

THE MAGAZINE OF TWENTY MILLION LISTENERS

# MAJOR BOWES'

# AMATEUR

## MAGAZINE

MARCH

25 CENTS

### THIS ISSUE

#### AMATEURS IN PICTURES AND STORY

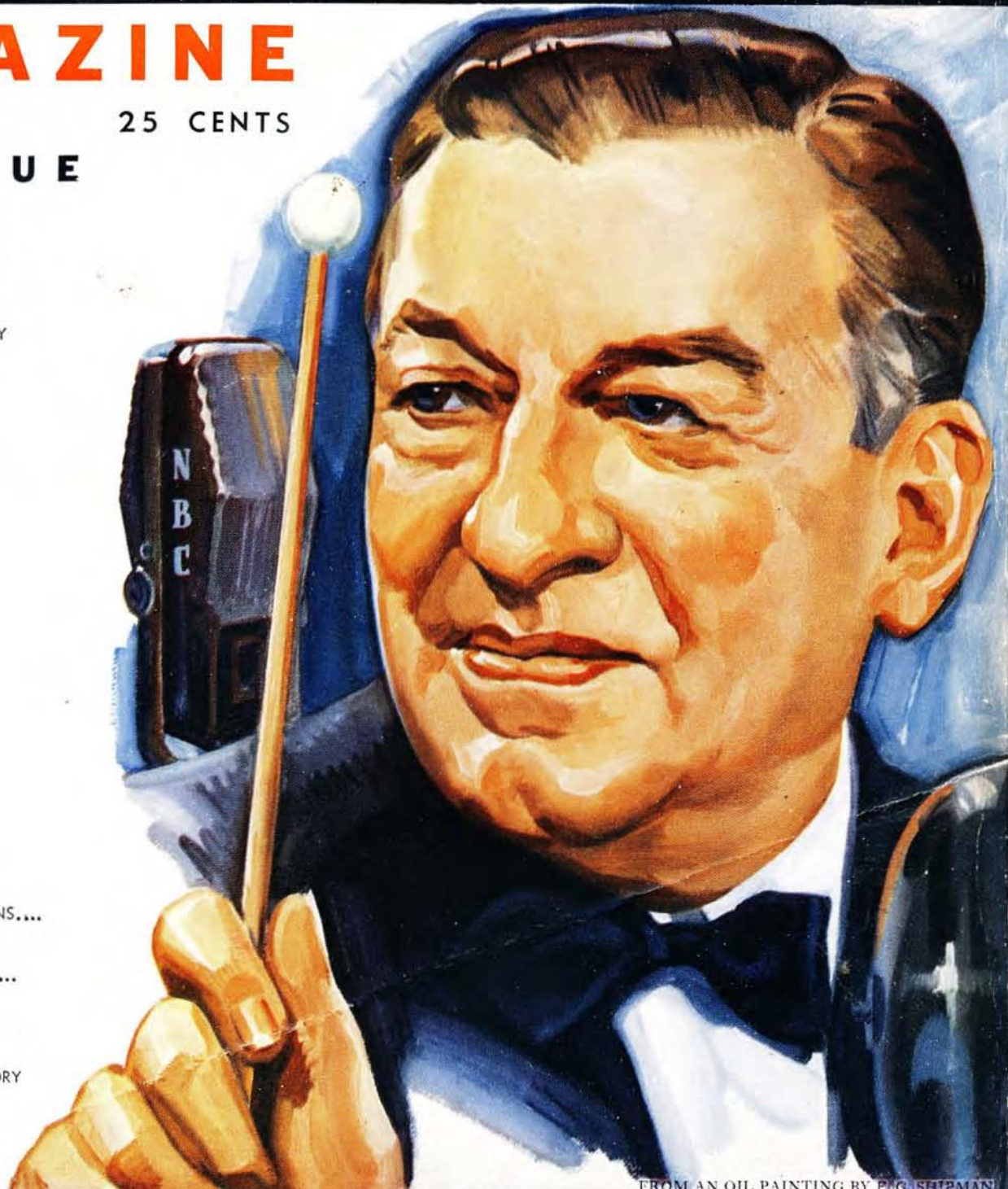
HAMBURGER MARY  
THE YOUMAN BROS.  
DIAMOND-TOOTH MARY PERRY  
THE GARBAGE TENOR  
SARA BERNER  
DORIS WESTER  
VERONICA MIMOSA  
BUS-BOY DUNNE  
WYOMING JACK O'BRIEN  
AND—  
FIFTY OTHERS

#### SUCCESS STORIES

LILY PONS  
DAVID SARNOFF  
ROSA PONSELLE  
EDWIN C. HILL  
AMELIA EARHART  
LAWRENCE TIBBETT  
FRED ASTAIRE  
GRAHAM McNAMEE  
AND OTHERS

#### SPECIAL FEATURES

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GENE DENNIS  
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AND MEN'S  
YOUR LOOKING GLASS  
LOWDOWN ON BROADWAY....  
AND HOLLYWOOD  
NIGHT AT THE STUDIO  
AMATEURS' HALL OF FAME  
LOOKING BACKWARD  
FAMOUS AMATEURS OF HISTORY  
PICTURE TABLOID  
AND OTHER FEATURES



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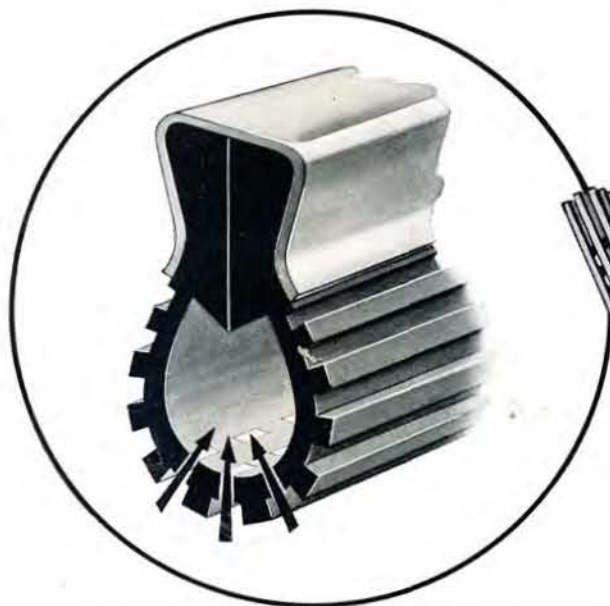
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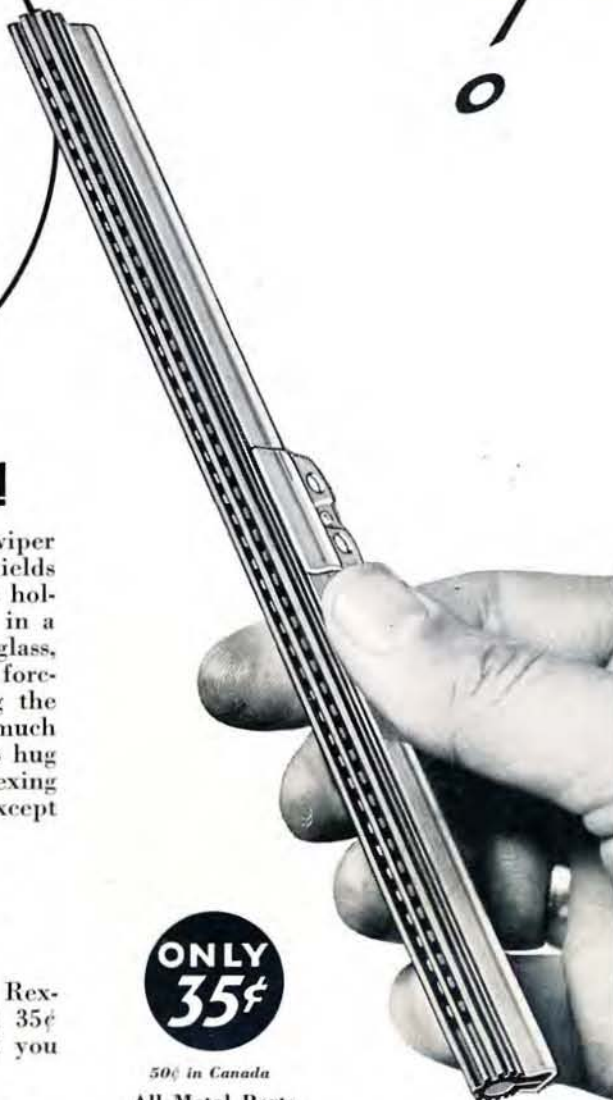
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# MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR MAGAZINE

HERE WE ARE, FOLKS, WITH OUR FIRST ISSUE—AND WE HOPE YOU LIKE IT. IT'S THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE GREAT VOLUME TO COME—WE HOPE—ON THE MOST DRAMATIC AND ROMANTIC STORY OF AMERICAN AMBITION—MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR AND ITS PERSONALITIES. SAVE THIS ISSUE—AS THE FIRST MAGAZINE TO BE DEDICATED TO YOUR FAVORITE, AND MOST FASCINATING ENTERTAINER—THE AMATEUR.

HENRI WEINER . . . . EDITOR

MARCH

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# EDITORIAL . . .

• WITH THIS ISSUE the MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR MAGAZINE makes its debut. We trust its bow into the social circles of the publication world will not only be heralded as an occasion auspicious in the world of radio art, but also as a definitely valuable contribution to the life of the nation.

Only since April of 1934 has the Bowes Amateur Hour been on the air. And yet, during the brief interval from that date to the present, America has witnessed the amazing spectacle of twenty millions of listeners marshalled into enthusiastic support and rapt attention for its unusual entertainment values.

From this experiment in radio art has arisen not only a new channel of expression over the air, but, in addition, a rejuvenation of the spoken stage in the Major Bowes Units on tour; in the featurttes made with the newly-discovered talent; and in the youthful stars being developed for the talking picture screen.

Surely, there is something inspiring in this spectacle of an army of hitherto unknown, obscured, hidden talent which has suddenly been brought into shining prominence and service through the daring experiment of a showman who defied tradition, spurned convention, and proved that America is riotously rich in brilliant native talent.

One might hail the Major's daring innovation of The Amateur Hour as almost in the nature of a revolution in the world of entertainment ideas. For with one bold stroke he had released the dormant entertainment energies of a class hopelessly divorced from the usual professional channels of opportunity. Most of these amateurs are youthful, all are ambitious, some have displayed the glimmer of genius, and many will be heard from in the future. The Major has truly opened the floodgates of opportunity to a nation's suppressed genius. Wherefore, the careers, the hardships, the adventures, the heart-throbs, the thrills and the laughter of these dauntless amateurs become peculiarly the property of the nation which has given them to the spotlight.

Their stories are dramatic. They are true. They are inspiring. They breathe the vital, dynamic quality of America's invincible spirit of do-or-die. They are of the essence of our very own. And because they are of this essence, we are impatient to know about them, as we would wish to know of those who belong to our very own families.

MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR MAGAZINE, therefore, is your magazine as well as ours. We want you to feel that it is your magazine. We want you to let us hear from you, the folks back home, as to how you like it, what you would like it to say, and how you would like it to look.

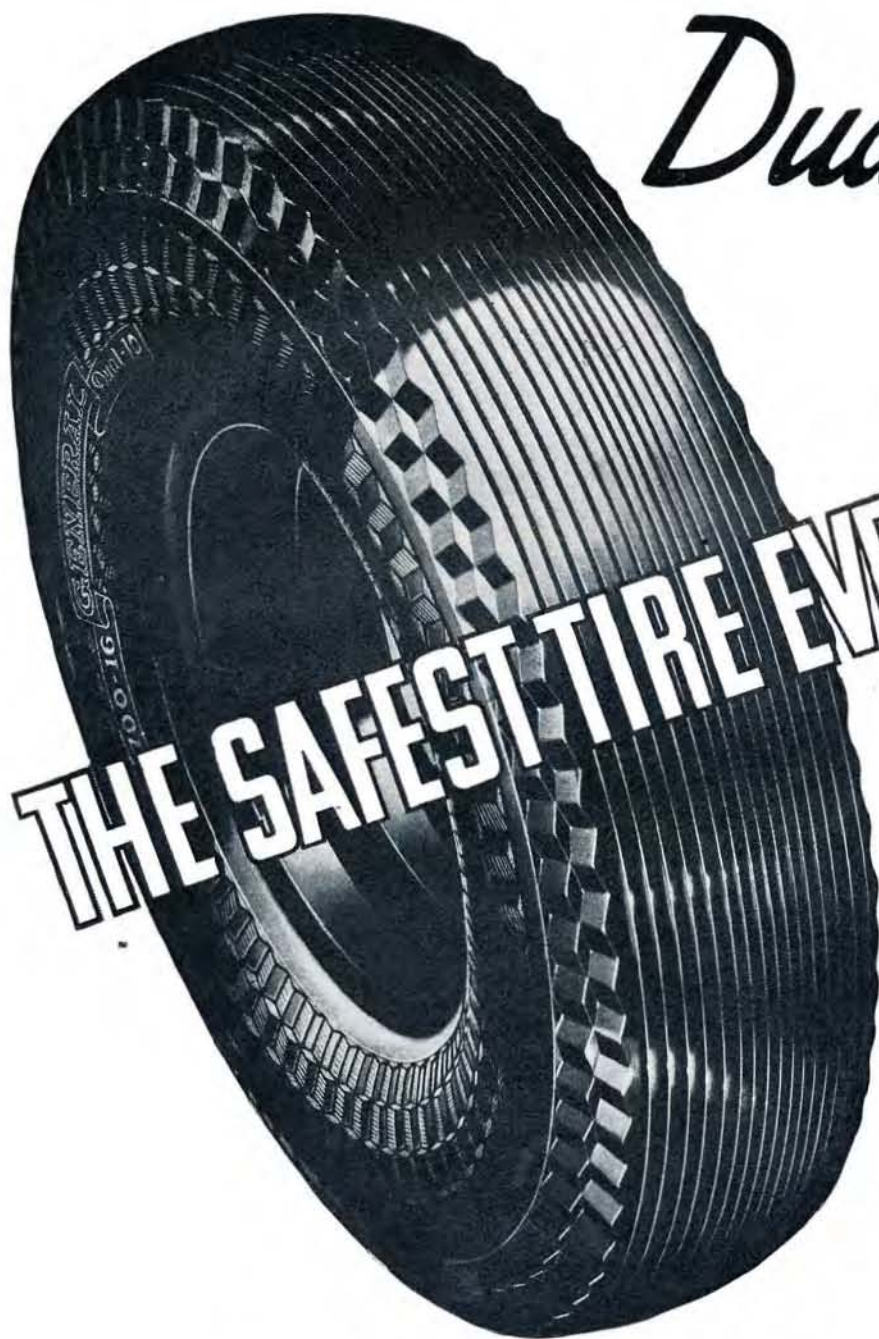
Thank you.

The Editors



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# "GOOD EVENING

By MAJOR EDWARD

**"THE WHEEL** of fortune spins—  
Around—around she goes—  
And where she stops—nobody knows!"

● FORTUNE is a wilful creature. Many there are who woo her. Few there are who win her most abundant favors. Great was the homage paid to Fortune in ancient days. Cities rose and fell before the unpredicted tides of fate. Ever the Captains and the Kings, as well as the merchant and the layman have breathlessly awaited the verdict of Fortune's Wheel. All our lives are bound upon it.

For, mind you, the farmer, tilling his fertile soil, must gamble his brain and brawn against the elements and the pests of nature.

The merchant must gamble his experience and wisdom against the inexplicable trend of fashion.

The producer of costly motion pictures must risk his capital against the ever-changing tastes of the great entertainment-seeking public.

All must woo the wheel of fortune.

This does not mean that we must look to gambling as such for our lucky des-



MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR MAGAZINE

# FRIENDS!"

BOWES

tinies. We must build our lives on the solid foundations of honest effort.

For those who win must leave as little as possible to chance. They must be restless in their search for information. They must be indefatigable in the study of their markets. They must be tireless in their efforts to obtain greater skill. They must plan their moves with endless patience and unflagging concentration.

In this spirit, I have no doubt, do the amateurs of our radio hour apply themselves to the development of their own special talents for their Sunday night ordeals. True it is that "The Wheel of Fortune spins—and where she stops nobody knows"—but this we do know—she pretty generally stops at the right spot—and for the right person who has left as little as possible to chance—and brought as much as possible to the microphone.



MARCH 1935



# The Light and Life of the Party



★ It's new! It's different! And it's as convenient and practical as it is beautiful! The most unusual, modernistic and attractive Cocktail Bar ever designed!

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The round design of the CRYSTAL COCKTAIL BAR is in keeping with the newest modernistic furniture and it serves as a perfectly lovely end table on which a table lamp will radiate direct and reflected light to the best advantage. And then when the occasion arrives for service, everything is there . . . with a place for everything and everything in its place.

## The CRYSTAL COCKTAIL BAR

★★★ The Bar with a Million Brilliant Lights ★★★

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# THE · MAJOR



THE MAJOR ENJOYS THE DISTINCTION OF GREETING THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER AT THE MICROPHONE DURING ONE OF HIS AMATEUR HOURS.

## THIS IS BOSTON NIGHT.

The magic name of Boston—what emotion it evokes in the minds of all Americans!

Faneuil Hall—the cradle of American liberty! The Old South Church in which were held the meetings which resulted in the famous Boston Tea Party. Historic Christ Church—in whose tower the signal lanterns were displayed for Paul Revere.

And all Americans cherish the names of Governor Winthrop—John Cotton—John Hancock—Samuel Adams—and the others who played such vital roles in the building of our nation!

We salute Boston tonight.

## THIS IS SEATTLE NIGHT.

And I intimately know and admire that magnificent city on Puget Sound.

One of the most progressive and resourceful cities in the United States.

Starting as a small settlement on the shore, at the base of the hills, the city grew up to the hills. Then Seattle simply moved the hills out of its way and continued its destined expansion.

Verily a people with the spirit that moves mountains.

The U. of Washington—beautiful homes—beautiful parks—manufacturing and shipping, hustling and thriving—our hats are off to you—Seattle!

CINCINNATI, FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER AS A BEAUTIFUL CITY—built like Rome upon picturesque hills—commanding a magnificent view of the Ohio River, the valley and the distant wooded hills.

Cincinnati with its great University, the Zoological Gardens—Burnet Woods—and Ault Park—its colleges—St. Francis Xavier, Hebrew Union, Lane Theological Seminary—its colleges of Music and its Conservatory of Music—the Cincinnati Musical Festival Association—the Springer music-hall in Eden Park, the Apollo and Orpheus Clubs—all of them famous.

And then—there's a most particular reason why I have a special pulse beat for Cincinnati—

My mother—as a young girl, came from Ireland to Cincinnati to live—and at her knee I've listened to charming tales of this beautiful city on the Ohio.

My most affectionate salute to the Queen City.

## THIS IS LOS ANGELES WEEK.

And we are happy to salute tonight the City of Los Angeles—the land of sunshine—fruit and flowers. A wonderland for any Alice in search of cinema fame—and a wonderland too—for seekers of long life and perpetual sunshine.

DALLAS—IN THE STATE OF TEXAS. Founded in the days when Texas was a republic.

In the intervening 90 years—skyscrapers have taken the place of the pioneers' log-cabins. From a frontier trading post—Dallas has developed into a great metropolis with a population of some 335,000.

Next year, Texas celebrates her Centennial, and in Dallas will be held the 15 million dollar Texas Exposition which opens next June.

And so to Dallas, the Centennial Exposition City, our hats go off and our hearts go out in admiring, affectionate salute.

# MAKES · HIS · BOW



# "OFF" By J.A. MIKE

The man behind the mike and in personals on the stars who gild the

• BELIEVE it or not, ROBERT RIPLEY was fourteen years old when he earned his first few dollars. He sold a drawing to a comic weekly!

MATTHEW CROWLEY, hero of "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century," has always taken a keen interest in the science of electricity. When he was twelve years old, he spent his hours after school building a radio receiving set. When he received his first message over this home-made device, he planned becoming another Steinmetz, but, a youthful tendency to stutter changed his aspirations. He took elocution lessons to overcome this handicap—and discovered he had a very definite talent for dramatic work. And so he stepped to footlights and air waves, retaining the scientific proclivity only for a hobby.

The "SINGING LADY" is going in for suites—but not the residential kind. With the assistance of her accompanist, Allan Grant, she is preparing a suite of six of their most popular children's songs.

Debonair EDWIN C. HILL was one of the first reporters to carry a cane. Incidentally, no one ever dreamed he would become an international figure, for he gave very little promise in his youth of developing into one of the country's most brilliant journalists. A perusal of the records of Indiana reveals he was dismissed from public school because of his low grades! However, he managed to graduate from Indiana University, and now has to his credit two successful books, a syndicated column, and an enviable reputation as a news commentator.



Society and shop girl—they both see eye to eye when it comes to shopping for their radio news... Well, why shop when here it is!



front of the news! Pert and peppy air waves with golden personality.

Did you Know That:

BUD HULICK of "STOOPNAGLE AND BUD" fame, paid for his college tuition by tending furnaces and cutting lawns...

that—

the band leader, ABE LYMAN is the owner of a chain of 24 restaurants on the Pacific Coast...

that—

all the musicians in PAUL WHITEMAN'S set-up call him "Pappy," a term of endearment, and not a bit distasteful to the conductor?

Strange how people are propelled into their professions!

LESLIE HOWARD, internationally famous actor, entered the world war with "Bank Clerk" listed as his occupation. When he returned from France, he was unable to find a job, and so he entered the theatre—and see what happened!

HELEN PICKENS—one of the three sweets called PICKENS SISTERS is a philatelist who believes in being original. She inveigled her sisters into having stamps made up with their pictures for collectors who go in for novelties.

FRANK MUNN holds a series of records. He is in his thirteenth year on the air. He has never missed a broadcast during that time, and never keeps a scrap-book of his records!

High is the price of a vocal career! JAMES MELTON of the tenor voice prepares delightful midnight snacks for his guests—and while they are feasting he hies himself to a corner and indulges in crackers and milk.

ELEANOR POWELL'S routines are her own creations. She had only ten tap dancing lessons—all from Jack Donohue, and the only reason she studied dancing at all was to overcome shyness.

EMIL COLEMAN has a hobby, in fact, it might be called a "timely" one. He collects timepieces. Mr. Coleman owns more than 300 watches and clocks—but to preserve the peace in his home, he has only one in a room ticking away the hours.





# STRANGER THAN FICTION

BY MICHAEL BRYANT

Beyond the footlights the play unfolds . . . a slim, boyish young man has deserted the orthodox tradition of his home—has yielded to the call of the bright life of Broadway. The voice which his father dreamed would make him a great cantor brings instead success in the theatre. . . . Opening night! . . . a career as an entertainer lies ahead of the young man . . . he awaits curtain time in his dressing room . . . there is a knock  
at the door . . .

A · STORY · YOU · MUST · READ





• THIS is a story of fact and fiction—of amazing parallels between two worlds—make believe and reality; a story as strange as it is true;—a story wherein one sighs with Shakespeare, "All the world's a stage"—the vibrantly true story of one Israel Margolies.

Examine from your eminence the swarming world of Metropolis. Chose from teeming, grasping, heedless, aspiring millions Israel Margolies. Can this one be different? Can he have such soul, character, distinction to mark him aside from a plethora of his kind? Does he wear a coat of many colors? Does he, like a character out of Joyce, bear his chalice safely through the crowd?

Would you know the answer? Then come and stand in the market place. Head upstream against humanity. Peer in windows. Listen. Follow Israel Margolies as he fashions his story from the stuff of life.

Start in Brooklyn, for that is where you first hear of Israel Margolies. His father is a rabbi—a young, intense, sincere man whose family has produced in successive generations always one of their number to carry on the tradition of the rabinat. Young Margolies, in his teens, is a quiet, serious boy attending the Jewish school in which his father is principal. There is nothing to mark him from his fellows save, perhaps, the proud way he carries himself, his soft speech, but most, the quick, bright look of his eyes.

You'll find kids doing most everything in Brooklyn. After school hours, like all the World of Youth, they inherit the earth. But, you look in vain for Margolies. He is not of that group—not of this. You walk carefully, wonderingly, against a backdrop of actuality that is strangely reminiscent of the set in a play you once saw, called, "Street Scene". You pause at a house. It is a shade cleaner, better kept than its neighbors. The surprising strains of an operatic aria startle you—a phonograph. White curtains tend to billow out of an opened window above your head. You catch yourself listening.

A magnificent voice—a voice that cannot be denied its majesty—cannot be drowned by the voice of the city

at your back, flings forth its treasure in a golden torrent—Caruso! You gape and then you smile, for the record begins again and, along with the master, a faint, a brave, a quavering, changing voice keeps pace. It is young Margolies—this is play to him.

"Son, how is the voice today?"

The record stops.

"Pretty good, papa. I think I've learned another aria now."

The youthful voice begins without accompaniment. Entranced you listen. Not bad. You shrug. You turn away a little self-consciously, a lump in your throat at the earnestness—the invincible determination of Youth.

The years speed swiftly in Metropolis, and Street Scene remains much the same.

Israel Margolies is a man now—tall, dark, serious. His eyes have retained their brilliance—their eager, searching gleam. You no longer pause before the Margolies home and listen half amused, half sad to the strange duet of young Israel and the world's finest operatic stars. The phonograph collects dust, and a radio pleads for attention. The voice that was so frail—so unsure, is mature now—a fine, rich tenor; and when it is raised through the house in a loved aria or song, there is a gleam in the elder Margolies' eye and a nod of quiet satisfaction . . . not the satisfaction of one proud parent, but of five generations of proud rabbis of the name Margolies—a tradition shall not die!

Israel is twenty—a glamorous age when one can slay dragons at a glance, and bear off fragile ladies from their dark towers.

To Israel, the dragons guard a house famed round the world; his steed, the subway; his lance, his fine voice, and his prize the Met. How long has he lived that ambition, how often he has raised his voice and explored in fancy the upper reaches of the Metropolitan gallery! But even to Youth there's the thirty-nine steps, beginning with patience and ending—?

To one, Street Scene seems changed. The ebb and flow of life is accelerated. The elder Margolies—al-



# STRANGER

though still a young man—is in ill health. There is so much to be done—so little time. The doctors have warned—shaken grave heads. Yes, one must work—one must to his task—yes, the holiday is on us and you must officiate—yes, yes, yes—but . . . your heart, rabbi—your heart!

It is Rosh Hashonah—sacred season—the holidays! As in past holidays, to save the expense of a cantor, Rabbi Margolies has donated his service to the people he loves and serves so well. Despite his serious physical condition—his physician's warnings, he prepares to sing—to officiate. Young Israel has trained and directed the choir.

In Washington Square to the West, the leaves cling wetly to the pavement. Across the streets and down the avenues the wind quickens, murmurs in the turreted heights of the skyline, moans faintly in its lament. In the synagogue the faithful have gathered.

Outside, the people of Street Scene make their sounds. Inside the spell of thousands of years settles slowly down on the heads of the faithful like dust motes shimmering downwards in the failing light from the windows. The Cantor rises to intone.

An exclamation like a sigh long held—a will-o'-the-wisp of "Ah's" squirming through the crowd—bringing them to their feet, faces strained, hands clenched. Rabbi Margolies has swayed, tottered a step, fallen on his first fine, brave note, sagged into the arms of his son. The doctors were right about his heart!

*"IT IS TIME I SHOULD BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S WORK."*

The service goes on. Vibrant, youthful, yet mature with rich, full tone and the inspiration of feeling, the cantor intones the service. Grey beards quiver with emotion. Dark eyes well over with tears. Before them in this holy service, singing as no cantor has sung to them, young Israel Margolies is about his father's work!

Rabbi Margolies was put to bed. Not even his feeble protestations could avail him now. He was a man ill unto death. Rosh Hashonah had ended, and dark serious eyes looked down into his own. Frail and sick in body though he was, his eyes had the life of youth and happiness in them as they looked back. A thin hand sought and found his son's.

"Israel, you make me proud. They say you were a fine cantor." The hand squeezed hard.

"Israel, it is my life's hope that you should be such a cantor as—yes, I can say it now—as Cantor Rosenblatt—he that died so lately in Palestine—the greatest cantor in the world! You have such a voice—such—such . . ."

The voice grew faint with weakness.

Israel at twenty showed such promise as a cantor that he was asked the second day of the service and also for Yom Kippur—a signal honor!

Weeks mature into months. Rabbi Margolies fights his losing fight. In a Broadway office, a harassed secretary petulantly tears off accumulated days from her calendar pad—shuffles mail,—pauses at a letter post-marked Brooklyn—penned in neat, orderly handwriting. She rises and disappears into an adjoining room.

To Rabbi Margolies it is Sunday night. Fretting in his bed, he turns to the radio for relaxation. A squawk—a squeal—a pause—a familiar gong—an announce-

ment, then a voice—The Major Bowes Amateur Hour! Through a dozen interviews and performances the rabbi listens enchanted. Suddenly, like a twang of a severed piano wire, time stops. Breathless, the rabbi hears his son's voice—the story of Rosh Hashonah! Then a glorious song—full, rich, impelling . . .! A sacred song. Tears dim his eyes. Pride surges . . . that boy—that Israel—those operas . . . swiftly he relives each moment of his son's life . . . then—he is sad.

To have such a voice—a natural voice. To sing with that voice only ritual—to be just a cantor when there was opera—color—romance—glamour—money—power . . . no, no, no. Youth speaks for Israel.

Rabbi Margolies disliked such a future for Israel. With such a voice he should be a cantor—a great cantor like Rosenblatt. What could opera or the theatre offer to compare with that? Had not five generations of Margolies served and found peace and contentment? . . .

Israel's success on the Amateur Hour was instantaneous—overwhelming. His story caught at the hearts of millions. His song was a soft caress—a wholesome, fine thing to millions surfeited with harsher fare.

Jew and Gentile alike wrote to him—their decision for his future overwhelming—he must study for opera—his voice was too good to waste on the requirements of singing service as a cantor! Theatrical engagements followed.

While Israel sang to enthralled thousands at one of Manhattan's great theatres, his father quietly passed away.

Israel Margolies found the path bright, the reception heady like wine. As an outstanding attraction in one of the Major Bowes traveling units, he made his first trip outside of New York. The West Coast opened its arms to this amazing boy. A lesser personality would have lost his head. Had he forgotten his father's work?

Today, Israel Margolies has that same eager look. He is tall, dark, magnetic, but there is something else about him you have not noticed before—he has a new quietness—a new dignity. You ask him about opera—his eyes shine. You inquire about his success in the theatre—he smiles—grateful.

"You have seen the country—tasted fame—you have a little money . . ."

He anticipates you. "My father wanted me to be a cantor—a great cantor. To be the great cantor he believed I should be, I have to study. Study takes money. To get that money I went on the Major Bowes Amateur Hour—went on the road in his units. He made it possible for me—gave me a chance—now I can study. . ."

"And then?" You lean forward, entranced with this quiet-spoken man.

"Well, I think it is time I should be about my father's work."

Opening night! . . . a career as an entertainer lies before him . . . the young man awaits curtain time in his dressing room . . . there is a knock at his door . . . a drab messenger . . . a few words . . . the door closes . . . the young man sinks into a chair . . . word has come that the old cantor lies at death's door . . . it is the holiday and there is no one to take his place in the services . . . no one but the son in whom he has great faith . . . Cross Roads! . . . the curtain is ready to rise . . . which shall triumph?—The racial ties,

# THAN FICTION

sentiment, something finer and bigger than himself, or glamour, career, money, fame? . . . As the final curtain descends on the play that night an ecstatic audience is on its feet cheering with emotion . . . a producer knows that he has a hit and a star knows that he has a long run. . . He leaves the theatre and takes his father's place. His opening is not on Broadway—it is in the synagogue of his fathers, and his voice is not of the theatre,—but of the cantor.

Perhaps, after all, truth is stranger than fiction!



WITH THE SACRED PRAYER SHAWL OF HIS FATHERS ABOUT HIS SHOULDERS, AND THE TRADITIONS OF HIS ANCESTRY INSPIRING HIM ISRAEL MARGOLIES, BROOKLYN BOY, AND SON OF A RABBI, TURNS FROM THE STAGE TO THE SYNAGOGUE TO CHANT THE HEBREW SONGS FOR HIS OWN PEOPLE.



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With 3 or more TapaCans your dealer will give you the Quick and Easy opener FREE. A perfect opener for all cans containing liquids. Simply hook opener under rim and pull up. Easy, quick, simple to use.

## Old Tankard Ale

*Brewed and Mellowed by Pabst*

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# MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR

## MAGAZINE

THIS WING IS DEDICATED TO  
 MAJOR EDWARD BOWES  
 FRIEND OF COURAGEOUS YOUTH  
 OCTOBER 14, 1935

The directors of Kernan Hospital, Baltimore, dedicated a wing to the Major in appreciation of his aid for the Community Chest Fund. And, of course, you can't dedicate a wing without making it a big celebration for the kiddies—so here's the Major with the crippled children of that institution celebrating the dedication. The Major supplied the ice cream and cake and things—and the children the cheery uproad.

"Who is Nelson Eddy?" was the nationwide cry that went up when his powerful baritone thrilled America in "Naughty Marietta." His upward struggle to glory and fortune is already a glamorous legend for the emulation of youthful talent.



Screen and Radio meet at the mike when America's sweetheart, Mary Pickford, and America's career-maker, Major Bowes, exchange compliments.



Dallas, Texas, gave Miss Joyce Cate to the Major's microphone, and Miss Cate intends to make Dallas more than proud of her. She's studying in New York, and her ambition is the concert stage and grand opera. Did you hear her trilling the Musetta waltz from La Boheme, Puccini's masterpiece?



# 8 PAGE SPECIAL PICTURE TABLOID

# NEWS FEATURES



"My goodness, with all my professional experience do they expect me to start all over again as an amateur because I'm so very young?" appears to be the thought almost wrinkling the brow of little Shirley Temple.



Above—Director Auer holds a conference with his studio staff prior to filming one of the Major's amateur featurettes.



Deep Water, Missouri, gave Gladys Swarthout to the world as its most illustrious gift. And naturally—the gift arrived on Christmas day! Many happy returns of the day, Miss Swarthout!

Lillian Lennox would tap her golden way in gilded slippers to fame and fortune. And here is the winsome little lady doing her terpsichorean stuff.



What amateur, striving for a place in the sun, ever faced more odds at the beginning of a career than the glamorous Greta Garbo who modelled hats for a Swedish mail order house in Stockholm!



Bring out your biggest locks. This key is certainly big enough to turn them. But Mayor Rossi of San Francisco wanted the Major's No. 5 Unit to know that he really meant business—that the city was really theirs—and so he took no chances on the size of the key to the city's heart—or the reception accorded the amateurs.

Here's Marshall Rogers succeeding where the great Benjamin Franklin failed. Mr. Rogers learned that Franklin had fussed around with musical glasses, but the experiment just didn't come off for the great American patriot. Undaunted by the failure of his illustrious predecessor, Mr. Rogers went to work—



Blind children of New York discovered Major Edward Bows a delightful host when they came to the Capitol Theatre to "see" the Marx Brothers' picture, "A Night at the Opera," prior to the showing of "A Tale of Two Cities." The Major and teachers explained the plot to the kiddies.





Ginger Rogers just knew that the world owed her a reputation—so she up and danced her shimmering way from amateurdom, on through a Paramount unit, and up to the very tippy-tip-tip of glamorous screen fame.



And here's that Russian Instrumental Group known as "The Connecticut Four" who are now making America balalaika conscious with their Muscovite melodies in one of the Major's units. John Tatun is the accordionist. Peter Stekla plays the prima donna, Michael Tatun strums the balalaika, and Arthur Stekla the violin and bass.



Is this "The Light That Failed" these ambitious movie extras—or the arc that will give the young beauties a place in the sun of fame? Well, they've gotten this far in their careers—they've made the picture section!



One of the cutest pairs of youngsters that ever faced the mike with trill and tap dance. Norma Sonia was a hat check girl in Worcester, Mass. Marilyn Peters works in a Long Island department store. What more natural than that Worcester ambition and Patchogue pluck should get together, team their talents, and challenge the ether waves on the Major's Hour!



When you are unitting through the country—and the important folks of a big community turn out to receive you—well, we'd call that nice—and a very good reason for broad smiles and happy felicitations.



The smile that goes with success as Unit No. 4 submits with happy grace to the task of being interviewed by the press—and welcomed by the public.

Hailed as radio's most beautiful woman, the Countess Olga Albani may truly be called a princess royal of the ether kingdom. Each Sunday evening at 9 P. M. she brings her radiant beauty and glorious voice to the mike in behalf of the Real-silk Hour. The Countess speaks four languages—her lustrous hair is as the raven black—she sings in about ten languages.







**MORE STRIDES ALONG THE GLAMOROUS TRAIL OF YOUTHFUL AMBITION AND SUCCESSFUL EFFORT!**

Jean Arthur is the glamorous beauty who can take it. Repeatedly, she has made her bid for film stardom, contributing some of the screen's finest interpretations; meeting with strange reverses for causes and reasons inexplicable. But, underneath the soft exterior of this beautiful celluloid queen there lies concealed an iron will and an invincible courage which will not admit of failure.

When Jean Arthur met with her latest disappointments in pictures she invaded Broadway and, starting all over again, succeeded in bringing to the stage performances of such sterling merit that now the managers are fighting for her signature on contracts; while motion picture impresarios once again renew their fervid bids for her brilliant services and personality.

**KATHLEEN RAY**

The fifteen hundred seat-holders in the Major Bowes Studio at Radio City, literally gasped when Kathleen Ray stepped forth to sing on the Amateur Hour the evening of January 5; for never did a more glorious apparition of beauty and vibrant youth challenge the microphone in a bid for fame and fortune.

Miss Ray is the daughter of a former colonel in the United States Army. She attended St. Bridget's Convent in San Francisco. Both Mexico and California may take a bow for contributing such blond and blue-eyed loveliness to the world of entertainment, for Miss Ray was born on a train en route while her father and mother were crossing the borders of these states.

How could Mickey Mouse possibly be kept out of this issue! It would be as inconsistent as the National Hall of Fame without the likeness of George Washington in marble or oils.



Is there a circus or movie fan in the country who doesn't know this laugh?

It has never deserted the happy-go-lucky Joe E. Brown, who tumbled his way up the ladder of fame from the saw-dust ring to stellar heights in the world of the silver screen.



The Biograph Studio has gone very Spanish in this scene from one of Major Bowes' Amateur featurettes.



The camera man takes another stirring shot of that celebrated American Legion Parade in Trenton, New Jersey, held in honor of the Major, when they dedicated a street—and a very beautiful street it is—to him.

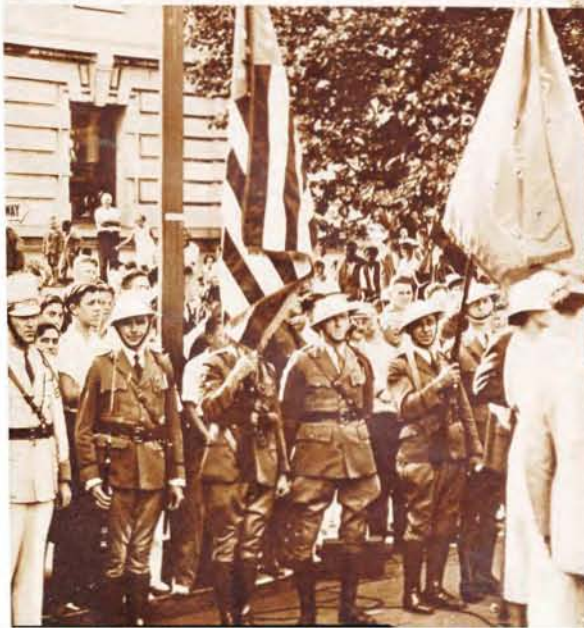
Murray Hill 8-9933—Here they are—the legion of telephone operators who take your ballots when you vote for the Major's Amateur Hour contenders.



# ARMY AND NAVY TOO



With the Navy's guns above him, and the American Legion parade beneath, Fred Astaire just has to make good as a sailor man!



End Men, interlocutors and all—they are all here in this minstrel band singing and joking, dancing and prancing for one of the amateur featurettes.

And now we have streets being named in honor of the Major! Yes, the citizens of Trenton, N. J., decided to show their appreciation of Major Bowes' work in behalf of talented amateurs. So Mayor William J. Connor, Ex-Governor E. C. Stokes and City Manager Paul Morton on August 28th, changed West Canal St. to Major Bowes' Boulevard, making the affair a civic event, and broadcasting their tribute over NBC.



## FROM GARBAGE TO GLORY!

By BILL VALLEE

● MR. JOSEPH ROGATO, more recently a garbage collector, is now a full fledged singer.

Not that Joe hasn't always sung. No indeed, for where other and more callous garbage men rattled the cans with the characteristic vigor of the true garbage man, Joe would trill a few notes from "Aida" if he felt that way, or perhaps a bar of "Santa Lucia" for the benefit of customers who firmly believe that Italians exclusively sing it from the cradle on.

Any man I say who, at the hour of five a.m., can sit just forward of a full load of desiccated banana skins, stale oranges, old vegetables and sing—deserves a prize of some sort!

At any rate it seems Joe was way out in the Bronx one morning about five, singing and collecting away, when a cop who'd been sleeping on his beat was awakened by the dulcet tones. This serves as an indication of the beauty of Mr. Rogato's voice.

"Shure," began the cop, "ye were after wakin' me up now but I'm not shure that I mind. Now tell me, where did ye get that voice?"

"This voice," returned Joe with the respect one servant of humanity accords another, "this voice is God's gift to me. Are you fond of the opera, Mr. . . . er . . . Mr.?"

"Clancy is th' name, and for the luv of heaven will ye tell me what ye'd be after doing on a truck full of swill when ye ought to be singing on the raddio or some place, huh?"

"Dunno," answered Joe, "I guess I wouldn't know how to go

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LUSTILY JOSEPH ROGATO WARBLLED AWAY IN THE EARLY MORNING HOURS AS HE MADE HIS GARBAGE ROUNDS. AN IRISH POLICEMAN WITH AN EAR FOR WANDERING MINSTRELS HEARD HIM . . . AND SUGGESTED THE AMATEUR HOUR. SO JOSEPH DOFFED HIS COAT OF MANY ODORS . . . BROUGHT HIS GOLDEN TENOR TO MAJOR BOWES . . . AND DREW OVER 37,000 VOTES THE NIGHT HE SANG FOR AN ENTHUSIASTIC AUDIENCE.





● IT WAS ALL IN THE CARDS. NOT THE PASTEBOARD DESIGNS OF THE FUTURE MADE BY THE GYPSY LADY OF DARKISH MIEN, BUT A THUMPING GOOD BRIDGE GAME. THERE YOU HAVE IT—ROMANCE RIDDLED BY CRUEL DISCLOSURE; ROMANCE DEAD BEFORE IT HAD A CHANCE OF LIFE. But, don't go away. We have a villain—he gave the party. We have a hero—an old Svengali. We have a little, brown-haired girl whose name the Old Man of Broadway is spelling out in bright lights—Doris Wester.

You have met Doris before. You met her that thrilling night when Major Bowes handed her gracefully out of the shadow of obscurity into the magic coach of fame. Before she sang that night, Doris was just Doris—just another honey-haired little girl.

How did she happen to reveal what millions of other attractive girls didn't have? Why did she go on the Amateur Hour? How did this Doris Wester get that way.

Well, as they say in the better melodramas, "Enter the Villain!" The Villain gave a bridge party. It was a cold night and it seemed the best thing to do, but the Villain realized the difficulties in his path and he consulted with his wife—Mrs. Villain.

"Darling," he said, "it's such a bad night, we really should have a few people over for bridge."

"How are you going to get people out on a night like this" said Mrs. Villain, who could keep up her end in an argument.

"Well," mused the Villain, "there is something in that, but we could call it a tournament and give a prize or something, and you know how our friends are."

"You'll want Nick Kempner," said his wife artlessly, "and you know how difficult it is to get a famous director like he away from his fire."

"Broadway or no Broadway—director or no director—cold or no cold, we've got to have Nick—you think of something!" the Villain furrowed his brow.

"Why not invite Miss S——?" said the Villain's wife who had something of a reputation for droll humor.

The Villain glanced at her. He was inclined to guffaw, but Mrs. Villain's head was lowered into her book, and he throttled his desire and reasoned.

"Well, there's something in that, dear. But, as you probably are



# DORIS WESTER

By  
John Galvin

DORIS HAD THE VOICE . . . THE DIRECTOR HAD THE EYE . . . AND FATE HELD THE CARDS. NO WONDER HERO AND VILLAIN FOUND THEMSELVES ENGAGED IN A GAY CONSPIRACY THAT LED FROM AN ACCIDENTAL TRILL OF "I'M NOTHIN' BUT A NOTHIN'" TO THE SHAPING OF A CAREER SO DAZZLING THAT IT SWUNG DORIS WESTER FROM HOME-GIRLING TO MIKE-GLORY AND TWINKLING STARDOM IN THE CELEBRATED RAINBOW ROOM . . . WITH RADIO, HOLLYWOOD AND STAGE EAGERLY STANDING IN LINE FOR HER GORGEOUS VOICE AND PERSONALITY!

aware, Nick likes girls who have charm—looks, personality . . . He . . ."

"He's different, I know. But that's my solution and you're giving the party." Mrs. Villain had run up the Jolly Roger.

Mr. Villain could read the storm signals, and he veered.

"She's a prize," he muttered.

"Well," said Mrs. Villain, "that will be two prizes you'll have."

"Darling," muttered the Villain, gallant in defeat, "you are a genius. Bridge is bridge, and even if Nick is Nick and this—this Miss S——, or whatever her name is doesn't make Earl Carrol stay awake nights, she is a nice girl and would make somebody a good wife."

The Villain's wife put down her book, and rose and kissed Mr. Villain on the lips. "You haven't been drinking, but you sound queer."

"I'll call the folks up," said the Villain, backing off in some confusion.

"Better give Nick a build up on the gal," said Mrs. Villain, and she patted her hair before the mirror.

"Whew," said the Villain, when he returned some time later and sank into a chair, "that was an assignment all right. They're all coming, and I had to practically slug Nick into it."

"You like Nick Kempner a lot, don't you, darling?" Her tone was sweet with promise of disclosure to come.

"Sure, sure. He's a grand guy," said the Villain, poking around in a drawer

(Continued on page 93)





# FAMOUS AMATEURS

By CURTIS W. BAKER

COULD THE GREAT CHARACTERS OF HISTORY HAVE MADE THE GRADE IF CONFRONTED WITH THE TESTS IMPOSED BY THE GENIAL MAJOR BOWES BEFORE HIS MODERN RADIO AUDIENCE OF MILLIONS?



MANY ARE THESE HISTORIC AMATEURS, AND QUAIN HAVE BEEN THEIR PASSIONS FOR ARTISTIC EXPRESSION. WE CALL THEM AMATEURS ADVISEDLY, FOR THE TERM AMATEUR FINDS ITS ROOT IN THE LATIN, "AMO," WHICH MEANS TO LOVE. AND THE AMATEUR IS ONE WHO FOLLOWS HIS PURSUIT FOR LOVE OF THE GAME RATHER THAN ITS MATERIAL REWARDS.

# OF HISTORY

● **NAPOLEON BONAPARTE!** What glories that mighty name recalls! The continent of Europe shook to the thunder of his legions, and when he held court he waded waist-deep through kings and princelings who came to bow the knee of humble allegiance to the mighty little Corporal. Historians tell us that Napoleon was wont on occasion to burst into song;—perhaps in the bathroom, and that he had a resonant baritone voice.

Can you picture Major Bowes interviewing Napoleon before the mike? Major Bowes: "Your application states that you are Napoleon Bonaparte. Is that right, my boy?"

Napoleon: "Yes, Major."

Major Bowes: "Your place of residence is given as The Tuilleries, Paris?"

Napoleon: "Yes, Major."

Major Bowes: "What is your occupation, Napoleon?"

Napoleon: "I am an Emperor, Major."

Major Bowes: "An Emperor. Does your position pay you well?"

Napoleon: "Yes Major, but I want to sing. My greatest ambition is to thrill people with my voice."

Major Bowes: "Have you taken lessons in singing?"

Napoleon: "No, Major. You see, Major, I have been so busy fighting big battles like Austerlitz and Marengo and Jena, and running France that I just haven't had time to take lessons. But I know I can sing."

Major Bowes: "Are you married, my boy?"

Napoleon: "Yes, Major, but Josephine, that's my wife, she thinks it would be far nicer for me to sing than to lead armies and have people shot, and that sort of thing. She thinks I can be a second Lawrence Tibbett, and if you are a second Tibbett, why, then, if you lose your throne or something, people wouldn't send you to St. Helena, but would sign petitions to keep you home singing for people to make them happy."

Major Bowes: "You are quite right, my boy. It is far better to gladden hearts with song than to sadden them with leaden death. What will you sing?"

Napoleon: "Glory Road, Major."

Major Bowes: "Very good."

Napoleon sings. The poor major is forced to sound the gong.

Major Bowes: "I'm sorry, my boy, but I think you have a greater future before you as Emperor of France."

\*\*\*  
**FREDERICK THE GREAT**—occupies an immortal place in history for his mighty accomplishments as warrior, statesman, politician, diplomat and founder of the German Empire. But he wanted to write a flawless French, and his passion was the flute.

Could Frederick the Great have made one of the Major's units with his flute playing?

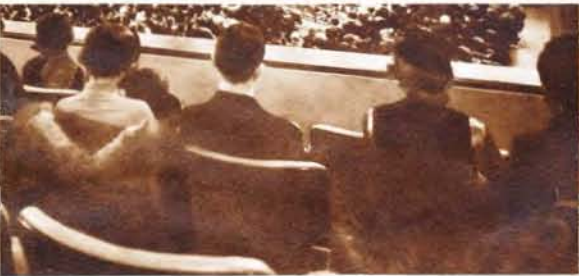
\*\*\*  
**THOMAS JEFFERSON:** One of the Titans of the American Revolution, writer of The Declaration of Independence, in collaboration with others of the mighty heroes who fought the war for independence, a President of the United States, and a stormy petrel in national affairs. Jefferson is said to have played the violin superbly. Would Jefferson have made the grade if he had taken to horse from his beloved Monticello to compete before Major Bowes' mike with a violin solo?

AWAITING THEIR TURN AT THE MAJOR'S MIKE OUR THREE ILLUSTRIOUS CANDIDATES FOR AMATEUR HONORS PRESENT A PICTURE IN CONTRASTS. THERE'S A STRAINED AND APPREHENSIVE LOOK IN NAPOLEON'S EYES. FREDERICK THE GREAT APPEARS A BIT SCORNFUL OF CRITICISM, WHILE THOMAS JEFFERSON HAS THAT "SUCCESSFUL LOOK."





# CASTLES IN THE AIR



IN CRACKLING STACCATO THE MESSAGE CAME OVER THE WIRELESS . . . "S.S. TITANIC STRUCK ICEBERG—SINKING FAST!" FOR SEVENTY-TWO HOURS DAVID SARNOFF STOOD BY HIS INSTRUMENT SEARCHING THE ETHER FOR SCRAPS OF NEWS . . . PRAYING FOR MESSAGES REVEALING THE FATE OF 706 SURVIVORS SHIVERING IN BOATS, CLINGING TO ICEBERGS . . . DAVID SARNOFF—DRAMATIZING WIRELESS FOR A SLEEPY WORLD—LAYING THE FOUNDATIONS FOR THE MIGHTY EMPIRE OF RADIO—HAMMERING HIS WAY WITH RELENTLESS PERSISTENCE AND ENIGMATIC SILENCE TO THE VERY PEAK OF INDUSTRIAL ACHIEVEMENT—AND HE STARTED AS AN IMMIGRANT BOY SELLING PAPERS!

● CORTEX, toiling upwards through jungle and trackless wilds with his Spanish adventurers, saw his "castles in the air" become fact—the wondrous cities of the Inca. Pasteur, Harvey and countless other great pioneers and discoverers saw them materialize out of dream stuff into triumphant reality in medicine, Columbus, in the New World, Rhodes in Africa saw them become empires of actuality. Whatever man has achieved, he has achieved it first in his dream. He has seen it first in fancy—seen it where others could not see . . . He has lived in "castles-in-the-air."

But, suppose your castles-in-the-air were sounds and furies? Suppose you were the tenant of a dream castle built entirely of staccato sounds? Suppose you were such a hard-headed dreamer that you thought a telegraph key could unlock the door to fame and fortune? If you had been you would today be signing your name as President of Radio Corporation of America, or as President of R.C.A. Communications, Inc., or Chairman of the Board of National Broadcasting Company, or R.C.A. Manufacturing Company, Inc., etc. You won't, though, for the man who lives in "Castles-In-The-Air" is David Sarnoff, and he has a

clear title to the property.

Let's go back to the time you first met David Sarnoff. The place is the Marconi Wireless Station at the Wanamaker Store in New York City, one of the most powerful that could be designed at that time. Huddled, tense before his instrument, Sarnoff has caught, out of the swirling static in his earphones, a pregnant, burning, stabbing sound. Like a sharp cry of pain this sound bids for his attention over all other sounds in the ether. Time stands still—a pendulum paused in flight. Knuckles white against his control panel, ears hurting with the pressure of headphones, Sarnoff's every faculty is strained to the utmost. Crackling, sinister, now loud, now faint, the message comes through—"S.S. Titanic struck Iceberg—Sinking Fast!"

For seventy-two hours, Sarnoff stands by his instrument. Seventy-two hours searching the ether for scraps of news—waiting, praying for messages revealing the fate of the 706 survivors shivering in boats or clinging to driftwood. The world, aghast, turns appealing eyes towards one lone figure—Sarnoff—Destiny's man sitting alertly before his wireless apparatus. The government cooperates. By direct order of the President all stations in the country

are closed down while Sarnoff waits.

It was then that you met Sarnoff; and it was then that the real value of radio struck home. But to him it was old stuff.

This man started his Success Story like all your other favorite Success Stories. The son of immigrant parents, he walked the sidewalks of New York as any proverbial Horatio Alger hero. He peddled papers, ran errands, and became a telegraph messenger. He thought then, like Andrew Carnegie, to become a telegraph operator. He saved his pennies and bought a key and, when he had become proficient, he approached a veteran operator and broached his plan. This man was not so routinized in his job that he could not hear the sharper, clearer call of Wireless—then a toy to the public. He is Sarnoff's Horace Greeley. His advice was, "Go Wireless, young man. Go Wireless."

As a result, Sarnoff—man of purpose—hid himself around to the Marconi offices and put in his bid for a job. He got one, but as office boy. In this job he became a human receiving set for knowledge. Into his alert head went every scrap of technical information broadcast for him, by him, or near him. He spent his nights and his midnight oil poring

By FRANK MORRIS

over technical books—reading, learning—storing it up like juice in a battery.

Then came an opening for an operator to work the Siasconset station for the company. Getting volunteers for that post was like asking soldiers to go out for a trench raid on a moonlit night against the Hindenburg Line.

The news got around to Sarnoff and he took the post. Chance? Mistake? No. Siasconset had one advantage. It had the best technical radio library in existence. Touche! Young Sarnoff called the turn again.

For two years Sarnoff was operator at that gloomy post. It took him that long to read all the books, then he applied to the company for a transfer. The company was cagey. Here was their old headache looming up again, and they did not want to have to worry about filling the job again, so they offered him a chance to return, but at ten dollars less in salary per month. Sarnoff returned. Why? He proposed to attend an evening class at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, in Electrical Engineering.

When a man can figure his moves as Sarnoff has done, there's Destiny in him. There's more. There's an amazingly well ordered mind. There was no keeping him down. The man whose ears were sharp enough to untangle the vital message on the Titanic from scrambled static, and whose mind was keen enough to captain his own soul and plot his own moves, advanced onwards and upwards with almost relentless precision. In 1915—long before you dreamed of radio in your home, Sarnoff sent a memo to the Marconi General Manager describing his theory of things to come. He said in effect that a radio telephone could be installed in a center of

(Continued on page 82)



## THE SAGA OF

## DAVID SARNOFF





# AMATEUR OF HALL OF FAME

● History in the field of entertainment is now being made just as truly as in the arenas of professional endeavor. Wherefore the heroes of the mike are as deserving of their special niche in a Hall of Fame as are the great, established stars whom they would emulate.

In the conventional halls of fame, the victors are awarded their places in marble statuary, or in oils. In our Hall of Fame, we do not want them in marble—or oils—but rather in their eager, vital, living personalities as they face mike or camera, or tread the boards. So let's take them on the wing—and see why they are entitled to their places here.

A

A. BOB RYAN. From the halls of Columbia University to this Hall of Fame was but one swift, melodic stride for that wizard of the Xylophone, Robert Ryan. Yes, he calls himself "Wizard of the Xylophone," and who shall challenge his claims to the title when he tinkles such soul-tickling melodies for audiences listening to his work in one of the units. Bob was born in Huntington, Indiana, but Grand Forks, North Dakota, must have experienced a psychic feeling that he was destined for national fame—for that city proved to be the scene of his upbringing. Bob is a graduate of North Dakota University, as well as a student of Columbia. Without instruction in xylophone playing, he made the grade with a University Band as a result of his amateur work.

His favorite composer is Stravinsky. And his favorite law enforcer is his dad, who happens to be Captain of Police in Grand Forks. Bob Ryan studied journalism and wanted to become a music critic. But, he won't desert his ambitions to be something of importance in the theatrical as well as the musical world. He is the youngest of four children . . . and none of them musical except he, himself.

B. EVA ORTEGA. Bringing to the mike the exotic allure of the Caribbeans in her voice and personality, the vibrant, dark-eyed, raven-winged Eva Ortega, now in Unit No. 4, has taken her place in the Hall of Fame on the wings of Cuban song.

Miss Ortega has really been born in New York, however. Her father is Cuban, her mother French. Speaking four languages, French, Spanish, English, and German, Miss Ortega intended originally to become a teacher. She attended Hunter College, New York City, where she was elected president of the French Club. Professor Dr. Koishewitz told her she had talent and she took up musical composition and singing, studying these subjects for years. Last June she graduated, but couldn't get a job. She acquired four pupils for private tutoring, but that wasn't exactly what Miss Ortega was inclined to regard as a dazzling career. So she wrote the Major for an audition . . . and when those Spanish songs of hers went winging through the ether . . . and the ballots started piling in . . . well, Miss Ortega very daintily stepped into the Hall of Fame.

C. JOSEPH BECKLER. The thunder of boilerworks could not submerge the



B



C



D

surging ambition within the brawny breast of genial Joseph Beckler who had made up his mind to be a singer. . . . So orchids instead of nuts and bolts to genial Joe . . . and a tippy pedestal in this gallery of histrionic genius.

H

D. MICHAEL BALLERO. Warriors in other halls of fame have marched to glory bearing sword and spear. Michael enters the arena of fame with a hod over his shoulder. Yes, Michael Ballero, former hodcarrier, let neither the weight of bricks nor obstacles of poverty hold him down. Nineteen years of age, born in Boston, Mass., Michael brought his gifts as an impersonator to the Major's mike, and proved he had the stuff to make a place for himself in one of the units. Michael has always had an instinct for the boards which led him to take a job in a Bedford, Mass., theatre as a porter. Closely he studied the acts, imitating the mannerisms of the entertainers coming to that house. For the sake of experience, he appeared before local clubs and lodges. Thereafter, he did his stint in a bolt factory and in the C.C.C. In Boston he obtained an interview with Major Bowes, was granted an audition, and went over big, joining Unit No. 4 two days later. Paul Muni and Lionel Barrymore will have to look to their laurels when Michael Ballero has garnered more experience, for he has an ambition to be a great character actor of their type and stature.



E. GLORIA BERGER. A flash of brunette loveliness . . . a dark Hungarian rhapsody . . . a soprano whose high notes have trilled her to one of the lofty pedestals in the Hall of Fame. She could have winged to that pedestal in any one of five languages . . . French, Italian, Russian, German and Hungarian. Only 21 years of age . . . cultured, charming, Miss Berger studied singing in Europe for two years. She had planned on remaining permanently abroad, but the passing of her father brought her back to the United States. It was her mother who persuaded her to try for the Amateur Hour. The night before her audition she dreamed that she "got the gong." (It was Friday night, and the old superstition is that every dream on Friday comes true.) It just goes to show you that even the gods of superstition crumble before the dauntless gallantry of these youthful challengers of fortune! For Miss Berger came through with flying colors, and an enviable engagement in one of the units. We heard her sing "Gianina Mia"—and issued immediate orders for her spot in the Hall of Fame.

G

F. KENNETH BROADHURST. The Olympic, the Twenty-Grand, the Zev, the Man o' War of the banjo field! Kenneth Broadhurst claims he is the world's fastest banjoist. The Speed-melody king galloped down the Amateur Hour homestretch to the tune not only of his busy banjo strings but also of a multitude of ballots the night he played for the Major.

F

Mr. Broadhurst is now galloping his banjo around the country in one of the Bowes' units, and where you hear the strings going the fastest, that is where you will find this candidate for fame's honors . . . astride a seat on a stage, daring the audiences to keep count of the number of notes per minute!

(Continued on page 87)

E





# CLEAR ALL WIRES!

## THE AMATEURS ARE

## ON THE AIR! ! . . .

BY DONALD G. COOLEY

● CLEAR all wires for the best-known telephone number in all the world!

Murray Hill 8-9933! It is infinitely more than a telephone number. It is Dame Fortune herself, distributing priceless gifts of fame and fortune in the shape of vaudeville and movie contracts. The miracle of those five figures brings money, success, a chance at fame to shopgirls and factory workers, to young singers and elderly musicians who have been given the opportunity of displaying their talents before an audience of millions.

Murray Hill 8-9933 is the New York telephone number of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour.

The whole drama of humanity pours through these telephones. Once the amateur has made his Sunday evening appearance—poured his talent into the impersonal microphone—the final verdict is in the hands of that vast unseen audience whose voices come in over the wires. No Presidential candidate awaits election returns more tensely than the amateur whose future depends on the number of telephone votes he receives. The verdict of the telephone changes the entire course of human lives as swiftly as the wand of a fairy godmother.

Murray Hill 8-9933 is not only a telephone number, but an entire telephone exchange in itself. There are no other Murray Hill 8 numbers. It is the only exchange in the country which operates for just one and a half hours each week—from 8 to 9:30 P. M. on Sunday evenings. There is nothing else like it except the temporary switchboards which are installed each week in the city which is designated as the Amateur Hour's guest of honor.

These switchboards in Boston, St. Louis, San Francisco, Houston, St. Paul, or whatever American metropolis is the honor city of the evening, receive local telephone votes for the amateurs and are dismantled after the broadcast. But the Murray Hill exchange is permanently located in an upper floor of the Radio City building within easy distance of the large NBC studio in which the Amateur Hour originates.

Promptly at the sound of the gong at 8 P. M. Sunday evening, the telephone operators are in readiness. There is a subdued tension of excitement in the big square room where a hundred operators sit expectantly before their instruments at two long tables which run the full length of the room. The messenger boys, the

vote tabulators, and the operators are keenly attuned to the drama of the moment. In a few minutes votes will start pouring in which may launch another star on a career; give a new Nora Bayes, Eddie Cantor or Ruth Etting their start toward fame.

The operators themselves are trained young women, most of whom lost their regular switchboard jobs during the depression. In front of each is an ordinary telephone box and receiver. But there is no bell signal—silence is the rule in this clearing-house for votes. A fluttering ribbon gives the signal when a call comes in. Each operator takes care of two lines which she cuts in by switching a key.

Pads of two blank forms for recording votes are supplied to each operator. One of them has been made up but a few minutes before; it contains the names of the amateurs in the order of their appearance on the program. The second

form is for the comments and miscellaneous messages.

Between the two long operators' tables are desks for the vote tabulators and the runners who carry the constant flow of voting totals to the broadcast studio on the floor below.

Thirty tabulators and runners are required to keep pace with the votes. In the honor city of the evening, which may

be three thousand miles across the continent, there is a similar picked crew of helpers. Fifty telephone operators and 20

tabulators record the local votes in the distant city, and telephone them in at frequent intervals to New York, where they are added to the grand totals.

A ribbon on a phone box be-

gins to flutter—here comes the first vote!

"Major Bowes Amateur Hour. Your vote, please?" asks the operator.

From that moment until an hour and a half later, the calls come in with the rapidity of popcorn bursting in a kettle. All the lines are kept busy, but there is no confusion. Girls pass up and down the operators' tables, collecting the ballots and carrying them to the tabulators.

Many amateurs have names which are difficult to understand over the air, and the operators must be alert to identify such descriptions as "the messenger boy" or "the woman from Iowa." To aid them, a thumbnail description of the amateurs is furnished to the operators before the broadcast, and they have the sheet tacked before their eyes as the votes come in.

Not all the drama and pathos and the inspiring story of the human spirit is enacted before the Amateur Hour microphones. The telephone operators who link the broadcast with the vast pulsing heart of the audience could tell a thousand human interest tales, revealed to them as fragments, without beginning and without end. Tragedy and comedy and courage, a cross-section of humanity itself.

"That young woman who sang 'Mother Machree'—the one who lost her job in the dress factory. I want my vote to go to her," says a shy, motherly voice. And she adds, with poignant hesitancy: "Our daughter used to sing that song—before we lost her."

Many of the telephone voters are violently partisan. "That torch singer, Betty Jones—she was a wow! Put me down for her," says an enthusiastic male voice. To which he adds a note of angry indignation: "Say, that guy with the musical saw who poked wisecracks at the Major was lousy, what I mean! The Major oughta tell mugs like that where to get off at!"

Remarks and side comments of this nature are jotted down to be studied later. All suggestions are carefully considered, for the voice of the audience is the final factor in shaping the program.

As soon as a substantial number of votes have been tabulated—which will be within a few minutes of the opening number of the evening—messenger boys carry the bulletins downstairs and tiptoe through the aisles to lay the results on the Major's desk on the studio platform.

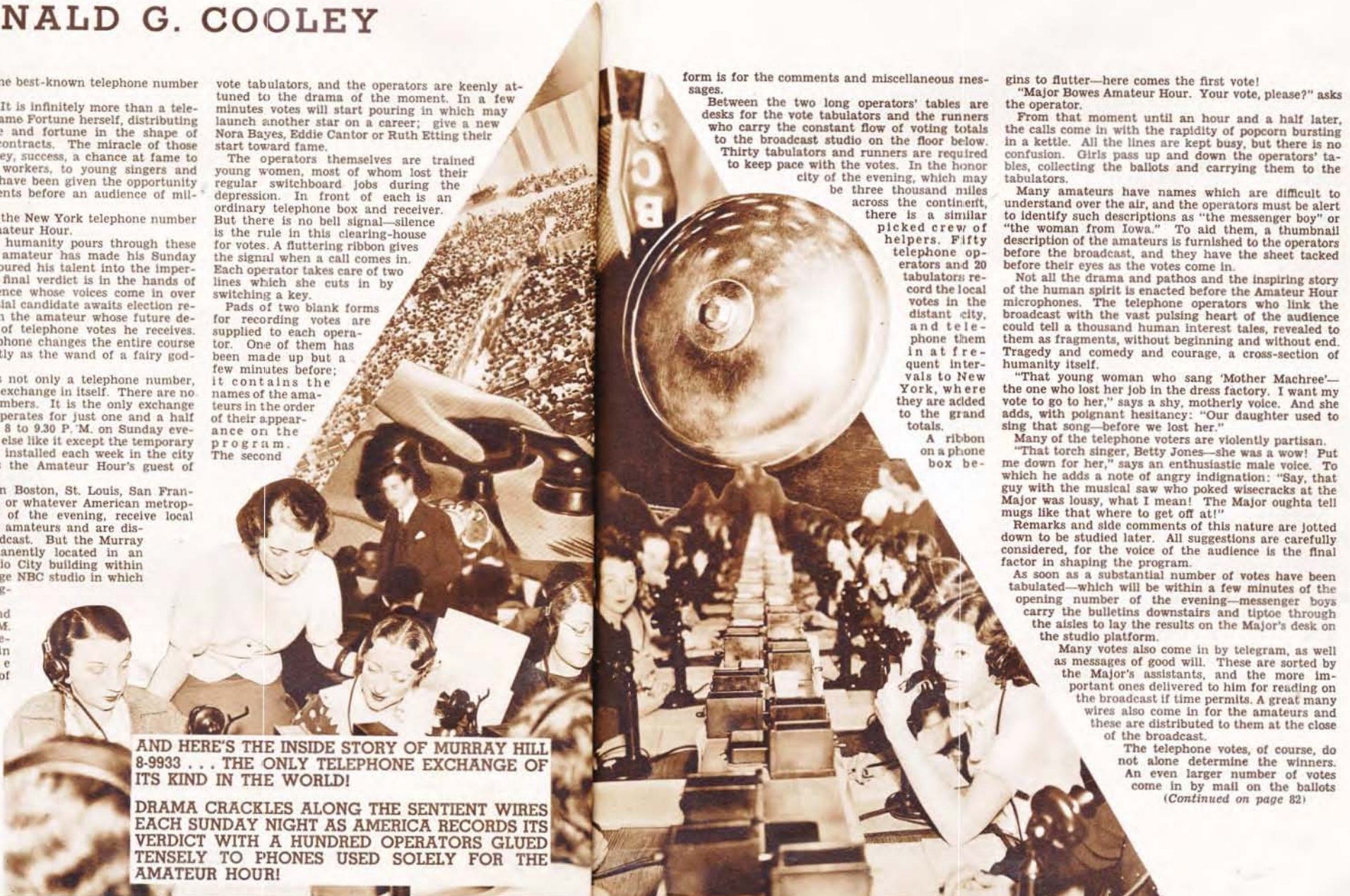
Many votes also come in by telegram, as well as messages of good will. These are sorted by the Major's assistants, and the more important ones delivered to him for reading on the broadcast if time permits. A great many wires also come in for the amateurs and these are distributed to them at the close of the broadcast.

The telephone votes, of course, do not alone determine the winners. An even larger number of votes come in by mail on the ballots

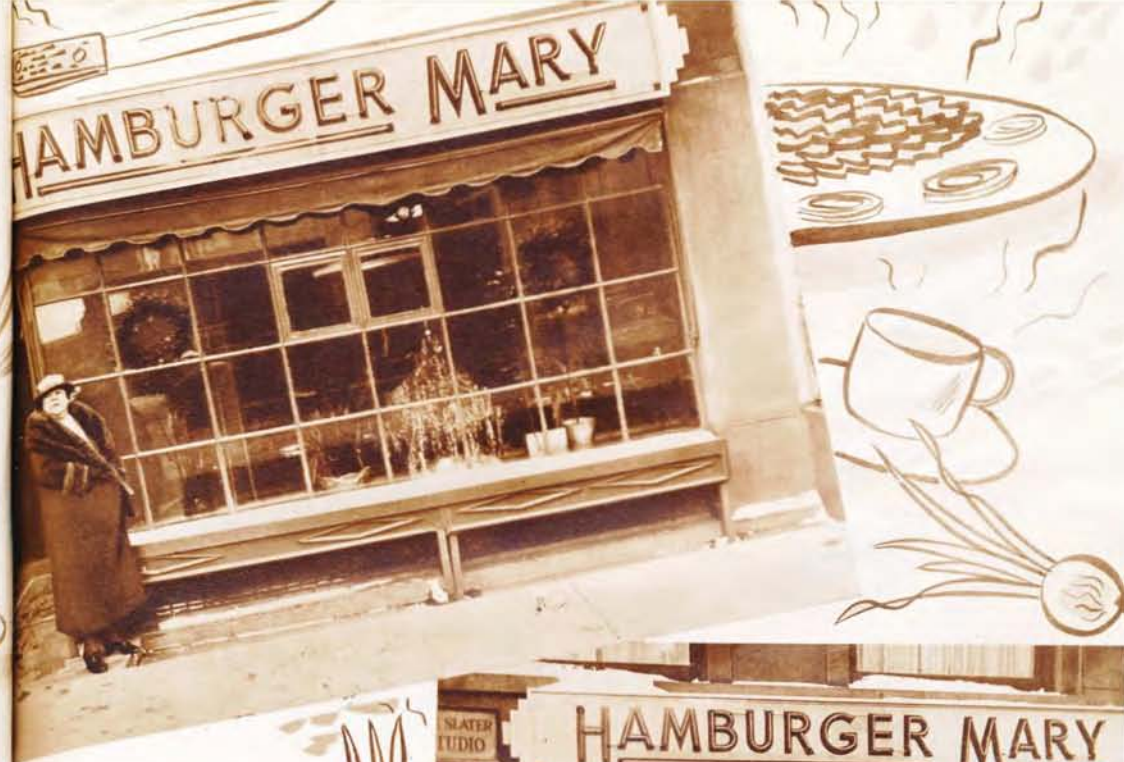
(Continued on page 82)

AND HERE'S THE INSIDE STORY OF MURRAY HILL 8-9933 . . . THE ONLY TELEPHONE EXCHANGE OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD!

DRAMA CRACKLES ALONG THE SENTIENT WIRES EACH SUNDAY NIGHT AS AMERICA RECORDS ITS VERDICT WITH A HUNDRED OPERATORS GLUED TENSELY TO PHONES USED SOLELY FOR THE AMATEUR HOUR!







# 'HAMBURGER' MARY

BY MURRAY MARTIN...

• SHE'S famous, fat and forty. And she works hard, cooking sometimes as many as a hundred and fifty dinners an evening over a hot stove.

And she's as happy as any Irish colleen that ever danced a jig with the likeliest lad in all Killarney, and the moon shining down through the cold misty air as it does nowhere else on the face of this earth.

That's Hamburger Mary . . . Mary Morris . . . her that was Mary McKeon.

You probably heard her sing on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, though that was away back in March.

Mary Morris was born in San Francisco, one of five children. Today she's one of New York's famous—as much for her charm, and her wit, and her generosity as for her hamburger or her prize-winning singing over the Hour.

The Amateur Hour, however, provided Mary with her name—"Hamburger Mary." And its such a natural that you wonder why it hadn't been hers long before the understanding and astute Major Bowes labeled her with it.

Oh, yes, the Amateur Hour also made of Mary a national figure. When you step into her little restaurant on West 51st Street you'll likely find from one to a dozen callers who've come in to say hello to a lovely voice they heard over the air.

The restaurant on 51st Street used to be simply "Mary's." But it was already famous for its hamburger, cooked by Mary with her own special recipe. It's right across the street from Radio City, and one night some NBC people dropped in for dinner. They heard Mary crooning in a soft Irish contralto as she prepared their food. One of them suggested she try out for The Amateur Hour. Mary laughed at the suggestion, but decided she'd go to see her old friend Major Bowes whom she'd known 16 years ago in Tacoma, Washington, when he was President of the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade there, and she was living there with "Chick" Morris, her husband.

The Major was delighted to see her again, and insisted that she at least audition for the program. When her

voice came through the microphone in rich, warm tones, Mary was "in." The voters of the nation chose her one of the winners of that week.

Don't get the impression that that was the first honor Mary had won in her life. For nine years Mary has lived in New York, and she has won the love and admiration of countless thousands of people. Whenever she walks along the street she is stopped, or spoken to, or waved at by taxicab drivers, society leaders, bankers, actors, newspaper folk, and just good plain people.

The day I stopped in to talk to Mary, by appointment, she was a few minutes late. She apologized. It was her birthday—the 43rd—and she'd been to Church. Then she had to hustle off to the hairdressers' because she was going that night to the famous Lamb's Gambol. Almost any night, after her restaurant is closed, Mary can be found in one of the smarter night clubs in New York.

Mary lives by herself in a comfortable apartment on West 55th Street. She runs her restaurant.

(Continued on page 70)

SHE'S FROLICSOME, FAT, AND FORTY. THERE'S DIVIL IN HER EYE, LAUGHTER ON HER LIPS AND SONG IN HER THROAT. SHE RUNS HER HAMBURGER STAND OPPOSITE RADIO CITY, BUT IT NEVER OCCURRED TO HER TO TAKE A CHANCE ON THE AMATEUR HOUR UNTIL SOME NBC PEOPLE DROPPED IN FOR DINNER, HEARD HER SOFT IRISH CONTRALTO, AND PERSUADED HER TO TAKE THE CHANCE THAT MADE HER FAMOUS.







# THE BUS BOY WHO BUSTLED INTO BARITONE GLORY!

YOU CAN'T LICK THE IRISH . . . NOT WHEN THEIR LUCK IS DOWN AND THEIR FIGHTING BLOOD IS UP. PATRICK DUNN'S GLORIOUS ILLUSTRATION OF THIS FACT . . . AS REVEALED BY A DAUNTLESS CAREER THAT RISES FROM "WAGON WHEELS" TO THE MAJOR'S AMATEUR HOUR . . . AND LEAPS FROM TREE-SITTING TO SHORT-ORDER SHOOTING IN A NIGHT-CLUB.



● "WONDER how it feels up there."  
"When's he comin' down?" "Four o'clock, they say."  
"Takes a lot of nerve to stay up that long!"

The crowd gathered in the backyard of the Dunn home in Anderson, Missouri, gazed upward and waited. The shadows lengthened. Four o'clock! The crowd surged forward.

And from the tree where he had been sitting for exactly 160 hours, thirteen year old Roger Patrick Erin Dunn descended to receive the plaudits of the multitude and the title of Champion Tree Sitter of McDonald County.

Thus was born an ambition which reached its climax five years later when Pat Dunn, eighteen year old Kansas City baritone, polled nearly half of all the votes cast the night he sang "Wagon Wheels" on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Even at thirteen, Pat yearned toward a more artistic form of self-expression than that offered by tree-sitting. He had been singing since he was six, but at thirteen you never know when your voice is going to jump from bass to treble—or vice versa.

So at that period, singing was out.

But Pat's artistic urge would not be denied and when the high school in his home town of Anderson held an amateur

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# NIGHT AT THE STUDIO

By DONALD G. COOLEY

FEW THERE ARE THAT GET THE GONG . . . BUT THE SUSPENSE IS SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN . . . THE LAUGHS ARE SUDDEN . . . AND THE HEART-THROBS KEEN . . . AND YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHAT WORLD FAMOUS PERSONALITIES MAY BE THERE TO ENJOY THE SHOW WITH YOU.

● A FLUSTERED young man in the crowded lobby of the National Broadcasting Company building drops his cigarette case. It strikes the floor with a clatter. "Someone just got the gong" shouts a friendly voice.

The jest sets off the mood of the crowd. There is something about the mention of the word "gong" which brings good-natured smiles to the faces of the throng, as if they share a general secret. They share something else too, a mutual response to an undercurrent of excitement which runs through the crowd like an electric impulse.

Excitement begins early in the Radio City building on Sunday evenings. Long before the fateful hour of eight o'clock the crowd has begun to gather. Everyone is in holiday mood, primed for a gala night. And why shouldn't they be happy—aren't they the lucky owners of tickets which will admit them to the Major Bowes Amateur Hour?

No single bit of pasteboard in the world is more eagerly sought than these tickets. They cannot be purchased. Only 1500 of them are issued each week; for that is the capacity of the large studio in which the Amateur Hour originates. Let's suppose that we have one of the coveted tickets, and see what happens.

They carry a warning that the doors are closed fifteen minutes before the broadcast, so we present ourselves early in the black marble lobby. The NBC ushers in their prim blue uniforms have roped off the elevator entrances, so we take our place in line and wait our turn to be ushered into one of the dozen cars which will whisk us swiftly to the studio. Our tickets carry us to the eighth floor, but others admit their owners to the ninth floor balcony of the same studio.

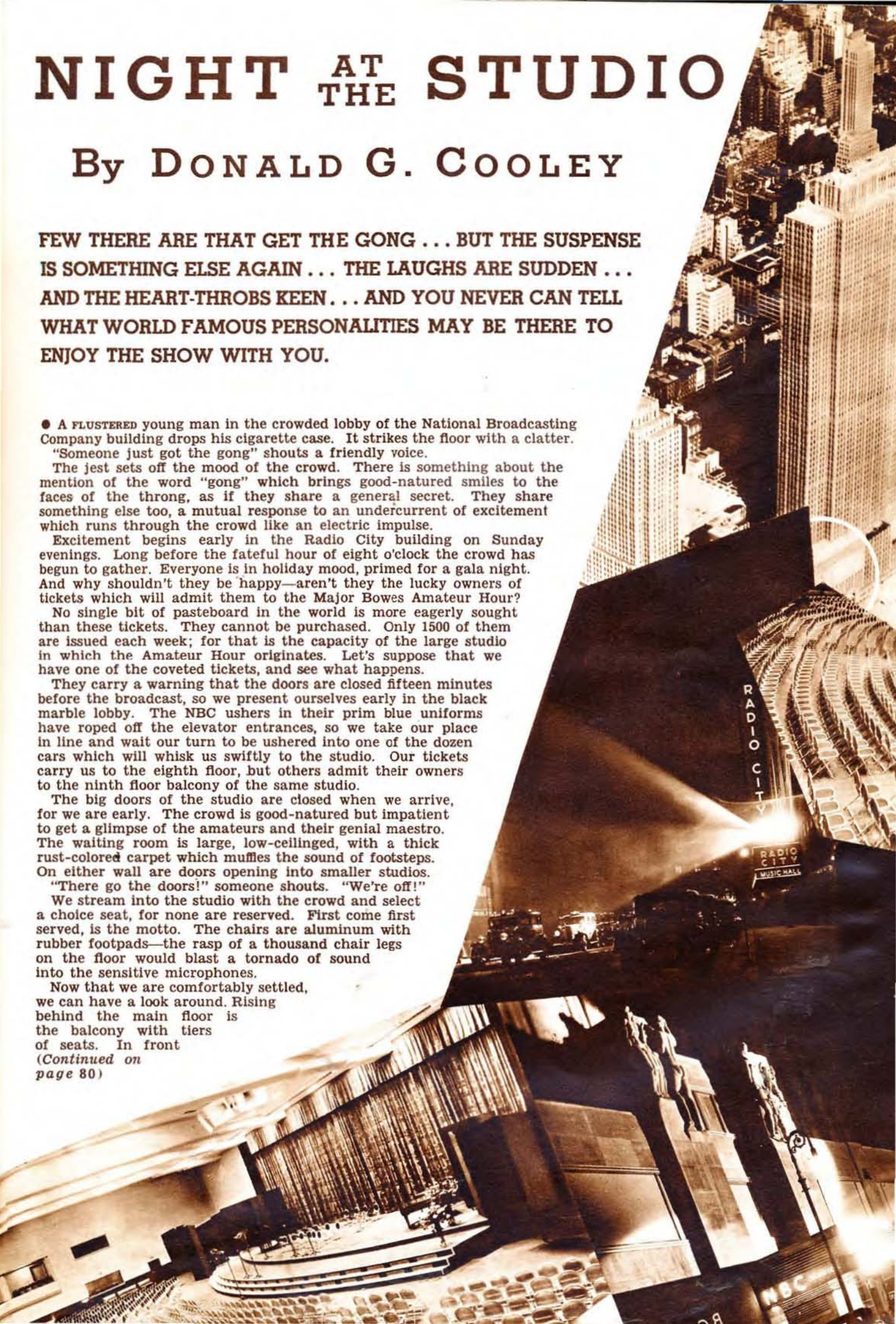
The big doors of the studio are closed when we arrive, for we are early. The crowd is good-natured but impatient to get a glimpse of the amateurs and their genial maestro. The waiting room is large, low-ceilinged, with a thick rust-colored carpet which muffles the sound of footsteps. On either wall are doors opening into smaller studios.

"There go the doors!" someone shouts. "We're off!"

We stream into the studio with the crowd and select a choice seat, for none are reserved. First come first served, is the motto. The chairs are aluminum with rubber footpads—the rasp of a thousand chair legs on the floor would blast a tornado of sound into the sensitive microphones.

Now that we are comfortably settled, we can have a look around. Rising behind the main floor is the balcony with tiers of seats. In front

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# VERONICA MIMOSA

By JACK JAMISON

**"CHERCHEZ LA PETITE FEMME!"  
ORDERED THE MAJOR. . . . .**

**AND THE SEARCH WAS ON—NEW YORK WAS SCOURED FOR THE LITTLE NINE YEAR OLD MUSICAL GENIUS WHO KNOWS TWO HUNDRED DIFFICULT PIANO COMPOSITIONS BY HEART—AND DWELT IN ABJECT POVERTY—UNTIL ALL AMERICA ROSE IN ACCLAIM FOR HER PLAYING ON THE AMATEUR HOUR!  
AND ALL SHE WANTED WAS A DOLL!**

● NINE years old, the child of impoverished parents, buried in the dingy obscurity of New York's poverty-stricken world,—and flooding the sunless courts adjoining her gloomy tenement with the divine music of the greatest masters!

Only nine—a babe—hardly able to reach the pedals with her frail, tiny legs, yet she knew two hundred difficult piano compositions! In two weeks, preceding her debut on the Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, she mastered and memorized fifteen complicated pieces by Bach!

True it must be that genius is born. It may be enriched by great teachers, it may mature under the spur of society's plaudits, it may ripen to shining achievement through helpful endowment,—but—when a child like Veronica Mimosa can step up to a big piano and do things with the ivories that challenge the fully developed artistry of accomplished masters—well,—there must be a suspicion of genius!

Now most of us make it our business, if we have talent or special abilities of any kind, to leave our address and telephone number around. We see to it that the beaten path to our doors is well-beaten, well-posted, and bristling with signs. And if Opportunity wants to knock, we make sure Opportunity knows where to get hold of us instantly.

But what shall we say of little Veronica Mimosa who emerged suddenly from the obscurity of her tenement home, remained in the limelight long enough to win the Teacher's Guild Competition

(Continued on page 91)





## A Kansas Girl Who Conquered Two Continents with Psychic Powers!

She reads secrets of the mind from matrimony to murder! Predicts startling developments in the theatre. Foresees great new opportunities for amateur talent in world of entertainment.



# ASK GENE DENNIS!

By JOHN GALVIN

● SINCE man arose out of his primordial ooze and gaped at the unfolding wonders of his unfamiliar heritage, he has been Jason in quest of a fleece; and that fleece has been the Unknown—the tantalizing World beyond a world.

His quest has taken him on strange errands to more than strange places. He has paled through weird incantations, and celebrated the Black Mass. In dark, fowl caverns he has toiled over retorts, and pored over mysterious formulae. Mousing cabalistic verses he has invoked the aid of occult powers to help him transmute base metal into glittering gold. In ancient glades he has made obeisance to the Great God Pan and, like Faust, he has bargained with the Devil for secrets and powers beyond his ken. Gods of all kinds and all classes, gods of clay and gods of stone, in temples, in gardens, have listened wearily to the endless plea of he who would know the unknowable. In his strange, his fascinating journey down through the

centuries, stumbling, groping, man has had hints, has followed clues which have seemed to lead to the very veil concealing what he would find. He has seen, every so often, rise among his kind strange persons who, by reason of their sensitive organization, seem better-tuned instruments than himself. Through them he has pursued his quest. These so familiar to us since Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, we know as Psychics.

Do we still pursue the Fleece? Would we still know the Unknowable? Ask Gene Dennis!

Gene was born in Atchison, Kansas. While still a girl in school, she attracted so much attention from psychologists that her remarkable gifts seemed fair to lure the world to beat a path to her door. Today her fame is international, and her accurate prognostications of things to come raise the eyes of scientists, and the hair of many an eager questioner.

There was the famous murder in England. Overnight it became an in-

ternational scandal. Worse, distraught officials found themselves up against what seemed to be the perfect crime. There was no loophole anywhere. Motive? None. Theories? Hopeless thousands. The police in desperation turned to Gene Dennis. Her strange gifts might be utilized to name for them the murderer.

Behind closed doors, a circle of tense faces surrounded the beautiful young girl as she gazed at things beyond the lamplight—beyond their poor powers to follow. The pocket watch of the chief inspector seemed to tick with a loud unbearable beat—so silent they all were—so strained. Suddenly, Gene made a little movement. Her eyes fluttered, she seemed to relax. A sigh escaped the officials. They hunched forward in their chairs. "Who did it?" The chief inspector speaking.

Gene speaks. His name is Rutherford. James Rutherford. She adds details. Gives his address. The circle stiffens in incredulity. She had named a peer! (Continued on page 88)





# BALLAD OF AMATEUR HOUR

WHAT shall we do with the bold milkman  
Who loud in the little hours  
Whistles away like a hearty Pan  
Till slumber deserts our bowers?

*He shall whistle an air for Major Bowes,  
The best that his tongue can twist to;  
And a thousand milkmen will vote him first  
And night after night will his lips be pursed  
In the very tune that we called accursed,  
For a suffering world to list to.*

What shall we do with the grocer's boy  
Whose resonant warblings fret us,  
As he chants to the cheeses for simple joy  
Or lyrically wraps the lettuce?

*Why, he shall warble for Major Bowes,  
Later, my friends, or sooner.  
And never, ah never again will he  
Sing to the squash and the broccoli,  
But now in radio ranks shall be  
Numbered another crooner.*

What shall we do with the neighbors' brood  
Who, shrill and fierce as hornets,  
Shatter the spell of our solitude  
With fiddles and fifes and cornets?

*Why, they shall serenade Major Bowes  
With cornet and fife and fiddle.  
Such sound and fury they'll all display  
That the tones which frightened the Muse away  
We shall hear by night, we shall hear by day,  
Whenever a dial we twiddle.*

What shall we do with the family bore  
Whose persiflage never ceases?  
And what with the audible miss next door  
Who's clever at speaking pieces?

*Why, they shall babble for Major Bowes  
Their artful impersonations.  
And an affable agent will bid them sign  
A contract, square on the dotted line,  
For alternate evenings at half past nine  
On very distinguished stations.*

What shall we do with Major Bowes,  
Lord of the aërial garden,  
Who turns our amateurs into pros  
With never a Beg Your Pardon?

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY







## SARA'S LUCKIEST BREAK CAME WHEN SHE WAS FIRED BECAUSE SHE MIMICKED HER CUSTOMERS

### THE MAJOR WAVES HIS WAND

AND SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO KEEN-EARED, RED-HAIRED SARA BERNER WHEN SHE CAME IN CONTACT WITH ITS MAGIC SPARKS!

SHE'S ONLY 19, BUT TWENTY MILLION LISTENERS HAVE VOTED HER A FIND... AS ONE OF THE REMARKABLE IMPERSONATORS OF THE AGE...

● It's a true story—and it's better than fiction. It's a tale that would make the writers of fanciful yarns and success chronicles return to their worlds of fairy princesses, wands and Cinderella pumpkin-carriages somewhat dampened in spirits. For Truth along the Major Bowes' Amateur-Hour front is stranger than Fiction.

It's the amazing and whimsical tale of the rise of little red-headed Sara Berner to fame. It touches blank poverty and black despair at one end, and the sparkling tip of Major Bowes' magic wand at the other.

... Once upon a time—just a month or so ago, to be exact—in one of New York's non-exclusive department stores, Sara worked behind the lingerie counter. Nineteen years old now, she had come with her family to this city of wasted hopes and many dreams. Ever since her school days in Albany, New York, she had dreamed of a glamorous career on the stage. Glorious day-dreams of how she'd study in one of the famous dramatic schools—study hard, and work ceaselessly towards that day when her name would be spelled out in hundreds of electric light bulbs. But soon those dreams and hopes lay in a shattered heap, for along came that too familiar catastrophe, the Depression.

"Believe me," says Sara in recalling those days, "that meant the end of school days for me. Our family was just then blessed with a new little sister, and I had to step out and earn money.

(Continued on page 76)



# THIS MAN BOWES

BY REPORTER . . .

● A story within a story!

This dramatic recital of "Ed Bowes" part in a great city's uprising against entrenched corruption is a fragment of Fremont Older's "My Own Story". The great Editor Fremont Older passed to his reward a few months ago.

Major Bowes was the famous "Ed Bowes" who helped to smash Frisco's "Crime Ring" in 1905!

A great American city lay crushed under the iron heel of civic corruption. A young chairman of the Police Committee of the Grand Jury decided to see what could be done about it. With the Merchants Association and the Chamber of Commerce behind him, he took his life in his hands . . . invaded Chinatown alone . . . and single-handedly seized the King of Chinatown, and

dragged him before the Grand Jury for indictment.

Books by newspapermen are always fascinating, for they contain the words of men who have heard much and seen more. One can generally gain something from persons like that.

Recently I rummaged through a second-hand book-store. A volume that bore the uninteresting title, "My Own Story," caught my eye. I picked it up, glanced through it. The title had not attracted my attention. Rather it was the author, Fremont Older.

You say you can't recall the name. Permit me, then, to tell you that it looms large to members of the "fourth estate" and to those interested in the field of newspaperdom. Fremont Older was the editor

of a large San Francisco paper. He was Yesterday, too. . . . Yesterday about 1905.

Almost forty years ago this man was already the ambitious young editor of a rising Frisco journal, the "Bulletin." He broke scandal, investigated graft, exposed vice. And there was enough of all of these in the San Francisco of that day to supply him with individual material for four or five newspapers.

I bought the book, happy to have discovered it; then, in the course of reading, came upon a passage that disturbed me.

This couldn't be. And yet, it might. "There was a young man," the section read, "on the Grand Jury,—Ed Bowes, who was a good fighter and a loyal friend of mine. Ed Bowes and I planned a Belasco drama."

—Ed Bowes, who was a good fighter and a loyal friend of mine. Ed Bowes and I planned a Belasco drama."

Ed Bowes! My mind drifted off for a moment. The name had a definitely familiar ring to it. Where had I heard it? Major Edward Bowes! That was it!

I settled back to my reading, laughing at the silly notions that will pop into a person's mind. Further on in the volume this greeted my eye:—

"Ed Bowes carried the plan through without a slip. Sixteen hours after he had kidnaped Chan, he brought him into the Grand Jury room."

Bowes, again! I was unable to get the idea out of my brain that this might possibly be the very man to whom millions listen, today. I tried to correlate. Places. Dates. Names. 1905. Ed Bowes, young, athletic, ambitious, a fighter.

1935. Major Edward Bowes, impresario of radio fame, motion picture executive, the man whom Father Coughlin has called "Lord Chesterfield of the Air."

"Chesterfield, the epitome of manners, a fighter?" I questioned myself. Somehow it didn't ring quite true.

And yet, I recalled the newspapermen's credo. Any whim, no matter how fanciful, MAY make a story. Investigation alone proves the truth or falsity of belief. I arranged for an interview with Major Bowes.

When I was ushered in to see him

the Major was seated at the desk in his sumptuous apartment atop the Capitol Theatre Building—the cathedral of the cinema.

Impeccably attired, he greeted me in the quiet, mellow voice that a large portion of the nation from coast-to-coast has heard for over twelve years. What wild, absurd notion had brought me here to take up this man's valuable time? Chinatown! Kidnapers! I decided to get the embarrassing situation over with directly.

"Major," I asked, "Do you recall a man named Fremont Older?"

The Major smiled. "Yes, indeed I do," he replied. "We certainly had some exciting times together!"

San Francisco in the early 1900's. Business was flourishing, for the beautiful city was still growing. Prosperity smiled from every corner. Streets were thronged. Money flowed.

Nevertheless, something intangible, at once sinister and gross, stalked through the crowds; something that has preyed upon each of the nation's metropolitan settlements. Graft was rampant in San Francisco.

Every citizen was aware of it, but apparently none was willing to combat it. Corruption was forcing itself further and further to the fore.

At the time, the leader of both the Republican and Democratic parties was so powerful a political czar that he had succeeded in placing an orchestra leader in the Mayor's Chair.

As a result, the city was "wide-open." Fortunately, so were the eyes of several prominent business men.

In keeping with this policy of city administration which, of course, contained much policy but little administration, the selection of a Grand Jury in San Francisco had become merely farcical.

Eighteen of the leader's—and the Mayor's staunchest adherents would be among the names of those dropped into a box for the jury draw. These eighteen names, before being entered, would be bound together neatly with a rubber band. After the box had been accorded the necessary amount of shaking, the names encircled by the elastic would be withdrawn just as neatly as they had been inserted. Simple, wasn't

it? And extraordinarily practical for the purposes of certain gentry.

About this time, however, the Merchants' Association and the Chamber of Commerce, in conjunction with other civic organizations, decided to attend these proceedings. Previous Grand Juries had accomplished nothing; it was evident that corruption was here, too, involved.

This move on the part of these groups brought about the end of the "hocus-pocus" jury draw. There wasn't a rubber band in the neighborhood when the time for selection arrived.

And the first name drawn from the box was that of Ed Bowes.

This young man was a popular member of the real-estate clan in San Francisco. He was known among his fellow operators as an honest,

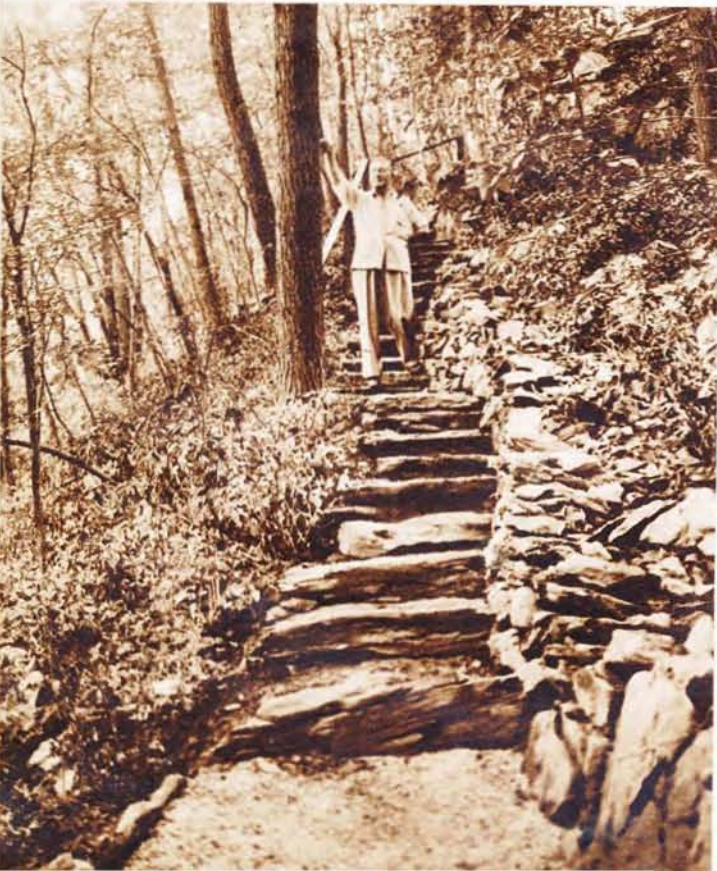
upstanding person who was making great strides forward in business enterprise.

Now, in accepting the position as Chairman of the Police Committee, he promised to cleanse the city of whatever impurity he could discover. Every eye in San Francisco turned upon him. Some were the frank, honest eyes of reputable citizens. And some were the cupidous, oft-times slanting orbs of the underworld.

On the day following the selection of Ed Bowes for his new capacity the San Francisco "Bulletin," edited by its fearless leader, Fremont Older, ran a huge, front page political cartoon. It bore this caption: ONE OR MORE OF THESE MEN IS TAKING BRIBES IN CHINATOWN!

Underneath there appeared the

(Continued on page 71)



THE MAJOR TAKES A QUIET STROLL THROUGH HIS SUMMER ESTATE IN WESTCHESTER.



MANY A RESTFUL MOMENT IS SPENT BY THE MAJOR IN HIS ART GALLERIES ADJOINING HIS OFFICES IN THE CAPITOL THEATRE BUILDING.





The Oklahoma Mustang Wranglers wrangle a few bars from accordions and fiddles while the photographer takes their "pitchers."

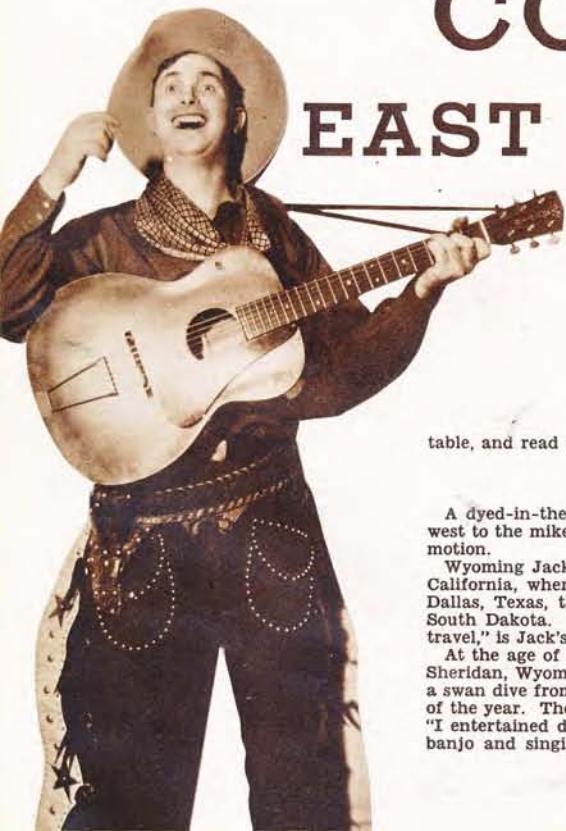


The Jersey Happy Rangers . . . and they're ranging over some mean "swing music" at this happy moment.



It's back to nature for those Jersey hillbillies who are apparently seeking inspiration on their native heath for newer tunes and livelier dance rhythm.

# COWBOYS EAST AND WEST



● YIPPEE! Here they come . . . . the Major's cowboys . . . . whose bucking broncs are frisky guitars, and rawhide quirts mandolin picks. Ambitious to ride herd on the unit ranges of the Major . . . . with all America their wide prairie . . . . they face the mike with the calm courage of their pioneer breeding, as swift in drawing a soda as their namesakes of the cattle-ranges are in drawing a six shooter! Winners all, pardner, and their histories are shore intriguing'. So slip on yore horn-rim spectacles, trim yore lamp on the kitchen table, and read up on yore Amateur heroes of East and West.

## WYOMING JACK O'BRIEN

A dyed-in-the-wool cowboy balladeer who brought the real spirit of the west to the mike with as breezy a natural act as ever set the air waves into motion.

Wyoming Jack was "just a button" when his folks moved from Pomona, California, where he first saw the light of day. The O'Briens drifted to Dallas, Texas, thence to Bartlesville, Oklahoma, on to Missouri and into South Dakota. "Dad was a mining engineer. That's how come so much travel," is Jack's smiling explanation of this itinerant existence.

At the age of 12 Jack ran away from home. He worked on a ranch near Sheridan, Wyoming. At 18 he joined a rodeo. Breaking a leg while doing a swan dive from the back of a mean bronc, Jack quit this outfit at the end of the year. Thereafter, he signed up with Uncle Willie Spear's dude ranch. "I entertained dudes, dudeens and dudds for him," says Jack, "playing my banjo and singing cowboy ballads." Last fall he came East as wrangler

(Continued on page 82)





# LOOKING BACKWARDS

## BY BYRON LONG

### THREE GLORIOUS STARS SERVING AS INSPIRATION FOR THE YOUTH OF AMERICA!



## PRESENTING

Rosa Ponselle  
Edwin C. Hill  
and  
Amelia Earhart



● ON WINGS OF Song, Rosa Ponselle has soared to the heights of operatic fame.

On Wings of Eloquence, the inimitable Edwin C. Hill has mounted to the rostrum of the great.

On rather more mechanical, but none the less inspiring wings, has Amelia Earhart soared into the affections of this round globe through her daring flights across land and sea.

One does well to look back at the difficulties of these great stars who have enthralled the souls and won the hearts of millions. For, in their achievements, may be found inspiration and perhaps the secret of success for those who would emulate their mighty feats.

**ROSA PONSELLE** . . . Miss Ponselle, brilliant Metropolitan Opera Company prima donna, actually started her singing career as an amateur. There was no Major Bowes Amateur Hour to launch her on her way when first she began her struggle; but perseverance as well as an unrivaled voice conspired to bring her into the limelight at an early age.

The dazzling Ponselle actually began her career by singing in a moving picture theatre in her own home town. This was when she was 14 years of age. Financial reverses sustained by her father obliged her to go to work and help fill the family coffer. It was the praise of neighbors and the encouragement of the manager of a movie theatre that gave her the courage to sing illustrated songs and play the piano accompaniments to silent films shown on the screen.

The next step was appearances in cabarets . . . and her discovery by a discerning theatrical manager who launched her on a vaudeville career from coast to coast. It was during these days that the late Enrico Caruso heard Rosa Ponselle. He arranged an audition for her at the Metropolitan. Within six months after she had stopped singing in vaudeville, she stepped onto the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House on November 15th, 1918, and sang the leading role of "La Forza del Destino" opposite the great Caruso himself.

Glorious indeed has been her career ever since then. Each season

sees her gaining new laurels. She is a vital and living demonstration of the fact that talent, ambition, and hard work can overcome all obstacles.

**EDWIN C. HILL** . . . It is the ringing voice of Edwin C. Hill over the air that challenges our attention! With crystalline clarity he explains the involved intricacies of some great question before the nation and makes clear to the simplest minded, as well as to the most sophisticated, the elements involved. Edwin C. Hill is one of the great commentators of the times. Screen, Radio and public platforms . . . all demand his clarion tones and dynamic personality.

Did Edwin C. Hill start out with a silver spoon in his mouth? What good newspaper man ever has? Ed Hill started his newspaper career in Indiana, working for nothing, until he covered the funeral of Benjamin Harrison. They say he did such a brilliant job of reporting that solemn event that the managing editor's conscience would not rest until he put him on the payroll.

Ed had the ambition to get on the New York Sun from his first college days. With \$100 in his jeans, he invaded New York, and made such a nuisance of himself at the office of the Sun that they finally put him on the paper just to get rid of him. He was with the Sun twenty years. You have seen his picture and heard his voice on news

reels. He is perhaps one of the most rabid collectors of books on Art, Decoration, and Historic topics in the country.

Ed Hill doesn't claim to be perfect. Actually, he seems to have been interested in but two subjects while he went to Indiana University—English and History . . . neglecting almost everything else. It was Professor Charles J. Sombower, who holds the chair of English at the University, who aroused Hill's desire to work for the New York Sun by using that paper as his model in class. English and History—Ed Hill knows them both, and by them and through them looks backwards and forwards—in comment as brilliant and incisive as any that was ever expressed in English.

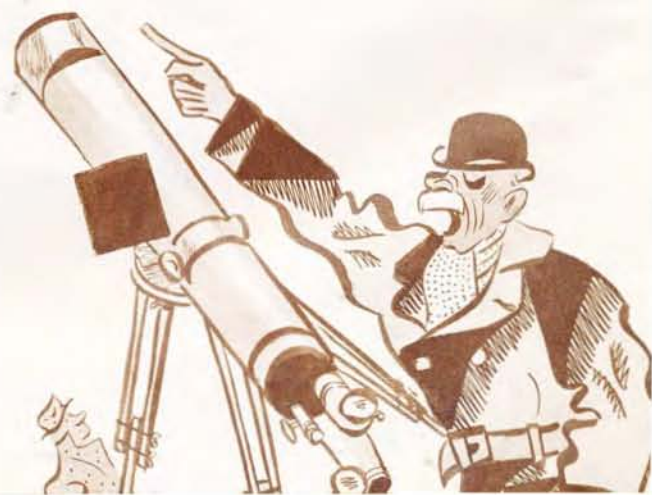
**AMELIA EARHART** . . . 1928—Amelia Earhart, first woman to fly over the Atlantic—takes off in her monoplane "Friendship," with Wilmer Stultz, Pilot, and Lou Gordon, mechanic, flying from Trepassey, Newfoundland to Berryport, Wales.

1932—On the fifth anniversary of Lindbergh's flight—the winged lady dares the Atlantic alone,—this time from Newfoundland to Ireland in her Lockheed Vega monoplane.

As Al Smith would say, "Let's look at the record!"

First woman to fly the Atlantic.  
First person to fly the Atlantic twice.

First woman to fly an Autogiro.





# FASHION PARADE

ADVANCE STYLE NOTES FROM

HOLLYWOOD

PARIS

NEW

BY ANN MARLOWE

YORK



### THE TURBANS ARE COMING BACK...

Remember the rage there was a few years ago for the smart romantic looking turban? Well, our style scout sent us this sketch of a gay headdress copied from the head cover of a Hindoo Prince,—no less,—as what the smart young things will be twisting around their fashionable hair waves this spring.



If you are the petite, dainty type who goes in for fluffy things with flowers at the shoulders and showers of lace, the gown worn by Miss Lily Pons is sure to please you.



### BUT DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER

It's not too soon to be picking your bathing suit. It looks as if the rubber suit is here to stay. Here we show for the first time anywhere the new style rubber suit taken from the popular woolen "baby pants" style that was such a hit last year. It may look like wool, but it's all rubber; and they swear the cap is very, very waterproof.



Stars of Stage, Screen and Radio... all lined up for your special attention and wearing a few models of which you are going to see a lot of this year. Reading in the usual order, from left to right, you have Miss Carol Lombard, in a loosely draped afternoon print—Miss Jean



Harlow of M.G.M. lots flaunting the latest by Adrian; Doris Westler an Amateur who made good, wearing the dolman sleeve ermine wrap, which she now can afford; Miss Gail Patrick in a naive and simple creation; and Miss Miriam Hopkins all ready for an evenings outing in a sheer gown of silver cloth, showing the new ellipse neckline which is gathered in folds on the left side and held by a large oblong jeweled clip.



Miss Ethel Merman of Broadway and Hollywood wearing the latest in hats—a big, black picture hat, and a cameo piece, which by the way is the latest in afternoon jewelry.



### A LITTLE RUSSIAN DRESSING

The ladies seem to like the dashing Russian touch, so the designers are giving you more of it this year. The hat is taken from the style of Peter the Great's Life Guards. The clip is modern, and looks like diamonds, but it isn't.



### THE TARTAR ON YOU

More from old Russia, and if you like that dark slinky look this should fit you from gloves to cape. The couturiers have taken a Tartar swagger outfit, discarded the pants and boots, and as quick as you could say Vionnet or Mainbocher, given you the above sketch.



SHE DIETS TO GAIN WEIGHT . . .  
 PAINTS . . . DESIGNS DRESSES . . .  
 ADORES FIVE-AND-TEN-CENT  
 STORES . . . FINDS 13 HER LUCKY  
 NUMBER . . . BATTLED FROM POV-  
 ERTY TO METROPOLITAN DESPITE  
 FRAIL HEALTH . . . TAKES THE  
 HIGHEST NOTES IN OPERA . . . IS  
 A "REGULAR FELLER" . . . AND  
 PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPHS HER  
 PICTURES.



# ORCHIDS TO LILY PONS

By JANET  
 BANNISTER

● Vivacious, petite prima donna—toast of the opera, screen and radio . . . the uncrowned "Queen of Song."  
 Born in the Riviera City of Cannes . . . on the 13th of April . . . stands five feet two inches, and is one hundred four pounds of dynamic energy.  
 Carries the distinction of having the smallest feet in the Metropolitan Opera Company.  
 Is as effervescent as Champagne . . . as potent as Vodka, and as exciting as Absinthe.  
 Her hair is dark and bobbed . . . her features small . . . and her lashes sweeping.  
 From her Italian mother she has inherited the eloquence and quality of voice . . . from her French father her charm and piquancy.  
 Her mother intended her for a concert pianist . . . she wanted to be an actress but fate decreed that she be a coloratura!  
 She loves to speak English. It is an adventure for her. She starts out never quite sure how it will all end. And it usually ends with a grin.  
 "Way out in Connecticut—Silvermine, to be exact—is the Pons hideaway. A rustic house . . . a beautiful garden, and Panouche the Skye terrier who romps with his lovely mistress to his heart's content.  
 In this surrounding, the elegant songstress may be seen youthfully clad in slacks and sweater, and behaving like the well-known American tomboy.  
 She "adores" things . . . tall buildings . . . five and ten cent stores . . . furs . . . paintings . . . Rachmaninoff . . . first editions . . . Gershwin.  
 There are just four things she fears—snakes . . . elevators . . . crooners and losing weight.  
 She has the unique distinction of dieting to add poundage.  
 She loves life in the accelerated tempo of perpetual movement . . . swim-

ming . . . riding . . . tennis . . . dancing.

She is intense . . . keenly alive . . . vibrant.  
 She plays piano (thanks to her mother's patience) . . . dabs a bit in paints . . . and in an off-moment will design a dress or two. She prefers buying clothes . . . it is more fun!  
 Believes fervently that 13 is lucky for her. Always occupies a room with that number . . . and makes it the common denominator of her life.  
 Lily Pons is confused by the American telephone service . . . and the slot machines. She finds them inexplicable.  
 She is a veteran motorist . . . her father having been interested in automobiling when it was still regarded with fear.  
 As a child she loved to lie on the banks of the azure Mediterranean and lazily fling pebbles into its depths . . . then she would languorously rise and play the grande dame of the theatre . . . the vast sea her audience.  
 One of her fondest memories is that of playing piano for the soldiers in the hospitals during the war. It was there she first sang—and to this impromptu bit of entertaining she gives credit for overcoming her self-consciousness.  
 At eighteen she played an ingenue role in Paris. Alberti de Gorostiaga, vocal expert, heard her; and she began studying with him. He predicted the Metropolitan Opera—and he was right, even though she did have to take the round-about way of first singing at the small opera house in Mulhouse, Alsace-Lorraine.  
 She had much to battle for recognition . . . frail health . . . nervousness . . . money.  
 She made her debut in "Lakme" . . . It was the first opera she sang in the United States—and she believes it is her lucky one.  
 Her voice is thrillingly clear . . . flutelike . . . and since her

advent in the Metropolitan, they have dusted off the scores of many an opera that no singer was able to do—because no one could reach the high notes that wee Lily Pons does. I have seen her take fifteen curtain calls after her breath-taking rendition of the "Mad Scene" from "Lucia di Lammermoor."  
 Superstitious? "No valry," she will say . . . yet she cut a bit of the drop curtain before she went on in her debut in New York . . . and Gatti Gasazza saw her and, when he learned she believed it good luck—said he hoped she would not do it at every performance as there would be no curtain left. She assured him the charm worked only the first time.  
 She has received many gifts . . . her most treasured are from the King and Queen of Siam—who presented her with an ivory elephant . . . and a small handpainted fan which Mme. Melba used in "Traviata." Her greatest thrill came with the naming of a post-office in Maryland called "Lily-pons." She sent all her Christmas cards down there to be mailed from that point.  
 She collects autographs . . . has a passion for all kinds of animals . . . and her favorite bit of slang is "ho-kay."  
 Out in Hollywood she was known as a "reg'lar feller"—because of her friendliness to waiters and policemen, and the help around the studio.  
 Curled up in a chair, she reads her fanmail . . . and personally autographs her pictures.  
 She has been married—but found the housewifely duties far inferior to the glamour and excitement of the stage.  
 She is always threatening to give up her career and retire to Cannes . . . but she knows as well as we all do . . . that she could no more stop singing than a nightingale.



# THE STRANGE TALE OF THE

LIKE DON QUIXOTES THEY CAME CLATTERING INTO NEW YORK IN A BROKEN-DOWN FORD TO JOUST WITH THE WINDMILLS OF FAME AND FORTUNE . . . AND HERE THEY ARE WITH THE MAJOR . . . DAD AND MOTHER YOUMAN AND THEIR THREE PROUD MELODY BOYS.



# CONQUERING YOUMANS

● THUNDERING applause! Seventeen hundred fans seated in the world's largest radio studio burst into spontaneous cheers before the end of a number. The cheers were for three awkward boys. The reason was their uncanny imitation of a Wayne King dance number with no other instruments than a clarinet, accordion and violin.

Famous overnight since their outstanding success on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, the Youman Brothers, Skippy, George, and Jack imitate well-known radio dance bands with a precision and fidelity little short of amazing.

The boys have played musical instruments of some sort almost since they could walk and talk; and they spent so much time entertaining in veterans' hospitals of their home town of Chicago that they came to be known as the "Hospital Hounds." But entertaining veterans was a labor of love, and the Youman family needed money. The father, Daniel Youman, is a tool maker, but he had been unemployed for more than a year.

Take it from the boys, however, it is mighty hard to find an engagement as entertainers when suits are worn and shabby, hair needs cutting and stocking feet show through the broken uppers of shoes. Besides, seventeen, eighteen and nineteen are awkward ages; and even the cheapest nightclubs want musicians with a certain amount of sleekness and polish. Never were they able to get the hearing that might have won them a job.

Gallantly typical of the courageous American family, the doughty Youmans managed, however, to hang on to their small radio and battered old car, even when things looked gloomiest. And they were gloomy-looking indeed the evening they tuned in on Major Bowes' Amateur Hour.

Says dad Youman, "none of us remembers whether it was Skippy or George or Jack who had the inspiration."

"But it was an inspiration," avers mother Youman.

"Things couldn't have been worse," says dad. "But there was the chance—a slim, desperate chance, that the

boys might win a professional engagement. I still can't figure out how we scraped up the money for the trip."

"Don't you remember, dad?" interjects mother. "Danny remembered that forgotten life insurance policy on which we borrowed a few dollars."

"Oh, yes," says dad, "and you divided that lean grocery fund with the boys."

"Yes, sir," says dad, "we clattered away in the old car, like four scared Don Quixotes riding out to tilt at windmills. When we got to New York, we had enthusiasm, and not much else. And how we rationed our dimes to last us until the end of our stay was surely a lesson in economical living."

"Doughnuts and coffee for breakfast," Skippy pipes up.

"Hamburger and a bowl of soup for dinner," laughs George.

"Apples or bananas for lunch," chuckles Jack.

That's how they take it now. But during that Valley Forge of the darling young entrepreneurs, it wasn't so amusing. They camped in a cheap

hotel on the Lower East Side, tightened up their belts, tuned their instruments and awaited the big day, following their audition. And thus came the evening of the broadcast, the gamble on which all their hopes had been staked.

"With thirty-two cents left in the kitty!" grins dad Youman. "But you should have seen us that evening in our crowded little hotel bedroom, brushing threadbare suits, polishing worn shoes, slicking down hair with a ten-cent jar of highly-perfumed pomade. It was Skippy who sold us the idea of the hair dressing. The boys were up in arms against its use, but Skippy always has his way. His argument was that all the big orchestra leaders use pomade. So we meekly surrendered in the end, hoping and praying the outside air would take away some of the smell."

Awaiting their turn, the boys tuned up and inspected their instruments for unseen catastrophes.

"We sure suffered from stage fright," says pop Youman. "What if Skippy's rickety old clarinet should split? What if George's accordion developed a leak in the bellows? What if one of Jack's violin strings should break? You see, there weren't any spares. We hadn't had the money to buy them."

Came the moment when their names were called, and they found themselves confronting a sea of seventeen hundred faces, the awful crisis toned only by the smile of the genial man at the desk placed to one side of the microphone. He nodded his encouragement, and the three Youman kids were on their musical way, easing into the harmonies of a Lombardo dance number. The audience

(Continued on page 70)

## AMAZING

Three amazing melody kids who invaded New York in a broken down Ford on a dime — and brought the Major's radio audience to its feet in a storm of applause







# "GRAHAM McNAMEE ANNOUNCING"

● GRAHAM McNAMEE's commercial announcing on the Amateur Hour . . . side by side with the genial, placid, even-toned Major Bowes! That is a study in contrasts.

For, if the Major represents the quiet, even, restrained element in America's artistic and entertainment world, McNamee typifies the rush and roar, the unrestrained turbulence and the mad excitement of a nation unbridled in its fierce and youthful energy, its lust for excitement and its hunger for thrills.

"Graham McNamee announcing!" And immediately one conjures thundering thousands at a football game yelling for a touchdown; screaming thousands howling for the kill at a Dempsey-Firpo fight; the blare of bands and the tramp of marching delegates at a national party convention; the madness of speedway classics; all the clamor and frenzy of a nation at its emotional peak. And yet, there is no one on the air who can bring more savvy, more assurance to the mike than this same McNamee when called upon to tone down his performance for an occasion such as the Amateur Hour when the suspense hangs on a musical bar-by-bar or note-by-note performance rather than a blow-by-blow affair.

McNamee, as we all know, is not merely a voice and an emotional disturbance over the air. He has that strange quality which has characterized great generals. He has "an eye for the field." Amid all the welter of excitement and confusion he has an uncanny gift for singling out the important, the vital, the strategic details of the living picture he is painting in words at the moment of highest intensity. And with this gift for the vital fact he combines a unique feeling for the human-interest details of the scene. He shoots strange and vivid word-descriptions over the ether of little episodes that visualize the characters, the heartbreaks, the laughs and the tears of the

event being unfolded in kaleidoscopic action before his all-seeing eye. On a field of battle Graham McNamee would be a great general. He would have made a Marshall Murat or a Dessaix for a Napoleon.

But, don't think those big broadcasting moments do not take plenty out of Graham McNamee. He, himself, confesses that he must muster up all his energies before going on the air. He must work himself up into a lather, so to speak. His blood must course through his veins more swiftly, his nerves must tingle with the excitement of the occasion. In the studio, before going on the air, he will be found pacing up and down constantly between the announcer's box and the concert mike"; and it has been said that he was once observed doing a "highland fling" during Rudy Vallee's Fleishman Hour.

● How did this amazing phenomenon of human energy find its way to the microphone and become Graham McNamee?

A combination of idleness and law brought the phenomenon to pass. It was lunch hour in lower Manhattan one sultry day in May of 1922. Excused by the court for the noon recess, an idle juryman sauntered up Broadway in search of diversion. He chanced to pass the American Telephone and Telegraph building which housed the studios of WEAF and, urged by curiosity, decided to find out for himself just what a radio station looked like.

The idle and itinerant gentleman was Graham McNamee; and the beginning of the McNamee career is to be found in that casual visit to WEAF. Ever since then McNamee's voice has become synonymous in the minds of radio listeners with intense, colorful descriptions of sports and news events. He has taken Kings, Queens, Cardinals, Presidents, and prize-fighters in his stride. More persons

are said to have heard his voice than that of any other man who has ever lived.

McNamee had little hopes of a permanent career as a broadcaster when he stepped into 195 Broadway that May day of 1922. His heart was set on concert work as he was a promising baritone at that time. He had actually made a successful appearance at Aeolian Hall only a few months before, and he anticipated that his fantastic radio job would last only until the concert season would again open in the Fall. But the program executives at WEAF had, by this time, developed other ideas about Graham. They had found something new and vital in his dynamic personality and magnetic voice. They induced him to stay. More and more programs came under his sway and, perhaps to sweeten Graham, they let him sing over the air occasionally.

1923 marks the definite "discovery" of Graham McNamee. That year, he received two fateful assignments. The managers of WEAF decided that there should be a radio report of the Harry Greb-Johnny Wilson championship fight. Something like a bomb-shell burst over the airways when Graham hit the ether with that broadcast. That year also marked his first World Series broadcast—from then on, an annual assignment.

The Democratic National Convention of 1924 was Graham's next triumph. Then it was that over the extended network he shot those characteristic, breezy interludes of comment and chatter between Alabama's droning of "24 votes for Underwood" which made his name a household word.

When the National Broadcasting Company was organized in 1926 with WEAF and WJZ as the New York key stations of a nation-wide network, McNamee's voice was heard even more frequently describing the big events. Ever since then radio audiences have eagerly tuned in on those big sport and news event hours which were to be covered by McNamee.

It would seem that Graham's broadcasting demands would be sufficient for any one man. . . . But the active mind which he has inherited from a father who had

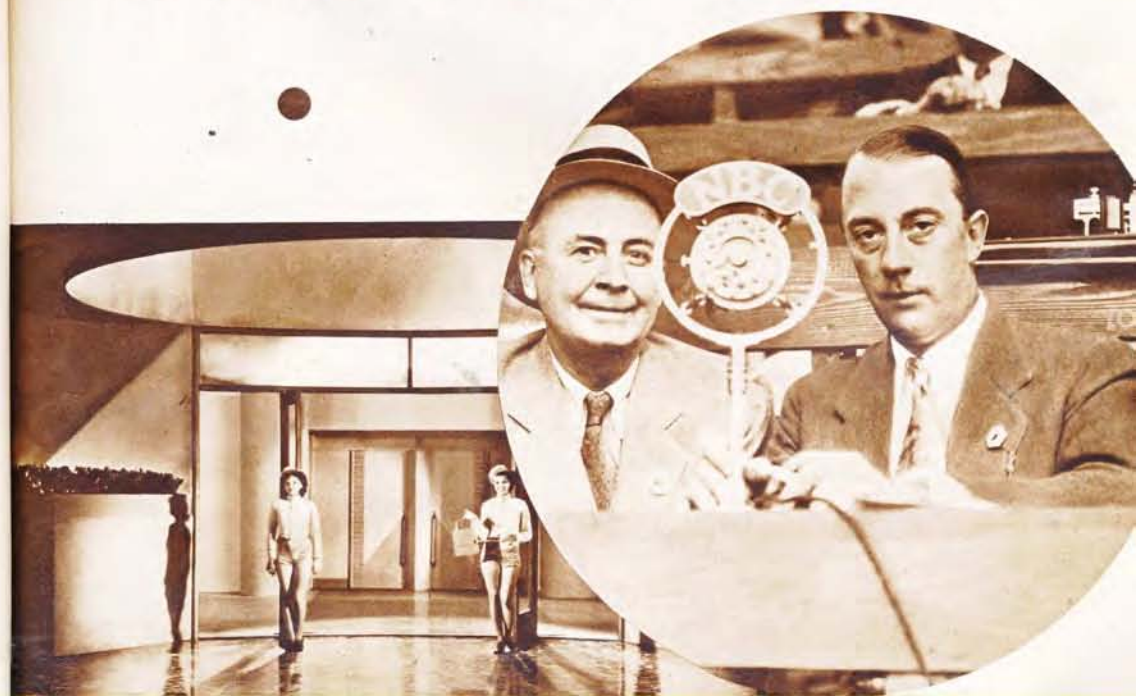
been the legal advisor of the Secretary of the Interior in the Cleveland cabinet, will not be satisfied to confine its energies to the microphone. Wherefore, the famous announcer keeps himself constantly busy with nearly 150 concert and public appearances a year. Graham has his difficulties. He doesn't hesitate to tell you of them.

"When everyone is stark, raving mad, you've got to restrain your self-control, remembering also that in the face of this you must transmit what's going on, so those millions can understand you; and at the same time, you must retain your enthusiasm. The average fan has his favorite. You've got to be impartial.

"And that's only one angle of the situation. You must try to please everyone. Out there in the audience there are boxers, fight managers, experts, ignoramuses, men, women, children, motorists, clubs, families. Half the millions listening in probably do not know the difference between a right jab and infighting; or between a left and a one-two punch. But they want to know how the fight's going. The other half is vitally interested, perhaps, in all the technical jabs. They want to know how the fight's going. They want to be informed of every feint, every right cross, every dodge and shift. Punches come a lot faster from four leather gloves than words from one mouth, yet you've got to get every important fact, every shift, changing move, the color of the crowds, the progress of the fight; a moving, dramatic picture of the whole scene.

"Tough job? I'll say it is, but broadcasting of special events like these is perhaps the most thrilling of all work. Radio announcers are constantly being besieged with questions about their 'greatest thrill'. That happens to be an unfortunate assignment for my poor memory, because when it comes to discriminating among my thrills, —well, I'm like the father of a big family who was asked to name his favorite child, and said simply, 'I love them all'."

In a word, Graham McNamee epitomizes the spirit of '36 in American life. And how appropriate to the occasion it is that he was born in the capitol of these United States, Washington, D. C.!





# THE UNITS ARE COMING TO TOWN



NORTH, EAST, SOUTH AND WEST THEY TROUPE THE COUNTRY... SINGING... WHISTLING... TAPPING... AND WINNING THEIR WAY INTO THE HEARTS OF THE NATION. A VERITABLE MERRY-GO-ROUND OF ENTERTAINMENT... SOME OF THE ACTS BIZARRE, SOME QUIANT, MANY OF THEM ASTONISHINGLY ORIGINAL. ALL OF THEM VIBRANT WITH THE EAGER QUALITY OF ADVENTUROUS YOUTH.

FOR ADVENTURE IT IS TO THESE YOUNGSTERS... TO WHOM EACH TOWN IS NEW... EACH STATE UNEXPLORED TERRITORY... EACH AUDIENCE A NEW CHALLENGE TO THEIR FRESHLY BLOOMING TALENTS.

No, it isn't the circus that's come to town. It's one of the Major's units. They seem to fill the town with that calliope-and-gilt-wagon feeling that goes with the arrival of The Greatest Show on Earth!




The Unit takes a bow... and don't they do it like honest-to-goodness professionals!



Whittlin' Will, to your left, certainly picked a fine time to make the shavings fly... just when a whoop-roarin' cowboy unit blew into town to make the notes fly from their instruments.

Keeping traffic open and moving becomes a serious duty with the local gendarmes when the Amateur units come to town. But they're a gay and care-free crowd, so it really doesn't matter,—and maybe some of the gendarmes have secret amateur ambitions, themselves!





**SPOTLIGHT NO. 3.**  
Sid Raymond believes Edward G. Robinson to be the greatest actor of our times. Mr. Raymond has studied the art of the great Robinson closely and, quite naturally, for he bears a striking resemblance to the illustrious star.



# THE SPOTLIGHT!

● THE mysterious and revealing circle of light, which picks out from the darkness of obscurity those who make strenuous bids for the favor of the public, finds itself resting in these pages on the shining countenance of the Major's ambitious and youthful amateurs.

It is readily observable, from the fact that the spotlight is centered on three of the world's already established and acclaimed stars, that these youthful aspirants for honors have selected rather difficult targets

for their efforts. It is said that there is always room at the top for those who have merit. This trio of novices performing for the Major must have something on the ball, or he would not be so vitally engrossed in their various performances.

There must be something to the dulcet tones of that handsome baritone—Paris Lee—who is engaging the attention of the Major in spotlight No. 1.

One glance at the earnest Mr. Lee and the pleased expression on the face of the Major, and we are quite certain that a career lies before this striving young personality. Paris is now on tour with one of the Major's units after his musical debut on the Amateur Hour.

Lawrence Tibbett is Paris' idol, and Paris does not hesitate to affirm that he anticipates plenty of hard work and training before he can aspire to the spotlight of the peerless baritone of the Metropolitan Opera. And what a spotlight to strive for? Tibbett's world supremacy as a baritone remains unchallenged as yet. His "Escamillo" in "Carmen" is a musical thrill never to be forgotten by those who see and hear him in this immortal opera. As "Boris Godunov" he raised the roof off the Metropolitan; and what a chapter in operatic history he achieved when he made his operatic debut in "Falstaff"!

His powerful voice sent the audience into a frenzy of acclamation. He stole the show from Scotti, the man in whose honor it had been arranged. It was the first time that an American without European training had triumphed at the Metropolitan.

Will Paris Lee step from the spotlight of the Amateur Hour into one that will parallel in brilliant achievement "The Rogue Song"—"The King's Henchman"—"Peter Ibbetson" and "Emperor Jones" of Tibbett? Well, here's wishing the best of luck for Mr. Lee!

My goodness! Look what spotlight No. 2 reveals! Here we have the expressive Irene Pappas,—dramatic song stylist, who is sending her emotions over the air waves in musical interpretation. Irene is a glorious example of youthful ambition and dauntless purpose, who deserted typewriting and stenography to make her bid for the spotlight as a torch-singer. She is only twenty-one, of Greek parentage, and was born at Rockville Center, L. I. She is the perfect example of an ambitious young lady who brings both culture and talent to the "mike" on the Amateur Hour; for she has had a college education and fine training in dramatics. She has had parts in school plays ever since she attended the fifth grade. Irene never really thought seriously about her singing



**SPOTLIGHT NO. 1.**

Paris Lee, baritone, whose idol is Lawrence Tibbett. Mr. Lee has already set his foot on the first rung of the ladder that leads to the baritone fame achieved by the great Tibbett.

**SPOTLIGHT NO. 2.**

Miss Irene Pappas has enthroned America's darling of song, Grace Moore, as her vocal idol. Miss Pappas comes from Rockville Center, L. I.

because she labored under the mistaken impression that she had no vocal talent. However, when she found herself smack up against the difficulty of getting work as a stenographer or finding opportunity on the stage, she applied to the Major for an audition, and her low-pitched singing clicked with the radio voters.

If you should manage to inveigle yourself into the confidence of Miss Pappas, you may discover that her admiration centers on that superb soprano of the Metropolitan Opera—Grace Moore, who truly occupies not one but three brilliant spotlights on stage, screen, and radio. In setting up Grace Moore of Metropolitan fame as her idol,—Miss Pappas may be truly congratulated for her lofty ambitions;—for the voice of the sublime diva has thrilled the world. Through her performance in, "One Night of Love", "Carmen", "Madam Butterfly", "La Boheme" and a score of other operatic and cinema triumphs, Miss Moore has earned the right to be hailed as America's Darling of Song! Miss Moore, as well as Miss Pappas, had her early struggles and privations, and was forced to battle characteristically the obstacles that confront genius and youthful talent.

Nashville, Tennessee, is the birthplace of Grace Moore—Rockville Center, L. I., is the birthplace of Irene Pappas!

Will Irene bring as much glory to Rockville Center as Grace Moore has brought to Nashville?

Sid Raymond, for instance,—whose audition is being held in spotlight No. 3. One glance at Sid and there can be no doubt about it—he is doggedly trailing the footsteps of Edward G. Robinson, who has blazed a romantic path of cinema achievement in such movie masterpieces as "Little Caesar"—"Barbary Coast"—"Silver Dollar"—"Little Giant"—"Dark Hazard". Perhaps Sid has plotted to begin his career first with a stage appearance. In that event, he no doubt, has in mind, Mr. Robinson's theatrical work. Some of Robinson's dramatic works were—"The Man With Red Hair"—"The Brothers Karamazov"—"Peer Gynt"—"The Firebrand"—"Under Fire"—"Kibitzer"—"Under Sentence" and others. However, it does seem, at first blush, as if Sid may shape his policy to conform with that of Mr. Robinson, and go into vaudeville first as did the latter when he clicked some years back in a vaudeville act, written by himself, and called "The Bells of Conscience". Mr. Raymond, when last heard from, was scheduled to appear with a group of talented amateurs in one of Major's vaudeville units. Keep your eye on Sid! See how long he remains in the Spotlight!







OLD MAN RIVER FINDS RHYTHM IN THIS FEATURETTE.



PRETTY ENOUGH TO MAKE THE HANDS OF A SMALLER CLOCK RUN FASTER.



HIT THOSE STRINGS AND SHUFFLE THOSE FEET.



# STARS OF TOMORROW!!



"TURN 'EM OVER!" IS THE ORDER OF THE DIRECTOR, AND THE AMATEURS DO THEIR STUFF BEFORE THE VOCAL CAMERA LIKE VETERANS.

● THREE sharp "CLANGS".....Dead silence..... Then

"TURN 'EM OVER!"

The cameraman sets his machine in motion. John Auer leans forward in his chair, hat pushed back, and directs with expressive hands. Immersed in brilliant, glaring Kleig lights an amateur, her face almost grotesque under movie make-up, makes her screen debut. She faces the camera and forgets completely that just a few moments before her knees were shaking with nervousness. She sings and the sensitive microphone, hanging from above, faithfully "picks-up" every note.

The scene is the studio of the Biograph Film Company located in one of New York's suburbs. For this day attention is centered on the filming of an unusual sort of movie "featurette". The talent is made up entirely of the best of the radio Amateur Hour graduates. None has ever faced a camera before. Yet, here they are—a stenographer, a delivery boy, pullman porters, grocery clerks, a high-school student. A well-known director has been tirelessly instructing them in the mysteries of movie making. Every trick of make-up, lighting and recording is being used to insure a happy result for another of the two-reelers starring the Major and his amateurs; and which are already intriguing the interest of the nation's movie-goers. But today it is a new story all over again. Together the neophytes are sharing the thrill of a lifetime.

A few nights ago, this particular group had met in one of the huge Broadway office buildings. Offices had been darkened. Tenants had turned the key on business activity for the day. But there was one suite where lights blazed, and the sound of tapping feet and the voices of singers echoed and re-echoed through the empty halls. These halls were Biograph's audition rooms where the amateurs were being tested for movie possibilities. Chairs along the wall of the reception room were filled by the large group of applicants. Vainly endeavoring to draw comfort from frequent puffs on cigarettes, feet shuffling nervously, these novices tremulously waited to be called. There was really nothing to fear,

AN INSIDE PEEK INTO THE FILMING OF THOSE AMATEUR FEATURETTES BRINGING NEW TALENT TO THE TALKING SCREEN.

—Biograph's associate producer is a considerate individual. He understands, and makes allowances for inexperience. So, one by one they filed in. Patiently, each was auditioned. There were long moments of suspense. Then the producer rendered his verdict. To the successful aspirants for screen honors, he announced, "Okay, folks, we start shooting next Monday."

And so, the afternoon of the following Monday, this reporter hied himself out to the suburban studios. If it weren't for the temperature, the scene could easily be placed somewhere along Hollywood Boulevard. He found himself in a tremendous barn-sized room with a series of five or six sets. The locale of the scene being shot was a rural general delivery store. Skillfully constructed, the set was designed to be an exact duplicate of the original when the film was to emerge from the cutting room. Blinding

lights seemed to be the principal decoration motif of the miniature stadium. Beneath one of the large Kleigs sat the script girl. In the midst of all the hustle and bustle of making a picture, she reclined calmly in a canvas-back chair. On one knee, the script was balanced; on the other was perched a novel she had been reading. Busily she chewed her gum in the quick tempo necessary to keep time with the pianist who accompanied the singing amateurs.

Modern sound and photograph equipment machines, with adjustable derrick, looked like a queer collection of prehistoric monsters. But the amateurs, all in costume, managed to put themselves at ease. First they were run through their paces for the silent picture only. Then, the delicate microphone was adjusted, and voices and flying feet were recorded for sound.

Director Auer, trained in the artistic school of continental screen-work, enjoys working with his new charges. Quick to learn, they obey his clear, sharp directions eagerly and accurately. Hours pass before the welcome "OKAY FOR SOUND," orders is finally given. The warning three bells for silence are heard, then comes the always-thrilling words, "Turn 'em over!"

Such is the story of any one of the Major Bowes' Amateur Hour movie shorts. From every occupation, from every type of home and environment, these amateurs come to enjoy an experience that had only existed for them, heretofore, in print and dreams.



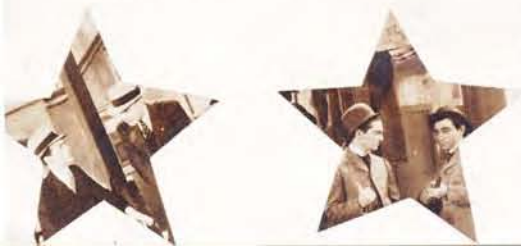
PICKIN' COTTON AGAINST A SOUTHERN BACK-DROP.



CHALLENGING THE LAURELS OF A FRED WARING OR A RUDY VALLEE.



THE SINGING PORTER FINDS SOMETHING ALIENING THE YOUNG MAN.







She flashes a winsome smile, ornamented with a diamond toothpick, and reveals a story of bright ambition . . .

Beginning With An lasy smile  
 The history of my life I was  
 Born in miami Fla where I  
 was the youngest of two sisters  
 Blanche Wenston and Gertrud  
 The older sister name Gertrud  
 I all way love to sing and  
 dance any time I know a  
 Band was coming to the city I  
 would go to town A get a new  
 dress and you should have  
 seen me all over the dance  
 Hall just dancing and if I  
 was not seen I would ask to  
 sing. My sister would get so  
 angry with me she said Mary  
 please sit down because these  
 people are just making

a fool out of you if they want  
 you to sing they will ask you  
 one night at the dance my  
 first success was solitude done  
 over the microphone of a visiting  
 Band came to the city since  
 then I have steadily climbed  
 up ward. So all of my friends  
 wanted me to go to N.Y. to try and  
 make good so I did. When I got  
 to N.Y. City I wrote Mr. Major  
 Bowles for a chance and he  
 gave it to me. The best chance I  
 ever had. I told him he was  
 the best man that ever  
 lived but he said Mary all  
 way be a good girl. So thanks  
 to the major. Written by  
 Diamond Tooth Mary Perry

# DIAMOND TOOTH MARY PERRY

Mary Perry tells her own tale in the copy printed below, and transposed from her letter to the left.

Beginning With An lasy smile  
 The history of My life  
 I was Born in Miami, Fla. Where I  
 Was The Youngest of Two Sisters  
 Blanche Wenston and Gertrud  
 The Older sister Name Gertrud.  
 I All Way love to Sing and dance  
 any time I know a Band Was Coming  
 to The City I Would go to town  
 A get a new dress and you should  
 have seen Me All over the dance  
 Hall Just dancing and if I Was  
 not seen I would ask to sing.  
 My sister Would get so Angry With  
 Me. She Said Mary Please  
 Set down Because Theas People  
 are just Making A Fool out of you  
 if They want you to Sing They Will  
 Ask you One night at The Dance  
 My First Success Was solitude done  
 over The Microphone of a Visiting  
 Band Came to The City Since  
 Then I have steadily climbed up Ward. So all of my  
 Friends Wanted Me to go to N. Y. to try and  
 Make good. So I did. When I got to  
 N. Y. City I wrote Mr. Major Bowles  
 Fore a chance and he gave it to Me. The  
 best chance I ever had. I told him he was  
 The Best Man That Ever lived but he said Mary  
 All Way be a good girl. So Thanks to the  
 Major. Written by Diamond Tooth Mary Perry.





# HOT FROM



# HOLLYWOOD

BY MARTIN FOWLER

The stars on safari . . . Eleanor Whitney toeing up . . . two smart pen-boys . . . Shakespeare gets his "shake" . . . those Metropolitan song-birds of the screamies . . . Three little words from Garbo . . . Katie, let your hair grow . . . Charles Laughton "front boy" . . . Joan prefers "modern." That double-trouble feature.

● THE MOVIES are so pleased with the furor raised in South America by Clark Gable's tour, that they are planning to send out others of their heart breakers to stir up the customers in the four corners of our little world. So don't be surprised if you run into Bing Crosby personal-appearing-it in the Darkest Congo, or Ronald Colman dropping in to tear a bit of blubber with some Eskimo movie fans. Clark was mobbed in almost every city in South America, his clothes were torn to ribbons, and some admirer even stole his luggage.

If you liked Eleanor Powell's dancing, keep your eye on Eleanor Whitney, the gal who danced in "Millions In The Air"! Not only is she giving Miss Powell a run for her money—but some of the dance experts (of which we are not one) say she is even better. Moves are now being made to team her with Fred Astaire. There must be some thing in having a name like Eleanor that just makes you get up and dance. I'll never forgive my folks for giving me a name beginning with M.

While all the big male stars are worrying about story scripts and leading ladies, Fred MacMurray and Bob Taylor have been working in any picture given them, and jumping from production to production. Now the two boys find themselves getting most of the fan mail in Hollywood. Fred has just finished six pictures in a

row (remember that knockout—"Hands Across The Table"?), and has ten more lined up. Bob made such a hit in "The Magnificent Obsession" that the studios are rushing him into a flock of new pictures. Both were unknown a year ago—today they are two of Hollywood's rising stars. Maybe that's why we are all so interested in Hollywood. It proves the old story that if you have some thing on the ball, and work hard at it, tomorrow may be your day.

Shakespeare keeps on being a very popular author in Hollywood. Now we hear that Leslie Howard, who will play Hamlet on the stage in New York and London, may do the sad Dane in front of the movie cameras. But don't put too much stress on this statement. Every now and then somebody gets the idea of doing a movie "Hamlet," and then everybody puts in a lot of time forgetting about it. John Barrymore has been trying to get his "Hamlet" in front of the cameras for ten years.

Back in the old days anybody with a curl and a cute face and a little promotion by the right people could become a star; but now if you can't sing, can't dance, can't act or can't be funny, better stay at home. Gladys Swarthout, Lily Pons, Grace Moore, Eleanor Powell, Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire are just a few of those who are

(Continued on page 81)



# ROGRAIN Stockings



#### WHAT THE MICROSCOPE SHOWS

LEFT. Ordinary Stockings. Pronounced ribs reflect the light, cast shadows, have a tendency to shine.

RIGHT. Rograin Stockings. The inside-out texture of Rograin is smooth, even and softly dull.

Reissue Patent 18757

**IT'S A BEAUTY SECRET** . . . all professionals know it . . . stockings turned inside-out are softer, duller, more flattering to lovely legs. Rograin stockings are actually *knitted* inside-out, with the ribby side inside and the smooth surface outside. To make *your* legs slimmer, lovelier, take your cue . . . wear Rograin, the original inside-out stocking. Shown in leading stores.

**ROMAN STRIPE MILLS, INC.**

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# BROADWAY



## BITS

BY B. R. OADWAYE

The inside on "Jumbo" . . . that Bernie-Winchell fracas . . . Clifford Odets from the Bronx . . . What two dollars will do for you in a night club . . . brief bits on Broadway plays.

● THE STRANGEST thing about Broadway is that when you see a show advertised as "direct from two years on Broadway" it's not so; because there is not one legitimate stage theatre left on the Great White Way. All the plays are given in small theatres on the side streets, from 42nd Street to 54th.

Broadway itself is the home of movie palaces, orange drink stands, and a place where the machine age makes doughnuts in a window. There used to be a Flea Circus, but Billy Rose put it out of business with "JUMBO."

Now Mr. Billy Rose, who is said to be as smart as three other fellows, had a dream one night, and the result was "Jumbo." It must have been a good dream because he got millionaires to angel it with staggering bankrolls, and Ben Hecht and Charles Mac Arthur, the two Hollywood Boy Scouts, to write the story; and, after adding Jimmy Durante, Paul White-man, a few hundred gals and horses, some elephants and popcorn sellers, he almost rebuilt the Hippodrome. Now he has a show that the wise ones say will run fifty years—more or less.

Broadway is one of the few places in the world where you can become famous just by getting your name in the papers and keeping it there. The popular Ben Bernie and Walter Winchell fight, which has been going on for years, is a merry deceit. If the boys don't get three newspaper notices a week out of it, they are said to look with jaundiced eyes at their press agents.

Ethel Barrymore enjoyed a remarkably successful road tour and some public differences with the press.

Jean Nathan never admits liking anything unless it's been translated from the Albanian.

F. P. A. thinks Alex Woollcott is wonderful—Woollcott thinks Miss D. Parker writes the nicest books—Miss Parker loves the way Bob Benchley reviews plays—Mr. Benchley thinks F. P. A. did a delightful bit in his paper the other morning.

The new playwright, Clifford Odets, has had four hits in a row, and not only with the public. Even the critics liked his plays, which is something, as most of the critics do most of their sleeping on opening nights. Clifford Odets was a Bronx Boy who wanted to write plays. He became an actor and played in other people's plays to see how it was done. Then he wrote the quartette of hits. His 'Paradise Lost' shows a great American Playwright on his way up.

Once a night club was a place where very rich people went to spend two or three hundred dollars a night, and to enjoy being called sucker by the hostess. Then came the bull market of '29. Remember? Most of the big high-priced night clubs went out of business, and in came the big, gay, fast, fun machines like The Hollywood, The Paradise, and others. For two dollars—no cover charge—you can get a good meal, a big floor show, and dancing with music by stars like Rudy Vallee, Ben Bernie, and others.

(Continued on page 76)



"—I'm cooking tonight—the wife is singing on the amateur hour—"



# SPEEDY delivery gives

## An Expensive Package is not necessary

*Years of experience in selecting and blending coffee stand behind the famous Chase & Sanborn quality . . . Chase & Sanborn experts select only the world's costliest and choicest coffees . . . then blend them skilfully to create the perfect flavor that has been the favorite with coffee lovers for 70 years.*

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The very best coffee in the world loses its marvelous flavor and fragrance in course of time, but with speedy delivery an expensive package is unnecessary. This is what Chase & Sanborn found after very careful research by eminent scientists.

And so Chase & Sanborn instituted **Dated Coffee** six years ago.

*Dated* Coffee is roasted daily. It is rushed fresh from the roasting ovens direct to your grocer, the delivery date plainly marked on each pound. The same wonderful swift delivery system brings it fresh that delivers Fleischmann's Yeast fresh regularly to grocers all over America.

When you buy Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee, you are assured of freshness and healthfulness . . . freedom from that rancid taste. It's full flavored . . . delicious.

NOW DATING brings you a new advantage. Because Chase & Sanborn Coffee is rushed to your grocer straight from the roasting ovens—and *Dated*—a costly container is not needed.

Now, instead of expensive packaging, we can use a simple bag. This new Chase & Sanborn bag effects a substantial saving on every pound, and we pass the saving on to you. It's exactly the same fine blend of coffee you used to get in the can.

*Dating* and rapid delivery make expensive packaging unnecessary. *Speed* alone can bring you coffee freshness—guaranteed by our famous *Dating Plan*.

Ask your grocer tomorrow for Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee packed in its crisp, new bag. Enjoy its delicious freshness and save money on every package you buy.

*Dating*—  
permits this  
new package. Effects  
a SAVING which we  
pass on to you

# you Fresh Coffee — free from Rancid Taste



BECAUSE IT IS DATED—Superb Chase & Sanborn Coffee can now be packed in a simple bag. This means a substantial saving over the can we used to use. And we pass the saving on to you. It's the same coffee, but you save money on every package!

*Silver coffee service, courtesy of Crichton, Ltd.*





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● Direct from Reich Sport Field—a hundred nations strong! Pick of the world's athletes—sharpshooting at world marks! Only once in four years this stirring climax in international achievement and music!

Hear it at its best—with the glorious new 23 Tube SCOTT Receiver. You're a big game hunter with big game ammunition when you own a SCOTT!

No hair-trigger dialing—no running the rapids of extraneous noise. Gunsight aim in the forest of short waves—bullet direct Selectivity! Unqualifiedly guaranteed to bring down more foreign stations with greater undistorted volume, with less noise, with more enrapturing beauty than any other receiver on earth! Here's a world's record for distance hunters to level guns at! Morocco—Italy—Argentina—Australia—Hawaii—Indo-China—England—Spain—34 foreign countries—98 foreign stations VERIFIED with one SCOTT!

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DELIGHTFULLY rids your scalp of every speck of dandruff. A single application stops that miserable itching... A single bottle corrects annoying scalp irritations; lends softness and beauty to dull, lifeless hair, but positively does not discolor either hair or scalp. Use Lucky Tiger Hair Tonic and dandruff remover now and enjoy the tingle of new life and cleanliness. At Druggists and Barbers.

## GRAY HAIR

Revolutionary easy YOUTHRAY method. Most advanced way to overcome gray hair. Thousands prefer it. No Harmful Dyes!

Use YOUTHRAY—changes gray hair, moment to moment to any beautiful youthful shade, naturally. Result guaranteed. Guaranteed Results.

Free Trial For men, women. Not affected by curling, waving. Won't rub, wash off. Not sticky or greasy. Don't confuse YOUTHRAY with dangerous dyes. Contains no coal-tar, vegetable dye, lead or sulphur sediment. Get facts. Test YOUTHRAY at OUR RISK. Send TODAY for FREE TRIAL OFFER and Illustrated Booklet, "Hair Beautiful", or send 10c NOW for Sample Bottle. ERNA SAFFAN, 333 N. Michigan, Dept. 4436 Chicago

# HAMBURGER MARY

(Continued from page 36)

keeps in close contact with her brothers and sisters, maintains acquaintance with an amazing number of people, and has a thoroughly good time by enjoying everything she does.

If you're in New York, stop at 17 West 51st Street. Maybe Mary will let you sit on the long wooden bench beside her cook table where she'll talk to you while handling a dozen pots and pans. There's a fascination in watching the deft, expert touches she gives to a pad of raw hamburger—and its transformation into a huge, sizzling cake of delight is a reward equalled only by the joy in watching Mary while she brings it about.

You'll get a constant stream of conversation from Mary. But she won't tell you how she makes her hamburger. The recipe, says Mary, with a thick Irish brogue, "is me stock in thrade."

And the recipe is not her only stock in trade. If Julius Caesar could have dictated to seven secretaries at one and the same time, as some of the historians tell us, Mary can go him one better by carrying on a conversation with just as many hungry patrons and more,—and still go on with her work as accurately as if she were as silent as The Sphinx. It's uncanny—but the truth. While keeping up her running fire of conversation she never "bawls up" an order, or fails to give the customer just exactly what he's ordered, and the way he wants it done. And that is what we'd call efficiency!

It's hard to tell about Mary in less than 10,000 words. She has two radios in her restaurant, (which by the way seats exactly 45 people) and one radio in her home. The only public singing she ever did before her appearance on the Amateur Hour was choir work; her father was a mining engineer; she weighs 220 pounds; she doesn't like house work.

And, oh yes, you get one guess at what Mary sang on the air. You're right the first time! It was "Danny Boy."

That's Hamburger Mary.

# YOU MAN BROTHERS

(Continued from page 55)

rubbed its collective eyes. Could this trio of mere youngsters be pouring out that gorgeous volume of sound, that diversity of tone! And the absolute accuracy of their imitations!

When they played a waltz with the soft, sensuous rhythm that has made Wayne King famous the audience burst into cheers in the very midst of the number; something that does not happen often on the Amateur Hour. With each imitation the waves

of applause rose to greater crescendo. The boys had clicked with the audience. But what of the millions who were listening in? What was to be their verdict? There were other swell numbers on the program yet to be heard.

Bolstering themselves against possible disappointment the boys awaited the announcement of the telephone votes. It came, finally. The votes were literally piling up for the Youman Bros. "How would they like to go to Memphis and join Unit No. 2?"

The kids shook at the knees. It was just too good to be true. The indomitable Skippy was the first to recover his composure. "We would like it, and when do we start?" was his spirited retort. And to his dad he said a few moments later, "Pop we're in. Let's go on a tear. Let's shoot that last thirty-two cents into some hamburgers. "We are hungry."

Things always happen fast when they come thick with success, for the eyes and ears of the mighty are always wide open for comers. The "Big Shot" of Chase & Sanborn was on the phone next day calling the Major. "I like those boys," he said, and asked the Major to tell him something about them.

"They are nice boys, and they are very talented," replied Major. "Jackie plays the violin, George the accordion, and Skippy will tomorrow be playing the finest cornet that money will buy, for I am going out to buy it now, and I will send the bill to Chase and Sanborn."

To which the "big shot" replied with a chuckle, "go as far as you like, Major—that's the biggest thrill I've had in months."

Now if there is one element the Major values it is that, of time. Time calls for good time pieces. And when the Major discovered that three youngsters whose time, also, was hereafter to be regarded as valuable, were nursing a secret passion for fine time pieces, he decided right then and there that the desire should be gratified; and to each of the Youman kids, he presented a wrist-strap watch which they display with pardonable pride.

With a generous advance against salary the boys were signed for one of the traveling units. But the drama of the Youman Brothers had yet to mount to its climax.

By one of those coincidences too incredible for fiction, dad Youman's sister was listening in on the night of his son's broadcast. For twenty-seven years he had not seen her. A widow with five small children, she had been lost sight of completely. Immediately she telephoned to the studio. Daniel Youman and his sister were reunited.

The Brothers Youman take their work seriously and Major Bowes plans to present them with their own orchestra some day.



# THIS MAN BOWES

(Continued from page 45)

caricatures of The Leader, The Mayor and another of the city's outstanding officials. The three men were surrounded by a circle of accusing fingers.

There was no investigation necessary in the discovery of the name of Chan Cheung. He was widely known as the "King of Chinatown"; and he revelled in the title. Further, Cheung was also paymaster to the Chinatown Police Squad—This link between vice and justice, so-called, was an obvious one. But no one dared to sever it.

That any member of the complacent triumvirate in charge of the city could be compelled to talk facts to the Grand Jury, Bowes set aside as preposterous. There was no direct evidence against any of them. One man, however, could be depended upon to incriminate them in large measure. If Chan Cheung could be forced to speak . . .

Cheung's home was in the heart of Chinatown; a veritable fortress surrounded and guarded by his henchmen, thugs and highbinders of the most dangerous type. But Ed Bowes knew the age-old axiom that each man has some weakness, large or small. He set out to find Cheung's. And he did.

Cheung was the unquestioned "King of Chinatown." A handy man and satellite of Cheung was a reporter on one of the small San Francisco papers. The reporter, handling all of Cheung's press contracts, had access to his home at all times. This situation, this friendship—relationship—call it what you will, started the ball rolling. Bowes immediately sensed a definite opening there.

He called the "Bulletin" for Editor Older. He conferred with former San Francisco Assistant District Attorney, Grant Carpenter—And a plan was formed.

Two hours later, Older was on his way to the Occidental Hotel. At precisely the same time, Carpenter was racing toward San Quentin prison. And Ed Bowes, innocently enough, was doing nothing more than making a "phone call."

Let us shift the scene now to Chan Cheung's home. Late in the afternoon, shadows intensified the silence of the already quiescent atmosphere. The tinkling of Chan's private telephone disturbed the silence. His mind befogged with opium, the criminal leader shuffled over to the phone. A muffled voice mentioned

the name of the reporter friend and told Chan he must see him right away.

A few minutes later, a hack drew up to the curb on Kearney St., just around the corner from Commercial Street where Chan resided on the second floor of a two-story building. An athletic young man stepped forth. Of course you know who it was. But, what is most important, Chan Cheung did not.

Bowes rang the bell. The door opened. He ran up a long flight of stairs to be confronted midway by still another door, this one heavily barred with lattice-work. Standing to one side, he could distinguish Cheung advancing. The bolt slipped. Bowes dashed forward, and Chan in a flash turned and fled. But a flying tackle brought the fugitive down. Dragged bodily bumpety-bump down the stairs and around the corner, Chan was sprawled unceremoniously on the floor of the waiting hack with Bowes triumphantly atop him. Their destination proved to be the Occidental Hotel. Fremont Older, at a side entrance, formed a welcoming committee of one.

They brought the squealing Oriental to a room through a service stairway. Here two other men awaited them. Bowes and Older remained only long enough to issue instructions.

"Take this man to another place," ordered Bowes. "I don't want to know where. Keep him quiet, and under no circumstances is he to have opium. That's all."

They left.

A short half-hour elapsed. Then the news exploded. A bombshell hit the city. Chan Cheung, the King of Chinatown, had been kidnapped.

No sooner did the city boss hear of this than a municipal clean-up was set in motion. An honorable citizen of long standing in the community, you see, had been "spirited away."

Bowes, amazingly, was the first man to be hailed into court in this drive for the city's honor—and money.

"Where is Chan?" was demanded.

And the fast-working Bowes truthfully replied, "I don't know where he is."

Chan had been taken to the Lick House, but Bowes had wisely arranged to remain unaware of Chan's whereabouts.

Sixteen hours later, Chan Cheung reappeared. But he reappeared far

from his accustomed haunts. Indeed, he found himself in the City Hall in a Chamber adjoining the courtroom of Presiding Judge Lawlor of the Superior Court. The Grand Jury was in session. Half-crazed from the lack of opium, Chan faced the District Attorney and the three men whom the latter had brought with him from San Quentin prison.

"Chan," began the District Attorney in mournful tones, "you are just a step short of being another dead man. I want you to listen carefully to what I have to say to these three prisoners."

In turn, he asked each of the three men, "Is this the man who hired you to kill another?" Here, his index finger pointed to Chan.

And in each instance, the prisoner replied, "It is."

Chan Cheung cowered in his seat. This was something out of which he could not pay his way. The Grand Jury brought in a true bill—filed into the adjoining courtroom, presented it to the Judge, and Chan was held for murder without bail.

The famous San Francisco graft prosecution ensued. Edward Bowes relinquished an entire year of active business to devote himself to it. He had a bodyguard with him night and day. Threats by telephone, intimidating, anonymous letters, shyster lawsuits,—none of these could stop him. Not even the shooting down in open court of Special Prosecutor Francis Heney lessened his efforts.

The Merchant's Association had authorized Bowes to choose any lawyer he might desire to represent him at his personal expense. Hiram W. Johnson, who was subsequently to become Governor of California and United States Senator, was the man selected by Bowes. President Theodore Roosevelt had assigned William J. Burns and Francis J. Heney to assist in the prosecution.

Confessions and exposures sent certain malefactors to long term imprisonments. And they also sent Edward Bowes and his associates back to their respective affairs in a cleaner city with a sense of greater security.

"Yes," concluded the Major, "I knew Fremont Older. We had some exciting times together. And now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

I thanked him, and left; my mind muddled.

This man, Major Edward Bowes, whom I had just seen. He had given me something to turn over in my





# IF MEN WORE PRICE TAGS



HOW WOULD YOU FEEL?

● WELL, your boss thinks of you in terms of so much a week! You are worth this or that to him. How much you are worth depends upon—YOU! You decide the amount chiefly by your ability—by your training. Why not increase the amount by increasing your training? Thousands of men have done it by spare-time study of I.C.S. Courses. You are invited to earn more money. Mail the coupon.

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- Highway Engineer
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 Present Position.....  
 If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.

# THIS MAN BOWES

mind. Dapper. Elegant. Soft-spoken. Suave. Executive of radio, screen, stage. Friend to Presidents, Cardinals, Statesmen, and World Notables. This gentleman had been a kidnaper in Chinatown. A two-fisted fighter, defender of a community. Strange, I mused, how little one really knows about a man. Lord Chesterfield left the world a series of letters to his son. Regarded as the standard of good taste and perfection in all things social, they stand as models for the perfect gentleman.

I've always looked upon Lord Chesterfield, in his eighteenth century garb, as having been an over-stuffed fop of large proportion. Any one can write letters, I've told myself; being a gentleman neither begins, nor ends with experience of any type.

But now I've discovered another, newer Lord Chesterfield. And he has done something truly amazing. He has set me to thinking I'm wrong. Thanks, Fremont Older, for that book of yours.—In "My Own Story" you told the story of another—

## DID YOU KNOW THAT

Sinclair Lewis author of "Arrow-smith," "Babbitt" and other famous novels, was once a janitor in a social settlement . . .

Gary Cooper popular movie star was once a sports cartoonist and his editor advised him to give it up . . . so he became an actor . . .

The Marx Brothers played for years in vaudeville as serious musicians, without much success—till one day they cut loose and became funny . . .

George Bernard Shaw was once a music critic and not a popular one either. He didn't write his first play till he was 40, and it took him nine years to sell it . . .

Paul Robinson, great colored singer, worked his way through college, cutting lawns—yet he still had time to be an All-American Football player, and Phi Beta Kappa . . .

"ALL RIGHT!  
 ALL RIGHT!  
 ALL RIGHT!"

# PARIS

*Garters  
 and  
 Suspenders*

are right . . .  
 all right . . .

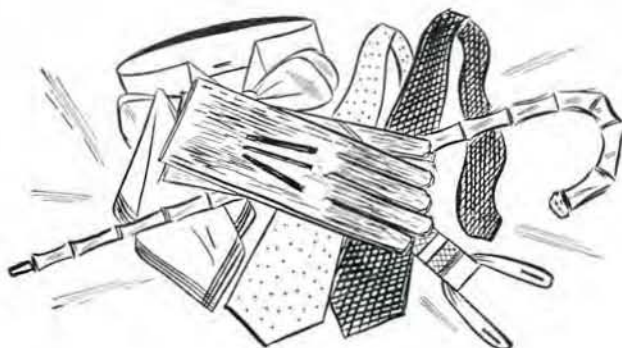
*Right in Style  
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Right now—decide to see the new styles for the season at your dealers

A. STEIN & COMPANY  
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# FOR MEN ONLY



BY EDDIE ASTOR HAYES

● FOR A LONG, long time, the ladies have been wearing all the colors, and changing their styles two and three times a year. But for the last four or five years two English brothers, better known as the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, have been doing things to men's clothes. Tailors all over the world are copying them. Not that the royal brothers are trying to put menfolk back into knee breeches, silk pants, wigs or lace work!

They are getting us men to stop dressing in greys and blacks, and giving our garments more fit than a set of old potato bags. Most of us can now put on a colored tie, striped or spotted shirts, clocked socks or a break-back coat without feeling like a "darned dude." Men's suits now are made in colored tweeds, big checks, bold stripes, or pencil stripes; and we can wear them without being taken for a gold-brick salesman. Shirts are now cut to fit; we don't have to wait for two or three washings to shrink them down to size. Collars, in tab or long point, are tailored and lay smooth.

THE time is gone when a man walked into a store and asked for a good two-pants suit. Now your suits and overcoats have such trick details as drape backs, English top pants, Break-backs, roll lapels, and guardsmen hips. There are sport jackets, double-breasted models, fly fronts, instep fronts, formal vests, leather buttons and sport tweeds to which you may educate your bodies. It no longer takes a lot of money to be well dressed. Any one who has good taste and the time to look for the right thing can be a well dressed man.

THE good American tailors are now turning out men's wear at a price to fit anyone's budget.

SHIRTS. The modern man's shirt is a marvel of style and fit. The tab collar is still with us this year; but it now comes in several styles. There are now tabs not only with round corners, but also square, pointed, and long. Most of these should be worn with a tie pin, for that smart London look. Stripes and checks are the shirt styles this year. The solid color shirt is, I hope, on its way out. Shirts are

almost every color of the rainbow, so no one should have trouble matching a suit.

\* \* \*

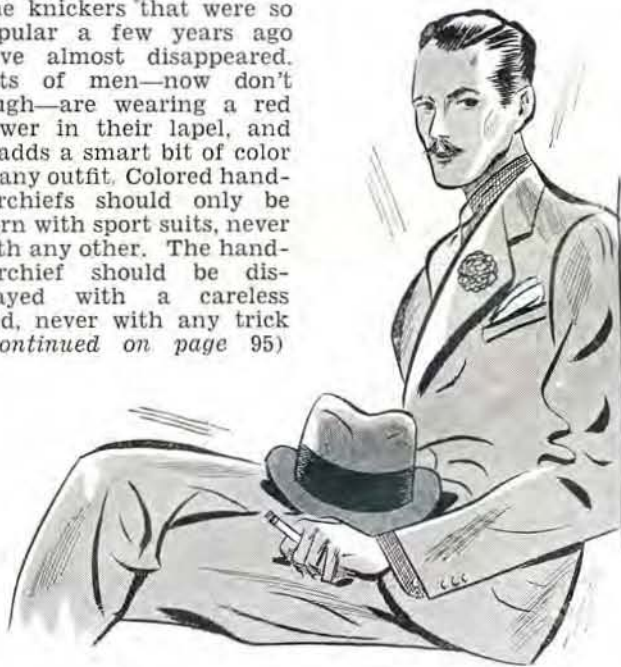
HATS. Hats are darker and fit better. The snap-brim still holds the lead, but more and more the homborg, the stitched brim, and the high crowned type are being seen. They run in color from brown, black and blue to—if you dare to wear them—green, yellow and rust color. In finish, you will find tweed, rough fur, grained, and, of course, the old well-known smooth felt.

\* \* \*

SUITS. The double-breasted seems to lead. At least all the important men in this country have their picture taken in them. New this year was the long roll collar, double breasted, buttoning on the lowest button. If you are tall you can get away with it. All models are draped much more this year, and fit in more at the hips. Coats on all models are a little bit longer and have flap pockets. The pants come very high and should always be worn with braces, otherwise they will not hang right. Pants are fuller in the hips, and many have pleats. In material, lots of tweeds are being used in sports suits, also checks and bold stripes.

The knickers that were so popular a few years ago have almost disappeared. Lots of men—now don't laugh—are wearing a red flower in their lapel, and it adds a smart bit of color to any outfit. Colored handkerchiefs should only be worn with sport suits, never with any other. The handkerchief should be displayed with a careless fold, never with any trick

(Continued on page 95)







## Companions of Purity *and* Quality

Whether you drink Schlitz from the famous Brown Bottle or from the new Cap-Sealed Can, you drink the very finest in beer. Both are of one purity . . . SCHLITZ PURITY. Both are of one quality . . . SCHLITZ QUALITY. At your favorite club, restaurant, hotel or tavern insist on

**Schlitz**  
The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous



# LOOKS AT BOOKS

BY ONRI WEBSTER

## BRIEF REVIEWS OF THE SEASON'S OUT- STANDING TITLES.



**THE WOOLLCOTT READER.** Edited by Alexander Woolcott.

A big book of over a thousand pages. Some grand stories. Some gushy stories, and some stories to bring out your handkerchief. Edited in the Woolcott manner.

**ROAD TO WAR 1914-1917.** Walter Millis

A book you must read if you want to keep us out of the next war. The facts, the names and the reasons why over fifty thousand American boys lie in graveyards across the sea. Get everyone you can to read it.

**BUTTERFIELD 8.** John O'Hara

An historical document of our great Speakeasy Age, now gone forever—and may it never come back! O'Hara is a new writer who in ten words can tell you more than most of the old novelists in ten chapters. An honest story about people who don't usually find their way into a novel.

**NORTH TO THE ORIENT.** Anne Morrow Lindbergh

Mrs. Lindbergh is a fine writer of graceful prose and she has made of her trip with her husband that rare thing—a book that is as important as the things it tells about.

**PATHS OF GLORY.** Humphrey Cobb

Even if the action takes place in the French Army, this is the Great American War Book. In a class with 'Three Soldiers,' 'All Quiet' and 'What Price Glory.' It grips you as no other war book can.

**LUCY GAYHEART.** Willa Cathers

Willa Cathers has written splendid books, but the days of 'Lost Lady' and others have given place to soft, smooth prose that drifts on to no great purpose.

**OF TIME AND THE RIVER.** Thomas Wolfe

Not quite as good as his 'Look Homeward, Angel.'

**GREEN HILL OF AFRICA.** Ernest Hemingway

Reread 'Death in the Afternoon' or 'The Sun Also Rises' just to prove to yourself that Hemingway can write well.

**ALL THE SKELETONS IN ALL THE CLOSETS.** Keith Fowler

You may have overlooked this one, but try and get hold of it if you can. For one thing, it proves John O'Hara wasn't the first one to write the strong, fast, nifty type of story. There are three characters in this book that you will never forget. And if you've read any spicier or more brilliant dialogue this year, let me know. Skip the love story, its unimportant.

**EUROPA.** Robert Briffault

The decadence of pre-war Europe; an interesting if not very nice picture of how life was lived in the great capitals of Europe, and how it helped to bring on the World War. A strange, powerful novel that may make you glad you don't live in a European country.

**HELL HOLE OF CREATION.** L. M. Nesbitt

If you want to know why the Italian Army is having no picnic, read this book. It may be that Mussolini has made his first major mistake, and his armies may never gain complete control of the country. The terrain is the natives' best protection, and they should all live a long life, if they keep away from Red Cross Units.

**THE VOICE OF BUGLE ANN.** Mac-Kinley Kantor

A darn good yarn about American fox hunting. The kind of hunting that's done without horses. Even if you don't like dog stories, read this one and see how different they can be.

**IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE.** Sinclair Lewis

If you want to know what a nice time people have living under the kind of protection of Hitler and Mussolini read this book. It tells us how lovely everything would be if we followed Germany's and Italy's path. And Mr. Lewis knows how to make a story move and live.

**HONEY IN THE HORN.** H. L. Davis

The kind of good plain American story-telling of which we could use more. Ripe, mellow humor; action and people we hear so little of today,—the men and women who opened up the great West.



# SUCCESS

## Will You Pay the Price?

IF you are normal, you want the comforts and luxuries which are the by-products of success—a home of your own—a new car—the leisure to read—the means to travel.

You want these things very much.

But—you are keen enough to perceive that experience and facility in handling routine work will never get them for you.

What, then, are you doing to gain that specialized experience—that trained ability—for which business firms are willing to pay real money?

During the past twenty-seven years more than 870,000 men have found the answer to that question in home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method.

Evening after evening, they have seated themselves, to all intents and purposes, at the desks of men in high-salaried positions, and have squarely faced the problems of those positions.

Evening after evening, they have been shown the principles involved in the solution of such problems—and how those principles are applied by highly successful business houses.

Evening after evening, they have tackled concrete problems, lifted bodily from business life, and under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields have worked those problems out for themselves.

That they have been well rewarded for their foresight and their earnestness is shown by the fact that during one period of only six months' time 1,248 LaSalle members reported salary increases totaling \$1,399,507—an average increase per man of 89%.

### Send for Free Book

#### "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

If you—knowing these facts—are content to drift, you will not profit by reading further.

If on the other hand you have imagination enough to see yourself in a home of your own, enjoying the comforts and luxuries of life—the coupon below may shorten your journey to success by many years.

Note, please, that the coupon will bring you full particulars of the training which appeals to you, together with your copy of that most inspiring book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all without obligation.

If you want success, and are willing to pay the price, ACT!

-----Find Yourself Through LaSalle!-----

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I should be glad to learn about your salary-increasing plan as applied to my advancement in the business field checked below.

- Business Management
- Higher Accountancy
- Traffic Management
- Modern Salesmanship
- Railway Station Mgmt
- Railway Accounting
- Law—Degree of LL.B.
- Commercial Law
- Business Correspondence
- Modern Foremanship
- Personnel Management
- Stenotypy
- Industrial Management
- Expert Bookkeeping
- C. P. A. Coaching



- Business English
- Effective Speaking
- Credit and Collection Correspondence

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

# SARA BERNER

(Continued from page 43)

We figured our best bet was New York, so we packed up our things and moved on to the big city. Were brass bands awaiting our arrival? Not that you could notice."

Followed the weary rounds of job hunting for Sara. When Sara tells you the story you become aware of the fact that there is something different about her. For one thing each moment of that grim hunt for a place in New York's army of the employed is filled with a sort of dramatic interest. She tells you about characters she ran across, quaint, odd, vital, picturesque, and with a flash of expression, a shrug of the shoulder, a posture she conveys a lightning like impression of them, their accents, nationalities, peculiarities, individualities. You also get a sense of her amazing determination.

"They said I was too young to work," she tells you now with a laugh, "so I hit on a stratagem. I added three years to my rightful age, and got a job. My career was launched—as a salesgirl. Was that hard work! Day after day I had to stand behind the long counter until my tootsies ached. Day after day I was crushed in the hurrying masses packing the hot subways. Believe me it was a long cry from the glitter of Broadway and the romance of the footlights. Of course, the weekly pay envelope was the one consolation."

"They couldn't kill my ambitions with all that," she resumes with a toss of her pert, red head. "The lock-step of that routine only made me the more determined to carry out my dream. Every night I listened to the radio entertainers, studying them. I found myself mimicking the famous feminine stars of the air.

"I knew I was on the road to something, but I had no one to advise me as to what to do about it, where to go in order to break into show business. So I was obliged to go on with my life behind the counter. Now, if there is one place in the world where you can feed your imagination it is a department store with its limitless diversity of characters. Customers of every nationality, age and type appeared in my department every day. My ears were always perked up to note interesting snatches of conversation, orders issued in broken and sometimes screamingly-laughable English. Into the cells of my memory went those conversational bits for later rehearsal at night. Gradually I built up my repertoire until, I fairly believe, there was no known personality that I could not impersonate, no dialect I couldn't mimic."

Life went on in its dull, regular course for Sara at the department store until suddenly disaster struck:

A generously proportioned Italian woman, after much broken English, made her purchase and left Sara's counter. No sooner was she gone than Sara, unable to conquer impulse, proceeded to set her co-workers off into gales of laughter with a perfect imitation of her customer's dialect. Unfortunately, the Latin lady had left a package behind, and hurried back to Sara's department just in time to hear that young lady delighting an openly enthusiastic audience with a too-easily recognized impersonation. Ample cheeks purple with anger, she hurried to the floorwalker and poured out volumes of enraged protest.

That night Sara no longer had a job. Black, cold despair seized her.

A heart-breaking week of hunting a job that didn't exist, and finally a Sunday night at home with her ra-

(Continued on page 84)

# Broadway Bits

(Continued from page 67)

Coming up thru the years, the star of Helen Hayes has grown bigger and brighter with time. To her many famous parts she has added Queen Victoria. "Victoria Regina" gives Helen Hayes scope for one of her greatest characterizations. The play also gives us a few reasons why the sun never sets on the British Empire.

For a brief list of a few outstanding plays . . . AT HOME ABROAD . . . with Ethel Waters, Herb Williams, Bea Lillie and Eleanor Powell. Swell music, grand singing, colorful settings and Bea Lillie.

BOY MEETS GIRL. The funniest show of the season. Better than 'Once in a Lifetime.' A gorgeous, merry satire about Hollywood.

DEAD END . . . Sidney Kingsley has written his own Street Scene. Norman Bel Geddes has given it one of the best settings ever seen on Broadway, and the boy actors put most of the grown up ones to shame.

JUBILEE . . . with Mary Boland and June Knight. Fast music and a gay plot all about a certain royal family that goes on a tear. Mary Boland is very funny as the Queen.

PORGY AND BESS by George Gershwin. See it for one of the most entertaining evenings in New York. Some of the best music Gershwin has ever written and performed to the hilt by a colored cast. Some of the music critics didn't like it because it wasn't as dull and boring as real opera, which is something to be thankful for.



# "AROUND THE CORNER"

Charles Hanson Towne's exquisite poem with its tender tribute to neglected friendships was read by Major Bowes on the Capitol Theatre "Family," Coast-to-Coast Radio Chain Broadcast—December 30th, 1935.

“Around the corner, I have a friend  
In this great city that has no end;  
Yet days go by and weeks rush on;  
And before I know it a year is gone.  
And I never see my old friend's face,  
For life is a swift and terrible race.  
He knows I like him just as well  
As in the days when I rang his bell  
And he rang mine. We were younger then  
And now we are busy, tired men—  
Tired with playing a foolish game,  
Tired of trying to make a name.

“Tomorrow, say I will call on Jim;  
Just to show that I'm thinking of him.”  
But tomorrow comes—and tomorrow goes,  
And the distance between us grows and  
grows;  
Around the corner, yet miles away.  
“Here's a telegram, sir.” “Jim died today!”  
And that's what we get—and deserve—in  
the end;  
Around the corner, a vanished friend.”





# . . . A NEW FOR ADVERTISER PUBLIC

• ALEXANDER THE GREAT BLAZED THE GLORIES OF GRECIAN CIVILIZATION ACROSS THE ANCIENT WORLD . . . AND ADVERTISED A NAME THAT LIVES THROUGH THE AGES.

ROME SENT HER LEGIONS THUNDERING ACROSS THE CONTINENTS OF ANCIENT EUROPE, ASIA, AND AFRICA, AND ADVERTISED THE PAX ROMANA THAT STILL REMAINS A LIVING LEGEND.

But "yesterday's advertising" was an exploitation of personal grandeurs and egotistical vanities. It revelled in blood and the groans of slaves, hopelessly enchained. It was glittering cruelty seated on a golden throne of savagery, floating on a sea of incredible misery.

Then came enlightenment from Gutenberg's printing press; speed from the steam engine; enlarged horizons from the steamboat—the cotton gin—electricity, the telegraph, telephone, airplane—radio;—the rush, the roar, the turmoil and the abundance of modern production designed to meet the clamorous needs of all who inherited the earth!

And with this avalanche of goods and service, comfort and luxury, enlightenment and pleasure—the searchlight of modern commerce that revealed to trade and industry the markets



MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR MAGAZINE

# SERVICE AND



for their production and service—ADVERTISING to blaze the way and tell the tale of this abundance.

Advertising, channeling the swift, straight path from producer to consumer for the mutual benefit of both!

And so, each new worthy channel of merit for additional advertising has been warmly hailed by both producer and consumer as a valuable, additional service to the enlarged community of humanity.

To this roster of worthy advertising mediums is now added MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

CLEAN, WHOLESOME, FINDING IT'S SOURCE OF INSPIRATION IN A NATION-WIDE INTEREST OF TWENTY MILLION RADIO LISTENERS; DESIGNED TO CREATE A GREAT NEW FIELD OF OPPORTUNITY FOR TALENTED AMERICA, MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR MAGAZINE OFFERS IT'S PAGES TO THOSE REPRESENTATIVES OF INDUSTRY WHOSE PRODUCTS AND SERVICE ARE WORTHY OF THE HIGH STANDARDS ESTABLISHED FOR THIS PUBLICATION.



"KEEP PLUGGING OUR TUNES!"

THAT WAS THE GRIM ORDER THE SONG PUBLISHERS ISSUED TO STRUGGLING GEORGE GERSHWIN WHEN HE TRIED TO "RING IN" ONE OF HIS TUNES.

TODAY, THOSE SAME SONG PUBLISHERS SIT ON GERSHWIN'S DOOR-STEP PLEADING FOR HIS NEXT SONG.

# A NIGHT AT THE STUDIO

(Continued from page 39)

is a platform raised like a stage, set with microphones, and on the wall behind the platform are thick drapes like theater curtains which absorb disturbing echoes.

At our left is a large pane of glass set in the wall. Behind it we can see several men busy with mysterious instruments. This is the control room where the volume of the various stage microphones is modulated and sent out over the air. Above the room is a large clock with a third red hand to mark off the seconds.

And those other glass windows at our right, level with the balcony—what are they? These rooms are reserved for the sponsor. In them, just as in the control room, no sounds can be heard except those transmitted over the microphones through a receiver.

"I'll bet that's where the Major sits!" says an eager-eyed girl who has spotted a desk at one side of the stage. She is right, as is proved presently when the Major and his amateurs appear. The pent-up enthusiasm of the audience finds expression in thunderous applause.

Who is that good-looking man consulting with an emissary from the control room? Why, Graham McNamee, of course, looking every bit as if he is in for the time of his life.

There is an informal greeting to the audience on behalf of the sponsors. The words are amplified by those queer-looking horns clustered on the ceiling high above the stage. That relentless second hand of the clock is swiftly racing toward eight P.M. A hush settles over the crowd; the amateurs wait nervously as the great hour of their lives approaches. In the control room an operator gives a signal, and—

Clang! The gong booms and the Amateur Hour is on the air!

Now we're in for some real fun. One by one, the amateurs step up to the microphone, which seems a harmless enough instrument mounted on a metal floor stand, but forbidding enough to have affected even professionals with that strange malady known in the studio as "mike fright."

The Major asks a performer a few questions about his career and aspirations, and the amateur's nervousness usually vanishes as he answers. This questioning serves another purpose than to introduce the performer to the radio audience—almost invariably it gives him courage to go ahead with his act.

The bits of spontaneous humor developed during the questioning make a big hit with the crowd. No one is more delighted than the Major when one of his amateurs proves nimble at repartee.

The ability to think on one's feet—"ad lib", the professionals call it—is an invaluable quality of showmanship, and it is as showmen that these untried performers hope to excel.

Who are those young men who tiptoe up and lay mysterious papers on the Major's desk before the program is more than a few minutes under way? They are messengers from the telephone exchange upstairs, bringing the totals of the votes that are pouring in from all corners of the country. They bring telegrams too, and some of them the Major puts aside to read over the air.

"I've been neglecting to mention the telephone number—dear me!" says the Major slyly, as he concludes his announcement of the voting bulletins. "Murry Hill 8-9933."

Graham McNamee, on his toes to make a commercial announcement, grins infectiously, and the audience follows suit.

Somehow, the crowd has begun to sense that there is someone distinguished in the audience. Necks are craned toward the front seats—but soon the Major gives them an opportunity for a perfect view by requesting a guest of honor to stand up and take a bow after his introduction. It may be Mrs. James Roosevelt or J. Edgar Hoover, Rudy Vallee or Mary Garden, or some other distinguished figure of the world of affairs. Celebrities are much the same as other folk—there're all eager to be spectators at the Amateur Hour!

Here comes the last voting bulletin—watch the faces of those amateurs! The lad who sang *The Rose of Tralee* has polled more than three thousand votes, and he wears a grin a yard wide. Small wonder—he'll be a member of one of the Major's traveling vaudeville units before long. And those others who haven't won quite so many votes haven't given up hope either. They know that the final verdict will not be in before the mail votes are counted at the end of the week.

Can that red hand on the clock possibly be right? It says nearly nine P.M.—Yes, it must be true for Major Bowes is saying "Good-night friends" for another week.

USE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT REC. NETWORK

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢

**Be Wise—Alkalize**

This sparkling alkaline drink combined with an analgesic agent (aspirin) gives prompt, pleasant relief for Stomach, Colds, Headaches. Also other common ailments and pains associated with excess acidity (acid indigestion).

**TWO ALKA-SELTZERS DID WONDERS FOR ME.**

**MY HEAD ACHES SO, I CAN HARDLY SEE!**

**I THINK I'M BOTH, I ALKALIZE!**

**YOU NEVER CATCH COLD, ARE YOU LUCKY OR WISE?**

**ALKA-SELTZER, MY BOY, LETS YOU EAT AND FORGET.**

**FRIED POTATOES AND STEAK GET MY STOMACH UP-SET!**

**HEAD-ACHE**

**COLDS**

**ACID-INDIGESTION**



# HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 65)

paving the way for people with talent, and creating a demand for new names and faces.

There is a new Garbo story going the rounds about the reporter who was ordered to get a statement from her, any statement. As Garbo never gives statements the reporter told his editor where to go, (Not out loud) and began trying to find Garbo off set. After months of looking he is said to have found her sitting in a little park, far from the studio. The reporter begged her for a statement, just a little one, and he'd never bother her anymore. Just three words and he'd leave. He got them. Turning to him, Garbo said slowly "Alright, go away," rose, and walked off.

Katie Hepburn, who had her hair sheared boy fashion for a picture, liked the effect so well that she wanted to keep it short all the time. It took about half the studio force three days to talk her out of the idea, and let her hair grow. Carole Lombard, who has been playing beautiful but dumb parts for years, has at last gotten her wish and, since "Hands Across The Table," has been handed three new pictures which she can play with a light Comic Touch.

Who do you think is the most popular film actress in the world? What actress' pictures make the most money? Theatre owners would like to show pictures with what actress every week? Guess? Garbo? Crawford? Mae West? No, a thousand times no! A poll taken by the movie managers and theatre owners (and they should know) shows the winner as our young friend Shirley TEMPLE! From coast to coast, from border to border she leads all the rest. And whom do you think these lads voted for as the leading and most popular male attraction? Gable? Dick Powell? Franchot Tone? No! Their ballot was for the beloved WILL ROGERS!

Mae West, who writes her own stories for her pictures, is said to be having difficulty in deciding on the idea for her next talkie. The critics, the old meanies, have been saying she needs a new story, and that her last three or four pictures have been too similar in treatment. However, you may rely on Miss West to come through with a winner that will startle us all one of these fine days.

Once there was a hotel clerk in an English City who wanted to be an actor. In his spare time he went to a stage school. Everybody there wondered what made the fat boy think he could act. And can he act! His name is Charles Laughton, and he doesn't have to worry any more about spending the rest of his life behind a hotel desk, handing out room keys. The only thing about him that worries the studios these days is how to keep him playing villains. He wants to do comic parts, but there were some people who didn't care for "Ruggles of Red Gap"! A lot of us did, however. Since the studios like to please everybody poor Laughton will be obliged to do Captain Blighs for a long time to come.

Joan Crawford is the one star in Hollywood who has never had a yen for the cape-and-sword type of picture. Let the others play the queens and ladies of the days of old. The modern clothes, modern furniture and modern sets are good enough for her. About the only old fashioned thing she is said to do is write poetry in her spare time.

Dame Rumor has it that George Arliss is a bit tired of playing famous people of history. From now on he would like to enact as many modern parts as historical ones. Mr. Arliss keeps jumping from Hollywood to London so often that he must be looking forward to the day of the Round-the-World airplane service which will enter the running within the next few years. Hollywood-London Air Express, here I come!

ROMANTIC—BREATHLESS—INSPIRING—THE TALE OF GERSHWIN WHO ROSE FROM THE GHETTO TO DAZZLING HEIGHTS OF FAME! HIS "RHAPSODY IN BLUE" USHERED IN A NEW ERA IN AMERICAN MUSICAL CREATION. HIS "PORGY AND BESS" IS THE SENSATION OF THE HOUR. HE HAS MADE HIS BID FOR IMMORTALITY. IN THE APRIL ISSUE, MAJOR BOWEN'S AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS 30¢-60¢





# CLEAR ALL WIRES

(Continued from page 35)

which are obtainable at groceries all over the country. The telephones are busy for half an hour following the broadcast, to make sure that amateurs appearing near the close of the program get an even break, but the ballots which come in by mail are counted all through the week right up to the day of the succeeding broadcast.

The first announcement of the previous week's winners, therefore, is the one given by the Major on Sunday evening. It is a week of suspense for the amateur. If the telephones have been kind to him he will get his chance to appear before the movie camera in an Amateur Hour short feature, or before theatre audiences in one of the Major's traveling vaudeville troupes. If the verdict hasn't been favorable—well, that's all in the game! A great many members of the audience feel a whole lot sorrier for the amateur who gets the gong than the performer himself!

The only serious objection the operators and tabulators have to their job is that it is impossible for them to ever hear the Amateur Hour themselves. But there's a special thrill in recording the votes which give some boy or girl the first boost up the ladder of fame—boys and girls who some day will make the world laugh or cry, and bring cheer into millions of lives.

So—clear all wires! Votes are pouring in from all corners of America. The Amateur Hour is on the air!

# COW BOYS EAST AND WEST

(Continued from page 46)

for a carload of horses. Friends urged him to try for the Major's Hour. "I saw no sense to it," says Jack, "but I done it to please my friends. I shore was surprised when I won, and I'm plumb joyful I'm part and passel of Unit No. 4."

## OKLAHOMA MUSTANG WRANGLERS

Five young buckaroos from Passaic, New Jersey, who, somehow or other, thought they had enough Western blood in them to adopt Oklahoma's colors. They admit they

have never been west of Atlantic City, but they can bring down a staccato at five hundred yards, and throw, brand and hogtie a pizzicato in one second flat—or G-sharp.

Tex rides herd in a mill. Snake Eyes is a student. Pete is a drug-store cowboy and can jerk a soda faster than you can whistle Davey Crockett. Slim follows the chow-wagon as a dish-washer, and Smokey is a store clerk. These intrepid young vaqueros range in age from 19 to 21 years, and their devoted mothers made their uniforms. They are flaunting Sears Roebuck Stetsons.

## THE JERSEY HAPPY RANGERS

If you think that hillbillies are bred only in the mountains south of the Mason and Dixon line, you have another guess coming. Ever since the advent of Major Bowes' Amateur Hour they have been springing up from the northern and eastern soil with the luxurious abundance of garden weeds. And the Major, busily weeding the chaff from the wheat, has plucked these five hillbillies from the mountain fastnesses of Passaic, New Jersey. Playing string and reed instruments they are now trotting their coonskin caps and squirrel guns through the entertainment confines of these yere United States in a Major Bowes' Unit.

Organized and managed by Ted Carneval, born in the East side of New York City, now living in Plainfield, New Jersey, these hillbillies make up a quintuplet composed of the aforesaid Ted, Bennie Saikowski, accordionist; Buck Bartons, violinist; Charles Pelletire, harmonica and dances; and Tex McEtter, guitarist and yodeler.

# CASTLES IN THE AIR

(Continued from page 31)

entertainment to broadcast vocal and instrumental music. He outlined a radio receiving set which could be constructed to receive such programs and sell for around seventy-five dollars. He projected his guesses and estimates of what the revenue would be in sales of these instruments. These estimates made in 1915 and compared with the actual profits of RCA in the field are simply amazing. He hit within a few thousand dollars of the actual figures. There's the stuff of the prophet and the seer in such as he. Yet, such planning is far from guess work. It simply proves one outstanding characteristic of this man. He is a finely wrought, finely tuned instrument which can, like radio, penetrate uncharted vastnesses and make reality out of impossible frontiers.

He is celebrated as an astute financier, and is responsible for the reorganizations which make the RCA group so independent and smooth-running an entity in the current scene.

Today, Sarnoff works as hard as he ever did, yet without pretense or show of any kind. He is simple in his tastes, and his offices in Radio City reflect these qualities. When you meet Sarnoff of the Radio group you are impressed with one fact . . . the man who saved his pennies to buy a telegraph key—who went out to Nantucket for two years to study—who came back at a decrease in salary—who saw his dream of radio come true—is not resting on top of his heap. David Sarnoff lives in "Castles-in-the-Air," but his ears are still tuned keenly to the future, and persistently the sharp staccato call of things to come makes his eyes brighten with the challenge of the future.

## NEXT MONTH

A GREAT, NEW SUCCESS STORY ABOUT THE MAN WHO MADE HIS NAME A HOUSEHOLD WORD IN AMERICA THROUGH DARING BRILLIANCE AND STARTLING ACHIEVEMENT. WHO IS HE? THE APRIL ISSUE OF MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR MAGAZINE WILL TELL YOU THAT—AND A WHOLE LOT MORE BESIDES.



**THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE  
SPINS —  
AROUND AROUND SHE GOES —**



**Magic Hours  
of  
Fascinating Fun!**

**Major  
BOWES  
Radio  
AMATEUR HOUR  
Game \$1.00**

"ALL right—all right" says Major Bowes, and the greatest radio program in history rolls on for another hour of entertainment.

Now comes Major Bowes' Radio Amateur Hour Game to provide endless hours of excitement and thrills. It's the game that's sweeping the country—played by young and old. Men, women, children—bridge fiends, radio listeners, movie fans—they're all playing this sensational new game.

Try it yourself. See how it holds your interest and fascinates you from start to finish. It makes every party a gala occasion—and every evening an entertaining one. Every one joins in—becomes an amateur appearing before the Major—and as the game goes on accumulates points or "gets the gong."

If you want to treat yourself, and your friends, to satisfying hours of clean, wholesome fun, start playing Major Bowes' Radio Amateur Hour Game to-nite. The special introductory price is only \$1.00 for the complete set—a price made possible by Major Bowes' enormous popularity and the tremendous demand for this new game. Your nearest toy, game, sporting or department store has it—but if they're all sold out, or haven't gotten their supply as yet, use the convenient order form below.

**WARNER MFG. CO.  
BENNINGTON, VERMONT**

DEALERS: If you do not have this sensational game in stock—write your jobber or direct to us at once

Warner Mfg. Co., Bennington, Vt.

I want to join in the fun. Please rush \_\_\_\_\_ Major Bowes' Radio Amateur Hour Games at \$1.00 each. I enclose remittance of \$ \_\_\_\_\_ in full.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Dealer's Name & Address \_\_\_\_\_





# SARA BERNER

(Continued from page 76)

dio. She again listened to Major Bowes and his story of opportunity—but, for the first time, she applied it to herself! The next morning the Major had a letter telling the story of the ex-shoppirl who had dreams and thought she could entertain people.

Sara will tell you how she feared to pinch herself to see if she were dreaming when the special delivery letter arrived telling her when to appear for an audition. It still seemed like one of her vain dreams when the audition was successful. She wouldn't really believe it was all true until that Sunday night when she stood before the little black microphone and told an audience of millions of listeners her story. Major Bowes asked her what she could do. Fighting the fears that threatened to un-nerve her, she answered, "I can impersonate every known personality and dialect."

The Major is said to have chuckled a little at the all-inclusiveness of the claim. Gravely, he asked the trembling young lady to go ahead. And go ahead Sara did! She launched into an imitation of a Frenchwoman, followed this with a demure Southern miss, and continued with uncanny impersonations of Gracie Allen, Fannie Brice, Edna May Oliver and Mae West.

At the end of what had been one of the longest appearances ever heard on the Amateur Hour, there was a moment's silence, and then the huge studio echoed and re-echoed with frantic applause. With-

in the hour, thousands of 'phone calls and telegrams had poured into amateur headquarters.

"And talk about action" Sara will confide to you, "at 9:30 father and I were closeted with the Major in one of the small studios. At 11 I fairly flew to Pennsylvania Station to board the sleeper for Washington. The next morning I was a part of Unit No. 1 of Major Bowes' Amateurs-on-Tour, at Loew's Fox Theatre in the capitol city."

Audiences flocked to see and hear the little salesgirl who had seen wild hopes become actual reality.

From Washington she played with the unit through Pennsylvania and New England.

She takes a naive delight in the novelty of her new life; in the thrills afforded by the breathless moment of suspense before the curtain rises, the applause of an audience for her work, the pictures of her which they reproduce in the cities she tours. But, most of all, she has ambitions to be something really big in the theatre in years to come. Perhaps those ambitions will be realized. Perhaps there is something fateful in the close resemblance of her name to that of another great, another immortal figure in the world of the footlight—Sara Bernhardt! On that point, however, she preserves a demure and modest silence. She'll work—and see, and meantime, keep her counsel—this amazing, intriguing little red-headed, dark-eyed girl from Albany, New York.

FICTION STANDS BEG-  
GARED AND THREAD-  
BARE BEFORE THE IN-  
CREDIBLE TRUTH OF  
THE AMAZING STORY  
AROUND

**"MARGUERITE  
RYAN"**

**"THE AMATEUR  
MARY GARDEN"**  
WHOSE LIFE STORY  
WILL BE TOLD YOU BY  
JERRY MASON IN THE  
APRIL ISSUE OF

**MAJOR BOWES'  
AMATEUR  
MAGAZINE**

A TALE OF HIGH DEVOTION  
... OF THROAT-CLUTCHING  
GALLANTRY ... OF RO-  
MANCE AND MUSICAL AM-  
BITION, AS IT SWEEPS FROM  
THE LUXURIOUS YOUTH OF  
THIS GLORIOUS SONGBIRD,  
THROUGH MARRIAGE WITH  
A VIOLINIST WHO MET WITH  
REVERSES, ON THROUGH  
WIFE-HOOD, MOTHER-HOOD,  
POVERTY AND DESPAIR TO  
THAT GLORIOUS MOMENT  
WHEN MARGUERITE RYAN  
CONQUERED THE WORLD  
WITH HER VOICE ON THE  
MAJOR'S HOUR.



**HOME LIFE OF AMATEURS  
A CARTOON SKETCHED FROM  
LIFE**

SCENE A DINNER TABLE . . .  
MA AND PA ARE TALKING  
OVER BABY'S FUTURE AS AN  
AMATEUR . . . PA WANTS NO  
CROONERS . . . LET THE KID  
PLAY A "GITAR" . . . NOTHING  
SAYS MA . . . SHE DIDN'T RAISE  
HER BOY TO BE A HILL BILLY  
. . . BABY IS BORED BY IT ALL  
. . . WHEN DO WE EAT FOLKS?



# BUS BOY DUNN

(Continued from page 38)

vaudeville contest, he donned a wig and gingham dress and stopped the show with a stirring rendition of Turkey-in-the-Straw, played on a one-man band composed of harmonica, ukulele, and bass drum. The whole thing went off splendidly except for one minor mishap. Climbing the steps to receive the first prize of fifteen dollars, Pat was so excited that he tripped over his long skirt and fell full length on the floor, skinning his nose and winning further applause from the audience who thought it was part of the act.

Later, Pat's voice settled to a deep bass-baritone range and he won a number of inter-scholastic vocal contests.

Two years ago the Dunn family moved from Anderson to Kansas City to give Pat a better chance with his singing. But times were hard and nobody was paying money to hear an unknown boy sing. Pat got a job as bus boy in a local night club. The manager discovered his voice and promoted him to be a singing waiter—but with no raise in salary.

Then a local drug company sponsored a series of amateur contests at Fox theatres throughout the middle west. Contests were old stuff to Pat and he entered confidently, sure of success.

Pat sang in the preliminary try-out in his neighborhood theatre and won easily. He sailed through the semi-finals the same way. Then came the finals. Pat sang again and sat back contentedly to await the judge's decision. After several days the winners were announced. And the name of Roger Patrick Erin Dunn was not among them!

Pat was surprised and humiliated. But most of all he was mad. Fighting mad! And when the Irish get mad, they do something about it. He'd show 'em, determined Pat stubbornly. He'd enter a contest that would make the one he'd lost look like thirty cents. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour! That would be something worth while.

With the aid of friends who were interested in his singing, he was able to make the trip. Pat wasn't nearly so sure of himself this time. The hours he waited with three hundred other hopeful aspirants for an audition made him less certain. But he passed the audition. And then came the broadcast.

"I was scared to death when I got out there," he confesses, "but Major Bowes was kind and encouraging. And then I remembered losing the Kansas City contest, and it made me so mad all over again that I forgot about being afraid."

Anger must have been the tonic he needed, because nearly half of all the telephone votes that night were cast for Pat's singing of "Wagon Wheels."

The Dunns are a musical family. Pat's father died twelve years ago, but his mother, Mrs. Jennie Dunn, plays the piano and sings. A brother, Dallas Dunn, is a saxophonist in a St. Louis orchestra, and his sister plays all his accompaniments.

Pat's musical future looks bright now, and his ambition to make a name for himself seems assured. He has a regular engagement singing over WDAF, the radio station of the Kansas City Star. This, with other local engagements, is enabling him to work his way through the University of Kansas City and to continue his vocal training. He was one of the entertainers on the Will Rogers Memorial program, featuring many prominent Hollywood stars, which was held recently in Kansas City.

Pat himself may become a screen actor. His tall figure and engaging Irish smile showed to such advantage in a Major Bowes movie short that a Hollywood studio is negotiating for his services, and he may be offered a contract.

WHERE TO  
**STOP** WHEN YOU  
**GO**

- **to NEW YORK** • Hotel New Yorker, (private tunnel from Penna. Station) 2500 rooms with tub and shower, radio. Rates from \$3. Hotel Lexington, (3 minutes from Grand Central) 801 rooms with bath, radio. Rates from \$3.
- **to CINCINNATI** • Netherland Plaza, 800 rooms with tub and shower, radio. Rates from \$3. Automatic garage in building.
- **to DETROIT** • The Book-Cadillac, 1200 rooms with bath. Rates from \$3.
- **to DALLAS** • Hotel Adolphus, 825 rooms with bath. Rates from \$2.
- **to DAYTON** • Hotel Van Cleve, 300 rooms with bath. Rates from \$2.50.

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# IN YOUR LOOKING GLASS



BY  
SUZANNE

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as eithers see us."

Robert Burns.

● THIS article is intended to be as different as the magazine itself. I shall not wag a finger at you for the shameful way you have neglected your skin—nor even illustrate the benefit and beauty of a certain shampoo, but rather settle for a friendly chat on what I know to be the first potentiality of a popular woman.

If you cannot be beautiful, my lady, have poise, for it costs nothing—but its dividends abound.

Earthquakes might rock the earth, rivers might overflow, but when a woman keeps her equilibrium, nothing disastrous will happen.

Poise comes from the head—not the feet. Set yourself right in your own mind, work out things, events, happenings—how you should and will meet them; and when the solutions are instilled in the brain,—then you have secured that unutterably difficult, but ever-satisfying achievement—poise! And when you once have it—you will never lose it! Girls should be trained from childhood to remain unruffled in demeanor. There does not exist a man who does not bear admiration for a controlled, assured woman. He knows there is no chance of hysterics—and that is a woman's most deadly enemy—a sure way of killing esteem.

It might be well to state here that a woman's entrance into a room, how she sits in her chair, the way she rises,—all come under the heading of "poise."

Most of my friends are of the stage and screen and I have watched and learned how they *pace* things. Their sentences when they speak! The pause they make at an open door! The quick glance for a vacant chair so that there will be no fluttering; and their graceful descent into its protection! The careful placement of the feet! The calm clasp of the hands! The interest in their eyes—pretended or otherwise! Their gentle rise—not the impression of pulling oneself out a deep hole—and more.

There is no need to mention, for I am sure, they have all gone with the era of prohibition—the woman who tugs at her girdle when she rises—or pulls her skirt. All details that might entice bulkiness should be attended to in your boudoir.

A famous composer once wrote beautiful lyrics which began I believe, "My lady walks in loveliness"—and well she might since the possibility of attaining loveliness is more apt to occur if she does.

What do you consider the most essential requirement to beauty? Suzanne will be very glad to advise you on any phase of beauty that might be troubling you. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for a personal reply to: Suzanne, Andrews Publishing Company, 220 West 42nd Street, Rm. 1904, New York City, New York.



# LAFFS



"—what can we do in diving suits that would interest the Major?—"

## AMATEUR HALL OF FAME

**G. BUDDY RAYMOND.** He makes the Bowes' Hall of Fame with a song and dance act. Little Old New York is the city that bowed Buddy into the Hall of Fame at the age of eighteen. The only professional in his family, Buddy has never taken a singing lesson, but he does boast of Ned Wayburn's tuition in dancing. They say Buddy is almost professional in his golf. He speaks French . . . is a graduate of high school . . . and does some swell imitations of Al Jolson, but prefers to sing his own way now. Buddy would like to be a movie star. He works fast when it comes to bidding for honors. At the age of four he made his first public appearance with imitations. That's crashing the gates of fame mighty early, don't you think!

**H. ELSIE TUCKER.** What would an Amateur Hall of Fame be without rhythm . . . and such rhythm! With dancing eyes and merry melody, Miss Tucker stepped to the mike, and made the balloteers loosen up for a storm of votes in her behalf. When Miss Tucker sings, she sings with dancing feet, dancing fingers and dancing orbs. The Amateur Hall of Fame is Elsie's proper spot—for there rhythm such as hers belongs. In any other Hall of Fame, the stodgy, stuffed-shirt and sedate statues would only frown their disapproval—and Miss Tucker couldn't stand that—nor could her admirers. Let's keep Miss Tucker where she belongs—in our own Hall of Fame where joy and laughter, song and rhythm are the passwords to wholesome delight.

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### LEARN TELEVISION with RADIO—NOW!

Fine opportunity for experts in this amazing new industry. A NEW business in a NEW era offers NEW opportunities for big salaries! You learn Radio and Television from beginning to end in our marvelously equipped labs and studios. You actually operate thousands of dollars worth of expensive equipment. You get expert instruction and skillful guidance by radio-television specialists.

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Television now perfected and ready for the market ON THE NEXT BIG BUYING WAVE. Business leaders predict new system television will require thousands of relay and broadcasting stations. Ultra-short waves will permit eighty thousand television stations in America alone.



FREE FOLDER

GET IN NOW and "build up" with the world's next billion-dollar industry.  
**6 MONTHS THOROUGH, PRACTICAL TRAINING**  
Qualifies for radio-telephone license (1st Class). Complete up-to-the-minute training on modern "workable" television equipment including the new radio-television. Practical experience in studio, control room, transmitter operation at Television station WJAL. Employment and while training and upon graduation. Write for free book "Pictures On The Air" NOW!

S. Q. NOEL, Pres. First National Television, Inc.

Dept. F-2, Power & Light Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Without obligation, send me postpaid FREE Illustrated Folder "Pictures On The Air", telling about new opportunities in television. I am 17 years or older.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



## YOUR FACE!

Have you surface pimples, blackheads, whiteheads, enlarged pores, oily skin, coarseness, roughness, red spots? For over 15 years my method has accomplished astounding results for many, in just a short time. No clay, peel, bleach, cream, soap, plaster, mask, appliance, bandage, exercise or diet. No trouble. No confinement. Nothing to take. Perfectly HARMLESS to the most delicate skin. Send for free book, "The Complexion Beautiful."  
**ERNA SAFFAN, 646 N. Michigan Blvd., Suite 1336 Chicago**



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2000 rooms, with bath, from \$2.50

HOTEL ALFRED LEWIS, Mgr.

# TAFT

7th Ave. NEW YORK  
at 50th St.



# GENE DENNIS

(Continued from page 41)

Within a fortnight working from the hypothesis that Rutherford (whose name is a necessary pseudonym) was guilty, the authorities built their case and gained a confession from him. Gene's fame soared in black and white headlines of the international press.

Gene Dennis is in vaudeville. That house of stagemod provides her best vehicle. She answers all questions put to her. Such questions as these, "What horse will win the Kentucky Derby?"

The answer to that one was "Omaha."

Gene has another horse prognostication to her credit. She predicted that Windsor Lad, long shot, would win the 1934 English Derby. It did.

Other questions asked her in vaudeville are usually of a personal nature. Such questions as the whereabouts of missing persons. How investments will turn out and preponderantly, of course, questions on matters of the heart.

Being of the same stuff as our forebears and having our share of curiosity, we journeyed round to ask Gene Dennis a question for the MAJOR BOWES AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

"What," we asked of the lovely psychic as she lounged in her dressing room. "What will be the future of the Major Bowes movement?"

"Someday, there will be studios like Major Bowes' all over the country where the talented amateur may have an audition and a tryout for professional work." Her answer was immediate and bright with a note of enthusiasm.

"Miss Dennis, do you think the Major Bowes Amateur programs, the travelling units and other amateur activities are displacing vaudeville?" We asked another question.

She had been smiling at my question, but now she was all seriousness and in her lovely eyes there was a definite light. "Major Bowes has exactly the right idea. The only thing wrong with vaudeville today is that pull means more than performance. The camel going through the needle's eyes and the rich man getting into heaven have a cinch compared to the amateur trying to get a vaudeville booking."

She continued:

"The Public is ready for the return of vaudeville. That is shown by the enthusiasm with which the Bowes travelling units are received wherever they go. As a matter of fact the Public has always wanted vaudeville when it was worth seeing."

We nodded in agreement. Her enthusiasm grew as she talked.

"Major Bowes' project of actually trying out the performer before his ultimate judge, the Public, is a great improvement over the old trial and error methods which cost both the producer and the performer time and money. I think it is wonderful to see young people getting a chance to show what they can do as professional entertainers."

Sitting there in that little dressing room, watching the play of lights in Gene Dennis's lovely eyes, and listening to her enthusiastic remarks about vaudeville and Major Bowes, we felt a little hypnotized by the personality of this charming girl whose psychic powers have astounded the world. Perhaps we felt a little psychic ourselves for we leaned forward suddenly and our eyes glazed a bit as a distant, tingling thought shaped its vision before us. "Maybe," we said, "maybe Major Bowes has already brought vaudeville back? What else are the successful road companies of Bowes Amateurs? A rose by any other name . . .?"

Our vision failed. Miss Dennis rose in a swish of silken loveliness. After all she was the famous psychic and we—well, we were just Amateurs!

## DID YOU KNOW THAT

Herbert Marshall was so badly wounded in the war that they said he would never be able to work again . . . so he trained himself to walk, and became an actor . . .

Robert Ripley, whose Believe It Or Not, is one of the most popular cartoon features in the world, was just an unknown sports artist, till he dared to be different and invent his famous feature . . .

Victor McLaglen who has just become the talk of the movie business for his work in "THE INFORMER" was a policeman, a boxer, and a goldminer before he found himself in Hollywood . . .

Walter Winchell was just another song and dance man in vaudeville, until he began writing vaudeville news with a new slant to it . . .

Fred Allen wanted to be a lawyer. He became a comic to make enough money to send himself to college—but he's been a funny man ever since . . .

## THE ROOSEVELTS

## AMERICA'S FIRST ROYAL FAMILY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

TEDDY ROOSEVELT . . .  
FIRE-EATING ROUGH-  
RIDER AND TRUST BUST-  
ER . . . AND FRANKLIN  
D.—EXPONENT OF THE  
NEW DEAL AND CUR-  
RENT OCCUPANT—

TWO DAUNTLESS PRESI-  
DENTS FILLED WITH THE  
LOVE OF THEIR WORK—  
LOVING A FIGHT OR A  
FROLIC—GREAT LEAD-  
ERS WHOSE EMBATTLED  
CAREERS AFFORD  
THRILLING EXAMPLES  
OF SUCCESS.

WATCH FOR THE RIP-  
ROARING STORY OF  
TWO GENERATIONS OF  
ROOSEVELTS IN COM-  
ING ISSUE.



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City.....State.....



# VERONICA MIMOSA

(Continued from page 40)

at Steinway Hall in New York City, won second prize for her playing, and then disappeared as abruptly as she had come, leaving no trace of her whereabouts.

Of course, the newspapers carried the sensational story of the child prodigy's feat. But the stories didn't carry her address. And so, when the story was called to Major Bowes' attention, and when he had read it and became strongly interested in the child, it was quite disappointing to find no address.

"Find her!" said the Major.

The search was on. No, the newspapers had no address for the little child. Musical societies did not know where she could be found. The authorities could give no assistance. The name was not in the phone book. Hundreds of phone calls . . . personal inquiries . . . restless search . . . and the Major quietly but firmly set on locating the little musical lady. But the city seemed to have swallowed her up.

"The name is Spanish," ventured a gentleman from Barcelona.

"It would be well to inquire among our Spanish people."

At last a family by the name of Mimosa was located. It was the right family!

"Si, si, the name is Mimosa. Yes, I am her papa. I am a laundry worker. Ah, but I am out of work. Yes, it is my little daughter, my Veronica."

"Yes, she is our Veronica," said the mother. "It is I that have taught her. I wanted my child to have a musical education. I did not need to urge her to take to the piano. She loved to play from the moment her hands touched the keys. It has been a very hard struggle for us. Now and then I earn a little money by giving piano lessons to the neighbors' children. Yes, her papa is Spanish, but I am German. Yes, it is my little girl that you must be looking for. We were at Steinway Hall."

"Major Bowes wishes to meet your little girl," was the response from the One Who Had Searched So Painfully, "so if you will bring her right down to the office."

"We'll be down with her today," was the rejoinder.

Swiftly go the carriers underground in New York's subway system and within an hour, mother and daughter were in the Major's office. The story revealed by their appearance was all too plain to his shrewdly-observant eyes. He knew that

# LOOKING BACKWARD

FIRST PERSON TO FLY AN AUTOGIRO ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

FIRST WOMAN TO RECEIVE THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS.

FIRST WOMAN TO RECEIVE THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S GOLD MEDAL.

FIRST WOMAN TO MAKE A TRANSCONTINENTAL NON-STOP FLIGHT.

FIRST PERSON TO SOLO ACROSS THE PACIFIC FROM HONOLULU.

FIRST PERSON TO SOLO FROM MEXICO CITY TO NEW YORK.

AMELIA EARHART, FIRST LADY OF THE SKIES! ONE NOT ONLY LOOKS BACKWARDS, BUT UPWARDS IN BEHOLDING THIS SUPERB ADVENTURER OF THE AIR, WHO HAS PROVEN THAT NOTHING THAT MAN CAN DO IS BEYOND A WOMAN OF DAUNTLESS COURAGE AND INVINCIBLE SPIRIT.

HAIL AMELIA EARHART!



"If I buy the fish will you sing a duet with me on the amateur hour?"



# VERONICA MIMOSA . . .

pride might keep the mother from answering him truthfully; so he took the little girl's hand gently in his own as he asked her "Are you hungry?"

"Yes," she answered. There was hunger in the great dark eyes.

The Major rushed them both downstairs to a restaurant before he would say another word to them. They were at the point of actual starvation.

Upstairs once more for her audition, the little virtuoso seated herself at the piano. The tiny fingers stroked the keyboard. Could she really play? Would she be as good as the newspaper accounts had said she was? Into a Tarantella the incredibly fast and tiny fingers leaped. Color, feeling, sparkle, fluency, and a technique unbelievable in a child of her age—and then came the startling revelation of her amazing repertoire—of the fact that two hundred piano compositions responded instantaneously to a prodigious memory—that the musical giant, Bach, was an open scroll to her to the extent of those fifteen complicated pieces stored in that amazing little musical brain in the two preceding weeks.

Professional pianists four times her age could not have boasted superior accomplishment.

No wonder that the following Sunday night Veronica was the sensation of the Bowes' Amateur program! A flood of votes literally swept over the telephone wires to the studio.

The little girl was given a place with one of the Amateur Hour units, touring theatres across the country. By that time, she and the Major were great pals. His parting gift to her was an enormous doll, almost as big as Veronica herself. And Veronica had a pretty little frock to wear, and a ribbon for her shining, jet curls. For the first time in her brief life, this child, brought up under conditions of depression hardship such as no child should know, was herself,—a gay, happy kid, with her little tummy full of good food, and with a warm bed to sleep in at night.

But that isn't all there is to the happy ending. It has a sequel.

When Veronica's tour ended, and she was brought back to New York she came to see the Major. She was still carrying her beloved doll. The doll was somewhat the worse for wear, after traveling so long in trains and buses. One of its arms was damaged, and its nose was nicked.

"Oh, Major, will you please fix her for me?" asked Veronica.

"Will I fix your doll for you, darling?" he asked. "Well, I should say I will!"

And he did much better than that. His parting gift to little Veronica was, not merely a repaired doll, but a brand new doll, just as big and wonderful as the first had been!

"My Mama says I'm not going to play the piano anymore for a while now, I'm going back to school, with the other children."

That was what made the Major happiest of all. Not only that the Mimosa family had made some money, and was not facing want any longer, but that they had the good sense to let the child go back to school and lead a normal child's life again.

What of Veronica's future? Is she one more flash in the pan? Just another child prodigy whose star is destined soon to dim?

Or will she become, thanks to the Amateur Hour, one of the world's great immortals, a virtuoso of the black-and-white keys? What does the Major think? With his record of discovery, his many years of developing talent, he ought to know.

The Major is saying nothing. He's glad Veronica is going back to school—for the present. But there is a light in his eye. An enigmatic smile on his lips. Give Veronica a few years, he seems to be thinking—then we'll see. If he has hopes, he is keeping them secret.

But if what we see, a few years from now, is the name "Veronica Mimosa," up in brilliant electric lights—then Music will owe a great debt to the Amateur Hour and its affable Major Bowes!

# DONT MISS

THEY'RE THE CIRCUS  
TWINS . . . AND THEY  
WERE BORN WITH THE  
SMELL OF THE SAW-  
DUST RING IN THEIR  
NOSTRILS.

BUT MOTHER STAUFF-  
ER, BARE-BACK RIDER,  
HAD GREATER AMBI-  
TIONS FOR HER DAUGH-  
TERS THAN POSSIBLE  
MARRIAGES WITH  
DEVIL-MAY-CARE GEN-  
TLEMEN WHO RISK  
THEIR NECKS ON FLY-  
ING TRAPEZES.

DON'T MISS BILL VALLEE'S DELIGHTFUL STORY  
OF THE STAUFFER TWINS WHO TURNED FROM  
TUMBLING IN THE ARENA TO WARBLING BE-  
FORE THE MAJOR'S MIKE . . . AND A CAREER  
IN ONE OF HIS UNITS. IN THAT BIG APRIL ISSUE!



# DORIS WESTER

(Continued from page 27)

for playing cards. "It's sort of a dirty trick to get Nick out on a cold night, and make him think he's going to meet a raving beauty."

"You know," purred the Villain's wife, and she tuned the radio. "I just thought of something. I could have called Doris Wester for Nick."

"Well, for . . . !" the Villain shook his head and went off in quest of tables, muttering to himself about women in general and their winsome ways.

So our hero walked into the trap. Nick came to the party warm with expectancy, and thrilled with the promise of a charming evening with a beautiful dinner partner.

"And this is Miss S——" said Mrs. Villain, introducing them with just the right emphasis which would leave no doubt that this was THE Miss S——.

"Helen, this is Nick Kempner—he's a famous show director and very, very eligible."

Nick cast a hopeful glance around the room and found no beautiful girl to prove that he was not fooling himself.

"Do you like Bridge?" said Nick desperately, noting that Miss S—— expected it of him.

"Oh, yes," replied that young lady, "I adore it. Since I am out of college, I find it's the only mental stimulus I have."

"Um," said Nick, "yes indeed, it's a great stimulus."

A cold night, a Miss S—— and bridge, bridge, bridge. Nick could play bridge if he had to, and this was one time when it seemed he had to. Between rubbers he learned much of the intimate goings on at Vassar, of college proms and summer cruises, and his politeness would have made a Tallyrand smile with admiration.

The trumps marched and counter marched. The bidding rose to a wail and slowly, inexorably Nick's tally became black with winning points. At midnight, they gave up and awarded him the other prize.

"The Witching Hour," said Mrs. Villain, letting her head loll coyly to one side as she listened to the hall clock chime the hour of twelve. "Lucky at cards, unlucky at Love," she added artlessly, watching Nick gather in his winnings.

"How nice for him," said a new voice from the doorway. It was Doris,—a vision of loveliness in her furs. Her cheeks were flushed from walking, and her hair was starred with flecks of snow.

"Hello, everybody, may I sit by your fire?"

Nick beamed. It was going to be worth while having come out in the cold after all. She was lovely!

"Cinderella!" he exclaimed.

"Cinderella was a hat shop on Eighty-sixth street. The Glass Slipper is a night club. My name is Doris Wester, and I came in because I saw lights, and because it is cold and the lending library is closed. May I have some candy?"

Something in the quality of this girl's voice stirred Nick. Gone now was the mask of the social performer. Here was the professional—the keen, intuitive showman. "Who is this young lady?"

"Why—?" faltered the Villains, "she's a friend of ours, who lives in the neighborhood."

"I'm Nothin' but a Nothin'!" trilled Doris. "Do you remember that silly song from Walt Disney's . . ."

"What do you do?" asked Nick.

"I don't do anything," said Doris. "Why?"

"Are you in the Show Business? Have you ever been in Show Business? Have you ever done any singing?" His questions flew thick and fast.

"No," said Doris. "I have gone to Professional School. You see, I live with my aunt and uncle, and I really don't do anything. I haven't any talent."



"I can't do a thing with you Nellie—since you mooed on the Amateur Hour."



# DORIS WESTER

# FROM GARBAGE TO GLORY

"Nick Kempner is a big, bad director," said the Villain, "but don't be frightened, Doris, he won't bite."

"I'm sure he won't," said Doris, "but he has me confused with some other girl. Sorry to be a disappointment, Mr. Kempner, it is really quite flattering!"

Nick was standing in front of her now. His eyes dark with seriousness—his hands on her arms. "Miss Wester, I'll make a bet with you."

"A bet with me? What about?"

"I'll bet I can make a singer out of you. An artist!"

"Oh, but that's silly, Mr. Kempner. I—why—I—" Doris laughed self-consciously.

"I am serious," said this intense little man. "You have that quality in your voice. I have looked for it for years. I can do something with you. If you are interested, call me up. This is my card. Good night."

The door closed, and he was gone.

A week later, plagued by self-doubt, but intrigued as any woman would be, Doris called. With that call, began an amazing association which persists today; which should always persist.

Kempner was a genius. He had studied for years the peculiar technique of singing, used only on the Continent, and accountable for such stars as Beatrice Lillie, Yvonne Printemps, and Lucienne Boyer. Doris was such a girl as these. He knew the technique, and he would teach her—make her an irresistible song-personality. More.

He could be a tyrant or a soothing persuader.

He conquered her fears—inspired confidence.

He exuded enthusiasm. It was catching—infectious. Doris Wester witnessed the birth of her own personality.

For months Kempner coached, instructed, rehearsed and arranged for Doris. Then came a night, after a particularly intense session at the piano. Kempner paused over a soft, breathless chord, let his hands fall to sides and rose slowly from the bench.

"Doris," he said. "You're ready."

"Ready? But, for what, Nick?" she gazed at him uncertainly.

He flung his hands out in a familiar gesture. "Ready to go into a show—Hollywood—Radio!"

They stared at each other. The eager light died suddenly in Doris's eyes. She sank into a chair. Nick frowned and lit a cigarette. The unspoken question made them pause. This was the jumping-off place. Doris was ready. What now? What Show? How Radio? How Hollywood?

Nick ground out his cigarette suddenly. In a flash he was by her side—Eager—dynamic. "Doris, listen to me. You and I—we both know what you are. You're great, but, to the public you're just like that song you sang at me the night we met . . ."

Doris smiled suddenly. She mimicked, "I'm nothin' but a nothin'."

"Right, but I've got an idea."

Doris caught the note of enthusiasm. She responded. "What?"

"You're going to try out on Major Bowes Hour."

Doris experienced panic. "But Nick, that's so big. There are so many people, and so many of those amateurs are so good. What if I—?"

"Fail?"

"Yes."

"You can't. You'll make good. And, don't forget—millions of people will hear your debut—they'll be listening in from coast to coast!"

There was no doubting his conviction. Doris rose beside him. "For your sake, Nick, because, I know how much you want it. I'll do my best."

"That's all I want you to do Doris."

The rest is history.

Doris Wester's amazing triumph on the Amateur Hour brought her fame and fortune. She was booked in the celebrated Rainbow Room where she became the overnight sensation of New York. Radio, Hollywood, and Stage beckon to her with golden fingers. The success of Doris Wester certainly was in the cards!

## HAROUN EL RASCHID

**PROWLING THE HIGH-  
WAYS AND BYWAYS OF  
OLD BAGDAD, NEVER  
UNEARTHED SUCH  
AMAZING STORIES FOR  
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS'  
DREAM AS THOSE WE  
ARE BRINGING TO YOU  
IN THE APRIL ISSUE OF  
MAJOR BOWES' AMA-  
TEUR MAGAZINE. RE-  
SERVE YOUR COPY  
NOW!**

(Continued from page 25)

about gettin' on the air. They say it's pretty hard."

"Let me think," said Clancy as he brought a meditative hand up to his chin, "mebbe I know where ye could get a chanct. Did ye ever hear of this Major Bowes now, this feller who puts the amachures on the air? I'm sure he could do something for ye."

After the cop went off to look for another place to sleep, Joe thought and sang intermittently. It was by way of being a treat for householders up there because an article on Joe states that when he "dismounted from the truck his voice gained volume", a condition readily understood. A full-blown garbage truck would be competition.

Recognition by the law was too much for Joe's pals so they practically carried him one night, after he'd had a bath, to an audition Major Bowes was holding. Joe was accepted and on Sunday night sang over the air. Grouped around a small radio set were Joe's pals and loyal Clancy, the cop. That might explain four votes for him but not the 37,996 that came in over the wires. Joe, in plain words was a success—a knockout—the nuts! He'd won first prize.

Joe has had very little training; but then you don't need it so terribly much when you have a voice, and you sing all the time because you love to.

"I've been singing all my life," Joe says, "parties, you know, and weddings. If I go to all the parties they want me to I'd be all worn out; and that vino is bad stuff, too much of it, I mean. But I like the opera. I won with "La Donna e Mobile" from "Rigoletto". That's the real stuff. You can keep your jazz. I don't want it."

"All right Joe, we'll keep it, but how about that garbage truck?"

"I don't miss it," he retorts in a mean tone, "would you?"

Which question answers itself.

Joe won't need to go back to the truck. For one thing, he's on the road with one of Major Bowes' road shows; and when they get him near New York they're going to shoot him, —with a movie camera.

He knows full well that whatever he accomplishes he'll always be known as the "ex-garbage man"; but, as he pockets a nice weekly check for his singing, he doesn't particularly care.

From garbage to glory indeed!



# FOR MEN ONLY

## Eddie Astor Hayes

(Continued from page 73)

style of design.

**SHOES.** Brass eyelets are being shown on lots of shoes. The new English last with the pointed toe will also be very popular. Pick your shoes to go with your suits. Don't be afraid to try the new shoe colors that are being shown. Rust, ox-red, dark yellow, wood brown are some of the new colors.

Don't be afraid to wear color. If you have good taste and pick the right combination you can improve your outfits by about fifty per cent. Think it over, and watch for next month's issue for details on topcoats, mufflers and ties . . .

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Piano, Accordion,  
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# APRIL A BIG ISSUE

*Beautiful Eyes*

with  
*Maybelline*  
EYE BEAUTY AIDS



"What makes you jump so Mr. Willet—every time you hear a gong?"



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## The decline of the "Gas Barrel"

**B**ORN in livery stables and blacksmith shops shortly after the turn of the century, early service stations were merely crude dispensaries for gasoline.

The fuel usually reposed in a barrel perched high in the stable rafters, and was drained off by an ordinary garden hose.

As the automobile changed from a curiosity to a commonplace, the gas barrel vanished from the American scene. But its philosophy lingered on.

Even today, a few service stations are still just filling stations—mere dispensaries for gasoline. But few such stations bear the emblem of the Gulf Refining Company.

For we like to think that Gulf stations have completely shed the old "gas barrel" philosophy.

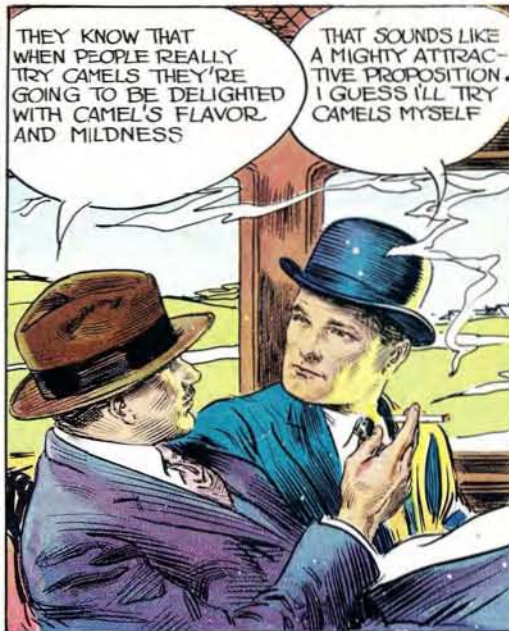
They have become, in effect, department stores for the motorist. At modern Gulf stations, you can buy, not merely the finest gasolines and motor oils, but a complete line of automotive and household conveniences — from tires to penetrating oil, and from insect spray to furniture polish.

A few of these products are pictured at the right. Every one of them has been born under the watchful eye of the Gulf Quality-Control laboratories. Every one of them has won its badge of merit—the Gulf orange disc.



# GULF REFINING COMPANY





# Camels have to please you — or you pay Nothing!

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(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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These remarks are typical of what new Camel smokers say, smokers who saw our offer and took us at our word!

They tried ten, smoked twenty, went on to explore a new delight—as they sensed the mildness, the coolness, the unrivaled flavor of Camel's costlier tobaccos.

We believe you will like Camels too. Try Camels. Judge them critically. Compare them with others for mildness, for bouquet, for throat-ease, for good taste. Time flies—get a pack today.

# COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



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