanson, the network’s manager of technical operations, explains the intricacies of the main control room to R. C. Patterson, Jr., then its executive vice-president.



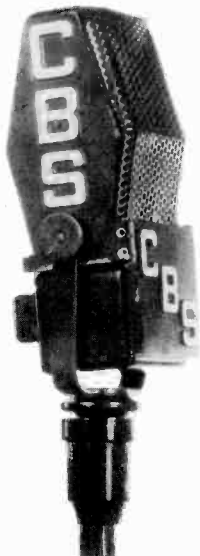


So that every operator may know what he is doing whenever he twists a knob or flips a switch, the panels of the power-control desk are engraved with diagrams of the circuits they operate, as illustrated above. Below is a close-up of part of the main control desk. Every one of the thousand or more lights has its own meaning. They show which stations are receiving programs on both the Red and Blue networks, and which studios are in use, for broadcasts, rehearsals, and auditions.





The familiar metal disc, so long a symbol of radio, has become a thing of the past in the major stations. It was a carbon microphone, very much like the device used in your telephone transmitter. Two of them are seen at the top of this page, posed on either side of the insides of the newest type of "ribbon mike." The picture at the lower left shows this new microphone as it appears in the studio, with its jacket on. Vibrations which any sounds cause in the metal ribbon, stretched tightly between the poles of a powerful magnet, are converted into weak electrical impulses, which are amplified and used to modulate the high-frequency radio wave that makes your set operate. To the lower right, looking somewhat like an electric heater, is a "parabolic mike." This instrument may be focussed on a person just as though it were a spotlight, and so can pick his voice up, even though there is a lot of extraneous noise nearer the microphone. The chair is shown to give an idea of the size of this apparatus. It isn't for the speaker to sit in — he may be many feet away.





A theater especially designed for broadcasting is shown at the top of this page. It is NBC's Center Studio, equipped with theatre chairs, a stage, footlights, curtains, and all other appurtenances of Thespis. The Columbia Broadcasting System goes even further in making the rehearsals seem real; it has taken over three theatres and converted them into studios by adding control rooms, just off the stage.

Above is one of the most unusual Radio City studios in which the panels in walls can be electrically rolled back by the control operator. The purpose of this is to make a hard or soft surface, according to the acoustical needs of the program being presented.



The center picture gives an idea of the size of Radio City's main studio, where they need a tower to change light bulbs.



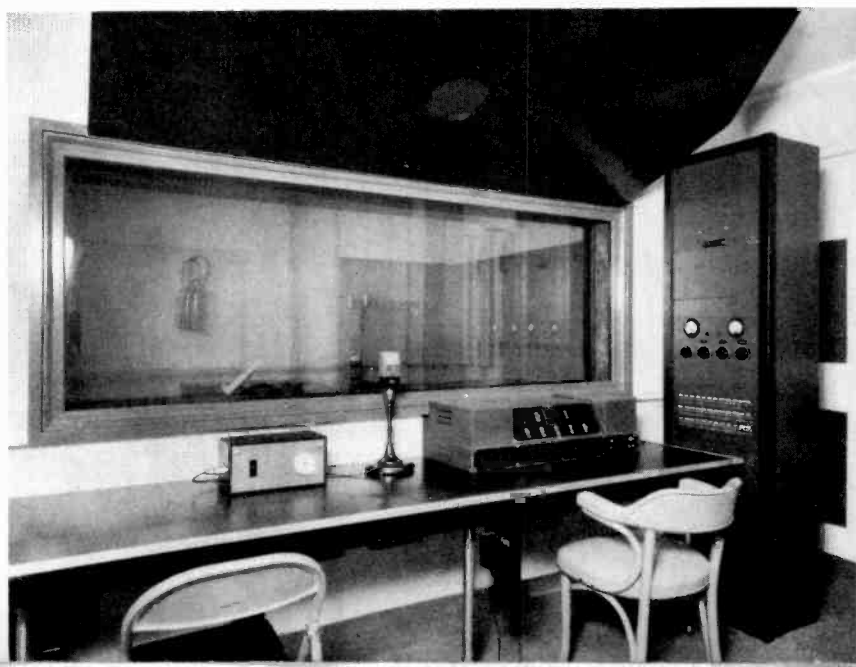
When a celebrity comes to the station, no effort is spared to make him feel comfortable and at ease. Therefore, he is led into one of the small studios, shown below, and seated at his ease at a desk, an inconspicuous microphone before him. The desk at the left, where the announcer and production man work, is equipped with a miniature control panel, and a pair of phones so that they can listen in to hear how the broadcast sounds on the air.

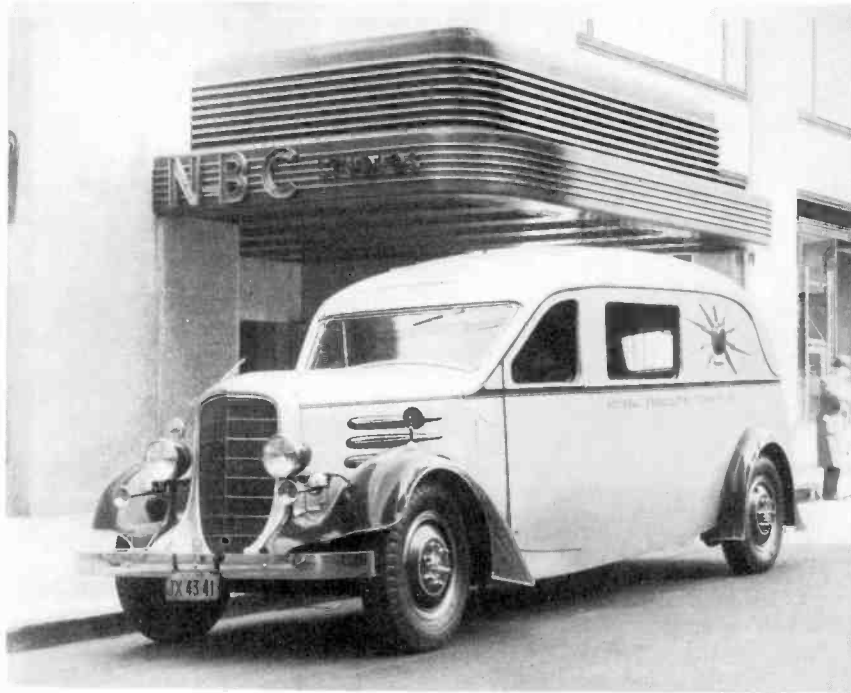




The sponsors of a program are entitled to every consideration — and they get it! When they want to sit in on their broadcast, they don't have to mix with the hoi polloi in the audience; they have comfortable chairs in a private lounge. The one shown is overlooking the big studio at NBC.

Below, is the inside of a CBS control room, where the operator makes the instrumental accompaniment come through in correct proportion to the singer's voice. Here also sits the production man, stop-watch in hand, ready to speed the program up if it appears to be running over time, or to signal frantically for more music should it seem a bit short. Programs must fit their time to the second.





Without portable broadcasting stations, such as are shown here, you would be unable to hear descriptions of parades, golf matches, inaugurations, and similar events, for which the announcer must move rapidly from point to point.

Below is the sort of radio truck used until three years ago. Notice how the antenna on its roof was supplemented by another aerial, held aloft by a bunch of balloons.

It is quite different from the new truck, shown above, virtually a complete automotive broadcasting station, housed in a stream-lined body. The aerial in this case is a telescoping metal rod, much like the leg of a photographer's tripod.





The microphone is probably the world's greatest adventurer, for it has been to every continent and nearly every country. It has scorched on the Sahara and in tropical jungles, has frozen in the Arctic and with Byrd in Little America; it has journeyed to the stratosphere, and to the ocean depths with Beebe in the bathysphere. On the left, we find an announcer and an engineer testing a new life-saving mask, which enables a swimmer to stay under water for long periods.



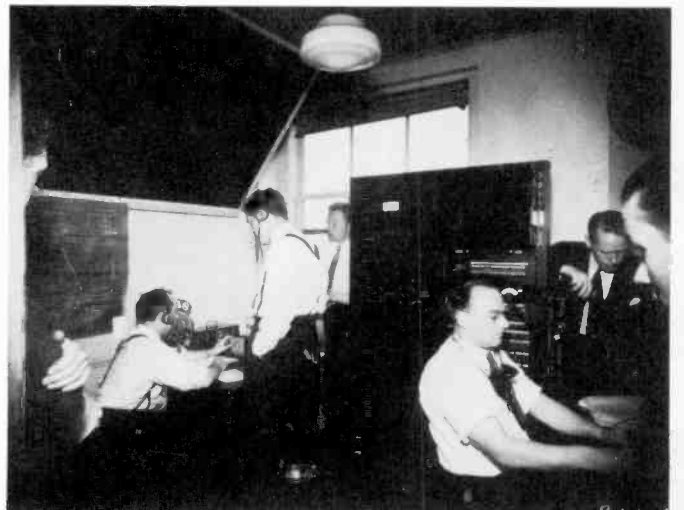
And here's your old favorite Ted Husing, of the CBS. In the centre, we find him on one of the New York Police Department's patrol boats, putting on a broadcast from the East River, to tell how the sea-going officers work.

Below is Ted seated in the fire truck, introducing the microphone to Chief Fire Marshall Thomas Brophy. This picture was taken just before the first broadcast from a fire truck, en route to a conflagration.





CBS engineers and announcers went aboard the U. S. S. *Indianapolis* to get a close-up of the review of the fleet, while another radio crew got long-shot descriptions atop the Columbia Building. A few floors below, a studio was converted into an emergency control room, to handle the switching from these and other points. A complicated business, this radio.





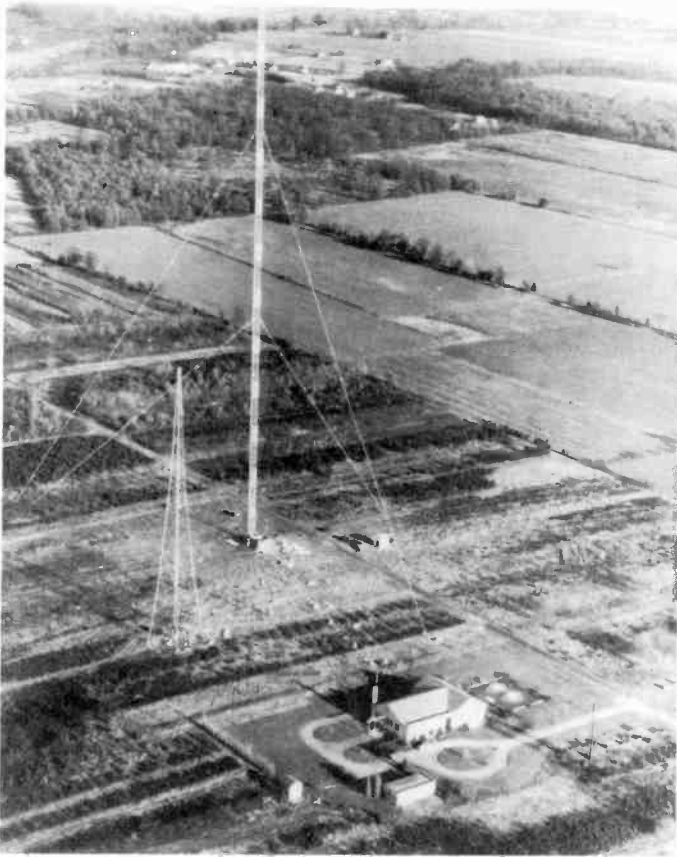
All the strange sounds that make radio dramas come to life must be produced (or reproduced) in the studio. Here are some of the queer gadgets that have been devised to give almost every sound that man can imagine.



The phonograph produces many sounds from street traffic to crowds, zoos, or wars. The rack being used by the man at the right gives the sound of marching feet.



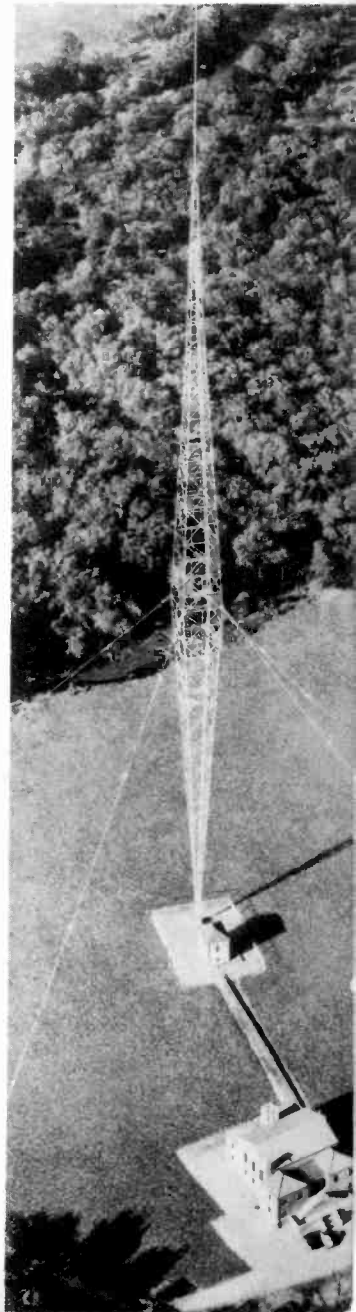
Ray Kelly (in the light suit), chief of the NBC sound effects department, and one of his assistants, working a few of their gadgets during a PALM-OLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE broadcast. Kelly has planned and constructed nearly two hundred odd-looking contrivances with which he can produce several thousand separate sound effects, from the chirp of a cricket to the roar of an avalanche.



And here is where the radio waves start on their travels through the ether toward you, bringing you opera, symphonies, dance bands, songs, drama, news, sports, and comedy, without charge, twenty-four hours a day, three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days a year.

Above is the transmitter for NBC's station, WJZ, at Bound Brook, New Jersey, showing the 640-foot vertical radiator towers and the comparatively small building which houses the giant tubes, some taller than the average man.

At the right is an airplane view of WABC, the CBS transmitter at Wayne, New Jersey. The vertical aerial is 550 feet high, surmounted by a 75-foot pole. At 270 feet from the ground it is 27 feet square, but it is only 24 inches square at its base, where it rests on an insulator 9 inches in diameter. This insulator supports the dead weight of the aerial of 137 tons, which is increased by the pull of the guy wires to 340 tons. The power of the station is 50 kilowatts.



This completes our tour through the technical part of broadcasting. While considerable space has just been devoted to NBC in Radio City, but little has been used to picture the interior of the equally important CBS. And in the following chapter on Radio Stars and Programs, although a great many of the pictures showing broadcasters in and out of action were taken in the studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System, it nevertheless is rather difficult to visualise a broadcasting station's interior by looking at some photographs of its stars.

We would spend more time going through the big CBS building on Madison Avenue, which houses WABC, Columbia's New York key station, but already at the beginning of 1937 there are plans to abandon it, although the studios and reception rooms were completely redecorated only last year. The System will soon commence construction of a new Columbia Broadcasting Building which is to occupy the entire block from 58th to 59th Streets on New York's exclusive Park Avenue, and this will doubtless offer the very latest developments in radio technique, making obsolete the present studios much as Radio City overshadowed the old NBC quarters in the building at 711 Fifth Avenue, which have since become the headquarters for a concern making electrical transcriptions (phonograph records) for broadcasting purposes.

The CBS has one hundred and one stations, in addition to two powerful short-wave transmitters. Like those of the NBC, the latter carry American broadcasts to all parts of the world — a fact duly attested by fan mail received in all tongues of Babel. Twenty-two of the broadcasting stations form the basic CBS network; the other seventy-seven are added or omitted in accordance with the needs of the various sponsors. The CBS Radio Theatres, from which many of Columbia's broadcasts are now made, look much like any other large theatres, save that the control equipment is installed in boxes which are walled with glass, and the conventional scenery is replaced by drapes.

Now we will join the studio audiences who are viewing a broadcast. In the following chapter we will go into some of the major programs and see what they are like when they are on the air.



A typical studio audience "snapped" at a Cities Service broadcast.



A typical audience watching Andre Kostelanetz direct the orchestra accompanying Kay Thompson and her Rhythm Singers in one of the CBS Broadway Radio Theatres.

CHAPTER II

RADIO STARS AND PROGRAMS

Twenty-seven million sets! That means a hundred and eight million listeners, figuring four to a family. And every one of them would like two or more tickets to visit the studios to see their favorite programs put on the air.

CBS gives away approximately seven hundred thousand tickets a year; NBC about the same number. That is a total of almost a million and a half tickets annually, yet this is only 2 per cent of the tickets requested.

Most listeners, therefore, must continue to take their radio via the loud speaker. It is for this 98 per cent that the following pages are intended.

They want to know what the stars look like — how they act in the studios and at home; what they would say if we could have a little chat with them. In order to gratify this perfectly natural curiosity of radio listeners, the author has interviewed several hundred of the stars of radio and otherwise has gathered a great deal of information on them as well as pictures.

Naturally, not every broadcaster could be included in a book of this size, and it was only after conferences with many radio editors that this list was decided upon. Some were omitted because their programs, while deeply interesting to certain limited groups of people, were not believed to have enough general appeal. Conversely, other widely popular programs have been omitted because there has been so much written about them already that nearly anything which might be said would probably be an old story to most readers.

The list of broadcasters thus selected are arranged in alphabetical order. We present, therefore, first, THE ACES.

The Aces

Goodman Ace, whose team is billed as "Radio's Distinctive Laugh Novelty," is one of the few comedians who does not use a gag man. Ace's explanation as to how he thinks up his humorous situations is simple enough. "You know you have to turn out the 'funny stuff,' so you sit down at the typewriter and get to work. You think up the plot because the agency has to have it, and you have to eat. Anyway, the situations just naturally develop from one broadcast to the next."

Ace, people who don't know him well call him "Goody," is aided by a natural sense of humor. He thinks in gags. For instance, some years ago when Ace was writing *Lobbying*, a theatrical column for the *Kansas City Journal-*

Post, he learned that Jack Benny's vaudeville act followed a troupe of Chinese jugglers, who opened the show. Immediately he thought of a gag and telegraphed it to Benny. It was, "How times have changed! It used to take Japs or better to open."

Benny tried the gag out. It went over well so he mailed Ace a check for fifty dollars and a note saying, "Your gag got a lot of laughs. If you have any other funny material, please send it at once."

Ace needed the money, being at the time a newlywed, but what is a mere fifty dollars compared with a laugh? He sent it right back, enclosing a note: "Your check got a lot of laughs. If you have any other funny material, please send it at once."

That was the beginning of the friendship between the Aces and the Bennys. Not only are they friends, but their voices sound alike over the radio. Benny has even had a letter from one of his cousins, addressed to "Jack Benny, care of The Aces," and asking him to verify the rumor that Ace was one of his characterisations.

Jane is really Ace's wife. Though they knew each other in school, they were only friends at that time. After Ace was graduated, he did not see Jane for ten years. Then when they happened to meet and renew their friendship, he fell in love with her but did not dare ask her to marry him because he was a struggling newspaper man.

In order to see THE ACES in action, it is necessary to attend one of their rehearsals, as they never have anybody at their broadcasts for Anacin. Once when they tried it everybody laughed so loudly it drowned out the dialogue.

When the cast is seated, their order at the table is Ace, South; Jane, West; Marge, North; and the lesser characters together at East. Ford Bond, the announcer, sits at a desk across the room.

Jane is a small blonde with a humorous mouth, flickering dimples, and tremendous brown eyes. She chews gum. Marge is a big, attractive brunette. Her off-stage name is Mary Hunter.

Ace himself is a strapping six-footer with reddish hair and a close-cropped moustache. He has the unique ability of being able to enunciate despite chewing gum and a cigar; he smokes and chews and talks simultaneously.

In their program they use a special microphone, sunk flush in the centre of a bridge table. It is Ace's invention, used first in their bridge burlesques. He found that by laying the scripts on the table, the cast naturally faces the microphone and is less conscious of it. Their delivery, therefore, is more natural. This is particularly good for Ace, who very nearly has to be blindfolded to keep him from shying at the mike. Jane is not mike-conscious at all; Ace says that the one time she faced a regular standing mike, she was as pleased as an amateur Juliet at her first performance.

After the team has been through the script once, Ace tells the others what he wants. (You should hear him reading Jane's lines. It is an *experience!*) Then the announcer takes a last run through his commercial, and it is time for the broadcast to begin.



Jane and Goodman Ace —
off for the races.

KING AND QUEEN ACE: Ace weighs one hundred seventy-five; Jane one hundred three. She is five feet two. They both broadcast with their hats on. . . . Both born in Kansas City, Missouri, he on January 16, 1899; she on October 12, 1905. He was a newspaper man for twelve years before trying radio. First broadcast was his column, in 1928. In 1929 he devised THE ACES during the bridge boom, and put it on over a local station. . . . To Chicago in 1931, also on a local. . . . First network program in March, 1932. . . . Both like boats, horse races, boxing bouts, and wrestling. . . . Jane helps in preparing the scripts, says Ace, "By doing dumb things in real life — like not telling me when you phone." Natural humor touched with acid, as when celebrated tenor curtly ordered him not to smoke in smoking-room because, he said, "It chokes me." Ace replied, "That's a swell idea." Their spot on the air competes with the ever-popular Amos 'n' Andy, which is one of the nicest compliments that could be paid THE ACES. What other comedy team *could* compete?



The Aces at work ; notice the mike in the table.

Below, Ace, complete with hat and cigar, telling Jane how she should have said it. She doesn't seem to mind much, does she?



A tense moment in the studio. Left to right are Marge (Mary Hunter), Goodman Ace, and Mrs. Jane Ace. The microphone above the table is just in case the one in the table top goes bad.



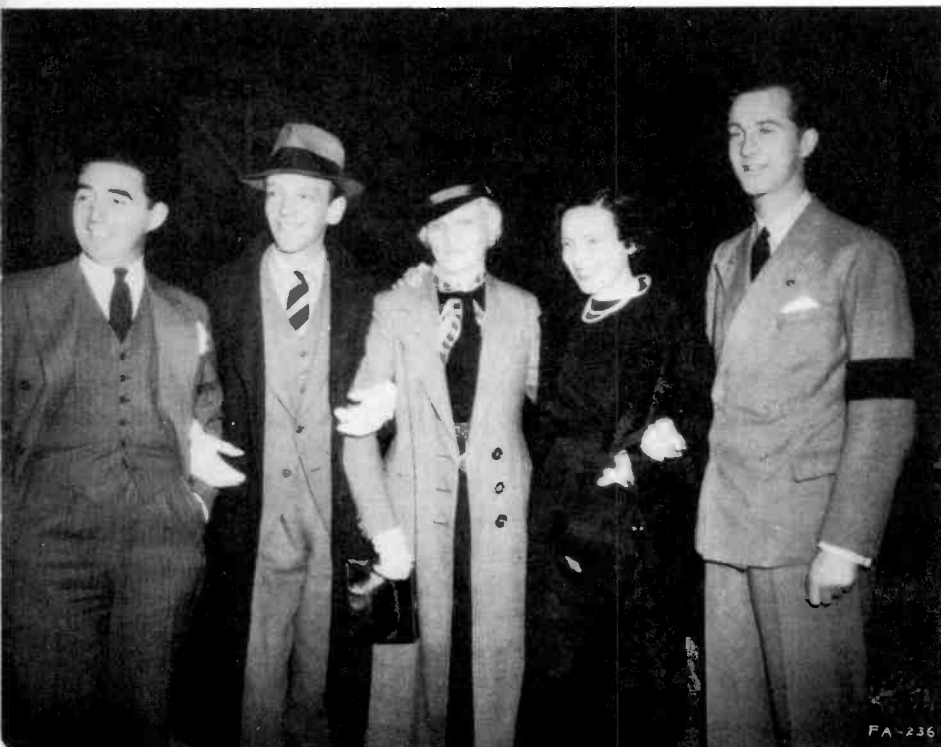
Fred Astaire

Fred Astaire is no Horatio Alger Hero who after years of struggle and failure finally won his way to stardom. Instead, he is a young man whose innate talent rocketed him to success before he won his first long trousers.

Fred was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on November 26, 1900, and by the time he was eight years old, had become a veteran vaudeville headliner in New York, where his family had moved, dividing a \$200-a-week salary with his sister, Adele, now Lady Cavendish.

Still in their 'teens, the dancing Astaires were starred in such Broadway musical shows as *Lady Be Good*, *Funny Face*, *Smiles*, and *The Band Wagon*. Fred

Fred Astaire and his folks. Left to right are Dave Dreyer of the RKO studio music department, Fred himself, his mother, his sister Adele, and his brother-in-law Lord Charles Cavendish.



Fred.

Fred plays piano, even between scenes in a picture. Here Eric Blore and Erik Rhodes are his audience.



Fred Astaire in a thoughtful mood.

made his Broadway debut in Ed Wynn's *Over the Top* and went to England with it in 1917. When, in 1931, Adele married Lord Cavendish of London, Fred continued his career alone, and met with one of his greatest artistic triumphs. This was in *The Gay Divorce*, which became *The Gay Divorcee* when it reached the screen. It was about this time that Fred married Phyllis Livingstone Potter. (They now have a child, Fred, Jr.)

But Astaire's path from the stage to the screen was not quite so smooth as it appears, for the movie magnates were hesitant about hiring a young man whose hair was a trifle thin and who, they thought, lacked "glamour." Finally, given a part in *Dancing Lady*, Fred was better than they had hoped. His second attempt, *Flying Down to Rio*, met with such acclaim that the young dancer-singer-actor was given a seven-year contract by RKO Radio Pictures, and he has since starred in numerous film musicals, including *Roberta*, *Top Hat*, *Follow the Fleet*, and *Swing Time*.

Fred made his radio debut in 1935, as guest star of the Lucky Strike dance musicales, his rather shy style of speech endearing him to the listeners as much as did his smooth, easy style of singing and his clever tap dancing.

Late in 1936, he increased his accomplishments to include accordion, piano, and piccolo, and brought Charlie Butterworth into his act as comedian. Johnny Green's orchestra, formerly heard on the Benny broadcast, supplied the music for this program of Fred's, which Packard Motors sponsored. Conrad Thibault, baritone, and Francina White, soprano, subsequently joined the cast.

Fred Allen

TOWN HALL TONIGHT

A half-hour before the Fred Allen show is scheduled to start, NBC's big main studio is nearly full. A press pass, however, serves as a passport to a seat in the second row, about six feet from the microphone which Fred is to use. The stage is still almost empty. One red-coated musician is making some adjustments to his drum, and the porters are still bringing in sound effects and making themselves generally useful. Gradually the band drifts in, looking somewhat like British hussars in their snappy uniforms. They are followed by a tall, slim, handsome dark chap in "civies," the band leader, Peter Van Steeden. Van is not one of the self-important sort of conductors — he carries his own music stand over instead of having a porter do it for him. Then he begins looking through a sheaf of music and calling the numbers off to the band.

Next to enter are the amateurs and their friends, and Jim Harkins ushers them to a bank of chairs.

Then Harry Von Zell, a round-faced, light-haired, medium-sized young fellow, comes and explains the show to the audience, comparing the effect it will produce in the studio with the impression it will have on the air. He rehearses them in how to cheer when TOWN HALL opens and tells them when not to applaud, explaining that if they clapped violently the first time Portland appeared, it would be confusing to listeners. The audience thoroughly enjoys taking part in the show with their cheering.

No sooner has he finished than in come Fred, his wife, Portland Hoffa, Jack Smart, and Minerva Pious, who have appeared with him for years, and Eileen Douglas and John Brown, the other members of his cast. They sit in another bank of chairs at the left, opposite the amateurs.

Von Zell makes the opening announcement, and then shouts "It's TOWN HALL tonight!" meanwhile cuing the cheers by waving his right arm. Then the show is under way, with the cast in a huddle around the mike, and Fred holding a megaphone in one hand as if he were about to croon. When he begins his newsreel, which "sees all — shows nothing," he talks *across* the large end of the megaphone, to give his voice a hollow "newsreely" sound.

That sequence over, he takes the horn back to the sound effects man, and pours himself a drink of water. (It looks as though he puts some *Sal Hepatica* in it, but it is hard to be sure.)

Portland is a tall, slender, cute-looking brunette. Her voice does not sound nearly as "gaga" in the studio as it does over the air, and when she is not before the mike, it is just a nice, normal voice, with no trace of that inexplicable quality which she uses to broadcast.

She, Fred, and the Mighty Allen Art Players work at a single microphone, and while they are talking, Van Steeden, who at other times leads his band with a lead pencil and considerable violence, sits on the edge of the conductor's stand reading a script and laughing harder than anyone else in the show, though Portland chuckles heartily at most of her husband's gags and keeps smiling even while reading her lines.

The first amateur is led out as Fred reads the introduction, grinning genially at the aspirant. Then he lays down his script, and the banter begins flying to and fro. Fred makes up his questions and comebacks as he goes along, and so do the amateurs. They and Fred never see each other until the broadcasts. He has no hand in selecting them. Their letters of application go to the advertising agency, which sends them questionnaires to be filled out. From thousands of these, several hundred are selected to be heard, and of these hundreds, about six actually go on the air each week. Voting is done by the studio audience, a technician with an "output meter" measuring the volume of their applause through a microphone and amplifier.

As the program nears its end, Allen glances at the control room, and he and the man there signal each other. When the show ends there is a deluge of applause. For the next twenty minutes Fred is completely submerged by a wave of autograph hunters and people to whom he is forced to explain that their friends in Kokomo have to write in to ask for auditions.

In answer to a question, Allen said, "Studio audiences are a big help to a program like ours, for their laughter and applause give our show the lift it needs. Sometimes they laugh loudest at things we consider pretty poor, and other times the gags that go best in rehearsal leave the audience cold. I wish we could try every one of our programs on three or four studio audiences before broadcasting them. It would help us iron out the rough spots."



A GLIMPSE OF ALLEN: Cambridge, Massachusetts, was the place and May 31, 1894, the date of Fred's birth; John F. Sullivan was his natal name. . . . Worked first in a public library, where he read books on juggling; practised this science assiduously at home until he became an expert. . . . Took part in an amateur show; failed miserably. . . . Tried again, again and again; failed again, again and again. . . . When stage manager asked, "Where 'd you learn juggling?" and he replied, "I took a correspondence course in baggage smashing," the audience laughed. Fred quit juggling to become a comedian, changed his name first to Fred James, then to Fred Allen, in vaudeville, touring the world. . . . Joined the A.E.F. . . . After the Armistice, married Portland Hoffa. (If you think her first name odd, consider two of her sisters: her father, Doctor Frederic Hoffa, named one Dr. Frederica Hoffa — *Dr.* and all — after



Fred and his wife, Portland Hoffa, just posing.

And the centre picture on the opposite page shows Fred and Portland at work.

himself; another LastonE, — with a capital final e — because he thought he had enough children.) Allen is a writer as well as a comic; has written movie shorts for Jimmie Barton, Bert Lahr, Tom Howard, Charles Butterworth; sketches for *Little Show* and *Three's a Crowd*; vaudeville acts, magazine articles. . . . Appeared in both these shows. . . . Recently a star of feature film, *Thanks a Million*. . . . A bland, "dead-pan" comedian most of the time, studio friends have nicknamed Fred "Long Puss." He likes banjo playing, when he can do it himself.



Fred Allen, with Stoopnagle (F. Chase Taylor) and Bud (Wilbur Hulick), who were on TOWN HALL during Fred's vacation. When Fred returned, they started a show of their own.



The wrong end of the megaphone, spoken across, gives the tone that makes Fred's announcement of his "news-reel," which "Sees all — shows nothing," sound like a talkie.





Dear Friend:

We received your note asking if you may compete in the amateur contests for Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight." And the answer is definitely . . . YES!

Of course, we receive so many requests that it may take time to get to you, but if you're willing to wait, why, we're a little more than willing to listen. In the meantime, here's some information you might like to have about how we run our auditions. And, incidentally, it might improve your chances of winning.

You see most of our auditioning friends are not unusual enough to win. It takes more than a fair voice, or the ability to play an instrument fairly well. We want things that are different, unusual. For instance, a girl may sing rather well, but not well enough. But if she has a couple of friends who play instruments, and they work out a novel arrangement to accompany her, then the act has a fine chance. Or, a gentleman may sing a rather impressive baritone solo, and still not win. But, if he were to sing a folk song that has color and romance, that is distinctive and unusual, why, his chances are quite good. Sometimes two or three lads may each sing only a fair song, but they may work out quite a novelty, if they sing together. In short, we are trying to find the different, the unique. And we want you to sit right down and figure out how to surprise us in your audition! Anything goes -- from singing chickens to playing the harp with mittens on! And the more unusual your accomplishment -- the greater your chance for cashing in.

Another thing -- Fred Allen and those of you who are on the program always have lots of fun together. Besides, he likes to know something about you -- about your background. Something that sets you apart from the rest of us. Perhaps you have an unusual job, or were born in an interesting place, or came to New York through some peculiar circumstance. If Fred knows about it -- then you both have something in common when you meet on the radio stage.

So send us in a resume of what you're planning to show us (make it different!) and something about yourself that Fred can talk about (it's a fun show, remember!). Then, when your turn comes, we'll send you a card telling you when and where the audition will be held.

Sincerely,

Fred Allen

TOWN HALL TONIGHT
285 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

EMC/FR

The letter you get when you ask Fred for an audition.

And here is the result -- as the banter flies to and fro, George Logan, amateur violinist, seems to be holding his own. Look closely and you'll see how the boys in the band are laughing.



Amos 'n' Andy

So well do Amos 'n' Andy manage their negro dialect that hundreds of listeners telephone the broadcasting stations to ask, "Are they really colored men?"

The answer to that is, of course, "No." The characters they portray are purely fictional, though drawn from a sympathetic study of the negro race.

Charles Correll, who enacts the role of Andy, was born in Peoria, Illinois, on February 3, 1890. Nine years later, on May 5, 1899, Freeman Gosden, who has won fame as Amos, was born in Richmond, Virginia. Amos's father was one of Confederate General Mosby's cavalymen; Andy's grandmother was a cousin of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy. And, oddly enough, the two boys first met in the South, though not until many years later.

When "Andy" Correll was graduated from high school, he took a commercial course and soon secured a position as stenographer to the State Superintendent of Construction, in Springfield, Illinois. He still retains his skill at the keyboard, but now uses it to type the team's radio scripts. After a year in his first job, however, he went to work for his father as a bricklayer. In his spare time he learned to play the piano, sing, and take part in amateur theatricals. During the war, Correll served at the Rock Island arsenal, and in 1918 became a director of amateur theatricals for a Chicago concern which specialised in staging such shows.

"Amos" Gosden was educated in Richmond, and in Atlanta, Georgia, afterwards becoming a salesman, first of tobacco, then of automobiles. He was a naval operator during the World War, and in 1920 became associated with the firm which employed Correll. The two men who were to become famous as Amos 'n' Andy first met when both were assigned to a show being put on in Durham, North Carolina.

After that they were frequently on the road together, and while setting a production in New Orleans, made their first broadcast. Some time later, their second broadcast followed in Joliet, Illinois; their third was made over WQJ, Chicago, during a Red Cross drive a few months later.

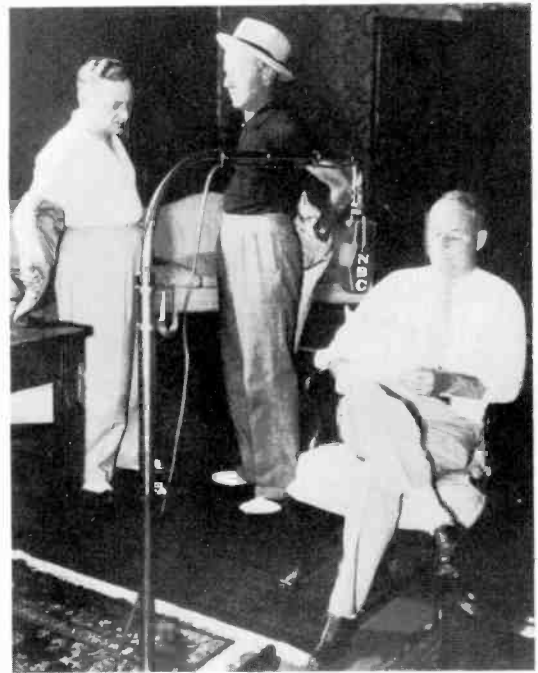
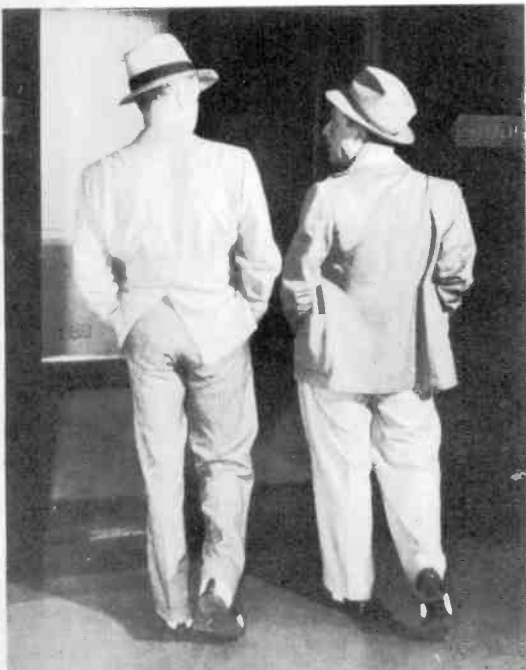
Loving music, they sang and played in the apartment they shared, until ready to audition as a singing team, whereupon Chicago's WEBH gave them a hearing — and a job without pay. Then followed recording dates (they made about twenty records) before they decided that music was fine as an avocation, but not as a business, so far as they were concerned.



Amos.



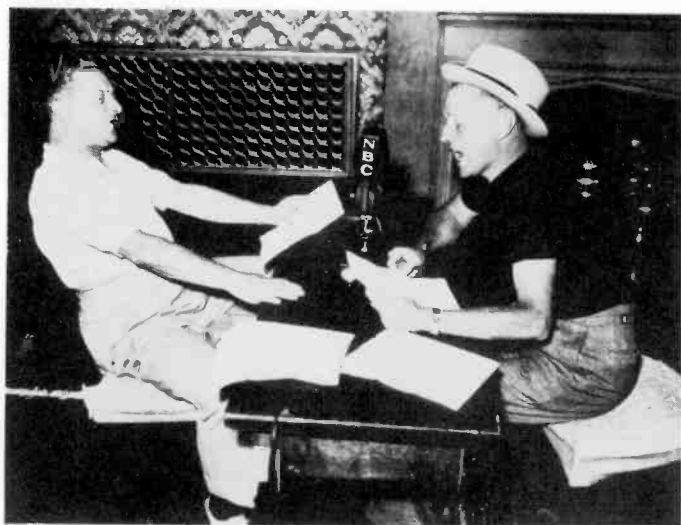
We follow Amos 'n' Andy
into the studio —



— off come their coats as
Bill Hay looks through the
script —



Their program finished, the boys leave the studio. They put on two programs nightly; one for the East and another for the West and Mid-west, four hours later.



— and so to work. That's Andy at the left, Amos at the right.

Top centre, the only time they ever missed a broadcast was when they were having so much fun hunting, near Hancock, Maryland, they forgot all about clocks and studios — and Amos 'n' Andy.



Late in 1924, WGN, Chicago, offered them a paying program as a comedy team, with a script based upon married life. They countered with the suggestion that they be permitted to do "darky" dialogue instead. So, in January, 1925, the radio blackface team of Sam 'n' Henry came into being. They stayed on the station for two years, after which they went on the road for a short time, returning to radio via WMAQ, Chicago, on March 28, 1928, as AMOS 'N' ANDY.

Their new program was an immediate hit, and on August 19, 1929, went on the NBC network under the sponsorship of Pepsodent toothpaste.

Their procedure has now become very nearly a matter of routine. They get to their office in the morning, go through their mail, and attend to their routine duties. Then, at about 1:00 P.M., they close themselves off from all telephone calls and concentrate upon preparing their script for that evening. When the fifteen hundred word continuity is finished, one copy is sent to the Copyright Bureau, the other, filed. Their files include every word they have ever written.

Generally the broadcast takes place from the Chicago studios of NBC, but sometimes the boys are on the road. In this case the program originates from wherever they are, being "piped in" to the Merchandise Mart Studios over telephone lines. Bill Hay handles the announcements from there except when on vacation. But the organ music, which opens and closes their programs, comes from another studio in the Civic Opera Building. It is sent to the main control room over wires.

So far as can be learned, no audience has ever been allowed in the studio when Amos 'n' Andy are on the air, for they feel that spectators would distract their attention and prevent their doing full justice to the listeners-in. (You'll be interested in comparing this with Eddie Cantor's theory.) Once, Miss Helen Hayes, visiting Chicago, asked to witness their broadcast, and was refused! They have, however, presented guest stars upon occasion and Elinor Harriot, as "Ruby Taylor" has become a regular member of their cast.



ANALYSING AMOS 'N' ANDY: Andy likes golf, playing the piano, going to the movies and flying — particularly his own plane. He is a high-speed typist and, according to Amos, has a grand sense of humor. Physically, he is the shorter, stockier member of the team. Andy's wife is Mrs. Marie Janes Correll.

Amos, according to Andy, is a quick thinker and a capable business man. His disposition is mercurial — he is either highly happy or supremely sad. He enjoys fishing, hunting, golf, dancing, swimming, and backgammon. Amos is married to Mrs. Leta Shreiber Gosden; their children are Freeman, Jr., and Virginia Marie.

Both Amos and Andy were married in 1927.

Phil Baker

"Stooge" is a much misused word, for although it has come to identify a feeder, straight-man, or satellite, it originally meant a heckler, especially one who sat in the audience and made nasty remarks to the man on the stage. At least, so says Phil Baker, star of the program sponsored by "That Good Gulf Gasoline." And Phil ought to know, for he's the man who invented stooges, or, rather, discovered them.

Phil traces the origin of the stooge to a Sunday evening concert at the Old Winter Garden Theatre, where he was appearing as accordion-playing monologist. That historic night a voice from the audience roared, "Hey, Phil! Play *Jada*," a selection popular in those days. When Phil tried to ignore the interruption, the plea was repeated — louder, and in more detail. The more embarrassed Phil became, the harder the audience laughed.

The heckler was an acquaintance of Phil's, one Jojo, who had been a singing waiter at Tony Pastor's place, along with Irving Berlin. It just happened that he had an overpowering urge to hear *Jada* that night. The audience, however, liked his heckling so well that Phil decided to make it a regular part of the act, and Jojo was hired as the world's first stooge.

Baker now carries on the tradition with his haunter, Beetle, whose name is withheld as he is more interesting as an unsolved mystery. Harry McNaughton (Bottle) and Agnes Moorhead are the other principals of the cast, which is supported by Hal Kemp's orchestra, and the Seven G's.

BRIEF BAKER BIOGRAPHY: Phil was born in Philadelphia on August 27, 1893, but ran away to Boston at the age of sixteen. There, broke and hungry, he took part in an amateur show at the Bowdoin Square Theatre, receiving fifty cents as his pay. This salary proving unsatisfactory, he came home.

After leaving school he became secretary to Carl Laemmle, then running the IMP Film Company, whose productions starred the Pickford Sisters (Lottie and Mary) and King Baggot. The office bored Phil, but movies did not; he went to the local theatre nearly every night. One summer when the girl pianist there fainted from the heat, Phil substituted at the piano.

Phil soon went into vaudeville, as accompanist to a violinist. After a while he gave up the piano for the accordion, and formed a team with Ben



A close-up of Phil Baker.



Phil with Mabel Albertson and Harry McNaughton, better known as "Bottle."



Agnes Moorehead ("Mrs. Sarah Heartburn").

Bernie. It took the World War to change Phil from a musician to a comedian, for when he became a sailor his fellow-gobs, knowing his vaudeville history, expected him to "be funny" in their shipboard entertainments. And, of course, he had to comply.

After the war, Phil retained confidence in his ability as a comic, and proceeded to go on the stage, starring in *Greenwich Village Follies*, *Night in Spain*, *Crazy Quilt*, and others. Then came radio, and Phil invented a brand new studio technique to carry out the "stooge" idea which he had originated. Beetle, his haunter, is not seen by even the people in the studio. He is in a different room, his voice coming to the program through a loudspeaker, standing near the microphone which Phil uses.

Phil is married; has a young daughter, Margot Eleanor Baker, and an even younger son, Stuart, born December 31, 1934. Phil's wire-haired terrier became so jealous of the babies that he had to be given away.



Papa!

Right, Phil, Mrs. Phil, and their two children.



Jack Benny

When Jack Benny used to play what he fondly believed to be *Love in Bloom* on the violin (but which neither Sigmund Spaeth nor Sherlock Holmes could have identified), it was difficult to believe that Jack's first professional appearance was as *violinist* with an orchestra in his home town of Waukegan, Illinois. Unfortunately one week after maestro Jack made his debut, the theatre closed. "But I had nothing to do with that!" he insists.

Jack was born on St. Valentine's Day in 1894, but, as he will tell you, he has "changed a lot since then." His driver's license shows him to be five feet, nine inches tall, with fair complexion and brown hair, now sprinkled with grey. He admits to one hundred fifty pounds, but when he tells people his weight, they look at him, gasp, and exclaim, "Is *that* all!"

His mother, who was a musician, started Jack studying the violin at the age of six. At first the boy objected, but by the time he was fourteen his interest in his playing was so great that he gave up all the usual high school activities in favor of fiddling.

As Benny wanted to become a vaudeville violinist, he haunted the local theatre whenever he could. This included much of the time when he should have been in school. Finally the principal called him into his office and remarked: "Jack, I want to apologise for letting school interfere with your musical career and to assure you it won't happen again. In other words, Jack, you are expelled."

So, as has been said, Benny became a vaudevillian in Waukegan for one week. That first defeat did not discourage him, however, for he had been a rather successful amateur while still in high school. He took the band's pianist as accompanist and got a contract as "The Boy Violinist."

With this billing, Benny toured for six profitable years before the World War. He then decided to see the world through a porthole and joined the Navy. Someone discovered that he was a musician, so they handed him a fiddle instead of a swab and sent him out to play for the Seaman's Benefit Fund. He got plenty of applause but not much money, and decided that the best way to get contributions was to ask for them.

That's when Benny became a comedian, for he found that laughing audiences were the heaviest contributors. So at every performance, he fiddled less and talked more until, when he returned to vaudeville after the war, he had become a monologist who carried a violin which he never played. The fiddle had changed from a musical instrument to a mere stage "prop."

Gradually he swung from an "opening spot" to a "headliner" and also to master of ceremonies in brilliant Broadway revues.

But he might not have become the great star that he is, had he not met Mary Livingstone one night while dancing at the Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, where he was having a record run of eight weeks at the Orpheum Theatre.

He decided that she was going to be Mrs. Benny and talked her into taking a trip to Waukegan to meet his folks, who, it is said, were named Kubelsky. The meeting must have been a pleasant one, for just sixty-four minutes later the chief clerk in Chicago's City Hall was saying the solemn words. Mary fainted dead away the second the ceremony was over. This marriage took place on January 14, 1927; about six years later they adopted a baby, little Joan Naomi Benny.

New York impressed them as the right place to spend their honeymoon, so there they went. Jack asked Mary how she would like to drop in and watch Earl Carroll rehearse the *Vanities*, a new edition of which he was then putting into production. Mary thought it would be interesting for a few minutes and they went backstage. A few hours later they were still there; Jack was on the stage, having been given the leading role. (At least that is the legend that has been told about him. He really came to New York because it is the centre of the show business. He had already appeared in *Hollywood Revue*, a talkie, and on Broadway in a couple of Shubert shows and he wanted to continue in this work. But the other version is more romantic.)

Then along came an offer from a sponsor and Benny was in radio. He still goes out to Hollywood often and stays there for long periods because making movies, while hard work, is lucrative — and Benny does not mind hard work.

Here are a few sidelights on his personality. His favorite sport is golf, but he admits that he would rather go to the movies, because, as he says, "You don't have to walk so far." He prepares his radio scripts about four days ahead of a broadcast. He wasn't scared as an amateur, but he was at his professional debut. He likes pepper steak, loyal friends, and steak sandwiches; dislikes jigsaw puzzles and unresponsive audiences. Pictures radio audience as four or five people sitting around a room, but will not say whether he sees them as responsive or not. Always wears grey soft hat and blue or grey suit (no browns) and keeps hat on in studio. Has been thrilled thrice: First, appearing before President Roosevelt on March 11, 1933; Second, getting a fire marshall's car to rush him from a picture studio to a radio studio in time to broadcast and nearly being killed *en route*; Third, seeing himself on the screen for the first time. Would like to travel or be a theatrical producer; no desire to play Hamlet, though once wanted to be an actor. Eats only two meals a day; goes to bed about three A.M. and gets up at nine the same morning. Buys insurance and bonds with his savings. Says the nicest compliment he ever got was the first time somebody told him his Jell-O broadcast sounded impromptu. Claims it seems like that because they rehearse but once to keep from losing the informal effect.



You remember how Jack used to play
"Love in Bloom"!

Lower left, a new member of the Benny
Broadcast.

Lower right, Jack Benny — a portrait.



Top, Mary, Jack and Una Merkel,
guest star.



Lower right, Phil Harris, orchestra
director.

Below, Kenny Baker, tenor, going
over a song for the Benny show.



Ben Bernie

Ben Bernie is one of the few band leaders who gives his show no careful timing at the last, or dress, rehearsal. He just works his lads until they are letter perfect in each number and then trusts to luck that the program will fit the time allotted it. If it is too long, the control man can turn it off the channel when the seconds run out; if it is too short, Bernie signals All the Lads to add an extra number, a couple of choruses, or one chorus, depending upon how much too short it is.



The Old Maestro being his usual suave self.



Ben (cigar and all) runs over a song with his guest star.

Ben grabs a bite during rehearsal
— and poses informally.

Can he be talking about Winchell?



Mickey Garlock, violinist and assistant conductor, directs the band a large part of the time, because Ben can't lead while talking into the microphone. But Ben is, none the less, very much in charge. He does most of his rehearsing in the control room, because, he says, "It doesn't matter how the band sounds to me in the studio — it's how it sounds to you on the air."

Consequently, he walks about ten miles preparing each broadcast, dashing from control room to stage for a few words of instruction to the Lads, then back again to listen.

When he talks to the band, he uses the same trick dialect that he has on the air. It has come to be natural with him. When Mickey called, "Will this be the first number?" Ben shouted back, "Yowsah!"

He is suave even when giving instructions to his men: "Smooth it out, lads, smooth it out. It's too corny," or, "That was too loud, lads, far too loud. It sounds like a ten-cent dance hall."

He insists upon having every note of every number played precisely right, and explains his apparent fussiness by saying, "If the whole program is good, except the last three seconds, which are bad, then it is all lousy."

Such care goes into his program that the brasses use several different kinds of mutes, sometimes changing them so fast that they give only one toot to a mute, using a different one for the next single note.

Bernie comes out of the control room for a few minutes, to run through a bit of persiflage with his guest star, and an observer gets another shock. Bernie does not use a script! True, he has notes from which he works, but that is all. He has found that the best way to sound as though he isn't reading his lines is simply not to read them. When he is interviewed, another fallacy is disclosed; he frankly admits that he does not originate all his laugh lines. Like most other radio comics, he employs gag-men and sometimes even buys a good gag on the open market.

You often see him pictured with a cigar. That, at least, is an authentic bit of Berniana. He keeps a stubby butt in a short amber holder clenched between his teeth during 90 per cent of his working hours — even when he is issuing calm instructions to the Lads. It is only when he becomes excited that the cigar is removed. Then he clutches it in his right fist and waves it in the air.



BRIEF BERNIE BIOGRAPHY: Born in Bayonne, New Jersey, on May 30, 1892. One of the eleven children of the Village Smithy there; rightly named Ben Ancelewitz. (Biographers often get it wrong and say "Ancel.") Ben thought a violin bow would be easier to swing than father's ten-pound sledge — result, he was a child prodigy, with a Carnegie Hall concert at fourteen . . . started teaching in music school, but left for Loew vaudeville circuit . . . first big job at Hotel Roosevelt, New York, 1922. Has played in London, Hollywood, Chicago, and almost everywhere else. Height, five feet, ten inches; weight, one hundred seventy-five; hair, brown and thin on top; eyes, brown. Married? Yes, and has a 'teen-age son by his first wife. Second wife, Dorothy Wesley, a Florida society girl, married in the fall of 1935. Ben consumes twenty-five cigars a day, likes police dogs, horse races, hamburgers, and bridge . . . has played with Eli Culbertson, P. Hal Sims, Lou Haddad, and other experts . . . won't play bridge with women!

Major Bowes

Major Edward Bowes is probably the most brilliant showman in the world today, for he has taken the lowly amateurs and transformed them from timid folk, tremblingly awaiting the Hook on a vaudeville stage, to a national industry. Upon occasion, he has waved his wand and changed some neophyte into a star. And just as magical as is that transformation, so was the Major's rise from a three-dollar-a-week office boy to the position at the top of the radio popularity roster.

Even when he was making less in a week than his program is now reputed to earn every two minutes, Bowes had the spark of genius. As office boy in a San Francisco real estate office, he was interested in his work and studied the business, and in surprisingly few years was a wealthy real estate operator, and owned a yacht, maintained a stable of race horses, and competed in some of the road races which marked the early years of the automobile.

In 1904, the Major became active in local reform — in fact, he headed the Police Committee — and in this work was closely associated with Senator Hiram Johnson, then a rising young lawyer, and still a close friend. After they (with a little help) had cleaned up the city, Major Bowes took a trip to Ireland, to visit the birthplace of his parents. On April 18, 1906, the day following his return to San Francisco, the great earthquake wrecked the city and, incidentally, his fortune. But almost before the ruins had stopped smoldering, a new Bowes Building was in the process of construction. He chose its site shrewdly — it was in the heart of what was to be the city's new business district.

A year or two afterward, he married that lovely actress, the late Margaret Illington, and became interested in the stage.

At first his interest was from the realty standpoint, as part owner of a small chain of theatres, but he soon became a producer of plays. Next, in 1918, he and his associates built the Capitol Theatre in New York, and the Major became the managing director. At that time it was the world's largest motion picture theatre.

Appreciating the power of radio publicity, the Major planned the CAPITOL FAMILY broadcasts, which commenced on November 19, 1922, with the late S. L. ('Roxy') Rothafel as its master of ceremonies. Major Bowes, himself, took over these duties on the radio on July 25, 1925. And the first time he faced the microphone, he sounded just as nervous as did any of the amateurs who have appeared since then on his programs.

After his entry into radio, the Major continued his directorship of the Capitol, and became vice-president of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures. As part of his duties for MGM, he was director of their local station, WHN, and

when an amateur hour was started, Major Bowes was the logical man to conduct it.

Under the magic of the Bowes personality, this broadcast leaped into nationwide fame, and was taken to the NBC network, where it made its debut in the monster studio, the twelve hundred seats of which were filled to capacity at every broadcast. Late in 1936 Chrysler Motors took over the sponsorship, and the broadcasts were moved to one of the CBS Radio Theatres.

At these broadcasts the Major's desk is flanked by a gong, a wheel ("round and 'round she goes"), and a second desk for his assistants. One microphone stands beside his chair, and another is placed about six feet away, for the use of the amateurs.

When it is time for the broadcast, the announcer starts off the program. As he finishes, the wheel is spun for the sound effect, Bowes raps his eight and one-half inch gold-plated gong, and tall, blond Bob Reed, the former WHN announcer pianist whom the Major has with him to help the amateurs prepare for their time on the air, leads up the first of the aspirants from their seats in the front rows of the audience.

Major Bowes uses no script as he leads the amateur through his brief interview, merely working from a list of names and addresses on the desk beside him. This formality finished, the pianist, placed about fifteen feet away at a third microphone, picks up the cue as the amateur tells what he or she will sing, and the program runs along on its merry course, punctuated by the laughter and applause of the hundreds in the studio.

Most of the amateurs remember to talk into their microphone, but occasionally one forgets and begins addressing the Major, who admonishes him, "Don't talk to me. Talk to the microphone." This, for some occult reason, has always made the audience laugh. But the Major makes mistakes of his own now and then. One night he kept getting mixed up in giving the telephone number for use in the honor city. Finally someone chaffed him about it. Everybody in the studio roared with laughter, and no one was more amused than Major Bowes.

The amateurs are a typical cross-section of ambitious America. Most of them are young — in the late 'teens or early twenties, with an occasional youngster or older person mixed in. They all look very happy, as they march up to the microphone, confident of their ability and pleased to be given a chance to justify that confidence. The Major's gentle ragging does not upset them, for they know that it is all good-natured fun. Nor is getting the gong a crushing blow, for the unfortunate recipient of this stroke of fate has usually had a strong hint as to what is going to happen. Any other procedure would be extremely cruel, and the Major is never that. Instead, some needy youngster picks up ten dollars for being "gonged out," while the other amateurs are reported to receive but half this amount. All, however, get in addition a good dinner.

Thousands upon thousands of amateurs seek the thaumaturgic touch of Major Bowes, who has transformed unknowns into members of traveling units, screen players, or entertainers in night clubs, et cetera. Everyone knows that,

of these thousands, not all can be chosen, or even called, and although the Major, for readily understandable reasons, cannot disclose too much of the machinery behind his broadcast, he did vouchsafe a few words as to how the lucky amateurs who broadcast are selected.

Major Bowes confides: "They simply write to me, telling what they can do, and why they think they merit a place on the AMATEUR HOUR. If their letters indicate that they might be capable, the writers are invited to appear for an audition. Not everyone who seeks an audition gets one. When you understand that I receive about fifteen hundred to two thousand letters a day, and use only some thirty amateurs a week, you will see that it is obviously impossible to hear them all."

Then how does the Major choose the lucky ones? He says: "When any amateur writes to me, hoping for an opportunity to be heard, he's just taking a chance that his letter will be one of those selected. Generally speaking, those who give the most information about themselves get the preference, because they enable us to judge what talent they have to offer. This is not a hard-and-fast rule, however, for some of my best amateurs have written very brief letters."

Between five hundred and six hundred amateurs are given auditions every week, and from these are selected the ones who actually go on the air. The preliminary auditions are, of necessity, extremely brief, and for this reason Major Bowes grants auditions only to amateurs who live within commuting distance of the station. Because, while the Major is extremely fair, he is so sympathetic that it would upset him to have to reject someone who came half-way across the country for a hearing, but was not good enough to put on the air.

Nevertheless, he says: "I do get aspirants from all parts of the United States, and without having them come great distances. People from everywhere are in New York, so all sections are represented. I don't like to have anyone travel too far for a mere preliminary audition; it makes them feel that they deserve special consideration because they have gone to considerable trouble and expense, and I really must not give anyone an unmerited advantage."

Thus it is obvious that the only restrictions on the AMATEUR HOUR are those necessitated by fair play. And fair play has ever been a fetich of the Major's.



Above, the genial Major Edward Bowes, surrounded by the first group of amateurs he broadcast. The small pictures show three who didn't "get the gong!"



Frank Brenna, who appeared in one of the Major's movie shorts.

Doris Wester, songstress, now an NBC artist.



Vincent Mundi, the One-Man Band.

"What's your name please?"





Major Bowes looking through a few of the hundreds of congratulatory telegrams which come to each of his broadcasts.



This is what happens when you phone in a vote for your favorite amateur. The girls in the foreground and background are some of the telephone operators who record your vote, while the people at the tables in the centre make up the tabulated reports.

"You're just a little nervous."

"I'm sorry —"



Frank Black

It seems incredible that there should be a musical director whom nothing can fluster, but such is the case with Dr. Frank Black, who holds that position with the NBC.

Black was born in Philadelphia and was destined for the dairy business. However, he became a choir boy, and by the time he was sixteen, had decided to give up milk and butter for music and batons. He planned to become a concert conductor-pianist, and already had conducted an orchestra while a student at Haverford College in Pennsylvania. He studied piano under the late Rafael Joseffy in New York for six years.

Following this, Dr. Black conducted the band for a musical comedy and developed his famous technique of blending voices and instruments so perfectly that the hearer can scarcely notice where one stops and the other begins.

For a while he was instrumentalist in the Philadelphia Orchestra (to which he returned as guest conductor upon two occasions in 1935), and later conducted orchestras in local theatres. He gave up a position as assistant to Conductor Erno Rapee in a Philadelphia movie house to become editor of a music pub-



A camera study of
the NBC Music Di-
rector.

lisher's house organ. Later Black met the Revelers, now a noted radio male quartet, and became their arranger-accompanist, for he wanted the opportunity to develop further his particular mode of harmonising.

The experience gained thus, and as General Music Director for the Brunswick Phonograph Company, prepared him for a similar post with the NBC, to which he was appointed in 1933, after starting in radio as arranger, accompanist, and conductor.

Dr. Black's conducting of the NBC String Symphony and of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, as well as his arrangements for and conducting of lighter musical programs, has won him a tremendous following with all types of radio listeners, including the most critical of critics. This uniform popularity was probably responsible for his engagement as guest conductor of the Cleveland Orchestra at the Great Lakes Exposition in the summer of 1936.

Frank Black is married, tall, thin, gaunt, but amiable, with a keen sense of humor and an unbelievable capacity for work. His hair is black, streaked with grey; his eyes black, behind horn-rimmed glasses.



An unusual shot of Frank Black, leading his band outdoors, in the Plaza at Radio City.



Mr. Black (right) in conference with Dr. Walter Damrosch (centre) and the latter's assistant, Ernest LaPrade.

Bob Burns

Bob Burns, comedian of Kraft MUSIC HALL, is really from Van Buren, Arkansas (population 5182, a *decrease* of 42 in ten years). Bob attended high school there and then commenced a course in engineering at the University of Arkansas, abandoning his slide-rule after two years to become a member of the Black Cat Minstrels, touring the Southland.

In 1909, Bob and his brother were a vaudeville team, alternating between theatres in Dixie and engagements on the Boston-Jacksonville boats. When the United States entered the war, Bob joined the marines. Between battles, he improvised a makeshift musical instrument, which he called a bazooka, and that is the name it still bears.

But an even more valued souvenir of his wartime experiences is the medal which General Pershing awarded him for marksmanship.

After the war was over, Bob improvised a band and secured some Parisian engagements. Among those who heard this orchestra were the King and Queen of Spain. Such is the irony of life that Bob now has a job and they haven't!

Back in America, Burns re-entered vaudeville, leaving it after a time to become editor of a small-town newspaper. But the call of the boards was too strong and he resumed his career as an entertainer, taking a concession at Atlantic City.

In 1930, he won Fox Films' comedy team competition and thus entered motion pictures. Five years later came his radio debut, on the Rudy Vallee Variety Show. He has been on both screen and air ever since; among his pictures are *Rhythm on the Range* with Bing Crosby, and *The Big Broadcast* with Jack Benny. Paramount Pictures signed him to a three-year contract calling for three films a year at sixty thousand dollars each, with an option of making a fourth annually at seventy-five thousand dollars; he syndicates a newspaper column at twenty-six thousand dollars a year. His aggregate income is said to be four hundred thousand dollars annually.

Bob was married in 1921 to Elizabeth Fisher, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Her tragic death in 1936 nearly ended Bob's career, but he found the courage to carry on. He has one son, Bob, Jr.



“And when the dynamite that pig of ours ate blew up, it wrecked two barns, tore a fifty-foot hole in the ground, and broke every pane of glass for six miles. I tell you, for a couple of days that was a mighty sick pig.”

“It’s right hard to concentrate — ”



Bob himself, drawing sweet music from his bazooka — well, anyway it’s music — or is it?



Burns and Allen

Gracie Allen was born in San Francisco, California, one July 26th. Educated in a convent and taught stage dancing by her father, Gracie made her first professional appearance at her home town's Hippodrome in a dancing act with her sisters. The act was short lived, but later she placed with Larry Reilly and Company, playing the part of an Irish colleen in his sketch. After a time she decided her talents were not for the theatre and bent her efforts toward becoming a capable secretary. Then, suddenly, Gracie received word that one of her friends was going to try out a new act at Union Hill, New Jersey, and wanted her opinion of it. Gracie went there and later, backstage, was introduced to other performers at the theatre, among them the team of Burns and Lorraine.

The Burns was none other than George, born George Birnbaum in New York on June 20, 1896. When thirteen he left school to become a printer, and also made his first appearance as a member of a boys' quartet at a political dinner.



The first picture her proud foster-parents ever had taken of Sandra.



Close-up of George —

George and Gracie posed at the mike. (If they were really working, they'd have scripts.)



— and Gracie.



The four split five dollars; Eddie Cantor, then fifteen, sang there too, for the same salary. Later George went into vaudeville with Billy Lorraine.

As a result of his meeting with Gracie, the team of Burns and Allen was formed, first with George as gagster and Gracie as straight. They tried exchanging the parts one night and it went over so well that they have been working that way ever since. In 1926 they signed a six-year contract with RKO and proceeded to celebrate by getting married. Since then they have made at least fourteen talkie shorts and ten feature films. They have played theatres throughout the United States and Europe. Oddly enough, they made their radio debut in England, with a fifteen weeks' series on the BBC.

Their American radio career started when Eddie Cantor, catching their act at the Palace Theatre in New York, invited Gracie to guest star. She accepted, and they have never lacked a sponsor since. Incidentally, they once received three hundred sixty thousand fan letters in a period of four days.

The Burns and Allen program alternates between studios in New York and California, for these stars spend much of their time in motion picture work. When in the East, it originates in a CBS Radio Playhouse, the stage of which is tastefully decorated with Campbell's Soup cans four feet high. Early in 1937, they announced plans to change their sponsors to Grape Nuts.

Just before the broadcast begins, the "seen" audience files in and takes its seats, and a few minutes later, the announcer steps before the curtain to explain things to them. He disappears and the show gets under way.

First the orchestra plays the introduction. Then, to their theme music, George and Gracie walk on the stage, taking their places at a pair of mikes in the center. The announcer and the vocal soloist use a third mike some distance to the left.

Both Burns and Allen use gestures at the microphone. When George is speaking in that puzzled voice, he frequently rubs his chin; Gracie touches her hair or occasionally presses her hand against her chest.

The audience goes wild at their jokes — and some of their most enthusiastic listeners are the members of the band, who laugh heartily whenever one of the cast or the conductor is mentioned in the dialogue. And this, from ordinarily blasé musicians, is the best possible testimonial that Burns and Allen are Masters of Merriment.

ADDITIONAL DATA: Gracie is an even five feet tall, George nine inches taller; she weighs exactly a hundred pounds; he, one fifty-seven; her hair is black; his, brown, and getting a little thin; her eyes, blue; his, blue-grey. Her complexion is very fair and she has a trim figure. Successfully and happily married, they wanted children to make their home complete, so they adopted two babies, Sandra and Ronald John.

Although a radio star of great experience, Gracie still suffers a touch of mike fright at the beginning of each program. Describing the symptoms, she says, "My hands get cold and my face gets hot."

But you would never dream that she was frightened when you hear her.

Eddie Cantor

In an interview during a free moment in a Texaco rehearsal, Eddie Cantor once remarked: "Radio is hard work, but I like it because it lets me get right into people's homes, and, I hope, sometimes into their hearts. I want to do more than just make my listeners laugh. I try to help them, too."

That Eddie's wish is fulfilled was proved a couple of years ago when, during a broadcast, he quipped, "Drive slowly; we love our children." Later these words were adopted by various safety organisations.

Clown though he is, Eddie has a heart twice as big as his body.

Eddie's name was Iskowitz when he was born on New York's lower East Side, back in 1893. Orphaned while still a youngster, his grandmother, "Grand'ma Esther," reared him, and the big tragedy in his life is that she did not live to see him reach the height of his success.

He went to the public schools in a tough district; the scar on his forehead is the memento of a brick which struck him in a battle for supremacy between the boys of his school and those who attended the one in the next ward.

But Cantor had the spark of genius within him, and though the whip of poverty drove him to work at an age when most boys are worrying about plane geometry, he succeeded *without* an education. He began his career with "personal appearances" in saloons and dance halls, where he sang for pennies. Later he appeared with other kids, among them Walter Winchel (spelled with one *l* in those days) and Georgie Jessel.

His start in show business came through a part in Gus Edwards' *Kiddie Revue* and from then on he battled his way to the top. It was a struggle, for he worked in burlesque, in vaudeville, one-night stands, and dingy tank-town opera houses before getting back to the Broadway near which he was born, and eventual stardom in Ziegfeld shows, films, and radio.

This varied experience has taught him to know people, and it is this human insight that enabled him to make first the Chase and Sanborn, then the Pebecco and the Texaco programs so popular. This experience — and hard work.

"A broadcaster is only as good as his latest program," he explains. "Use your imagination and suppose I put on very good broadcasts for several weeks. Now suppose that on the following Sunday my program is very poor. People would begin to say that Cantor was terrible; the one bad broadcast would erase the memory of all the good ones which preceded it."

His broadcasts are primarily for those listening in; in fact, Eddie plans his program for the air audience to such an extent that he sometimes dresses in comedy costumes in order to "make it up" to those in the studio.

"I do about twenty-four hours' work in preparing each hour's broadcast,"

Cantor confides. "Most of it is spent in writing the script and then changing it. Rehearsals take only two to four hours, because our cast is capable — intelligent. They catch on quickly."

He is always prompt to praise. Speaking of Jimmy Wallington, whom he transformed from an announcer to a *famous* announcer, he says only: "There's no credit coming to me. Jimmy had the talent; I simply suggested that he use it."



A recent studio action picture.

Eddie as he looked a few years ago.

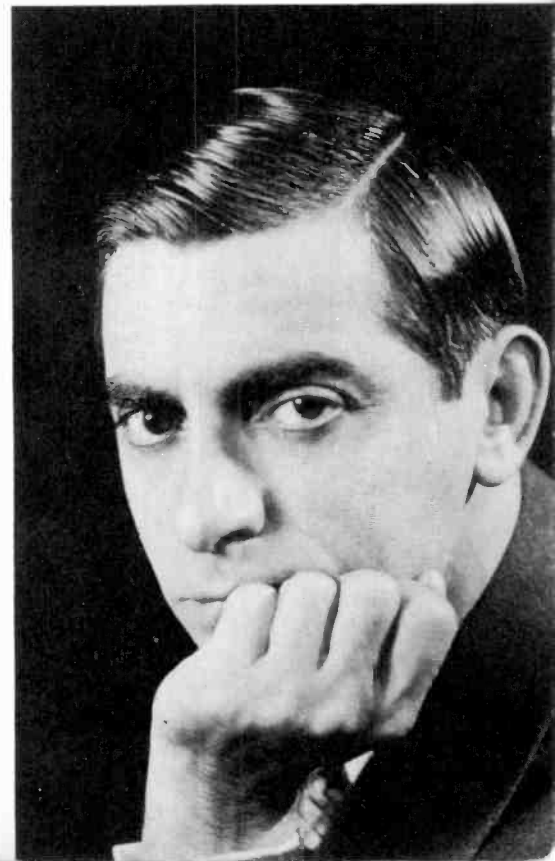


Jimmy and Eddie — it looks like a duet.



Eddie in a broadcast with Parkyakakas, Wallington, and band leader, George Stoll. (Eddie's wheel chair is just a gag for the studio audience.)

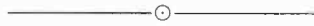
Eddie as he looks today.



Wallington is but one of those whom Eddie started or helped. Others include Burns and Allen, Block and Sully, Teddy Bergman, and George Givot. Another, whom Eddie helped toward success, is Harry Einstein, otherwise known as Parkyakakas, former advertising manager for a chain of seventeen furniture stores, with headquarters in Boston. Harry used to talk "Grik" dialect for his own amusement and for the same reason broadcast occasionally (without pay) until 1932, when Joe Rines, master of ceremonies on a Yankee Network program, persuaded him to "just try it once" commercially. He tried it, and was offered a twenty-six week contract, which he accepted as a sideline.

In 1934 he happened to meet Cantor, and appeared in his program. After commuting between Boston and the New York or Miami studios for some months, he stopped advertising and joined forces with Eddie. On February 7, 1937 he married Thelma Leeds, of the films.

Clean comedy has always been Cantor's credo. "People wouldn't tune me in if they were afraid I might say something they wouldn't want their children to hear," Eddie explains, adding, "I ought to know; I have daughters of my own."



CONTEMPLATING CANTOR: Born January 31, 1893, the son of a violinist. . . . Both parents died before Eddie was two years old. . . . Public school education. . . . Met Ida Tobias; married her after long courtship. Their five daughters are Marjorie, Natalie, Edna, Marilyn, and Janet. . . . His first stage appearance at Miner's Theatre, 1909, won him five dollars as an amateur. . . . 1910 — a singing waiter in a Coney Island saloon; his pianist was Jimmy Durante. . . . Followed this with vaudeville. . . . Gus Edwards spotted him there, so — 1912, in the Gus Edwards *Revue*. . . . From then on, success in vaudeville, movies, and musical shows, such as *Follies*, *Kid from Spain*, *Roman Scandals*, *Kid Boots*, *Kid Millions*, *Strike Me Pink*, and many, many more. . . . First radio break was on Vallee's program, an immediate smash hit. . . . Made fortune in show business and stock market; lost fortune (two million dollars) in latter in 1929. . . . Co-author with the late Dave Friedman of *The Great Ziegfeld*; sole author of best-selling *Caught Short*, a story of his Wailing Wall Street Woes. . . . When his films were banned in Germany for religious reasons, Cantor commented: "That's fine. I don't want to make people laugh, who make my people cry." This has become a classic remark of film-dom. . . . Eddie is more than a comedian — he is a real Man, with a real heart. . . . Very active in boys' charities, also originator of the "Pre-Tested Program" idea, started February, 1935. Holds complete rehearsal for studio audience of twelve hundred, several hours before going on the air. This gives him time to cut lines which do not go over so well, add bits of comedy or serious material where there seems to be a need, and otherwise prune the program so that it is somewhat better than perfect for the air audience.

Boake Carter

Because of his accent, most people think Boake Carter was born in England. He was not. His birthplace was Baku, a city, as your map will show, located in south Russia. Carter is no Russian, however; the reason for his Russian birth is that his father was serving in that city as Consul for Great Britain in the late 1890's.

Harold Boake Carter received his education at Tonbridge and Christ College, Cambridge, and starred as a cross-country runner, Rugby football player, and oarsman. Occasionally Boake reported for the *Cantabrian*, the University paper. This journalistic experience helped him secure his first newspaper position, freelancing for the *London Daily Mail* as he cruised Europe in search of news.

During the World War, Boake served in a coast patrol squadron of the Royal Air Force.

The Armistice found him uninjured (though he had cracked up three planes during his first two weeks of flying), and eager for further adventure. Leaving newspaper work, Carter visited his father's oil holdings in Mexico, found it "too tame," and made a journey through South America, later returning to journalism as columnist on the *Daily News*, and the *Evening Bulletin*, in Philadelphia.

In the summer of 1930 he became a radio news commentator, and was heard over WCAU. In March of 1932 he made his first appearance on the CBS network, reporting developments in the Lindbergh kidnapping for Philco Radio.

Not tall, but powerfully built, Carter broadcasts sitting at a small table. He leans a trifle forward, his script spread before him, and the mike at his left. He explains this inflexible rule, saying: "You know, I'm half Irish and therefore superstitious. The mike is one of my superstitions, and I won't work unless it is to the left of my face." Save when he reaches for another page of script, he scarcely moves while on the air.

Boake has little interest in social life, preferring to spend his evenings with his family, his three wire-haired terriers, and, sometimes, his typewriter. He is the author of *Black Shirt; Black Skin*, a book on the Italo-Ethiopian War in Africa, *Johnny Q. Public Speaks*, and *This is Life*. He is at present working on several more books. Also syndicates a news column.

As pastimes, Carter likes to paint portraits — and cook. About one hundred of his paintings have been on exhibition at various times, and critics have pronounced him a credit to the Slade School in London and the Spring Garden Institute in Philadelphia, which share the honors for his art education.

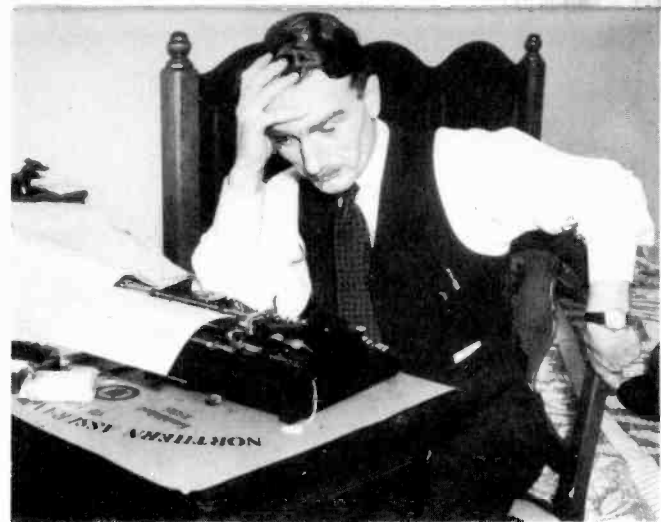
Where he learned to cook, deponent knoweth not.



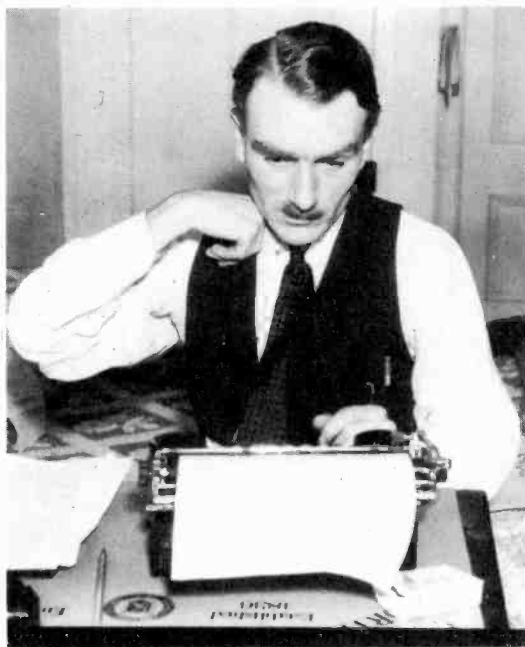
Harold Boake Carter.

Of course the mike will be moved
before he begins.





These studies in progressive desperation were taken while Boake was working against time to get a script ready for his broadcast. Had he stopped work to pose for the photographer, he never would have made it! As it was, he had only ten minutes to spare.



Bing Crosby

Harry Lillis "Bing" Crosby was born in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2, 1904, but moved to Spokane while still a child. His penchant for playing cowboy, dashing hither and yon on a broomstick horse, and shouting "Bing, Bing!" at the top of his lungs, won him the sobriquet.

Bing made his first stage appearance at school in the title role of Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. As the corpse of the slain emperor, he delighted his audience by getting up and walking away to dodge the descending curtain.

Between classes he was prop boy at a local theatre; saw Jolson and was struck by the urge to sing.

After graduation from high school, Bing took a law course at Spokane's Gonzaga College; made the freshman football and varsity baseball teams; sang with the Glee Club. Together with Al Rinker (brother of radio's Mildred Bailey) he organised a seven-piece dance band, playing traps and singing. After numerous college party engagements, they got a vaudeville booking, and Bing gave up law to sing.

Later, they went to Los Angeles, where Mildred aided them to secure a contract with the Tent Cafe, owned by Mike Lyman, brother of radio's Abe. Afterward, they returned to vaudeville and toured the Pacific coast, landing at Los Angeles' Metropolitan Theatre the week that Paul Whiteman played the Million Dollar Theatre there. They were heard, liked, and signed by Paul.

Coming to New York with Whiteman, they were joined by Harry Barris, and became the Rhythm Boys Trio. As such they toured with Paul Whiteman, accompanying him to California in 1930, when he made his *King of Jazz* film. When Whiteman left, they stayed behind, preferring the weather bestowed on California to that thrust upon the rest of the United States.

Bing with the Boswell Sisters, in a broadcast from the Coast.



Bing; sometimes he dresses up
(right) —

— and sometimes he doesn't.



The three boys sang at the Cocoanut Grove, and Bing began to attract attention as a soloist, receiving offers to make records, appear in films, and become a broadcaster. He has done all three with great success.

SPECIFICATIONS: Height, five feet, nine inches; weight, one hundred and sixty-five pounds; hair, light brown — not luxuriant; eyes, light blue; wife, Dixie Lee (of the films); children: Gary Evan, born June 27, 1933, and Philip Lang and Dennis Michael, both born July 13 (a Friday!), 1934. Likes detective stories, especially if hardboiled; sports clothes, especially if brown or blue; Jackie Cooper and Sylvia Sidney as movie stars; Toscanini, Damrosch, Whiteman, Lombardo, and Felton as orchestra leaders. Dislikes wearing garters. Ambition: to write.

(Tip to Bing: There is more money in singing!)

Crumit and Sanderson

Julia Sanderson, whose marriage to Frank Crumit is one of the idylls of radio, was born in Springfield, Massachusetts, on August 22, 1887. She is the daughter of Albert Sackett, the actor, and consequently was reared in the tradition of the theatre.

When she was nine years old, the family moved to Philadelphia, and in 1900 Mr. Sackett appeared in a Forepaugh stock company. Julia, then a schoolgirl, persuaded him to get her a small part in his show. She took to the stage immediately. A little later her parents agreed to let her become a chorus girl and the understudy to the star in the Shuberts' *Winsome Winnie*. She was just seventeen when, as Julia Sanderson, she played the lead in this show for one matinee, because the star was ill. Sam Shubert, convinced of her talent, promptly took her out of the chorus and gave her a part. This play, incidentally, was the hit of 1904.

Other shows came and went. Julia acted first for Frohman in his 1909 hit, *The Arcadians*; was a featured player in *The Sirens* in 1912; became a star in her own right with *Sunshine Girl* a year later, and made *They Didn't Believe Me* a famous song. She was, also, the star of *The Girl from Utah* in 1914, and in many other hits, too numerous to mention.

The year 1921 brought Julia her most fateful engagement, the star part in *Tangerine*, a musical, in one scene of which the hero strummed a banjo and sang *Sweet Lady* to her. He sang it as though he meant it, and mean it he did, for the young leading man, Frank Crumit, had fallen in love with the beautiful star. Not so long afterward, he married her.

Born on September 26, 1889, Frank had gone to the University of Ohio, and

Left, likable Frank Crumit.

Centre, Frank and Julia — and their means of commuting to the studio.

Right, lovely Julia Sanderson.



had graduated with a degree in electrical engineering. His extra-curricular activities in the field of music were many, and included, to cite but one instance, starring in the college production of *Il Trovatore*. Music appealed to him so much more than engineering that upon graduation he went into vaudeville with his banjo instead of into an office with his E. E. degree. In 1920 he commenced recording, and in 1924 made his first radio broadcast as a guest star. It was in 1926 that he revamped *The Gay Caballero* and recorded it; two million of the discs were sold.

Not long afterward Frank left vaudeville for musical comedy — which resulted in his meeting with Julia. They were nearly as inseparable on the stage as off it, and were together in *Moonlight*, 1923; the *Ziegfeld Follies*, 1924; *No, No, Nanette*, 1925; *Queen Highb*, 1926, and *Oh Kay*, in 1927. After this they retired from the stage, to live quietly outside of Springfield on their estate, Dunrovin, near Julia's kin people.

They stood the simple life for two years before it palled upon them, whereupon, in October, 1929, they took the air over CBS for Blackstone Cigars, for whom they broadcast for fifty-one months. In January, 1931, they added the Bond Bread broadcast in addition to their other show.

They have no children, but own two dogs, Lindy and Lady, Jr., and a parrot, Jocko. They continue to live at Dunrovin, driving to town every Saturday for rehearsal and returning on Sunday night after their broadcast. Frank, now president of the Lambs Club, an organisation of eminent actors, is tall, sunbrowned, and handsome; Julia is still her blonde, blue-eyed lovely self. And they are more in love than ever.



Walter Damrosch

"Music is the universal language," says Dr. Walter Damrosch, seventy-five-year-old music counsel of the NBC. "It can convey more meaning than mere words, for it appeals to all people, no matter what their language. It can imbue one with martial spirit, turn thoughts to love, make one gay or make one sad — if only one understands it."

His MUSIC APPRECIATION HOURS are designed to help listeners gain such understanding.

Dr. Damrosch was born in Breslau, Germany, on January 30, 1861, the son of a noted conductor, Dr. Leopold Damrosch. When Walter was nine, his father was invited by the Arion Society, a German-American choral group, to come to New York. He accepted, and the boys (Walter and his brother Frank) became students at Public School Number Forty.

Three years later Damrosch the elder founded the New York Oratorio Society, and Walter sang in the chorus. Another four years and he founded the Symphony Society, and in 1884 conducted the German opera at the Metropolitan.

Young Walter, in the meantime, had followed his father's musical footsteps. By 1879 he was conductor of the Newark (New Jersey) Harmonic Society, and later acted as assistant at the Metropolitan. When Dr. Leopold Damrosch was taken by an illness from which he was destined not to recover, Walter replaced him and conducted two performances. Soon afterward he took the Metropolitan troupe on tour; he was then only twenty-two. Upon returning, he conducted the New York Symphony, being made permanent director. This was followed by an appointment to his late father's conductorship of the Oratorio Society and an assistant-directorship at the Metropolitan.

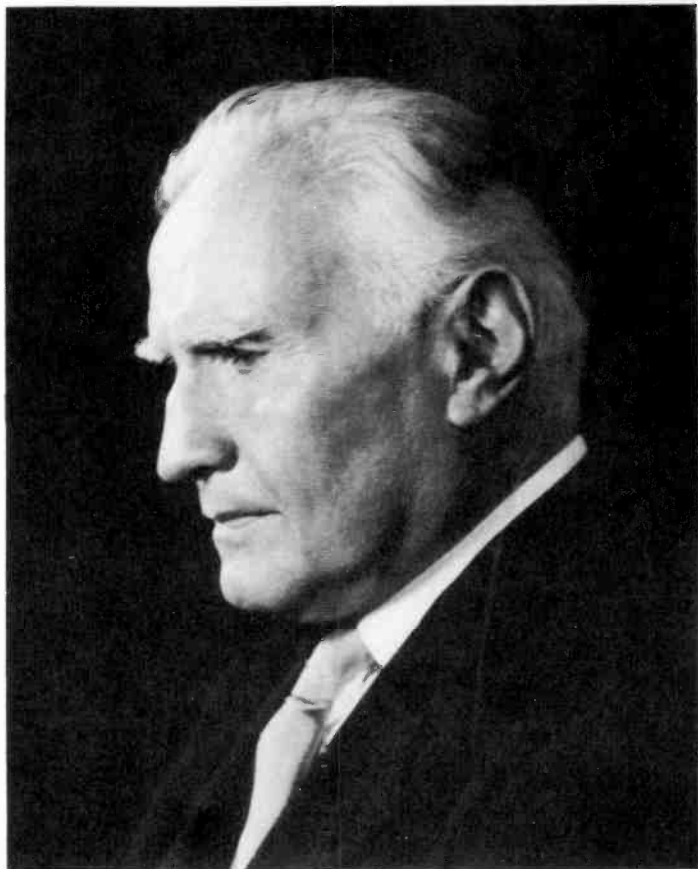
After many other triumphs, Dr. Damrosch, in 1896, finished writing his opera, *The Scarlet Letter*, and two years later wrote *Manila Te Deum* to celebrate Dewey's victory. His successes continued without interruption, and in 1926 he gave the lie to persons who say that men must be discarded after reaching middle age by accepting his position with the NBC.

This position, which he took when he was sixty-five, gave him the opportunity to do the greatest work of his life, in bringing an understanding of music to millions of American children and thousands of adults.

"I wish," he says a bit wistfully, "that I had fifty years ahead of me, just to watch America's musical progress. I am sure that radio is doing a remarkable work along these lines, and that our musical tradition, now well established, will continue to grow, throughout the coming years."

If it does, much of its progress will be attributable to the work being done by Dr. Damrosch.

The Grand Man (not "The Grand Old Man," for he's young despite his years) of Music, Dr. Walter Damrosch, Music Counsel of the NBC.



Leading a symphony in the NBC's mammoth studio.



Jessica Dragonette

Appropriately enough, Jessica Dragonette made her first professional appearance as the Voice of an Angel (offstage) in Max Reinhardt's *Miracle*. The voice has remained as described, but is no longer "offstage," for she soon became famous as the star of the weekly program presented by Cities Service which she left early in 1937 to star in the CBS Palmolive BEAUTY BOX Program.

Born in Calcutta, India, the daughter of French parents, Jessica came to America, and when only six began studying music at Georgian Court, a convent school near Lakewood, New Jersey. She had spent the preceding years in travel with her father. Piano was her forte in those early days; singing came later.

While still in her 'teens, Miss Dragonette not only appeared in the Reinhardt show, but the following year was featured as Kathe in *The Student Prince* and the next season played a leading part in *Grand Street Follies*.

Then, NBC, newly organised, offered her a staff position. She promptly abandoned the field in which she had already attained considerable success and contracted to become a radio artist. That she chose wisely was proved by a poll run in *Radio Guide*, in which readers voted her Queen of Radio for 1935.

SIDE GLANCES: Height, five feet, two inches; weight, one hundred pounds; hair, blonde and wavy; eyes, "plaid" (she says so; others call them cerulean blue). Likes oatmeal and raw carrots, Emil Ludwig, Carl Sandburg, and horseback riding. Dislikes caviar, bridge, and sycophants. Intensely interested in astrology. Never sings from notes, having memorised more than three hundred songs and seventy-five operettas. Always wears evening dress in studio — usually yellow.



Jessica, at play (in her speedboat, *The Sidecar*, with John Charles Thomas) —

Right, singing with the Cities' Service Orchestra.



— and Jessica, at work.



Nelson Eddy

Born in Providence, Rhode Island, on June 29, 1901, Nelson Eddy always heard good music, for both his mother and father were talented singers. Therefore, it was only natural that music interested him as a school boy. When he grew old enough, he joined the choir of Grace Church. His teachers encouraged him to sing, and he liked playing the trap drums in the school orchestra.

In 1915, he moved to Philadelphia, and secured a job as telephone operator in an iron works office, soon leaving to become a cub reporter. Five years later, having risen to copyreader, he became a copywriter for an advertising agency. Happy over his new position, Eddy sang at his work and was promptly fired for making too much noise.

But by this time he was sure that singing was his field, for he had won a contest with his voice and was now receiving much encouragement from David Bispham, his first important teacher. In January, 1922, Eddy made his stage debut anonymously. Critics acclaimed him, and three years later he was a member of the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company.

In 1931, he made his first New York appearance at the Lewisohn Stadium, with the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Then followed more concert, opera, and radio engagements (such as the one for Vicks' OPEN HOUSE). His fame became world-wide following his appearance in the motion picture version of Victor Herbert's *Naughty Marietta*.

The one-time telephone operator had arrived!



Nelson Eddy —



— getting ready to sing —



— and singing.

Floyd Gibbons

No war is officially begun until Floyd Gibbons, ace of war correspondents, is on hand to report it. In fact, there is a rumor to the effect that generals sometimes postpone their battles until Gibbons arrives, though this might possibly be an exaggeration.

But it is true that he is on hand for all major disturbances throughout the world. This habit of his naturally makes his sponsors anxiously pace the floor at times. When he cabled his agreement to broadcast with Vincent Lopez in the CBS Nash Motors program, the very men who engaged him doubted whether he would still be alive when the series commenced, for he was then flying over embattled Spain, an eyewitness of the fighting between the Communist troops and the Fascist revolutionaries.

But Gibbons thrives on danger. When it does not seek him out, he goes and looks for it. One place he found it was at Belleau Woods with the American Army. He does not like to talk about his adventures, but he will admit that when the German machine guns commenced firing, "the bullets sounded like bees as they buzzed through the wheatfields." One of these steel bees struck down Major Ben Berry, who was leading our troops that June 6, 1918, and Gibbons went to his aid. Suddenly a bullet struck Floyd in the left shoulder, and another tore through his left arm. Still he crept toward the stricken officer, only to have a third shot pierce his steel helmet, fracture his skull, and blind him in his left eye. He went to the hospital, but within a month was back on the front line again.

Brave? Of course, he is brave. Why else did the French make him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and present him with the Croix de Guerre, with palms, a decoration also awarded to him by the Italians?

GREET GIBBONS: Born in Washington, D. C., on July 17, 1887. First schooling at Des Moines, Iowa, to which place the family had moved. . . . Thence to Minneapolis and first newspaper job on *Daily News* at nine dollars per week. . . . Was fired while covering police headquarters because he failed to report a confession which the syndicates had; rehired when the syndicate reporter confessed having made up the confession; fired again for becoming so interested in a fire he was supposed to be reporting that he forgot to report it. . . . Then to North Dakota as wheatfield worker and editor of a country weekly. . . . Next to Chicago on a Socialist paper; soon followed his editor to a job on the *Chicago Tribune*. . . . Rode with Pancho Villa in Mexico for the *Tribune* in 1915. . . . Same duty with Pershing; same place, 1916. . . .

Following year to London to report the arrival of First American troops. . . . Sailed on the *Laconia*; torpedoed ten p.m., February 25, 1917; took to life-boat. . . . Rescued by British mine sweeper off the Irish coast at two a.m., February 26. . . . Wired complete story to his paper before eating or sleeping. . . . More recently scooped the world with story of Italian advance into Ethiopia; he was with the army. . . . Is a grand man to interview if he trusts you. . . . Speaks with absolute freedom, relying on interviewer to omit anything best left unsaid.



The Old Headline Hunter himself —



— and (above) getting the last-minute reports for one of his newsy broadcasts.

Edgar Guest

Edgar Guest represents the poetry which lies within the average man. Were he not the gentle, friendly, sincere soul that he is, it would be impossible for him to write as successfully as he does. He is not esoteric, nor decadent, nor bohemian; he merely states fundamental truths in verses which anyone can understand.

His background is simple, and despite the fame and fortune which his writings have brought him, he remains simple, too.

Edgar A. Guest was born in Birmingham, England, on August 20, 1881, but came to Detroit with his parents when a little more than nine years old. His first employment was in a drug store near the *Detroit Free Press*; when four-



Edgar Guest broadcasting with Bernadine Flynn, of the NBC dramatic staff.

Edgar Guest, the People's Poet. Note the special clock, which he uses to time his poems as he reads them.



teen he joined the paper's staff as office boy. Finally he was promoted to police reporter, and then to conducting a Monday column. He has continued to write for his old paper, although his verses, anecdotes, and philosophy have been syndicated to hundreds of newspapers throughout the United States.

Though British by birth, Guest is American by education and by choice, having been naturalised in 1902. On June 28, 1906, he married Nellie Crossman, of Detroit, and their son, Edgar ("Bud"), Jr., was born there on July 7, 1912. Janet, their daughter, was born on July 2, 1922.

Guest is the author of a dozen books, the first two of which were published by his brother, Harry, who ran a print shop. These were *Home Rhymes*, limited to eight hundred copies, and *Glad Things*, of which one thousand two hundred copies were printed. Copies of the original editions of these books are now very valuable.

Guest began broadcasting in 1930, and in 1932 commenced his series for the Household Finance Corporation. His fan mail has grown to tremendous proportions, most of the letters being written by persons who want nothing, save to tell him how much his words have helped them.

Helen Hayes

Helen Hayes is only the first half of this star's name, the rest being Brown MacArthur, for she was born a Brown in the city of Washington, in 1902, and is the wife of Charles MacArthur, the playwright.

Miss Hayes appeared in child parts with a home-town stock company almost as early as she could walk, but it was while impersonating a Gibson Girl at an entertainment being given by her dancing school that Opportunity knocked. Opportunity's personal representative was Lew Fields, comedian and producer, who happened to be playing Washington that week and, during an off moment, dropped in at Miss Hayes' performance. On his way out, Mr. Fields left a card for her at the box office, remarking, "If that kid should want a job, have her mother look me up."

About two years later Mrs. Brown and Helen went to New York to try to get daughter a job. They tried for two weeks, meeting with nothing but refusals ("We'll keep your name on file, though!") and two hours before leaving, defeated, remembered "that nice Mr. Fields," and it happened that Fields had need of a young girl of Helen's type for a show he was casting. She remained with him for four years, and during slow seasons played bits in Vitagraph Pictures.

After this experience she returned to school and spent the next three years studying at the Convent of the Sacred Heart. When she had graduated, she was given the part of the child in *Prodigal Father* with John Drew. Other engagements followed, until finally she saw her name in lights, co-starring with William Gillette. She had reached the top at the age of nineteen!

More plays followed; then she entered motion pictures. Her success in this field may be judged by the fact that her performance in her very first film won her the gold medal of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences — the supreme award of filmdom.



Miss Hayes posing informally.



Lower left, a great screen-stage-radio star in a variety of mike moods.

After a few more pictures, she turned to radio, taking the lead in General Foods' NEW PENNY series, which was followed by Sanka Coffee's BAMBI. She likes radio because "It allows me to spend more time at home, with my husband and our little daughter, Mary. And it gives me a chance to putter around in the garden. I love it — pruning and planting and weeding. I'm a member of the Nyack, New York, Garden Club, you know, and my roses have won a blue ribbon at the annual flower show." Her eyes sparkle as she adds, "It was as exciting as opening night at a theatre!"

Edwin C. Hill

Each of Edwin C. Hill's fifteen-minute programs of news comment requires a full day of preparation; this includes about six hours of research and four hours of writing, rewriting, and polishing. His private reference library contains more than thirty-five hundred volumes on travel, ethnology, mythology, history, and half a hundred other subjects, and is supplemented by a tremendous file of clippings on all topics, which he has collected during his reportorial career.

His radio debut came about most unexpectedly. While fishing in the wilds of Maine, Mr. Hill received a telegram (via Indian runner) from CBS asking him to report immediately for an audition. He read it, decided that it must be a joke, and went right on fishing. When, full of health and fish, he returned to New York, he dropped in at the CBS press department to find out who had tried



Edwin C. Hill at ease—

— and interviewing J. P. Morgan.



to hoax him. Nobody had, so he auditioned and became a broadcaster. He spoke first over WOR, and then on the CBS chain and later on NBC.

"I have worked out a formula for my broadcasts," Mr. Hill explains. "First I hit the audience with some topic which is both timely and of general interest, after which I tell about some amusing angle, followed by a touch of sentiment or an emotional appeal, and conclude with some intensely dramatic item."

It sounds simple as he explains it, but it would be an impossible task had he not visited nearly every major power, and discussed international affairs with such men as Mussolini, Laval, Ramsay MacDonald, and dozens of others.

HILL HIGHLIGHTS: Hill is five feet, eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-eight pounds. Hair is brown; eyes, grey. Hobbies are travel, clothes, and books; married in 1922. His wife complains because he continually has new bookcases built. Began newspaper work on *Indianapolis Sentinel* in 1901, when just graduated from Indiana University. To *New York Sun* in 1903, and for twenty-three years thereafter. Switched to the Hearst Syndicate in 1931; was the voice of the Metrotone Newsreels, too. For three years in succession, Hill was chosen by the radio editors of the United States and Canada as the most popular news commentator. The sponsorship of his broadcasts was taken by Real Silk Hosiery in late 1936.

Ted Husing

Edward Britt Husing, better known as Ted to those who know him as announcer of radio programs and commentator of newsreels, was born in New York City on November 27, 1901. His family moved to Gloversville, New York, while Ted was still a schoolboy. He returned to the metropolis, where he attended Stuyvesant High School and joined the war-time SATC. The war ended, however, before he saw service at the front.

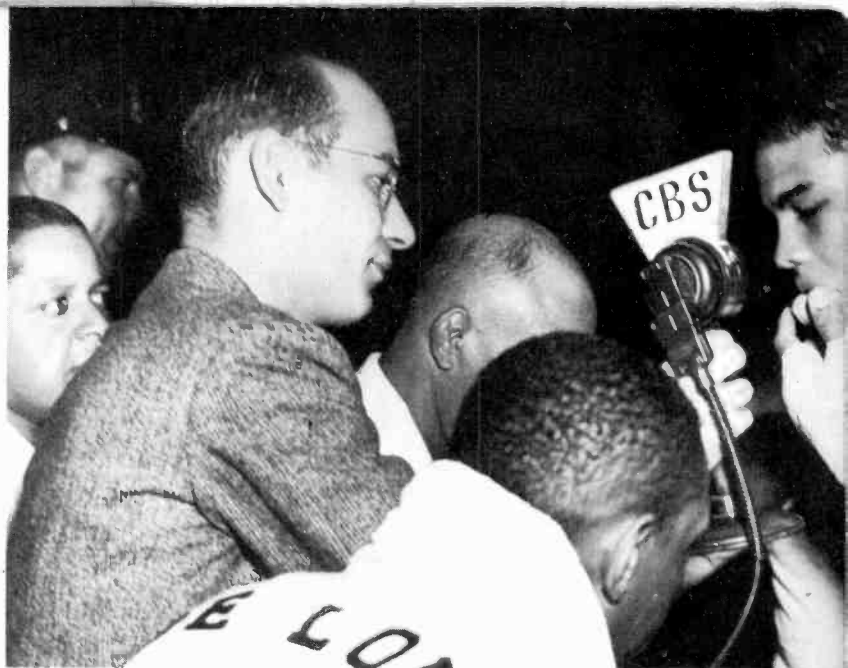
Still craving adventure, he and a friend hitch-hiked to Florida, by way of Kansas and Seattle. This trip left him practically penniless, so he joined the army aviation school there. After ten hours in the air, he quit to take a job as an aviator in New York. When he arrived, he learned that the job had ceased to exist, so he became a runner in Wall Street, in the days before the crash. Tired of this, he quit again. Then came his first position as a public speaker — on a soap-box on street corners. Finally (1923) landed flying job with Aero-Marine Airways, but cracked up, was transferred to Miami, missed Broadway, and quit.

Back to New York to join the police force as one of the first "flying flatties." Stunting, he cracked up again, and so did the job. Met Follies girl, Helen Gifford, and proposed. She said, "Get a steady job." He got one, selling real estate in Florida. They married. The real estate boom blew up, so back in New York in search of another job.

He was one of the six hundred and nineteen applicants for announcership at WJZ on September 14, 1924; got the job. Gave his first sports broadcast there in 1925. Transferred to Washington's WRC in 1926, then back to WJZ.

Ted Husing broadcasting at the Sharkey-Louis fight. At left is Charles Francis Coe, famous writer and sports announcer, who has just relinquished the mike to Ted.





Ted takes the mike to Joe Louis just after the Sharkey-Louis fight. Joe is removing his rubber mouth-piece which protects his teeth during a fight. He is going to say a few words to the fight-fans in the radio audience.

Left, Ted poses before the mike.

Quit in 1927; went to Boston; then to a job at New York local WHN. Actually held it a whole year! Then, on Christmas, joined the then infant CBS.

Keeps in trim for sports announcing by playing tennis, golf, handball, baseball, and football. Has been divorced.

Ted is an even six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds, has dark brown eyes and dark brown hair, which is leaving him rapidly.

H. V. Kaltenborn

"News," says H. V. Kaltenborn, explaining his amazing news sense, "has interested me since most boys were playing with marbles."

Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on July 9, 1878, he was working as a reporter for the Merrill, Wisconsin, *News* by the time he was fourteen, and he has been a real newspaper man ever since.

In Germany, he would be known as Baron von Kaltenborn-Stachau. His father, before coming to America, was a page in the Hesse-Kassel court and an officer in a crack guards regiment. His uncle was German Minister of War. This military background led Kaltenborn to serve in the Spanish-American War, after which, having developed his taste for adventure, he worked his way to France on a cattle boat, visiting first Paris, then Germany. Some time later, making one of his annual trips to Europe, he met the Baroness Olga von Nordenflycht, whom he married in 1910. They have two children, Rolf (Harvard, 1937) and Anais (now Mrs. Attmore Robinson, Jr.).

In the meantime, Kaltenborn worked on many newspapers, and eventually became an editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Already an established success, he none

He broadcasts from notes —



— which are sometimes amusing.

H. V. Kaltenborn, "Editor
of the Air" —



the less continued his schooling; went to Harvard, where he was a classmate of Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., won the Boylston Public Speaking Prize and the Coolidge Prize for Debating, and tutored Vincent Astor.

Kaltenborn began lecturing on current history in 1913, made his radio debut eight years later, and moved to the CBS in 1928. Although the plane in which he was making his first flight cracked up, Kaltenborn has flown more than one hundred thousand miles solely for the purpose of keeping radio lecture dates, and countless more miles in his annual three-months tours of Europe.

Kaltenborn interviews everybody — porters on trains, taxi drivers, waitresses, as well as senators, kings, and dictators. His mastery of French, German, and Spanish in addition to English enables him to meet almost anyone on a common linguistic ground.

SPECIFICATIONS: Height, five feet, eleven inches; weight, one hundred and eighty pounds; eyes, brown; hair, brown, greying; build, athletic. Likes turtle soup, dancing, good luck charms, Tibbett, Toscanini, tennis, and Spanish novels. Dislikes crooners, being called "Buddy" (his boyhood nickname was "Spiderlegs"), starched shirts, and tight clothes. Friends call him "Von."

Andre Kostelanetz

Years ago, when the Kostelanetz family was on a visit to Berlin, their young son climbed up on the bandstand in a public park and gazed so longingly at the conductor that this kindly man let him take the baton for a few bars.

But ten-year-old Andre was no novice, even then. Born in St. Petersburg (later Petrograd, now Leningrad), of musically talented parents, he started piano lessons at four. At five, he gave a private recital; at eight, he gave public recitals, as a professional.

By the time he was nineteen Kostelanetz had become assistant conductor of the Grand Opera House at Petrograd. It was, however, not altogether a happy experience as, under the Communist régime, the people in Russia were suffering great privation. Many times their only food was a watery soup made back stage in the Opera House. Unable to endure it any longer, Kostelanetz came to America on October 30, 1922.

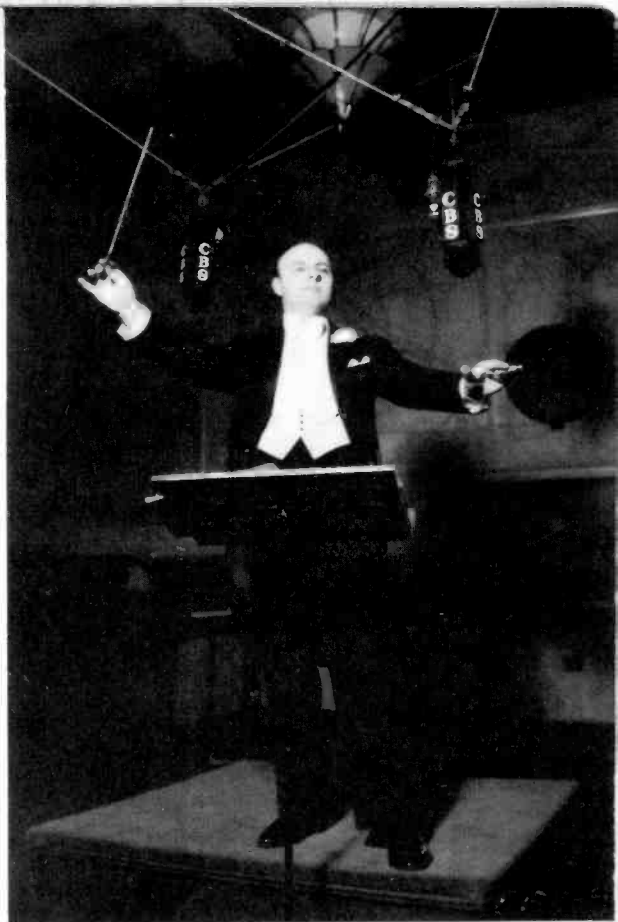
Andre's musical talent quickly secured him positions as accompanist for several stars of the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera companies, with whom he made five transcontinental tours. His future was assured.

In 1924 he became interested in radio, and broadcast occasionally. Eight years later he signed with the Columbia Broadcasting System, and became conductor of a forty-five piece orchestra for various broadcasts. He also collaborated in the musical direction of Lily Pons' RKO film, *I Dream Too Much*, and has made many shorts and phonograph records. Some columnists have said that he and Miss Pons are married, but this report has met with constant denials.



Andrew Kostelanetz; presenting Lily Pons —

— in a close-up —



and in a rehearsal.

However his frequent flights to visit her in Hollywood won him the title of "Most Traveled Air Passenger" in 1936.

Kostelanetz speaks German, French, Russian, English, Italian, Spanish, Finnish — and slang; is a capable chemist and a good photographer. He has a great sense of humor, and his orchestra men pay him that greatest of all compliments — they say he is "regular."

Warden Lewis E. Lawes

When Lewis E. Lawes, nationally famous penologist and warden of Sing Sing prison, first took to the air in the interest of Sloan's Liniment, he had a much deeper interest than merely affording entertainment.

"I am trying to stress crime prevention," he told me as we sat outside the studio in Radio City. "I want to teach the public that prisoners are neither heroes nor lunatics nor 'poor sick boys.' I want to show how easy it is for normal men and women to 'go wrong' if they don't watch their step. I want people to say to themselves, 'I won't take a chance on getting away with something. I'd better play fair with everybody. That prisoner, whose story Warden Lawes is presenting tonight, might be myself.'"

In this Warden Lawes is quite unlike most of the other programs on the air. He has a purpose, a message.

He continues: "Some people may think that permitting prisoners to listen to radio is 'coddling them,' but I believe my job is not to make the inmates suffer; I want to rehabilitate them, so that upon their release they will become useful citizens. The more normally I can let them live while in my charge, the better able they will be to take up normal life again when their sentences have been served."

They have no especial preference in programs, Warden Lawes continues, their taste varying according to the individual, save, perhaps, for a somewhat more intense interest in news commentators who bring them into touch with what is happening "outside the wall."

"Radio helps maintain discipline, too," Warden Lawes added. "The inmates realise that the privilege of listening-in is a luxury which must be earned by 'playing the game' according to the rules."

Oddly enough, he explains, the prisoners do not care for crime dramas, for they feel that such things make the public more antagonistic to lawbreakers of all sorts. "But," he says, "they're not looking for sympathy. They realise that they're just saps who failed at everything — then tried crime and failed at that, too."

He credits radio with saving the sanity of long-term men, and praises it as a means for giving them something to think about; that is, besides jail breaks.

Three separate channels are installed in the prison, so that different programs may be supplied to the men, the women, and those who are in solitary cells, awaiting death in the electric chair. These last have a central loudspeaker instead of phones. This is because of the danger that they might strangle themselves with the phone cords and thus cheat justice.

LOOKING AT LAWES: Born on September 13, 1883; joined the United States regular army when seventeen; married on September 30, 1905; has three daughters, Kathleen and Crystal in the twenties, and Joan (whom everyone calls "Cherie") in the 'teens. Has been a public servant for more than three decades, with more than half his service in his present position as warden of one of America's model prisons.



Above, the prison door that clangs on Warden Lawes' program. Fritz Street of the NBC sound effects department is demonstrating.



Right, Lewis E. Lawes, Warden of Sing Sing Prison.

Guy Lombardo

Guy Lombardo has been identified as a leading exponent of the slow type of music, but the classification is in error, for a number which takes most bands ninety seconds to perform is played by the Royal Canadians in fifty-five seconds. Guy explains the aural illusion, saying, "We do not put rhythm under our tempo. We use no accented beats. It is this technique which makes our music different from that of our imitators."

Guy, who is also an accomplished violinist, was born in London, Ontario, shortly after the close of the last century. His brothers, Carmen (first saxophone), Leibert (trumpet), and Victor (baritone sax), are likewise of Canadian birth.

The boys took up music for fun, playing in the Sunday School orchestra in their home town. When someone asked them to play at a party and actually *paid* them for it, they were astounded. That encouraged them; they picked up a few extra musicians and played for dances during their school vacations, but earned only a few dollars here and there.

Finally they pooled their resources and managed to finance a trip to Cleveland, where they had to overcome many obstacles, being told that no one would like their style of music, which was just the same then as it is now. At last the Lombardos secured a booking at the Clairmont Cafe, and Guy argued the manager into putting in a radio line. With the publicity this brought them,





Aboard his boat, the *Tempo*, Guy stands a trick at the wheel, his wife beside him as navigator. That's Carmen in the dark jersey.

Centre, a closer look at Guy and his wife.

Left, the Lombardo Band broadcasting from the stage of a CBS Radio Theatre.

they moved to one of Cleveland's leading night clubs, and stayed for three years, after which they played at Chicago's Granada. Then came their opportunity on the CBS, in 1928.

They have remained with the Columbia Broadcasting System uninterruptedly ever since, save for a brief interlude to do an NBC commercial. And Guy points with pride to the fact that he has proved himself right in continuing to advocate the type of dance music which he originated while still a schoolboy. Recent sponsors are the General Baking Company.

MEET THE GUY: Height, five feet, ten inches; weight, one hundred and sixty-five pounds; hair, dark brown and curly; eyes, brown . . . likes speed; owns sixty-five foot cabin cruiser and two hundred and twenty-five horsepower thirty-foot speedboat. Sleeps three to four hours daily; keeps all appointments, but is always late . . . devoted to parents; recently bought them estate in Greenwich, Connecticut . . . has a marked preference for double-breasted suits . . . owns a bull dog who is kind to delivery boys but bites all visiting celebrities. Is happily married.

Phillips Lord

Phillips Lord not only introduced the GANG BUSTERS and WE, THE PEOPLE to radio, but he won his way into the public heart through his characterisation of Seth Parker, a performance which brought him to the pinnacle of personal fame.

Seth was a typical New England character, based upon Phil's first-hand knowledge of the Down Easterners whom he knew as a boy, for he was born in Hartford, Vermont, on July 15, 1902, attended grade school in Meriden, Connecticut, went to Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts, and finally to Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine.

His father, the Reverend Albert J. Lord, a Congregational minister, was pleased when Phil became principal of the Plainville (Connecticut) High School immediately after graduation. But Phil had chosen this school because he had



The Parkers, as they appeared in RKO's OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS. We see Raymond Hunter as "Captain," Mrs. Lord as "Liz," Effie Palmer as "Ma Parker," Phil as "Seth," and Bennett Kilpack as "Cephus."

Lieutenant Phillips H. Lord, U.S.N.R., on the deck of his schooner, the *Seth Parker*, on which he made his famous cruise. Remember the headlines when the ship nearly foundered?



been in love with Sophia Mecorney for years—and she had a job teaching there, too! Almost as soon as he had persuaded her to marry him, they moved to New York, where Phil strove unsuccessfully to write for magazines.

Hearing a terrible broadcast featuring a Down Easterner on a local station, Phil wrote what he considered a good Yankee script, took it to the director, and was given a chance to try it out. The broadcast was a triumph; other stations wanted it; he promptly syndicated the series. Then, early in 1931, he offered NBC his act, was accepted, and has been on the air ever since.

Phil is a tall, slender, sun-browned young man, with blue-grey eyes. He owns seventeen dozen shirts, one suit (which always needs pressing), and two daughters, Jean and Patricia. He likes chocolate ice cream with fudge sauce, playing tennis, singing South Sea songs, and sleeping late. Besides broadcasting, he plays the guitar, mandolin, piano, and harmonica. He says he bases his Seth Parker character on his grandfather, Hosea Phillips.

Herbert Wayne King

Herbert Wayne "The Waltz" King was born in Savannah, Illinois, in 1901, the son of a railroad man. His first job was as doctor's errand boy at seventy-five cents a week. The family moved to Oklahoma, then Texas, and Wayne King's next jobs were garageman's helper and bank clerk. His father gave him a clarinet for his fifteenth birthday.

By the time he was graduated from high school, he could play the instrument well enough to earn his way through Valparaiso University. Having a hundred dollars left over when he was made a B. A., he went to Chicago, and spent all but four dollars of it before he landed a clerkship with an insurance company (later they made him cashier). He lived at the YMCA in the Windy City, practising saxophone meanwhile, to the dismay of his neighbors, who forced him to stuff pillows into the mouth of the instrument. Six months later Al Short, then Tivoli Theatre orchestra leader, now NBC production man, gave him a job. After a time the manager of Chicago's Aragon Ballroom invited him to form a fill-in orchestra, which he did. Soon this orchestra was one of the Aragon's feature attractions. In 1927 a local station put in a line to pick up King's music. Lady Esther face powder took over his sponsorship on September 27, 1931. This resulted in one of the longest contracts any broadcaster has had with a single sponsor.



The composer of *The Waltz You Saved for Me* and his wife, Dorothy Janis of the movies.

Lux Radio Theatre

"More Stars than the Milky Way," might well be the slogan of the LUX RADIO THEATRE, a real theatre located on Hollywood Boulevard in Hollywood, California. This broadcast has featured nearly every notable in the motion picture capital; in 1936 it was placed under the direction of the man who has often been called the greatest director of all time, Cecil B. De Mille.

The show started in a studio of the National Broadcasting Company on October 14, 1934, and featured such motion picture personalities as happened to be in New York at the time, or who could be persuaded to take a brief respite from pictures to come East for a broadcast. These stars were rehearsed and directed by Antony Stanford, who has been an actor since the age of sixteen, among his parts being that of Abie in *Abie's Irish Rose*. The broadcast moved to the CBS when a few months old, with Stanford continuing to direct.

Prior to June, 1936, the broadcast had no "carry-over"; each show, complete in itself, was a distinctive unit, with nothing to link it to those which had gone before, nor those which were to follow. In that month, however, the program was moved to Hollywood, a natural point of origin, for it is logical to broadcast the stars from the place where most of them are to be found. And Cecil B. De Mille became its master of ceremonies, appearing in each program with a few well-chosen words about its featured players and, through his personality, welding the unit shows into a series.

He admits that he was by no means at ease during his first hours on the air, and felt decided relief when his première was completed. If some of his movie stars complain of nervousness when making their radio debuts (they are all nervous, but some of them do not complain), De Mille confides that he was scared during his first *three* broadcasts!

However, he has become enthusiastic about radio, possibly with an eye to the advent of television and its kinship to cinema work. He speaks of broadcasting in the highest terms, saying: "I am sure the pictures can learn much from radio. Here we deal with words; once they are spoken, they cannot be recalled. Ours is the business of perfection!"

One of the questions most people ask about the LUX RADIO THEATRE is, how much are the stars paid for broadcasting? The amount varies. The bigger the star, the bigger the salary. Some get as little as twenty-five hundred dollars for a show, but the top-notchers, like Clark Gable and Marlene Dietrich, are paid five thousand dollars a performance.

They continue their movie work despite broadcasting; rehearsing for their radio appearances before the movie sets open and after they close. Marion Davies, by way of example, came up to the studio after a hard day on the lot

and continued working until nearly midnight. Most of the stars are delighted with the chance to go on the air for, whenever possible, they are given their favorite parts. Jack Oakie, for instance, had always wanted to play Dr. Biff Grimes in *One Sunday Afternoon*, to show what he could do with a non-comedy part; William Powell and Myrna Loy wanted to repeat their favorite *Thin Man* roles. The LUX RADIO THEATRE gave them the opportunities.

However, it is not always smooth sailing. For example, when Wallace Beery was scheduled to appear in *Viva Villa* it was not until the Friday night before the broadcast that he learned production schedules would prevent his appearance. Then the LUX RADIO THEATRE'S bookers scurried around and secured Claudette Colbert, Walter Huston, and Norman Foster, all of whom had appeared on Broadway in *The Barker*. So *The Barker* was substituted almost without rehearsal.

No matter how it is done, though, the LUX RADIO THEATRE has always managed to get outstanding stars, a good script, and a thoroughly entertaining show.



The Lux Radio Theatre is a real playhouse. It seats a thousand people. Many movie stars go there; it's almost their only chance to see a show.

Cecil B. DeMille, producer and master of ceremonies of the broadcasts.



DE MILLE DETAILS: Born August 12, 1881, at Ashfield, Massachusetts, the son of Henry De Mille, playwright. . . . Grew up in Washington, North Carolina, and Pompton Lakes, New Jersey. . . . To school at Pennsylvania Military Academy, from which he ran away to enlist for the Spanish-American War. Was refused because of youth. . . . Then to American Academy of Dramatic Arts and became an actor. . . . On tour with Sothern and Marlowe, he met and married Constance Adams in Orange, New Jersey. . . . Stopped acting to manage his mother's play brokerage. . . . Met Jesse Lasky in summer of 1913; they decided to gamble their combined capital in producing a movie, featuring Dustin Farnum in *The Squaw Man*. Started it that December and succeeded in pictures ever since. . . . De Mille formed his own company in 1924; became MGM producer in 1928; made his first talkie for Paramount in 1932; has made more than sixty features; is known as the Father of Screen Spectacles. . . . Is also the father of four children. . . . Likes yachting, deep-sea fishing, and donning diving helmet to explore ocean's floor. . . . Collects old guns, shawls, jade, ivory, uncut jewels, and phonograph records.



Above, a picture of Joan Crawford in action. She sits down to broadcast because it makes her less nervous. The man at the desk is Antony Stanford, who produced the broadcasts when they took place in New York.



Upper left, Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, his wife, and Mr. DeMille, caught during a lull in a rehearsal.

Centre, Mr. DeMille poses with little Cora Sue Collins and Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Al Jolson) before they go on the air.



Below, Charles Ruggles seems at ease.



Above, Bob Montgomery and Irene Purcell at the mike.



Upper right, Miriam Hopkins, who also stars in these broadcasts.



Centre, Lionel Barrymore and Anne Shirley exchanging compliments after their broadcast. He's holding the scripts of *The Voice of Bugle Ann*.

Below, Myrna Loy and William Powell, just before taking the air.



Lily Pons

The first thing Lily Pons said to me was "EEEEEEK!"

She did not know that her maid had shown me into her drawing room, and so started to enter, wearing her pajamas. She went out for more clothes quickly. But soon she was back, discreetly clad in a brown negligee and still giggling. Sitting on the couch beside Miss Tirandelli, her secretary-chaperon, she smiled, "You like to interview me, yes? Shoot!"

She is by no means the haughty prima donna, but a fine person with an enchanting French accent. So I asked, "Where did you pick up slang, such as that 'Call me Toots' of yours?"

She laughed again, kicking a slender, silk-clad ankle high in the air (a mannerism of hers, when amused) and replied: "Oh, the recording man in my picture *I Dream Too Much*. He call me Toots. The musical director call me Snookie, and I call them names like zat, too."

Next I asked what sort of men attracted her; she thought a moment, then: "It is not how they look. It is their character. If they are interesting, intelligent and — how they say it? — *sympathetique*." She admits to being a good reader of character, who can tell at a glance whether you will be *sympathetique* or not. Radio performers and opera stars are every bit as nice to know as Hollywood's handsomest leading men, she adds.

She detests going to parties because they are too noisy. "But I like to go to the country, where I can ride horseback, or take long walks with my Skye Terrier, Panouche. That means 'Dirty Old Rag.' I like, *aussi*, to read history and biography, to collect antique snuff boxes, to talk to friends, to skate, and to eat roast beef."

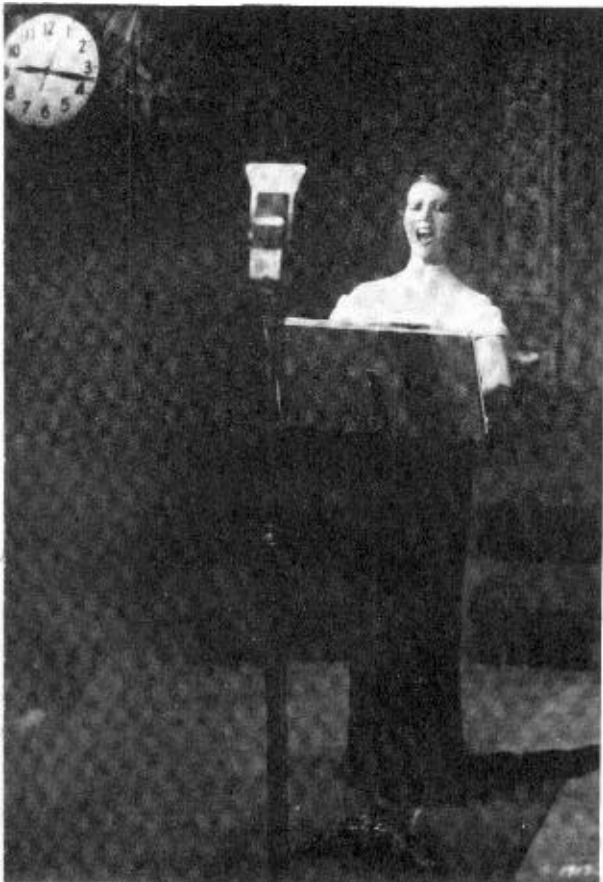
"Do you prefer singing operatic or popular songs, Miss Pons?"

"Music," she answered, "is music, and jazz is just as much music as is opera, and it is really more fun to sing. I did *Minnie the Moocher* at a concert once, and the audience enjoyed it as much as I did. I *like* to sing hot songs!"

Even interviewers do not faze this diminutive star. "They are now a habit," she says, "and what is more, I realise that the people who hear me on the radio can know me best through the interviewers. But it would be nice if I could meet each one of them — at least to say 'Hello, Toots!'"

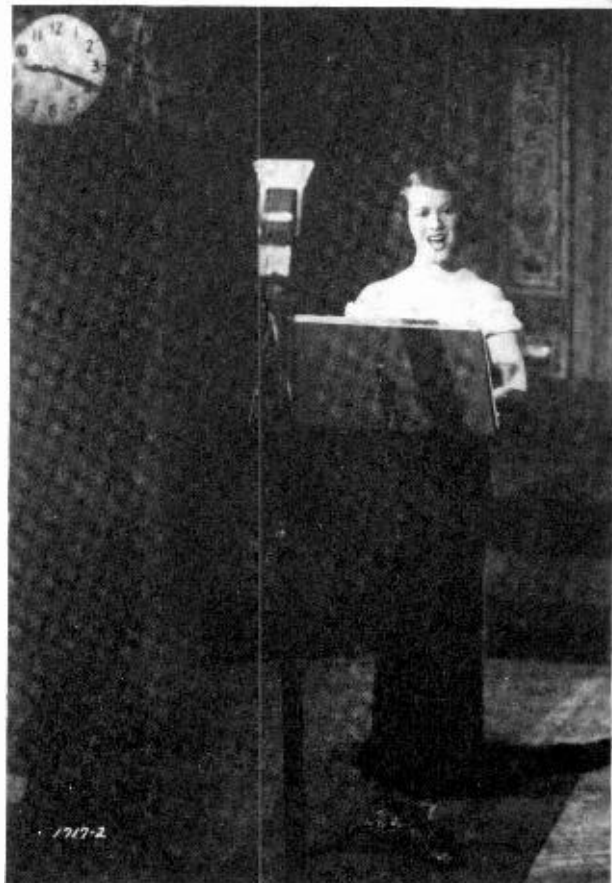
And there you have a thumbnail sketch of Lily Pons, the opera-radio-movie star who is simple and unaffected. Lily does not have to put on airs; not only is she at the top of the singing world, but everybody knows it. She does not have to try to convince them.

THE STORY OF A STAR: Born in Cannes, France, on April 12, 1905 . . . height, five feet two; weight, one hundred and two pounds; hair, dark brown; eyes, dark brown, large and sparkling . . . studied piano at Conservatoire de Paris, graduating at thirteen with highest honors . . . played for wounded soldiers in French hospitals; began singing because they urged her to . . . did so much hospital work she had to take a two-year rest to recuperate, then became ingénue in musical comedy . . . met and married Lawyer August Mesritz of Holland, who took her to Alberti de Gorostiaga for three years of vocal lessons. She was twenty-one when she first studied singing!!! . . . Made operatic debut in Mulhouse, Alsace . . . got all the work she wanted in the provinces, but *could not get a job in Paris*. . . . Gatti-Casazza, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, heard of her in 1930 and offered her a five-year contract. She took it, and a few months later, started radio . . . fought off movie contracts for four years before signing with RKO . . . is divorced from Mesritz, and stoutly maintains that she is heart whole and fancy free, though rumored engaged to Kostelanetz . . . voice ranges from middle C in lower register to A above high C. . . . For sheer power, her vocal cords are second only to Caruso's . . . wants to retire to a farm at forty, with her mother, sister, and half-sister who now live in France. . . . She still gets "mike fright" occasionally.



Look at that clock —

— Lily certainly is holding that note! (If it's still the same note)





Lily Pons arm in arm with Andre Kostelanetz and Nino Martini when they all starred on the Chesterfield program.

Time out at rehearsal, to discuss matters with Fred Schang of the Columbia Concerts Corporation.



The March of Time

The last moments before THE MARCH OF TIME takes the air have ever been hectic ones. Though the rehearsal may have gone perfectly, perhaps the script, as it stands, takes a minute or two too long.

Then, Bill Geer, its editor, grabs his red pencil and begins slashing lines, sometimes whole pages. In the control room, bent over a panel full of switches and rheostats, which he has commandeered as a desk, he makes the cuts on his script and hands them out to the directors in the studio, who mark the alterations in the actors' copies.

With the necessary seconds saved, Geer turns to the cast. "Hey, Mussolini!" he shouts, and Ted de Corsi looks up. "A little lighter on the Italian accent, Ted. You were hard to understand. And, Howard, only time for two bars of *Rule, Britannia*. Okay?" Howard Barlow, the orchestra leader, nods, and Geer turns his attention to the sound effects. "I want a warehouse fire, fellows, not a couple of matches," he says, and Mrs. Ora Nichols, Ronald Fitzgerald, and Edward Fenton (for three sound technicians are required) assure him that he will be given the hottest fire north of Hades. Then he goes into a brief conference with Dwight Weist, who plays Hitler, telling him to try to sound a bit more bombastic.

There is a few minutes' wait. The cast members lean back in their chairs, resting up for the period of intense effort to come. The five mikes (for close-ups, mobs, sound effects, music, and auditorium effects) are given their last minute tests. The control room signals Barlow, who leads the band, to fade as Westbrook Van Voorhees, the announcer, cries, "THE MARCH OF TIME!" and today's history lives again.

Hurriedly editing the script to conform with last-minute developments in the news.





Above, a tense moment in THE MARCH OF TIME. Notice the sound effects at the left of the picture. This is what happens when you hear someone stabbed.



Left, Announcer Westbrook Van Voorhees, "The Voice of Time." He also talks on newsreels, and sometimes broadcasts under the name of Hugh Conrad.



Ted ("Mussolini") di Corsi, as he looks and as he sounds.



Mussolini and Hitler get together. Ted di Corsi, left, impersonates the Duce; Dwight Weist, the Fuehrer.

A close up of Dwight ("Hitler") Weist.



One Man's Family

A few years ago, Carlton E. Morse, then writing blood-and-thunder radio dramas, originated an idea for something different. He sat down and planned a thirteen-week series about the intimate private lives of the Barbours, an average American family with adolescent children. He then went through the roster of the Coast's finest radio performers and selected a cast. When this had been done, he wrote the first four episodes of ONE MAN'S FAMILY, and sent them to the powers that be.

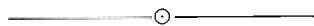
Two weeks later his scripts came back with no comment save "Very well done"; another three months elapsed before he was told to go ahead with some more episodes for the production of his series.

In April, 1932, this program made its début on KGO, San Francisco. Within a year it was sponsored, and by May, 1933, was on a coast-to-coast network, the first West Coast serial to have nation-wide sponsorship.

So popular did this saga of the Barbour family become that when copies of *Jack's Camera Scrapbook* were offered to listeners, one hundred and ten thousand requests came pouring in, setting an all-time record for response to a Pacific program. It has been awarded the Gold Medal for Distinguished Service to Radio, offered by *Radio Stars Magazine*, has twice won *Radio Guide's* Star of Stars Poll, and has a citation for excellence from the Women's National Radio Committee.

Nor is ONE MAN'S FAMILY heard only throughout the United States; station 2SM, of Sydney, Australia, has purchased the first hundred and fifty episodes for use over its own network, with its own cast.

And the Barbour family has continued to grow in popularity, day by day.



MEET THE FAMILY: CARLTON E. MORSE, author, born in Louisiana; moved to Oregon in infancy. Graduate of University of California; became newspaper reporter, copyreader, feature writer, and columnist before turning to radio, in the latter 1920's. A fast worker, Morse once wrote thirteen mystery serials and several historical and adventure serials within eighteen months. He is married to a small, witty blonde, whose criticisms of his work are the only ones he takes seriously. Morse is still in his thirties, but he knows his human psychology!

J. ANTHONY SMYTHE (*Henry Barbour*) is the son of a Jugo-Slavian sailor, who became a prospector and finally settled in San Francisco, where he became a leading restaurant owner. It was there that Tony was born and grew up,

finally taking a law course at St. Ignatius College (now San Francisco College). Given the leads in Campus shows, Tony managed to get bits in plays at Oakland's Liberty Theatre. After graduation, and a year's vacation in Europe, he returned to the theatre via stock in Waterbury, Connecticut. Later was with Florence Reed in *Magda* and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. He played twelve hundred leading roles before returning to California, where he enacted the character of Handsome in *Rain* and leads in other Henry Duffy productions. Radio debut in NBC SPLIT SECOND sketches, followed by innumerable other parts. Tony, a bachelor, has supported a large group of nieces and nephews for years, often commuting one thousand miles a week to spend his free time with them.

MINETTA ELLEN (*Mrs. Fanny Barbour*) was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the daughter of a leading hotel man. As a child, she studied elocution, but married young and did not go on the stage until after she had raised a family of her own. She met Rafetto and Yarborough (also of the FAMILY cast) when they were students at the University of California, and made her first appearance with them, later touring with the Berkeley Players. Met Tony in stock at Oakland's Fulton Theatre, playing his wife in numerous shows. Her radio debut was made in ONE MAN'S FAMILY. Bright-eyed, white-haired "Fanny" not only has two grandchildren (who all call her Mimi) but her own mother is still living.

ELWYN CREIGHTON RAFETTO (*Paul*) was born in Placerville, California, in 1900, of the famous pioneer family that still owns the historic Inn. He took a year out of his law studies at the University of California to act in and direct shows in Honolulu. Returned to graduate; then (changing his name from Elwyn to Michael) tried to carve out a place for himself in silent films, but without success. Made good as a diction teacher, when talkies came, but not much luck acting. Returned to San Francisco and a legal practice. Wrote a radio serial called *Arms of the Law*; it was immediately purchased, and impressed with his voice, NBC officials engaged him to play the lead. He has been a staff member ever since.

BERNICE BERWIN (*Hazel*), slim and dark, began acting in student plays at the University of California; made her first professional appearance with Edward Everett Horton in *Tailor-Made Man*, later feminine lead opposite Leo Carillo in *Lombardi, Ltd.*, and has had many other roles. Took her first mike test at KGO as a result of her campus dramatics, and had numerous radio dates between stage appearances. Joined the NBC staff in 1928, and played leads in most of Morse's air dramas. In private life, Bernice is married to Attorney A. Brooks Berwin, and is the mother of an infant son.

KATHLEEN WILSON (*Claudia*) was born in Berkeley, California, just before the World War. Her father is author-lecturer, Ben F. Wilson; her cousins, the stage's Violet Wilson and the screen's Irving Pichel. At six, Kathleen appeared with Ruth St. Denis, dancer; later, on stage under cousins' guidance. After high school, accompanied her father on lecture tour of Europe, then returned to



A close-up of the author, Carlton E. Morse.

The cast of *ONE MAN'S FAMILY* spend Christmas with the author in his cabin in the mountains, just south of San Francisco. Here they are arriving on Christmas Eve: left to right are *Jack, Hazel, Nicky, Claudia, Teddy, Clifford, Henry, Fanny,* and Mr. and Mrs. Morse.





And the day after they are back to work in the studio again: left to right, *Henry, Fanny*, announcer and author in the booth, *Paul, Claudia, Jack, Clifford*, and *Hazel*.



The next morning, they see what Santa left. In the foreground, *Claudia, Nicky*, and *Fanny*; next, *Clifford, Hazel*, and *Teddy*; behind them, *Jack* and *Henry*. Wonder what they got?

the University of California, where she became women's fencing champion. Radio debut in a Morse show in early 1930's; was later chosen for role of Claudia without audition. In private life, Kathleen is Mrs. Rawson Hughes.

BARTON YARBOROUGH (*Clifford*) ran away from his home town of Goldthwaite, Texas, to join a traveling show, then to vaudeville. When he reached California, his family persuaded him to enroll in the University of California, where he played leads in *Mask and Dagger* productions. After graduation, Bart went on the road with *Outward Bound* and thence to London with the show. Returning, he acted with Eva Le Gallienne, May Robson, Robert Edeson, and similar stars until an offer from Henry Duffy took him to California again, and eventually to radio.

PAGE GILMAN (*Jack*) born in San Francisco, California, on April 18, 1918, has been a broadcaster since his schoolboy days in 1927. He received his education at Lowell High School, and twice announced its annual football classic. Then went to Stanford. His radio roles have been numerous.

WINIFRED FRANCES WOLFE (*Teddy*) is also a native San Franciscan. Dark-eyed, brown-haired Winnie is a high school girl, still in her early 'teens. She studies piano and drama, reads a great deal, swims, and plays tennis and badminton.

BARBARA JO ALLEN (*Beth Holly*) is one of radio's beauties. She went into summer stock at sixteen and continued with the stage during school vacations while attending the University of California, and Stanford. Played with many famous stars and was in the London *Outward Bound* Company. In California for Henry Duffy shows, she joined the NBC in 1931.

HELEN STRYKER (*Marion Galloway*) of Galena, Illinois, was introduced to David Warfield while attending a Washington, Connecticut, finishing school. After she made her debut in summer stock, he gave her a leading part in *Merchant of Venice*. She played the role of Jessica to his Shylock, and had not reached her sixteenth birthday at the time. Appeared with Claudette Colbert, Irene Dunne, and others during subsequent vacations. The family moved to Seattle, Washington, and Helen entered radio through KOMO there. She happened to be in San Francisco when the part of Marion was being auditioned, and was so excited on learning she had been given the role that she was sick abed for two days.

Announcer WILLIAM JOHN "BILL" ANDREWS was born and educated in Oakland, California, and entered radio as a licensed amateur. Later became chief operator of a broadcasting station, and filled in for absent announcers with great success. Came to NBC as announcer in 1928, and was with ONE MAN'S FAMILY since its start. Bill is six feet two, and has blue eyes and brown hair; is married to Helen Musselman, NBC actress who plays *Ann Wait*.

David Ross

If the manager of a small local radio station had not been forced to cut expenses and discharged David Ross, he probably never would have been the announcer in POET'S GOLD, the Chesterfield and Willard Robison programs, and numerous other CBS features.

Born and bred in the heart of New York, Dave is far from the ultra-dignified person his radio voice leads one to believe. He has his playful and mischievous side, too; likes to tease waiters by pretending inability to understand or speak English! He devised ingenious torments (such as becoming highly offended for no particular reason) to harry stuffed shirts who invade the studio.

He was a newsboy in earliest youth, but finally worked himself into finance, being a \$25-a-month bank messenger. Subsequently Ross served as secretary to an eccentric Russian baroness, as a book and play reviewer, superintendent of an orphanage, piano salesman, and a few other occupations as well. He first announced in 1926 at WGBS, a New York station no longer in existence.

Ross received his education at the College of the City of New York, Rutgers, and New York University. His book, *Poet's Gold*, has gone into several editions. The favorite announcer of many listeners, he was the 1932 Diction Award winner.

Physically speaking, Ross is five feet five inches, and weighs one hundred thirty pounds. His hair is brown, wavy, and abundant, beginning to grey at the temples. His eyes are blue and friendly, moustache unwaxed. He likes old books, ferry boats, and folk songs, plays tennis, handball, and ping-pong, speaks French and German, and writes poetry.

David Ross, the golden voice of CBS.



Frank Parker

Frank Parker, the popular star of the John H. Woodbury Company's RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE, is one radio star whose first name describes him. He answers any question an interviewer asks, never adding, "But please don't print that." He is so utterly frank that one momentarily expects him to quote that famous film star, Popeye, and say, "I yam what I yam and tha's all I yam."

Frank is about five feet seven or eight, dark haired, calm, and smiling. He has no "arty" mannerisms; uses no extravagant gestures. He just stands there and sings. The writer watched him in a highly emotional selection. A



Frank's real name was Ciccio but he changed it because it sounded too much like that of a singer — and he wanted to be a dancer!

His microphone technique, like his voice and his whole personality, is simple and without affectation.



lesser singer would have been gesticulating violently in an attempt to register with the studio audience, but Frank just stood there with his hands at his sides. His most violent gesture was a slight jerk of the head once or twice.

After the broadcast, I talked to Frank in his dressing room, where his tailor was waiting with a new suit for him to try on. The interview went something like this, with Frank doing the talking:

"I was born in New York on April 29, 1906. This coat feels a little tight. In school, I started to study engineering, but I grew interested in class theatricals, and when I was graduated from high school, I went over to the Milan Conservatory in Italy for voice study. Then I came back and began dancing in vaudeville, and later in the *Greenwich Village Follies*, *No, No, Nanette*, and a few other shows. Maybe if they moved this button it would fit better. They ought to bill me as the World's Champion Substitute. I started singing because one of the singers in the *Follies* took sick and I had to sing for him. And I got into radio the same way; one of the boys in the *EVEREADY HOUR* was sick and they had me substitute. Then I signed with the *A & P GYPSIES*, worked with the *Revelers* for a while, and have been in radio ever since with time out to make a couple of movies. Yes, the coat ought to fit all right with those changes. Am I married? No, but I'd like to be."

Incidentally, Frank ought to make a mighty good husband. Not only does he earn a substantial salary, but he can cook, and likes to. He's a good-looking lad, too. He made his first money posing for an artist. He wore nothing but a strip of gauze; he was posing as a cherub.

How I'd like to print that picture!

Dick Powell

"Holy Moses!"

Those were the first words I ever heard from Dick Powell, star of Campbell Soup's HOLLYWOOD HOTEL.

I mean from Dick himself, in person, not in a motion picture.

It was like this. I went to the telephone and called Dick at the quiet hotel where he was staying in New York, when he came East to make a picture at Annapolis.

"Hello, Mr. Powell," I said. "I want to come up and interview you on why fifty million women have fallen in love with you."

Over the phone there came a sound as though he were choking. You could almost see him stagger. Then the "Holy Moses!"

There was a short pause while Dick recovered from the shock, but after a bit he said: "Sure. Come up this afternoon. I'll be busy, but I guess we can manage to squeeze in an interview."

Accordingly, at four o'clock I rang the bell of his suite. "Come in," called a voice. I did — and walked into an empty living room. The voice came again, this time from behind a closed door. "Pardon me," it said. "I'll be with you in a minute — as soon as I get some pants on."

A couple of seconds later the door opened and the famous Powell smile emerged. Immediately below it were a wide pair of tanned shoulders and an athletic undershirt. He looks quite unlike the Powell of the pictures. He is a much bigger man than you would expect; probably between five-eleven and six feet. He has a lot more chin, too, and far from being the ever-smiling boy, he has plenty of manly character in his face.

You see, life was not easy for young Dick Powell. He was not born into society, or even on the stage. He had to earn his "breaks."

For years Dick plugged away at hard work. At first he was with the telephone company in Little Rock, Arkansas. If your phone was out of order in the middle of the night, the trouble department was called, and the foreman shouted, "Hey, Powell!" whereupon Dick dragged his weary frame up to the house and cleaned jacks, straightened diaphragms, or replaced cords, according to his diagnosis of the sick phone's symptoms. When he was not doing that, he was making the rounds of the coin boxes, carrying from fifty to a hundred pounds of nickels in a battered suitcase.

"Don't you *feel* different since you've become a star?" I asked him.

Dick gave it serious thought. "I certainly don't feel a bit different," he

answered. "I'm just a young fellow who's still working hard to make a good living."

When he says "working hard" he means just that. "I realise that if I'm going to stay in talking pictures and on the air, I have to look and sound as well as possible," he says. "Therefore I take a vocal lesson nearly every day of my life, and cultivate my appearance, too."

"You don't mean facial massages and mud packs, do you?" I asked incredulously.

He laughed. "No, I want to look healthy, not pretty. I just keep in condition. You know, box, run, swim, play ball, that sort of thing."

"Play polo, too, don't you?"

"I used to, but the office made me stop. One time when I nearly broke my neck, they said that it was too dangerous; they couldn't afford to have me get hurt and hold up a picture."

"Well, suppose you tell me what your line is off stage. When you meet a girl you want to attract, how do you go about it?"

"I don't. You see, I don't know anything at all about women. Nobody does. I just act natural. If they like me, that's fine; if they don't, I can't help it."

"And what are you like socially? Drink? Play cards? Talk?"

"Just a little of each. I enjoy dancing and playing around as much as any other normal person, but I don't get as much time for it as I'd like, what with both radio and pictures. I do tremendous amounts of rehearsing at home in my time off."

"You certainly get fine results," I commented.

He looked a little uncomfortable, as though he didn't like to hear himself praised.

But how did Powell get his start?

While he was with the telephone company he learned to play various musical instruments, in between fixing faulty phones. After a while, he became a sufficiently good musician to form a band, which played in small towns. He had a pleasing voice, so he sang with his orchestra, and people liked to hear him.

The tours in the hinterland were arduous, but he was the same Dick then as he is today, always working hard, trying to better his previous best. He did not get to Broadway with his band, but he did reach Pittsburgh. Finally he rose to the position of master of ceremonies in a movie theatre there.

Picture producers' scouts get around, and one from Warner Brothers visited the Stanley Theatre, where Dick was appearing. He took a single glance at the infectious Powell grin, and heard the friendly Powell voice. "That young man has Personality," he said, spelling it with a capital *P*. "I think we ought to try him out in pictures."

One trial was enough to prove that the scout knew his business. Powell got his chance and succeeded immediately. Nor did success change him a bit.

Perhaps one of the reasons for his tremendous popularity is that; in the Powell character, eminence is not accompanied by egotism.

When he and his newly married bride, Joan Blondell, the film star, came to New York on their honeymoon, both were a little embarrassed by the tremendous reception afforded them. Of course they were pleased by the plaudits, but they seemed to feel that the shrieking sirens and hovering airplanes were more than they merited. They greeted the press graciously, but one could guess that they would have preferred less acclaim and more privacy, though both are sensible enough to know that this was a forlorn hope — that celebrities must live in the limelight which their talent focuses upon them.



A good picture of a grand guy.



Dick takes time out for refreshments (ice cream) with Raymond Paige, his orchestra leader.



Right, going over a number with Gus Haenschen, who led the band for Dick in New York.

Igor Gorin, baritone on the Powell program.



Believe It or Not Ripley

Believe it or not, the luckiest break Robert L. Ripley ever had was his arm. This happened on the day he achieved his boyhood ambition, and it lost his job for him. This took place many years ago when Bob was pitching his first game for the New York Giants, having just been "discovered" by the late John "Mugsy" McGraw. He wound up, started to throw the ball, and his right arm went limp — broken from sheer muscular effort. When it had knit, he tried to play first base, throwing with his left arm, but couldn't.

Bob's mother was born in a covered wagon, trekking westward. Bob, himself, first saw the light in Santa Rosa, California, on Christmas Day, 1893. Drawing always interested him, and in 1907 he got his first check (\$8) from *Life* for a cartoon. Then he started playing ball, rose steadily, only to be stopped by what he then considered a shattering misfortune.

Left, a close-up of Bob. Below, describing specimens of shrunken heads which came from the jungles of the Amazon. Right, Ripley landing in New York in the plane in which he was taken off the *Leviathan* when the vessel was still fifty miles from port.



He went back to art work, finally securing a position on the *San Francisco Bulletin*. When he heard that he was going to be fired, he beat the editor to it by quitting, and went to the *San Francisco Chronicle*, for which he covered the Johnson-Jeffries fight at Reno, Nevada, in 1910.

Then Joseph Taylor, veteran actor, wrote a book on his stage experiences, and Bob was engaged to illustrate it. He had to go to New York to arrange for its publication. Broke, he went to the *Globe*, where he was hired as sports cartoonist.

In 1921 he drew some odd sports facts and called the sketch BELIEVE IT OR NOT. It aroused so much comment that he followed it with one or two a week. In 1924, when the *Globe* was sold, he moved to the *Telegram*, then to the *Post*, and, in 1929, to the Hearst papers, where he reached forty million readers a day through syndication in four hundred newspapers in thirty-seven different countries throughout the world.

He has traveled in one hundred eighty-one countries, normally receives three thousand letters a day; once attained a record of two million letters in three weeks during a contest, flew one hundred thirty-five thousand miles in two years, has drawn more than sixteen thousand "Believeitornots" and is still going strong.

The musical portion of the Ripley broadcasts has long been furnished by Ozzie Nelson's orchestra, with Harriet Hilliard (Mrs. Nelson) as soloist. She did not return to the program in 1936, and in October of that year, the newspapers announced the arrival of David Ozzie Nelson, under Vital Statistics.

Extreme right, believe it or not, the man Bob Ripley is introducing is 156 years old. His name is Zaro Agha.



Dave Rubinoff

Dave Rubinoff, the violin-playing orchestra leader, was born in Grodno, Russia, on September 3, 1897, the fifth child of a packer in a tobacco factory and a laundress. Grodno, a garrison town, boasted many military bands. These enthralled young Dave, who began improvising military marches and folk songs on the balalaika at the age of five, thereby attracting the attention of Max Gottfried, the town's leading music teacher. When Gottfried offered him a free course of music lessons, Dave persuaded his mother to scrape up the money for a violin; four years later he appeared as soloist with the military symphony.

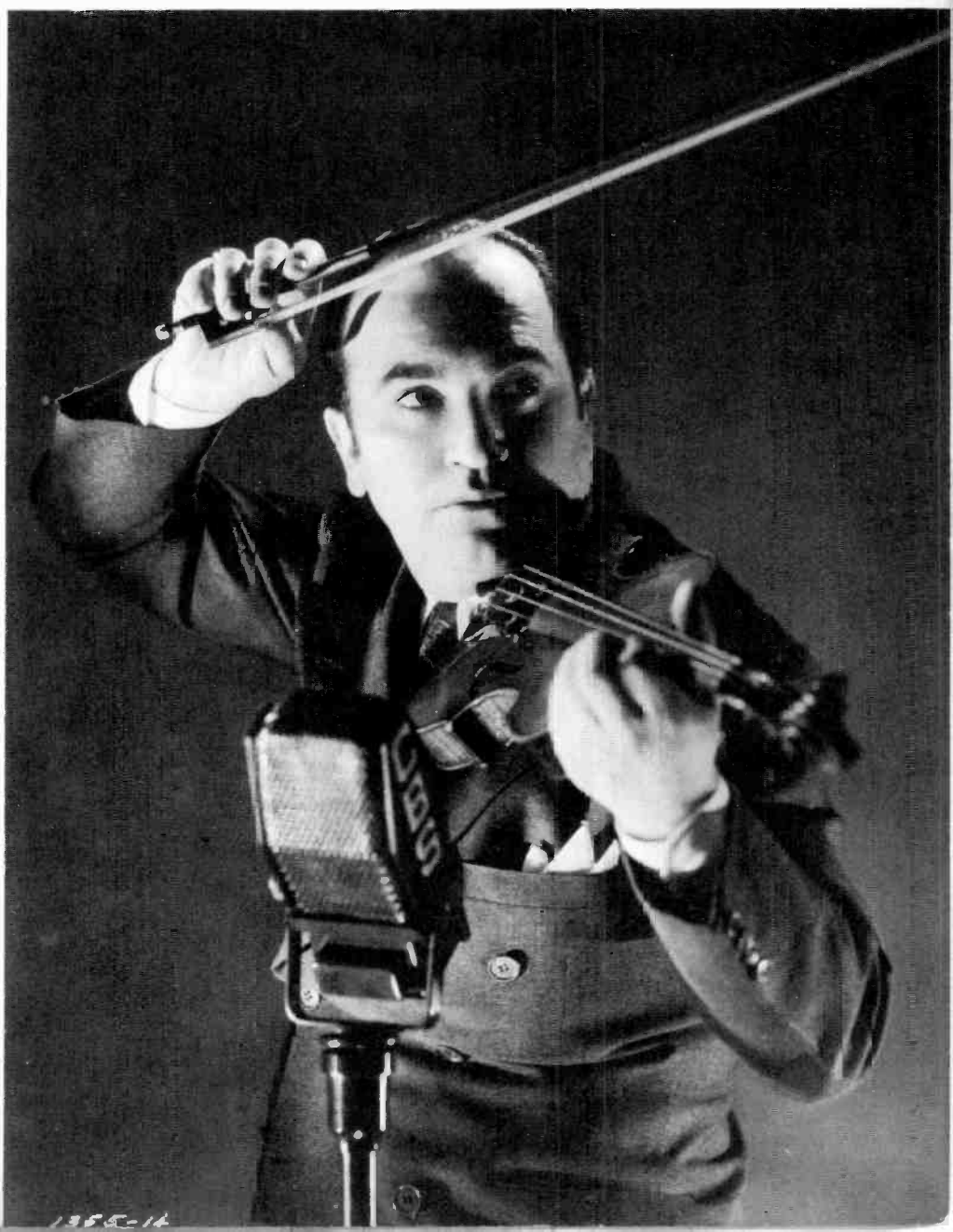
Subsequently he was granted a subsidy by the military musical corps, and, in another two years, a scholarship which took him to Warsaw's Royal Musical Conservatory. He studied there until the Rubinoff family came to the United States in 1911, settling in Pittsburgh. Even before he could speak English, Dave was placed in charge of the orchestra at the Forbes School, and conducted it at local movie theatres. Soon, however, he formed a professional band, with which he toured the country. By the time he was eighteen, he was leading the various orchestras in the Finkelstein and Rubin movie theatres. He made his home in Minneapolis and St. Paul for ten years, and his work was known throughout the Midwest.

In 1926, Dave came to New York and secured a contract to tour the Loew theatres, finally appearing at the Capitol, and soon thereafter shifted to the Paramount chain, where he remained for five years, going on the air occasionally when a theatre pick-up was made. His first real radio opportunity came through Rudy Vallee, followed by a contract in 1931 with Eddie Cantor for Chase and Sanborn. In late 1936 he commenced his own program, for Chevrolet, playing his one hundred thousand dollar Romanoff Stradivarius violin.

Rubinoff has done everything a violinist can do, from playing in military bands, symphonies, and movie theatres, to leading his own orchestra on the air and in motion pictures. He was in *Thanks a Million*. He has composed many selections, some for orchestra, some for violin. Among the former are his *Dance for the Russian Peasants* and *Souvenir*; among the latter, *Fiddlin' the Fiddle*. *Slavonic Fantasy* is one of his best known compositions.

Dave is unmarried. He often brings unemployed musicians home to his apartment for meals. He detests being alone and usually manages to avoid solitude. It is said that he has never spoken over the radio, but when he talks to you in private, his delivery is very much like the impersonations of him which are broadcast, though, of course, his accent is far less pronounced.

Dave Rubinoff, violinist and orchestra leader.



Showboat

LANNY ROSS

To the great majority of radio listeners, THE MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT now means Lanny Ross. The showboat idea was good, and it was good publicity to have the Captain Henry of the stage become Captain Henry of the air, but day by day Lanny Ross assumed more and more importance in the broadcasts. Although the first Captain Henry won his way into the hearts of millions and his successor took his place with the utmost ease, still almost every radio listener grew to say, "Let's tune-in Lanny Ross," for most of them always considered Lanny the real star of the show.

How does it feel being the "showman" as well as the leading man of SHOWBOAT? When this writer called on him with that question, Lanny put down the script he had been reading. "It's embarrassing," he said, then hesitated. "It's embarrassing, you see, because the credit belongs to all of us for we all work side by side, pulling together to give a great show." And it is this willingness of Lanny's to give honor to the other fellows that is the real reason for his success.

The facts of Lanny's life are interesting. In addition to being the leader of the Glee Club when he was at Yale, he was also the indoor champion in the three hundred dash in 1927 and 1928 and he holds the Yale record for the quarter mile.

With such a track record, he was, of course, asked to go with the American Olympic Team to Amsterdam in 1928. But the Glee Club was to appear in England at the same time. Lanny wanted to take part in the Olympics more than anything else in the world, but he felt that the track team could spare him better than his singers. Thus, in order to do what he felt was his duty, he gave up the chance to be a world amateur champion in track. From this time on, he subordinated athletics to vocal work.

His years of running handicapped him, for he had, literally, to learn to breathe all over again. "A singer," he says, "breathes in an entirely different fashion from an athlete." He still has a lot of medals left as the only souvenir of his days as a runner. But these are tucked away, for Lanny is inherently modest.

Instead, he will proudly show his stamp albums. Stamp collecting and playing the guitar are his hobbies. He explains his interest in stamps, "My father, Douglas Ross, the actor, started me saving them. When he was touring with different shows in various parts of the world, he wrote to me often. I took the stamps off his letters and pasted them in an album. Gradually I grew more and more interested in collecting, until now I must have about seven

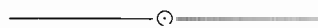
thousand stamps. I swap with other collectors, and that's where I get my best ones. I can't afford to buy them at auctions."

This is true, for though he earns a large salary, he supports a wife, a few other important members of his family, gives a lot to charity, and puts a good bit away, because he feels that some day the public may tire of him, and he doesn't want to be short of funds when (or if) that day comes.

While Lanny is still enthusing about his stamps, a production man looks into the room and says, "Thirty seconds, Mr. Ross." Lanny leaves, and almost at once the show starts.

SHOWBOAT, like the Major Bowes' show which was presented in the main studio of NBC in 1935-1936, plays to a capacity audience. The cast, Lanny, Irene Hubbard (Maria), Tiny Ruffner, and the others, sit in chairs at the left of the mike. Tiny weighs two hundred pounds, though he does not look it in his pictures, for he is six feet six inches tall. It has been said that he takes part in the program to publicise himself, but this is not true. He does it, as he says, because he gets a lot of fun out of it!

When the script calls for a speech from one of the cast, he (or she) rises, goes to the mike, delivers the lines, and sits down again. It reminds the audience of youngsters in school getting up to recite. Lanny and the musicians in the orchestra are the only men in tuxedos; the girls wear evening dress, and Maria looks a veritable fashion plate in hers. Miss Jepson is tall, blonde, and lovely. Molasses and January do not work in blackface; a real colored man plays Jim Peters, but he is much younger than he sounds. And while it is a shame to disillusion the reader, when Lanny is "kissing" a feminine member of the cast, there is a microphone between them and their faces are a foot apart.



VITAL STATISTICS: Born in Seattle, Washington, January 19, 1906. . . . Real name, Lancelot Patrick Ross, son of Shakespearean actor and Pavlowa's accompanist. . . . First stage appearance in *As You Like It* as a child with father. . . . Later in *Rackety-Packety House*. . . . First schooling backstage. . . . Later at Taft in Watertown, Connecticut. . . . Then B.A. at Yale. . . . Later LL.B. at Columbia. . . . First radio appearances with Jeddo Highlanders, but quit to take college exams. . . . Came back as *Troubadour of the Moon*. . . . Studied music here and abroad. . . . Still goes to Juilliard School. . . . Sold so many Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps that he got a medal. Was a Boy Scout then. . . . Has been in pictures and stock. . . . Still has suit he bought in England with Glee Club. Prefers plain blues and greys, or with pin stripes. . . . And is a very good looking and pleasant chap.



Left, Lanny at characteristic microphone position.

Programs come and go so fast that it's a relief to find one with a history. SHOWBOAT, you know, was (as it still is) a popular broadcast long before Radio City was built. The picture below was taken in one of the studios in the old 711 Fifth Avenue building of NBC.



Right, the great big fellow is Tiny Ruffner. That's Lanny on the right.



Below, — and this for contrast. Lanny and Helen Jepson at the mike in a SHOWBOAT broadcast from a modern studio in Radio City.



Right, Sam Hearn, who played "Schlepperman" in the Jack Benny sketches, and then joined the SHOW-BOAT cast.



Above, the Showboat's Molasses and January, as they look out of character; Pick Malone is at the left, Pat Padgett at the right. They have their own show on the CBS for Dill's Best and Model Tobaccos. Below, Lanny, Annette Hanshaw, and Conrad Thibault relax. Lower right, Helen Jepson, the opera star, who became Showboat's prima donna.



60-70 msk-1"
Nov 10 86-90 msk-1"
#11.

Sidewalk Interviews

Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson began doing sidewalk interviews in October, 1932, and broadcast them over KTHR in Houston, Texas. In the spring of 1935, they brought the program to New York, to fill the spot left vacant by Jack Benny's summer vacation. It was then known as VOX POP — THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Soon their light-hearted interviews with the common people had become one of the most popular weekly non-musical broadcasts, and when Benny returned, Mollé Shaving Cream was eager to sponsor the two inquiring Texans. It remained on the air, with Wallace Butterworth giving the commercial announcements.

Late in 1936, Jerry left the program to start OUR NEIGHBORS, a fireside interview series of his own, and Wally remained as co-interviewer with Parks.

The questions which are asked in the program, now called SIDEWALK INTERVIEWS, are by no means the mere random shots they seemed to be, but are very carefully thought out and arranged. Such a plan ensures that each broadcast will contain something of interest to everybody.

They are honestly presented, too, being entirely unrehearsed. The boys scout around and pick a spot that seems to have plenty of people. Then they tell the NBC engineers where to set up. About a half hour before the program is due to start, the two interviewers fight their way into the crowd that always gathers around a microphone and pick out the people they plan to question. They introduce themselves and find out something about their prospective "victims," selecting people who seem interesting, that is, persons with all types of mentalities; some from the country, some from the city, some from cities outside New York, perhaps a very serious fellow, or a girl with a nice laugh, or someone from across the seas.

All these persons want to know what questions they are to be asked, but Parks and Wally never tell them. One of their secrets of success is keeping their material unrehearsed, and often they themselves do not know what questions will be asked until the interview has begun, for then the answers may possibly start an entirely new line of thought. One of the questions: "If a man buys a horse for sixty dollars, sells it for seventy dollars, buys it back for eighty dollars, and sells it again for ninety dollars, how much does he make or lose on the deal?" brought more than five thousand answers from listeners, although no prize was offered. Most of the answers were wrong. The famous "hat and counterfeit bill" problem brought answers ranging from ten dollars to one hundred dollars.



Upper right, Wallace Butterworth, blond, blue eyes, five feet eleven, weight, one hundred and sixty pounds. Born in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, October 25, 1904.



Upper left; that's Wally with the little girl at the mike. Parks (wearing glasses and without a hat) is standing by.

Centre, Parks Johnson, brown eyes, hair flecked with grey, five feet ten, weight one hundred and sixty pounds. Born in Sheffield, Alabama, March 22, 1891.



Lower left, Parks has just landed a "victim" and put him on the spot.

Lower right, Jerry Belcher, brown eyes, red hair, an even six feet, weight one hundred and seventy pounds. Born in Austin, Texas, on November 7, 1895.



Questions asked in SIDEWALK INTERVIEWS have embraced almost every form of human knowledge, from "Is tripe an edible fish?" or "What is a ladies' man?" to "What do a cow's upper front teeth look like?" or "What do you want for Christmas?" The interviewers have consistently tried to keep their questions amusing and they have generally succeeded, for only three topics are taboo: politics, religion, and the physical aspects of sex.

They make no attempt to correct or otherwise embarrass their interviewees, and have been embarrassed themselves only a few times. "Usually," Jerry explained it, "we keep them so busy thinking about their questions that they haven't time to think of the wrong thing to say. Then, too, we have them give their names and addresses before starting to talk, and that holds them down a bit."

THE SULTANS OF THE SIDEWALKS: WALLACE BUTTERWORTH, who used to give the commercials only, is now also co-interviewer. Blue-eyed, blonde, just an inch short of six feet, and weighing an even one hundred and sixty pounds, smile and all, Wally was born in Wallingford, Pennsylvania, on October 25, 1904. Mother a noted concert pianist; sister accompanist to famed vocalist Pasquale Amato. Wally's first job while in grammar school was as a shoe clerk. Bought Caruso records and commuted twelve miles to Metropolitan Opera in Philadelphia on his weekly pay envelope. Was president of Class of 1920, when graduated from Swarthmore High School; then to (RCA) Victor Recording Laboratories in Camden, New Jersey, and later manager of disc department of Chester, Pennsylvania, store. During last two years there, he went to Philadelphia daily for voice lessons, then toured eastern United States and Canada, giving concerts. Became manager and persuaded Martinelli to sing in Chester for one thousand six hundred dollars. Wally made twenty dollars on the deal, and Martinelli told him to go back to singing. He did, under Amato, in New York. In town for a lesson, he asked NBC for an audition. Read two poems, a continuity, and a synopsis of Pagliacci; was made an announcer. This was in 1928. In 1929 to Chicago for four years. Announced opening of World's Fair; reception to Balbo and Italy's Air Armada; Democratic Convention of 1932; airplane arrival of Nominee Roosevelt, and highlights of his campaign; all major sports events. Among Wally's regular broadcasts were ROXY'S GANG, NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR, and many others. To New York and Stack-Goble Advertising Agency in 1933; staged first and subsequent Mollé broadcasts. Now, besides SIDEWALK INTERVIEWS, produces the Dick of the discs (DICK TRACY electrical transcriptions). Married Antoinette Baillargeon on October 31, 1931. Their son, also Wallace, was born July 25, 1932. Wallace Senior's hobbies are baseball, football, boxing, and thinking up questions to ask his quivering victims.

PARKS JOHNSON was born in Sheffield, Alabama, on March 22, 1891, the son of a Methodist minister. He attended various schools throughout Georgia, finishing with a year at the University of Georgia, and three years at Emory University in Atlanta. Then secured a position with an advertising agency there. In 1915, he moved to Houston, Texas, and continued advertising with direct mail, posters, newspapers, and finally radio. He was a Captain of Infantry for two years during the war. It was in 1932, while in the advertising department of Houston's KTRH, that he met Jerry Belcher. The meeting was fortunate, for the Jerry-Parks combination immediately became a success. Parks is five feet, ten inches, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds; has brown eyes and hair, the latter flecked with grey. Lives on Long Island with his wife, Louise (married in 1919), and their two children, Betty (born in 1921) and Bill (born in 1923).

JERRY BELCHER, one of the original partners of the informal interview broadcasts, will be included here although he has now started his own NBC series, for he is still remembered by many listeners who have followed the programs since their inception.

Jerry was born in Austin, Texas, on November 7, 1895. Was educated in grade and high schools and University of Texas, all in his home town; was advertising manager of school and college publications, went to national magazines and Houston papers later. For a time ran his own mail-order business. During the war, Jerry was a lieutenant of aviation, nineteen of his twenty-four months' service being spent overseas. With the 12th Squadron; served in four campaigns; says, "I was shot at enough times to get scared to death"; often escaped death by inches. Back in Houston, he served with the *Chronicle*; was in the Jesse H. Jones organization for almost nine years. Besides his regular job at KTRH, which he managed for five and one-half years, Jerry substituted as actor in sketches, handled an early morning program, and for more than two years was "Uncle Jerry" to the children of the Southwest with his readings of the Sunday comics. Started the VOX POP program in October, 1932, and almost immediately teamed up with Parks. They came to New York as a commercial in the spring of 1935, and later were sponsored by Mollé Shaving Cream. In the winter of 1936, he left to start his new OUR NEIGHBORS series, in which he visits a different typical American home each week, to broadcast a fireside chat in which the mother, father, children, and other members of the household discuss their lives and their opinions and answer various questions. While Jerry must customarily make a pre-broadcast visit to get acquainted and arrange for the microphone installation, he will not ever tell the family what topics are to be discussed until they are actually on the air. Jerry is an even six feet tall; weighs one hundred and seventy pounds; has brown eyes and red hair. In the spring of 1936, he married a fellow-Texan, Miss Ruth Love, whom he chanced to meet in the NBC press department.

Kate Smith

The story of Kate Smith is really that of Kated, Inc., a three hundred thousand dollar firm with only two stockholders. The firm name is made by combining the first names of Kate and her manager, Ted Collins, the man who has guided her to radio stardom. In all senses, she is one of the biggest figures in radio.

Kate commenced her broadcasts for the A & P Stores, using a small studio in the CBS building, but when it was enlarged to a full hour's show in the 1936 winter season, she took it to a CBS Radio Theatre. All audiences were barred from her earlier programs, but when she changed its point of origin, they were admitted.

Miss Smith is a thoroughly fine person. One indication of this is that Jack Miller, her pianist since she started to sing, became her orchestra leader when her sponsors demanded that she have a more elaborate musical background for her programs. Instead of discharging him and engaging an established orchestra, Kate helped Jack organise a band of his own.

Another nice trait is the freedom with which she speaks when being interviewed.

"I don't care much for society or night clubs," she admits, "nor do I often go to parties. I'd rather have my real friends drop in to spend an evening with me. We play bridge or show movies — I have a 16 mm. sound camera and projector — or simply sit and talk.

"No, I have no ambition to go into grand opera; I prefer to sing songs that more people can understand and enjoy. I like to feel that I'm making people a little happier, especially people who are ill or in trouble. You may have noticed that I'm singing more cheerful songs lately, and that is why. I sing the sadder songs only when they're requested by someone who wants to bring back memories.

"I like to play golf and tennis, and go swimming, or watch baseball, football, and hockey games. I enjoy leading Jack's orchestra, too, as I do occasionally when we have a little time to spare in rehearsal, but more often I sit in the control room and 'kibitz' while he rehearses them; you know, suggesting that the brasses may be too loud, or that the violin should be more pronounced.

"I don't object to autograph collectors at all. If it weren't for them, I wouldn't be where I am. I'd be annoyed if they *stopped* asking me!"

SIDELIGHTS ON SMITH: Born in Greenville, Virginia, in 1908. . . . Family soon moved to the city of Washington, where Kate was educated. . . . One sister, Charlotte, former secretary to assistant to J. Edgar (G-man) Hoover. . . .

Kathryn Elisabeth Smith (that's Katie) first sang for soldiers camped at the Capital during war. . . . Studied nursing but gave it up to go into *Honeymoon Lane*, a musical comedy. Then in *Flying High* and *Hit the Deck* as comedienne and featured singer. Radio debut, May, 1931, and there ever since, with occasional sorties into vode. Started a four-week tour with her thirty person *Swanee Revue*, and it continued to run for eight months. . . . Still sings for boys in hospitals, many more of her songs being by their request than are announced on the air. . . . Has made a movie, too. . . . Plugged A & P coffee and raised its sales 25 per cent to four million pounds in one week. . . . Radio editors are frequently asked whether she is related to ex-Governor and ex-Presidential Nominee Alfred Emanuel Smith. . . . No, indeed.

Right, Jack Miller, Ted Collins, a member of the cast in one of the sketches, and the Songbird herself.



Left, Kate Smith and one reason why photographers are poor insurance risks.



Lowell Thomas

In the usual broadcast, if the star is not present some fifteen minutes before a program is scheduled to start, announcers, control men, and engineers begin peering at their watches and wondering if the important person has overslept, been in an automobile accident, or is lost.

Lowell Thomas provides the exception which proves the rule. When he has not arrived at 6:43½ for his 6:45 Sunoco Program, an announcer remarks: "No need to worry. Sometimes he doesn't get here 'til ten seconds before he goes on."

No one becomes excited as the zero hour nears. An engineer and a sound effects man are deeply engrossed in a discussion of their own as they leisurely test out the radio oscillator effect that starts this program; one of them calmly arranges a blotter on the desk where Thomas will sit because, "He always likes to have it under his elbows."

The announcer runs through the commercial, to time himself. Then the door is flung open and in strides Lowell. A hurried "Hello" to the boys and he sits at his desk, running rapidly through his script with a blue pencil during the minute before his broadcast begins. He keeps on correcting all through the announcement, but is ready to start the instant it ends.

He and the announcer sit at opposite sides of a big double desk, a pair of mikes between them, one of these a spare in case the other gets out of order. The studio Thomas ordinarily uses is a small room (there is a picture of it on page 13) decorated like the library of a private home. The idea is to make speakers feel at their ease.

Telegrams received from 288,000 radio listeners following a Lowell Thomas broadcast from the Western Union Building. Some of the wires came from Europe, and one even from Labrador.



When Thomas talks, he leans forward at the desk, his script in his right hand. As he finishes each page, he lays it soundlessly to his left. Though he does not use the staccato delivery of Gibbons, he is said to put over two hundred more words in the thirteen minutes of newscasting.

He is not infallible. When he makes a slip, calling a music-maker a munitions-maker, or Bill Bullitt, Bull Billett, he grins as he corrects himself, and keeps smiling at his error for the next two pages.

Right, Lowell Thomas. He usually sits at a larger desk to broadcast, because he likes to lean on it.

Below, Lowell Thomas prepares the script for his broadcast.



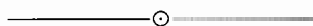
Opposite Thomas, beside the announcer, sits the production man. His sole duty is to watch the clock and lay large numbered sheets of paper before Lowell every minute. These show the exact time and help him gauge his speed. They cheat on him a little, by giving him the 6:58 slip and the 6:59 slip each twenty seconds early. At that, he just gets in his "So long" in time. Then the announcer takes over the microphone and Thomas begins shuffling his papers, preparatory to leaving.

Lowell Thomas in trying to analyse the reason for his success, says: "I think a speaker should, first of all, attempt to entertain. Except in time of crisis, war, or plague or some other catastrophe, the information should be put across in the form of entertainment. As a brilliant statesman told me many years ago, 'My boy, you'll win if you'll always buoy your philosophy on a sea of humor.'

"I avoid gossip, scandal, and also as much crime as possible. In brief, I try to play the role of a troubadour giving the story of the day-by-day adventures of mankind.

"In so far as I can, I try to avoid mannerisms in my delivery, for I think such stylised speaking good only as a novelty — all right for a once-a-week broadcast but tiresome if heard every day. I also try to avoid the pontifical, both in material and delivery, for some of my listeners always know more about the subject than I do.

"I have been a public speaker since I was five years old, a newspaper man since I was eleven, and an enthusiast for world travel and exploration for more than twenty years. I attempt to put into use the knowledge gained in the work I have done in all these fields."



TIPS ON THOMAS: Born in Woodington, Ohio, on April 6, 1892. . . . Grew up in Cripple Creek, Colorado. . . . Worked as a salesman for newspapers before becoming a gold miner at twelve years. . . . Attended four colleges: Valparaiso, Denver, Chicago's Kent College of Law, Princeton. . . . Paid way as cow feeder, furnace man, cook, waiter, miner, geologist, reporter, editor, et cetera. . . . At twenty-two, outfitted and led two sub-Arctic expeditions, then lectured about them . . . 1917, assigned by President Wilson to record history of World War; was with all the armies of the Allies. . . . Heard about Colonel T. E. Lawrence of Arabia; joined him; was the first to tell the world of the Arabian campaign. . . . Also the first to enter conquered Germany and return with an account of the revolution. . . . Gave official report to American Peace Delegates; then went on a three-year world-speaking tour. . . . Accompanied Prince of Wales on Indian tour. . . . Began broadcasts in 1930. . . . Has given his *With Lawrence in Arabia* talk over four thousand times to about four million people, *in person*. . . . Is newsreels' Talking Reporter. . . . Has had more than a score of books published, some in twenty languages.

Virginia Verrill

Five foot three, one hundred and ten pound, green-eyed, brunette Virginia "Vee" Verrill, made her debut at the age of three, singing with Paul Whiteman, a friend of her mother's, who is ex-vaudeville actress, Mrs. Aimee McLean Verrill. Born in Santa Monica Canyon, Vee attended high school in Hollywood and was president of the Glee Club and lead in annual operetta. At thirteen, she was singing on local stations; at fourteen, doubling for Barbara Stanwyck and other stars. She had commercial broadcasts at fifteen. Appeared in MGM pictures at sixteen. Had studied violin, but soon changed to voice. Sang over KHJ and credits its David Broekman with helping develop her singing style. Always stands to right of conductor and sings close to mike, her head thrown back. Loves evening clothes, especially blue ones. Only jewelry, one ring, an heirloom. Keeps flocks and coveys of rare birds.

Vee made several shorts for Paramount and Warner Brothers since arriving in New York in April, 1935, the only criticism being that she screened too much like Myrna Loy. Warners changed her hair line completely in the last one and so she expects to make several more films for them. When Vee feels that her radio name is big enough, she plans to go back to her Hollywood home and concentrate on making pictures, after a period in night clubs.

Virginia Verrill at the left.
That's her mother with her!



Lawrence Tibbett

It is a relief to meet an opera star like Lawrence Tibbett, who says: "Leading American Singers should sing more music by American composers. We have excellent native music, and it is our privilege as well as our duty to offer it to American listeners."

Nor is this idle talk; Tibbett's programs have featured hits from Tin Pan Alley, Negro spirituals, serious airs from American operas and cowboy ballads, according them equal recognition with the works of the acknowledged European masters.

Cowboy songs are especially appropriate, for Lawrence's father was Sheriff of Kern County in California and was killed in a duel with cattle rustlers in 1903, just a year after the boy had made his debut in the choir of the Methodist Church at Bakersfield, California, where he was born.

After his father's tragic death, Lawrence and his mother moved to Los Angeles, where he attended school, singing and acting in class plays during the term, and spending his summers on the family ranch.

After graduation, young Tibbett toured with Tyrone Power's stock company in performances of Shakespeare. Just before the war he joined a traveling

Rehearsal informality; coat off, collar open.



Lawrence Tibbett with his wife.

Below, giving the microphone everything he has.



“How was it?” — “You were great!”

light opera company, but left it for service in the Navy, returning to the stage after the Armistice.

In 1923, he sang at the Hollywood Bowl, was a huge success, and came to New York. His coach, Frank La Forge, secured for him an audition at the Metropolitan, and on his first trial, all he got was a curt “Thank you.” A few months later he was given another tryout, and while he was not considered sensational, he did manage to secure a twenty-two weeks’ contract at sixty dollars a week.

After Tibbett had appeared in a number of small roles, the audience went mad over him as Ford in *Falstaff*, and stopped the show with applause for fifteen minutes. Then came leading parts, many of them in American operas. In fact, during his ten years with the Metropolitan he has introduced every opera staged there in English.

In 1932 he went into radio as a regular performer over the NBC network, and later on the CBS. Since then a consensus of critics acclaimed him as the leading male singer on the air. He is also rated very high in the talking pictures in which he has starred.

Tibbett was born on November 19, 1899; is six feet, one and one-half inches tall, with brown eyes and brown hair. He is married and has three fine children.

Rudy Vallee

"They are very tough up here," said the man in the press department. "They don't let *anybody* in at the rehearsals. I can get you past the page at the door, all right, but when Vallee comes, he'll throw you out. He's pretty hard-boiled."

I thought this over as I went with him into the studio where the ROYAL GELATINE program is aired, and as soon as Vallee showed up, the press agent vanished in a puff of smoke and a slight odor of burning sulphur. Timorously I approached Rudy.

"Sure I remember you," he said. "You always treated me fairly in your articles. You know we don't usually allow people at the rehearsal — it makes the boys in the band nervous — but you can sit in the wings if you want to; they won't notice you there."

I took my seat, and sure enough, the studio was cleared of everyone else, save Rudy's secretary, before a single note was played or a line read.

I was in a fine position to do a little eavesdropping, and as Rudy ran through an interview with James Hilton, author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, his guest star, I overheard the production man, Lester O'Keefe, say, "Remarkable about Rudy—he can pick up a script he's never seen and read it off as though he was just talking to you."

His Connecticut Yankees stand in no apparent awe of Rudy. Some of them scraped, thumped, or tooted their instruments while Rudy talked, and it took a bark from the control man to silence them. Rudy, it is true, speaks firmly to them when the occasion demands. He is always willing to assume the blame when it is his error. Perhaps the index of the relation of Rudy to his musicians is that they all call him Rudy, and occasionally one of them stops a number to say, "Hey, Rudy, wouldn't it be better if you made the brass softer here?" Sometimes he agrees; sometimes not.

While the guest quartet ran through a song, Rudy sat in the theatre seats with his secretary, a girl named Evelyn, dictating. As they finished, he slipped on a pair of glasses and went on the stage. There is a platform on it, upon which he stands to conduct, using a slender, white baton about two feet long.

He rapped with it on the stand for attention and gradually the musicians stopped their weird noises to listen to him. "Now sock it out nice and strong," said Rudy, and gave them the signal to start. After a few bars, he rapped again; when everything was quiet he said, "No, I want it *this* way — ump te de de *deee*. Get it?" They tried it again and it was satisfactory, but after a while there was a little rough spot (which nobody but Rudy could hear) and he laid down his baton and looked at one of the musicians. They stopped playing and

Rudy said, "If I fined you a dime every time you made a mistake, you wouldn't have any salary." The musician looked properly abashed.

By the way, don't believe the story that Rudy always closes his eyes when he sings. He doesn't; he walks off the conductor's stand and over to a microphone at the rear of the stage, then sings into it, holding his music in front of him. He sings very softly; his voice is barely audible six feet away from where he stands. He hums, whistles, or sings softly throughout rehearsals, even when not at the microphone. He does this to help himself carry the melody. Occasionally, in the midst of a tune he shouts, "Yeee-OW!" It is not a cry of rage, but an indication that he wants the band to play *crescendo*.

In fact, while I watched him, Rudy had the band play one passage seven times without losing his temper. Each time there was something wrong, he either said, "That wasn't quite right, boys," or "It was my fault. I took it too fast. I'm sorry." It was a difficult part, so he was very patient. He loses his temper only when a musician goes wrong on something easy, or makes the same mistake repeatedly. After the piece is played perfectly, peace reigns.

Vallee is definitely boss of the Vallee show. Graham McNamee looks to him for suggestions, and gets them. Rudy cues Mac and everybody else. If there were no Rudy, there would be no show.

When he started on the air, he was just a bandleader who "crooned." Now he is considered the best showman on the air. He disclosed the way in which this change was made, when he came over to chat during a rest in the work of rehearsing.

"I tried several things at the start," Vallee said. "The first, a night club idea, didn't seem to get anywhere. Then we had one guest star at each program and it was well received. Several months after I began on the FLEISCHMANN

One of the few pictures in existence of Rudy and his band.





The keen-eyed master showman. Rudy Vallee as he looks today.



Before he became the world's most noted saxophonist: Rudy getting pointers from Rudy Wiedoeft.

Right, Graham McNamee, the well-known announcer of the Vallee program.



Below, Rudy calling for a soft passage from his musicians.



HOUR, the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency asked me to give a talk at a company luncheon, and to discuss very frankly what I thought was the reason for my success. They had previously had as guest speakers to address their employees and staff, Joseph P. Day, the famous real estate man, Judge Landis, Thomas A. Edison, and others. I gave them what I considered the real underlying reasons for success in such work as mine. I think the chief one I stressed was contrast and variety.

"But I still had only one guest on each program until I noticed that other broadcasts seemed to catch up with us. We had a conference at the advertising agency and we all agreed that with an increased budget we would try a variety idea with a contrast of guest artists similar to contrast in musical numbers, which I had always stressed. This gave me a great deal of liberty in shaping the show. I increased the size of the band and added a comedy team, a novelty instrument or arrangement, some singing groups, and a dramatic sketch, in which I always try to feature some famous stage or screen star. Incidentally, it was on our hour that Eddie Cantor, Kate Smith, Joe Penner, Mary Small, Frances Langford, and others got their first real start in radio.

"A great deal of credit for the success of our hour is due three gentlemen with whom I work: John Reber, Gordon Thompson, and George Faulkner. All are from the advertising agency. Faulkner is a genius in picking different plays and cutting them down. He is responsible for some of the most unusual ideas that have been a part of our program."



A VIEW OF VALLEE: Born in Island Pond, Vermont, on July 28, 1901. . . . Real name, Hubert Prior Vallee. . . . Grew up in Westbrook, Maine. . . . Father ran the village drug store. . . . Liked to listen to saxophone players in local movies and on phonograph records. . . . Finally managed to borrow a sax. . . . Still has it. . . . Attended the University of Maine (remember the *Stein Song*?) for a year. . . . Then to Yale in 1922. . . . His sax earned him fifteen hundred dollars per annum . . . 1924 to the Savoy Hotel in London in the middle of his college career. . . . Had a chance to teach Edward VIII, then the Prince of Wales, the ukulele but refused, preferring to return to college. . . . Back to Yale for graduation in 1927 as Ph.B. . . . After graduation, on road in vaudeville with the Yale Collegians just as saxophonist — no singing and no leadership — without much success. . . . Then to New York and job in Heigh Ho (night) Club. . . . Great success with a band. . . . To NBC and FLEISCHMANN HOUR on October 24, 1929, and there ever since, with occasional stage and screen interludes. . . . Tied up on contracts until October 24, 1937 with options to October 24, 1941. . . . Height, five feet, ten inches; weight, one hundred and fifty-nine pounds . . . eyes, grey . . . hair, light brown and curly. . . . One brother, Bill, shorter, plumper, darker, younger, writes for the fan magazines. . . . Rudy's saxophonist, Benny Krueger, was prominent band leader and Rudy's idol along with Rudy Wiedoeft when Rudy was learning his sax appeal.

Fred Waring

A million dollars a year! It seems incredible that an orchestra leader (or anybody else for that matter) should earn so much money. But Fred Waring actually does it — and with an organisation that he has built up from a band which once played for a dollar a night.

Any history of Fred and his Pennsylvanians, who broadcast the Ford show on NBC and CBS, must include Tom Waring and Poley "Frogvoice" McClintock who sings tenor in the choir (and has an entirely normal speaking voice).

Fred's mother and father were musical, so naturally their two sons, Fred and Tom, had similar inclinations. While a student of architecture at Pennsylvania State, Fred learned to play the banjo and to sing tenor, and tried to make the Glee Club, but without success. About this time Tom and Poley formed a two-piece dance band, which they called the Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra. Poley was trap drummer; Tom was pianist; the year was 1917; the band's fee was fifty cents a night for each boy. Fred played with this band occasionally, and a year later, with the late Fred Buck, also a banjo player, became a regular member of the organisation. Doubled in size, the band raised its price. In 1919, Fred quit college to give all his time to music, and the band became the Waring Pep Orchestra. It played at college proms, girls' schools, private dances, etc.

The band's first big job came in February, 1921, when Fred was asked to play the "Jay Hop," the junior prom at the University of Michigan. That year, too, marked his radio debut, a single program over WWJ in Detroit. His air show brought him many offers for broadcast spots, some of which he accepted, and he performed occasionally over various stations, but he did not make more than a dozen air appearances in the twelve years before February 8, 1933, when he went on the CBS for Old Gold cigarettes. For Fred had decided to hold out for a good price, and when he got it, he became a broadcaster.

He must have been worth the money, for later on he signed a contract calling for thirteen thousand five hundred dollars a week from Ford, and Ford is a man who knows values. Simple arithmetic will show that broadcasting thus brings the band seven hundred two thousand dollars a year. The rest of the million comes from vaudeville (started in 1922), recording (begun in 1922 in Detroit), movies (first film, *Syncopation*, in 1928), and other engagements. He also gets twelve thousand dollars a week in vaudeville and at times he goes off the air temporarily, to make a nationwide personal appearance tour at a very handsome salary.

A visit to the Waring show in the CBS Radio Playhouse is an event. The band is always on the stage early. They wear white coats and blue-grey



Fred Waring, conductor and guiding spirit of the Pennsylvanians.

That's Fred, leading a singing group.



trousers, and are seated before a black velvet drop upon which is a tremendous chrome V8 emblem. In a moment, Fred comes out, dressed in a grey business suit, for he seldom has time to change for his show, and never has a chance to get supper on his broadcast nights. He tosses the audience a cheery, informal "Hello!" over his shoulder and busies himself at his music rack. Finished, he makes a short talk to the audience, saying: "We're glad to see you here, and want you all to have a good time. But I want to ask you please not to cough. And if you want to laugh or applaud, please wait until the selection is finished. After all," he grins, "you know this program is really for the radio audience." That grin takes away any sting his words might have; and it is nice, when you are listening in, to know that Waring is really broadcasting for the radio listeners, that they are the people in whom he is primarily interested.

When the music starts, it is easy to understand why Fred called his first band the Waring Pep Orchestra. He still has the same pep; when he leads a fast number his whole body marks the beat and rhythm.

Many of the members of the band are well known. Poley is the big fellow playing the traps, his black hair slicked down and parted in the middle. He and Tom, who still plays piano in the orchestra, and Fred all went to school together in their home town of Tyrone, Pennsylvania. The slight, dark man with the trombone is Leo Arnaud, born in Paris, and now the band's chief arranger. Johnny Davis, who sings, also plays the cornet, and Frank Perkins, one of the violinists, has written *Stars Fell on Alabama*, and other songs hits.

As for the girls, Fern (her last name's a secret), who plays those violin solos, is a tall, slender blonde; Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, dressed in identical fashion, are also tall and slight, but Rosemary is a shade the taller and has light brown hair, while Priscilla's hair is golden. Both are extremely beautiful. (Their sister, Lola, is in the movies.) Stella, the girl who sings with "Her Fellas," is tall and slender, too, but is a striking brunette, with flashing black eyes, a heritage from her Mexican mother. Stella's surname is Friend, for her father was Scotch-Irish.

When sketches are made a part of the program, the girls prove their versatility. Each can speak in several dialects, and sometimes one of them plays two or three roles in a single skit.

After the broadcast is finished, Fred turns to the studio audience with that infectious smile of his and says, "Thank you for being so nice. Now we can have some fun," and proceeds to put on a hilarious and informal show for them. He makes it a point to introduce every major member of his cast, giving each one plenty of credit. This is mighty decent of him. But Fred is like that.

After concluding the afterpiece, the whole cast trroups out for coffee and sandwiches, then returns to do the entire show over again for the West Coast network.

SIDELIGHTS ON WARING: Fred was born on June 19, 1900; Tom on Lincoln's Birthday, 1903 (his middle name is Lincoln). . . . Their great-grandfather, William C. Waring, founded Pennsylvania State College, which gave the Penn-



Above, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane.



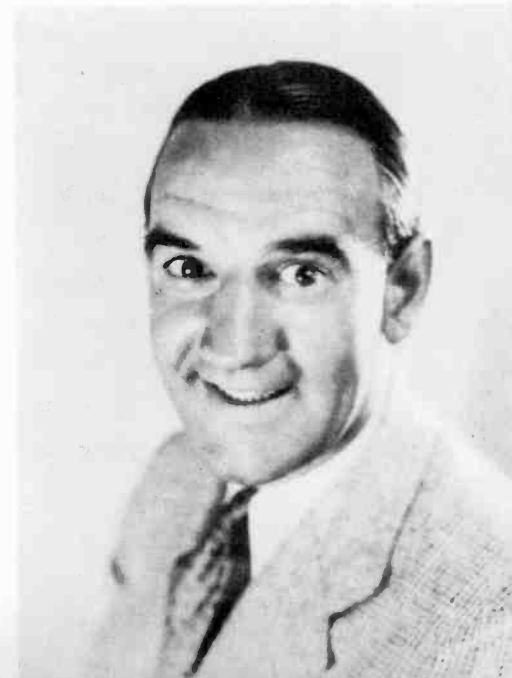
Left, Stuart Churchill, of St. Francis, Kansas; tenor as well as instrumentalist.



Right, Johnnie Gus Davis, "hot trumpet" and "scat singer."

Lower left, Tom Waring, composer and pianist.

Lower right, Poley McClintock.



sylvanians their name. . . . Fred was a Boy Scout and finally a patrol leader; ran a dairy route in those days. . . . Always interested in photography, he helped pay for his college tuition with his camera. . . . Was non-com in college cadet corps; now is a Colonel in Kentucky and Philadelphia. . . . Confined campus activities to assistant managership of football team and study of violin. . . . Has given up this instrument, but still can play banjo and ukulele. . . . Ford program, started February 4, 1934, under contract until 1937. . . . Fred is five feet, eight inches, weighs one hundred forty-five pounds; has blue eyes and wavy, unruly hair; wishes it was straight. . . . Married Evalyn Nair in September, 1933; on September 13, 1934, Fred was playing at a dance in the South, so his daughter, born on that date, is named Dixie (her middle name is Lyn). . . . Second child, Frederic Monroe Waring, Jr., was born at 6:00 A.M., June 24, 1936. . . . Fred, Sr., collects cigarette lighters and toy orchestras. . . . He neither smokes nor drinks. . . . Plays squash, golf, and tennis; likes to watch football, baseball, and track. . . . Enjoys driving his car at high speed when on an open road; also, working with tools, and arguing any subject with anybody.



Above, Ferne, the California violinist.



Centre, Elton C. "Curley" Cockerill, of Toronto, comedy and saxophone.



Right, Babs (Where are her brothers?) Ryan.

Lower right, Art and George McFarland — twins!



Voice of Experience

Marion Sayle Taylor, the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE, owes his success to bad breaks. He chose surgery as a profession and earned his way through college and university with pipe organ and piano concerts, only to meet with an accident in 1909, breaking his hands in thirty-two places. This ended both his musical and surgical careers. He still lacks the full use of his hands.

Taylor was born near Louisville, Kentucky, August 16, 1889. He started playing the piano at the age of four, graduating to pipe organ at fourteen. He served as musical evangelist with his father and other ministers during the summer while he was attending William Jewell College as a lad in his 'teens, and appeared as boy organist at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. When, five years later, his musical ambitions were tragically ended, he entered bacteriological work in Seattle, Washington. As he was also interested in the emotional side of life, in analysing human nature, he visited detention homes, reform schools, and the like, to study abnormal psychology. In 1915 he launched upon a career as a sociological educator over Chautauqua and Lyceum circuits. Then for three years he was superintendent of schools in North Bend, Oregon, and afterward returned to lecturing and magazine work on Chautauqua circuits. He has debated William J. Bryan on Fundamentalism and Judge Ben Lindsay on Companionate Marriage.

The VOICE first broadcast over a local Spokane, Washington, station in 1922, receiving an enormous mail response, and although he continued broadcasting almost daily from various points, did not adopt the present "nom de air" until 1928. He has averaged seventy-five thousand letters a month, mostly from wives, and has sold more than eight million of his pamphlets at three cents each, and over one million of his eight books, which retail at one dollar to one dollar and one-half. His average annual net income is one hundred thousand dollars from broadcasting, to which is added his returns from movies, vaudeville dates, and the magazine which carries his air title. He has lectured in person to more than four million persons. His gifts to charity average better than fifty thousand dollars a year, mostly donated direct. At present, his radio sponsor is Wasey Products Company.

Marion Sayle Taylor, THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. He brings helpful advice to millions; direct aid to thousands.



Jimmy Wallington

James "Jimmy" Wallington was born in Rochester, New York, on September 15, 1907, and graduated from high school there, after which he began a pre-medical course at the University of Rochester. However, he soon abandoned this course, and before he had reached his junior year, had studied geology, music, and English literature. As a final change, he went to Union College, from which he was graduated. But his first public appearance on the stage took place long before that, when, as a grade school pupil, he enacted a fairy-story role in a class play.

After leaving college, Jimmy resumed his career as an entertainer, for he joined the Rochester American Opera Company, with which he remained for a year before transferring his activities to musical comedy. When the show in which he was appearing closed, he came home and sold furniture for his father's factory, finally applying for a position as radio mechanic at the General Electric Company, in Schenectady, New York. After one glance at Jimmy's record of education and experience, the personnel man engaged him, but as an announcer for the company's station, WGY.

Jimmy first came into national prominence as master of ceremonies on the short-wave programs broadcast to Admiral Richard E. Byrd, then on his first trip to the South Pole. In 1930, he was transferred to the NBC headquarters in New York City, where he served as straight man for Cantor, Chevalier, Jessel, Benny, Berle, Price, and others. The Gold Medal for Good Diction was awarded to him on November 9, 1933, by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

More recently, Jimmy left the NBC, moving to the CBS when Eddie Cantor's program changed networks, and later accompanied the broadcast to Hollywood. Betty Jane Cooper, the charming young dancer whom Jimmy married on August 12, 1936, has also appeared in the Cantor programs. (Jimmy was a widower at the time of his marriage; his first wife, Anita Furman, died on May 7, 1935.)

When at home, Jimmy likes to raise bullterriers. He says, "Spell it as one word; nobody does, but it's the right way." Some years, he has reared as many as fourteen pups. His especial pet was Limestone Pat, who cannot be taken out of the Wallington yard because of the havoc he wreaks among the neighbors' dogs, though he is friendly enough to humans. Once Jimmy raised a Scottie along with twenty-one of these fighting pit terries. "He was the world's toughest Scottie," Jimmy says, a light of happy recollection in his eyes, "and why wouldn't he be — brought up with a gang like that?"

Jimmy Wallington, announcer and
straight man for Eddie Cantor.



Paul Whiteman

Paul Whiteman, especially when he is in a Broadway show, or playing at some exclusive restaurant, is one of the hardest working men in radio. He is on the go half the day and almost all the night. Usually he does not get to bed until the milkman is home and quite fast asleep, but Paul is up again in the forenoon and on his way to give a matinee or a *thé dansant*, after which he snatches a bite of supper, then dashes back for an evening performance. And three nights a week, he hurries to the NBC studios to hold midnight rehearsals for his Woodbury broadcasts. "Usually," he says, "everything goes smoothly, and we finish by three or four A.M., but sometimes there are rough spots to be ironed out and we have to stay up late."

Attending one of these rehearsals, a visitor finds himself in the practically deserted lobby of the usually bustling NBC building. The only person in sight is a drowsy page, seated at the information desk. When the sympathetic visitor asks how he manages to stay awake all night, the page merely murmurs, "I don't," and promptly dozes off again.

If the visitor manages to locate the Whiteman rehearsal, he finds it, oddly enough, in one of the smaller Radio City studios, although there are hundreds more requests for tickets each week than there are seats. Paul chose this studio very carefully. He tried the band in all of them before deciding upon it, and then selected it because its acoustic properties were best suited to his orchestra.

In the studio, the musicians drift in singly and in groups and set up their stands and instruments. A few minutes later Paul arrives and the rehearsal is under way. He doesn't lead the band at the start of the rehearsal. Adolph Deutsch, his chief arranger, and Roy Bargy, pianist, take turns at it. This has given rise to the myth that Paul only waves the stick at broadcasts, that he does not lead at all. Such a story, of course, is absolutely untrue.

Paul begins conducting long before the rehearsal is over, but only after he has sat in the control room and heard exactly how every instrument will sound *when it's on the air*. His ear is uncanny. Though some thirty instruments are playing, he can tell which one of the brasses is a bit weak, and his voice comes booming from the control room loudspeaker to set the erring musician right.

Paul, by the way, is one of the quietest and calmest persons imaginable. When he tells a member of the King's Men, "Sing a bit louder, please. You're swallowing your words on the last line," one of the violinists whispers to his neighbor, "Boy! Is that fellow catching it!" Such a gentle admonition is considered stern reproof — from Paul.

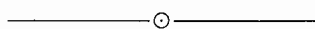
While the orchestra rehearses, the visitor may see the other members of the program seated about the studio. Over there is Ramona, tall, dark, and slender in a white evening dress. She is smiling and gay, as when she sings, but when at the piano a little later, she becomes so intent that she looks unhappy. A few seats away from her is Durelle, a little bit of a thing, still in her 'teens. When she advances to the microphone for her song, she must stand on tiptoe to reach it.

Whiteman himself is seated on the sidelines for a moment, deeply engrossed in a conversation with a strikingly beautiful woman with red hair. You can see that they're very much in love; and why wouldn't they be? She's his wife, the former Margaret Livingstone of the films.

Now, with the band balanced to his liking, Whiteman takes the baton. It's about a quarter of an inch thick and nearly two feet long. When he leads the orchestra in a fast passage, he waves it so hard that it bends nearly double. Suddenly he stops and says, "Now, boys, let's play it *my* way, just this once." They begin again, and this time it suits him. Paul says his success is based upon a knowledge of musical balance, which he has gained in some way that he cannot understand (he thinks he must have been born with it) and insists every single note be played exactly as he has planned it.

It is all very informal — most of the musicians have their coats off, and a few of them are smoking while they play — but every note must be played just as precisely as though the band were giving a command performance before all the kings in Europe. It is this very insistence on perfection that has made the Whiteman band worth ten thousand dollars a week. (His new contract calls for a total of one million, five hundred and sixty thousand dollars for three years.)

And, incredible as it seems, this is the very same Paul Whiteman who was fired from a San Francisco band a couple of decades ago because, as his employer said, "Paul simply can't play good jazz!"



PORTRAIT OF PAUL: Born in Denver, Colorado, on March 29, 1895, the son of Wilburforce James Whiteman, for more than fifty years Supervisor of Music in Denver's public schools. . . . Paul has played in symphony orchestras since his eleventh year — was viola and violin player. . . . After playing in the Denver Symphony, took his first dance job with the band at Old Faithful Inn, during the San Francisco Exposition; this was his introduction to jazz. Other jobs came and went until the World War, when Paul (then weighing three hundred and three pounds) joined the navy and was put in charge of a forty-piece band. This gave him his first real chance to experiment with symphonic jazz . . . resulting in jazz's transformation from dissonance to real music. . . . Afterwards played various West Coast cities, then to Hotel Ambassador in Atlantic City, New Jersey, where a Victor Records scout heard him and gave him a recording contract. (Paul was so modest he postponed



Above, Paul about to take the air.

Right, a good picture of Paul. With all his dignity you would never guess that his cast calls him "Pops."



his first recording date four times because he thought "the band wasn't good enough"! First record, *Whispering*, sold nearly two million copies. . . . Followed this with engagements in New York night clubs at two thousand seven hundred fifty dollars a week, then vaudeville. (Had a hard time getting first stage booking at nine hundred dollars weekly, but contract was immediately renewed at two thousand seven hundred fifty dollars in Palace Theatre.) Gave Symphonic Jazz concert at New York's Town Hall and repeated it by popular demand at Carnegie Hall a few months later — was so excited and happy that he cried like a baby throughout the performance. . . . Got six thousand dollars for a single evening at the party Clarence Mackay gave for the Prince of Wales. . . . Has best musicians he can get; pays them up to eight hundred dollars a week. . . . Is married, as you know, and father of two children, the infant Margot and Paul, Jr. . . . "There will be no comedians on my new program," says Whiteman. "Any guest stars will be outstanding vocalists or instrumentalists. Listeners who tune me in do so because they want to hear music. If they wanted comedy, they would tune in one of the comedy programs."

Right, Mrs. Whiteman. She was the former Margaret Livingston, a screen star, until she married Paul.



Below, Ramona. She sings and plays.



When band leaders get together: left to right, Rudy Vallee, Richard Himber, Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, and Abe Lyman attending a movie opening.



Ireene Wicker

Her name was Irene Wicker until a numerologist told her that it would "vibrate in greater harmony" if she made it Ireene, which she did. Before that she was Irene Seaton, but during her first year in college, she met Walter Wicker and married him. They have two children — Nancy, born in 1927, and Charles, born in 1925.

Nearly every child in the United States knows Ireene as Kellogg's SINGING LADY, and this is by far her most famous role, though she has appeared in so many different shows that if she played a different part every day, it would take her several years to enact them all. Upon one occasion, she finished her singing stint, dashed to another station and appeared in *Anna Christie*, *Doll's House*, and the *Life of Garbo*, all in one evening, and that is not unusual for her.

She made her first appearance reciting a poem at a church benefit when four years old and continued her dramatic work at school and college. Her first professional fee was a twenty-dollar gold piece which she vowed to keep for ever and ever. She kept it until she needed a new dress for a college prom. It was a good investment, for it was at this dance that she met the man who was to be her husband.

Ireene made her debut over NBC on January 11, 1931. She has played as many as thirteen parts in two successive broadcasts on the same series. She was the first leading lady in Chicago's television broadcast (it was also her radio debut) and she has had a sponsor since 1931. Approved by the Michigan Child Study League, the Radio Institute of Audible Arts, the National Women's Radio Committee, and innumerable Parent-Teacher Associations throughout the country, a nation-wide poll of radio editors selected Ireene's broadcasts as the best children's program for two successive years. Besides this, *Radio Stars Magazine* named her as one of the nine greatest women in broadcasting and awarded her a medal for Distinguished Service to Radio.

The Wickers, Walter and Irene.



Walter Winchell

"You wait out here in the hall," said the publicity man. "I'm sure Winchell won't let anybody stay in the studio while he's on the air, and he'll be too busy before he starts. But I'll ask him if he can see you for a minute or two before he leaves the building."

About ten seconds later the studio door flew open and out dashed a dapper, wiry young man with a sun-tanned face and whitish hair. He grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into the studio, saying: "Hello. How've you been? Have you got time to stay for my broadcast? Hope so. I can give you a couple of hours after I finish. I'll be rotten tonight. Got a cold. Hoarse as hell."

This friendly, nervous young man is Walter Winchell who writes a column syndicated to a hundred and twenty-five American papers, who edits radio's *Jergen's Journal*, and who is said to be "upstage since becoming a success," but only by people who don't know him.

He broadcasts from a small studio, aided and abetted by his "Girl Friday," also a couple of young fellows who dash in and out, bringing him last minute news items which are phoned in until the very instant he goes on the air, and a sound effects man, who sets up the telegraph instrument and "by way of the high seas" dah-dit-dah apparatus which has ever characterised the program.

Coatless, but with a hat jammed on the back of his head, Winchell sits at his microphone desk, adding to and editing his copy until the very instant he gets the signal to start. Then the news crackles from his lips like sparks from a dynamo.

Before you know it, he has finished. He slips on his coat, pushes his hat still farther back, takes a deep breath, and begins asking everybody in the place if they don't think he did pretty poorly tonight, or if some item might have been a trifle "too hot." They all assure him that he has done nobly. He doubts it. Then he turns to the interviewer and says: "Go ahead. Ask me anything you like. Take your time. I haven't a thing to do till I go on again later for the West Coast."

He is asked the impossible — that he tell how he gets all those exclusive items. It isn't impossible at all, for promptly and frankly he replies: "Oh, I have a lot of reliable friends, and some of them call me up and tell me things. Then going around town I hear other things. It's a cinch."

It wouldn't be easy if he lacked his uncanny ability to make and keep friends, for he pays these people no salaries and no fees. He even has to argue to make them let him pay for their calls when they phone from Hollywood, Miami, Europe, or any other places on the map. He may get an incorrect tip

Right, Walter Winchell.
He has a habit of making
scoops!



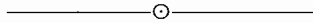
"Good evening, Mr. and Mrs.
North America."

now and then, but never twice from the same person, for after one slip, he eliminates him as a news source forever.

He chats a while longer about his children, Walda, his young daughter, and Walter, Jr., his infant son, whom he worships, and about Ben Bernie, who is really a very good friend. "When I started my newspaper column," Winchell explains, "another columnist and I frequently kidded each other in our respective papers. Readers wrote in, so we knew they were interested and therefore we kept it up. When I became a broadcaster I simply carried out the idea on the air, selecting Ben because he is clever and always has a better comeback."

That the "feud" idea is good was proved a few years ago for Walter and Ben appeared together in vaudeville and people paid forty-six thousand dollars in a single week (a record for the theatre) just to hear them battle in person. Bernie is certainly no enemy of Winchell's, nor vice versa.

In fact, Walter's only serious war is carried on against hypocrites, people who do unkind acts, racketeers, and "stuffed shirts." Everybody else is his friend. He probably does more favors than anyone else on the air. He says, "I've never lost a friend I wanted to keep!"



GETTING PERSONAL WITH WINCHELL: Height, five feet, nine inches; weight, one hundred and fifty pounds; eyes, grey and piercing; hair, brown, turning grey prematurely. (His mother, née Jeanette Bakst, had white hair early in life, too.) Father's name, Jacob Winchel, with one *l*. Walter added the second when, as a boy in Gus Edwards' Revue, a printer misspelled it that way on a program. . . . Born in New York on April 7, 1897. . . . Left school at 6B to sing tenor in a Harlem (uptown New York) movie house with Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel, then boys, too. . . . In vaudeville song and dance acts from then until the World War, when he joined the Navy. Says, "They made me private secretary to a battleship!" After the Armistice, back to the stage at one hundred dollars a week; quit to report for New York Vaudeville News at twenty-five dollars a week. . . . Soon getting a commission on the advertising and earning more than his boss. . . . Left to do column and dramatic criticism for the *New York Evening Graphic* at one hundred dollars a week; after four years was raised to three hundred dollars. . . . Quit to do column for *New York Mirror* at fifty-two thousand dollars a year, which was doubled in 1935. . . . Manages to make this suffice by eking it out with radio and stage appearances, writing movies, etc. . . . Radio salary, twenty-five hundred dollars weekly; a personal appearance gets him seventy-five hundred dollars net! Is married to the former June Aster of the stage.

CHAPTER III

AMATEUR BROADCASTERS

On the coast of Wales on December 12, 1901, a young man tapped out *dididit — dididit — dididit*, sending the letter *S* out into space over and over again, while a twenty-seven-year-old Italian at a specially erected receiving station at St. Johns, Newfoundland, listened with tremendous satisfaction.

The young Italian was Guglielmo Marconi, giving the world its first proof that radio waves could span an ocean. One year and five days later real messages were being sent.

Although successful experiments had been conducted by Dr. Mahlon Loomis nearly a half-century earlier here in the United States, the real history of the science dates from Marconi's spectacular demonstration.

And ever since then the pioneering work has been divided between the great laboratories, the scientists, and the poor, abused amateurs.

Abused is right. The amateurs whom you hear telling each other about their new grid leaks and asking whether the signals are better since they changed the "C" bias have continually inaugurated improvements in radio apparatus and technique, and have been the victims of restrictive legislation.

In 1912 some of America's six hundred "hams," as they style themselves, were able to transmit as much as five hundred miles. They were permitted to use whatever waves they wanted, for no commercial broadcasting stations as yet existed, but in that year, at a London radio conference, license requirements were formulated and a rule devised restricting them to waves below two hundred metres, and power of one thousand watts or less. There was no radio-phone, and all used spark sets. The restrictions were not carefully enforced.

By 1914 there were some two thousand amateurs, a few of them beginning to use vacuum tubes. That was the year that Hiram Percy Maxim, later President of the American Radio Relay League, first hit upon the idea of having one ham pick up and retransmit messages which were too weak to reach the distant ham for whom they were intended.

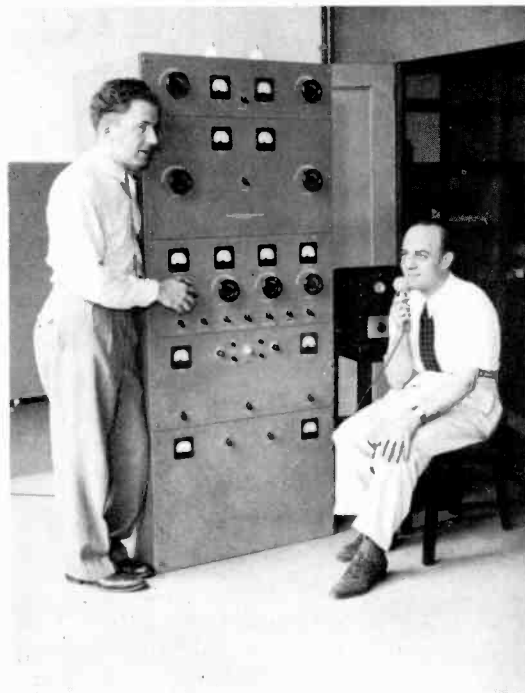
In May of that year he and C. D. Tuska, another Hartford, Connecticut, enthusiast, circularised every amateur listed on the government call-book, suggesting such inter-amateur co-operation. Thus was formed the ARRL. On February 22, 1916, the first nation-wide relay was made with a message from Colonel W. P. Nicholson of the Rock Island, Illinois, arsenal, sent through Kirwan's station, 9XE of Davenport, Iowa, to every governor in the nation.

During the summer of the same year another amateur, C. E. Apgar of Westfield, New Jersey, made phonograph records of the signals emanating from the



Above, Guglielmo Marconi.
He heard three dots.

Below, an amateur station that is better than many small broadcasting transmitters. Andy Sanella, W2AD, sits at the "billiard ball" mike; Mort Kahn, W2KR, tunes the transmitter, which he installed for Andy.



German station at Sayville, Long Island, proving that it violated its neutrality and providing the evidence which enabled our government to seize it.

Right after the United States declared war in April, 1917, a government order closed all amateur stations, but the Navy Department needed radio operators and instructors. With a last broadcast the ARRL secured five hundred of them in ten days; before the war ended thirty-five hundred ARRL members were in the service.

Eleven months after the Armistice, the amateurs were permitted to return to the air, and did so with redoubled enthusiasm. Then, in 1921, when power tubes became generally available, thirty American amateur stations reached Britain with their signals. More than 66 per cent were sent on tube (not spark) transmitters. In 1922 and 1923 the amateurs, with repeated success in long-distance transmission, proved that the two-hundred-metre wave, which the government had considered useless for any practical purpose, was entirely usable.

It was promptly taken away from them by the Hoover Radio Conference of 1924, the twenty, forty, and eighty-metre bands being given to them instead. Nobody thought anything could be done with these bands, but the avid amateurs soon discovered their use for long-distance communication in the daytime

as well as at night. With amateurs all over the world talking together, the International Amateur Radio Union was formed on April 17, 1925.

From then on, with but few official arguments, the amateur has flourished. In 1924, when the dirigible *Shenandoah* made its transcontinental flight, amateurs kept in continuous communication with it. In 1925, when our battle fleet cruised to Australia, Fred Schnell, traffic manager of the ARRL, was taken along in charge of experimental short-wave work.

In 1930 the War Department requested ARRL members to keep radio contact with the war planes which flew from Michigan to Washington on the West Coast and back. A year later the amateurs helped control our six hundred fighting planes during the New England manœuvres.

On July 1, 1936 there were some 46,850 amateurs licensed in the United States.

Amateur operators began accompanying explorers' expeditions in 1923, and have been doing so ever since; four of Byrd's operators in the Antarctic were amateurs.

In times of stress, the amateurs lend a helping hand. When all other communications failed in the stricken area during the Florida hurricane of 1926, they guided rescuers by radio. Again in the Mississippi and New England



Above, no pay for this sort of broadcast, but it's so much more fun than a "commercial."

Below, in far off Tokyo, Japan, eighteen-year-old Seiichiro Handa talks to the rest of the world over his amateur station, JIDM. It looks, for all the world, like any American ham's set.



floods of 1927 they performed a similar service. They repeated their good work at the California dam break and the second Florida hurricane of 1928, and again in the floods of the spring of 1936 and 1937. One might fill a volume with the rescues they have made possible.

Nor is it only in major catastrophes that the amateurs help, they can also be credited with saving the life of five-year-old Henry Leaf, who lived with his father, a game warden, on Lazy Bay, Kodiak Island, off the coast of Alaska.

Henry was stricken with appendicitis, and the nearest hospital was in Anchorage, Alaska, about four hundred miles away. They could never make the trip over the ice and snow in time to save the boy.

But there was an amateur nearby (those amateurs are everywhere) who sent out a call for aid. It was picked up by another amateur, Ed Stevens, of Seattle, Washington, who relayed it to an Army post. Officers wired the hospital, and a plane brought a doctor to Henry's bedside the same day. The operation was performed right there, and Henry owes his life to medicine, aviation, and radio.

Another exciting rescue occurred in the frozen North, when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer were filming *Nanook of the North* in a little camp outside of Teller, Alaska. With them was Clyde de Vinna, a cameraman and owner of ham station K7UT, which he brought along with him.

Like all amateurs, hours meant nothing to him, but when he stayed up half the night with his set, his companions couldn't sleep. So Clyde built a little hut for himself where he could work his transmitter without disturbing anybody. Soon the storms came and though the cabin, heated only by a coke stove, was completely buried in drifts, Clyde used to shut himself in it for hours, while he talked to hams all over the world.

One night he was in communication with a radio acquaintance in far-off New Zealand, when the coke gas overcame him. The New Zealander noticed that Clyde's signals were slowing up. Finally they stopped, although the carrier wave stayed on showing that K7UT had not shut down.

The ham in New Zealand knew that something was wrong and flashed a general call to all amateurs in the Northwest. One in Nome picked it up and listened to the foreign operator's suspicions, then telephoned a friend in Teller, ninety miles away. A messenger was dispatched from Teller to the M-G-M camp, and the people there ran to the hut. They broke down the door and found Clyde unconscious, stretched on the floor. Taken into the air, he soon revived — saved by an unknown man ten thousand miles away!

Not all the hams are equally obscure though. If you listen in on the amateur wave you may hear a call from Herbert Clark Hoover, Jr., son of our ex-president, an ardent amateur who maintains his own transmitter in his California home.

Andy Sanella, the saxophone-playing band leader of the Gillette broadcast and MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND, is another amateur. He used to be crazy about flying — owned his own plane and all that sort of thing — until he happened to listen to a friend's short-wave set one day in 1928. That

AMATEUR RADIO STATION REPORT REC-101

UR SIGS: 6 EST: 63036

ON: K1

QSA: 5

XMTR: OSC. 47 - XIAL

BUF AMP: '46

AMP: 210

FP: 03a's

OUTPUT: 200 Watts

RECEIVER: RYAMP

DET. 8.10

AMP.

OUTPUT: 5

REMARKS: ANDY SANNELLA

To Radio **W2AD** from **T. W. M. MILLAR,**
109 Dundee St.,
H. Murray Crescent,
Edinburgh 4,
Perth, Scotland.

G2TM

MNI TNX FR QSO ON **6.8.36** AT GMT.
 WHEN UR **14** MC SIGS WERE T **9** QSA **5** R **9**
 XMTR CC **7047** KCS. **10** WATTS INPT. HPE CUL.

These are cards the amateurs send to each other to verify reception. Upper left, Andy's Sanella's card acknowledging a transmission with G2TM, a member of the Edinburgh, Scotland, radio police — also a ham. The other cards are samples of those received by Andy from amateurs in various parts of the world. He has one of the largest collections of reply cards in the United States.

"THE CITY OF THREE SPIRES."

Q.R.A.: 22. SHERLOCK ROAD. COVENTRY, ENGLAND.

TO RADIO **W2AD** UR **5** SIGS WKD HR ON **21 Jun 1936**
 AT **09.40** P.S.T. ON **14** MCs ORM. OSB **R.6 T.9 W.5**

G.5PP

XMTR: **60.5 P.D. P.D.** FREQ. **14.056** KCs. **10** W. RX **S.G. Y.P.**

REMARKS: *Thnx for ur report. QSA 5 R 9. Hope signals soon. T.259. DX. Bob*

PSE OSL VIA **WGB** VY **73** es DX HPE CUAGN SN
 ROBERT PALMER OWN OP

NEW ZEALAND

ZL2MR

To **W2AD**
 Your Signals **G2TM**
 TRANSMITTER HERE **75** WATTS TO FINAL
 BEST WISHES FROM **D. I. BLAIR.**
 TE HORO, - NEAR OTAKI, - NZ.
NORM HOPPER - PRINT 30 DUBLIN ST - WAIKANAUI, N.Z.

To Radio: **W2AD**

Ur sigs. foms-ond-wrk-sod hr on **29.8.1936** at **0450** MEZ

QSA w **5** R **7** TONE **9**

MOD - QRG **14** KC/MC S

GRM - GRN - QSB -

XMTR **Stanley Hou** RCVR **0.V.2**

REMARKS: *ry dux fr sb obo es QSL Dec. vy 73 es best dx in ob. Op. 2.20 hr*

SP1CM

QSO No **381** Pse--Tnx QSL direct or via **L. K. Lwo**, Poland.

NEW ZEALAND

Radio **W2AD** Confirming QSO on **14** Mc Band
6.30 NZT 4.17 1936 Ur sigs **RST 579**

ZL2QM

3 Stage Xial **70** watts. Rcvr. **58 - 58 - 56**

D. J. STEVENS, 43 COROMANDEL ST., WELLINGTON, S. I.
NORM HOPPER - PRINT 30 DUBLIN ST - WAIKANAUI, N.Z.

started him. He became so enthusiastic that he sold his plane, took his ham tests, and bought a transmitter. You really ought to catch him on the air some time. He and a friend, Karl Kopetzky, W2GOW, who also lives in Tuckahoe, put on informal broadcasts of their Moose Milkers' Club which are often funnier than many of the comedy programs on the commercial stations.

"Oh, flying gives you a thrill, all right," says Andy, "but did you ever hold a two-way conversation with a fellow in China?" And then he really begins to talk.

The control man on Andy's MERRY-GO-ROUND show is Edwin C. Miller, who also controls SHOWBOAT, TOWN HALL, and other important broadcasts. "Most of the engineers up here are hams," Miller says, and goes on to say that he has been operating his own ham station, W8KW, since 1918. One would think he might get enough radio during the day!

Turning to sports, there is station W5VV, owned and operated by Wilmer Allison, the ace tennis player. Allison, member of the Davis Cup Team first in 1928, has been a ham since 1919. "The biggest thrill tennis gives me," he says, "is when I am playing in some foreign country and meet a ham I have talked to on the short waves. And what a thrill I got the first time I talked with 6ZAC in Honolulu! I was one of the first American hams to contact him." Allison's ambition, when interviewed, was to get a two-way conversation going with some African amateur, so that he might be awarded his WAC (Worked All Continents) certificate.

Dr. Burton T. Simpson, Director of the Institute for the Study of Malignant Diseases in Buffalo, New York, has been operating W8CPC since 1926. He has given free medical advice to hundreds of hams who looked up his call letters in the directory, saw the M.D. after his name, and promptly proceeded to call him on the radio for a discussion of symptoms.

Paul Davis, former president of the Chicago Stock Exchange, is a ham, too, for radio appeals to the wealthy as well as to those of us who are "just getting by."

For instance, Lew Kerngood, who operates ham station W2FEZ in New York, once carried on a three-way conversation with two other amateurs. In the course of conversation he suggested that they drop in and have a look at his shack. They accepted. When they called on him a couple of nights later one of them turned out to be a bank president, the other the driver of a garbage truck! The three had a fine time discussing grid leaks, filter reactors, and similar gadgets.

Listen to the hams some night. They are regular fellows. And you will hear some of the most amusing conversations that ever come through the ether. Sometimes the listener can even hear a ham and his wife in an argument as to whose turn it is to talk into the mike!

I'd tell you some of the things I have heard, but there is a law against it!

CHAPTER IV

RADIO POLICE

The average American likes detective stories, but radio's best detective dramas are not found on any regular broadcasting station. Instead, one must turn to the 2260-2425 or 1535-1718 kilocycle channels to hear "car 257, signal 55" or some similar signal which to the initiated may mean the climax to some thrilling drama taking place in the city.

For example, some months ago, radio listeners whose sets were tuned to the New York City police wave heard, "Two-three Precinct. The address, six-four-one East Nine-three Street. Proceed quietly. A signal Thirty on a man in a restaurant telephone booth." These words, followed by the numbers of the cars assigned to the investigation, were the mid-point of an adventure as thrilling as any crime novel or gangster movie. For, spoken into a police microphone, they spelled the doom of a blackmail ring that preyed upon the best families of Park Avenue until a young society matron proved that she had courage as well as brains and beauty.

And here is the inside story of this case as it appears in the file at New York's police headquarters:

Barron G. Collier, Jr., is in the advertising business. He is the man who controls the car advertising cards in several of the city's transit lines, and, this business being what it is, he lives on Park Avenue in one of the loveliest apartments.

Mr. Collier is married; his wife's picture frequently has appeared in the rotogravure sections, for she is active in charitable work, social service, and the like.

Such a woman, one who has wealth and social position, and about whom there has never been a breath of scandal, is a natural target for blackmailers. They are confident that she would gladly part with a few thousand dollars if they threatened to smirch her spotless reputation.

Whether their confidence in this instance was misplaced you shall see, for Mrs. Collier received a telephone call from a mysterious man who said: "Listen, lady, we got some papers of yours that it wouldn't do to have nobody see. You got to kick in to get 'em back. Unless you come through, we'll show 'em to your husband and send photostats to the newspapers. Think it over. I'll phone again 'round supper time." He hung up.

Mrs. Collier had no means of knowing what sort of forgery the blackmailer might have prepared, but she was blessed with brains, courage, and a clear conscience, so she told her husband all about it. He wisely suggested notifying the police. This is the only thing to do when one needs help, especially when blackmailers threaten, for even if their demands are met, they come again and again with further threats until their victim is financially ruined.

The police, not the radio police yet, but patrolmen and detectives, moved rapidly and efficiently. One, disguised as a doorman, stood in front of the building in which the Colliers live; another took over the work of the switchboard operator in the lobby; another became an elevator man there; in twos and threes others strolled past the building at intervals.

At the appointed time, the blackmailer telephoned again, and, acting upon instructions from the police, Mrs. Collier pretended to be terrified lest her husband learn of these mysterious "papers." She acceded to the blackmailer's demands and agreed to have an envelope containing five thousand dollars ready for his messenger, who was to call that evening.

As an additional precaution, the police cordon around the Collier home was augmented. Plainclothes men were concealed in doorways, lounged in parked cars, and made themselves otherwise inconspicuous in the neighborhood. They watched a thin, pale, furtive man of about thirty stand in front of the Colliers' apartment for a moment, assuring himself that he was unobserved, then enter the building.

A policeman opened the door for him; another announced him over the house telephone; a third took him up in the elevator. He did not know it, but the man at the switchboard snapped his photo. He rang the Colliers' bell. Mrs. Collier admitted him and gave him a sealed envelope; in return, he promised to mail her "the papers" the next day. As he left, Mrs. Collier turned out the light in her living-room, then switched it on again as a signal to the police waiting outside.

The officers had decided not to seize the blackmailer immediately, but to follow him back to his hide-out, where his accomplices might be captured as well. Two detectives shadowed him down the street, and into the subway station at Thirty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, where he boarded an uptown local, his pursuers right behind him.

As the train pulled in at Grand Central station, an uptown express was waiting across the platform. The blackmailer darted out of the local and into the express. The Fates were with him, for its doors closed on his heels, right in the dismayed faces of the detectives, who returned to headquarters to report that their quarry had given them the slip.

The story might have ended here except that the police had instructed Mrs. Collier *not* to put money in the envelope which she gave the crook. It contained, instead, bits of paper cut to size, and it would be interesting to know what flashed through the blackmailer's mind when, congratulating himself upon having escaped with the money, he opened the envelope.

It is known, however, that he was angry, for the next evening he telephoned Mrs. Collier again to ask what she took him for anyway.

Mrs. Collier (again acting on police instructions) pretended not to know what he was talking about. She certainly had put money, five thousand dollars in bills, in the envelope, she said, and, if pieces of paper had been substituted, the messenger must have done it. The blackmailer swore that this was impossible and demanded the money be paid; Mrs. Collier argued that she had paid it once and wouldn't pay it again.

While they wrangled, the society woman cleverly stalling for time, as she had been told to do, the police were busy. This time they were bringing radio into the case. Their procedure, as explained by the Superintendent of the Telegraph Bureau, Gerald Morris, was as follows:

The detective at the switchboard listened in on every call the Collier apartment received. When the blackmailer had identified himself to Mrs. Collier, the detective put in a call to the telephone company on another trunk line and had them trace the source of the conversation. In a few seconds he was given a phone number, and told that it was a pay station in an all-night lunch room on East Ninety-third Street.

With this information, he called the radio room at police headquarters. One dispatcher there scribbled the address on a pad of Alarm Forms, adding that it was the Twenty-third Precinct. His hand darted out to the map on the table before him. He turned over three little numbered brass discs, each representing a car, jotted down their numbers, and passed the slip to another dispatcher seated at a microphone.

(I have been in the radio room and have timed this procedure; it is completed within about four seconds after the call comes through.)

The second dispatcher pressed a key; a tube glowed purple on the transmitter rack and a relay swung over with a crash as the howl used as an attention signal for the police cars was broadcast. Then the dispatcher flicked the key off and spoke into the microphone, very clearly and calmly. He said, "Two-three Precinct. The address, six-four-one East Nine-three Street. Cars one-two-oh-six, four-nine-five, and seven-two. Proceed quietly. A signal Thirty on a man in a restaurant telephone booth. Authority, T.B. Time 9:34 P.M. 77." (T.B. means Telegraph Bureau; 77 was the number of the Dispatcher who spoke.)

The cars went into action. They did not go screaming through the city's streets, for their sirens might have warned the suspect of their approach. Silently, at fifty miles an hour, they converged on the restaurant. With drawn revolvers the officers leaped from their cars and entered.

It was precisely forty-eight seconds after the alarm had been broadcast that Mrs. Collier heard the voice that had been threatening her over the telephone break into a high-pitched scream as the blackmailer begged the police, "Don't shoot me, for God's sake! I'll come."

Arrested at the telephone, in the very act of making his demand, he might still have denied being the right man, but down at headquarters he was confronted with the picture that had been taken by the detective at the switchboard in the Colliers' home. It would have been futile for him to deny complicity in the attempted extortion, and he was soon on his way to serve a term in the penitentiary.

But not all radio alarms end as bloodlessly as this one. A classic in the annals of the radio police is the Battle of Harry Doyle's pawnshop at 537 Court Street, Brooklyn, New York. Although this is a quiet, peaceful neighborhood, Doyle is a shrewd Irishman who does not believe in taking chances. Consequently, though he never expected to use it, he had a burglar alarm installed.

Then, suddenly, there was a vital need for the alarm!

Three men walked into the store at about 10:30 one morning, drew pistols, and announced: "This is a stick-up. Get your hands up and face the wall, or we'll kill you."

Doyle, being sensible, promptly complied. But, as he turned, he pressed his foot on the alarm button under the counter and a big gong in front of his door started clanging its brazen call for help. A citizen heard it and phoned the police.

A few seconds later the call went on the air: "Seven-six Precinct. Five-three-seven Court Street. Cars six-six-five and nine-nine. Signal Thirty-two. A burglar alarm ringing."

Headquarters was not excited; most of the burglar alarms that ring are set off accidentally. Still, one never can tell.

The next report headquarters received was from Detective Carney, of Car Ninety-nine. Hurriedly he said: "Patrolman Peter de Carlo has been shot in the neck. He is on his way to the Holy Family Hospital — may die. We have three prisoners, also shot. More details later." And he hung up.

A few minutes later the telephone rang again. This time it was Patrolman Antonio de Franco, of Car Six-six-five, reporting: "There were three hold-up men. Two of them are dead and the third is dying in the Holy Family Hospital, where they took De Carlo. De Carlo has a good chance to live; he was caught in the cross-fire when the shooting began."

The rest of the story is told by Superintendent Morris.

"As soon as the alarm started ringing, the hold-up men were panic-stricken and scattered; one dashed for the roof, the others fled up the street. Before they had time to get out of sight, the cars were there, and Patrolman Ralph Malafronte had chased one of the bandits into a building at Smith and Garnett Streets, firing as he ran. Pausing only to reload his gun, Malafronte sped up



St. Paul's radio cars. The men pictured are (left to right) Captain Charles Coulter, Inspector Dewey Schaible, Assistant Chief of Police G. H. Barfuss, Commissioner of Public Safety H. E. Warren, Former Chief of Police M. J. Culligan, and Assistant Inspector of Detectives Charles Tierney.

the stairs. In his haste, Ralph missed his footing. He fell. His gun went off, wounding him in the thigh. But Ralph did not quit; he kept right on going and cornered the stick-up on the top floor. The two of them shot it out, and although Ralph was weak and shaky from shock and loss of blood, he killed his man.

"The radio cars are fast — faster than the criminals," Superintendent Morris continued. "They average slightly under one-and-one-quarter minutes in responding to a call. By that I mean from the time when the complaint first comes in to our switchboard until the officer in the car telephones us his report, after reaching the address given and taking the necessary action.

"Our department operates ten radio-equipped boats and five hundred and two radio cars. Of these, four hundred and one are two-passenger roadsters or coupés, twenty-five squad cars, and nineteen detective cruisers. The rest are repair cars, official cars, and so forth.

"And still police radio is comparatively new in New York. We have had the cars only since February 23, 1932, when Edward P. Mulrooney, then Police Commissioner, secured an appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars to construct our three stations, WPEE, WPEF, and WPEG, and install four hundred and fifty receivers."

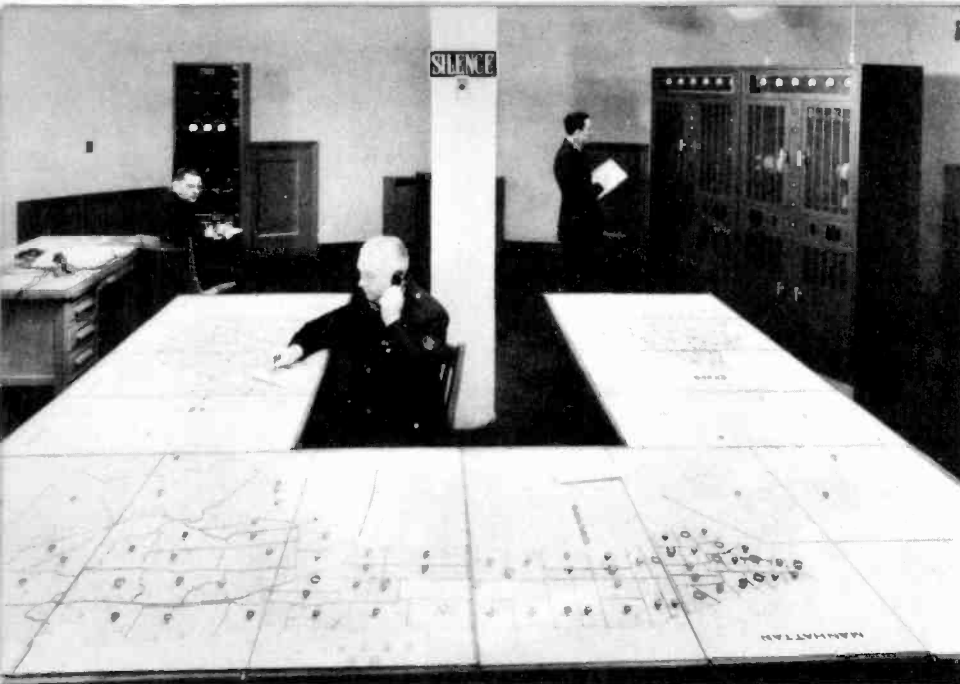
In addition to the readily recognisable police cars, which everyone has seen, the New York police use detective cruisers. The former are officially known as R.M.P. (Radio Motor Patrol) and the latter as R.M.P.C. (Radio Motor Patrol Cruiser). The cruisers normally bear nothing which distinguishes them from ordinary pleasure cars to the man in the street. They are merely stock model limousines or sedans, with ordinary license plates, but each contains a miniature arsenal of rifles or shotguns, and tear-gas bombs, besides the usual police sidearms.

From three to five detectives ride in each cruiser, and one of these cars is assigned on every major call.

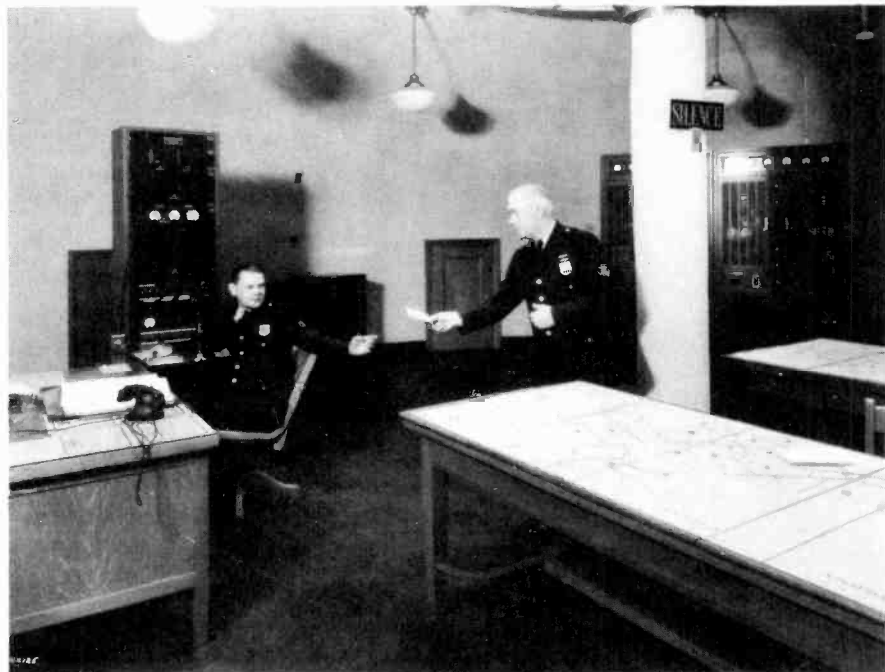
A maximum time limit is set for the cars to respond; each is supposed to call the dispatcher and report within fifteen minutes after having received its assignment. If it does not do so, a second call is broadcast, to check on the car or see if reinforcements are needed. Five minutes later, if there is still no response, other cars are sent to the address to investigate and report. By using this system, the police are assured that none of their cars can be in trouble for more than twenty minutes.

But the radio police have other duties besides tracking down criminals. For example:

Betty L—, a pretty, eighteen-year-old girl, went out with her boy friend one evening. Like most couples, they did not always agree, and this evening they quarreled. Betty was broken-hearted, for a quarrel may be a very serious matter to an eighteen-year-old, and felt that she could not go home to face the kindly inquiries of her family as to where she had been, and had she spent a pleasant evening. She began to wonder if anybody loved her. She was sure her family did; then she began to doubt. *Did* they love her? Were they



Two views of the New York police radio station WPEG. In the foreground, is the monster map of the city's precincts, with the discs representing the radio cars.



The pictures on the diagonal show four steps in the enactment of a radio drama. Upper left, an alarm is phoned in! The call numbers of the cars in the neighborhood of the trouble are swiftly jotted on the slip, which also bears the street address and other details. In the next pictures, the slip is quickly handed to the dispatcher at the microphone, who radios the officers in the patrol car. In a surprisingly short time the police are making their capture.

New Haven's station, showing the antenna of police radio WQFA.



Below, inside a two-way Newark police car. The officer at the right can both talk and listen with his hand-phone. When he hangs it on the hook before him, the apparatus is automatically set for reception of alarms. Note the loudspeaker over the windshield.



Below, a running report of their activities can be kept coming into headquarters via the two-way system.



wondering where she was? (After all, she had never stayed out so late before!) Were they worried about her? If they were, she thought, they would have called the Bureau of Missing Persons, to ask for word of her.

Betty decided to find out. She went into a drug store and bought a bottle of a certain antiseptic, widely used as a poison by suicides who do not stop to think of the agony they will suffer from a seared mouth, throat, and stomach, for hours before the end.

With the little bottle in one hand, Betty dialed Spring 7-3100 and was connected with the Missing Persons Bureau.

"Has anybody called up to ask if you have any information about a missing girl named Betty L—?" she asked.

"Hold the wire a moment," the officer replied, "while I check the inquiry list." There was a pause, after which he reported that there had been no calls.

Betty couldn't control a sob as she insisted, "Are you positive nobody has asked about me?"

That little sob and the fact that Betty said "me" instead of her name when she repeated her query made the officer suspicious. He thought the case needed further investigation, so he answered: "No, I haven't checked all the records yet. If you don't mind holding on a little longer, I'll look further and see if I can find the name. Will you wait?"

"Yes, I'll wait," said Betty in a choked little voice.

While she waited, the man at the Bureau called the Radio Room. He was instructed to keep her in conversation while they had the call traced and sent out an alarm. He asked Betty for a complete description of the missing girl, her address, and similar data, and kept her on the wire, hoping that she would not become suspicious and hang up.

After a few questions, however, Betty sensed that there was something queer about being asked to wait for a further check-up after every question, and she did hang up. She sobbed a little to think that "nobody loved her," and pulled the cork from the poison bottle. As she raised it to her lips, the door of the booth was kicked open and a hand grasped her wrist while another snatched the bottle from her. Patrolmen John Bernius and Joseph Mandic had received the alarm and made the run just in time.

Are New York's police radio code signals a secret? Far from it, according to Superintendent Morris, who explains that they are merely a method for giving the most information in the shortest time. For instance, in the Police Manual, the official instruction book for the city's seventeen thousand officers, Signal Thirty implies the commission of a crime at the address (or by the occupants of the car) described, and the officers are warned to have their guns ready. Similarly, Thirty-one is used for dangerous criminals, who are probably attempting to escape in a car. Signal Thirty-two may be for almost anything, perhaps a loving couple standing in a doorway may impress someone as persons trying to break in. The officers replying to such alarms are expected to "proceed quietly" in order not to frighten the suspects away, then to question them, releasing them if they can give a good account of themselves, but arresting them if there is reason to believe that they have committed an infraction of the law.

In practice, not only the cars assigned respond to an alarm, any car within five blocks of the address gets there too, often before the cars to which the alarm was sent, if they happen to be in a remote part of the precinct.

The dispatcher at headquarters knows where every car is every instant of the time, for he sits at a large desk, beneath the glass top of which is a map of New York City divided into police precincts and detective districts. Upon it are little brass discs, each numbered to represent a car, and painted black on one side, white on the other. When a car is on patrol duty, its white side is up; the dispatcher turns the black side up when the car has been sent on a call. It is left that way until its occupants telephone that their assignment has been completed.

New York, using a one-way system, in which headquarters may radio the cars, but the cars must telephone headquarters, has scored an enviable record on arrests and convictions. This is largely due to the executive ability of Superintendent Morris and the fine response of his men. Incidentally, once when I had occasion to phone an alarm to headquarters from my home, where a man was fumbling at the door late one night, I timed these radio cops. They had the man — he was only a drunk — just twenty-four and three-fifths *seconds* after I was connected with the radio room.

Fast though the regular one-way police radio communications are, the two-way systems, wherein the cars have transmitters as well as receivers, enable the officers on patrol to report without the delay otherwise occasioned by seeking a telephone. Many departments are adopting it, using a band of high frequencies, generally of the order of five meters, for the cars' transmitters.

The writer corresponded with police chiefs and their radio officers throughout the country, and everywhere the benefits of radio are acclaimed. Here are some of the high lights:

In Evansville, Indiana, where there is a two-way system enabling the cars to send as well as receive calls, Chief Engineer Roy E. McConnell of Police Radio W₉XEH reports that in the first five months of the station's operation arrests increased 34 per cent, and the ratio of arrests made per crime committed went up 58 per cent.

Lieutenant Roy DeShaffon, supervisor of Police Radio KGPE, Kansas City, Missouri, tells us that their seventy-five patrol cars and twenty detective cruisers receive their calls relative to accidents, ambulances wanted, and other major matters as "Make an investigation," while other calls are broadcast just as received. Many cities are doing this, by the way, to circumvent ambulance-chasing lawyers, who responded to police calls relating to accidents and fires in order to be retained by the victim.

Not only does Pittsburgh's WPDU broadcast to patrol cars, detective cruisers, official cars, and a boat, but to their fire chiefs' cars as well, according to Inspector of Traffic A. L. Jacks. In this way, further fire information can be relayed to them while en route to a blaze.

Washington, D. C., police likewise maintain boats in addition to the police cars, says Inspector Lewis I. H. Edward, Assistant Superintendent of Police. Detroit, besides its cars, maintains three police boats.

Lieutenant C. J. Scavarda, communications officer of the internationally famous Michigan State Police, who operate WRDS, says of radio's effect on crime, "During 1934, major crimes decreased 30 per cent; in 1935 there was but one bank robbery, and these criminals were arrested and convicted."

Boston, too, has found radio useful in preventing crime, the Commissioner of Police recently stating: "During the first year since the installation of radio in this department, there was a decrease of 1189 in the number of robbery and breaking-and-entering cases reported, and an increase of 23.5 per cent in arrests for these crimes, as compared to a similar period prior to our use of radio. A few months after our installation of radio, we commenced dispatching a radio patrol car immediately upon receiving a box alarm of fire. This effected an increase of 65 per cent in arrests for sounding false alarms, and a decrease of approximately 150 in total alarms recorded. Our cars usually arrived at the box less than one-half minute after the alarm was pulled."

Other cities report equally good results from radio-equipped police departments, which data, unfortunately, cannot be included due to limitations of space.



Left, models of cars replace the conventional discs on the district maps in Newark's police radio headquarters. The microphone is installed in the glass-walled booth at the left.

Right, another view of New York's police radio room. Superintendent Gerald Morris is seated at the extreme left.



CHAPTER V

RADIO AT SEA

Next to the compass and the sextant, radio has done more to safeguard travelers of the sea than any other invention, not even excepting the steamship.

Not only does the crackling *dididit-dahdahdab-dididit* of the SOS sound its call for aid when passengers are in peril of death by drowning, but a constant network of radio waves woven around our coast, and for many miles beyond, gives any ship its precise location at any time of the day or night, regardless of compasses, sextants, and the other relics of early navigation.

The workings of this radio direction finder are simple as soon as you recall that a loop antenna receives signals most strongly when it is aimed directly at the transmitter, and most weakly when at right angles. Now take a map of the United States; hold one penny up on edge at New York, another at Boston. Take a pencil and make a dot twenty miles out at sea, somewhere between these two pennies, and turn them so they are at right angles to it. Make a note of the exact compass bearing toward which the side of each penny points, in degrees, minutes, and seconds.

You have now done very much what the coast guard land stations at these two points would do, if a ship located where you made the dot radioed, "All navigating instruments lost overboard. What is my position?" save that you have substituted two pennies for the loops at the coastal stations. The stations would compare their direction-finder readings, plot the lines on a map, and radio the ship its precise position. If the ship were equipped, in addition, with a radio compass, it would follow the wave radiated by one of the stations, right into port.

Far more dramatic is the use of radio in time of emergency, when a ship has received a deathblow from the elements and sends out a last despairing call for aid.

The wind was blowing such a gale one January night in 1933 that the steamer *American Merchant*, a United States Lines' ship, could not progress, and hove to because of the danger from the mountainous waves. At the same time the British freighter *Exeter City* had come to grief, when a giant wave had washed over her decks and, receding, had carried off the saloon and control bridge, upon which were the captain, the third mate, and two sailors. One hatch was stove in, allowing water to pour into the hold, and the main steering controls were shattered. The ship, all hope gone, sent out a call for help. The SOS was picked up by the *American Merchant*, whose commander, Captain Giles C. Stedman, gave immediate orders to speed to the stricken vessel, which gave its position some thirty miles away, about fifteen hundred miles east of the coast of Newfoundland.

As the *American Merchant* was equipped with a radio direction finder, the *Exeter* was instructed to send out signals every half-hour so that the *Merchant* could follow the radio signals and thus be sure of reaching her without delay. It is well that this was done, for the *Exeter's* position was many miles away from that which she had given out, and she might have sunk with all her crew had she not been traced by means of radio compass.

Another exciting exploit at sea was performed by Captain George Fried, whose list of such rescues is among the most remarkable in the annals of present-day navigation. Captain Fried was in command of the steamship *President Roosevelt*, when, at 5:40 A.M. on January 24, 1926, a radio SOS was received from the *Antinoe*, which, struck by a fierce blizzard, had lost her steering gear and was helpless, at the mercy of wind and wave. She radioed what she believed to be her position, but, unable to "shoot the sun" because of the blinding storm, was fifty miles away from where she thought she was. Traced by her radio signals, she was reached, but not until nearly seven hours later. Even then she was invisible until approached within five hundred yards, so thick was the falling snow.

Chief Officer Robert Miller of the *Roosevelt*, with seven men of his crew, launched a lifeboat and started for the *Antinoe*. Their boat had scarcely reached the water and cast loose when it was struck by a terrific squall, all eight men being hurled into the sea. Lines were thrown to them and all were saved.

Immediately another lifeboat was prepared for a second try. This time the boat got a little farther from the *Roosevelt* before meeting destruction, and two of the sailors were lost.

Then a line was shot to the *Antinoe*. The first try missed completely, but finally a line was tied to a rocket and shot aboard the sinking ship. A lifeboat was tied to it and the desperate crew began to haul it in. Hope gleamed in their eyes as the flimsy craft was pulled nearer and nearer, but it was a vain hope. The ropes attached to the lifeboat snapped like threads as the vessels lurched, and it was swept away.

Still the heroes of the *Roosevelt* battled on, remaining close to the *Antinoe* until the seas should subside sufficiently for another try to be made with better chances of success, but it was not until 7:20 P.M. on the following day that fearless Mate Miller and seven of his equally brave men were able to row a lifeboat to the *Antinoe* and take off a dozen of her crew.

But the storm had not abated. It was 12:40 the next morning before the rest could be rescued by a similar trip. The entire rescue consumed three days, twenty-two hours, and twenty minutes. The lifeboats with which the successful attempts were made suffered such serious damage that they were abandoned; they were not worth taking back aboard ship!

Not all radio rescues at sea are in cases of shipwreck, however. Upon one occasion, the *Minnewaska* radioed: "Captain. *Baltic*. Serious operation necessary save child's life. Intestinal obstruction. My doctor urgently requires another opinion. Position seventy miles west of you."

Aboard the *Minnewaska* eight-year-old Eleanor, the daughter of Professor and Mrs. H. P. Fairchild of New York, lay writhing in agony before the eyes of her anguished parents. Something had to be done, and done soon, if she was to be saved.

The *Baltic's* surgeon, Dr. W. G. Robertson, radioed back for a complete description of Eleanor's symptoms. When he received them, the *Minnewaska's* doctor added, "Have *Baltic* wait for us to overtake it," and the giant liner's engines were stopped. However, the little girl continued to grow weaker — she might not live until the *Minnewaska* reached the *Baltic* — so another radio was sent. "Condition serious. Turn back and meet us."

Immediately this was done, and the two ships steamed toward each other at full speed, racing against Death, with a little child's life as the prize.

When they met, Dr. Robertson was waiting on the deck. The *Minnewaska* sent a lifeboat for him and soon he was at the bedside. In a short while the two doctors had decided on the remedy, and the *Baltic's* surgeon had gone back to his boat. A few days later Eleanor was as well as ever.

Nearly every ship afloat has radio equipment of one sort or another, and many of the more recently built and elaborately equipped vessels are provided with radiophones, so that passengers may call up their friends and chat with them from mid-ocean.

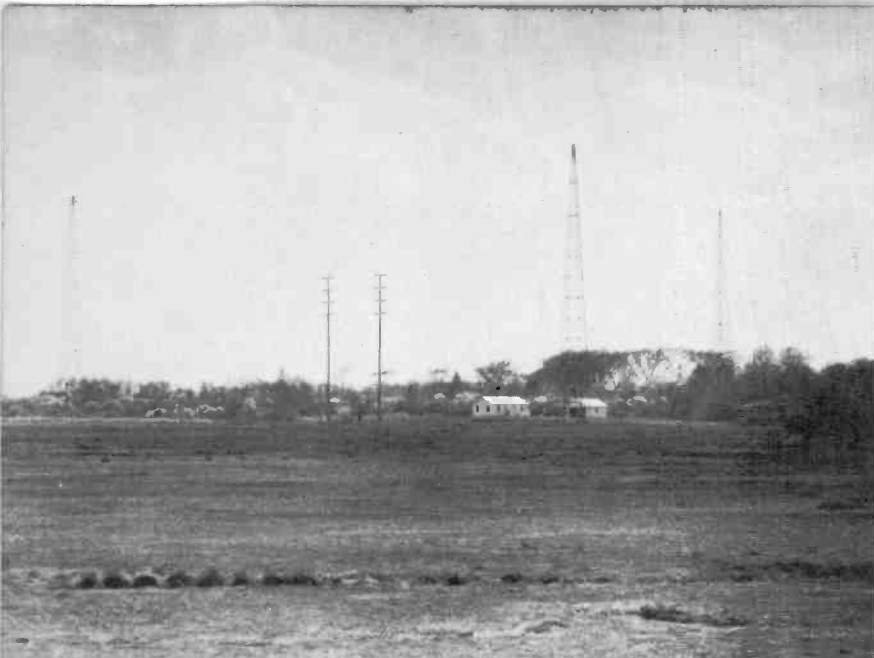
The Hamburg-American Line, North German Lloyd, for example, has no less than seven ships so equipped. The radiophone transmitters on the *Columbus*, *Deutschland*, *New York*, *Nahsa*, and *Hamburg*, although somewhat limited in power, enable passengers to telephone from ship to shore during the first two days out of port, and the last two days as they are approaching it.

Upon the *Europa* communications are open until the ship is two days out of New York eastbound, and recommence while she is still three days out when westbound. Telephone conversations with the shore may be carried on throughout the *Bremen's* voyages in both directions.

These two last-mentioned ships are each equipped with an 800-watt Telefunken transmitter operating from 15 to 90 metres, and a 70-watt Lorenz transmitter operating from 15 to 50 metres. (Perhaps you can tune them in sometime and eavesdrop on a conversation with your short-wave receiver.) This equipment is, of course, in addition to the regulation code communications systems.

The *Normandie* and *Île de France* of the French Line carry comparable radiophone equipment. Incidentally, it is interesting to know that on the *Normandie's* first trip her radio room handled fifty-five thousand words of outgoing messages and twenty thousand words incoming. This was due, in large part, to the presence of many newspaper correspondents aboard to report the crossing of one of the world's fastest ships.

A brief description of her radio set-up reveals the latest in French equipment. On the bridge there is one transmitter which operates on the intermediate band for distress frequencies, and on low frequencies for weather reports, storm warnings, and so forth. Another is used as a radio compass, and there is



View of the Green Harbor station, Marshfield, Massachusetts, the sending and receiving point in New England marine radio telephone system.

From the aerial shown above, messages cover the oceans and are picked up in radio rooms aboard ships such as we see in the other three pictures on these pages.

Below, International Marine radio operators in the splendid modern radio control room on board the *S. S. Queen Mary*.

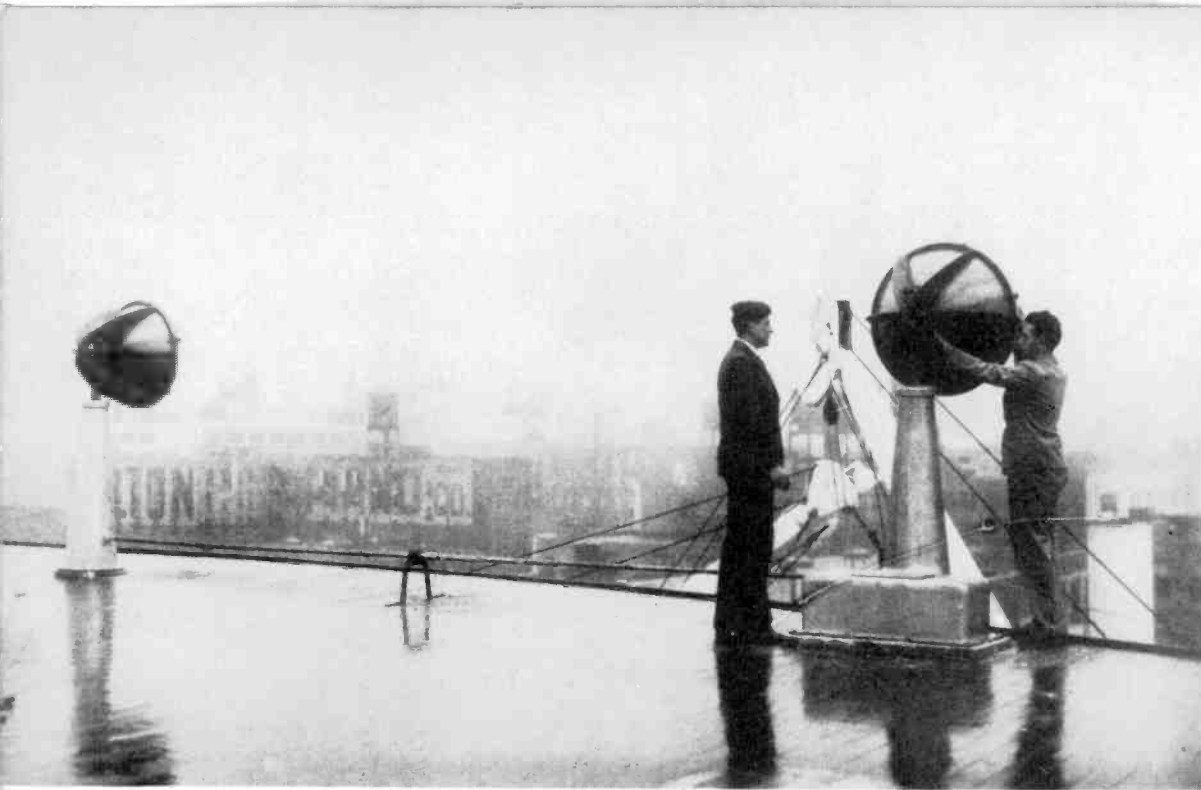
Upper right, radio room of the *S. S. Champlain*; a good example of smaller passenger boat equipment.

Lower right, radio room of the *S. S. Normandie*; as fine an installation as is afloat.

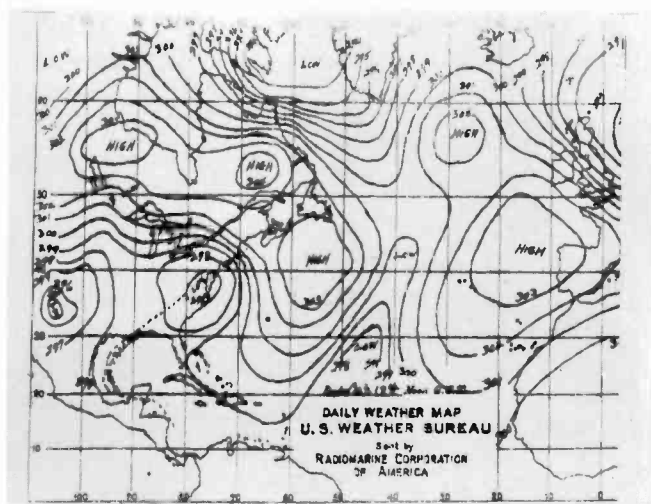




5.5. BARRABEE WIRELESS ROOM



The *S. S. Normandie's* new ultra-short wave obstacle detector.



Above, a copy of a weather map sent to the *S. S. President Harding* while she was 1,500 miles from shore, just as it was received aboard the vessel

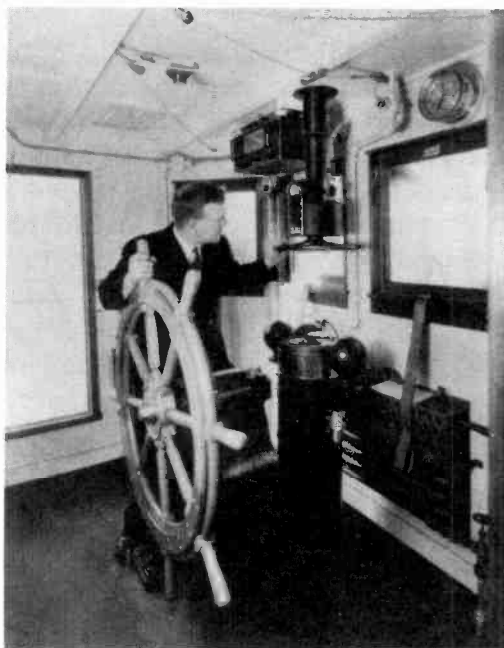
Below, an RCA transmitter used to send facsimiles of printed matter, pictures, maps, and so forth by radio. They are received in permanent printed form. The scanning equipment is on the table at the left.



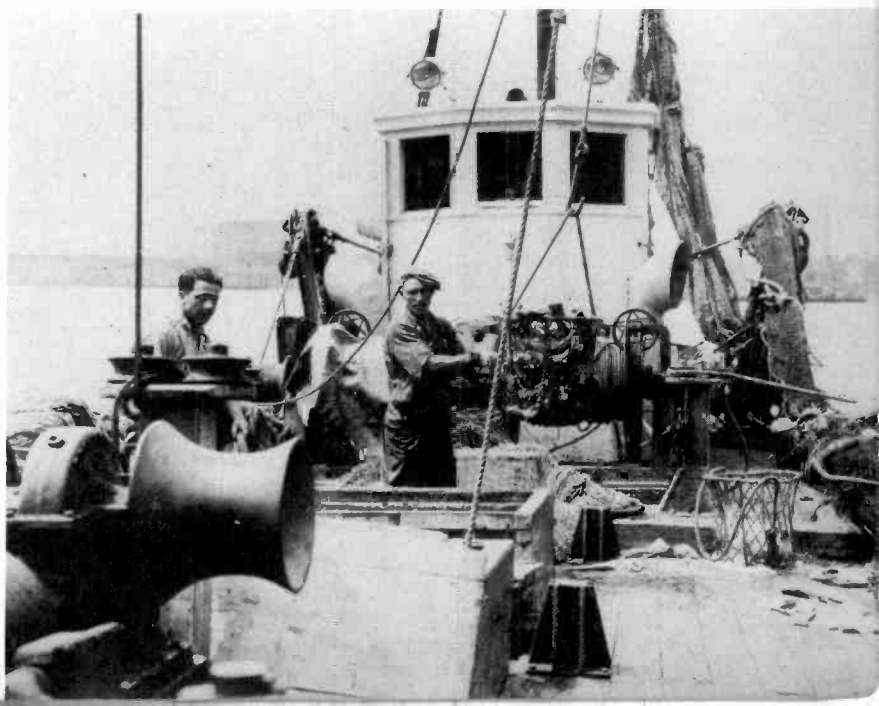


Loop of radio compass mounted on top of pilot house.

Marine radio compass installed in R. O'Brien Company's trawler *Thomas Whalen*.



Scene on the trawler *Gertrude M. Fanci*, one of the progressive fishing boats that have been equipped for the same telephone service at sea as is available in a business man's office on land.



a receiver capable of picking up all waves from fifteen to twenty-five hundred metres.

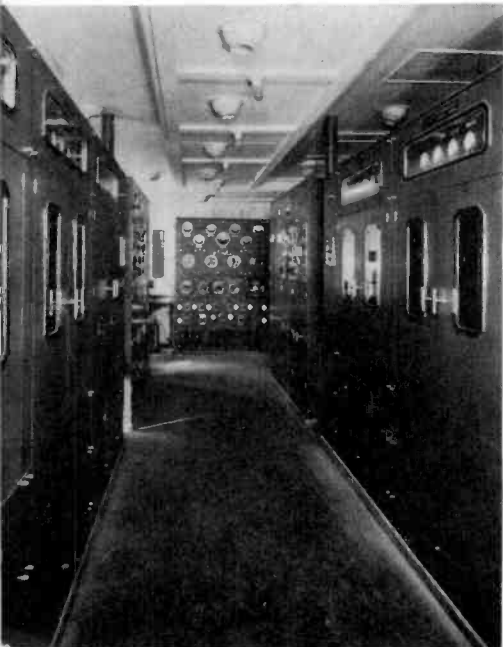
But most interesting is an ultra-short-wave transceiver which sends out a sixteen-centimetre (about six inches) wave from one antenna and receives it on another. If this equipment, the invention of a French engineer named Ponte, had existed in 1912, the fifteen hundred and seventeen people who died when the *Titanic* struck an iceberg might be alive today.

When the waves radiated by this device strike an obstacle, such as an iceberg, a derelict, or other object into which the ship might crash, they are reflected back and picked up by the receiver, to which a radio officer is listening. By turning the loop aerial portion of the apparatus, he can tell in what direction the obstacle lies. According to Captain René Pugnet, master of the *Normandie*, a ship or derelict can be detected while still four miles away, and even so small an object as a channel buoy is located at two miles.

Because its operation is unaffected by fog, rain, or the mighty noises of storms, it is not subject to the limitations of the earlier types of light-beam or sound-wave obstacle detectors.

The second section of the great liner's radio equipment is in a large cabin at the rear of the sun deck. There are located an intermediate frequency transmitter operating on 600 metres for distress calls and 800 metres for radio-compass signals, a long-wave 2000-watt transmitter operating on the 1800 to 2400 metre band for handling commercial and other messages in International Morse Code, and a short-wave transmitter, covering the bands from 15 to 120 metres. This is so constructed that the radio operators can select any of ten channels by means of a simple automatic switching device controlling all circuits. Receiver equipment on all channels is also provided.

Finally, there is the radiotelephone apparatus by means of which passengers may carry on conversations with their friends and families on shore. Not only does it use eight fixed bands, automatically tuned and selected, but it may be manipulated by remote control from a central station amidships. Also the passengers' telephones may be connected with land telephone lines when the ship is in port as well as to the radio transmitter at sea.



Right, Captain
George Fried.



Left, Transmitter
Room of the S. S.
Queen Mary.

All of the ship's transmitters may be operated at the same time, if desired, and the main antenna, which consists of two wires supported by the masts and running nearly the full length of the vessel, may be used for both transmission and reception simultaneously.

All Cunard-White Star liners are equipped with wireless, but, according to their American office, only four of them have radiophone. Of course the most interesting of these is the magnificent *Queen Mary*, which, they state, has the most powerful transmitters of any ship afloat. She even has a radio studio, in which programs may be performed while she is at sea.

In addition to her equipment for navigation and commercial message purposes, she has thirty-eight loudspeakers located at various points, and can offer her passengers three different programs over them simultaneously. This entertainment may originate aboard, or may be picked up by radio.

The *Queen Mary's* equipment includes nine aërials for transmission and reception and four main transmitters. These, located aft on the sun deck, cover thirty-two different wave bands, assuring strong coverage despite adverse weather conditions. About three hundred and fifty feet forward are the control rooms, from which the transmitters are operated. Here the receivers are also housed.

So that the passengers may communicate with their homes at any stage of the crossing, five hundred of the staterooms are provided with telephone installations; there are also two booths in the public rooms.

Even were all dynamos aboard to stop, radio communication could be continued, for, as in large land stations, complete battery power is also provided, for use in emergencies.

Truly, the *Queen of the Seas* provides the ultimate in nautical radio equipment.

Usually ship-to-shore and transoceanic radiotelephone conversations are carried on in "scrambled speech" in order to make them unintelligible to such eavesdroppers as may tune them in.

The speech scrambler is an electric circuit which automatically transposes certain voice frequencies, rendering them unintelligible until "unscrambled" by a similar device at the receiving end. Should you be listening in and hear the following, you would simply be puzzled:

Noyil hob e ylippey ylund.
Hees fluudz yes yowp oz smay,
Umb adju-yahrr thop Noyil yump
Thoo ylund yes theer pee gay.

But, it is the familiar poem, *Mary Had a Little Lamb* as it would come through a speech inverter. If read thus into the apparatus, it would come out in normal, understandable English. In fact, engineers use it for testing their "scramblers" and "unscramblers."

CHAPTER VI

AVIATION AND RADIO

Probably the finest technical development of radio transmitters and receivers is found in airplane equipment, for there the apparatus must be light, simple in operation, and positive in action. Human lives depend upon it constantly!

Planes could fly without radio. They might get from city to city by watching landmarks in the daytime and beacons at night, but flying would be an extra-hazardous occupation, restricted only to daredevils, instead of simply a rapid means of transportation, universally used by business men and others who must get from point to point in the briefest possible time.

The airlines make use of elaborate radio installations, a transmitter and several receivers being provided at each ground station, and a transmitter and two receivers in the planes. One receiver is for the fifty to one hundred metre channel to talk with the ground stations, and the other for the one thousand metre (approximately) channel to receive the weather reports and radio beacon signals sent out by the Department of Commerce.

The best way to get an understanding of the tremendous network of airplane communications is to go directly to a few of the larger transport lines and ask for an explanation.

"Each of our principal ground stations," says J. C. Franklin, Communications Engineer of Transcontinental and Western Air Inc., "is equipped with a 400-watt radiotelephone transmitter, arranged for operation on $3072\frac{1}{2}$, 3088, $4937\frac{1}{2}$, and $4967\frac{1}{2}$ kilocycles, with a quick changeover switching system to select the desired frequency.

"In addition to this phone equipment, we employ 1000-watt radiotelegraph transmitters which may be quickly shifted between 8015, 6510, 4110, and 2720 kilocycles. We also use forty-five sets of aircraft transmission and reception equipment in our planes.

"Every half hour, on regular schedule, the ground stations carry on two-way communication with the planes, supplementing these contacts with such additional reports as the pilots may request. The system makes one particular ground station always responsible for one particular plane at any specified time.

"For example, if Flight Eight were coming into Indianapolis, the scheduled contact might be:

" 'Indianapolis to Flight Eight. Go ahead.

"The plane would then reply with its number, as, 'Three twenty-eight to Indianapolis. Eight east of Terre Haute at 8000. Descending. Overcast 9000. Light rain.'

"Indianapolis would acknowledge with, 'Okay, Eight. East of Terre Haute at 8000.'

"If the pilot wished any further data, or if the ground station had any additional information to relay, the conversation would be handled much like any ordinary telephone conversation."

The American Airlines, according to C. C. Shangraw, Superintendent of Communications, operate no less than thirty-six ground radiophone stations in the eastern and southern United States. Eighteen of these also have radiotelegraph transmitters of 150 to 250 watts. Twenty-five of the phone stations are using 400 watts; the rest 50 watts. The frequencies used by the phone stations are $5612\frac{1}{2}$, $3127\frac{1}{2}$, $3257\frac{1}{2}$, $3232\frac{1}{2}$, $4917\frac{1}{2}$, $5602\frac{1}{2}$, and $5623\frac{1}{2}$ kilocycles. The radiotelegraph stations use 2612, 2636, $3467\frac{1}{2}$, 4740, 6550, 6560, and 10190 kilocycles.

Fifty-six American Airliners are completely equipped for transmission and reception.

Various types of aërials are used, the most popular being a wire stretched lengthwise under the fuselage (and known by the undignified name of "belly antenna") for beacon reception, and a wire stretched across the wingspread, overhead, for short-wave transmission and reception. Trailing-wire antennas, or fixed-fin antennas are also used at times.

While planes do not figure in as many romantic rescues as do ships, through the use of radio equipment, there are occasional occurrences of interest. For example, Pilot Rentz, flying the Chicago-St. Louis route in Vultee NC 13768, radioed the American Airlines ground station at Springfield, Illinois. Said Pilot Rentz: "I see a house on fire over in Curran, Illinois. It seems to be spreading rapidly." Five minutes later, Pilot Rentz called again, saying: "I'm over the fire now. It is spreading to other houses, and no fire-fighting equipment is at hand." This time the Springfield ground station replied: "It has all been taken care of. We notified the Springfield fire department, and they are on their way there now."

Beverly Griffith, executive of Eastern Airlines, has much the same sort of information about his company's equipment, which includes twenty-three radiotelephone ground stations, eight of which are also provided with radiotelegraph. For phone, the frequencies used are 2922, 2946, 2986, $4122\frac{1}{2}$, $5652\frac{1}{2}$, and 6590 kilocycles; for code, 2748, 4745, 6600, and 8130 kilocycles. Power ranges from 40 to 900 watts. The planes are equipped for transmission and reception.

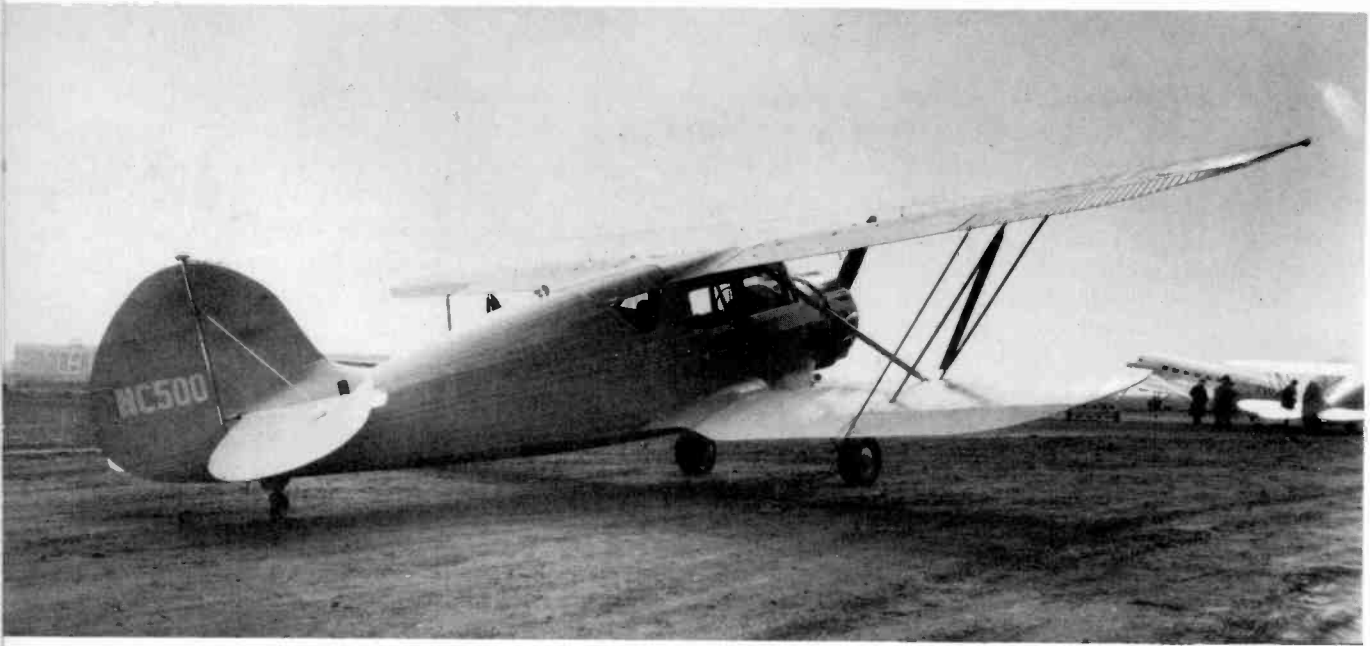
Each of Eastern's Airliners gives a position report every thirty minutes, including altitude, weather conditions, temperature, and any other factors affecting the movement of planes. Additional data is transmitted to and from the planes as circumstances may require.

Mr. Griffith comments upon the lack of thrilling stories about radio rescues in the air, saying, "The main idea of the radio is to *avoid* particularly exciting incidents." This is a nice compliment for radio.

Private pilots, too, are beginning to make wide use of radio. One can, in fact, install a good simple receiving system for about two hundred dollars according to Albert E. Brundage, aëronautical radio specialist of the Western

Electric Company. There has also been developed an eleven-pound transmitter for the amateur pilot's use. It measures $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches, and so could be fitted into even the smallest plane.

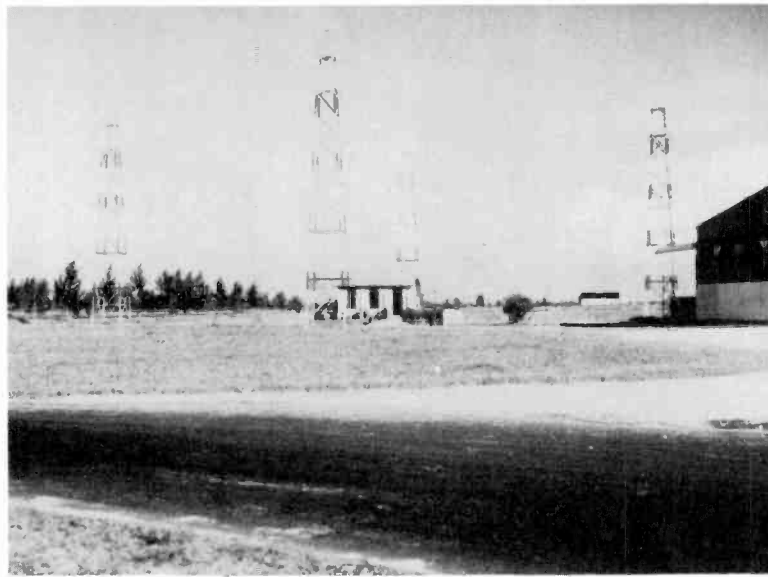
Radio is also used for planes about to land and those on the ground, preparing to take off, nearly as much as for those actually in the air. In fact, several airports have made iron-clad regulations that no plane may leave or alight until it has received permission from the main radio control. In this way the possibility of collision at the point of greatest air traffic congestion is greatly minimized.



These two pictures show different types of radio antennae for planes. Above, the Waco cabin plane belonging to H. B. DuPont of Wilmington, Delaware, has an overhead antenna which stretches from the wing tips to the rudder post. On the left, an American Airlines Douglas DC-2 airliner is shown with a fixed belly-beacon antenna and fixed loop for experimental Lear Radio Compass.



Left, a Pan-American Airlines landing field.

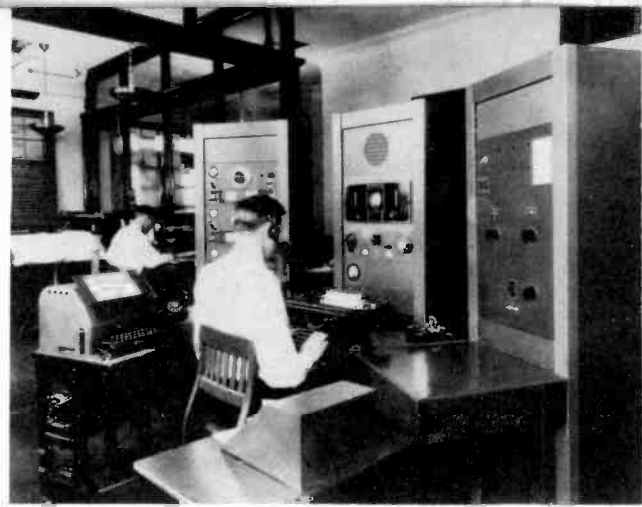


Above, the Pan-American Airlines radio station at Miami.

Right, the traffic control tower at the Newark airport. On the desk may be seen controls for the lighting at the field, two wind indicators, and three of the loudspeakers. There are, all together, four loudspeakers for the reception of calls from planes of the four lines having terminals at the airport, and a fifth for calls from itinerants.



Men on land (left) talk to men in the air (right)! At no instant of its flight is the modern airship out of communication with its ground stations. Operators are on duty twenty-four hours a day, sending out regular routine information on established schedules and giving additional information to the air pilots as requested.



The Eastern Airlines station, Atlanta, Georgia.



A typical American Airlines ground radio-telephone and telegraph station.



At the Eastern Airlines ground station in Newark, the radio operator takes a message from one of the planes in flight, while Fred A. Jones, pilot, awaits his scheduled departure.



Left, James V. Piersol, Aviation Editor, in the cockpit of the *Early Bird*, the *Detroit News* photographic and broadcasting plane, talking with his "home office."

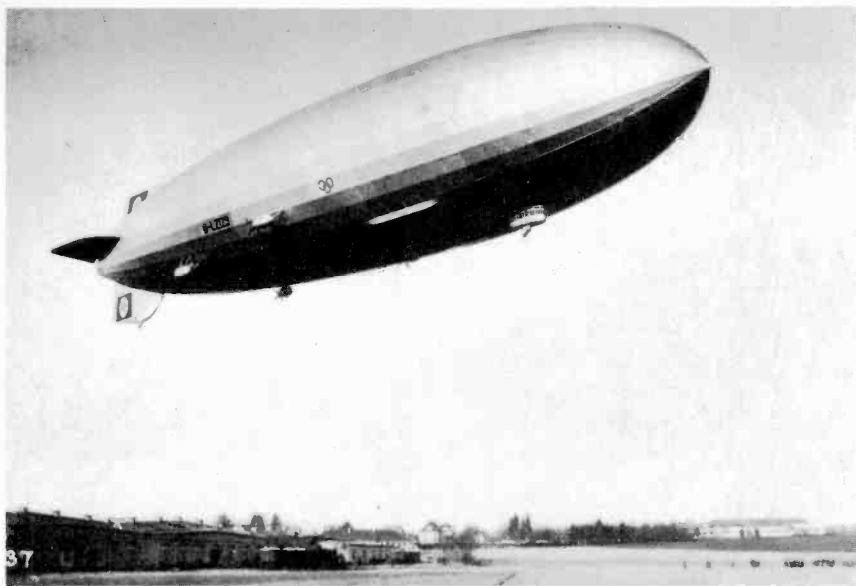
Below, the Zeppelin *Hindenburg's* communication centre, showing the short-wave transmitter at the left, the long-wave at the right. Between them were receivers which covered all waves from 15 to 20,000 metres.

This equipment had a two-way conversation range of 4,000 miles when the ship was in flight.



Right, an Eastern Airlines pilot in a Lockheed Electra talking over the radio telephone. The radio control may be seen on the shelf of the instrument board below his left hand.





The *Hindenburg* carried fifty passengers, in addition to more than thirteen tons of mail and express, while making her two-day crossings of the Atlantic. She was 804 feet long, 147 feet high, and had a maximum diameter of 135 feet. Her lifting gas volume was 7,063,000 cubic feet; total payload, 41,990 pounds. Her four engines developed 4,400 horsepower, giving her a cruising speed of 78 miles per hour over her flying range of 8,750 miles.

Centre, this plane, the *Early Bird*, first of its kind in the world, was recently placed in service by the *Detroit News*. It is outfitted to carry four persons or one thousand pounds of newspapers at a speed in excess of two hundred miles an hour. Three camera installations permit pictures being taken at various angles from the plane. One camera, motor operated and controlled by the pilot, is mounted in the leading edge of the left wing. The plane is also outfitted with equipment for radio communications and news broadcasting.



Right, as the giant *China Clipper* wings its way over the vast expanse of ocean it is protected by an invisible network of radio waves.



CHAPTER VII

OTHER LARGE BROADCASTING STATIONS

Just as most movie-goers are prone to think of Hollywood as the only place where pictures are produced, so a large number of radio listeners consider New York as very nearly the sole center of radio broadcasting. This is, of course, not the case.

There are some five hundred stations in the United States, the number changing a trifle from time to time as new stations come into being or old ones, loudly protesting, are put off the air for what the Federal Communications Commission (a strictly non-partisan board, by the way) considers good cause.

About two dozen of these stations operate with power of 50,000 watts or more, and such stations are, generally speaking, on a par with anything in the world of radio. A goodly number of smaller stations — say 5000 watts and up — are also of national importance, and quite a few of the still smaller ones are equally conscientious about the quality of their transmission and program material.

Following are a few of the nation's leading radio stations in different sections of the country:

KDKA

From the Pioneer Broadcasting Station, KDKA, comes word of how commercial radio broadcasting really commenced. The father of American broadcasting appears to be one Dr. Frank Conrad, of the Westinghouse Company, in Pittsburgh.

Dr. Conrad had a transmitter in his garage, and began to experiment in sending out music and programs of information. So many local amateurs became his listeners that a Pittsburgh department store, wishing to dispose of some army surplus radio apparatus, left over from the World War, advertised that it would enable its users to hear Dr. Conrad.

The advertisement gave Westinghouse officials an idea, and in 1920 they commenced broadcasting over a transmitter which was later to be known as KDKA. It was then a little shanty atop the company's nine-story factory in East Pittsburgh. In co-operation with the *Pittsburgh Post and Sun*, it broadcast election returns on the night of November 2, 1920, when Harding was elected. This publicity stunt resulted in the publication of KDKA's programs in some two thousand newspapers.

Other "firsts" claimed by KDKA are the first radio church service, the first remote pick-up, the first banquet broadcast, the first sports broadcast, the

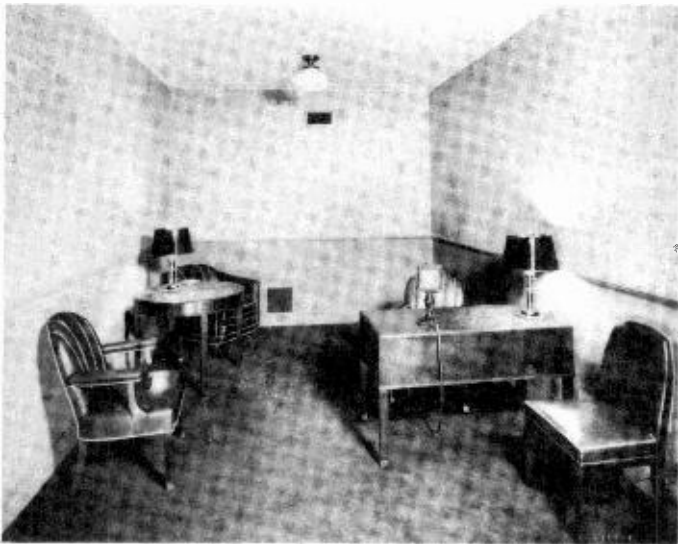
first presidential inauguration, baseball scores, time signals, market reports, and so forth.

On November 2, 1934, KDKA celebrated its fourteenth anniversary by opening its new \$150,000 quarters occupying the entire third floor of the Grant Building, approximately 17,000 feet square, inclusive of studios, offices, and associated rooms. There are five studios, two of them seventeen feet high, another somewhat smaller, a fourth furnished as a study for the use of "single acts" or speakers, and the fifth for station announcements and electrical transcriptions.

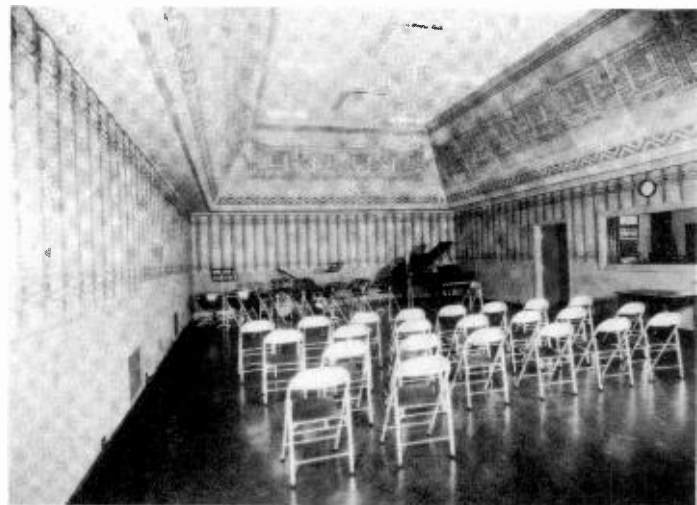
The whole place is air-conditioned and elaborately decorated. Studio A is Mayan in motif, with feathered serpents and the like done in tones of brown; B (the other big studio) is Cretan, with bracketed columns.

As in Radio City, the studios are windowless and thoroughly soundproof. Various acoustic materials are used to give the walls the desired properties, and double glass inserts in the walls allow observation from visitors' galleries and control rooms. The latter, too, are much like those used in the NBC's New York stations.

Several channels are provided from this station. One is permanently assigned to feed the transmitter at Saxonburg, Pennsylvania; another carries programs to the short-wave station, W8XK, located in the same town; and a third supplies programs to the network. As many as twelve network programs originate here in a week.



Left, small studio used by celebrities when they broadcast over KDKA, Pittsburgh.



Right, KDKA'S Studio A, Mayan in motif.

WLW

The story of the first 500,000-watt station in the United States is closely bound up with the personal story of Powel Crosley, Jr., the man to whom it owes its being, for WLW is the outgrowth of a present for his little boy.

Crosley was graduated in law and engineering from the University of Cincinnati in 1908, after which he became a bond salesman, and later an automobile racer. At twenty-three he tried, unsuccessfully, to finance an auto factory of his own, then began manufacturing auto accessories. In 1916 his American Automobile Accessories Company was organized; soon its mail-order business was one million dollars a year. He took no interest in radio until 1921, when his young son wanted a set, and the cheapest one that would satisfy him cost \$135. Crosley thought that too much for a three-tube outfit and built one from parts costing \$35. That gave him the idea of turning out cheap radios.

With this in mind, he erected a small transmitter in his home, and in July of that year Station 8CR went on the air. It had a range of about a mile. Some months later he moved it to his factory and continued experimenting with it. In March, 1922, it was assigned the call letters WLW.

Early in 1923 he bought control of the Precision Instrument Company, which had been operating WMH since 1919. This was discontinued, broadcasting efforts being concentrated in WLW, then a 500-watt station in the Crosley Radio Company plant at Brighton.

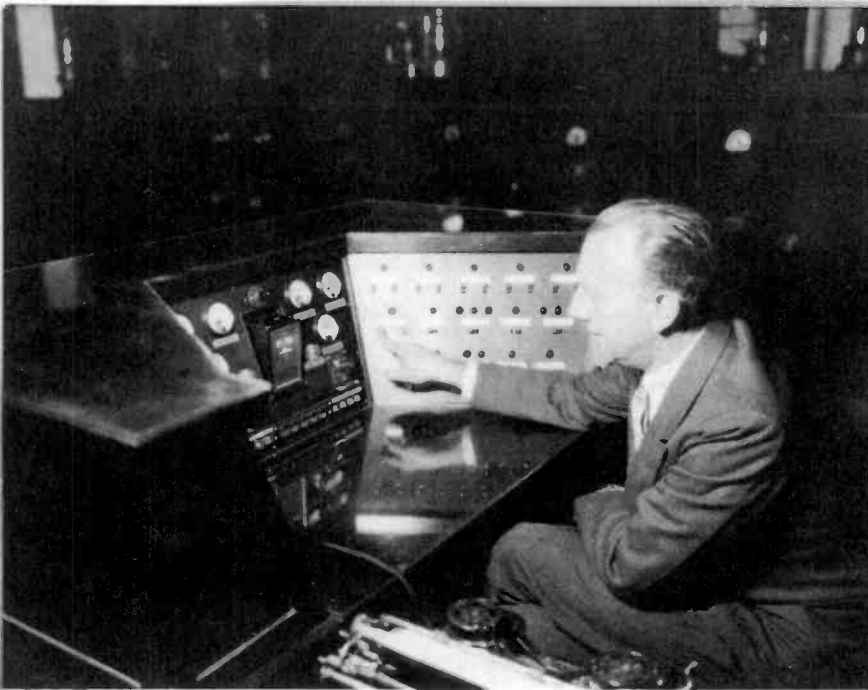
Still the station continued to grow. Studios were added at the factory in 1924, and in 1925 WLW's transmitter was moved to Harrison, Ohio, and operated on 5000 watts. It was the first remote control transmitter in the world!

In 1927, it was granted full use of the 700-kilocycle channel, which it still occupies, and on October 4, 1928, increased its power to 50,000 watts, using a new transmitter at Mason, Ohio. In the spring of this same year, Crosley also took over WSAI, a station which had existed in Cincinnati since 1923.

About the same time he became interested in short-wave work, and soon W8XAL was operating on 100 watts in conjunction with WLW. Its power was increased to 250 watts in 1927, and to 10,000 watts in 1931.

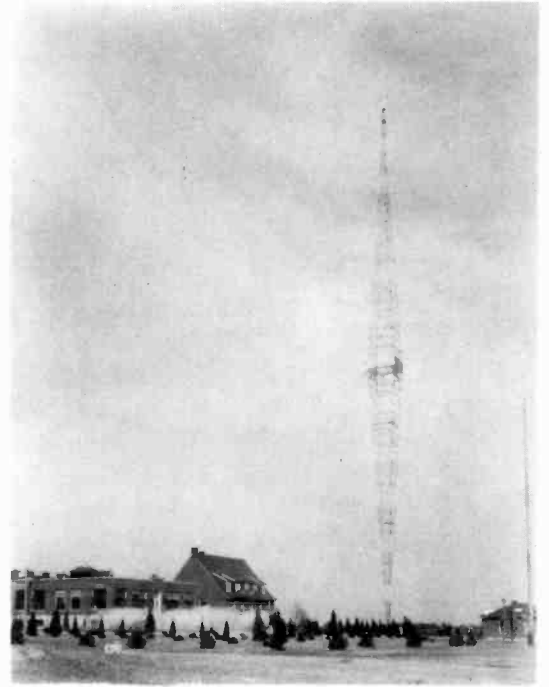
The studios of WLW were moved to the eighth floor of the Crosley Radio Corporation Building in Cincinnati about the same time, and on May 2, 1934, the transmitter's power was raised to 500,000 watts. There is hardly a place in the world where the signals of WLW — W8XAL have not been heard.

The 500-kilowatt transmitter requires as much electricity annually as do the residences in a city of more than 100,000 population. One million gallons of water a day and 22,500 cubic feet of air a minute are required to cool its monster tubes and other apparatus. Microphone currents are amplified 70,000,000,000,000,000 times in this transmitter, and some of the transformers in it weigh 100,000 pounds.



Left, Powel Crosley, Jr., putting 500-kilowatt WLW on the air for its first test.

Right, the new transmitting plant of the Crosley Radio Corporation's stations WLW, WSAI, and W8XAL near Mason, Ohio, twenty-two miles north of Cincinnati.



Its vertical radiator antenna tower is 831 feet tall, 276 feet more than the Washington Monument, and although its stress load is 900,000 pounds, it rests on a porcelain insulator base with a bearing surface of only six and one-half inches, and but two inches thick.

Once Powel Crosley, Jr., was the sole engineer and announcer of WLW; now it has forty-seven engineers under the supervision of Joseph A. Chambers, and twelve full-time announcers. John L. Clark is General Manager of the studios, and has sixteen assistants to help him. Two hundred musicians and entertainers are employed full time in the Music Department, and there are twelve in the Production Department.

MEET MR. CROSLY: Powel Crosley, Jr., although nearing fifty, is still six feet, three inches of boyish enthusiasm, driving energy, and business acumen. Likes to hunt and fish; has a 2500-acre hunting preserve in southeastern Indiana, where he raises thousands of quail and pheasants. Fishes off Florida in the winter, taking six hours to commute there from Cincinnati. Owns a private airport and several planes. Also rides, plays polo and golf, and became president of the Cincinnati Ball Club in the National League some time ago.

WOR

The eastern key of the coast-to-coast Mutual Broadcasting System, WOR, has recently put in new equipment which, it claims, makes it the first high-fidelity commercial station in the United States.

Just a word about high fidelity. Every sound you hear is made by air vibrations which, in turn, cause your eardrums to vibrate. If there are thirty vibrations per second, the sound is known as a 30-cycle note; if fourteen thousand, as a 14,000-cycle note. These notes represent the average limits of human hearing; between them lie all the other audible frequencies.

When a note is played on any instrument, complicated vibrations are set up. Not only the fundamental frequencies are heard, but harmonics, or overtone frequencies, as well. In this way, the same note played on, say, a saxophone and a violin, are told apart.

All fundamental tones and some of the overtones in voice and music lie between thirty and five thousand cycles, but overtone frequencies extend to the upper limits of hearing, and it is these which are lost in transmission from many stations. WOR, however, transmits frequencies from thirty to ten thousand cycles, which makes its signals of much better than average tonal quality. (Many stations offer only one hundred to five thousand or eight thousand cycles.) The difference is particularly marked on orchestral numbers, drums and castanets, and the human voice. It makes good performers sound better, but exposes inferior artists mercilessly.

However, not all sets are capable of receiving all the frequencies transmitted by WOR and the other high-fidelity stations. In fact, a good way to test the quality of your set is to listen to a band on one of the wide frequency range stations and on an average small station. If there is a distinctly noticeable difference in tonal quality, your set is a good one.

There are, for that matter, more than a dozen experimental high-fidelity stations scattered throughout the United States, operating just below the broadcast band and transmitting audible frequencies from thirty to fifteen thousand cycles. If I may venture a prediction, every major commercial station will be affording reception of this sort within the next five years.

One of WOR's outstanding programs is the SUNDAY FORUM, presented by S. Theodore Granik, confidential assistant to the District Attorney of New York County. Granik began radio broadcasting some ten years ago with a LAW FOR THE LAYMAN series on a local station, and started his current WOR FORUMS in 1928.

Granik, a Brooklynite, and graduate of St. John's College School of Law, has had as his guest speakers such nationally known figures as George Gordon Battle, Harry Elmer Barnes, Representative Hamilton Fish, Jr., Mayor F. H. LaGuardia, Arthur Garfield Hayes, and Walter B. Pitkin, to mention only a few.

Kentucky Colonel Granik is the author of *The Forum Book*, numerous articles on penology and crime, and has lectured extensively.

KPO

From a 100-watt station, permitted use of the air only between 11:00 A.M. and noon each day, San Francisco's KPO has grown into the key station of NBC's Pacific Coast red network since it was first granted its license on April 17, 1922.

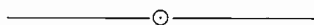
In those days it was a single studio connected to a transmitter on the roof of Hale Brothers' Department Store, and its programs consisted almost entirely of phonograph records. But in three months its studio facilities had been tripled and its power increased to five hundred watts. At the same time it inaugurated its policy of putting on "live" talent instead of records — quite a step forward when broadcasting was young.

Singers were frequently brought long distances to take part in a single program, and often when they arrived it was learned that they had never been on the air before, and knew nothing whatever of microphone technique. Then announcers, engineers, and other radio people would start in and teach their guest the correct methods of microphone delivery; many prominent opera and concert stars received their first lessons in radio singing at KPO.

This station, too, was the first to broadcast play-by-play descriptions of football games between Western universities. It also was first to broadcast grand opera from the stage, first to put the San Francisco Symphony on the air, and first to organize and maintain its own symphony orchestra.

From time to time it was granted increases in power. Early in 1927, when the NBC established the Pacific Coast red network, KPO was selected as the San Francisco outlet, and in 1932 the Radio Commission granted it authority to increase its power to fifty thousand watts.

This new 50-kilowatt transmitter, located at Belmont, California, twenty-five miles south of San Francisco, was formally inaugurated in April, 1933, and, since January of that year, KPO has been operated by the NBC.



WENR AND WMAQ

WENR made its first broadcast on March 20, 1925, from studios in the Strauss Building, Chicago, Illinois. In June, 1927, it was taken over by the Great Lakes Broadcasting Company, owners of WBCN (a station whose history dated back to December, 1924), and the latter was discontinued.

The 50,000-watt transmitter of WENR was erected at Downers Grove, Illinois, about twenty-three miles from the heart of Chicago, in 1928, and in March, 1930, its studios were moved to the Chicago Civic Opera Building, where they remained until the station became affiliated with the NBC. Since March 1, 1931, WENR programs have originated in the Merchandise Mart studios, though the old Opera House studio is still retained for programs which have an organ accompaniment, for the organ there is a lovely Wurlitzer, valued at about thirty thousand dollars.

WMAQ, a sister station, recently erected a new 50,000-watt transmitter in Bloomingdale, Illinois, twenty-five miles west of Chicago. Its new transmitter is situated on a twenty-seven acre plot and cost more than two hundred thousand dollars to construct, including the four hundred and ninety foot vertical antenna.

This is Chicago's oldest station. Amos 'n' Andy made their debut here, as did the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. It was also the first station to broadcast football and baseball games, and to present grade school, high school, and college classes for its listeners.



KNX

KNX, the Voice of Hollywood, is one of the most modern stations on the West Coast. It was inaugurated in its new two hundred and fifty thousand dollar studios in September, 1935, in quarters which are said to be as fine acoustically as they are architecturally. Its six studios are of the new "floating construction," each virtually a room within a room, to provide perfect sound insulation.

Studio A, the largest, is thirty by sixty feet, decorated in Renaissance style, with raftered ceiling, fireplace, and wainscoting.

Studio B, done in tan and silver, houses a portable Morton organ which cost thirty-five thousand dollars, and Studio C is a colonial drawing room in blue and gold. The three smaller studios are for speakers, single acts, and the like.

Each studio is visible from its own monitor room, and all these can be seen from a centrally located master control room. Their equipment includes the latest ribbon mikes, and the system used is, of course, high fidelity.

Operating on 50,000 watts, KNX covers eleven Western states and part of Canada. It has given listeners such acts as Bing Crosby, the Boswell Sisters, Charlie Hamp, Frank Watanabe, and the Honorable Archie, June Purcell, and a host of others who made their radio debuts on its wave.



WHO

Mail received by the Central Station, WHO, Des Moines, Iowa, shows that its signals are heard in every state, Alaska, Canada, Mexico, and New Zealand. On exceptional occasions, it has reached Australia, South Africa, and similar out of the way places. Much credit for its excellent coverage is given to the vertical antenna, installed at the transmitter near Mitchellville, Iowa, in 1934.

Perhaps the most popular of WHO's programs is the IOWA BARN DANCE FROLIC, which includes, among its cast of seventy-five, nearly all of the station's staff artists in a two-hour show every Saturday night at eight. It goes on from the stage of the Shrine Auditorium, and the forty-five hundred seats there are well filled for every performance.



CHAPTER VIII

HOW TO CHOOSE A RADIO

As all the programs on the air are of no value unless you have a radio set, and are not of the greatest value unless you have a rather good set, it is well, perhaps, to get a leading radio authority to offer a few suggestions as to how to select a radio receiver.

Consequently, E. K. Cohan, Director of Engineering of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was requested to outline the essentials of a receiver. A pleasant young man in a handsome office, Mr. Cohan took an hour out from the rush of work to give expert advice on how to choose a set. This was especially kind of Mr. Cohan because he is probably one of the busiest men in radio, traveling, as he does, all over the United States solving the problems in Columbia's numerous stations.

Mr. Cohan smiled and said: "Nearly everybody I meet asks me what is the best radio. I usually answer by asking them, 'What's the best automobile?' But I'll try to sum up a few points for the prospective purchaser to consider.

"First of all, you must remember that a radio receiver is purchased essentially for entertainment and amusement, and that the reproduction of musical programs is one of its main uses. Unless you get a set capable of reproducing this music with adequate fidelity, you will miss a large part of the entertainment that reaches your aerial. Not all of the sets now sold will reproduce musical frequencies up to 7000 cycles, and those which do are generally rather high in price, but I predict there will be high-fidelity sets sold at about \$100 in the near future.

"If you want the best obtainable tone quality, you cannot use a midget or a table model, for a set requires large baffle area for faithful reproduction of bass notes. A small set is all very well if you have another larger set, or if you have no ear for the finer nuances of music, or if you do not feel that you can afford anything better.

"Your own taste is your best guide to selecting a set with satisfactory tone; for, after all, it must please you!

"Another feature of great importance in getting the most entertainment out of your radio is the ability to tune in other waves than those used by the American broadcasting stations. There is distinct pleasure to be had in tuning for foreign short-wave stations in different parts of the world, listening to aircraft, amateurs, and police calls, so I would say that the all-wave feature is second in importance only to excellent tone quality.

"If you cannot afford an all-wave set, you will probably want one that has at least one band in addition to the broadcast band. The added band from which you will derive the most entertainment is that on which the foreign stations may be heard, say between 25 and 45 metres.

"It goes without saying that it is wise to buy your set from a reputable dealer, one who expects to stay in business, and who realises his success depends upon the good will of his customers. Such dealers sometimes charge a dollar or two more than less reliable competitors, but the satisfaction derived from knowing that if you ever need service it will be cheerfully and efficiently given, is well worth the extra cost.

"Let your dealer install your set. Merely because you can pick up powerful local stations on a short indoor antenna does not signify that this is an adequate installation. In order to get distant stations, with a minimum of noise and man-made static, you must not only have a correctly designed and correctly erected aerial, but the lead-in from the aerial to the set must likewise be properly installed. A good ground connection, too, is essential. I mention these points because so many set owners seem to think that their receivers should be capable of all the things the advertisements mention, no matter how carelessly they have been installed.

"You should also make sure that your set is the product of a reputable manufacturer, for only in this way can you be assured of sound engineering principles and good manufacturing practices. You will get the best value for your money by buying an advertised brand, for while any shop can turn out a set that will make some sort of program come out of the loudspeaker, a well-designed and sturdily built set will be more efficient, will last longer, and is cheaper in the long run.

"This brings us to the question of how much one should spend on a radio set. The problem is the same as what seat one should choose at the theatre. And the answers are identical: the best that you can afford, or the cheapest that will be entirely satisfactory. A good set is like a seat down front in the orchestra, you are sure to hear everything. The cheapest sets are like the back row in the top balcony, you will hear and see the show, but you are likely to miss a good bit of the entertainment. If you can afford a good seat, you will not be satisfied with anything less; if you can afford only a gallery seat, that is what you will buy.

"Let me repeat, listen before you buy. Let your ear be the judge. If possible, get the dealer to demonstrate the set in your own home, though this is no longer so essential since almost every set of reputable manufacture is sensitive enough to pick up any station within your area, and selective enough to tune out the stations you don't want, when correctly installed.

"Buy a radio set; don't buy trick advertising phrases. Two sets may have very similar features, but the manufacturer of one may give them more attractive names in his advertisements. This should not influence your selection, for your desire is to listen to broadcasts, not merely to read ads. Then, too, some features of various sets are merely added gadgets rather than real improvements; they are nice but unimportant, like adding a cigar lighter to the equipment of a motorcar. Also, it probably goes without saying, you will want to choose a set that is good looking, that harmonises with the rest of your furniture. I mention this because your radio is a fine instrument, which deserves a prominent place in your room.

"Too many decorators seem to consider a radio set as something shameful, to be tucked away in a corner or otherwise concealed. This is bad practice from an engineering viewpoint because the high notes which give instrumental selections brilliance, and vocal selections or speech the quality of naturalness, travel in straight lines. It is best to let these notes come right into the room, without having to bounce off the backs of chairs. If they are directed to your ear, they will be much more clearly received.

"Finally don't overrate your radio. Many people consider their sets capable of doing everything, unaided. Remember that all it can do is to take the signals which reach your antenna, amplify them, and change them into sounds. Have an efficient antenna to collect these signals; have an efficient receiver to amplify even the weak signals and to reproduce them with the greatest possible fidelity.

"Number of tubes in a set does not matter as much as does skilled engineering and manufacturing. Some sets, for example, will pick up interference from the electric light lines which supply their power, while others do not do so readily.

"Much of the interference you get is unnecessary, anyway, and can be stopped by inspecting and repairing or filtering the apparatus in your home. The motor in your refrigerator, vacuum cleaner, or electric fan may cause interference when operating. A defective electric socket, cord, or plug may cause so-called static, as may a loose fuse or bulb. If you get a great deal of man-made interference, find out what causes it and have the defective part repaired, or if a motor is causing the crackling noise, a line filter will do much to eliminate it. And, remember, a good antenna installation will pick up far less of such interference than will a haphazard job."

Thus Mr. Cohan sums up the way to select a radio set; what points to look for, how much to pay, how to have it installed, and how to get the most out of it. He adds: "As soon as the set is in your home, before you do a thing with it, read the manufacturer's instruction sheet thoroughly, and operate the set precisely as the instructions tell you to. The manufacturer wants you to get the best results it is possible for his set to give, so that you will buy another one from him when you get ready to replace it. He takes much time and trouble in preparing instructions to help you enjoy your radio. Follow them carefully and you will operate your set most satisfactorily. And do not expect to pull in European stations at all hours of the day and night. Tune carefully for short-wave stations. They come in best in the afternoon — particularly when they are broadcasting! You have no idea how many people try to tune-in foreign stations while they are not on the air!"

And this advice, to read the instructions carefully, is one of the most important things Mr. Cohan could have said. Many people operate their sets incorrectly simply because they are too lazy to read the instructions. That is not giving the set a fair chance.

CHAPTER IX

A SAMPLE RADIO SCRIPT

Far and away the most popular "script show" on the air is the Jack Benny program. It was, in fact, the best liked show of 1936 according to the annual poll of radio editors conducted by the *New York World-Telegram*.

The Benny broadcast owes its great popularity to a tremendous variety of factors, chief among which are the artistry of Jack himself, and the support which he gets from Mary, Kenny, Don Wilson, and the other members of the cast.

There is, however, an axiom in radio that "no broadcast is better than its script."

As the Benny script is universally conceded to be "the tops," the author has chosen it to reprint below as an answer to that frequently asked question, "What does a radio script look like?" This script is just as it is used by the performers and besides giving them their lines as they are to be spoken, it contains cues for the sound effects men as to when to make their noises, the musicians when to play their selections, and all the other various details for a smooth, uninterrupted performance. (Johnny Green, who later joined the Fred Astaire program, led the orchestra when this script was used.) Here it is.

THE GENERAL FOODS COMPANY — JELL-O PROGRAM

WJZ

(7:00-7:30 EST)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20

Revised

(Signature)

WILSON: The Jell-O program, starring Jack Benny, with Johnny Green and his orchestra. The orchestra opens the program with "From the Top of Your Head" from the motion picture, "Two for Tonight."

(Segue into number 1. "From the Top of Your Head," Orchestra)

(Opening Commercial)

WILSON: There's an old saying that good luck comes in odd numbers. Sometimes it's seven — sometimes it's eleven, but *this* time it's *three*. Yes, sir, there's a three-way reason why Jell-O is the best gelatin dessert you can buy. *First*: Jell-O has found a way to capture new, *extra-rich* fruit flavor — that you won't find in any other gelatin dessert. *Second*: Jell-O looks perfectly swell — with bright, gay, and glowing colors. *Third* and final

piece of good luck: there's no quicker, easier dessert to *prepare* than Jell-O. Those are three answers to Jell-O's amazing popularity. Try it yourself. You'll find all six flavors taste *twice* as good as ever before. . . . Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, and Lime. But remember! *Only Jell-O* brings you this *extra-rich* fruit flavor. So don't accept any substitutes! Ask for the one and only *genuine Jell-O!*

(*First Routine*)

- WILSON: And now we bring to you the fellow who makes funny every Sunday night — Jack Benny!
- JACK: Jell-O again, this is Jack Benny talking. And say Don, before I go any further, did you see the football game yesterday?
- WILSON: Which one? You mean U.S.C. and Oregon State?
- JACK: Yes, that's it. I couldn't make out the names very well. I had two nice seats near the hundred and fifty yard line.
- WILSON: Gee, you must have been out of the field.
- JACK: Yeah, I didn't know whether I was sitting in California or Oregon. . . . But I wouldn't miss a game for anything. . . . You know, Don, you're a big fellow. I'll bet you played football in your day.
- WILSON: Well I hate to talk, Jack, but for nine years I was one of the best players at Cornell.
- JACK: Nine years at Cornell! You must have been a smart boy. Well how good were you, Don — at football I mean.
- WILSON: Well I hate to talk, Jack, —
- JACK: I know, I know.
- WILSON: But one day we had a very tough game and we just couldn't get through Nebraska.
- JACK: Did you try the Lincoln Highway?
- WILSON: I mean the *University* of Nebraska. . . . So I tried a forward pass and I —
- MARY: Good evening, Jack.
- JACK: Hello, Mary. Do you know any football jokes?
- MARY: No.
- JACK: Well go out and get some and then come back.
- MARY: Okay.
- JACK: What were you saying, Don?
- WILSON: Well I tried a forward pass, and just as I —
- JACK: Great, Don, but I didn't think it was in you.
- WILSON: Oh it was some game. Say, Jack, did you ever play football?
- JACK: Why Don, you remember me — Red Benny the Iceman?
- MARY: Well any joke ought to fit now. Hello, Jack.
- JACK: Mary, look. We're talking about football and you don't fit into this routine at all.

MARY: I don't eh? I didn't play four years with Vassar for nothing.

Rickety rax, rickety rax
Halla kazoo kazoo kazax
Vassar Vassar, oh you kid!

JACK: Oh, so you played with Vassar, eh? Are you sure it was football, Mary?

MARY: I think so. Gee, when you grab a ball and run, it can't be bridge.

JACK: I believe you, Mary. But I can't imagine girls playing football. What team could you play against?

MARY: The Notre Dames.

JACK: Oh of course, Mary. What am I thinking of?

MARY: What do you know about colleges, anyway? Did you ever hear of William and Mary?

JACK: Yes.

MARY: Well, I'm Mary.

JACK: What happened to William?

MARY: I'm looking out for myself these days.

JACK: I still can't imagine you in a football game. What position did you play?

MARY: I was half-backus.

JACK: And you're half nuts. Well, tell me, Miss Livingstone, what was the most exciting play you encountered as half-backus.

MARY: Well I hate to talk but —

JACK: But you must. Don't make a sucker out of the rehearsal.

MARY: Well, one day we were playing Virginia. You've heard of *her*.

JACK: Oh sure.

MARY: We were playing at the Rosetta Bowl.

JACK: Hm!

MARY: They were on our hundred-yard line, seventh down and two to go.

JACK: And what happened, Mary?

MARY: They fumbled the ball and I grabbed it. And I ran and I ran and I ran and I ran and —

JACK: Go ahead, Mary.

MARY: Wait till I catch my breath, will you. I had ten yards to go and they tackled me. But did we lose? No!

JACK: Then what happened?

MARY (*Laughs*): This'll kill you, Graham. I was down, but I borrowed ten dollars from the coach.

JACK: Why?

MARY: So I could make a *touch-down*. (*Laughs*)

JACK: A very smart play.

MARY: And we won the game, ten dollars to nothing.

JACK: Mary, I don't believe it.

MARY: Well that's my story and I'm sticking you with it. Boola boola, boola boola, etc. (*Walks away*)

JACK: Hm, let's see — Wilson and Mary — that's two down and two to go.
Where's Sophomore Green?

CROWD: *Rab! rab! rab!*

GREEN: What do you want, Jack?

JACK: Say Johnny, were you ever —

GREEN: Well I hate to talk, Jack, but I —

JACK: I know, we all do. But have you ever played football?

GREEN: Yes, and I got my team right with me.

JACK: You have! Well tell the players Coach Benny wants to see 'em.

(Sound effect: shrill whistle)

GREEN: Come on fellers, out on the field!

(We hear scraping of chairs, general confusion.)

JACK: Come on, boys, let's get in a huddle. Now listen, fellers, we're behind sixty-five to seven. But are we whipped?

CROWD: Yes.

JACK: That's the spirit, those yellow sweaters certainly fit you. Frank, I'm going to take you out. Tom, you play saxophone. Sam, you get in there and play tuba.

VOICES: Yes, sir.

JACK: Now Captain Green, I'll give you the numbers for signals.

GREEN: What are they?

JACK: First, "You Are My Lucky Star."

GREEN: We played that last game.

JACK: How about "The Road to Mandalay"?

GREEN: They're wise to that.

JACK: Then what number do you think we ought to use?

GREEN: "Let's Swing It."

JACK: That'll fool 'em. Ready boys?

CROWD: Rah rah rah, rah rah rah

Jell-O! Jell-O! Sis boom bah

Strawberry — Raspberry — Cherry — Orange — Lemon — Lime — Ah!

JACK: Play, captain.

(Segue into number 2. "Let's Swing It," Orchestra)

(Second Routine)

JACK: That was Johnny Green and his Full Halfbacks playing "Let's Swing It" from Earl Carroll's "Sketch Book." And now, ladies and gentlemen, after a lapse of several months we are resuming our series of Guest Stars. There is really so much talent here in Hollywood that it's a shame not to take advantage of it. So tonight we have with us none other than that world-famous mind reader who has told the future and past of all the movie stars — Miss Pisha Paysha!

(Orchestra hits a sour chord.)

CROWD: (*Applauds*)

JACK: Get her to the mike, Mary.

MARY: This way, you little faker.

JACK: Mary! . . . How do you do, Miss Paysha.

BLANCHE: How do you do.

MARY: Oh, Jack. That's the same lady who told *my* fortune last week.

JACK: She did!

MARY: Yeah, *and was my palm red*.

JACK: Hm! . . . I will now blindfold the little lady who sees all, knows all, and is all nose. . . . Are you ready, Miss Paysha?

BLANCHE: First, you will have to put me in a trance.

JACK: What was that?

BLANCHE: I said you'll have to put me in a trance.

JACK: Oh, with pleasure. Stick out little heady.

(*Sound effect: terrific glass crash*)

JACK: Hm! And now, ladies and gentlemen, I will pass through our audience and find out what this little lady really knows. Miss Paysha will answer any and all questions. Let's go!

(*Drum roll*)

JACK: Now, Miss Paysha, there's a man sitting right here in the front row and he's from Coney Island. Please tell us his name.

BLANCHE: Frank.

JACK: Ah, you'll have to go further than that.

BLANCHE: Frankfurter.

JACK: I see you're red hot tonight. . . . Can you tell me the name of this *guy*?

BLANCHE: What was that?

JACK: I said can you tell me the name of this guy.

BLANCHE: Lombardo.

JACK: That's right, Guy Lombardo. . . . Now this same man is holding up a coin. What coin is it?

BLANCHE: It's er — it's er —

JACK: Think hard, what coin is it? It's all right, folks, I'll *pumper* till she gets it.

BLANCHE: Nickel.

JACK: That's right. And what's the date?

BLANCHE: October 20.

MARY: The date on the coin, you dope.

BLANCHE: Shut up!

JACK: Now, Miss Paysha, there is a lady here in the second row. Please tell us her name. . . . What's her name?

BLANCHE: Her name is er — her name is er —

JACK: Come now, I don't want to Harlow at you all night.

BLANCHE: Jean.

JACK: Right. And what has this lady on her arm?

BLANCHE: She has a — a —

JACK: Come, come. What has this lady on her arm? You'll have to answer at your own *risk*.

BLANCHE: A watch.

JACK: That's right, a risk-watch. . . . Now this watch has stopped. At what time did it stop? . . . Come come, what time did this watch stop?
(Hums "A Quarter to Nine.")

BLANCHE: Quarter to nine.

JACK: That's right, a quarter to nine. . . . And now, Paysha, see if you can tell me in what month this lady was born. . . . Be careful now.

BLANCHE: She was born in er — in August.

JACK: No, that's wrong. Come come, don't be a *sap*.

MARY: *Sap*tember.

JACK: Quiet, Mary.

MARY: I'm in a trance, too.

JACK: Now let's take this next aisle. There is a lady sitting here in the second row. What is the name of this poison?

BLANCHE: Ivy.

JACK: Correct. And what kind of a coat is she wearing?

BLANCHE: Rabbit.

JACK: It's mink — aegh!

BLANCHE: That's what she thinks — aegh!

JACK: Now concentrate, Paysha, concentrate. . . . There is a man sitting here with something in his coat pocket. What is it?

BLANCHE: It's er — it's er —

JACK: Come on, come on — for crying out loud.

BLANCHE: A handkerchief.

JACK: Right. And what is his name? . . . Come now, this should be right up your alley — what's his name?

BLANCHE: Katz.

JACK: Right. Now here is a difficult one, Paysha. What is this same man wearing in his tie?

BLANCHE: His neck.

JACK: Wrong, Paysha. Now concentrate. What is this man wearing in his tie? Don't let this *stick* you.

BLANCHE: Mucilage.

JACK: Wrong again. What is this man wearing in his tie? Don't let this stick you.

BLANCHE: A knife.

JACK: Stick you!

BLANCHE: A stick.

JACK: *No — stick you!*

GREEN: A pin.

JACK: Thanks, Johnny — gee! . . . Now, Paysha, the same man wants you to guess his age.

BLANCHE: How old is he?

JACK: Thirty-seven.

BLANCHE: Right.

JACK: Wait a minute, now I'm in a trance. . . . Now, Paysha, I want you to concentrate on this next one. There is a gentleman sitting here in the fourth row who just had lunch. Tell us what he had for dessert.

BLANCHE: He had er — he had er —

JACK: What did he have for dessert? Don't let this *stick* you.

BLANCHE: A pin.

JACK: We did that already. . . . What did he have for dessert? Come, Paysha. . . .

BLANCHE: He had er —

JACK: It has the big red letters on the package and starts with a "Jay."

BLANCHE: Jersey City.

JACK: No, it starts with a "Jay." Come come, this should be *pie* for you.

BLANCHE: Apple.

JACK: No, no! . . . Come, come, Paysha, it has six delicious flavors. Now what did this man have for dessert?

BLANCHE: Fruit salad.

JACK: No, Paysha. *What did this man have for dessert?* Can't you read Don Wilson's mind?

BLANCHE: No, he's got a hat on.

JACK: I give up. . . . Wilson, you tell her.

WILSON: He had Jello, the largest selling gelatin dessert in the world. Every day millions of people eat it.

JACK: That's right. You see, Paysha, why didn't you think of it?

BLANCHE: Oh, I thought this was the Jolson program.

JACK: No, that's Shello . . . this is Jello. Now just one more question. What is this fellow's name standing right here at the microphone?

BLANCHE: Kenny Baker.

JACK: And what is he going to sing?

BLANCHE: He's going to sing "I Wished on the Moon."

JACK: Is that right, Kenny?

BAKER: No, I'm going to sing Johnny Green's new song entitled, "How Can I Hold You Close Enough."

JACK: You see, Paysha, you were wrong again.

BLANCHE: What do you want for ten dollars, an X-ray?

JACK: Hm! Sing, Kenny.

(*Segue into number 3. "How Can I Hold You Close Enough," Orchestra and Baker*)

(*Third Routine*)

JACK: That was Kenny Baker singing "How Can I Hold You Close Enough."

Say Kenny, have you got your old war uniform handy?

BAKER: Yes, Jack. Why do you ask?

JACK: I want you to put it on immediately and stand by. Hey, Johnny!

GREEN: Yes, Jack.

JACK: Do you think you can dig up a steel helmet and a couple of rifles?

GREEN: Why, Jack? What's all the excitement?

JACK: Well, tonight we are going to do a war play. By permission of the League of Nations, we are going to present that great and timely drama of human conflict — none other than "All's Quiet on the Western Sandwich."

MARY: With onions, Jack?

JACK: Of course, Mary. In these times of unrest and uncertainty, when every country is armed to the teeth, somebody's got to do a war play, so why not us?

(Sound a bugle call)

JACK: So clear the battlefield, for after Corporal Green's next number we go into action. Play, Corp!

(Segue into number 4. "I Get a Kick Out of You," Orchestra and Johnny Green)

(Fourth Routine)

JACK: That was Johnny Green and the boys playing "I Get a Kick Out of You" from "Anything Goes," with Johnny at the piano. And now for our war play, "Farewell to What Price Cavalcade Glory." The opening scene is a real estate office near the front. . . . All right, boys. . . . Curtain. . . . A little war music, Johnny.

(Orchestra picks up "Over There" pianissimo. We hear rumbling of cannon. Gun shots.)

PATSY: Oy vot a night!

(Phone rings twice. Phone off hook.)

PATSY: Hullo . . . Hullo, Sam. . . . Vot? . . . Hozz business? Say, business et's poifect here at the front. The last two weeks they been fighting right here on my property and I'm renting out all the trenches. I haven't got a trench left. Vell, how's wit chu? . . . Dot's good.

(Fade in: beating of drums. Soldiers marching)

JACK *(in the distance)*: Hup hup hup hup hup hup hup hup hup hup.

PATSY: Aha, Sam! Here is coming a regiment. Say, maybe they'll vant to stop here overnight — who knows? . . . Vell, goodbye.

(Hangs up phone.)

JACK *(voice gets louder)*: Hup hup hup hup. . . . Company — halt! *(But the marching continues.)* I said, Company — halt! *(Marching still continues.)* Aw come on fellers, halt! Gee whiz. *(Marching stops.)* All right, boys, at ease. We're at the front now and I'll make arrangements to stop here tonight. Now don't go away, boys.

(Knock on door. Door opens.)

PATSY: Vot can I do for you, lieutenantment?

JACK: I'm Sergeant Benny of the Marines. I'm looking for accommodations tonight for my regiment. We're fighting here tomorrow, rain or shine.

PATSY: Vell, I got some very nice trenches. Would you like something in the front or in the rear?

JACK: You can put the boys up in front. I don't care so much about myself.

PATSY: Vell, I can give you a very nice trench reasonable, with southern explosion. . . . Say, would you like something with twin beds?

JACK: No, there are a hundred and thirty in my company.

PATSY: All right, so I can put in an extra cot.

JACK: Denk you. Is it quiet?

PATSY: Quiet! (*Laughs.*) It's so quiet you can hear a bomb drop.

JACK: Oh you can, eh? Where is the enemy?

PATSY: The enemy? I rented them a trench right next door to you. There's a connecting bath in between.

JACK: Well lock our door and let *them* have the bath. All right, I'll take it. Come on, fellers!

PATSY: Say, wait a minute. You'll have to pay in advance.

JACK: Can't I pay in the morning?

PATSY: I know you're good for it, but with all dese bullets flying around — who knows?

JACK (*laughs*): Come, boys. The bad man is trying to scare us. Well, here's where we live.

CROWD (*into song*):

Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parley vou,
Mademoiselle from Armentiers, parley vou,
Fla fla fla fla, fla fla fla fla
Fla fla fla fla, fla fla fla fla
Hinkey dinky parley vou.

PATSY: Boyiss, boyiss, be quiet. The enemy is complaining.

JACK: Yeah? I wonder what they're doing now.

(*Whistling sound . . . followed by "boom" on bass drum*)

JACK: That's all I want to know. (*Whispers.*) Attention, men! Now let's sneak into this trench as quietly as possible.

CROWD: (*We hear them mumbling. . . . Shuffling of feet.*)

JACK: Pipe down, fellers. Hey, Clarence. What are you doing with that pink uniform on?

WILSON: I'm rehearsing with "The Student Prince."

JACK: Hm! Now remember, comrades, we're getting up at five o'clock in the morning and going over the top.

GREEN: Shall we put on our top hats?

JACK: Yes, we're gonna fight 'em cheek to cheek. Private Green, you go on sentry duty. Take your post!

GREEN: Oh I don't feel like it tonight. You do it.

JACK: Gee whiz, Johnny, you never want to do anything.

GREEN: Well it's dark out there.

MARY: Oh Jack, Jack.

JACK: Mary! What are you doing here.

MARY: I'm a war nurse. Gee, I wish somebody'd get hurt.

JACK: Mary, keep away from here.

MARY: Oh Jack, I brought Paysha, the mind reader, with me. Maybe she can tell us what the enemy is doing.

JACK: That's a great idea. Paysha, what is our enemy doing now?

BLANCHE: First you'll have to put me in a trench.

JACK: That's trance.

(Slight pause for laugh — then whistling sound followed by a "bang")

BLANCHE: *(Gasps.)*

JACK: Hm, they got Paysha. Now, attention! I want three men to crawl through the barbed-wire entanglements into the enemy's trench, see where that shot came from, and report back to me. Now what *three* men will volunteer? What *two* men will volunteer? Is there *one* in this outfit who will go?

MARY: I will, I've got to do some shopping anyway.

JACK: Atta girl, Mary.

CROWD: Hooray!

JACK: Pipe down. Well, get to bed, fellers. We've got a tough day ahead of us. Hey, Warnecke!

BALDWIN: Yes, sir!

JACK: You better get some sleep, you might have to pitch tomorrow. Good night, fellers.

(We hear the rat-tat-tat of machine guns.)

JACK: I see. Good night, boys.

CROWD: Good night, Sergeant. Good night, etc.

(Cornet plays "Taps" softly.)

CROWD: *(We hear them snoring.)*

JACK *(snores)*: I'm sleeping but I'm worried.

(We hear approaching footsteps . . . then stumbling.)

JACK: Halt! Who goes there.

PATSY: Sh! I'm a spy.

JACK: A spy! I thought you were the landlord.

PATSY: That's my business. This is my hobby.

JACK: Oh, I see.

PATSY: Listen Sergeant, give me a cigar and I'll tell you what the enemy is planning to do.

JACK: I've only got a cigarette.

PATSY: Then I'll give you a rough idea.

JACK: Okay, spill it.

PATSY: Your enemy is planning a surprise attack.

JACK: When?

PATSY: They're going over the top in ten seconds.

JACK: They are, eh. Hey, buddies! Buddies! Wake up.

(We hear a sour bugle call.)

CROWD: *(A little grumbling . . . Commotion)*

JACK: Now listen, men, we can't wait till morning. We're going over the top now. Courage, comrades, keep your chin up. Remember, this is war!

PATSY: Vell, here's looking at you for the last time.

JACK: All right, fellers, we've got just ten seconds before the attack.

(We hear a whistling sound. Then bomb explodes.)

JACK *(laughs)*: Don't worry, boys, those are cheap bullets.

(Machine guns . . . All kinds of loud shooting . . . Lots of noise)

JACK: Let's give it to them. Come on, you leathernecks.

MARY: Your neck ain't so clean either.

JACK: Cut out the jokes. This is war!

(More machine guns)

JACK: All right, fellers, over the top!

WILSON: And Jell-O sales have gone over the top! It is the largest selling gelatin dessert —

(We hear whistling sound . . . Followed by loud shot.)

WILSON *(groans)*: Oooh, they got me.

JACK: Don't worry, kid, I'll carry on. . . . And remember folks, there is only one genuine Jell-O. Look for the big red letters on the package.

WILSON: Thanks, Jack.

JACK: It's all right, kid.

(We hear more gunshots . . . Machine guns.)

JACK: All right men, let's get those rats and bring back no prisoners. There are a hundred and thirty men in our company and all fighters.

(More machine guns)

JACK: There are still fifteen men in this company. Don't give up, boys, we must fight to the last man.

(Machine guns)

JACK: Hello, folks, this is the last man talking. Well, I'm no fool. I'll get into one of those dugouts.

(Loud banging on door)

JACK: Wait till I get there.

(Loud banging on door)

GREEN: Who's there?

JACK: Ah, there's someone else in there. Who is it?

GREEN: Johnny Green.

JACK: Let me in, Johnny.

GREEN: It's too crowded. My band is here too. Try the next dugout.

JACK: All right.

(Machine gun and loud firing)

JACK (*gasps*): Ooooooh! it's too late, they got me.

CROWD: (*Applauds.*)

JACK: Oh yeah? Ooooh!

MARY: Jack, Jack. Are you hurt? Speak to me, speak to me.

JACK: They got me, Mary, they got me.

MARY: Who got you?

JACK: I think it was my own boys. Mary, you're a nurse, why don't you help me?

MARY: I can't. I'm a baby's nurse.

JACK: Oh Mary, I think the end is near. It seems to be getting darker and darker. Mary, I hate to leave you. Just do me one favor — sing to me before I go. Sing that lullaby I always love to hear.

MARY: All right, Jack.

I've got a feeling you're foolin'

Got a feeling it's make believe

Dum da da dum da dum dum dee, etc.

JACK (*groans*): Ooooh! Play, John.

(Segue into number 5. "Everything is Okey Dokey," Orchestra)

(Closing Routine)

JACK: This is the last number of the fourth program in the new Jell-O series, and we'll be with you again next Sunday night at the same time. Oh Mary, do you want to go over and dance a while?

MARY: No, I've got to get some sleep. Vassar is playing Pitts tomorrow.

JACK: Pitts! That's not a woman's team.

MARY: I mean Zazu Pitts.

JACK: Good night, folks.

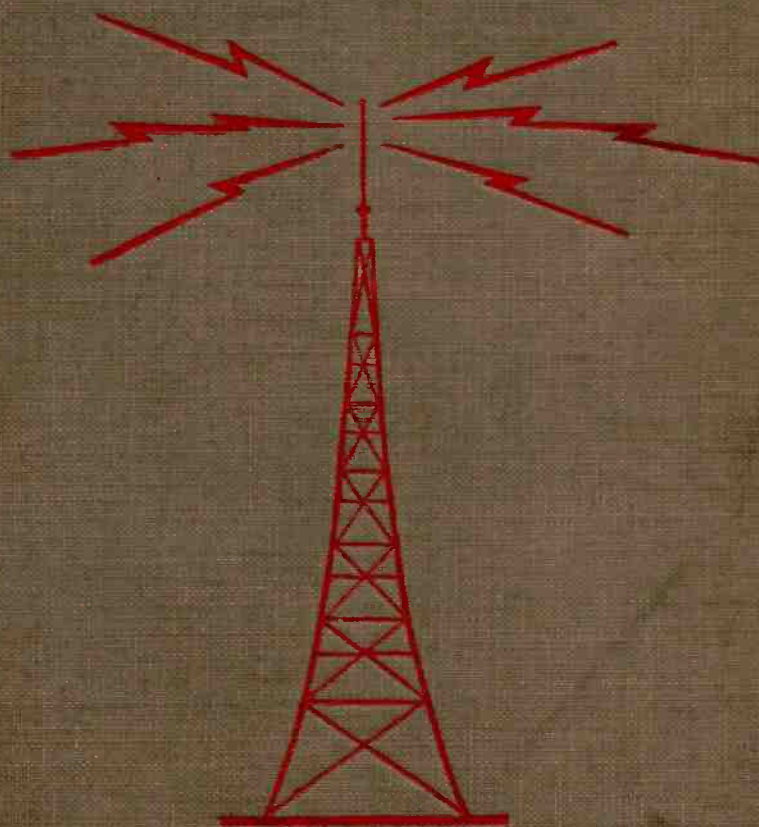
(Signature)

WILSON: This program has come to you from the NBC studios in Hollywood. This is the National Broadcasting Company.

(Chimes)

RADIO STARS OF TODAY

Or Behind the Scenes in Broadcasting



ROBERT EICHBERG