RADIO STARS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER

10 CENTS

Posed by
WILL ROGERS

THE STREET SINGER'S ROMANCE REVEALED

whereas

We, the editors, of RADIO STARS have resolved to abandon that quaint, old-fashioned quality known as modesty and blow our own horn (a five-and-ten-cent trifle left over from last New Year's Eve).

be it known

that one month from today the dime you spent (or one just like it) for this copy of RADIO STARS will purchase exactly twice as much as included in this issue • • • that, beginning with our October number on sale September first, RADIO STARS will give you 100 pages instead of 50 • • • that it will include a log of all American and Canadian stations, plus the most complete and trouble-proof program service that our sweaty-browed trouble-shooters can devise • • • that our what's-on-the-air department will be the response to a maiden's prayers • • • that our wondrous wise and witty Answer Man will undertake to answer all your questions monthly regarding network personalities.

in short

beginning next month, RADIO STARS offers broadcasting's only *complete* magazine. More stories of the stars than ever before, a complete station log, a reliable program service. Baby can teeth on it, puppy can chew on it, it will make mother-in-law forget all about what time Henry got home from the lodge last week. And you—say, you'll *adore* it. Remember, it goes on sale September first.

—The Editors

RADIO STARS

YOUR RADIO FAVORITES REVEALED

ALL IN THIS ISSUE

RADIO STARS ALBUM

Editors: Ernest V. Heyn and Curtis Mitchell
Associate Editor: Mary Burgum Art Editor: Abril Lamarque

WATCH FOR—

The big double-size RADIO STARS on sale the first day of next month and thereafter. Also, a story about the Goldbergs . . . Rubinoff . . . and "Off the Air!"—an exciting article about the sexy song lyrics and blue jokes that broadcasters blue-pencil out of their air shows . . . and heaps of other surprising new departments and features.

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THE STREET SINGER'S ROMANCE REVEALED

FAR up in the Maine woods the young tenor lay back on the springy carpet of brown pine needles and stared at the vagrant lacy designs which the swaying branches made on the sky. Life could be so beautiful, he thought, if only he were successful, if only she were not married to another . . . but what was the use of going all over that again? Because the woman he wanted so much was not for him, he must go away. He must never see her again. It would be hard to fight the world without her encouragement and sympathy. He closed his eyes and hummed a tune to which the wind in the pines whispered a sad obligato.

He started slightly at the touch of a cool hand on his forehead. "Arthur," said a soft voice. For a moment he dared not look. He feared the pain of gazing again into those deep blue eyes, of following the wistful curves of lips which could not be his.

"What have you been avoiding me for, Arthur Tracy?"

The singer sat up and ran his fingers through his wavy hair. "I've got to go away, Beatrice."

"Why?"

"I'm wasting my time up here at this summer resort. Besides, I'm dreaming too much about you."

They rose and walked along the pine-cloistered path.

"But Arthur," she protested, "I want to be a part of your dreams."

"We've gone all over that, Beatrice. You know how futile it is."

Preoccupied, they failed to notice the thunder-clouds which rose menacingly from the horizon.

Their love seemed hopeless, at first. And the Street Singer's career—that wasn't very bright at the time. But faith and loyalty and perseverance can work wonders . . .

By JOHN SKINNER

All pictures in this feature taken exclusively for RADIO STARS by Wide World

"When we reach the fork in the road," said Arthur, "we separate our paths of life. You must go your way and I mine."

Silent under the heavy burden on their hearts, they remained quite unconscious of the coming rain. Even had they noticed it, they could not have known how prophetic it was of the stormy days of their romance, the days in which the then unknown tenor became the Street Singer, and of the peace they finally found in one another's arms.

The woods darkened as the impatient clouds hurried across the sky. There were fitful flashes of lightning as the rumble of thunder sharpened its note.

"Come on," said the singer, "let's run for it."

AS they emerged from the woods, drops of rain the size of half dollars plopped in the dust of the country road. They quickened their pace and Tracy slipped off his coat, swinging it over the girl's shoulders. She pointed to a little weather-beaten shack a few hundred feet away.

The moment they gained the interior of the deserted shanty, a bolt of lightning cracked down on the road where they had stood a moment before, and she threw her arms about him. They stood there, silent, as the storm settled down to a steady beat of rain.

"If you go," she asked suddenly, "where are you going?"

"New York."

"Then I'm going with you."

"You can't, Beatrice."

"Why not?"

"People might talk. Even if we know there's nothing wrong with our friendship, they'd say it's a violation of the proprieties."

"Damn the proprieties!" said Beatrice.

People didn't talk when they met again in New York. No one cared that much about the young couple which haunted theatrical agencies, which found its surcease from discouragements in fifteen-cent motion picture houses, or in the cool corridors of art museums. No, the tongues of Broadway wag only about the famous.

If this were just an ordinary tale of a struggle for success, I would tell you of the hardships which the singer underwent. I would tell you of the callousness and lack of vision which managers and booking agents displayed toward the earnest young singer and the pretty young girl who strived so hard to make them see his worth.

But when I tell you that for three hard years, she put aside thoughts of herself and gave her unfailing energy to help him in his struggle for recognition, you will agree that perhaps it is more than a commonplace story. "Damn the proprieties," she had said, and she meant it. If the singer would protest that she was making a great mistake to stick by him when striving seemed hopeless, laying herself open to the criticism of those who could not understand her devotion, she would say:

"Let them talk. I have nothing but contempt for their conventions and their thoughts. We know that we are doing nothing that isn't great and fine. That's enough. When you've made your way, we won't regret this."

Yet the first tinge of success, which should have brightened the singer's life, served only to increase the gloom which he tried so hard to hide from her. Even the first significant appreciation of his voice, displayed by officials of New York's WMCA, failed to comfort him. There was still that worry about Beatrice.

(Below) In the quiet home where the Street Singer's romance has come true. (Above) Beatrice and Arthur Tracy entering their car—one of the many little niceties of life which his success has brought.

All during the days of hardship and poverty, he had studied the songs of many nations, in the hope that listeners would respond to songs of the lands from which they or their forbears came. And when this ambition began to be realized, an unrecognized tenor died and the man who was to become the Street Singer was born. Of course, ten or fifteen dollars a program was hardly wealth, but to him it seemed a fortune. *That* part of it was all right.

Beatrice was happy as a child who's put the clock together again successfully. She was certain now that their efforts had not been in vain. Despite this, she dared not think too much of her growing love for him. He must go onward and upward. That came first. Afterward—but they must wait. She wasn't free, might never be. Sometimes it was torture to see his hands drop from the piano keys, to see the unhappiness which lined his sensitive face, as he lost himself in despairing thought.

Some people thought that when his success on WMCA earned him a six weeks' trial on the Columbia network, he should have been bubbling with joy. Every mail brought in great piles of letters from listeners. He was placed on an evening hour vacated by Bing Crosby. Offers from sponsors poured in.

If they had listened more carefully during the first months of his glory, those people would have detected a note of sadness in the voice of this vagabond of the air who roamed the streets of the world in his song.

I watched him before the microphone in those days. I knew why that look of longing came into his eyes as he sang his theme:

"Marta, rambling rose of the wildwood,
Marta, with your fragrance divine. . . ."

It carried him back to those blissful days in the woods of Maine where he strolled with Beatrice, innocently dreaming of success and the day she would be his.

Now that his future was (*Continued on page 41*)

B. A. Rolfe—orchestra leader supreme—is the perfect example of the man who can take misfortune with a smile and actually start over again without any silly false pride

• • • B. A. BOUNCES BACK!

By HELEN HOVER

IF I believed in the supernatural, I would think there was some mischievous spirit that influenced the amazingly spasmodic quirks in Rolfe's career. Even as a child these ups and downs were evident. When he was eleven (let's see, that was back in 1890), Benjamin Adolphus (that clears up the B.A.) toured Europe in a Lord Fauntleroy suit as the boy wonder of the trumpet. The crowned heads and *haut monde* of the Continent went to see this chubby American prodigy. You would have expected that when he returned to America, fresh from his musical triumphs abroad, he would tour the concert stage here, or do something equally impressive. But of all places for a boy prodigy to wind up, he found himself in a rowdy circus as a performer.

His life was uneventful for the next several years and he tried his hand at several jobs . . . playing his trumpet on street corners at times, and in theatre orchestras at other times. Then fate stepped in. When he was about 22 and blaring away in Utica's Majestic Theatre, he met Jesse L. Lasky, a fellow trumpeter who was filled with ideas about a strange new industry, moving pictures. Would young Rolfe be interested?

"I'll try my luck at anything once," said B. A. "Let's go to New York and see what this movie game is all about." So they shook hands and went.

Things boomed beautifully for B.A. (and incidentally for his companion). They each joined rival motion picture concerns; B.A. with the old Metro Co. (you know it now as M-G-M). He worked his way up to a high post there. As an executive producer he was drawing what then amounted to a fabulous salary, and he had unlimited power. He was sitting on top of the world. Among those he directed were Ethel and Lionel Barrymore, Viola Dana and many great but now forgotten names. He was accumulating a vast fortune during those fat harvest years. Fame, wealth, power. He was set for life, so it seemed.

THEN—the Fates stepped in again. His career took a crazy seesaw downward. It started with some trivial quarrel with the company. B.A., peeved, left Metro to branch out for himself. With all the conceit and confidence of success he thought the world was his oyster. But it didn't take him long to realize that working with a large company behind him, (*Continued from page 47*)

Understanding Jeannie LANG

The giggle, the baby-talk, the cute little face—they mask a determination and will power that are amazing

Culver Service

With Jack Denny, of Waldorf-Astoria fame.

By DONALD COPPER

LET me tell you about Jeannie Lang.

In a college town, I could fill a lecture hall with that invitation. Jeannie is the college boy's pal. They go for her like a cross-roads kid goes for pink lemonade. Whenever she meets them, she's a riot. Her fan mail reeks of fraternity crests and rah-rah devotion. You've heard that song, "She's an All-American Girl"? That's Jeannie.

Rather, that is the Jeannie the world knows, the hey-hey Jeannie with a hot-cha-cha that goes hand in hand with her frivolous voice. Actually, there is another Jeannie. Let me tell you about her.

First, to complete her picture . . . but am I assuming too much when I guess that you're already one of her fans? Just in case you've missed her, she's the lass who chuckled and hummed through all the CBS Pontiac programs last winter and spring. Then the NBC's Musical Grocery Store hired her as a melodic cashier. Every time Jack Denny's orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York goes on the air, she's a featured soloist. But of course you've heard Jeannie.

And probably she has sounded like a pert-nosed peddler of today's sauciest hymns. Without a care in the world, with no thought of tomorrow, with all bills paid and the bad ol' wolf simply miles and miles from her door.

But this Jeannie . . . this *other* Jeannie . . . is something else again. I don't mean she's lugging a broken heart through life, or that some swain once went and done her wrong. Or that she supports an orphanage or is wasting away from some secret disease. No, none of the conventional "other person's" plots fit the Lang lass. But . . .

YOU don't meet this other party until you shake Jeannie Lang by the hand. I wish you could do that, all you folk who have listened and looked through your loud-speakers envisioning nothing more than a sweet young thing with a bubble-water voice. That handshake, you remember it. Firm yet flexible, meeting and matching the power in your own fingers. It's a clue to the spring-steel quality in her.

Do you doubt it? I don't blame you, for many people have. They have seen Jeannie enter a room looking so soft and fluffy that football players fell over each other in their attempts to help her seat herself in a chair. They have seen her, half-devil and half-imp, with mischief in her eyes and on her lips, and said to themselves that this girl can be of no significance, can have no mind of her own.

Let me tell you this: Jeannie Lang has proved beyond all doubt that she is her own mistress and the directress of her own destiny. She has demonstrated a strength that not one girl in a dozen can match.

This is what I mean:

Have you ever been to a collegiate houseparty, the gay sort that sprinkled all America last June or any number of Junes before that? They're of a pattern, no matter whether in Maine or Montana. Giddy girls and ga-ga boys at the end of a disciplined year, a chaperone selected for her ability to keep her eyes closed, and gin or its equivalent; these are the ingredients. Oh, yes, and—cigarettes. No self-respecting college boy in these wide-eyed times goes without his "nails."

What I'm getting to is this: (*Continued on page 40*)

(Starting at the left and reading across the two pages) Ann Leaf, shown here with big William Hall, cannot forget a certain terror she experienced. Jacques Fray would give anything if he hadn't written that letter! Mario Braggiotti is haunted by memories of the War. Lee Sims (pictured with his wife, Ilomay Bailey) never, on any of his programs, plays "The Rosary." There's a reason. Frank Crumit still blames himself for the thoughtlessness of his youth. His wife, Julia Sanderson, would forget another's dishonesty.

By DORA ALBERT

IF there were just one thing in your life that you could forget merely by wishing to forget it, what would it be? If you could wipe out the memory of one thing that has happened in your life, which would you choose?

When I asked that question of a group of radio stars, I knew that it struck deep. I hoped to uncover hidden dramas in their lives, because the things that we would like to forget are things that are blazed in our memories, that torture and crucify us. They are things that have hurt us so bitterly that we would like to forget them if we only could.

And yet I did not realize how deep the question really struck. When I asked it, I saw people's faces change. I saw them with their masks off. I saw looks of pain and horror in their eyes as they remembered things that they had been trying to forget all their lives.

I shall try to tell you some of the things that were really in their hearts—the things of which they found it difficult even to speak. For only in that way can you learn to understand what the radio stars are really like underneath all their glamor.

"If there were one thing, just one that I could forget," said Frank Crumit of the team of Sanderson and Crumit, "it would be the thoughtless way I treated my grandmother, who brought me up. My mother died when I was about two years old. I was brought up in my grandmother's household. She was a remarkable woman, but of a rather stern New England type. I must have broken her heart countless times in a thousand thoughtless ways. I remember the time I came home from high school, after I had been drinking too much beer. Now I can realize what the sight of me that night must have done to her. Then it seemed such a little thing. I was just a careless kid and did not understand. And now that I understand, how I wish I could wipe out the memory of my thoughtlessness. I wish that my people were alive today, so that I could treat them as wonderfully as Julia (Julia Sanderson, his wife) treats hers."

BUT Julia Sanderson also has her bitter memories, memories she finds it difficult to talk about. There is the memory of her first disillusionment.

She was such an idealistic person, the young Julia. She thought that everyone tried to be honest and that people could be trusted and that those who pretended to be her



THE THINGS THEY'D LIKE TO FORGET

Sad things. Mean things. Terrifying things. They happened in the lives of the radio stars, too. Some amazing confessions here

friends were the epitome of sincerity and loyalty.

There was one girl who was very close to her, a colored maid who had been with her for four or five years. Julia did everything in the world that she could for the girl. She, in turn, thought that her maid was loyal and devoted to her.

Then rumors began drifting in to Julia that her maid was stealing from her. She laughed at them. She stormed at those who told her such things. She did not believe that anyone who had been so close to her would deliberately do anything to hurt her.

She did not believe till the shameful day when she was dragged out of bed at three o'clock in the morning, to be told that her maid was in the police station, and had stolen everything that Julia had in the world.

The horror of her shattered faith—that is still with Julia Sanderson. Faith in humanity crumbled at such a blow. That betrayal by one she trusted is the thing Julia Sanderson would choose to forget if she could.

In a way, the thing that Phil Cook, the comedian of many voices, would choose to forget is not so very different. To him, too, heartbreak came when a man he had regarded as his friend turned his back on him.

Phil had known him for about five or six years and regarded this man as one of his greatest boosters. One day Phil's job on a commercial program ended. That didn't worry Phil. He was sure he could get another job.

And then the thing happened which was to crucify him and shatter his faith. Phil went to see a potential sponsor. The man he had regarded as his friend went to this possible sponsor and said, "Why hire Phil? He's all washed up in radio. People are tired of listening to him. They've been listening to him for three years and they're all fed up."

To this day Phil Cook does not know why this man delivered this terrible blow to his faith in real friendship. You know, of course, that Phil Cook was not washed up and that he is still entertaining audiences over the National Broadcasting Company network.

"But it is a bitter thing," he says, "to find out that someone who has been shaking your hand for five years and who you thought was your friend and booster would turn round and give you a kick like that. It wasn't the fear of not getting the job that hurt me. It was the loss of faith in someone I had believed in. Things like that do something to your faith in humanity."

WITH many radio stars, the thing they would like to forget is not some disillusionment but the loss or illness of someone who is close and dear to them.

If Gertrude Berg, the mother of the Goldbergs—that amazingly real Jewish family—could forget just one thing, it would be the horror of her mother's continuous illness, which started with a nervous breakdown ten years ago. They were so close to each other, Gertrude and her mother. From earliest childhood Gertrude worshipped this mother of hers. And yet they were more like friends than like mother and daughter. (*Continued on page 50*)

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT

THE LOW-DOWN ON THE

JIMMIE WALLINGTON, NBC's pride and joy, is broken-hearted. For a long while, it was Jimmie's boast that he had the biggest feet in radio. Size twelve and one-half. Word reached him the other day that Station WLW in Cincinnati had a heavy-weight announcer named Peter Grant. The boys got together and compared dogs. Grant won by one-half size, and now Jimmie is moping around trying to be satisfied with the Eastern States Championship.

JIMMIE MELTON, Florida's gift to radio, turned hero the other day. While on a friend's yacht, the captain suffered a heart attack and fell overboard. Jimmie leaped after him and got him back aboard the boat. Unfortunately, his efforts were in vain for doctors said the captain was dead before he hit the water.

LOPEZ speaking." You've heard that on the air plenty of times. What you don't know is that the first time Vincent said it, nobody heard it. That was back in February of 1922 over old WJZ in Newark, N. J. It was Sunday and a station executive, suddenly horrified

(Left) Gertrude Niesen, of the deep voice and the fascinating eyes, made a personal appearance at Loew's State Theatre in New York in her own vaudeville act. (Below, from left to right) Frank Jaquet, on the left and Charles Egleston on the right—they're better known as Finkspot and Puddle of the Puddle Family—chat with America's ace clown, Poodles Hanneford. Second, John White, the Lonesome Singer, and Tim Frawley, the Old Ranger, of Death Valley Days. Next—the Sisters of the Skillet visited Jack Dempsey out at Schmeling's New Jersey camp. And finally, a touching little drama entitled, "Amos 'n' Andy—'n Grapefruit."

YOUR FAVORITES

HIGHER UPS—COME AND GET IT WHILE IT'S HOT!

ordered the program cancelled. However, nobody remembered to tell Lopez. So Vincent played gaily into a dead mike and pulled his "Lopez speaking" without a syllable of it getting beyond the studio's four walls.

ODDS AND ENDS: Microphone No. 13 at the CBS New York headquarters has never failed. It has been used by Alfred Smith, Charles Lindbergh and John W. Davis . . . Irvin Cobb is probably the only radio artist who is a Chevalier of France's Legion of Honor . . . the Boswell Sisters have followed Morton Downey to London for vaudeville dates . . . and Duke Ellington's band is knocking them on their ears in England.

JOHNNY MARVIN has a problem. He wants to take out a passport for visiting Europe and the government demands that he give his birthplace. Which is just what Johnny cannot do. You see, he was born in a covered wagon trekking the trail to Indian Territory and his parents don't remember whether they were in Missouri, Kansas, or Oklahoma.

IF the Sisters of the Skillet hadn't been able to swim, there'd have been no Sisters of the Skillet. Twelve years ago, so they tell us, a woman screamed in the water off the beach at Michigan City, Indiana. Two men rushed into the lake, swam to her aid, and towed her ashore. Then the rescuers took a look at each other and introduced themselves. That was the first meeting of Eddie East and Ralph Dumpke, the famous Sisters of today's broadcasts.

MARY EASTMAN, CBS's high-toned canary, likes to raise flowers. Accordingly, in the early spring she planted them all around her country home. A nephew of hers with Marx Brothers ideas came along one night, dug up all her bulbs and planted vegetables. Mary swears that, if she catches him, she'll make him eat all the spinach that is growing in her nasturtium bed.

WERE you listening the night Phil Cook turned up at the studio with a cold? Phil is the man, you know, who plays a dozen different characters himself. A sort of one-man show. Well, when he got hoarse, it naturally made all twelve of his characters hoarse. What to do about it had the NBC executives in a pother. Phil settled it all by rewriting his show so that there was a big epidemic of colds in his radio town. Which permitted all his characters to sneeze and sniffle as much as they pleased.

DID YOU KNOW THAT: Annette Hanshaw of the Show Boat program is a swell cook? And that she can't read a note of music? . . . That Don Voorhees, leader of the Show Boat orchestra, has four dogs, all Scotties? . . . That Tiney Ruffner, the announcer and Captain Henry's advance man, is seven inches more than six feet tall? . . . That Charley Winninger's father was the discoverer of Houdini?

WHEN Old Gold's program presented a Magnolia as its comedy character several months ago there was a lot of confusion. You see, Fanny Mae Baldridge had written a number of sketches with a Mammy Magnolia in them. Many fans thought this Magnolia was the one employed by Old Gold. NBC protested, Miss Baldridge protested, and the original Magnolia protested. As a result, Old Gold's Magnolia became Mandy Lou, but now we have news that the original Mammy Magnolia is coming back to the air over station KYW in Chicago.

A LOT of people have wondered about Franklin Bens, the sensational tenor at station WLW in Cincinnati. Is he old? Is he young? Is he middle-aged? For your

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

Pat Barnes, veteran radio actor, goes on the air for Tastyeast in Chicago. Monday, Wednesday and Thursday at 12:15 p.m., if you don't know already.

This is Captain Dobbsie of the Ship of Joy. NBC has the Captain, his crew and his joyful bark firmly anchored in its eastern studios now.

Phil Cook, the man of many voices, dresses up like Algy, the clothing store clerk—just one of the many radio characters Phil impersonates.

information, Franklin is just 21 years old and graduated the other day from the Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

THAT Ship of Joy you may have heard recently arrived in New York from San Francisco by way of the Panama Canal. Hugh Barrett Dobbs, known to thousands of West Coast listeners as Captain Dobbsie, was in charge. West of the Rockies, the Ship of Joy has been sailing around for seven years. One sponsor chartered it for five years in succession. Recently, the National Broadcasting Company decided that it was big enough to make the trip to New York. Accordingly, a New York studio is its new anchorage. And millions of new listeners are tuning in on Captain Dobbsie.

FROM now on, it isn't just plain John S. Young any more. It Dr. Young, if you please. Johnny's work as announcer on Catholic broadcasts over the NBC network recently earned him an honorary degree of LL.D. from St. Benedict's College at Atchinson, Kansas.

OUT in Chicago a bunch of steel workers have been laboring over Amos 'n' Andy for several months. Not long ago they finished their job, packed up their tools and left A. 'n' A. towering 628 feet in the air.

Amos 'n' Andy, if you haven't guessed, are the towers of the famous giant sky-ride, at the World's Fair. They rise, 2000 feet apart, on either side of the great lagoon. During their construction, the workers jokingly named the east tower Amos and the west tower Andy and ran a race to see which would be finished in the shortest time. Amos 'n' Andy in person dedicated them sometime in June. And those cars that you ride in at bullet-like speed are named after Amos 'n' Andy characters. When you are in the Windy City, why don't you drop 'round and have a ride in Mme. Queen or the Kingfish.

HERE is news for Myrt and Marge fans. Myrt and Marge recently left Chicago for Hollywood where they will make a movie that ought to hit your theatre screens sometime this fall. And say, you're going to get to see Piffingteffer. That's the nice looking feller with the idiotic voice. His name is Ray Hedge and he will have an important part in the picture.

IT looks as if Bing Crosby is to be our next big movie star. Paramount Pictures have been so satisfied with his work in recent films that they offered him a brand new contract and starring position, which may mean that Bing will stay in Hollywood this winter instead of coming back to radio.

IF you've never stopped to think of the number of people who sit around twiddling their thumbs during your radio entertainment, just consider this. When David Ross, announcer, says "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System" at the conclusion of the Old Gold program with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, 81 monitor room engineers in 81 radio stations all up and down this great country, press a button. Also, 81 technicians at 81 transmitters throw a switch. And 81 announcers rise in 81 studios and bellow forth their local call letters. Ho-hum. . . .

IT sometimes seems that the merry gods who direct our destinies make the most bunglesome mistakes. Milton Cross, NBC announcer whose juvenile programs have endeared him to thousands of mothers and children, recently went to a studio telephone in response to a page boy's call. When he got there, he heard that his only daughter was dying. This little girl was Milton's greatest joy. When he broadcast, she always listened. Immediately he rushed to her and arrived just in time to

Extry! Extry! Myrt and Marge in Hollywood—to make a picture!

LET'S GOSSIP ABOUT YOUR FAVORITES

The famous traveler and lecturer, Burton Holmes, who is heard these days in talks on the Century of Progress over the NBC network.

Gracie Allen has suddenly been bitten by the urge to write. Authoress Allen uses a dictaphone. Has the thing a little cockeyed, but still . . .

Conrad Thibault is the name. He has a grand baritone voice. Tune in and hear him with Ferdie Grofe's orchestra—NBC, Mon., Wed. and Sat. p.m's.

have her die in his arms. Remember that, when you next hear him and his children's program. It will help you to understand why he is one of the best loved announcers in radio.

Our sincerest sympathies.

AS this is written, Jimmy Mattern is lost somewhere in the wilds of Siberia, and many a radio performer is worried sick. Jimmie has many friends in the broadcasting business. He used to play the drums in Ben Bernie's band.

Hope everything goes all right.

IN Chicago there is a guy who's God's gift to wallflowers. Over station KYW at 6:15 p. m. (Central time) Mondays, James Weckler is giving dancing lessons. Now those timid souls who never learned the art can practice stepping on their partner's feet right in their own parlors.

THAT red letter day in the lives of the National Broadcasting Company and British Broadcasting Company recently, when you heard Walter Lippman talking to John Keynes in England, may have been the pride of American broadcasters—but it was a pain in the neck for a lot of Long Island motorists.

For a half hour before the broadcast, the deputy sheriff of Wading River, Long Island, where Mr. Lippman lives, took charge of all traffic past his home and detoured it over the hills and far away. The reason being that NBC had set its microphone up in the study of Mr. Lippman's home and its request for a quiet day in the country was taken seriously by the sturdy sheriff of the township.

YOU'D think that radio stars, for all their posing here and there, would become accustomed to a camera. According to CBS, here is how some of their brightest luminaries react. Guy Lombardo asks questions. He is an expert amateur cameraman. Ruth Etting remains calm and obeys all directions until the camera is pushed near her. She won't permit a close-up. Burns and Allen go through a regular act and "freeze" into a pose at a word from the photographer. Kate Smith has one stock phrase for all cameramen. She warns them that their camera won't be big enough to include all of her 214 pounds. Abe Lyman won't let anyone photograph him from the right side, if he knows it. He insists that the left side of his face is better.

Thought all those little vanities of the famous radio folk might amuse you.

DID you hear Al Jolson in the first of Paul Whiteman's new two hour shows? Not long ago, if you remember, Al said he was through with radio forever. His return was arranged only after the sponsors had promised that he might do exactly as he pleased during his broadcast. That was just the chance Al wanted—and he took it.

Incidentally, that's one of the corkingest programs that have hit our ears in a long while. As Mae West would have it, "Why don't yuh tune in, some time?"

IF you are ever riding over New York in an airplane and look down to a roof where a man appears to be fishing, don't get excited. It is just Don Bester, famous orchestra leader, who takes his fishing tackle to the roof of his hotel to practice casting. Don is planning a Maine vacation and the roof-top is his only chance.

Lippmann-Keynes transcontinental chat upsets Long Island traffic

• • LITTLE JACK

By JEAN PELLETIER

BECAUSE I dislike to tell you that a great radio singer, fundamentally a fine young man, once lead a riotous, unnatural existence, I hesitate to reveal this story of Little Jack Little to you. But because it was his listeners, particularly one, who were responsible for his rehabilitation, it is only fair that you should know what I am about to write.

The sun was peeping benignly over the rim of the east when Little Jack Little donned his pyjamas and dropped wearily into bed. A dull song pounded through his fuddled brain. "Three hours to sleep, then get up to sing. Three hours to sleep . . ." He dropped into a restless slumber.

Out on an Iowa farm, a delicate little old lady, with hair as smooth as the cornsilk that waved over her fields, was already astir, singing at her early morning duties. By the time she was wiping the breakfast dishes and putting them away on the shelves of her gleaming kitchen, she was glancing every few minutes at the clock. Suddenly she stopped her singing and a frown lined her face. She wondered if Little Jack's cold were better this morning. Or was it something more than a cold? That old laughing spirit of his was strangely absent . . .

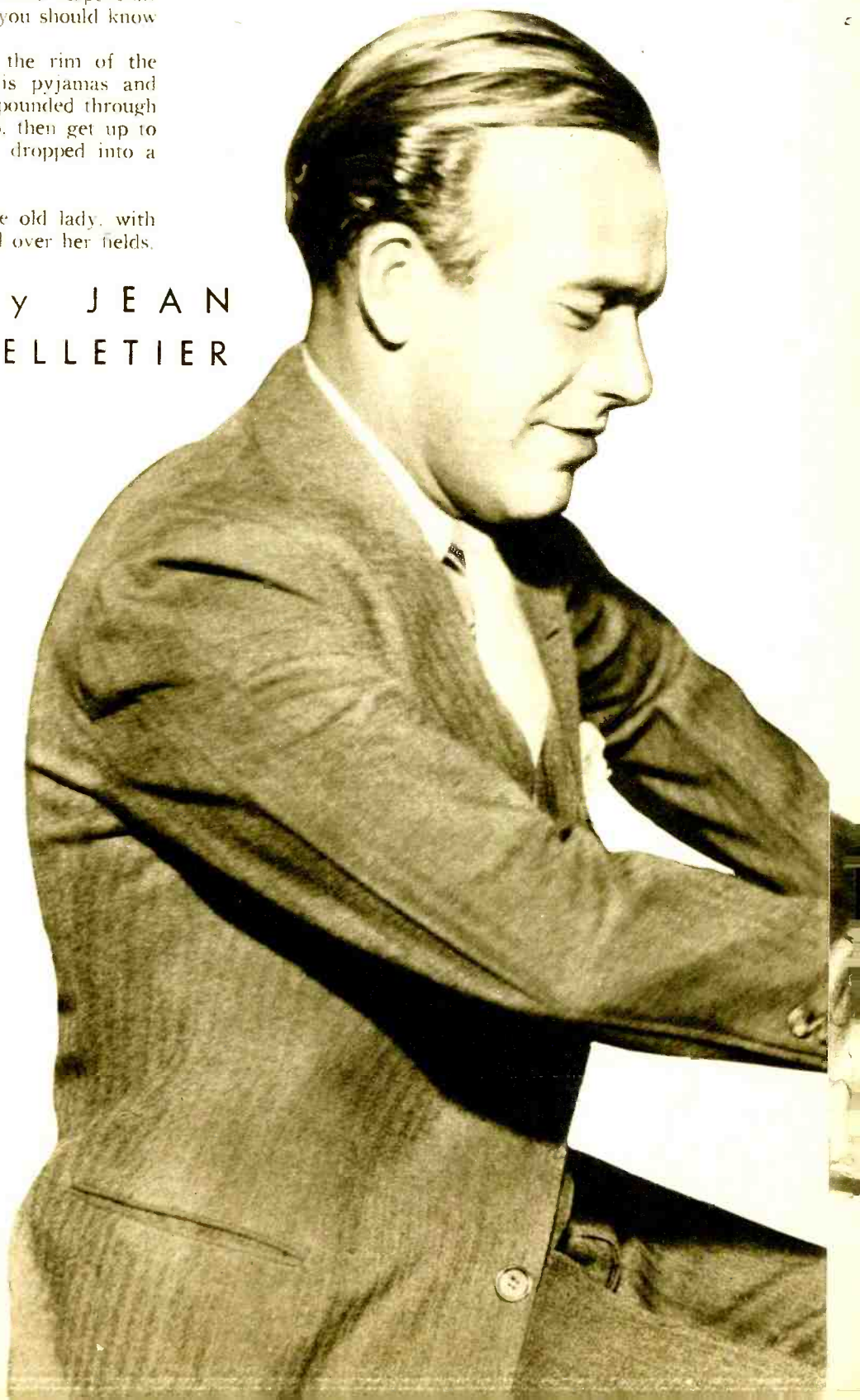
The sun had climbed higher in the sky and was beaming down on the millions hurrying through the canyons of New York to their offices.

Little Jack Little stirred in his sleep and pushed away the hand that was shaking him. "Jack, Jack. Get up. You have just a half hour to get to the studios."

The singer raised himself slowly on one hand and rubbed his eyes with the other. "Huh? What? Oh, all right. I'm getting up." He donned his robe and shuffled into the bathroom. "Tea," he demanded (Tea is his wife), "where's the aspirin?"

His wife handed him the bottle from the shelf directly in front of him. He filled a glass with water and swallowed two tablets. Rubbing his chin, he gazed at himself in the mirror. A pair of heavy-lidded eyes were staring glassily back at him. "Damn," he said. "Oh, damn."

TEA leaned against the bathroom door as he stropped his razor listlessly. "Jack," she said, "you must try to get home earlier. Of course you have headaches after the kind of nights you spend along Broadway. Now you'll be so tired today you won't be able to work on your new song."



LITTLE'S SECRET

Jack's hand shook a little as he squeezed some shaving cream on his brush. "Oh, I'll get a bit of rest today and then I'll work with the boys on it this evening."

"Yes, I know," Tea sighed. "Then you'll go out and have something to drink with the boys and then you'll start around to the night clubs and you won't get home until dawn again."

"Well, it's business," he protested irritably through billows of lather. "I have to see that my songs are played around the right places or they won't sell."

"But Jack, you don't have to stay around carousing till all hours. You hang around with a bunch of leeches who'll forget you fast enough when you're sucked dry."

"Well, a guy's got to be a good fellow once in a while," he sputtered through handfuls of cold water.

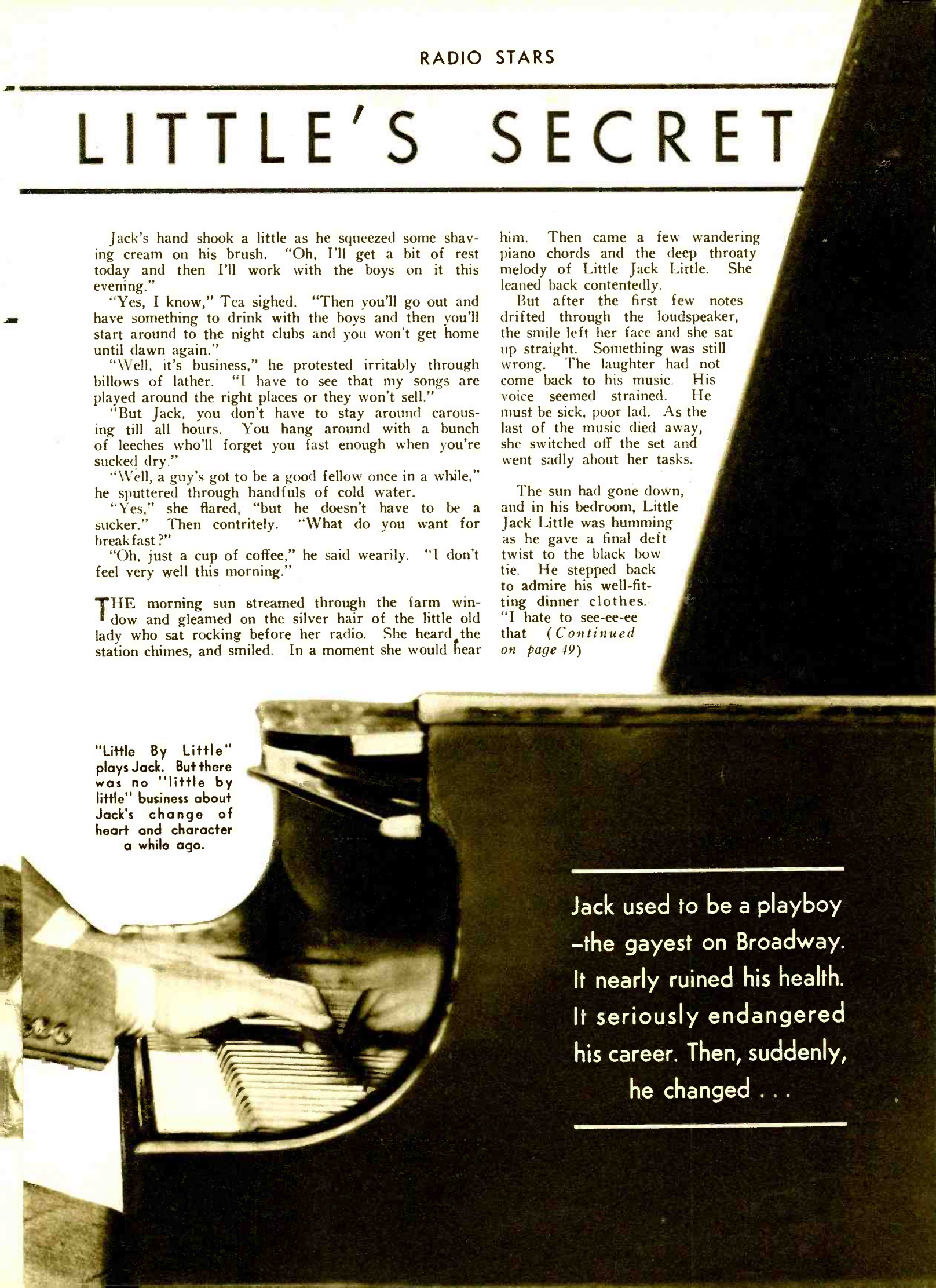
"Yes," she flared, "but he doesn't have to be a sucker." Then contritely. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"Oh, just a cup of coffee," he said wearily. "I don't feel very well this morning."

THE morning sun streamed through the farm window and gleamed on the silver hair of the little old lady who sat rocking before her radio. She heard the station chimes, and smiled. In a moment she would hear him. Then came a few wandering piano chords and the deep throaty melody of Little Jack Little. She leaned back contentedly.

But after the first few notes drifted through the loudspeaker, the smile left her face and she sat up straight. Something was still wrong. The laughter had not come back to his music. His voice seemed strained. He must be sick, poor lad. As the last of the music died away, she switched off the set and went sadly about her tasks.

The sun had gone down, and in his bedroom, Little Jack Little was humming as he gave a final deft twist to the black bow tie. He stepped back to admire his well-fitting dinner clothes. "I hate to see-ee-ee that *(Continued on page 49)*



"Little By Little" plays Jack. But there was no "little by little" business about Jack's change of heart and character a while ago.

Jack used to be a playboy –the gayest on Broadway. It nearly ruined his health. It seriously endangered his career. Then, suddenly, he changed . . .

• • • JANE FROMAN'S

(Above, from left to right.) First, a black street dress, trimmed with Roman-striped material. This frock solves the "wide shoulder" problem without going in for those overdone puffed sleeves. The next two pictures show Jane's pet Sunday night ensemble. Without the jacket, the black and white checked skirt and décolleté cerise top make a grand dance frock. With the little jacket, Jane feels quite properly attired for informal dining. (Immediately left.) A close-up of the cocktail hat that goes with the ensemble. The veil is stitched on so that it will never lose its perky lines.

By HELEN HOVER

THIS Froman gal is the personification of the typical American girl—sporty, gay, wholesome and yet glamorous. What an unbeatable combination!

You may have heard that Jane is a University of Missouri graduate. The reason I mention it here is because her clothes have that youthful swagger and daring that college girls adopt.

"I think you'll find more originality on a campus than you will at a conference of French dressmakers," she remarked. "College girls—and I don't exclude their modern sisters who may be pounding typewriters for a living—have a genuine flare for clothes. Contrary to popular belief, they don't go in for fads, but they're geniuses at creating original ideas for clothes. They like smart, sophisticated things for the evening, and their daytime and sport frocks, I think, are the most dashing in the world!"

And who can deny Jane's statement after looking at the highlights in her wardrobe. That suit on the next page, for instance. It has that easy, nonchalant sportiness that seems to say, "I was just made for Jane." Can't you just picture it being worn to the first football game of the season? It's a two-piece dress and jacket combina-

EARLY FALL WARDROBE

(Above, from left to right.) Jane Froman's black chiffon and ciré evening ensemble is a knockout. You can see it above, as it looks with the jacket. Very leg-o'-mutton as to sleeve and very slinky as to skirt. The combination of the shiny ciré and the dull chiffon is very chic and very flattering to the figure. Next—Jane's early fall sport suit. The skirt combines grey and violet stripes, used in a diagonal fashion. The huge batiste bow gives softness to the face. In the third picture, you see a grand way to liven up an old dark dress. That white arrangement—sort of a collar-bib-jacket, it might be called—is of crepe. Detachable and easily washable, of course. The wide black belt, laced across the front, is of the same leather that is used for men's dressing cases.

Simple—but dashing—things for daytime. Sophisticated—and still simple—things for evening. That's lovely Jane Froman's wardrobe motto. And a very good one for any girl to follow

tion that's so very new and very practical right now.

The dress itself is a finely ribbed wool of gray and violet stripes. And there's a complete little fashion story in that one dress alone. First—the stripes. They're very chic for sport things. And speaking of stripes, never have them run straight up and down, or straight across. There's a popular impression that the former treatment will make you look slimmer, and the latter makes you look stouter, but either way gives a squatty, monotonous look. The diagonal stripe, such as Jane wears, is both interesting and very flattering to the figure.

Then the second style tip is the suit's color—violet. It's a new shade, you'll agree, and why it took this long to become popular, I don't know, because it's just about the most flattering color in the world, for girls of any complexion. It goes beautifully with Jane's coloring. Her eyes are that shade of blue, you know, that turn green with a green dress and violet with a dress of that color. Don't confuse the color with purple or lavender. This violet (Parma violet, it's called) has that soft, woody-brown tone in it that's so ap- (*Continued on page 43*)

Backstage BROAD

By OGDEN MAYER

All photographs in this feature taken exclusively for RADIO STARS by Culver.

RUMORS are crashing the breadth and length of Radio Row that fire or fur will fly this afternoon when Bob Taplinger celebrates the second birthday of his famous "Meet the Artist" program.

I wonder if you've ever heard Bob and his bevy of kilocycle cuties. One at a time, he has interviewed Kate Smith, Downey, Colonel Stoopnagle, and a double-dozen others. One each week . . . five o'clock Wednesdays, Eastern Standard Time. This afternoon, he brings together *all* his alumni for an anniversary celebration. That means he'll have at least three dozen untamed and temperamental radio stars in his menagerie. Some of them don't speak, I hear, some are harboring ancient grudges, all of them are fortune's favorites and candidates for anybody's limelight. It's a cinch, we've gotta be there.

Hi, there, Magic Carpet! We want to go to Columbia's Number One studio in Manhattan. Step aboard, folks. The carpet's going our way. Whe-e-e-e-eeeee! Bur-ump . . . bur-ump . . . bump! And here we are, deposited in CBS's skyscraping studios at 485 Madison Avenue.

Up those steps at the right! They look like a ship's companionway. Through that door with the little glass speakeasy window. It's heavy and sound-proof so geeve a poosh. Wow! Hear that racket? It pours out of the studio in a stream you have to shove through. Music and voices and laughter. What's happening? We'll find out.

Inside, it's like a riot. Three dozen men and women are standing up, all talking at once. A baker's dozen of musicians lean wearily on their instruments. A score of visitors sit forward on the edges of chairs. A brownish streak wearing plaid checks zooms through the crowd like a dragonfly. That's Bob Taplinger, master of today's ceremonies and major domo of the "Meet the Artist" program.

"Hey, Bob."

Look quick, you! That's Kate Smith calling. She's over against the wall. Ted Collins, her manager and best friend, is sitting quietly in a chair.

"I can't sing a song in one minute," Kate

(Top) Ann Leaf, Mary Eastman. (Middle) The Funnyboners—doing their best for good old CBS. (Bottom) Ozzie Nelson, Eddie Duchin and Fred Waring. All these stars—and more—appeared on the second birthday broadcast of "Meet the Artist."

at a CAST...!

The "Meet the Artists" birthday program. Thirty-nine stars! $25,000 worth of talent! Better come along with us!

says. Bob whispers to her and vanishes in the crowd.

Let's move around and see who's here. Be careful where you step. We wouldn't want to smash a celebrity. Hey, hear that voice. Sounds like a torpedo plane in full flight . . . br-r-r-r-r! That's Ted Husing. They say he even talks in his sleep. And there's David Ross, Fred Waring, Nino Martini, Colonel Stoopnagle . . .

THE clock shows hands straight against the 5:45 mark. Musicians suddenly chin their instruments, shove them against pursed lips. A slim, dapper man, immaculate in brown, lashes at them with a baton. He's sun-bronzed Freddie Berrens, CBS leader. The melody of "When Good Fellows Get Together" crackles around the mikes. Hold everything. We're on the air.

Bop Taplinger stands at one mike, a sheaf of papers in his hand, an anxious look in his eyes as he searches the crowd for his celebrities. Harry Von Zell—remember his "Time Marches On"?—is the announcer. Athletic, blond, with a forelock that flings a reckless mane across his forehead, Von Zell booms out the introduction.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, when good fellows get together . . . and good artists, too. For today you are cordially invited to join our studio party. You're going to hear more radio headliners than have ever graced a single broadcast. Yessir, it's going to be a star-a-minute."

Look! That's Colonel Stoopnagle shoving up to that other mike. Broad of beam, beetle-browed, with a mile-wide smile, he's up to some mischief. Listen.

"Pardon me, Harry, but Budd and myself sort of think it would be peachy to tell just who's giving this radio party—on account of our getting washed and dressed up for it."

In a moment, Harry is introducing Bob Taplinger and Bob takes over a mike. His initial introduction presents Fred Berrens whose orchestra always furnishes the period's music. Freddie swings into a mile-a-minute tune but Bob cuts him off after a half dozen

(Top) William O'Neil, Colonel Stoopnagle, and Maestros Nat Shilkret, George Hall, Kostelanetz and Belasco. (Middle) Bob Taplinger, who is host and master of ceremonies of the "Artist" program. (Bottom) Announcers Von Zell, Husing and Ross with Waring.

bars to introduce Little Jack Little to the audience.

From a monster grand piano at the far side of the studio comes the jingly, tingly tune that we know is Jack Little's trademark. There's Jack, sitting with his head thrown back, watching the ceiling. He stops in the middle of the piece, says, "And then I wrote," and glissandos into another. In a moment, he does it again. The gang around him laughs. Watch them, mouths open, eyes bright with humor. Can celebrities be human after all? Could that blood-and-thunder rumor of feuds to be fought out here be just a lot of wind? We'll find out.

Jack's fingers twinkled through a hit song's finale. "And then I quit," he says. There is a spontaneous gust of laughter.

Bob has a little lady beside him at the mike. She's just up to his shoulder and has to stand on tip-toe. Black of hair and dark-eyed, she might be somebody's daughter down from Vassar. Instead, she's Ann Leaf. "Little Organ Annie," Bob calls her. She pulls out a harmonica and commences to play. Jokingly, Bob pushes her away and summons Tommy McLaughlin.

Tommy is called the Romantic Bachelor. And he looks the part. After he sings, Bob reads a cablegram from Morton Downey who is en route to Europe.

Then a big, blackish fellow takes the air. Piercing black eyes, shoulders that might move pianos if they wished, that's George Hall, one of Manhattan's most popular maestros. He leads the orchestra into "Love Letters in the Sand."

And along comes romance. How do I know? Because the fellow carries a guitar. His name, if you don't know, is Tito Guizar, a Mexican . . . but he doesn't look like one. Blondish and tall and Nordic-looking, with a voice as smooth and sweet as honey. He sings briefly and then turns on Bob with an outburst of Spanish. Nobody understands, especially Bob, until Tito translates into admirable English.

Leon Belasco is famous for his foreign songs. When Bob brings him to the mike he says, "Here, Belasco. How about doing a Russian song."

"Okay," says Belasco, "I'll do a French song." And he does a French song.

Over on the other side of the room there's a sudden scurry and swirl of people. The crowd separates and at a brand new mike we see the handsomest man in the room. Nino Martini, Columbia's tenor songbird who was recently signed up by the Metropolitan Opera Company. At Bob's request, he sings "O Sole Mio." Martini is slight in size but built like a swordsman and when he sings, one foot is stanced forward like a duellist preparing a thrust. He ends his song on a fine, sky-scraping note.

Bob beckons to Fred Waring. For once, Fred is minus his Pennsylvanians. It's like meeting Amos without Andy or Queen Mary without her hat. Offstage he looks a lot like the country boy he was before he left Tyrone, Pennsylvania. When Bob asks him to sing, he refuses. "I'm not foolish enough to try to follow Nino Martini," he says, "but I've brought somebody who's a really great performer. Just wait till the Metropolitan hears him."

We strain forward on our toes and see a long-jawed fellow. A slightly pained look flits across his face and his mouth opens. "O Sole Mio . . ." The words grate on our ears like a stick drawn across palings. It's the famous

(*Continued on page 44*)

(Top) There's Phil Regan, tenor, at the mike. He and Little Jack Little did some amusing clowning. (Middle) No, Stoopnagle isn't praying. He's just thinking up another ginger-peachy idea. (Bottom) Elsie (Magic Voice) Hitz, who was so ill with scarlet fever recently. She stopped in to say a word.

SHERLOCK HOLMES UNMASKED

By EVERETTA LOVE

Richard Gordon is his real name. And he's really very different from the canny Mr. Holmes. (Bottom of page) Tinkering happily in his cellar workshop in his Stamford, Connecticut, home.

Meet the famous air detective off guard and find out what he's like

SHERLOCK HOLMES has left the air for the summer—perhaps for good. But the man who made him a flesh-and-blood reality to millions is still in radio. Richard Gordon is this man. He is one of radio's greatest actors.

And one of the worst detectives.

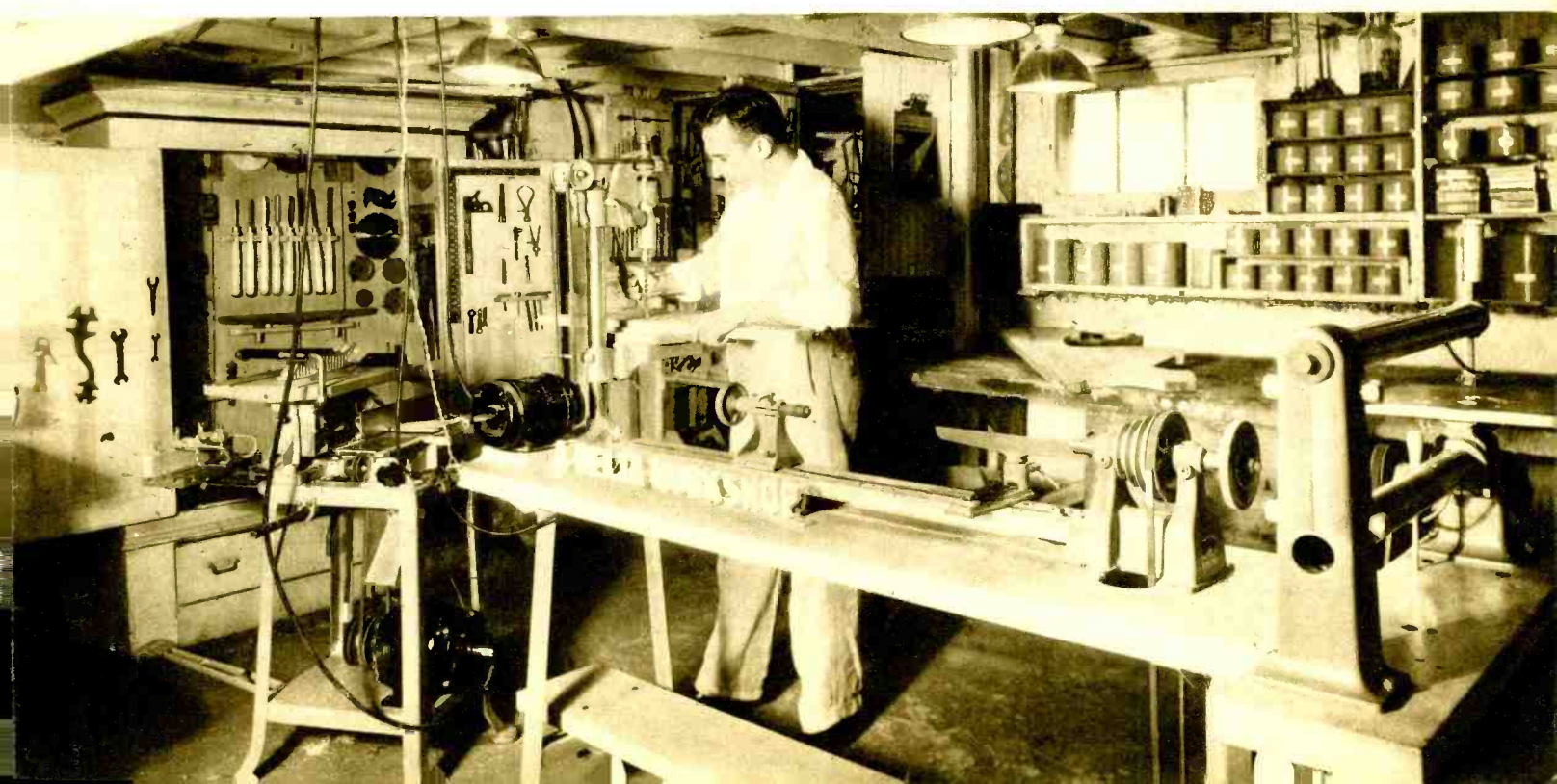
You think he's a hard-boiled sleuth. You think that nothing could escape his eagle eye and that criminals go to pieces under the lash of his merciless tongue. But I know better. I know him as he really is and, since RADIO STARS has asked me to unmask him for you, I shall give you a true picture of your favorite man-hunter.

Actually, he is no more like that human blood-hound than your Aunt Emmie is like Greta Garbo. He is one of the most easy-going and charming persons in radio. He's good-natured and not the least bit nervous and erratic. Even his voice is different.

When he says, "Elementary, my dear Watson, elementary," on the air, his voice is the high-pitched and irritable one that you have come to recognize instantly as Sherlock Holmes', but Gordon's real voice is deep and calm and very soothing to the ear.

RICHARD GORDON is six feet tall, broad of shoulders and weighs 165 pounds. His eyes are dark-brown and so is his hair, though tinged with gray at the temples. He's always extremely well-groomed.

Unlike Sherlock, his mind is never on practical problems. He is primarily the artist and dreamer. But a regular guy. You won't find a *(Continued on page 46)*



Here is Mrs. Barton and her eight youngsters. Yes, they're all hers. The oldest, Jimmy, is thirteen. The youngest, Paddy, is three. How many women would have held on to career ambitions with this tribe to bring up?

SHE DARED TO HAVE A CAREER

That age-old question—can a woman have children and a career? Well, Frances Lee Barton dared to have both—and—but read the story

By KATHARINE KEYES

WHEN a woman is old-fashioned enough to want children and modern enough to want a career, what happens to her?

Frances Lee Barton can tell you. Not during her broadcasts of the General Foods Cooking School of the Air, because that time is devoted to recipes and a hundred happy ways of making better things to eat. But if you can get her aside in her immaculate radio kitchen and reach behind the screen of her mind, you will learn much.

For in her mind she has settled a lot of questions that disturb so many of us. Babies, for instance. Where do they fit into the life of an ambitious, talented woman? The old wives' tales you hear say that babies invariably frustrate a career, that the girl who seeks what she blindly calls "life" can never become a successful mother; that, like oil and water, the two won't mix.

But won't they? Listen to this story of Frances Lee Barton.

To begin with, she was not Frances Lee Barton at all. She was a school girl in Maryland . . . and then in Western State College. For a while, Kalamazoo, Michigan was her home. Her life was neither brilliant nor dull. Acting in home talent plays, giving dramatic readings for clubs, partying, hiking, swimming—these were the placid currents that moved her toward maturity. And then, with a splash and a swirl, she fell in love, was married, became a part of Kalamazoo's steady-moving, unimportant group of young married folk.

Now, what of her dreams and desires? I can imagine her, swinging in a hammock in the cool of a summer afternoon, wondering if the most life held for her was this niche in a small town's affairs. In her mind were the things we have all heard, no doubt . . . if you want a career, don't have children; they bind one down; you can never escape until it is too late. I'm sure she rejected all those things, else how did she ever survive? But that's ahead of my story.

She is newly married. And soon, the first baby is on the way. When he is born they name him Jimmy. If you are one of her regular listeners, you have heard him on the air Once he told how (*Continued on page 42*)

(Above) My, what a crowd! You can see Hal O'Halloran, who runs the show, way over at the right. (Right) Outside the Eighth Street Theatre in Chicago, where WLS puts on the Barn Dancers. Yessir—all those folks paid to get in!

MEET THE BARN DANCERS

By WILSON BROWN

IF, in my wanderings around the dial, I run into a program that suggests "old-time fiddlin'," I usually tune it right out. For some reason, that sort of music has never appealed to me. That was, however, until recently.

It's different now. I've found a program that I like. Don't ask me why. Maybe it's the tempo of it, or the sincerity. Anyhow, its folks seem real. Regular barn dancers of the sort I used to see down home near the Ozarks.

I'm referring to the WLS Barn Dancers, that program which comes out of Chicago to one of the biggest farm audiences in the world.

The first night I heard it—yes, the first month, too—I was afraid that something was being put over on me. Radio studios have mighty clever actors in them, folks who sound like the real thing when they're actually something else. Gradually, I came to believe in that WLS crowd, and one day, I decided to go up to Chicago to see for myself.

Well, sir, I saw them. I watched them "fiddlin'," and doing their other hill-billy stunts. Believe you me, they're "real folks," as Edgar Guest would call them.

There were two in particular, Mac and Bob. They're blind, both of them. Living in total darkness, it amazes me how much sunshine they're able to bring into the lives of others. Mac is really Lester McFarland and Bob is Robert Gardner. They met for the first time about fifteen years ago in the Kentucky School for the Blind. Kentucky is Mac's home state, but Bob come from Tennessee.

AFTER graduation, they separated for a while—Mac to become a music teacher and Bob to tune pianos. They told me that neither of them was very happy during those days. They'd been together so much in school and come to depend on each other so much that it wasn't long before they arranged to team together. Next, they were making phonograph records for Brunswick and putting on a vaudeville act. (*Continued on page 49*)

Like honest-to-goodness old time fiddlin'? Then meet this grand bunch

ALL AROUND THE DIAL

To identify these pictures look for the number on the picture which corresponds with the number here. 1. Some of the Sinclair Minstrels—NBC at 9 p.m. Mondays. 2. Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell—the May and Wilbur of the Pond's Program. They've found out how to make commercial advertising pleasant. 3. Alice Joy—Radio's Dream Girl—with her son Bruce (five) and her daughter Lois (three and a half). Alice Joy, off the air for a while, is now with Lopez' program in Chicago. 4. Goldy and Dusty—CBS Sundays, 9:15 a. m. Their real names are Harvey Hindermyer and Earle Tuckerman. 5. (Wide World) The Duke himself—Ellington is the name—welcomed by Jack Hylton in London. He'll be back here later in the fall. 6. Johnny Marvin, NBC cowboy singer, is really and truly a cowboy. Born in a covered wagon and everything. 7. (Wide World) Paul Whiteman goes off his famous diet in Chicago. Just that once wouldn't hurt. 8. The Revellers—Jimmie Melton, Elliott Shaw, Lewis James and Wilfred Glen. They're on the Gulf gas program. 9. Here's the entire cast of that popular NBC West Coast program—One Man's Family—around the family board. 10. Lee Wiley of the Pond's Program at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. Have you heard her newest song, "Indian Love Song"? (Stein Photo)

INTIMATE SHOTS

(Below) Phil Regan, Little Jack Little and that boy who's so good at the piano, Eddie Duchin. (Right) Colonel Louis McHenry Howe, Secretary to President Roosevelt—at the left—being interviewed by Walter Trumbull for the NBC network.

Culver Service

Wide World

(Left) The hero of the Showboat caught after a strenuous game of tennis. In other words, the young girl's dream—Lanny Ross. (Above) Nino Martini, the guy who crashed opera through his radio fame, all set for a canter through the Park.

Little Jack Little, Nino Martini, Lanny Ross—caught by the intimate camera

OF YOUR FAVORITES

Wide World

(Left) Grace Moore, the girl with the glorious voice, and Lou Holtz, that ol' master of ye wisecracke, both in fronte of ye goode mike. (Below) H. V. Kaltenborn, Columbia's news commentator, off to Europe to cover the World Economic Conference.

(Above) Ozzie Nelson dashes over to Palisades Park, on the top of the Palisades, opposite New York (for the benefit of you out-of-towners) for a swim with his vocalist, Harriet Hilliard. (Right) Ruth Etting signing an autograph for an avid signature seeker.

Mr. Kaltenborn off for Europe. Ozzie Nelson at the beach. And other shots

Album

Phil Baker left home for a fifty-cent piece

ABOUT twenty years ago, a hungry, penniless New York boy bummed his way for two hundred and fifty miles in order to earn a fifty-cent piece in a cheap Boston theatre.

Years later, that boy became the first $5,000-a-week headliner and master of ceremonies in the great theatres of the country.

He is Phil Baker, the Armour Jester, who is starring in one of the big radio shows from NBC's Chicago studios. People call him a comedian. He doesn't like the word at all. He's even made his sponsors let him play at least one classical accordion solo on each broadcast. That's his answer to the comedian accusation. Perhaps you'd better decide about him for yourself. You'll get him at 9:30 p. m. (EDST) each Friday on NBC's blue network.

The story of Phil Baker's stage career, from that amateur night in Boston on, covers well over twenty years.

First he was secretary to Carl Laemmle in the old IMP Film Company when Mary Pickford was the chief star. All the while, he yearned to be an actor, spending hours in the theatre. One hot night the girl at the piano in Phil's favorite movie house became ill. Without an invitation, Phil slipped into the pit and began to play.

"I knew only three tunes," he admits, "but I could make the proper hullabaloo for the Indians going to war, and there was always 'Hearts and Flowers' for love scenes."

Later, he teamed with Ben Bernie, the "Old Maestro." That was before each became a star in his own right. Then the World War saw Phil in the Navy. It must have done him good because he now says, "I never had the nerve to speak a line on the stage until I put on that uniform. And now—well—even Beetle can't keep me quiet." Beetle, if you don't know, is the ghostly stooge that haunts his program.

Just a few years ago Phil appeared in the musical production, "Americana." Peggy Cartwright, former movie actress, was in the cast. Soon there was talk that the two were going to be married. Always, Phil and Peggy denied everything. When Phil's radio job opened last February and he had to go to Chicago, he took Peggy along. They had been married for months.

For years Phil has been a Broadway star. He's played with Fannie Brice, for Ziegfeld and has traveled all over the country with his shows. Thousands of Americans have seen him and laughed at him. Though he resents it, they—and we—still call him a comedian.

Album

Ted Bergman is the Lon Chaney of the air

TED BERGMAN, the stuttering racketeer, Bolshevik, barking dog or what have you, in the Musical Grocery Store on the NBC chain is the Lon Chaney of the kilocycles. Give him any rôle you wish. He takes them as they come.

Since 1928, Ted has played a thousand and twelve different characters. And those parts included everything from a gangster on the Crime Hour to the romantic lover on the Pages of Romance program. Twenty-two dialects, including the Scandinavian, are at his command, so he feels at home in any crowd.

He's played as many as seven parts in one broadcast, using different dialects for each part. Such a talent comes in handy. Once there were only two people in a detective scene; Ted and another actor who was playing the part of his father. They were both Irishmen with a brogue so thick you could spread it with a knife. As the crisis of the scene approached, the other actor fainted dead away, leaving Ted soloing before the mike. Did he get all hot and bothered? He did not! Ted immediately picked up the other fellow's lines and finished out the scene, playing both parts, and nobody outside the studio knew the difference.

In addition to the rôles he has created himself, Ted has appeared with Eddie Cantor, Rudy Vallee, Stoopnagle and Budd, Jane Cowl and many others. Do you remember on the Chase & Sanborn hour when Rubinoff started talking back to Eddie Cantor? Well, that was Ted talking for Rubinoff. Coming down in the elevator after the show Rubinoff said, "You did noble, Ted, but what am I going to say next week?"

There are other things Ted can do. When he was a student at Columbia University in 1923, he was the intercollegiate wrestling champion in the heavyweight division.

Only once has he really been embarrassed. That was when he was playing with Jane Cowl in a radio version of the famous drama, "Within the Law." Everything was going along smoothly until Miss Cowl stopped right in the middle of the broadcast to ask for a drink of water. Ted got it for her, but he surely stepped fast.

With a fellow like Ted Bergman, in the case of the Musical Grocery Store (9 p.m. Fridays, EDST), you needn't be surprised to find anything from a Chinese laundryman to an English duke in the script. And if you hear some weird sound effects that you never heard before, the chances are at least fifty-fifty that it's Ted.

Album

Mary Eastman showed the show-me state

THERE must be something about the Middle Western parts of these United States. Every so often up pops a star from the corn-rows of Kansas or the mud-holes of Missouri.

This time it's brown-eyed Mary Eastman over at the Columbia studios, the littlish girl with the biggish voice singing to the strains of Howard Barlow's and André Kostelanetz's orchestra.

Horace Greeley may have been sincere when he gave that "go West" advice, but the people of Kansas City, Missouri, a dozen years ago, thought otherwise. And wisely so.

Miss Eastman began studying voice at the tender age of eleven in the old home town. Day after day she rode the one-man street cars to the home of Rose Ryan, a leading Kansas City musician, where she learned, step by step, all those things that go into a singer's education.

She was good, or at least people thought so. So good that they insisted that she go to Chicago to enter the Musical College. After a year in the Windy City, the time came for the awarding of scholarships. Every student studied extra hard. Mary Eastman was conceded by those in the know as being one of the few who had a chance. The night before the contests, dozens of girls with dozens of atomizers sprayed dozens of throats. Then practice, and a night's sleep—then the trying tests.

Minutes seemed like hours to Miss Eastman as the judges, behind closed doors, deliberated their choice. Yes, she was nervous—anxious. Then came the announcement. Mary Eastman had won the contest.

Was she satisfied? No! Like many another ambitious girl, she wanted to go to New York. Her mind had been made up. So she packed her bags. In the eastern city she started training immediately under Frank LaForge.

During those five years, she has worked. Musical comedies, guest appearances, concerts and a special performance in Havana. Such people as Mme. Schumann-Heink and Richard Crooks, two of the opera's leading singers, have had her to assist them.

An Atwater Kent audition in New York City offered her a chance to break into radio. She auditioned. She won. There were district contests and finally a state contest. She won again and again. From there it was just a step to the Columbia Broadcasting System.

And now, the folks in Kansas City sit back in their armchairs Tuesday evenings at 8 o'clock and Sundays at 9:30 p. m. (EDST) and say to each other, "I told you so."

Album

The crowd laughed but Lou Holtz was afraid

IT was to be a comedian's program, so when Lou Holtz stepped up to a Columbia microphone for the first time, trembling and pale, the audience laughed. People thought it was a good show—a famous actor who had played to packed vaudeville houses acting as if he were afraid.

But Holtz wasn't acting. He was afraid. True, he had played to packed houses night after night and his career read like a history of Broadway. But there was something about that little tin box that got the best of him.

He had made a radio appearance before, and had been nervous. Those who knew him thought this time he would be all right. But no. Holtz still admits that he's nervous before each broadcast. With a large audience before him, though, the nervousness soon wears off.

This joke-cracker of the Chesterfield Hour, heard at 10 o'clock (EDST) on Fridays over the Columbia network, made his first public appearance on the stage in an amateur minstrel. He says his first childhood ambition was to be a comedian; his first job was working in his mother's store after school; his first real work—for pay—was with the Southern Pacific Railroad at $25 a month; and his first professional debut as an entertainer at the Crest Café in San Francisco at the age of 16. His family had moved to that city shortly after Lou's birth in New York in 1898.

A while ago we said his career read like a history of Broadway. Let's glance over it.

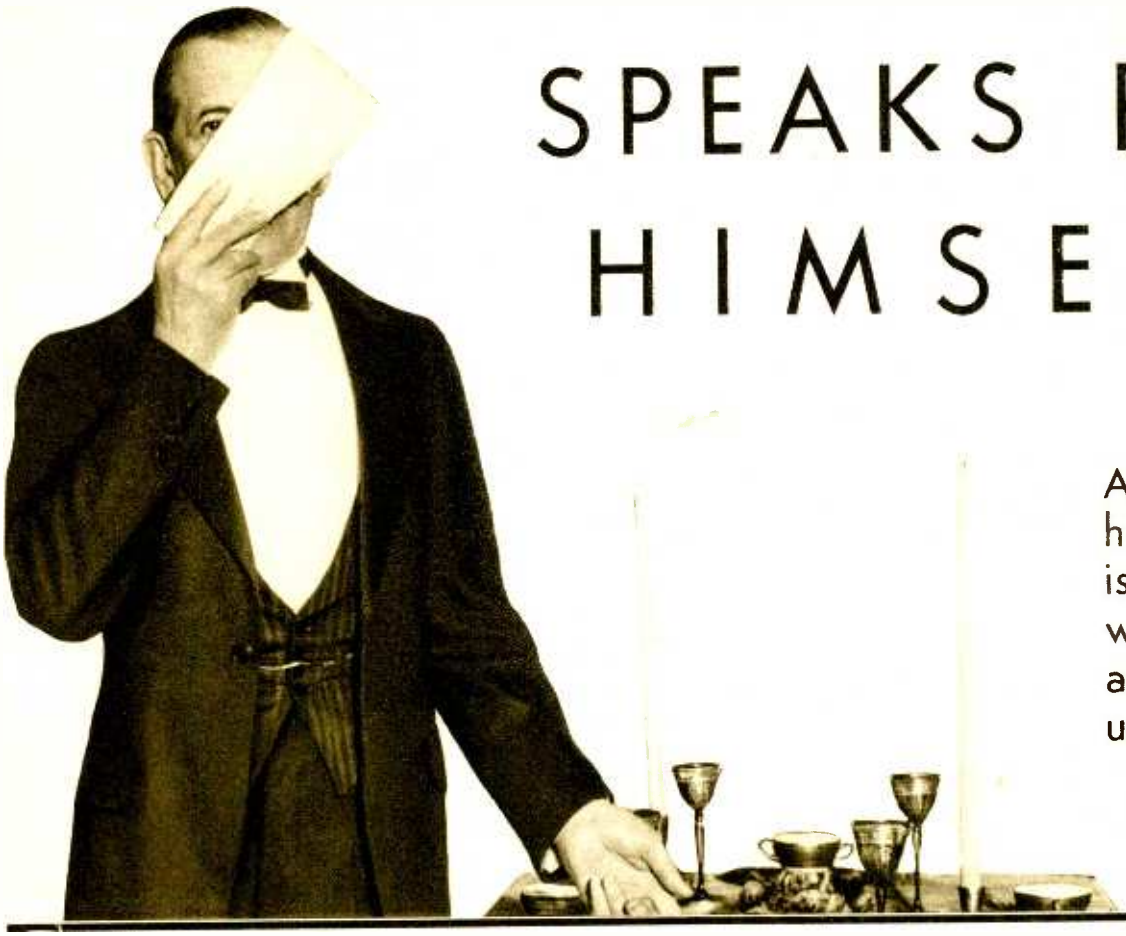
From 1916 to 1919 he made nation-wide tours of the old Keith Circuit. During the years from 1919 to 1921 he was the comic of George White's "Scandals," and in 1922 appeared in the revue, "The Dancing Girl." From 1922 to 1925 he went back to vaudeville, and the season of 1925-26 saw him on the musical comedy stage in "Tell Me More." His next show was "Manhattan Mary" in which he shared comedy honors with Ed Wynn. That was in 1927, and after the run in New York and its road tour, Holtz again returned to his alma mater—the vaudeville circuits. 1931 found him back on the street of white lights as the star of "You Said It." Since then he has been making personal appearances in motion picture houses.

Golf is his favorite sport, and he likes to watch baseball games. He thinks he'd make a good lawyer. Maybe he'd try to laugh cases out of court. He reads such things as "Alice in Wonderland," Ludwig's "Napoleon" and Sanborn's "Lincoln." Cooking is his favorite pastime.

Three Shades of Indigo . . .

"We got a right to sing the blues," chant these three girls—Betty Barthell (above), Leah Ray (below) and Connie Boswell (right). What would we do without Betty on the Friday Richfield Country Club Program? What would we do without Leah Ray, who sings with Phil Harris over NBC, also on Fridays? And as for Connie—well, we can hardly wait till she's back from Europe to sing for us again.

THE MYSTERY CHEF SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF!



And tells you how simple it is to cook really well. Some amazingly valuable information here

ONE of the easiest pies to make is a Deep Dish Fruit Pie. They are delicious either hot or cold, and at this time of the year it is possible to make many varieties of these pies

There are two that I have never seen served in this country, yet they are great favorites in Great Britain. I refer to red currants and raspberries mixed and apples and blackberries mixed. Of course, it is too late now to get the red currants and raspberries, but apples and blackberries can still be had. I refer to the wild blackberry. Those who live in the country can easily find them, and those who have cars can obtain them, too. You do not need a lot of blackberries—only a cup full (or even less) for a pie. The pie is really composed of apples; the blackberries just flavor and color the apples to a wonderful crimson color.

You will be greatly surprised at the difference one cup of blackberries will make in an apple pie, and you are going to be delighted with the perfectly delicious flavor that is supplied by the addition of only a few blackberries.

IN making a deep dish pie, there is another tip that few seemed to know about prior to my broadcasts. The tip is to use an inverted cup in the center of the pie. This inverted cup (or other small utensil which I will explain later) serves two purposes; first, it serves as a bridge support to hold the pastry up in the center of the pie; the second purpose is to hold the juice and save it from running over. You will be greatly surprised to see how much juice will be drawn up into the cup. When serving the pie you will find plenty of juice, but when that is used up, you simply place your knife under the cup (which is drawn down tight with suction), raise the cup and immediately the pie will again be flooded with juice.

Let me explain the kind of utensil you should use. A tea cup is too large around and the demi-tasse size is not generally deep enough. You require a utensil that is slightly taller than the deep dish, so that when it stands upside-down in the dish the bottom of the utensil should come up just a little higher than the sides of the dish. In this way it forms a support for the pastry in the center. I generally use a small china cream pitcher that is small in circumference yet tall enough so that it is deeper than the dish. But you will have to find your own utensil to suit the deep dish that you use.

Send for my recipes and I promise that anyone, even those with no previous cooking experience, can make these delicious pies and make them perfect.

The Mystery Chef.

MYSTERY CHEF COUPON

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

Please send me the Mystery Chef's deep dish pie recipes. I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Name Address

City State

MICROPHONE

A break for Pat! But Peggy finds that she must fight her career battles alone. And there's that "other girl" to worry about . . .

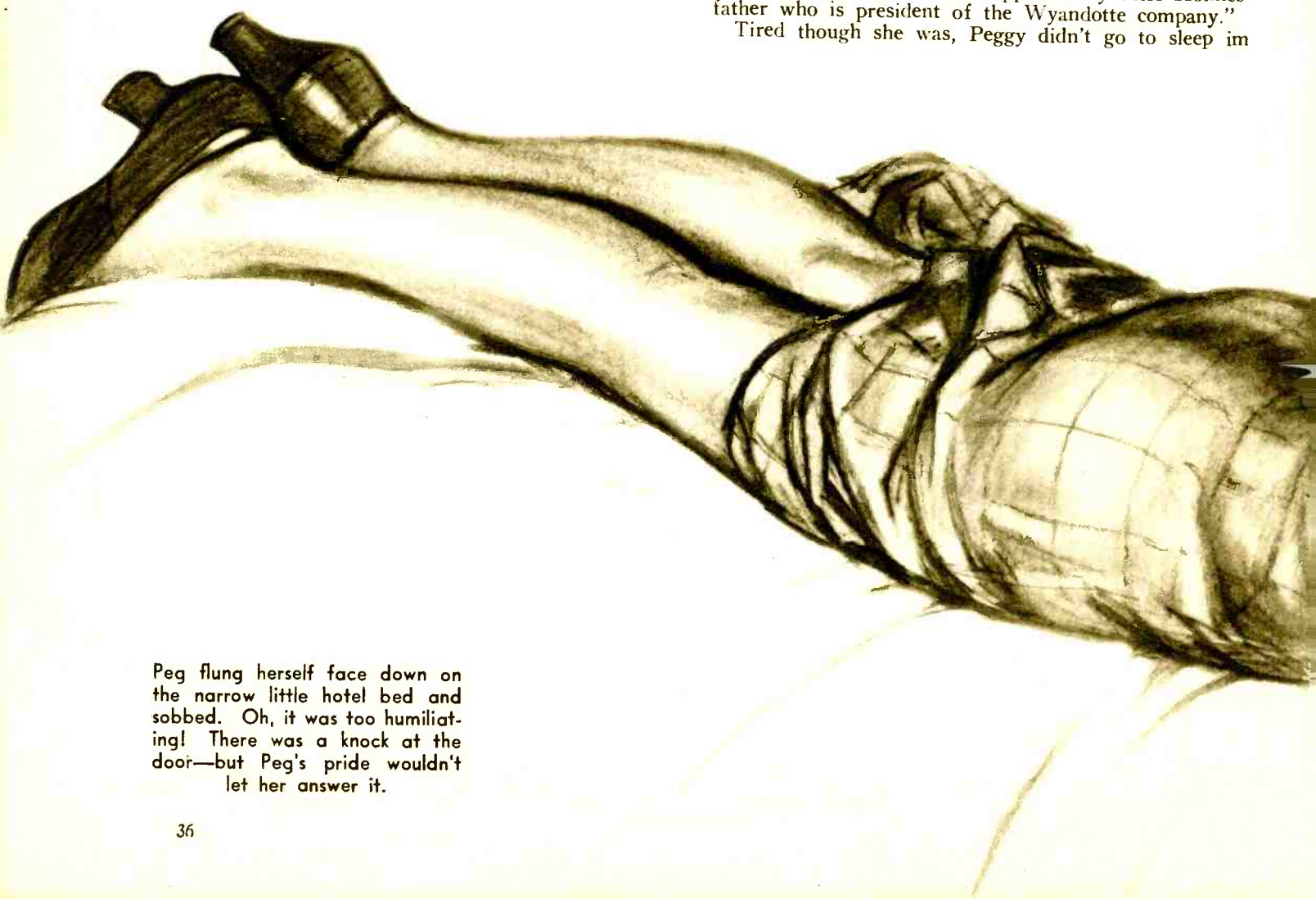
THEY came to New York together—these two nice youngsters, Pat and Peg—to win radio fame. They had had two years' experience in Tulsa, Oklahoma. This fact, together with their winning personalities, secured them an appointment for an audition at NBC. And Budd Hulick—of Stoopnagle and Budd—who had met them once, back in Tulsa, saw the two in a restaurant and remembered them. They told him their story. Budd suggested that they visit the Greenwich Village Nut Club one evening—a great rendezvous for radio stars. They did—and Budd Hulick introduced Pat to a man from one of the big advertising agencies. And also to a lovely brunette—whose father was President of Wyandotte Gingerale! Peg, realizing intuitively that the advertising man's interest—and the brunette's—was in Pat alone, didn't interfere. And she didn't mind *too* much when Pat was asked to go up to Harlem with the gay party. Budd Hulick kindly offered to see Peg home.

It was almost three in the morning when Peggy returned to her little hotel room. Driving up from the Nut Club, Budd Hulick had been very thoughtful.

Radio was a peculiar business, he had said. Personal contact meant so much.

"When an advertiser puts on a radio program and decides to use a singer," he explained, "he has his choice of dozens of them, all of them equally talented. It is only natural that he is going to show some preference to the singer he knows personally. It's really a great break for Pat, and for you, too," he added quickly, "that he made such a hit with Mr. Watson and Miss Holmes. Watson has the say-so on the Wyandotte program, but his selections will have to be approved by Miss Holmes' father who is president of the Wyandotte company."

Tired though she was, Peggy didn't go to sleep im



Peg flung herself face down on the narrow little hotel bed and sobbed. Oh, it was too humiliating! There was a knock at the door—but Peg's pride wouldn't let her answer it.

MAGIC

By PETER DIXON

Illustrated by Jack Welch

Mr. Wintz leered greasily. "How about a little private audition, baby, huh?" Peg's hand groped for the door knob.

mediately. And when she did sleep she dreamed of Pat playing accompaniments for a brunette blues singer who looked remarkably like Miss Holmes.

She woke up about ten in the morning and realized that it was an hour past her usual breakfast time. She dressed slowly, waiting for Pat to call her and tell her whether he had made any progress toward a place on the Wyandotte program. At eleven o'clock she decided Pat wasn't going to call, and she was just leaving her room when the phone rang.

It was Pat, and he wanted to know whether she had had her breakfast.

"Meet me in the lobby right away," he said. "I'll tell you all about it."

Pat looked sleepy and there were faint circles under his eyes when she met him. But his expression was jubilant.

"I crave breakfast right away," he said. "I'll tell you all about it at breakfast."

Peggy hardly knew what she was ordering. Half an hour ago she had been very hungry. But now she wanted to know what had happened to Pat.

"What a night!" Pat murmered as he gulped down his tomato juice. "It must have been five o'clock before I got in—but, Miss Peggy Tolson, your boy friend has a job on a network program!"

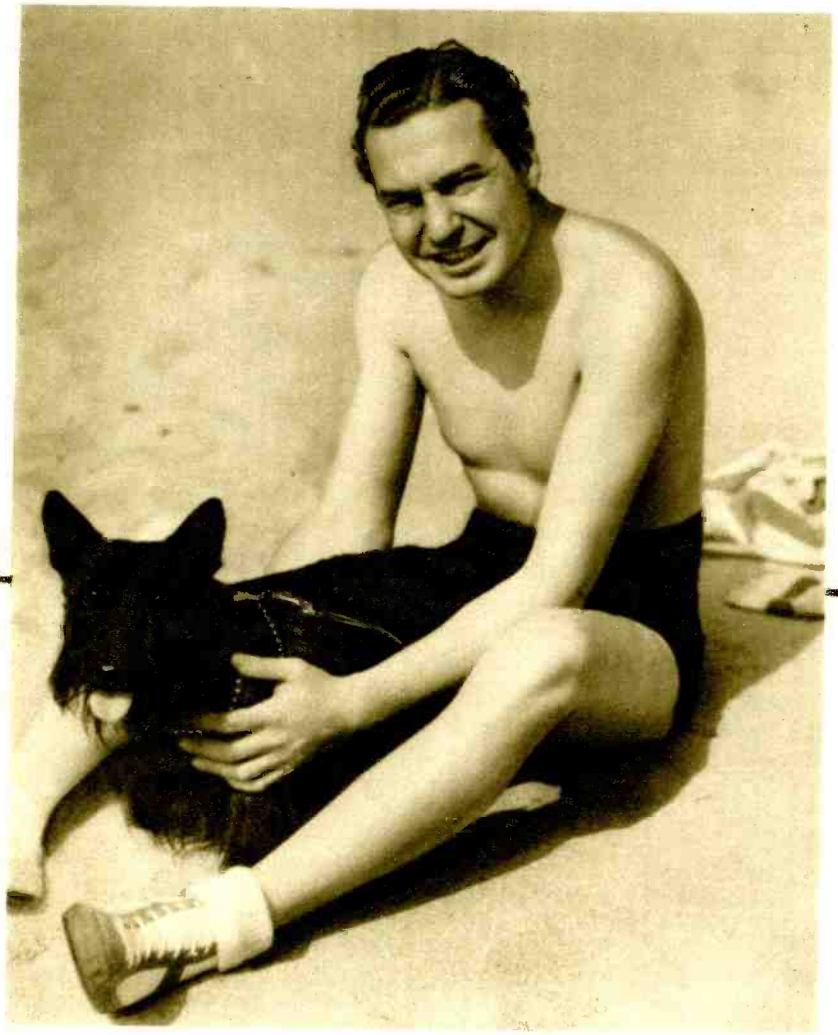
"Pat! Not really!" Peggy gasped.

"Yup. All set. I don't even have to have an audition. I gave them one up at Connie's Inn!" He grinned at the thought of it. "And Watson's secretary phoned me about ten minutes ago and told me to be ready for a rehearsal of the new program Monday afternoon."

"It's wonderful! Just wonderful!" Peggy meant it, too. "Do they . . . do they want to use me, too?"

Pat had been worried about that question. He knew it would have to be answered. (*Continued on page 50*)

SO THIS IS HARRIS



Phil Harris, NBC's sky-riding find, may be radio's next "Vagabond Lover." He sings with that same come-hither that Vallee had. Here's a scoop on him—by our own Hollywood correspondent, who's known Phil for years

By WALTER RAMSEY

THREE years ago, Phil Harris had nothing to do, socially speaking—because he was broke!

Now, he can do nothing socially, because he is famous.

Between these two extremes lie most of the important developments in Phil's life to date. It started with a pretty discouraged fellow—only eight dollars in his jeans—applying for a job as drummer in the band at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco. More to his surprise than anyone else's, he got it. Before anybody realized it, this same Harris was singing specialty numbers in a low, conversational bass that was just a little bit different . . . in fact, the first bass singer to become a hit. Just eight months later, he was *leading* the band at the same hotel! That, strictly, was the end of leisure and privacy for Phil.

His distinctive voice ("low and mean" they call it) floated over the ether waves from San Francisco to Los Angeles. Southern California débutantes and movie stars began staying home at night just to listen for Harris and his "Can *you* hear meh?"

They heard him all right!

So did the management of the Cocoanut Grove in the famous Ambassador Hotel. Net result: for over a year, now, Phil Harris has been packing 'em in as deep as a thousand per evening—all those excited dancers, who (as RKO so aptly put it in Phil's first picture) "Just Had To See Harris!"

NOW, in my Hollywood time I have seen some rather busy people, including movie stars, executives and prop-boys! But compared to the daily schedule of Maestro Harris they are just lazy old smoothies. How's this for a night-and-day arrangement:

6 a.m.: Rise and bathe, breakfast and then some study on his lines for the picture, "Melody Cruise."

7 a.m.: Report at the RKO studios for work, which continues uninterrupted, except for a brief luncheon, until 6 p.m.

6 p.m. to 8 p.m.: Contrive somehow to snatch a bath and a bite; wave "hello" and "goodbye" to his beautiful wife, Marcia Ralston, who looks like Joan Crawford and who has just signed an M-G-M contract; rehearse with the orchestra; interview song pluggers who *can't* be avoided and a small army of fans who *won't* be avoided!

8 p.m. to 1 a.m.: Leads the orchestra at the Cocoanut Grove and sings many of the numbers.

1 a.m.: Time for his only big meal of the day . . . then discussion and sometimes even a short bit of rehearsal with his boys.

(*Continued on page 48*)

(Left) Fred Waring and Joan Blondell of cinema fame at a party in Washington where Joan was guest of honor. (Below) Ben Bernie and George Olsen vacationing at French Lick, Indiana.

THE BAND BOX

By DANNY TOWNE

(Left) This is Deane Janis, who sings so well with Hal Kemp's Orchestra. She comes from Chicago and she has the loveliest red hair you ever saw.

EVERYBODY is dancing these cool summer nights. The music masters over at Columbia know it. That's why they've given regular schedules to twenty-five dance bands that come from the West Coast, Chicago, New York and points in between. Here's the all-star list: Pancho from the Central Park Casino in New York, Guy Lombardo and His Royal Canadians from Pavilion Royale on Long Island, Isham Jones from Atlantic City's Hotel Ambassador, Ted Lewis from the Dell's in Chicago, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra from Westchester's Glen Island Casino, and Abe Lyman right from New York. In addition, you'll hear George Hall, Jerry Freeman, Ben Pollack, Johnny Hamp, Leon Belasco, Don Bestor, Will Osborne, Joe Haymes, Ozzie Nelson, Eli Dantzig, Claude Hopkins, Freddie Martin, Gus Arnheim, Vincent Travers, Art Coogan, Buddy Harrod, Buddy Wagner and Eddie Duchin.

Do you know why Paul Tremaine uses "Lonely Acres" as his theme song over CBS? It's because Willard Robison, the cowboy singer and a Westerner, wrote it, and Paul and most of his boys are from Colorado, Missouri and thereabouts. Robison wrote it when he was in New York and flat broke, and the strains indicate homesickness —felt occasionally by all of the Tremaine-ians.

Strange things happen in the musical bandbox. Most of Lowell Patton's songs come to him at the NBC by mail. But the words to "Light of Love Eternal" were telephoned to New York from (*Continued on page 48*)

Understanding Jeannie Lang

(*Continued from page 9*)

Jeannie Lang, who has probably been to as many parties as any girl her age in America, who has probably been offered more drinks and smokes than anyone her height and weight, has *never tasted liquor nor smoked a cigarette.*

Now wait a minute. I can just hear a chorus of sweet young things hissing through their teeth, "Sissy." Listen to me! Jeannie has been called "Sissy" before—and outlived it. She's been pointed at as the girl who was too good to drink—and now those finger-pointers of yesterday are the very ones who are boasting to their friends that "They knew her when."

IT all goes back to one bleak night in St. Louis, Missouri, in Jeannie's home. Her parents hadn't wanted her to go on the stage, but she had run off to a local theatre and got a job. Now, other offers were coming along and that young nickel-hard mind of hers was asserting itself. Though still in her 'teens, she knew exactly what she wanted to do.

You can understand her parents' feelings, can't you. What parent ever looked at the stage as a safe haven for a daughter? None! But Jeannie was determined, despite the pictures of iniquity and infamy that were painted for her. In the end, she won her way—but with a solitary string attached.

She promised—signed a pledge—that night that she would never touch liquor or tobacco until she was twenty-one.

What most people don't understand about Jeannie Lang is where she gets this depth of will that carries her ahead to whatever goal she chooses. I'm sure she doesn't understand it herself, but under the fluffiness of her exterior is a diamond-surfaced determination as unshakable as Gibraltar's own stoney peak.

Her singing! She laughs about it when you ask her if she has studied, but deep down in her she hopes tremendously that you like it. It, too, began back in St. Louis. Badly bitten by the theatrical bug, she became such an annoyance that her four brothers determined to cure her.

"You'll be awful on the stage," they told her. "You're no Garbo. And no Crawford. Forget it. Settle down. Raise a family."

"But I want to go on the stage," she insisted.

"But you can't act!"

"I know it."

"And you can't sing!"

"But I can squeak," she said.

The four brothers, Jeannie remembers, threw up their hands in disgust.

MONTHS later, Paul Whiteman happened to see her on the Universal lot in Hollywood where she was visiting. Her impish spirit and bantam size appealed to him. "Can you sing?" he demanded. "No, but I can squeak," she told him.

The job he gave her in his film, "The King of Jazz," was relatively unimportant. She had to sing only two songs. But when the picture was shown up and down America, it is a matter of studio record that 75,000 people wrote to her saying that they liked her work.

Californians were the first to hear her on the air. It was a small broadcasting station and nine persons out of ten would have attached no significance to working for it; but Jeannie is different that way. There is an intensity about her that makes everything she attempts seem important. She sets about this job with all the fervor in her—and there's a lot of fervor in her, if you ask me.

Which supplies a lesson to all of us who are apt to skimp a bit here and there on our work. For you see, a band leader named Jack Denny happened to hear her one night. Somehow, she clicked with him and mentally he made a note of her name. Later, when he went to the Waldorf-Astoria in New York with his band, he needed a singer. And he sent for Jeannie.

That was the start she wanted. Within a few weeks, she was "squeaking" over both major networks. When Radio City's giant Music Hall opened, she was one of the players selected for the first week's bill.

They tell me that every story should have a moral. Well, if we've got to find one, we needn't look far. Something like this, for instance: Don't ever let a ball of fluff deceive you; it may contain dynamite.

Just keep that in your mind when you tune your loudspeaker to this little lady's voice. And then, unless I'm wrong, you'll be a lot further along toward understanding little Jeannie Lang.

Gracie Allen does a William Tell, with George Burns acting as a target. Don't you admire Gracie's home-made bow and arrow? And wouldn't you like to know what George is thinking?

Street Singer

(*Continued from page 6*)

secure, he was far less happy than before. To have this fascinating and sympathetic woman constantly by his side as he studied and sang, to have her make sacrifices that she might give her encouragement, and still not to be able to make her his wife, was deeply disheartening.

"Beatrice, we can't go on any longer like this. It's torture."

"Perhaps, Arthur, I can arrange a divorce from my husband. I'll try."

But it was less simple than she thought. Before she could formulate her plans, a summons was thrust at the singer like a bolt from the blue. The husband had instituted divorce proceedings himself, coupled with an alienation of affections suit for $200,000.

This punishment, deserved or not, continued. Early in March of last year, they stepped from a train at Pittsburgh where Tracy was making a personal appearance. They were confronted by the husband and a group of detectives.

"You're under arrest for violation of the Mann Act," he was told.

The singer protested. Angry words burned through the air. The Street Singer won the skirmish. The outcome is a matter of newspaper record.

Recriminations shuttled back and forth with increasing heat. The newspapers printed all the juicy bits they could glean. Lawyers conferred endlessly. If only they could get the husband to drop the suit, she could go to Reno and get a divorce. It seemed so hopeless sometimes. The spring wore on and its end found a young singer in whose music there alternated notes of hope and melancholy. All through the oppressive heat of the New York summer, he despaired of her ever gaining her freedom. He became more and more convinced that his dreams would never be realized. However . . .

Had you been in the Municipal Building in Manhattan on October 21, 1932, you might have observed among the motley assortment of couples which came there for the two dollars worth of mumbled words that made them man and wife—you might have seen a tall, slender young man, his sensitive face shadowed by the brim of a hat snapped down over his forehead. Beside him you would have seen a pretty, auburn-haired woman, proud and happy despite the hoarsely whispered stories which still echoed around her.

The relenting of the husband, the days which dragged slowly by as Beatrice waited in Reno for the divorce decree, are all a part of the past they both prefer to forget.

They live quietly and simply now, withdrawn from the glamor of the Broadway which was once so cold to them. They avoid the shining lights and gay parties, but not because they fear unkind tongues. They are proof against all of that now, they say.

Taken the night that Eagle Scout Eddie Peabody broadcast a special boy scout program over the NBC-KGO network. The San Francisco studio was simply beseiged with boy scouts.

She Dared to Have a Career

(*Continued from page 24*)

his mother had taught him to make waffles, and last July he assisted during her absence by talking about cakes.

Today, Jimmy is thirteen, the eldest of eight children. Oddly enough, the first five were boys and the last three girls. I wish you could meet them, and understand how Mrs. Barton has answered this career-versus-children question. Listen to this roll-call: Jimmy, age 13; Hughie, age 12; Harry, age 11; Johnny, age 9; Peter, age 8; Dissie, age 7; Joy, age 5; Paddy, age 3.

In the early days, Mrs. Barton had secret aspirations toward a screen career.

But eight children . . . well, if you are a mother, you know what happens to your figure.

"So I read," Mrs. Barton told me. "I thought if I read the *Chicago Tribune* every day, the *Saturday Evening Post* every week, and the *Atlantic Monthly* every month, I would keep myself informed."

Now the scene shifts to Connecticut.

One morning, before the husband leaves for his work, his wife confronts him. "I'm going into New York today, Harry.

"I've got a letter to somebody up at NBC. I'm going to get an audition."

In the NBC offices, a woman with a letter to an executive is nothing unusual. They come, a dozen a day, hungry for whatever crumbs of fame that they may find. So a bright-eyed little lady from Connecticut who asked to read some poems received no great amount of attention. That is, until an executive had heard her voice. And her pronunciation. And her "air personality."

Before she left, she had been given two spots on future programs.

So much she got for herself. Unsatisfied, she might have got more had not fate brought her to the attention of the General Foods Company. Coincidence, luck, life, call it what you wish, willed that the NBC executive who had heard her first audition should speak of her to a friend who happened to be searching for a voice for a new radio program.

And so, after a series of auditions, the air gained a new teacher of cooking named Frances Lee Barton.

THIS is the third year of her work. Her third year of a career that she gained when most women would have surrendered to the cares of a family. Not that she neglects her children or her husband. They live in a huge apartment in uptown New York. Six of the children are in school. A colored girl named Lizzy and a sister-in-law help manage things.

You can imagine how much things need managing about seven-thirty in the morning when those eight kiddies troop into Mrs. Barton's bedroom for a good-morning kiss. Or for breakfast where it is a matter of record that they do away with two complete boxes of Post Toasties and four quarts of milk.

To see Mrs. Barton today, one goes up to 250 Park Avenue where the General Foods offices are located. On the third floor is the shining, sparkling radio kitchen from which she broadcasts.

If a lemon pie is to be discussed and its recipe given, Mrs. Barton actually makes a lemon pie during the fifteen minutes she is on the air. Your mouth waters as you watch. Sometimes you get to sample those pies.

I'm told there's no kitchen like it in the world . . . no kitchen which is at the same time a broadcasting station. Certainly it is an amazing place . . . and it is an amazing woman who, with her vital voice, bears its doctrine into countless homes over the country.

Jane's Wardrobe

(*Continued from page 19*)

propriate for the new fall things.

Then the huge white batiste bow for relief. "Curtains," Jane calls it, but she likes the softness it brings to her face.

Just look at her in the black evening gown and jacket pictured on page 19. It artfully contrasts cire, or "shoe-polish" satin, which is about the *shiniest* fabric there is, together with soft, dull lusterless chiffon.

SKIPPING back to daytime clothes. Jane brought out a black dress. The one trimmed with Roman-striped material—on page 18.

"This broad shoulder idea has been done to death," she sighed, "and I don't mind telling you that I'm tired of puffed sleeves. They're too obvious. I'd rather attain that top-heavy look through more subtle means." So—the gay Roman striped material highlights the shoulderline and ties through a slit into a loose bow with fringed ends.

Now look at the narrow cuff that falls just below the shoulder and circles the breadth of her shoulders and arms. Do you see how that extra arm width seems to give the impression that her shoulders are wider than they really are? A long sash is wound around her slim waist twice to give it that nonchalant draped effect.

Very striking is the black and white dress with that immense detachable collar of heavily ribbed white crêpe—see page 19. The collar extends below the hips and is about the nobbiest ever. It ruffles into a little ruche at the neck. "That makes my neck look shorter, besides giving a soft frame." Jane explained, setting the collar in place.

Don't you love that wide black leather belt with the white leather lacing? This is the same shiny box leather that's used for men's dressing cases. Just that collar and belt over a simple dress, and presto! a frock that's daring and original.

That glamorous Sunday night ensemble on page 18—looks like something you can only sigh over but must not touch. But it's practical!

Bold black and white checks on the skirt and cocktail jacket, set off by a cerise chiffon bodice above a high Empire waistline. The loose, short jacket has tiny epaulets at the shoulder.

Then, off with the jacket (as illustrated also on page 18), and you've one of the smartest evening gowns that ever stepped out on a dance floor. The bow in front and a low-cut back are revealed.

The tiny "cocktail" hat (shown on page 18) which is worn with the outfit in its less formal stage, fits like a little round box perkily on her head. It's of black crêpe, with rows of tucks on the top of its shallow crown. It's no accident that the veil dips over the right eye and flares away jauntily.

WOMEN IN RADIO

You'd be surprised at the number of important executive positions in radioland which are efficiently run by women. Watch for a story in our next issue.

Here are some of the members of the John Henry—Black River Giant broadcast. If you want to hear some marvelous speaking voices and splendid radio acting, don't ever miss John Henry!

Backstage at a Broadcast

(*Continued from page 22*)

frog-voice of Fred Waring's Old Gold programs, and the singer is Poley McClintock, one of the original organizers of Waring's Pennsylvanians.

Stoopnagle and Budd succeed with a comic skit. Budd, looking unusually pleased with himself, finally gives way to the Colonel who introduces Kate Smith.

Planting herself before the same mike Martini used, she sings, "Let's Call it a Day." There's a round of applause when she finishes. Remember, this is the jealous, glory-grabbing crowd that was supposed to breed fights.

Eddie Duchin, big and black-haired, sits at a piano and plays.

Ozzie Nelson, his hair a leonine, brownish mane above a high, white brow, comes up to Duchin's piano.

"You know each other?" Bob asks.

"I know him," says Eddie, "I know him very well. He copies all my arrangements."

Ozzie flares up like a rocket. "I copy *your* arrangements. Why, you copy *my* arrangements."

"Is that so! Well, let me tell you something . . ."

Ozzie grabs Eddie by the throat and shakes him. Is this our fight at last?

In the loudspeaker it sounds like a real scrap. Actually, they're reading all those furious lines from sheets of paper in their hands. Suddenly, they pull apart. At another mike, Bob Taplinger summons Charles Carlile to sing "From Me to You."

I WISH you could see Carlile sing. He rams his hands deep in his pants pockets, spreads his feet, opens his throat. It looks hard and sounds easy.

Ted Husing's trick talking sounds easy, too—but just try it. Here he is with a mid-period announcement. He flings words into a million homes at a break-neck pace, then throws the control of this broadcast to Chicago!

Chatter breaks out in this studio. Our mikes are dead for a brief few minutes. The loudspeaker on the wall begins to hum. Harlow Wilcox's voice crashes out of it.

"Thanks, Bob Taplinger. One good turn deserves another . . . and here's Connie Boswell." Connie doesn't sing but she does introduce Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. They play their piece from the World's Fair. Just before their number, Steve Trumball catches Guy for a thumbnail interview.

"Where's George Burns and Gracie Allen?" he asks. "I thought they were going to be here, too."

"They were," says Guy, "but Gracie's been running around in circles. She just laid the cornerstone of a roundhouse. And George is mortar-fied."

Suddenly, a girl stands up, slim as a buggy whip, with a strange pallor over her face. Bob talks swiftly, urges her to his mike. As she speaks the studio turns silent. That voice . . . it's one in a million. The Magic Voice. The girl is Elsie Hitz. A few weeks ago she was deathly ill of scarlet fever, but now she is back and this is her first chance to congratulate Bob.

More stars parade to the mike in a succession of "one-minute numbers." Bob calls out: "Reis and Dunn."

Two voices in soft harmony sing, "Here We Are," the Reis and Dunn air signature. In a minute the Funnybooners, all three of them, chime in with their own "Boo, Boo, Theme Song."

When Freddie Rich is introduced, Bob says he will conduct his orchestra. But where is Rich's orchestra? Is it gathered in another studio? Don't be silly. He merely takes Freddie Berrens baton and directs Berrens' players.

Will Osborn, the tall, hungry-looking lad who rivaled Rudy Vallee for a while, sings and gives way to Mary Eastman. Today, Mary isn't singing. I've heard she has a cold. Anyhow, she is dressed

for chilly weather with a fur around her throat. She's taller than Ann Leaf, considerably, with a figure like Joan Crawford's.

Now Bob Taplinger is looking around, standing on tip-toe while Colonel Stoopnagle gives an imitation of Al Smith. The imitation isn't good and the Colonel knows it. It wasn't in the original routine but Bob's actors have run through their lines so rapidly that he has time to fill. At its end, Bob is still looking about the room.

"And now we're going to hear from Nat Shilkret," he tells a listening public. But in his eyes we can see that he doesn't know whether or not we shall hear from Nat Shilkret, for Nat isn't in sight and Bob can't find him.

We're just beginning to feel some of his panic when an unbelievably short man steps out from under a music rack and chins himself on a mike. A look of reprieve lights Taplinger's worried face. The whole studio relaxes and laughs at Nat's magic appearance.

Announcer David Ross now smoothes some words from his Old Gold program into the air. Ross is this year's diction award winner, you remember, and he never stumbles on a syllable. At the end of his reading, he drops his script and cries, "Anda how do you lika dat?" It's the gag-line made famous by Old Gold's late Greek Ambassador. This time, David speaks them—they are *not* written on his script . . . and that *is* news. It's the first time he ever ad-libbed anything on the air.

IN swift succession come William Neal who towers over everyone in the studio. Emery Deutch who says "Hello," nervously and fades away. Then Phil Regan, the ex-cop with the Adonis face and angel voice. He's a CBS tenor. Little Jack Little goes to the piano to accompany him.

Look! Phil is laughing at something. Jack ripples into "My Wild Irish Rose" with an attack that makes it sound like a banshee march. Phil opens his mouth but no sound comes out. Suddenly he bends double and laughs uncontrollably. Little Jack Little tum-tiddy-ums through another introduction. Finally Phil sings . . . clear, heady tones, that soar like birds . . . "When Irish eyes are smiling . . ." Abruptly, his voice cracks and he backs away from the mike, shaking in the grip of uncontrollable merriment. Everyone in the studio is in near-hysterics.

Bob Taplinger turns to his mike. "The Irish eyes are not only smiling," he says, "they're laughing out loud." and that's the end of Phil Regan's effort to sing, for Bob introduces Andre Kostelantz who leads Berrens' orchestra into the closing song, "Till We Meet Again."

Now, everyone joins in the chorus. William O'Neal is near one mike and Mary Eastman at another. Their voices harmonize in a strange sort of beauty. We reach the last phrase. Bob pushes someone up to his own mike and we hear radio's most amazing voice drowning out all the rest. It is Poley McClintock, the frog-throated boy . . . "Till we-e-e meet again-n-n-n!"

MORE MYSTERY CHEF RECIPES—NEXT ISSUE

If you don't know how to cook—you can learn easily, so simple are the Mystery Chef's recipes. If you do know how you'll want his marvelous hints for your recipe book

Sherlock Holmes Unmasked

(*Continued from page 23*)

more popular fellow at any of his clubs—the Lambs, the Players and Town Hall Club—than he is. He just doesn't bother much about practicalities.

It's Mrs. Richard Gordon—Emily Ann Wellman, of Broadway fame—who is the practical and efficient member of the family.

All Richard Gordon knows about being a detective you could put in your eye, but he's forced to be Sherlock Holmes off the air as well as on.

His fans take him literally as the world's most astute crime-detector. His mail is filled with requests to solve the mystery and catch the criminal of every major crime that is committed in the country. He was swamped with letters begging him to find the Lindbergh baby. Even the cops treat him with unusual respect.

IN his neighborhood at Shippan Point, Stamford, Connecticut, Dick Gordon is literally up to his ears in the Sherlock Holmes legend. His neighbors won't let him be anything but the detective. They're very proud of him. They made him Honorary Deputy Sheriff of Fairfield County and he wears the solid gold badge of his office pinned on his bill-fold.

"If I ever had to help figure out a crime, you'd see a very rattled deputy-sheriff," he said, laughingly, when I asked him about it.

Any time of the day or night you can find a congenial crowd of men gathered about Mr. Gordon in the basement of his home, where he has an elaborate workshop with every tool necessary for the following of his hobby, woodworking. Kibitzers are plentiful. The plumber, laundryman or anyone else who happens to drop in, always makes a trip down to the basement to see what Sherlock is up to now.

Yes, there is a bar which Mr. Gordon built himself, and a spittoon from the Metropolitan Opera house, which he boasts has been "spat in by Caruso." There's a pool table, too—everything built by this man who may not cut much of a figure as an amateur detective, but who certainly knows his woodworking.

In the Gordon household, there are Peanuts, a very cute dog, and Pandora, the most amazing cat you could imagine. When I first beheld Pandora, I wanted to jump up on the nearest table out of her way. She is half Angora and half raccoon—simply enormous and as wild-looking as one-half her ancestry. Pandora likes to wander in the woods near the house and pick up dead woodchucks or anything else that appeals to her fancy.

On the air, Richard Gordon's faculties are intensively alive to the task of making himself into the shrewd and invincible Holmes. Yet, off the air, his day-dreaming and absentmindedness are traditional. The practical Emily Ann despairs of him.

"When I send him shopping, I never expect to see him bring back the thing I sent him for," she says. "Once I asked him to get a birthday card for a listener—a nice gesture for him—and he came back with a threader or some sort of gadget for curtain rods. He had forgotten all about the card.

"He can never pass up the hardware department of a store. He'll always get a new tool or something for the house that I'd never think of using."

Mr. Gordon often finds himself on a shopping tour without as much cash as he thought he had. And sometimes it is embarrassing when he starts to complete a purchase and finds he can't pay for it. But once it proved to be amusing. He was in a store and he wanted a certain article. It cost $12.50. He had $12.15 with him. He told the section manager that he would write a check for the amount, and the manager replied that he would have to be investigated in the business office first.

"I'm the man who plays Sherlock Holmes on the air," Mr. Gordon said.

"Oh, Sherlock Holmes!" the man exclaimed. "Well, that's perfectly all right, Mr. Holmes. You don't need to go to the office. Say, I think you're swell! Now, how in the world did you figure out that murder last night?"

I WAS spending a very delightful week-end with the Gordons. Soon after my arrival, Mr. Gordon took me down to the basement to show me his new toy—a modern workbench, complete with all electrical appliances. On Sunday afternoon, I was lying on a divan in the livingroom, reading. Emily Ann was upstairs in her room, resting and "Sherlock" was in the basement, of course, happily experimenting with his new tools. Suddenly, I heard a muffled groan and, startled. I dashed down the basement stairs to see what the matter was. I almost fainted at what I saw.

There stood Mr. Gordon, with blood streaming from his left hand, while he looked dazedly at the tips of two fingers that had been cut off and were lying on his workbench before him. As I burst upon the scene, he swept the finger-tips into a handkerchief and held the handkerchief over his mutilated hand.

"Don't tell Emily Ann," he said. "I don't want to frighten her. She would be terribly upset."

He ran upstairs and told Emily Ann that he had had a slight cut, and would ask George, the next-door neighbor, to drive him to a doctor. But George, it seems, was not at home and Dick Gordon calmly climbed into his car and prepared to drive himself. I was frantic. "You go, Emily," I said.

"No," she said, believing the story he had told her. "Not unless he asks

me to. He doesn't like to be fussed over."

I was panicky. I was just about to jump in the car myself, although I hadn't driven one for three years, when up drove a friend like an ambassador of fate and settled the problem.

When they had gone, I went through tortures trying to keep the secret that Sherlock had entrusted to me. But I was glad Emily Ann was spared the worry, when the message finally came from the hospital, that Mr. Gordon had undergone a painful but successful operation, and that, thanks to his presence of mind in bringing along the finger-tips, his hand would not have a bad appearance.

And now that you've seen what a charming fellow he is, unmasked, it doesn't matter, does it, that he couldn't really run down a criminal?

B. A. Bounces

(*Continued from page 7*)

and working independently were two different things. Venture after venture flopped. Things were madly scrambling downward.

He was broke—45 and broke. What sort of job could he get?

He pondered. His trumpet! He took it out of its dusty case, tucked it fondly under his arm and went out to look for a job. And got one finally—as *third trumpeter* in Vincent Lopez' orchestra.

What a terrible letdown. I know that some men would rather have turned on the gas than suffer such a blow to their pride. But B.A. chuckled, thanked his lucky stars for his trumpet and promptly named it his "life insurance." Presently he was leading his own band in Broadway's Palais d'Or.

At this time Lucky Strike was contemplating going on the air and was looking about for a dance orchestra. They dickered for Paul Whiteman, but Whiteman, then at the peak of his career, asked for a salary that compared with the war debt. George W. Hill, head of that cigarette company, listening in on one of Rolfe's programs, was attracted by the speedy, vigorous tempo. He called him to his office. B.A. entered, puzzled and nervous. He emerged with a wide grin wreathing his apple round red face, and a fat contract clutched in his hand—a radio contract that called for him to lead his own orchestra three times a week, an hour apiece—three hours a week! That contract put him back on top again. His band boomed and thumped away for three full years. B. A. was on the air again!

THEN something happened. His contract was not renewed and his star descended as swiftly and as spectacularly as it had risen. No other sponsors came his way. He was once again hunting for a job. On top of it all, like you and me, he had succumbed to

the ravages of the depression and practically his entire savings were wiped out because of unwise investments.

Hopefully, he went about trying to get another sponsor, but it was a futile, heartbreaking ordeal. One said, "You've been on the radio so long with Lucky Strike." Another said, "Your music is too fast." It was a strange paradox that his previous success instead of being a valuable aid, was actually a barrier. Those in the profession were shaking their heads and saying, "Poor B.A. He's all washed up."

Day after day, for one whole year, he went around looking for another radio job—anything at all. And day after day he heard the same answer. Word quickly went about Radio Row that B.A. Rolfe was down again. That hurt an awful lot. When you have tasted fame, glory and wealth, failure is terribly bitter.

He was making the weary rounds of the studios one day when he bumped into one of his old musicians, a boy who had played the piano for him in his old Palais d'Or days.

"Listen, B.A.," he said apologetically, "I've formed my own band. It's a small one, but there's a job as trumpeter in it waiting for you. The salary is small, you know—but please don't let your pride stand in your way."

"Pride nothing," beamed B.A. "You're on. When do I begin?"

"Call me tonight and I'll tell you."

ROLFE left to try his luck just once more at the studios. At NBC he learned that a new sponsor, the Hudson-Essex Co., was going on the air.

"Give me an audition," he pleaded, "I want one more chance."

The audition was set for the following Friday. Rolfe phoned his ex-piano player and said to him, "I'm staking my luck once more. Keep the job open for me—if I don't click this time I'll need it."

He got a band together—forty strong—and rehearsed day and night all that week. When the eventful Friday rolled around B.A. stood at the head of his orchestra and waved his baton with a tense hand. He was a bundle of energy and nerves. The audition was going over a private wire to the prospective sponsors in Detroit. The first nervousness over, he plunged into his work with his old vigor and pep.

They had played less than fifteen minutes when they were interrupted in the middle of a number by a wire from Detroit. B.A. snatched it with shaking fingers. "DON'T BOTHER FINISHING THE AUDITION" were the curt words.

He was through then, beaten for good. All his hopes of a comeback thoroughly blasted. He slowly put his trumpet back in its case, and thoroughly discouraged, dismissed his men. Disheartened, he started slowly for the door. Just then another wire came in from Detroit. It contained but five words, "Rolfe okay. Start to-morrow night."

So now B.A. is on top again. He's again a big radio personality. His star hasn't failed him this time—the most crucial moment of all. At the time of writing, his contract has been renewed for another year. I hope he's on top this time to stay. Good luck, B.A.! We've got to wish a game guy like you the best.

The Band Box

(*Continued from page 39*)

Portland, Oregon. Patton had written the tune but could not find words that really suited it. He wired his mother, well known hymn writer in Portland, for some verses. The next day she telephoned her son in New York and dictated the new words. Imagine her surprise when she heard her verses broadcast within twenty-fours hours on Patton's "Song for Today" program.

Eddie Duchin has funny ambitions—at least funny for an orchestra director. He has always wanted to play the piano in Ted Lewis' band. It was at Mrs. Roosevelt's elite May Ball that Eddie finally fulfilled that long-standing ambition.

Orchestra directors always seem to get their start in high school bands. But here comes a new story. Freddie Martin, who is in his second season on the Marine Roof of the Bossert Hotel in Brooklyn, was placed in the Knights of Pythias orphanage at Springfield, Ohio, when he was only three years old. He waved his first baton—in reality a curtain rod—in front of the orphanage band.

Lee Wiley wanted to dedicate a song to her native state, Oklahoma. A search through the music racks didn't reveal the proper number. So Lee and Victor Young, director of her broadcast program, got their heads together one night and "Indian Love Song" was the result. Of course Lee and Victor did it first over the air.

Columbia studios were all tied up in a knot some weeks ago. Someone announced that Kate Smith would sing "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" from "Samson and Delilah" and also that Grace Moore would do "Let's Call It a Day." Surely something has gone haywire, said the studio officials. Kate is the popular singer and Miss Moore the classical soloist. But you know how singers are. They'll try anything once. And so Kate went operatic and Grace went jazz.

The old player pianos and phonographs are gradually being set aside for radio. At least that's the way it looks now. Eight years ago there were twenty-seven piano roll companies and twenty-three phonograph record firms. Today only eight companies are making piano rolls and only six are manufacturing records. Records that sold to the tune of 1,000,000 copies not many years ago now sell around the 100,000 mark.

Those artists who make the cheaper priced records get two cents a side for each one sold. For the higher priced ones, the artists get more. So it's still a way for radio stars to pick up some pin money on the side.

So This Is Harris!

(*Continued from page 38*)

2:30 p.m. (or later): To bed!

Strangely enough (for it is seldom true), he is just as popular with the boys in his band as he is with the movie stars of Hollywood.

Just recently, Phil and the boys organized a baseball team with the idea of "taking on" all the rival dance bands.

The day of an "important" game came—as did a plane from Chicago, bearing a very powerful executive of a string of hotels who wanted to sign Phil for a Chicago engagement during the World's Fair. The plane arrived at one o'clock and was to take off at four. Phil's manager waited in embarrassed silence for her client to appear—while the executive paced the floor and glanced at his watch. Finally they called his house. He was playing baseball . . .!

The agent knew Phil—knew that he wouldn't give up that game for all the contracts in the world, because he had promised the boys. So she gently suggested that the best thing would be to go to the ball diamond. The executive agreed, after another look at his watch. They had to wait a whole inning while Phil took his turn at batting. Finally Phil ran over to where they were waiting . . . shook hands casually . . . asked if his manager had read the contract and *signed* it without reading it!

The World's Fair gentleman almost did a nip-up. but Phil's actions were characteristic of his manner of doing things since those old days back in Linton, Indiana, where he was born.

Meet the Barn Dancers

(Continued from page 25)

Their act? Well, it wasn't much beside singing and playing the piano, guitar, and mandolin. But it had "something" extra.

But say! I want to tell you about this Barn Dance in Chicago.

The place where I saw the Barn Dancers was a packed theatre. The Eighth Street Theatre, they called it. You've got to spend six bits to get a seat for the show, but it's worth it. You go in and sit down in your seat and after a while some people come onto the stage dressed up just like you've seen 'em in the Smokys or Cumberlands, and pretty soon some of them sing. Then comes Hal O'Halloran, and his voice is just as kind and honest in the flesh as it is when it comes through your loudspeaker.

I WISH you could see the Arkansas Woodchopper with your own eyes. The Cumberland Ridge Runners can sing you almost any sort of tune. There are seven of them, one, a girl named Linda Parker. The others are Carl Davis, "Red" Foley, Hartford Connecticut Taylor (there's a name), "Slim" Miller, and Hugh Cross. They're all from the Cumberlands except Cross, a Smoky mountain man.

The one fellow I'll never forget in that outfit was thirteen-year-old George Goebels, Jr. George wears a cowboy suit and comes onto the stage as bashful as mama's precious darling.

If you're in Chicago, drop into St. Stephens Church for a service. George is a member of the choir.

That quartet you've heard, the Maple City Four, is famous for its nut stunts. They've been singing for WLS for six years, and they can make music!

The Prairie Ramblers are fairly new with the Barn Dancers, but the crowd I was in liked them plenty. One of 'em, Shelby Atchison, is one of the few left-handed fiddlers in captivity.

Then I saw Tom and Roy add some real slick harmony to the bill. Lula Belle sang some of those barn loft songs. And Malcolm Clair stormed through a lot of Negro dialogue.

From Hal O'Halloran with that blooming bell of his to the least important member of the show, they were up to their eyes in fun.

The Don Hall Trio, who broadcast daily over NBC at 7:30 every dawn. The trio is composed of George Hall, Grace Donaldson and Hortense Rose.

Little Jack Little's Secret

(Continued from page 17)

evening sun go dow-ow-ow-n," he lilted. His voice held no conviction.

The door opened. "The boys are here," his wife announced.

"How are you, fellows?" he greeted.

"Hello, Jack. Listen, I think after we work on the song awhile, we ought to go to the El Fey."

Little Jack glanced at his wife. "No. Sorry fellows, I think I'll turn in early. These morning broadcasts, you know. . . ."

"Ah, cut it out, Jack. Never mind that stuff. We'll get home early enough."

The singer chewed his lip reflectively. "Well, I don't know. Let's get to work on the song anyhow."

The two men followed Jack into his music room. He sat down at the piano. "Now the way we had it yesterday," Little Jack began, "was like this." He started playing, then stopped. Sounds of laughter filtered through the door.

"Visitors," said a collaborator.

Jack puzzled for a moment. "Oh, yes. I remember now. I invited Jake and his girl up here tonight."

An hour later the rough strain he had first fingered on the piano was becoming a rounded melody. In this mood, in another hour or so, a new, popular song would be born.

The telephone rang harshly against the music.

Jack reached for the instrument. "Hello? Oh, hello, Lorraine. —No, I'm working on a song.—No, I really oughtn't—well, all right. Listen, I've got a gang here who are waiting to go places. Shall I bring them along?"

SOME hours later, the party emerged from the El Fey. "Come on, Jack," one of the women was saying. "we'll go up to the Music Box for awhile."

The next morning, Little Jack Little sat at his piano in the studio, awaiting the announcer's signal to start. His head swam and his throat felt dry. The announcer nodded his head. Jack licked his lips and began to sing. What was the matter? Nothing came out right. Every note was a battle. His music became a mass of weaving spots. How he struggled through the program he didn't know.

The announcer shook his head. "Pretty bad, Jack. Better watch yourself. You're slipping."

Jack straightened. "Oh, I'm all right. Just a little off this morning."

"All right," the announcer said. "It's your own funeral."

Little Jack felt an answer unnecessary. He went upstairs and secured his fan mail. Idly he opened the letters and glanced through them. Half way through he paused. In his hand lay an envelope addressed in characters as fine as old lace. He drew out the letter and began skimming through it. Then he paused, reading very carefully.

"Jack," said his wife as he entered the apartment later, "Jake called—"

"Tea," he said a little gruffly, "I'm not going out tonight nor any other night unless it's strictly on business."

He handed her a letter from the inside pocket of his coat.

"My dear boy," she read. "Of course you are really not my boy, but I pretend that you are. I hope you'll forgive me, but you see I once had a little boy named Jack. And somehow when I hear you on the radio, I feel as if you were my boy, grown up. That's why I am writing you now. I am worried, Little Jack. There's something in your voice, something in your playing that makes me certain it's not the same lad I used to listen to. If you are sick, if anything has gone wrong, couldn't you tell me and perhaps I could help. Oh, I know it's too much to expect you to answer this, but if your old self comes back to me through my radio as I sit in my farm kitchen in Iowa, it will be answer enough to one who likes to make believe she is

Your mother."

Broadway no longer knows the Little Jack Little, easy mark for hangers-on. He's still a good fellow, but not *too* good a fellow. That's why he has come back, stronger than ever.

Microphone Magic

(*Continued from page 37*)

"Honey," he said, "don't be disappointed or anything but . . . well, for a while it will be just me. They just want a singing banjo player. Of course, I told them how good you were and they said maybe later. But it doesn't matter, does it?"

Peggy shook her head.

"And now darling, we can get married!" Pat said, looking at her.

Peggy shook her head again.

"But listen, sweet, I've made good. I'm going on a big program. We'll have plenty of money now . . . you don't have to work! It doesn't matter about you."

Somehow she got home and, flinging herself across the narrow little bed, she sobbed and sobbed. Her phone rang. She ignored it, knowing it was Pat. Someone knocked at the door and she kept very still, hoping he would believe she had gone out. She heard the person at the door call out and it was Pat. Finally, he went away.

Perhaps two hours passed. She almost staggered as she walked to the window to look out on Fifty-first Street. Then she remembered she had hardly touched her breakfast.

A very satisfying lunch and a quiet corner in which to think things out were both found not far from the hotel.

PEGGY was ambitious. Just because Pat had been lucky didn't mean she was going to give up her plans for a radio career. She'd show Pat. She'd get a job herself.

She left the tea room and on the way back to the hotel purchased an armful of daily papers and theatrical and radio trade journals.

In the radio section of one of the cheaper theatrical papers an advertisement caught her eye.

"Radio singers wanted," it said.

Half an hour later Peggy entered the reception room of the Interstate Studios. It was a dingy little room and a sallow youth sat at the small reception desk.

He looked up when Peggy spoke to him and mentioned the ad she had seen.

"Jussa minute," he said and disappeared into an inner office. He came back almost immediately.

"Mister Wintz will see you now."

Peggy walked in the office. Mr. Wintz must be the fat, greasy looking man.

"Sit down, baby," he said.

"I read your ad about radio singers," she said. She didn't like Mr. Wintz.

"I see. And you want to be a radio singer? That it?" Mr Wintz said, picking up a badly chewed cigar and putting it in his mouth. "Well, the first thing is to have an audition.

"Then, because you ain't had a lot of experience, we will give you special lessons in mike technique."

Peggy spoke at last.

"But I don't need lessons in microphone technique," she declared. "I've had more than two years on the air!"

Mr. Wintz looked a bit annoyed.

"In N'York?" he asked.

"No," Peggy admitted. "In Oklahoma. I thought from your ad that you could get me a job right away."

"It all takes time, baby," said Mr. Wintz. "Now in your case, the first thing you want is a canned audition."

"A what?" Peggy asked.

"You see, we give you an audition and put it on a record, like a phonygraph record, for you," Mr. Wintz explained, chewing on his cigar between words. "We arranged to send copies of this here record to all the important advertisers and you get a copy."

"How much will it cost?" she asked.

Wintz made swift appraisal of her clothes. Peggy was quite well dressed.

"Well, these here records cost plenty to make," he said, "but I'll make you a special price. For the audition and the master record, fifty bucks!"

Peggy's face fell. Wintz continued quickly.

"Of course, that includes copies of the audition records to go to all the big advertisers," he said.

"I can't afford it," she said.

"Well," said Mr. Wintz, "how about registering with our artists' bureau? We place talent with all the big network programs and only charge a small commission.

"Just sign your name at the bottom of this sheet."

Peggy reached for the sheet but ignored the pen Wintz extended with it. She read the form rapidly. Peggy had some experience with contracts and realized that this was one. One clause in very tiny type caught her eye. It was the signer's agreement to pay to Herman G. Wintz twenty per cent of all sums received for broadcasting. It was a cut-throat contract and Peggy knew it. Just another racket!

"I won't sign this," she said.

Wintz looked genuinely disappointed. Then he smiled a very disgusting smile.

"I like you baby," he said. "You're sweet. I can do a lot for you."

Peggy arose hastily and moved toward the door. Wintz, too, got up and walked toward her. Peggy's hand fumbled for the door handle.

"How about a little private audition, huh?" Wintz suggested, his face close to hers. His arm reached out to encircle her waist. Peggy's hand reached the door knob and turned it. But the door was locked!

(*To be continued.*)

The Things They'd Like to Forget

(*Continued from page 11*)

Gertrude's mother was so young, you see. She had married when she was sixteen.

YOU know the piano-playing team of Fray and Braggiotti, don't you? If Jacques Fray could forget anything he chose, he would forget a love letter he once wrote. That love letter, instead of winning for him the love of the girl he adored, broke up their friendship completely.

If Mario Braggiotti could forget just one thing, it would be his memories of the War. When he was just a boy of eight or nine in Italy, he used to play the cello in a hospital for the blind in Florence, city of the wounded.

"And yet in a way," he says, "though for my own peace of mind I would like to forget it all, I am glad I remember, for otherwise I would never have understood what war really means."

The thing that Lee Sims, of the piano-and-song team of Sims and Bailey, would like to forget if he could is the death of his mother, for which he feels responsible in a way.

She was very emotional and easily stirred to tears. Often she would ask him to sit at the piano and play for her.

One day in the early summer in Chicago she asked him to play "The Rosary" for her. He sat down at the piano and played with all the beauty he could put into the music. When he had finished the last note, he heard his mother catch her breath, as though in a sob. He turned around, planning to kid her a little about her crying at his playing. And then he saw that she was dead. Gone while he was playing.

The doctors he called in told him for the first time that his mother had had a weak heart.

Lee Sims has never played "The Rosary" since.

To understand fully the thing that Ann Leaf would like to forget, you first have to understand a very strange thing about Ann. From childhood on she has had the most morbid fear of water. She does not know what caused it. When she saw huge vessels of water, she would shiver with fear, for her vivid imagination could picture what it would mean to be drowning.

Ann is a brave little thing, and she tried her best to conquer this morbid fear in herself. Finally she even learned to swim a little. But the fear is there, threatening her always.

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Want to earn BIG MONEY IN BROADCASTING?

This *Free Book* tells you how

DO you want to earn more money than you ever thought possible before? Do you want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paid work in the world? Do you want fame—your name on the tongue of millions? If you do, then send at once for this free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," which tells how anyone with talent can train for a big pay Broadcasting job.

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Many more millions will be spent next year—more men and women will be employed at big pay. Why not be one of them—why not get your share of the millions that will be spent? You can if you have talent and train for the job you want.

Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how you can turn your hidden talents into fame and fortune. For if you have a good speaking voice, can act, sing, direct, write or think up ideas for Broadcasting, you too, may qualify for a big paying job before the microphone.

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