

# Radio MIRROR

10¢

MARCH



**HELEN MORGAN**  
In Love At Last

**SARNOFF** Looks Into  
the Future of RADIO

**RUDY VALLEE** Tells "Where I Go From Here"









I HAVE SUCH A HEADACHE—I KNOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO SLEEP

YOU'RE ALWAYS EXHAUSTED ON MONDAY NIGHTS, ANN. I WISH YOU WOULDN'T SCRUB CLOTHES—YOU'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH



WELL, SOMEBODY HAS TO DO THE WASH. WE CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS

BILL SAYS HIS WIFE USES RINSO. IT SOAKS OUT DIRT AND SAVES SCRUBBING, WHY NOT TRY IT, ANN?

**NEXT WASHDAY**



... AND YOU TELL BILL TO TELL HIS WIFE I'M SORE! SHE SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO LONG AGO. I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL TODAY, YET MY CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

AND YOU LOOK AS FRESH AS A DAISY

**RINSO MAKES CLOTHES LAST 2 OR 3 TIMES LONGER—I KNOW THAT WILL SAVE ME LOTS OF MONEY**



I'll never use a washboard again—that's what ruins clothes! The Rinso way is so gentle—yet clothes come whiter than ever. I'm using Rinso for dishes, too. I'm using it for all cleaning—it's so economical.

No wonder the makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso! No wonder it's approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Try it. See what rich suds a little gives even in hardest water.

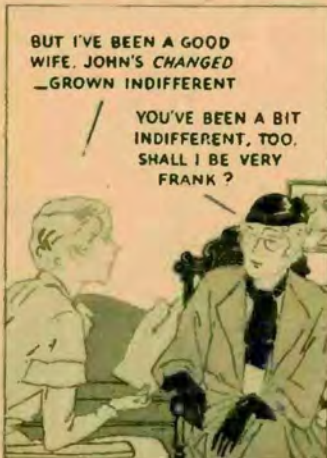


**CAN A WIFE FORGIVE THIS ?**



AUNTIE, IMAGINE JOHN'S FORGETTING OUR WEDDING ANNIVERSARY! I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM

PERHAPS IT'S PARTLY YOUR FAULT



BUT I'VE BEEN A GOOD WIFE. JOHN'S CHANGED —GROWN INDIFFERENT

YOU'VE BEEN A BIT INDIFFERENT, TOO. SHALL I BE VERY FRANK ?



I'M GLAD AUNTIE GOT ME TO USE LIFEBOUY. IT'S GRAND! NO "B.O." NOW



"B.O." GONE —

*romance returns!*

MORE CANDY! YOU EXTRAVAGANT BOY!

SWEETS TO THE SWEET, DARLING



**"B.O."** (body odor)  
—a kill-joy

To guard happiness—guard against that unforgivable fault, "B. O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its extra-clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy protects. Its abundant, hygienic lather purifies

and deodorizes pores—stops "B. O." For a lovelier skin Every night massage Lifebuoy's gentle, purifying lather well into pores; then rinse. Watch skin bloom with health. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.





# Radio MIRROR

VOL. 1 NO. 5

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WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

s p e c i a l f e a t u r e s

## NEXT MONTH



Bing Crosby, the handsome troubadour of the airwaves, who has a million girls all over the country ga-ga about him and his voice, takes his pen in hand and tells his adoring public "What Marriage Did For Me." A brilliant success in his career, financially on top of the world, the sex-appeal young man of the radio is also happy at home. That's because his wife, Dixie Lee Crosby, and his infant son, Gary Evans Crosby, make his happiness. Mrs. Crosby in a previous issue told how she keeps Bing straight and now Mr. Crosby has his say about what this marriage has done for him and his work. Read all about what the famous crooner tells of his private life in his own story in the April RADIO MIRROR.



Gertrude Niesen, the exotic songbird of broadcasting, has a bright year to come, according to those who should know, as well as in the opinion of her own contemporaries. Mike Porter, whose interesting personality articles on the popular ones of the ether have become popular with the readers of this magazine, takes you into Miss Niesen's own home and tells you the informal side of this exciting young artist. He's been a Yankee-Doodle Dandy for so many years on the stage it seems only natural that George M. Cohan should be a success before the microphone. The thrilling years that have made up his long service to his public yield a host of wonderful stories, which Herb Cruikshank has gathered for his story on Mr. Cohan which will appear in next month's RADIO MIRROR.



Another comedian recruited from the theater who has made a success of his new radio career is Phil Baker, whose quaint humor and entertaining programs come out of Chicago. Mr. Baker's life story makes a tense, thrilling tale concocted for your enjoyment in the April issue. That's only a part of what the April issue of your RADIO MIRROR holds for you. Beautiful pictures, brand new gossip and news, dozens of amusing, thrilling and entertaining stories; a gorgeous portrait gallery with more pictures of your favorite air performers; new advice in the HOME-MAKING DEPARTMENT by Sylvia Covney, stunning new fashions and a dozen more features of people and things in the world of radio will make this number the best yet and on the cover the finest picture of Bing Crosby we've ever seen.



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**GAINS 5 LBS.  
IN 1 WEEK  
Feels Fine!**



**Read How New Mineral  
Concentrate RICH IN  
"FOOD IODINE"  
is building up thousands of  
nervous, skinny, rundown  
folks in amazing new way.**

**I**T will be a week this noon since I began using Kelp-a-Malt and I have gained 5 pounds and feel much better."—T. W. H. . . . "Gained 5 pounds the first package. Am very much pleased."—D. E. G. . . . "Had stomach trouble for years. When I take Kelp-a-Malt I have a hearty appetite for everything and suffer no distress. Kelp-a-Malt has banished constipation, which I have had all my life."—W. D. C. . . . "Gained 8 pounds with one package of Kelp-a-Malt and feel 100% better."—Mrs. W. J. S.

Just a few of the thousands of actual testimonials that are flooding in from all over the country telling us how this newer form of food iodine is building firm flesh, strengthening the nerves, enriching the blood—nourishing vital glands and making weak, pale, careworn, underweight men and women look and feel years younger.

Scientists have recently discovered that the blood, liver and vital glands of the body contain definite quantities of iodine which heretofore has been difficult to obtain.

Doctors know how vitally necessary to health and well-being are

natural food minerals—and particularly food iodine—often so woefully lacking in even the most carefully devised fresh vegetable diets.

Kelp-a-Malt, only recently discovered, is an amazingly rich source of food iodine along with practically every mineral essential to normal well-being. It is a sea vegetable concentrate taken from the Pacific Ocean and made available in palatable, pleasant-to-take tablet form. Six Kelp-a-Malt tablets provide more food iodine than 486 pounds of spinach, 1,600-pounds of beef, 1,387 pounds of lettuce. Three Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper for rich blood, vitality and strength than a pound of spinach, 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes—more calcium than 6 eggs, more phosphorus than a pound and a half of carrots—sulphur, sodium, potassium and other essential minerals.

Only when you get an adequate amount of these minerals can your food do you any good—can you nourish glands, add weight, strengthen your nerves, increase your vitality and endurance.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week. Watch your appetite improve, firm

flesh appear instead of scrawny hollows. Feel the tireless vigor and vitality it brings you. It not only improves your looks, but your health as well. It corrects sour, acid stomach. Gas, indigestion and all the usual distress commonly experienced by the undernourished and the underweight disappear.

**Money Back Guarantee**

Prove the worth of this amazing weight builder today. Two weeks are required to effect a change in the mineralization of the body. At the end of that time, if you have not gained at least 8 pounds, do not look better, feel better and have more endurance than ever before, send back the unused

tablets and every penny of your money will be cheerfully refunded.

**Introductory Offer**

Don't wait any longer. Order Kelp-a-Malt today. Renew youthful energy, add flattering pounds this easy scientific way. Special short time introductory offer gives you 10-day trial treatment of Kelp-a-Malt for \$1.00. Regular large size bottle (200 Jumbo size tablets) 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets for only \$1.95. 600 tablets \$4.95, postage prepaid. Plain wrapped. Sent C.O.D. 20c extra. Get your Kelp-a-Malt before this offer expires.



**KELP-A-MALT**

**SEEDOL COMPANY**  
Dept. 95, 27-33 West 20th St., N. Y. C.

Gentlemen—Please send me postpaid

10 Day Trial Treatment, \$1.00.

200 Jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets, 4 to 5 times size of ordinary tablets—\$1.95.

600 Jumbo size Kelp-a-Malt tablets. Price \$4.95. (Check amount wanted) for which enclosed find . . . C. O. D. 20c extra.

Name . . . . .

St. Address . . . . .

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

**SEEDOL LABORATORIES: EST. 1903 ORIGINATORS OF HEALTH FOODS BY MAIL DEPT. 95, 27-33 W. 20th St., NEW YORK**



"BRAVO!" shouted Radio Row when it heard about the Canary who defied the Big, Bad Sponsor. It happened at a party after a broadcast. "So that's what you think of me," she cried, tearing into bits a \$500 bill and throwing the pieces into his face. Who was the songbird? Mercury would love to tell but can't. Nor the name of the sponsor, either. He is one of America's best known advertisers . . . The Pepsodent Company with its Amos 'n' Andy and Goldberg programs projected twice nightly five times a week buys the most time on the air . . . And, by the way, Gertrude Berg, creator of The Goldbergs, and who plays Molly, refused \$75,000 for the movie rights. She is holding out for more money . . . Elmer Everett Yes, the go-getting salesman largely responsible for the misery caused by all that "Where's Elmer?" stuff, suddenly faded off the airwaves. He passed out at the same time as prohibition and thus the nation got rid of two pests at once.

Phil Regan, the singing ex-Gotham gendarme, and Martha Boswell, of the Boswell Sisters, are thisway about each other . . . Lois Bennett, after a long absence from the air, is now singing Mary Lou in Show Boat. Although there have been several singing Mary Lous, the voice heard

in the dramatic scenes has always been that of Rosaline Greene, one of NBC's ace actresses . . . High royalties of playwrights and salary demands of Actors Equity retard the movement to better the quality of dramatic sketches. The Columbia production department hopes to solve these problems with the aid of legitimate stage producers.

WEST IS WEST

Radio, living up to its determination to be 99 47-100 per cent pure, has turned thumbs down on Mae West as an attraction. They may not care in the movies if she's no angel but they do in the broadcasting studios. Everything was all set for Mae to go on the air when her would-be sponsor changed his mind, the change no doubt was inspired by the sex-repeal campaign against salacious advertising now being waged by the Will Hayes office for pictures. The sponsor and the Radio Rajahs feared that Miss West, the actress of salacious plays, both stage and screen, her ten days in prison for offending public morals by her performance in "Sex," the police raiding of her "Drag" company and the forbidding of her "Pleasure Man", might

shock the goody, goody radio audience. So Miss West found herself restricted to Hollywood. At least that was the situation when this was typed. By the time you read it some other advertiser with a couple of hundred thousand dollars to spend and a desire to have Mae exploit his wares may have bobbed up; in that event, the chances are the networks will relent and remove the ban. If that happens, don't say Mercury didn't tell you so.

Mike Porter—beg pardon, Martin J. Porter, since he's got a byline—the Aircaster of the New York Evening Journal, is compiling a glossary of studio slang. Here are some terms he translates: An "Oshkosh" is a joke expected to go well in rural communities but of dubious appeal in the cities. All tellers of bedtime stories are "Uncles." If a broadcaster stumbles over his lines he "has a beard." When the production man orders "Give it more hop," it's a command to the control man to increase the electrical flow.

by MERCURY



"Here's to you," says Rubinoff, with a cocktail shaker at his new bar, instead of with the violin.

News when it happens, gossip while it's hot—Read all about your favorites as Mercury turns it out

HOT and AIRY

Two crazy birds are Lum and Abner, at least in this picture posed for Radio Mirror.



FAMILY TROUBLES

Just about the time Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye, whom rumor identifies as his current sweetie, were due to entertain for Hollywood to make that picture, the crooner's domestic difficulties with Fay Webb broke in the papers. So, to annoy the gossipers, they went their separate ways to the Coast, not only going on different days and different trains, of course, but also on different railroads—all to show to the world there is nothing between them. Rudy, by the way, hopes the new flicker will prove him a screen star of the first magnitude. His picture work in

the past hasn't been so hot, you know. To better equip himself he even took dancing lessons, hoping thereby to make his movements before the camera more graceful. It is also reported that Vallee took a course in self-restraint for he possesses a violent temper and when he gets mad screams like a woman and cusses like a truck driver. He prays he won't pull a George Raft and sock the director on the beeper. But, My Goodness, don't these radio stars have family troubles? Arthur Tracy succeeded Vallee as the stellar attraction at the Hollywood restaurant, New York, and just after Rudy introduced him to the applauding crowd a man got up from a ringside table and slapped a summons right smack on the Street Singer. The subpoena directed Tracy to appear in court and explain to the judge why he hit his wife so hard she had to be taken to a hospital. And then Tracy, with his wife's complaint burning in his pocket, sang his first number. It was, "Love is the Sweetest Thing!" Now, I ask you, what could be funnier than that? (Continued on page 52)



# Where

For the first time  
Rudy Vallee tells  
his own plans for  
the future in his  
own story written  
for Radio Mirror



*In between broadcasts, rehearsals, recordings and work on his newest motion picture, Rudy Vallee wrote the following story of his own plans for his professional and personal future. Where he intends to go in the future, from his present eminence as a radio star, his ambitions and his hopes have been a mystery and a secret not only to his public but to his associates. For the first time he reveals his plans and if his past is any criterion this Maine singer and impresario will get what he wants.*

*Following are the questions which we believe his public would ask Mr. Vallee if the opportunity were permitted and in spite of his many activities he has squared off and answered each one painstakingly, intelligently and with his customary frankness.—THE EDITOR.*

*Do you expect to continue as a radio artist or will you gradually turn to the executive end of things? Haven't you always had an idea in the back of your head regarding Television with yourself in a position to direct?*

A most difficult question to answer. I use the word, "artist," very advisedly. I have always felt rather embarrassed about referring to myself as an artist; I feel that others should apply the epithet to me rather than I myself. However, whether we grant that I may term myself that or not, I do enjoy artistic work, if radio broadcasting, the direction of a dance orchestra, appearances in public on the stage and in pictures may be termed that. I enjoy my

work tremendously and as long as I enjoy it I believe I shall always want to continue to do it. I recall recently, when playing Cincinnati, Ohio, I heard an old gentleman, some 60 odd years of age, sing at a luncheon they were giving to the leader of a symphony orchestra. I will never forget the red cheeks and the white hair of the gentleman—his twinkling eye, like one of the old English country squires often depicted for us in the stories of Dickens. His voice was that of a young man in his 20's. He was a Welshman. All Welshmen have always been singers. It is commonly taken for granted that a Welshman shall sing. I

# I Go From Here

recall as I listened to this gentleman that I felt that I, too, hoped that when I reached his age, if I ever did, that I would be able to likewise continue to give vent to the love of music which fills my whole being.

Yet, contrarily enough, I have also always looked with a yearning eye toward the executive end of things. As a very young man one of my ambitions was to have my name on a glass door, with the word "private" in the corner. I recall in College, when I came back from classes and entered my room in Harkness Memorial Quadrangle, the door, which contained a small pane of glass (not unlike that of most offices)—I always imagined as the door to my office. I always had a swivel chair to study in from my first day in College. I enjoyed tilting back, opening the desk drawer, resting my feet on it, donning my studying glasses, then concentrating on the lesson in hand. I longed for the day when I should be so busy that I would be signing checks with one hand, answering the phone with the other, and poring over some particular detail in front of me in the meantime. That day has come, yet I suppose I would be termed still the artist. I believe it is possible for a man to do two things, almost completely opposed, and do them well. I honestly do think, (and I never attempt to, in the slang of the day, "kid" myself or create

any false illusions about my abilities in any particular direction), that I would make an executive—whether a good one or not is for others to say.

I do know that I can find the short cuts when things must be done quickly; I believe I am a good appraiser of men and women, even though I have blundered in the past. Blunders in my estimation of people who have either worked for me, or whom I have known, have not been unintentional; rather have they been comparatively deliberate. I guess I rather hoped that I might redeem them a bit, or that I might be able to play with them and not suffer, only to find that the latter is an exceedingly difficult thing to do. Mr. Walter B. Pitkin points out, in his "Psychology of Achievement," that there are some men who prefer to be just "one of the boys" rather than to have to take charge. It is true that immediately upon assuming authority over a group in which one formerly has been a member, one finds himself comparatively alone, uninvited and the target for eavesdropping, scandal, petty jealousy, intrigues, and what not, but the more of these things I encounter the better I like it. I believe that I may truthfully say that I am a fighter, that I enjoy wrestling with a hard and knotty problem, even when I fail to solve it; I have never liked the easiest way—it has always (Continued on page 59)

by **RUDY VALLEE**  
as told to  
**BILL VALLEE**



Rudy rehearsing some of his solos with his accompanist in his new office; Rudy strikes a disgruntled pose, just for fun; with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whiteman at his own supper club; a new mike gets a tryout with Mr. Vallee.



# HELEN MORGAN

## Can't help lovin'

**A** RAFFISH nightingale." — Percy Lammond.

"An orchid — slightly wilted." — Edna Ferber.

"A grand baby on a Baby Grand." — Irving Hoffman.

"Most important of all the Morgans." — Major Edward Bowes.

"A composite of all the ruined ladies." — James Montgomery Flagg.

And Bob Garland cracked that he'd rather hear her sing "My Bill" sitting on a piano than to hear Mme. Marie Jeritza warble the score of "Carmen" standing on her head!

That's what Broadway thinks of Helen Morgan! From Major Bowes to Gladys Bentley, they're all in love with her! When Helen married "Buddy" Maschke she jilted the Main Stem! But she just can't help lovin' that man, so Broadway may forgive, but it can never forget.

We were sitting on the floor surrounded by goldfish and rare first editions, both of which are among Helen's hobbies, and having decided that it's the gingle in a highball that causes the hangover, the conversation drifted to more frivolous subjects. Like life and love. That's how I heard the Morgan madrigal—the romance of the raffish nightingale.

Its genesis dates back several years to a night when Helen's show was playing in Cleveland, which, they tell me, is a city in Ohio and very much a Maschke bailiwick. Young Maurice, Jr., son of his father and scion of the house, was host at a party, and when dawn declared a new day, he took it upon himself to be seeing Nellie home.

Perhaps it was the pale moon that looks so sadly on all lovers, maybe "Buddy" looked too long into the soot-fringed depths of Helen's eyes, perhaps it was the fragrance of the night . . . but no matter what the cause this first dream was shattered when the rakish Maschke roadster tangled with a dairy wagon and romance received a baptism of the morning's milk. Thus they met.

From this inauspicious beginning-of-a-beautiful-friendship a deep attachment was born. Life in the theatre took Helen into the hinterland at frequent intervals. She met the family and when in the West its home was hers. She



Romance has come to this lovely singer many times and now at last it's really love, says Helen

used to cook for Ma and Pa and "Buddy", too. For cooking is among the Morgan talents. Along about this time the boy began to propose.

Naturally, the hours always came when Broadway called its favorite back, and when the boyfriend felt that he had sorrowed sufficiently in silence, he'd drive or fly to New York and hurry to the club where Helen's harmonies made tired business men weep into their illegal liquor. There, between encores, he'd whisper again of marriage with a book, a bell and a ring. But only to be kissed and sent scampering back to Harvard and the prosey tomes of Kent and Blackstone. For "Buddy" was preparing for the Bar—and not the kind that flourished on Broadway during the life of the late unlamented Amendment.

"In the back of my head," says Helen, meaning the depths of her heart, "I always thought that some day, maybe, we'd get married. But I wanted him to pass his law exams first. Then one midnight we got an idea. . . ."

Briefly the idea was to elope! The time had come for another of those separations. And this time it seemed tougher than usual. Then again, Broadway is full of Big Bad Wolves who have ways of making life attractive to a girl, and "Buddy" was more and more averse to casting Helen as "Little Red Riding Hood." During his trips to and from here and there, he had noticed a town in Pennsylvania called Newcastle, and thither, it seemed, lovers carried their coils of romance, for the whole burg was plastered with Justice of the Peace signs coyly suggesting matrimony.

Well, the Maschke chariot stood ready at the castle door, all its horsepower panting for action. So what is more natural when love is young than that the rising sun should find these sweethearts sitting on the back porch of a J. P.'s residence after a night ride that made Paul Revere's jaunt seem like a turn on a merry-go-round with no brass ring! Of course there were some trifling matters of licenses and the like, but eventually the two were lined up in proper matrimonial formation in the (Continued on page 61)



that man

This is Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Maschke who are still on their honeymoon. The Mrs. is Helen Morgan who had a hairpin for a wedding ring and admits that Hubby is now the boss. And he admits it, too.

by HERB CRUIKSHANK



She's Ethel Shutta to her public and was a well-known stage star before she became Mrs. Olsen as you'll read in this romantic real life story by Mike Porter



As pretty as when she was a footlight favorite Miss Shutta has won a radio reputation for herself and shares the microphone occasionally with her popular life-partner.

# THE *Blonde* IN

**W**HENEVER, as often happens, the cart runs the horse, the tail wags the dog, the stooge becomes the principal or other peculiarly radio phenomena materialize, it reminds me of George Olsen and Ethel Shutta.

As one of the sages of Radio Row puts it, it's the topsyturvy tendency of radio broadcasting that makes it entertaining.

Maybe so, but what provides its heart-warming properties are the unselfish devotion; loyalty and the fifty-fifty code that has kept those perennial sweethearts and team-mates, Olsen and Shutta, in double harness along their road to success. There is a wholesomeness about such a partnership that gives substance and respectability to radio; qualities sadly lacking in other forms of entertainment. Few married teams engaged in microphone work hit the rocks of incompatibility. It is one of the boasts of the business, and Olsen and Shutta furnish the typical picture of happily mated couples, because they represent a typical joint success.

Like many another radio team, both partners have had many opportunities to travel alone to quick fame and big money. Both have consistently refused to accept any contract or grasp any opportunity that would bring about a lengthy separation—and having preferred to bide their time, and wear the partnership harness all the way, they have set a pretty example, not only to the profession, but to the laity, and therein lies the greater secret of their popularity. Audiences like families. They like Eddie Cantor because he talks about his wife and children; they applaud dramas of domesticity, and they appreciate above

all, the real dramas exemplified by artists who face problems together, and fight side-by-side to the top of the hill.

It does not offend George Olsen when those who know the family, kids and all, give Ethel Shutta (pronounced Shoot-eh) the credit for their success. She has practically managed the band leader, personally and professionally since their marriage, while at the same time trouping, raising a family, attaining success on the stage, giving it up, and returning to her career, somewhat accidentally, by breaking into radio.

As a trouper, born and bred backstage, Ethel's understanding of the capricious male was developed by more than an intuitive instinct. They were all overgrown boys, she discovered, and had to be coaxed and bulldozed, their vanity satisfied, and they all were helpless without the sympathy and understanding of a woman.

George Olsen, she found, was no exception, and but for her clever handling of him, he'd very likely still be trouping around with a band, and perhaps just another orchestra leader, sans distinction, sans the popularity, the fame, and the flair for pioneering in melodic presentation which have made him a force and a figure in the radio scene.

On the other hand, it has been the showmanship of George, developed mainly through the energy, commendation and advice of Ethel, that has reacted upon her, and given her an equally scintillating halo.

Theirs is a bit of history that reflects pleasantly upon professional life, because their lives have been domestic at the same time. They divide their time equably in daily cycles of family life and professional existence. Only two people with an enduring love and mutual unselfishness could



# GEORGE OLSEN'S LIFE

accomplish this. It is an existence that couldn't go on if selfish ambitions, or a mote of jealousy were allowed to thrive.

Love of music, I believe, is the bond that unites them so perfectly. Both are at the zenith of their bliss when they are playing around with a new tune, trick arrangements, the set-up of a band, or the interpolation of a bit of comedy into a fresh product of Tin Pan Alley. That and their habit of grinning at each other.

Their road to the top wasn't exactly royal. But it was lined with romance, and not without its comic touches. To appreciate how they got over it, it is necessary to go biographical, and start with George Olsen, back in his native town, Portland, Oregon. One no longer wonders at the profound self-confidence of George Olsen, when it is remembered that the first sight that greeted his infant eyes was a big sign which read:

## OLSEN MOVES THE WORLD

It was his father's sign, and proclaimed to the world that if you wanted furniture, pianos, stoves, or even a house moved from one place to another, the head of the Scandinavian family was the guy to do it.

But somehow, George Olsen, though he grew up to be a husky lad, didn't exactly approve of a career of moving ponderous things around. Pianos, for instance, were very unwieldy. It was much more pleasant to play them than to toss them about. As there were usually plenty of pianos around, George sort of began playing; also he manifested an interest in drums, and eventually became so noisy around the house that his father bought him a fiddle, figuring it to be the least of three evils. He was a bit

amazed, however, when George took sublimely to all three instruments, and before the elder Olsen knew it, the family owned its first musician. By the time he got to the University of Michigan, young Olsen was ready to lead a band, and did.

After graduation, he returned to the native roost, and suddenly found himself with a band. He was soon leading it in a Portland hotel. Somebody made him a vaudeville offer in a weak moment, and George accepted it, and that's how he met Fannie Brice, on tour. Fannie took a fancy to him, and when she returned to New York, she told Florenz Ziegfeld about the Olsen band which she thought was quite a band. She whispered to Ziegfeld that he might entice Olsen East with an offer of \$1,250 a week.

"Humph!" grunted Ziegfeld. "He'll come here for \$800 a week and like it."

But the great Ziegfeld was wrong for once in his life. Olsen didn't like it—he LOVED it.

So East he came.

In the meantime, destiny was doing a bit of scheming. Slim blonde, Ethel Shutta was around. She was a stage lady. Indeed, she had been a stage lady since the age of three, when she made her first appearance behind the footlights with her parents. At eight, she had become quite talkative, and was given her first speaking part. She was schooled in brief lessons in whatever towns her folks happened to have been travelling. At odd moments, she took vocal lessons. By the time Ethel was seventeen, her repertoire included practically everything. She had played Little Eva in Uncle Tom's Cabin, and such things as "Why Women Sin."

(Continued on page 55)



# JESSEL JOINS THE PARADE

**T**HE lights were dancing their midnight fandango, and the crowds were thick on Broadway. The moon over Longacre Square was fat, sleepy-looking and as yellow as a pumpkin. It was a hot Saturday night in August, and lonely for those of us who make our living and find our fun on the teeming acres of Longacre Square. Everybody you knew was out of town.

I stood on the corner with Walter Winchell and we knocked the heat as we watched the parade go by. You and me and the people who live next door moved past us in an endless procession.

"Let's go for a drive," Winchell finally said.

We drove around Central Park until we were dizzy. We chased a fire-wagon through the dark, drowsy streets of The Bronx. We rolled over The Washington Bridge to The Riviera and heard Gertrude Niesen sing love songs until you thought her young heart would break. We drove back through Harlem, and as we passed 115th St. Walter said:

"Here's where it all started for the three of us . . ."

It all started in The Regent Theatre, I think the name was, a frowsy, seedy and ramshackle movie shack. The three of them were Walter Winchell, Eddie Cantor and Georgie Jessel.



Just to prove that there's really a "Mama" to whom Georgie Jessel is always telephoning during a performance, here she is with her well-known son. When Jessel isn't telephoning he sings about her

The Jazz Singer with the quick tongue and nimble wit. Jessel joins the list of famous stage stars who have turned their talents to the radio. Gags and songs make up the mike routine of this comedian



All of them are on the radio. Winchell is the most famous newspaperman of his time, a broadcaster whose salary runs high. Cantor, whether you like him or don't, and I don't, is certainly the most popular comedian on the airways. And Jessel's star has just commenced to rotate in the solar system of the kilocycles.

Jessel was cradled in the theatre. So were Winchell and Cantor. But they built their own cradle. They had no heritage of star-dust and grease paint. They weren't raised in a trunk by trouper parents. They were noisy urchins, a screechy boy trio plucked from the streets of the town.

Meet a thousand-actors and you will not meet one like

Jessel. Talk to him about show business and you must admire his pride in his profession. Most actors talk only of their acting. He speaks with a glib reverence of his calling. To him show business is a haloed calling. The sorrows of the amusement industry sadden him; its splendors make him happy.

I'm not Jessel's best friend and severest critic by any means. But I have spent hours in his company. Always I have found him a sincere listener, an able conversationalist, a witty companion and a curiously sad troubadour who is baffled by life and the people who pass his way.

I like his bitterness against the (Continued on page 56)

by J A M E S C A N N O N



# Sarnoff

## DIAGNOSES

THE REAL VETERAN OF THE INDUSTRY SURVEYS

**F**OR twenty-seven years, David Sarnoff has invariably been on hand whenever anything exciting has broken in radio. From the beginning of his wireless career (he started as office boy in the Marconi Company) to his present eminence as president of the Radio Corporation of America and one of the most important business executives in the world at only a little over forty, his nose for big news has never failed him.

Thus when they dedicated the magnificent new National Broadcasting Company studios in Radio City a while ago, he was elected to the dramatic role of tapping a key from London to send the spark across the Atlantic that was to open formally the whole vast shebang.

"Was it the most exciting of all your exciting radio moments when you tapped that key?" I asked Mr. Sarnoff the other day as we sat facing each other across the mammoth top of the Georgian desk in his oak-paneled office located on some breath-taking floor of Radio City.

"It really was, I suppose, but I didn't fully realize it until I came back to New York and found butcher, baker and candle-stick maker talking about it," Mr. Sarnoff answered thoughtfully.

"You see, I had spoken across the Atlantic before and listened to others speak, so there was nothing particularly new to me in that. Besides, the London setting wasn't very conducive to a festive point of view. I found myself between one and two A.M. alone with a telephone in a little room in the British Broadcasting Corporation offices. The studios close at twelve and so by one, English time, the night watchman and I had the place all to ourselves. The watchman left me to make his rounds and I sat waiting for the broadcast. It was lonely—I defy anybody to find a lonelier spot than a deserted broadcasting studio anyway!

"In New York the picture was quite different. A lot of prominent people dressed in their best clothes and feeling fine after a good dinner were gathered for a party. Where they were, there was light, color, gaiety. I had none of that. Naturally they got more of a thrill than I did, but mine, I found, was only deferred. It came when I realized later what an impression the broadcast had made here at home.

"Incidentally, the event provided quite a good lesson in what interests the public most. Three utterly unpremeditated words of the hundreds I spoke were the ones that everybody seemed to remember. You see, Sir John Reith, head of the British Broadcasting Corporation, happened to be in New York and was at the NBC studios for the dedication. It had been arranged that we should say a few words to each other but first I held some conversation with General Harbord, chairman of the RCA board, and then with Owen D. Young. Both called me David. When Sir John was introduced he said something to the effect that



he was sorry he could not also address me as David and I answered just as I would have done had we been talking together in a room, 'Call me David, Sir John.'

"By the time I got back 'call me David!' was a catch phrase with everybody I knew. My friends and fellow-workers from the office-boy up greeted me with it and even people I had never met before spoke of it. Out of all the impressive program, that one small unplanned human interest episode stuck. We in the industry expect the big, awe-inspiring events to make the impression but what does it usually just such a touch of human interest.

"That was not the only illuminating side light on the public that I gathered from the broadcast. Next day I had a radiogram from my oldest boy who was inexpressibly moved by the program. That was one public reaction. When I came home I asked my youngest boy if he'd heard me talk from London. He said yes, he had, and after I had waited hopefully but vainly for some further comment, I finally inquired if he had liked it.

"Aw, it wasn't so hot," he answered frankly. So there it was. He had listened and he had not been interested. The other boy had been enthusiastic. That variance in people's tastes is what makes it necessary to have many features in a day's broadcasting so that there may be something for everybody."

Not all the world, Mr. Sarnoff admits, agrees entirely with him about the necessity for pleasing simpler tastes. A

# RADIO ILLS

BROADCASTING AND MAKES AN AMAZING PROPHECY



Mr. Sarnoff with Mr. and Mrs. Guglielmo Marconi at the Italian Pavilion in the World's Fair; the RCA president as a Lieutenant Colonel; and with Marconi after the famous inventor dedicated the Italian building in Chicago.

The president of RCA believes in criticism, all the same, provided it is what he considers constructive.

"Criticisms, or rather suggestions, have made us what we are today," he declares. "We must have them to keep us young and alive."

Indirectly, Guglielmo Marconi who has remained always a great hero of his, was responsible for David Sarnoff's entrance into radio. One of the latter's best stories is a description of the way in which he, as a lad of fifteen, tracked Marconi to his laboratory on Front Street in New York City on a blistering summer day. David was working then for a cable company and a fellow office-boy had pointed Marconi out and filled the younger boy full of stories ending with: "That man's got a den where he makes lightning."

"I had more than my share of curiosity and I simply had to see that den," Mr. Sarnoff recalls. "Maybe it was destiny. Anyway one afternoon I was let off work just as Marconi went out our office door. I ran after him, taking care not to be seen, and though I found no lightning, I did discover the laboratory and later, chiefly because of the interest it had aroused in me, tried for and got a job with the Marconi Company of America. I was only an office-boy but at least it gave me the chance to haunt the laboratory on Front Street whenever (Continued on page 50)

certain number of those whom he calls intellectual snobs claim that broadcasting serves too vast an audience to maintain a high standard of service; that it is too universal to be truly valuable.

"These people," he points out, "apparently see no merit in music unless it is rendered by a few favorites to an exclusive audience; no value in general education; no advantage in the spoken word that which reaches both literates and illiterates; no significance in the fact that radio, unlike any other system of communication, can speak with one voice and at the same instant to countless people.

"Yet any service transmitted to millions of homes in every part of the world must necessarily be based upon the greatest common denominator of human good. Isn't it more important to the progress of mankind that ten million individuals should rise in intellectual status even a fraction of an inch than that a few should be able to leap to the heights of Olympus? Isn't it of greater consequence to the happiness of a nation that a million isolated homes throughout the country should thrill to an event of general interest than that a few urbanites be titivated by an exotic program?"

"I'm afraid that broadcasting cannot hope to stir the intellectually overfed or the spiritually jaded! But then does anything stir them?"





Fred Waring, the college boy who made his fame in jazz

# WARING of the BLUES

typical dance band, and now, with the same musicians you have turned it into an ace glee club. How did you do it?"

"Training," replied Fred succinctly, "In the beginning none of the boys knew they had voices, but by shaping up what we had, and making a few additions, we finally got something which sounded like a glee club!"

"How did you also turn the Pennsylvanians into a novelty jazz-symphony orchestra?"

"Work," said Fred, "And work—and enthusiasm."

The Pennsylvanians have forced themselves up the ladder over a period of twelve years, and the impetus for this effort was inspired back in Fred's home town of Tyrone, Pa., where he and his brother Tom, Poley McClintock, Fred Buck, and Fred Campbell grew up together, and started the fife and drum corps of the local Boy Scout troop.

Today, the Waring gang is purveying rhythm through radio, and personal appearances in theatres. The audience sees a polished professional group of musicians performing with the guidance of Fred's sensitive baton—an orchestra that can go crazy as a mad-house in a song like "I Don't



Pretty Babs Ryan who decorates the Waring programs

Wanna Go to Bed," or sweet as a lullaby in an orchestration of "The Rosary," or gay and strong as a college glee club in songs of various alma maters.

The audience cannot help thinking of the Waring gang as "one happy family" for they always convey that impression—and no wonder. They are. It is a family band which includes everything from twins to sister teams.

There are George and Art MacFarland—"Or is it Art and George?" queries Fred, "I still can't tell them apart. Funny thing is, if you bawl out one, the other one gets mad. George plays alto sax, Art plays tenor—or is it the other way? George married the girl who was once Art's sweetheart, but they're inseparable pals. They both talk alike, and use the same expressions. George and Art met Stinky Davis, who also plays sax with the Pennsylvanians, at Michigan. Then they started their own band, and Stinky made their arrangements. All three decided to join me, finally, and Stinky makes many of our arrangements too."

Radio fans are familiar with the flawless tenor voice of Stuart Churchill, but he is so tall, so

Scotty Botes, the boop-a-doop boy of the Warrings, shows some new tricks.



There's a real  
story for every man  
in Fred Waring's band  
which has become one of the  
most popular of this season's  
broadcasts.

by HILDA  
COLE

**E**IGHT stories over Broadway, in a modernistic office suite of nickel and silver, a young man, harassed by many telephone calls and a desk piled high with music manuscripts, said, "You say the boys are the most level-headed musicians you've ever seen? Why, look what they've been through! Only the youngsters are temperamental."

The telephone buzzed on his desk. Another call for Mr. Waring, "Hello," he said, "Yeah. Well, I'd like to very much, thanks, but I can't. We're leaving for Boston at five. What? Oh yeah, I know it's a cute number. I know all the bands are playing it. I know it's a cute number but I still don't see anything cute about it. Well, there's nothing to the lyrics. Okay, send over some extra choruses and I'll give them a look. Thanks."

Fred sighed. In about an hour he was to leave for Boston, and there were over half a dozen people in the reception room waiting to see him. We had barely twenty minutes grace to talk about his famous band, but it was a subject to which he warmed easily, for the boys in the band are also his best friends.

"When the Pennsylvanians started," I said, "It was a

shy, and unspectacular in demeanor that he has remained an enigma. Four years ago, he joined the Pennsylvanians. Fred discovered "Stu" singing in a campus restaurant at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and was struck by the exceptionally beautiful quality of his voice. So he made "Stu" an offer to join the band when he graduated from the school of music at Michigan. He is a versatile musician, and ever since he joined the Waring gang has mastered every instrument in the orchestra. "Stu" frequently pinch-hits in the event of an illness of one of the boys.

"Nelse Keller, first trumpet, has been with us since 1920," Fred said, "He's the most collegiate of the whole band—English shoes, tweed suits, loud ties—and his hat sitting right on top of his head. He first made his mark by jazzing up a trumpet solo in 'The Sheik'—oh boy. You know how long ago that was.

"Jimmy Gilliland came in on a trombone duet in 'The Sheik' too. He's one of the oldest in service besides Tom, my brother, and Poley McClintock. He was the first in the band to be married, and has two kids. "There's George and Fred Cully. (Continued on page 58)



# YOU ASK HER

## *Mother*

Jessica Dragonette would die if she lost her voice, and would rather be Anne Lindbergh than any other woman in the world

**Q.** What is your real name?

A. Jessica Dragonette

**Q.** Where were you born?

A. Calcutta, India, of American parents.

**Q.** Do you want to say when?

A. No.

**Q.** Have you ever been married?

A. No.

**Q.** Do you ever intend to marry?

A. Yes.

**Q.** Was marriage ever your idea of a career for yourself?"

A. No.

**Q.** Did you always intend to be a singer?

A. Yes, ever since I was a tiny girl.

**Q.** Have you ever been lonely?

A. Yes, mostly after my broadcast.

**Q.** If you had to decide between a happy marriage and a successful career which would you choose?

A. I could not answer this unless I were forced to make the decision.

**Q.** How long have you been in radio?

A. Almost eight years.

**Q.** What was your first broadcast?

A. I sang a lullaby in 1925.

**Q.** Which was the broadcast you enjoyed most?

A. The Count of Luxembourg operetta.

**Q.** Who do you think is the handsomest man in radio and who do you think is the most interesting?

A. I haven't met them all so I can't answer that one.

**Q.** If you could be somebody else beside Jessica Dragonette who would you want to be most?

A. Anne Lindbergh.

**Q.** What do you think makes a woman most interesting, looks—brains or talent?

A. A nice combination of all three.

**Q.** They say you have all of them. Which do you think is the most important to your success?

A. Talent. (Continued on page 64)



*Jessica Dragonette*



*Dorothy Lamour*

Chicago presents this charming radio artist to the networks. A beauty contest in New Orleans gave gorgeous Dorothy Lamour her opportunity.







FRANK PARKER

His voice thrills you on several programs of the NBC chain, and while music is Frank Parker's career, he is an ardent sportsman and is captain of a polo team.



SHIRLEY HOWARD



Once she was a newspaper gal, but the mike got her, and now pretty Shirley Howard's blue notes entertain you on a coast-to-coast hook-up every week.







● D E L L C A M P O

Young, handsome and talented, Dell Campo whose serenading goes out over the Columbia chain is one of the new recruits from the warm climes of South America, a nephew of an ex-president of Chile.




# ● ANNA MAY WONG

Hollywood has temporarily lost this Oriental flower to the British broadcasting studios where she is being stored in dramatic playlets and in music programs. Tune in on London!







Soft tones that suggest moonlight on the  
Rue de la Paix fill the airwaves when  
this attractive mademoiselle broadcasts.

*Claire  
Magette*



# Lanny Ross



This is the man whose voice  
thrills you on "The Showboat  
Hour." He's in the movies now



# The BLUE RIBBON

Jimmy Wallington, good-looking young winner of this season's radio diction award shies at his medals because he's a very modest young man

**A**LTHOUGH James Wallington, NBC announcer and latest winner of the American Academy of Arts and Letters gold medal for good diction, is only 26 years old, nevertheless his life has been a very rapid series of events. At this age he has covered more ground than a lot of young 'uns who are trying to win their way in the world.

Jimmy has been an NBC staff announcer for five years and first came into prominence on the programs heard by the previous Byrd Expedition to the Antarctic. He acted as master of ceremonies on the programs which were sent by short wave to Admiral Byrd at the South Pole and which were heard throughout the country over NBC networks.

He was born in Rochester, N. Y., on September 15th, 1907. Jimmy attended the public schools in that city. Then he enrolled as a medical student at the University of Rochester. This idea soon palled, and he next went in for geology, and then again switched, this time to music and English. He left the university in his junior year and entered Union College, where he was graduated in due course. Later he won a place as a member of the Rochester American Opera Company.

For one whole season Wallington sang among the stage conceptions of ducal palaces and Montmartre garrets, developing a voice that was to be heard later at the bottom of the world. Then followed a brief excursion into musical comedy with Ned Wayburn's "Chatterbox Revue," and then, for what seemed to Jimmy a long, long time, things were at a standstill. The ex-singer of opera became a salesman of furniture made in his Dad's factory, until one day he applied for a job as a radio mechanic at the General Electric plant in Schenectady, N. Y. He got the job, but when he reported for work, to his surprise he found that he was on the payroll as an announcer. However, nothing could surprise young Wallington by this time, so he plunged into his work and determined to become one of the best announcers in the business. Jimmy may have had a hard time making up his mind as to what he really did want to do in the way of a career, but he was very young, and few young people are able to decide upon what road they will take from the beginning—and stick to it. Coincidence and accident often play a strong part in many careers, as it did in Jimmy's case.



WALLINGTON, THE WINNER

Early in 1930, Wallington was transferred to the National Broadcasting Company headquarters in New York, where he began announcing many of the outstanding programs heard over NBC-WEAF and NBC-WJZ networks. In addition to broadcasts of special events which have thrilled the nation, Jimmy has been heard as a straight man for many of the leading comedians of the air and stage, including Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, George Jessel, Harry Richman, Jack Benny, Milton Berl and George Price.

Of all the programs he has done, the one of which he is the most proud, is a complete program in Polish. Although he is married to a Polish girl, and his wife struggled for months to help him master the language, he has finally had to admit its complications were too much for him. But he did learn enough to go through with the program one hundred percent and we can't see why he stopped there, having mastered the Polish tongue twisters to that point of perfection. But alliterations and tongue twisters in any language seem to hold no terrors for Jimmy. His voice and his presentation however, are largely nature's gifts of which he has made fine use. Except for what little training he had in singing, he has never studied diction.

One day early in November, Jimmy was sitting in one of the beautiful new offices of NBC at Radio City, when there entered a portly gentleman, who asked to see Mr. Wallington. Jimmy stepped up and introduced himself, but he didn't catch the old gentleman's name. Clearing his throat the caller said,

"I presume I really should be in dress clothes for this call, Mr. Wallington."

Jimmy, still in the dark as to the man's identity, laughed and said, "Oh no, what's the difference. What can I do for you?"

"Well," replied the gentleman, "I have the honor of informing you that you have been chosen winner of the American Academy's gold medal for good radio diction."

Jimmy was staggered. That was the first he knew of his recent award. Boy fashion, he had thought the man was ill at ease in meeting him, and was trying to make the gentleman feel like one of the boys—needless to say it was Jimmy's turn to be embarrassed.

On November 9th, the presentation of the Diction medal was made by William Lyon (Continued on page 64)

# ANNOUNCER



by CAMILLA JORDAN



# a day off with



Mr. and Mrs. Ferde Grofe take an evening off in their own kitchen and "dad" helps them concoct an informal meal, though no one's hungry.



The Grofes wave hello from the front door of their suburban New Jersey home; below Ferde gathers up the children and organizes a band.



# the Ferde Grofes

A pleasant hour of leisure in his own living room when Mr. Grofe talks things over with the "Mrs." And she gives him advice.



Lower right, at the front door, watching the two Grofe children at play and getting a breath of suburban air before Ferde gets musical.







## I WISH I

**W**HEN the suave, unhurried and confident voice of a trained announcer is wafted out of the loudspeaker, his diction and facts are taken, of course, as a matter of routine. Few radio listeners ever consider taking time out to offer a critique on the announcer's technique. The announcer is picked, naturally, for the timbre of his voice, and his ability to avoid slips. Fortunately for him, he is not in the category of an artist, or he would come to grief more often. But as a matter of fact, the announcer is an artist, functions as one, and is possessed of the same momentary frights, the same inhibitions, as those which assail the artist.

What is worse, the announcer who makes mistakes is not as immune to consequences as a performer. If he has an unlucky streak, he loses his job. But sometimes, a mistake makes him famous, too, and in many instances, it provides the basis for comedy that can be drawn out over a series of programs.

There is, unofficially, an association of announcers, who call their little, surreptitious organization, "The I-Wish-I-Hadn't-Said-It-Club." Tacitly, Graham McNamee heads this group, by virtue of his historic mispronunciation of the word "Gasoloon" in the early stages of the Ed Wynn series. On the unhappy occasion, Graham, who needs glasses, read a line wrong, and called the sponsor's product "Gasoloon." Ed Wynn hasn't permitted him to rest easy since that episode, and has even presented Graham with a fireman's cap, on which "Gasoloon" is embroidered in blazing gold.

Ted Husing, if you recall, won undying fame by describing a play by a famous college football team as "putrid." He was banned temporarily from the field, and got his name into the newspapers all over the country. He isn't sorry for it, because he still insists the play WAS putrid, but his superiors admitted that the word was not a nice one, and it has caused Ted untold misery. He has a flair for unusual words and frankly admits that sometimes, he doesn't know himself what they mean.

There is the story, which should be well-known by this time, of the announcer who used to read children's stories, and who one bleak afternoon, was in a hurry to get home. There were two microphones in the studio, and both were

"live" although the announcer thought one of them was cut off. At the end of his spiel, he said kindly, "And so goodnight my little dears." He then switched off the mike into which he was talking, and unaware that the other was open, he added fretfully, "And go right to bed you little brats!" The live mike picked it up; out it went, and next day the announcer went out too.

I shall not, of course, reveal the identity of a very famous announcer, who came to New York from another town, where a similar experience occurred. There were two live mikes where he thought there was only one. After bidding the audience goodnight, he switched off his own mike and shouted, "And go to hell." The audience caught the greeting and the announcer left town, adopted another name and is still doing business in New York.

James Wallington, the diction medal winner this season, tells of the troubles of announcers. They always go over scripts at rehearsal, and frequently they come upon tongue-twisters, or closely alliterated words which are very tough. The fear that they will mispronounce sticks with them, and becomes an obsession, and in almost every case, they DO mispronounce them. Once, the boys at NBC became aware of a difficult sequence in Howard Claney's manuscript. They noted his worried look, and for hours twitted him, and predicted that he would make the slip, which was very funny. Sure enough, when, at the broadcast, he reached the sentence, he began to tremble, and said the wrong thing.

Wallington recently had difficulty with the word psychoanalyst, and stumbled on it, and was made to suffer ignominy for a full hour, because Eddie Cantor refused to let the matter drop.

There was Paul Douglas, of WABC, who never could stop saying "The Maroon Roof of the Hotel Bessert," instead of "The Marine Roof of the Hotel Bossert."

Once, Kelvin Keech spent a sleepless night because he said: "The loud clap of thunder was preceded by two squeaks of lightning."

The prize boner belongs to Clyde Kittell, who calmly informed the audience recently that "This program was PREVENTED by the National Broadcasting Company."



## HADN'T SAID IT

Howard Claney describes another unpleasant evening. "It was," he said, "when a frog came into my throat and I could not seem to clear it. I walked away from the mike and coughed. The radio audience did not hear the cough, as I should have known, but I walked right back to the mike and apologized. And nobody knew what I was apologizing about."

One of the classics was that of last year, perpetrated by Ted Jewett, who was giving the audience a build-up preliminary to a symphony concert. "Franz Schubert," he said oracularly, "was handicapped by an early death."

Milton J. Cross makes fewer mistakes than most announcers, yet, he signed off the other night like this: "You have just heard the A. & P. Pippies." And on another occasion, he said: "there were little red paper bells, Christmas trees and whistle-toe."

Assigned to cover an airplane take-off that made history, George Hicks relayed this word picture to the audience: "The silvery plane sits poised for flight, like, well, like a beautiful white duck."

Alois H'Avrilla always has trouble saying "Horses' feet," because he'd rather say hoofs. That's why he slipped not long ago and said: "The horses' flying fleet."

Pat Kelly is the head of the NBC announcers. Yet he muffs them too. He is always shamed by the memory of the time he announced: "This is WJZ, New York, or, well, no I'm wrong, ladies and gentlemen, it's WEAF, after all."

It was Howard Petrie who pulled the unconsciously humorous line about Cab Calloway. "He is the most colorful man in Harlem," said Howard, innocently.

Howard Kent will never live down his description from an airplane over New York. He said this: "Looking over New York, this great metropolis of seven thousand souls." "I was too conservative," Howard admits.

Neel Enselen's worst was the time he stuttered. He was trying to say, "You have been listening to a sport speech." Instead he spluttered: "You have been listening to a spich sports, a sprts spit, I mean spsss". It was almost a perfect Roy Atwell.

And by the way, there are thousands of people awaiting the time when Atwell will accidentally go off color.

"The orchestra will now sing," is the line which qualifies Lyalla Van for a membership in the "I-Wish-I-Hadn't-Said-It Club."

The most embarrassing thing that Ben Grauer ever said, followed an address by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.

Ben gurgled: "Mrs. Catt, we are deepful grately."

The "boners" have been by no means limited to the announcer staffs. They're still chuckling in Chicago about the time Senator Guglielmo Marconi, guesting in America, remarked after his speech: "I want to thank the people of Chicago for their vulgarity." He meant, of course, "hospitality." But in the Italian language, there is a word for it which prompted the "vulgarity".

Louis Dean, who has just severed his associations with WABC to join up with the General Motors Agency, originally worked for NBC, and on the second night of his regime with WABC calmly announced to the Columbia audience that it was listening to WJZ.

About six months ago, a last-minute rehearsal was under way, and Don Ball was the standby announcer. That is it was his duty,

whenever he heard the word "System", following "Columbia Broadcasting", he was expected to say, "This is WABC, New York." He got the word system once, and announced, but a signal showed him the mike was dead. Again, he heard the word "system" repeated. And again, he got the dead signal. On the third mention of "system" he barked into the mike: "For the third and last time, this is WABC, New York." That sentence went out on the air.

Twice in one night, Tom Breen, a Columbia announcer, gave the time wrong, by announcing it was ten o'clock and eleven o'clock, when it was really 9 and 10 o'clock.

Bugs Baer, on one occasion at WJZ, topped them all when he said to his interviewer:

"Mr. G. you certainly can ad lib for the radio. But you shouldn't rattle your paper so."

There's nothing on record to tell what Mr. G. said to Bugs Baer afterwards.

by  
**RHODA  
HAGUE**

A slip of the tongue has had its sorry

aftermath for many of radio's famous voices



# GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN"



GERTRUDE NIESEN

"THAT GUY RUBINOFF"



EDDIE CANTOR

"SONG OF THE MOONLIGHT CALL-ING"



ANN LEAF

"HOWDY FOLKS"



CHARLES WINNINGER



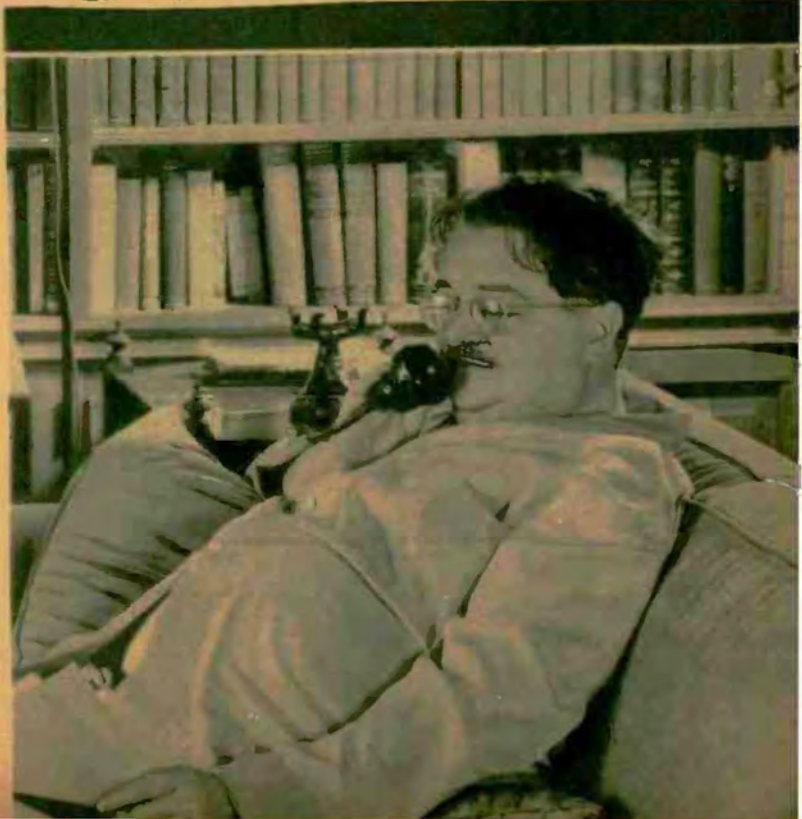


## THE TOWN CRIER RELAXES

Above—Alexander Woolcott, the man who knows all the words and when to use them, dictating one of his broadcasts.



Lower left—Music is Mr. Woolcott's hobby even when it's canned; below, the town crier greets an early caller.





# UP IN THE AIR



Ted Husing takes the air, as well as gives it; and he's got a pilot's license.



Lulu McConnell talks faster than the pilot flies



Morton Downey and Ted Husing send words and music from the skylines.



Kate Smith congratulates a young winner at Roosevelt Field

**T**HE thrilling, powerful roar of airplane motors has become a familiar sound to radio folk. They have taken to the airways for actual broadcasting, news reporting, commuting, and pleasure. Without the aid of wings, Columbia could not have reported the bombing of the Mt. Shasta, sixty miles off the Virginia coast, could not have checked up on false reports in the case of the Lindbergh kidnaping, and could not have transported radio equipment to the bedside of the Mollisons, shortly after their unfortunate crash in Bridgeport. Three famous pilots, Russell Thaw, Casey Jones, and Swanee Taylor are frequently in service for CBS. But that is only one phase of aviation in radio.

Countless stars have defied gravity to rush to remote spots to sign contracts, and fulfill commercial engagements. If Myrt hadn't taken a flight over the Andes, when the train taking her through South America became snowbound, she would not have caught the boat back to New York for her first broadcast. Bill Brenton commuted regularly to Chicago by plane to announce the White Owl broadcasts. Do, Re, Mi flew regularly every Wednesday to Washington for a commercial. Ted Husing has hastened back from football games through the airways in order to arrive at

and doesn't she look cute in these togs?

WABC in time for the "Seven Star Revue" on Sunday nights. Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd have flown to vaudeville dates, and there are innumerable others who have found aviation a godsend to their work.

Kate Smith has been so fascinated by sky-travelling that she offered a cup for the woman's race at the Air Pageant at Roosevelt Field this autumn. The few times Kate has "hopped" she has been a regular Barney Oldfield of the air—urging the pilot to fly the ship full-throttle. However, knowing her reckless love for speed and engines, her manager, Ted Collins, put his foot down when she suggested taking lessons.

"You'd probably turn out to be a stunt flier", said Ted ominously. "And radio would be minus the moon and the mountain."

Why did Ted Husing, Fred Waring and Lulu McConnell learn how to fly? Ted Husing's experience as a "kid pilot" was directly due to the strategy of "professor" Swanee Taylor. (Swanee, incidentally, used to be an announcer in the old days at WOR). The Professor decided, all by himself, that it was high time radio fans got a taste of aviation, so he came to Herbert B. Glover, director of remote broadcasting for CBS with a proposition.

"I will teach Ted (Continued on page 54)



Elinor Smith, the fairest of the pilots, is a frequent broadcaster.





# COOL for WARM

This evening dress chosen for Miss Hilliard is printed chiffon.



Miss Hilliard looks stunning in this white lace evening gown with its flowing skirt line and new soft shoulder treatment with capelets.



**T**ALL willowy Harriet Hilliard with her gorgeously slender figure looks stunning in these new gowns which Bruck-Weiss chose for her type and which make a perfect wardrobe either for southern wear now or for the coming warm months. Prints are to be fashionable again and those shown on these pages are the newest designs and fabrics. Perfect for the formal occasion is the white lace, a beautiful pattern with new soft shoulder treatment and sweeping skirt line. The evening gown with the black tulle flounce on the skirt is a divine material of vivid colorings against a black background and boasts of a shoulder capelet of the tulle caught with a huge ruby clasp.

Miss Hilliard whose voice is heard with Ozzie Nelson over

# CLOTHES PLACES

Harriet is ready for any party in this dance frock.



Severely smart is this dark blue gown with a neckline in white plaited crepe carried below the waistline.



This is the perfect dinner gown of printed chiffon with net cutout jacket which is so smart right now.

the Columbia chain graces the informal dinner dress of a dark print with the shoulder ruffles and a tiny coat of net on which the flowers of the print have been worked in a cut-out design. This is Bruck-Weiss' pet model right now.

The back is everything in the severely plain navy blue evening dress with its plaited ruffle of white crepe, crossed at the waistline in back and caught with a lovely clasp.

The diagonal blocked print of tiny flowers has the new ruffled skirt that falls into a train while for cooler afternoons there is the ensemble of dark blue crepe with a jacket of lighter blue and a small white hat of knitted cotton. These gowns are the newest in fashion notes and suggest what will be popular next summer.







Betty Barthell, blues singer from Tennessee heard on the NBC chain.

# WE HAVE SUNDAY

- 11:15 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—soloists and guest artists; orchestra direction Yasha Bunchuk. WEF and associated stations.  
The Major taking his Sunday morning bow and a pleasant gesture it is.
- 12:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE—Songs. WJZ and associated stations. (Tastyest).  
Yeast, or west, this child knows her blue notes.
- 12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT—Radio City Symphony Orchestra direction Erno Rapee; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.  
Thank you for your grand music.
- 1:30 P. M. THE MALTEX PROGRAM—Dale Carnegie, "Little Known Facts About Well Known People"; Harold Sanford's orchestra. WEF and associated stations.  
To make you healthy and wise, if not wealthy.
- 2:00 P. M. "BROADWAY MELODIES" with Helen Morgan, Jerry Freeman's orchestra and chorus. (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.  
Moaning low, our Helen takes a high seat on her baby grand and certainly delivers the vocal goods.
- 2:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—romance of the early West. WJZ and associated stations.  
Strong words and soft love among the cowboys. his orchestra. WEF and associated stations.
- 3:00 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and  
To put you in the waltzy mood.
- 5:00 P. M. ROSES & DRUMS. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.) WABC and associated stations.  
In the midst of war, there's still romance at this time.
- 5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.  
They know all the old songs and sing them well.
- 5:30 P. M. GRAND HOTEL—dramatic sketch with Anne Seymour. WJZ and associated stations.  
For those that like the "draymah" this is recommended.
- 7:00 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—WEAF and associated stations. (True Story Magazine).  
The biggest thrill on the airwaves, bringing the courtroom and its dramatic stories to your living room.
- 7:00 P. M. REAL SILK SHOW—Ted Weems and his orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.  
Music in the cause of pretty ankles.
- 7:00 P. M. THE AMERICAN REVUE, with Ethel Waters, the Harlem blues singer, and Jack Denny's orchestra. (American Oil Co.) WABC and associated stations.  
Hot tunes, as only the Waters can sing them and a little fun thrown in at odd moments.
- 7:30 P. M. BAKERS BROADCAST, featuring Joe Penner, comedian; Harriet Hilliard, vocalist and Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.  
The Ducky boy has struck a swift tempo on the air and there's the beautiful Miss Hilliard to decorate the scene.
- 8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Coffee). WEF and associated stations.  
Cantor always knows how to give a great show, but need we tell you?
- 8:00 P. M. AN EVENING IN PARIS. (Bourgeois Sales Corp.). WABC and associated stations.  
Bon Jour, madame, and how do you like this one?
- 8:30 P. M. THE FORD PROGRAM with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. WABC and associated stations. Also Thursday at 9:30.  
Waring and his boys ride through this period with their popular programs.
- 9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, Russian blues singer; David Percy; orchestra direction Gene Rodemich; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins' Lyon's Co.) WEF and associated stations.  
Tamara gets better each broadcast, if that's possible.
- 9:00 P. M. WILL ROGERS, guest artist; The Revelers Quartet; Emil Coleman's orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.  
The nation's favorite wit who tells the truth with a laugh.
- 9:30 P. M. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; The Haenschen Concert Orchestra. WEF and associated stations.
- Pleasant reminiscent strains by artists who know their music.
- 9:30 P. M. THE JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell. WJZ and associated stations.  
Things you never knew till now.

E A S T E R N S T A N



The Smith Brothers, without their beards, Scruppy Lambert and Billy Hillpot.

# WITH US—

- 10:00 P. M. PATRI'S "DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD" (Cream of Wheat). WABC and associated stations.  
To help you understand the kiddies better.
- 10:00 P. M. CHEVROLET PROGRAM with Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone; Frank Parker, tenor; orchestra direction Frank Black. WEF and associated stations.  
Benny getting personal but who cares when he does it so well? And then there's Mr. Parker to serenade you.
- 10:30 P. M. HALL OF FAME—John Erskine, Nat Shilkret's Orchestra and guest artist (Lehn & Fink). WEF and associated stations.  
A worthy addition to the big programs.
- 10:30 P. M. MARY SMALL and Green Brothers Novelty Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.  
The tiny tot with the big voice and the way she can sing those blue numbers!
- 11:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Biltmore Orchestra—WJZ and associated stations.  
Smooth as Whiteman which is all you can ask.

# MONDAY

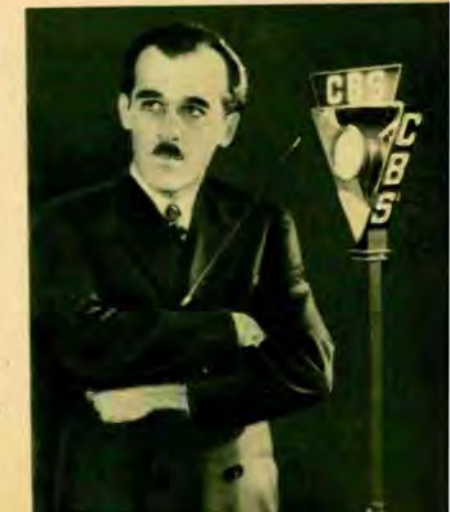
- 10:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Sunday. WEF and associated stations.  
The Sweethearts of the Air—and still good after all these years.
- 10:15 A. M. BILL AND GINGER. (C. F. Mueller Co.). WABC and associated stations. Daily except Saturday and Sunday.  
A delightful interlude so early in the morning.
- 10:15 A. M. CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). WJZ and associated stations.  
Don't those ladies gossip, though?
- 11:30 A. M. TONY WONS. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Johnson's Floor Wax). WABC and associated stations.  
It takes him a long time but he knows what he wants to say.
- 4:30 P. M. JACK AND LORETTA CLEMENS, songs with guitar. WEF and associated stations.  
Strummin' away and you know you like it.
- 5:00 P. M. SKIPPY. (Phillips Dental Magnesia). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WABC and associated stations.  
Fun among the little ones.
- 5:30 P. M. THE SINGING LADY—nursery jingles, songs and stories. WJZ and associated stations.  
It's for the kiddies but the grownups tune in, too.
- 7:00 P. M. AMOS AN' ANDY. Blackface Comedians. (Pepsodent Company). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.  
This has been going on five years now and you can't find anybody who's registud yet.
- 7:00 P. M. MYRT AND MARGE. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Wrigley-Chewing Gum). WABC and associated stations.  
A pleasant patter set to chewing gum time.
- 7:15 P. M. JUST PLAIN BILL. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kolyonos Sales Co.). WABC and associated stations.  
It's just that.
- 7:15 P. M. BABY ROSE MARIE. Songs. WJZ and associated stations.  
We told you.
- 7:30 P. M. POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—humorous sketch with Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. (Health Products Corp.). WJZ and associated stations.  
Those old cut-ups do go on, don't they?
- 7:45 P. M. THE GOLDBERGS—Gertrude Berg, James Walters, and others. (Pepsodent Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEF and associated stations.  
Mrs. Berg has her troubles with that family and the whole country knows about them.
- 7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.). WABC and associated stations.  
The news as it happens.
- 8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL—"The Human Side of the News." (Barbasol). Also Wednesday. WABC and associated stations.  
It's not what he tells but the way he says it that makes Mr. Hill a headliner.
- 8:30 P. M. BING CROSBY and Gus Arnheim's orchestra with the Mills Brothers. (Woodbury Soap). WABC and associated stations.  
The real reason why we stay home Monday nights and the grandest voice on the air to make it worth while.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday programs continued on page 46

D A R D T I M E



Babs Ryan, the decorative little miss who warbles with the Waring boys.



The well-known maestro of the Roxy gang, Erno Rapee, strikes a pose.



# COOKING with the

**B**Y this time you must realize that your radio idols are not only superb entertainers, but that they can also offer ideas for your table. Many housewives say they have no time for interests other than cooking and care of a home, but yet these people have rehearsals, plan broadcasts, have their programs, personal appearances, and recently a large number of them are making pictures. You young women who go to an office at nine o'clock and are through at five can well be envied by these stars many a night when they are so tired yet must go to their broadcast or whatever it is.

You women who don't like to cook at home may be more than a little unbelieving of the culinary achievements of these radio folks, but when we give the names and recipes you must be convinced. The gorgeous Gertrude Niesen could bake a cake in her little kitchen to compete with any of you experienced cooks; and her mushrooms on toast should find a frequent item on your menu. Jessica Dragonette is not only a noted singer, but cook, yes and sculptress. We could go on indefinitely telling of

the many accomplishments of the entertainers, but those of you who never try a new dish or combination, doesn't it urge you to try originality and cleverness in the kitchen for a trial?

Leah Ray's favorite evening entertaining always includes a huge bowl of Pop Corn, popped around the fireplace.

## Domestic moments of the radio famous yield pet recipes

### POP CORN

Use one cup of pop corn kernels for three quarts of popped corn. Place the corn in the shaker, and move back and forth slowly over a low heat; when they begin to pop shake rapidly

until the popping stops. Sprinkle the pop corn with salt, and melt about one third cup of butter and mix in with the salted corn.

Julia Sanderson offers this crisp bacon and cream gravy for the special Sunday morning breakfast. We found it equally as delicious as it sounds.

### CREAM BACON GRAVY WITH CRISP BACON

Fry the bacon until sufficiently crisp, remove the bacon and to the dripping in the frying pan, add flour and cream to obtain a desired thickness. Season well with salt, pepper, and A-1 Sauce. Lay the strips of bacon on hot biscuits that have been sliced in half, and pour over the gravy. Miss Sanderson recommends this highly because of the simplicity in preparation, and no eggs or other food is necessary.

Irene Taylor has this Chili Con Carne for her pet dish, and cooks it to perfection herself. For those of you that like Mexican foods this will be a happy find.

### CHILI CON CARNE

2 pounds round beef 3 tablespoons chili powder  
 1/4 cup chopped suet  
 3 tablespoons flour 1 clove garlic, finely chopped, salt, pepper

Cut the meat into small squares; then sprinkle with salt, pepper, and flour. Get the suet heated in a pan and brown the meat and garlic, stirring continually. To this add the other ingredients and allow to simmer until the meat is tender—about two and a half to three hours. Serve with Lima Beans.

The lovely NBC star Ramona has for her favorite this French Omelet. And this she prepares herself.

### FRENCH OMELET

4 eggs 3 tablespoons butter  
 4 tablespoons milk salt, pepper

This omelet is for four people. Beat the eggs slightly, enough to mix the whites and yolks; then add milk and seasoning. Put the butter in pan that is hot; when this melts turn in the mixture. The section that's cooked lift up with spatula or egg turner, allowing the uncooked to run underneath and to brown. To fold to put on a warmed

# STARS

dish, hold pan by the handle with the left hand, make short incisions across from each other and place knife under part of omelet while gradually tipping the pan. If this is done carefully the omelet may be folded and turned without breaking. For garnishing use parsley, thin slices of tomato, green or red peppers, onions, or bacon.

Gertrude Niesen of Columbia Broadcasting fame is a splendid cook, and we think these mushrooms on toast food for the gods.

### MUSHROOMS ON TOAST

1 1/2 cups mushrooms salt  
 flour pepper  
 4 tablespoons butter toast  
 Onion Juice parsley

Break the mushrooms in pieces, and dredge with the flour; melt butter in frying pan, add mushrooms, salt, pepper, and onion juice, and saute. Add parsley, and arrange on toast.

Jack Denny, the very popular baton waver finds this steak most palatable.

### STEAK

Steak is selected by its thickness, and amount of fat, Jack suggests a Porterhouse steak about two inches thick; take off excess fat and wipe. Rub with salt, pepper, and garlic powder, using just a little of the latter, and broil on rack in broiler. Sear quickly on one side, having the flame high, but when turned over reduce the heat. No time may be stated for the cooking of steak because of the difference in size and state you desire, be it rare, well done, or medium. Garnish with thin slices of onion and green pepper that have been previously fried.

Frank Parker's preference is a big dish of his famous spaghetti. Frank is another of the radio entertainers who can cook from eggs to intricate dishes.

### SPAGHETTI

1 package spaghetti 1 cup bread or cracker crumbs  
 1 can tomatoes 1/4 pound American Cheese  
 salt, pepper green pepper finely chopped

Use about three quarts of boiling water with one tablespoon of salt, and boil for about nine minutes. Remove from stove and put through sieve. Place half of the spaghetti in baking dish mixed with seasoning, tomatoes, and green pepper. Cover with other portion of spaghetti, add seasoning, and cover with layers of cheese and over that finely broken cracker crumbs. Bake for 35 minutes.

Our old friend George Jessel gave us a bit of surprise with his decided choice of Italian foods surpassing all races.

### ITALIAN BREAD STICKS

Cut bread sticks into pieces about five inches long and heat in oven.

### ITALIAN CANAPES

1 cup Parmesan cheese salt, pepper  
 1/2 cup heavy cream parsley

Mix the cheese and heavy cream, using grated Parmesan cheese. Add seasoning; arrange on pieces of toast, place in



★ Rhoda Arnold is a classical singer, but in her own kitchen her talents turn to puddings and pies.

pan and bake for about five minutes. Use parsley for garnishing and serve immediately.

Peter de Rose who not only entertains on the radio, but has written some of the best popular numbers is especially fond of sweets and for birthdays or when May Singhi Breen is very happy she makes Peter this Garnished Ice Cream.

### GARNISHED ICE CREAM

One square sponge cake, cut in desired squares. On top of this put a ball of vanilla ice cream, cover with chocolate fudge sauce, and sprinkle with whole almonds. If this isn't sweet enough for those of you that like rich desserts try a small amount of whipped cream over the sauce and then garnish with the almonds.

Jimmie Wallington goes in for the toasted peanut butter sandwich that so many of you know, and mashed potatoes that are simply grand.

### TOASTED PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES

Toast the required number of slices of bread, spread with peanut butter and then try Jimmie's strips of bacon over the peanut butter and put in (Continued on page 49)

★ Jacques Fray, when not playing the piano on the air, turns his hands to things culinary in his own apartment.





Pretty Vera Van, all dressed up in a Shamrock costume to be your hostess at the party you can plan for March 17.



Shamrocks and green glasses make a real setting for this feast

## OUR ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTY

**F**OR our day of partying in March we have the seventeenth, St. Patrick's Day. You as hostess might greet your guests in a shamrock costume such as the lovely Vera Van is wearing, or borrow a friend's child to dress up to sing an Irish tune or do the Irish dance. This will not be difficult to find as all children can entertain in some fashion today.

We wonder if any of you have forgotten the reason for celebrating St. Patrick's Day? Remember how he rid Ireland of the snakes that were overrunning Erin in that period? And whether you are of Irish ancestry or not you remember wearing something green on March 17.

The color scheme for this party is effective and yet so simple; we must have the true Irish green or "Kelly green" that many of us call it, and white. Visualize the soft white tablecloth, green candles, the centerpiece of shamrock form painted green with green and white flowers, and several green dishes bearing the delicacies; or if it is not buffet and you place your guests at the table the green glassware, white tablecloth, green candle holders, and white candles will be appropriate. The centerpieces the florist will arrange at very moderate cost, as we consulted many of them for you.

Early in the evening dry Martinis may be served with the green olive in the glass, and the canapes may be gar-

nished with parsley, green pepper, egg white tinted green, and watercress. For the supper these attractive sandwiches are most suitable.

Rolled Sandwiches  
Ribbon Sandwiches  
Irish Salad  
Cakes  
Mixed Nuts  
Coffee

Watercress Sandwiches  
Open Mushroom Sandwiches  
Mock Chicken and Celery Salad  
Cookies  
Green and White Mints  
Tea

### Recipes:

#### ROLLED SANDWICHES

These rolled sandwiches are easily prepared, and can be done several hours before they are to be used. Use thin slices of bread, and spread with anchovy paste, cream cheese and nut combinations. Put mixture on thinly and roll, fasten with toothpicks and allow to stay in cold place. The anchovy paste sandwiches are good if the bread is brushed with butter and toasted just before serving.

#### WATERCRESS SANDWICHES

Cut very thin slices of whole wheat bread spread with creamed butter seasoned with lemon juice and cover with finely chopped watercress. *(Continued on page 64)*



# THROUGH the LOOKING GLASS

**W**HAT is more important and vital to a woman than to know the correct styles and fashions to make her appear well groomed?

You may have a figure that all admire, the costume for every occasion, the make-up for your particular personality, but if your hair is not well dressed and worn in a flattering manner and in unison with the rest of the picture you are trying to attain, you cannot be attractive. Science and intense study and research in this field have done wonders in the transformation of the modern female. If your hair is dead and lifeless treatments may now be obtained to make luster and beauty that could otherwise never be gained. Dyeing of hair is no longer a precarious operation. Permanent waving has done wonders for millions of women.

Arrangements and care of the hair have altered greatly and frequently in the past few years. If your hair has not that desired luster, or the gorgeous color, or the slight wave you most admire, with the proper treatment all of these may be had.

Louis Parma, who numbers famous stars and society women among his patrons has some very definite and effective rules for the care and latest fashions of hairdressing. This era everything is simplicity, in the cut of your dress, to the trimming on your hat, as well as in the style of your coiffure. The most advanced permanent wave has slight waves to the side and in the back, and none of the curls and tight waves around the forehead.

For a complete change in your hair we will begin with the cut. Long bobs are no longer the rage, but the hair ending right below the ear with the curl that was in the back of a long bob protruding at this place. With the present mode of dress the most advisable shape face and head is the oval, and not the round nor long thin face. The hair that is cut too short has a tendency to show a square shaped head, and this of course is never desirable.

After the hair is cut, we will set about to get that color becoming to your personality. There is no longer the cry that once hair is dyed it is artificial in color. At first when hair was dyed it would turn out all one color, which is an artificial note. If you observe your own coloring you will see it is not one shade of black, brown, red, or blonde but several tints of this color.



This is Louis Parma's idea of the perfect 1934 bobbed coiffure.

Now that the correct blending has been found it offers a more realistic appearance. For the older woman whose hair is turning gray and wants it retouched this is a valuable notation. If your hair was originally black in color do not attempt to retrieve this, but get a dark shade of brown as the retouch of dye on black is unsatisfactory. Always have a lotion, or a rinse applied to your hair if it is gray and an iron has been used or a permanent wave has been given to avoid that burned, yellowish appearance.

The finger wave: water is the only liquid that you should allow on your hair when receiving a finger wave. That glue mixture that inferior beauty shops use is to make the hair elastic and more susceptible to waving. But the expert who knows how to handle his comb has no need for such a mixture. A finger wave put in with water will hold and last longer. The way the hair should be combed is back and not forward as many women persist in doing.

Mr. Parma suggests a lotion for the setting of the hair, which is perfumed water, with the chemical that discolors the hair removed, and may be obtained in your favorite scent. It is very lovely and although not a required touch it is a luxury that every feminine heart would enjoy. There is also a cream for dandruff and dry hair, that is not sticky but will cure the hair within a short time. His most interesting permanent waving machine is the "Heaterless" system, very different from most operations in that the machine never gets intensely heated, but is moderate for the entire time. The receiver of the wave may move her head, smoke, bend down, or as we saw one client eat her lunch at this point in the operation. At this shop he also has a daylight room where transformations are made and the hair is dyed.

For those of you who want your hair to be your crowning glory the results will more than compensate for the time and effort spent.

DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney

portant announcements by electrical transcription. They give us no entertainment, but even take from three to five minutes from the next program.

talkie. He was in silent pictures several years ago, though. JENNY YARDLEY, Cincinnati, Ohio—Conrad Thibault and Lanny Ross are both unmarried. Are you glad?



# "OUR PUBLIC"

## RADIO MIRROR

### We Have With Us

(Continued from page 39)

#### Monday (Continued)

8:30 P. M. **THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE**—Lawrence Tibbett and Richard Crooks, alternating with William Daly's Orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.). WEA and associated stations.

This is music and make no mistake about that.

8:30 P. M. **DJER KISS RECITAL** with Cyrena Van Gordon. WJZ and associated stations.

To make you think of perfume—and a good way, too.

9:00 P. M. **A. & P. GYPSIES**—direction Harry Horlick; James Melton, tenor and Frank Parker, tenor, alternating (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company). WEA and associated stations.

Jimmy Melton and Frank Parker singing and the Horlick music to keep you tuned-in.

9:00 P. M. **SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS**—minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor; Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier. end

men; band director, Harry Kogen. (Sinclair Refining Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Old-fashioned stuff that goes over big.

9:00 P. M. **LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI** and Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra—Daily, except Sunday. (Chesterfield Cigarettes). WABC and associated stations.

Now this is our idea of the best orchestral program we've gotten on the loud speaker.

9:30 P. M. **DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY** with Hugh Barrett Dobbs; guest artists; Doric and Knickerbocker quartets; orchestra direction Meredith Willson. (California Packing Co.). WEA and associated stations.

How about a little excursion on this one tonight?

9:30 P. M. **JACK FROST'S MELODY MOMENTS**—The Internationals male quartet; Lucien Schmidt, cellist, guest artists; orchestra direction Joseph Pasternack. (National Sugar Refining Co.). WJZ and associated stations.

Sweet as the sponsor's product, which is as it should be.

9:30 P. M. **"THE BIG SHOW"** with Gertrude Niesen and Isham Jones' Orchestra. (Ex-Lax). WABC and associated stations.

The artists are swell which is more than you can say of the continuity.

10:00 P. M. **CONTENTED PROGRAM**—Gene Arnold, narrator; the Lullaby Lady; male quartet; orchestra direction Morgan L. Eastman; Jean Paul King, announcer. (Carnation Milk Co.). WEA and associated stations.

Are you?

10:00 P. M. **WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA**. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.

We've had our say.

11:15 P. M. **BOSWELL SISTERS**. WABC and associated stations.

The best of the radio sister acts and Connie soloing is a show.

12:00 Mid. **GEORGE OLSEN** and his Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra. WEA and associated stations.

It's always old-home night with Olsen coming over the air waves



A visible audience sees and hears a program in NBC's big new auditorium studio in Radio City.



1:30 P. M. EASY ACES. (Jad Salts). Also Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.

This ought to be on at night, it's too good for noontime or shouldn't we mention it?

6:45 P. M. "LITTLE ITALY" with Ruth Yorke. (Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Coal Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Saluta!

7:00 P. M. REX COLE MOUNTAINEERS—hill billy songs and sketch. (Rex Cole, Inc.) WEF and associated stations.

The boys from the back-hills with their own music.

7:30 P. M. PHIL COOK AND THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

A veteran and still good.

9:30 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone—(Phillip-Morris Cigarettes). WEF and associated stations.

Ah, this is rhythm and make no mistake.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES—an original Spencer Dean mystery drama, with Edward Reese and John Mac Byrde. (Eno). Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.

Shivers and thrills.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther cosmetics). WEF and associated stations.

8:45 P. M. FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—Two-Piano Team. WABC and associated stations.

One of the best of the piano teams.

9:00 P. M. BEN BERNIE'S BLUE RIBBON ORCHESTRA. (Premier Pabst Sales Co.). WEF and associated stations.

The "besta" Bernie and don't you know it.

9:30 P. M. THE TEXACO FIRE CHIEF BAND—Ed Wynn, The Fire Chief, with Graham McNamee; male quartet; Fire Chief Band (Texas Co.). WEF and associated stations.

Wynn's a little crazy but how we like it.

9:30 P. M. GEORGE JESSEL, MILDRED BAILEY, FOUR ETON BOYS AND FREDDIE RICH'S ORCHESTRA. WABC and associated stations.

It moves along quickly and leaves you all too soon.

9:30 P. M. EDDIE DUCHIN AND HIS CENTRAL PARK CASINO ORCHESTRA. (Pepsodent Co.). Also Thursday and Saturday. WJZ and associated stations.

Still delighting the Debbies.

10:00 P. M. THE CAMEL CARAVAN with Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra, Irene Taylor, and the Do Re Mi Girls (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.). WABC and associated stations.

Get yourself a cigarette and enjoy this one.

10:00 P. M. THE CRUISE OF SETH PARKER—dramatic broadcasts by Phillips Lord and the crew en route around the world (Frigidaire Corp.). WEF and associated stations.

Just to make you wish you were going places, too.

10:30 P. M. MADAME SYLVIA of Holly-

# RUBINOFF gives a Tip— that brings new joy to radio listeners



**1**  
HOW DID YOU ENJOY MY PROGRAM LAST SUNDAY?  
FRANKLY, MR. RUBINOFF, THERE WAS SO MUCH NOISE IN MY SET I COULD HARDLY HEAR YOUR VIOLIN

**2**  
HMMM, NOTHING SEEMS TO COME THRU VERY WELL  
IT DUGHT TO WORK, IT'S ONLY A YEAR OLD



**3**  
HAVE YOU THOUGHT OF NEW TUBES?  
THAT MAY BE JUST THE THING. I'LL CALL A SERVICE MAN RIGHT AWAY!



**4** **LATER**  
THESE NEW RCA TUBES GIVE YOU 5 AMAZING IMPROVEMENTS —YET THEY COST NO MORE  
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO HEAR IT WITH ALL NEW TUBES!



**5** **NEXT WEEK**  
OH, MR. RUBINOFF, I HEARD YOUR PROGRAM PERFECTLY... IT WAS MARVELOUS!  
I'M SO GLAD MY TIP HELPED YOU

## New Radio Tubes

Improved 5 ways by **RCA**

Have your dealer test your tubes today. Insist on the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to have these improvements:

- 1 Quicker start
- 2 Quieter operation
- 3 Uniform volume
- 4 Uniform performance
- 5 Every tube is matched

# RCA Lunningham Radiotron RADIO TUBES



## Sarnoff Diagnoses Radio Ills

(Continued from page 15)

I had time off. Jimmy Round, who was in charge, was quite willing to let me mess around since I was glad to do some of the dirty work in return. And so wireless came into my life!"

From office boy, young David progressed to wireless operator and got a berth at Siasconset, on Nantucket Island, one of the dreariest of stations, shunned by the other men, but a paradise to Sarnoff because there was plenty of time to read and study. Before he was many years older, however, he discovered that no routine job could longer hold his interest. When a notice was opportunely posted in the company offices calling for wireless operators to go to the Arctic ice fields, he rushed to offer himself and was assigned to the S. S. Boethic, a sealing vessel.

Many of the fishermen on the Boethic had never seen a wireless before and most of them could not believe it would really work. They called their new operator the Coni Man and were always asking him for news.

and after that the Coni Man was treated with great respect.

It was on this trip that Sarnoff saved a man's life by radio. The Boethic was one of the few sealing ships that carried a doctor and those vessels that had none bombarded her operator for medical advice which he duly obtained from the ship physician and relayed.

The episode in Sarnoff's life which first brought him newspaper headlines was his handling of the news of the sinking of the Titanic. That was after he had returned from the ice fields and was working as operator at the Wanamaker wireless station in New York. For seventy-two hours straight he stuck to his post, getting news from the sinking Titanic, then, when that was no longer possible, from the rescue ships. President Taft ordered all other stations closed down so that there might be no interference.

"About all I remember of that time is that it was Bedlam," Mr. Sarnoff told me. Word spread swiftly that a

has been among those present at the exact moment when something exciting was about to happen? July 2, 1921, for instance, found him sitting beside J. Andrew White while White announced the Dempsey-Carpentier fight from the ring-side in Jersey City, thus preparing the way for the now taken-for-granted broadcasting of athletic events.

The ingenious White, who became famous as one of the earliest announcers, had worked out a scheme to equip theatres throughout the Middle Atlantic States to receive a blow-by-blow description which he was to send by way of a temporary station at Hoboken. The idea was so new that there was no adequate equipment for such an extraordinary event, and two nights before the fight, White called Sarnoff up to say that so far he had not been able to get sound to register beyond Newark. However, he and his helpers kept working doggedly at the problem and next day, to their delight, the transmission system began to behave so well that the program could be carried through as planned. But just as White said at the close: "Dempsey remains the champion of the world," his sending set went blooey! Fate had been on the side of the pioneers again.

Seven years ago Mr. Sarnoff told me that when the Golden Age of radio was come, a single voice, in a national emergency, would be able to deliver its message to every home equipped with a radio set. So commonplace is this today that it is hard to believe it could have been considered sensational such a short time ago—so sensational indeed that when the reference was printed by a great national magazine, several readers wrote in to express skepticism.

**ALTHOUGH** nearly everything he foresaw has come to pass, Mr. Sarnoff now puts the Golden Age ahead a considerable way in the future. While miracles have been done, he believes that others, equally startling, are still to come. But to my disappointment, I could not get him to hazard a guess as to what they will be. He has abandoned the role of prophet.

"We don't need prophets in these amazing times," he assured me. "The words are scarcely out of a prophet's mouth before the mark he sets is over-shot by actuality."

The forecast that landed Mr. Sarnoff permanently in the ranks of the soothsayers was contained in a report made by him in 1915 when there was in existence neither a practical radio telephone transmitter for sending the kind of material that goes out now nor a suitable receiver in compact form. Mr. Sarnoff was then assistant traffic manager of the Marconi Company and was already started on the rapid climb that fifteen years later was to catapult him into the presidency of the R.C.A. There was plenty of interest, but there was also a certain amount of scoffing



Landt Trio & White—Jack, Dan and Karl Landt with Howard White at the piano.

though inclined to think that he made up every word he told them.

One day, however, a flash came from the sealing company that the wife of a certain fisherman had presented her husband with a son. The man himself happened to be standing at Sarnoff's elbow as the message was received. When it was passed on to him, he set up a shout that could be heard to the North Pole and all the men came flocking to see what new nonsense the Coni Man was up to. The new-made father's bliss was too realistic for them to doubt longer that some mysterious agency really was bringing news from beyond

list of survivors was being received at Wanamaker's and the station was stormed by the grief-stricken and curious. Eventually a police guard was called and the curious held back but some of those most interested in the fate of the doomed ship were allowed in the wireless room. Vincent Astor, whose father, John Jacob Astor, was drowned, and the sons of Isador Straus were among those who looked over my shoulder as I copied the list of survivors. Straus and his wife went down, too."

Are you beginning to see how often in his years in radio David Sarnoff



when "that bright young man, Sarnoff," turned in a report describing in detail a "radio music box," which could be arranged for several different wavelengths and controlled by a single switch or button. I have seen that report with my own eyes. The R.C.A. keeps it as a historical document. In it, the sagacious Mr. Sarnoff opined that there should be no difficulty in receiving music when transmitted within a radius of twenty-five to fifty miles. He said firmly that it would also be possible to receive news about events of national importance, and probably baseball scores in the home!

Is it any wonder that I tried my hardest to get the holder of such a reputation for omniscience to sketch the probable changes that will have taken place by the end of another twenty-seven years? But it was no use.

He did admit cautiously that because of radio, it looks as if English and not Esperanto or any other "made" language would become the medium of international communication.

He said long ago that the language of the country which was able to give the best broadcasting service would eventually be accepted internationally and he feels the English-speaking nations can claim broadcasting supremacy without much fear of being challenged. On the European continent the programs of any one country can easily be heard by six other nations; and India has at least nineteen different languages. In Scandinavia Mr. Sarnoff visits the home of a farmer who every evening tunes in upon London, Paris and Berlin, yet understands only music of all the languages which come to him from the air. But when an international broadcasting language is adopted, schools everywhere will teach it and everybody will thus be enabled to learn it.

**I**N addition to being president of R.C.A., Mr. Sarnoff is chairman or member of a half-score boards of directors. He has a reputation for sagacity and vision that make him invaluable for such posts. Along with radio, his chief interests are his three sons.

When he is not away on one of the business trips that take him all over the world, he rides horseback daily with his children. They bring out in their illustrious parent all the informal, lovable little-boy quality that even the pressure of being a brilliant business executive can never subdue—the same quality that produced in him an incurable wander-lust when he was younger. He did not dream in those days that he would ever be content to occupy a swivel chair in an office but now that he does, he finds excitement enough there. As he puts it, being an executive these days is all the adventure any man could want. Then, too, in his particular industry, there is always the laboratory to draw upon if business palls. Something new and thrilling is sure to be going on there.

"As a matter of fact, the laboratory might well serve as a guide to industry, politics and government," he told me as we were saying goodbye."

# HELP KIDNEYS

*.. don't  
take drastic  
drugs*



**Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger.**

**A** FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

**If poor Kidney and Bladder**

functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.



**Cystex**  
[Say Siss-Tex]

**It's  
Guaranteed**

## San Francisco Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance Dr. Charles Z. Rendelle, San Francisco Physician and Medical Examiner for several large Insurance Companies, recently wrote the following letter: "Having made a study of the Cystex formula, I am fully convinced that it is a prescription to be used by thousands of men and women to correct a frequent condition which is a source of much misery. Since the kidneys purify the blood, the poisons collect in these organs and must be promptly flushed from the system. Otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition which breaks down health and may lead to serious disorders. Cystex has the power of flushing the kidney and bladder organs, helping to keep them sweet and clean, free from irritating acids and poisons. Patients complaining of rheumatic pain, disturbed sleep, loss of energy, dizzy headaches, weakness and nervousness, frequently show quick improvement when the splendid diuretic action of Cystex is employed. I can truthfully commend the use of Cystex, and gladly give you permission to use my name and statements above for use in advertising, together with my photo."—(Signed) Charles Z. Rendelle, M. D.



Dr. C. Z. Rendelle



## Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 5)

## GANGWAY FOR GOSSIP

Right alongside each other in the Casino de Paree, New York's new nightclub, are figures—in the NUDE, mind you—of Kate Smith and Ethel Barrymore. What a sense of proportions that artist had . . . Ethel Levey, now singing for NBC, is the divorced wife of George M. Cohan. In England where she spends most of her time her calling cards read, Mrs. Claude Grahame-White . . . The Ipana Troubadours, frequently using guest stars, continue one of the most entertaining of the standbys on the air . . . Michael Strange, the poetess with the man's name heard on one of New York's independent stations, is the former Mrs. John Barrymore . . . Frank Black, general musical director of NBC, and Jack Benny, working in cahoots, are making the commercial announcements on their auto show program as entertaining as the rest of the script.

Patricia Dorn, who sings with Donald Burr on the "Voice of America" program on CBS, is the daughter of Marie Ormaleta Reddington, a Follies beauty when she married Arthur Dorn, the automobile man . . . B. A. Rolfe finds the silence prevailing in the studios so impressive that he fears he could never again get accustomed to noisy theatre audiences . . . Edward Klauber, first vice-president of Columbia and former night city editor of the New York Times, is a nephew of the late Adolph Klauber, famous dramatic critic and husband of Jane Cowl . . . Johnny Marvin is being annoyed by an old lady in her dotage who insists he is her long-lost son . . . Big Freddy Miller, the Columbia baritone, has bought a sun lamp—but not to acquire a Florida tan. He uses it to create interference with the radio reception of neighbors who persist in listening-in after Freddy's bed time. The lamp silences 'em—or so the singer claims.

"No Profanity Please" was a notice quietly circulated about the NBC studios in Radio City the other day. The order followed a rehearsal that was carried through the monitor speaker connecting a studio with the observation room, a hookup unknown to one of the most sanctimonious performers on the air. Something went wrong and the genial optimist radiated everything but good cheer when he told his company just what he thought of them in language better fitted to a stable than a studio. The period announcer came rushing into the room to warn the broadcaster, still spouting billingsgate, that he was being heard by the wrong people. Thinking fast, he announced loudly, "And you people had better snap out of it for when Mr. Blank (naming himself) arrives, he'll be even more provoked." The subterfuge worked and saved the day for the ill-tempered one but the no cussing order went out just the same.

## SAYS THE CONTROL MAN

Not gags but "situation" laughs—chuckles inspired by building up to a punch line—is now the preferred form of comedy since Eddie Cantor set the pace on his Chase and Sanborn Sunday night program . . . When Richy Craig, Jr., one of the quickest witted of the stage comics, died, a master of the gag style passed away . . . But George Beatty, another able punster, remains to carry on the traditions . . . Bert Lahr has an autographed photo of Rin-Tin-Tin. In fact, the dog signed it with his paw, first covered with fingerprint ink. Then Lahr gave Rin-Tin-Tin his autographed picture. No record, though, of Lahr's likeness once he went to the dog's . . . Back of nearly every successful artist is a manager. These men you rarely hear of unless, maybe, they have to go into court and sue for their commissions. So meet Ted Collins, Kate Smith's mentor; Ed Wolf, the discoverer of Arthur Tracy and who is now promoting Mary Small, the 11-year-old prodigy; Harry Leidy, director of the destinies of the Boswell Sisters; Al Siegel, ditto for Ethel Merman; and Con Conrad, who boosted Russ Columbo up the ladder of success and who is now performing the same function for Dell Campo.

## CAPITOL NEWS

You hear a lot these days about Washington putting the brakes on radio in various subtle ways. The Republican Party is aroused and is making a great hullabaloo about it. One story explains that the song "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" faded from the air lanes because somebody in the Capitol decided it was bad psychology for the people.

Another report is that the utterances of Will Rogers are regarded with displeasure. Will's riding of statesmen shakes the confidence of the nation in its government, they say. Unless he stops ridiculing, our young folks will grow up with nothing but contempt for the constituted authorities, they claim.

Such criticism of Rogers, of course, is absurd. He does prick holes in stuffed shirts and let the sawdust run out but he operates on individuals, not institutions. Radio censors who would regulate Rogers betray nothing but a woeful lack of a sense of humor.

Speaking of "Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?" reminds that Billy Hill's "Last Round-Up" has also disappeared from the airwaves but for a different reason—over-indulgence. But you can't kill a good idea, so it will now appear in a picture, Paramount having bought the film rights. Typical of the way Hollywood does things, they tied up the title with a story about something altogether different and when the talkie appears even a Philadelphia law-

yer won't be able to trace the connection. It is attached to Zane Grey's "Border Legion" yarn which will be advertised as "Zane Grey's 'Last Round-Up', Based on Zane Grey's 'Border Legion'"—so help me.

Meanwhile, Hill has another hit under way, "The Old Spinning Wheel," which is having a career strangely paralleling "The Last Round-Up." It was published ten months ago but didn't start to sell until mid-December when it suddenly shot up to an average of 3000 copies a day. How promising this is, is best understood when you learn that "The Last Round-Up" at the peak of its popularity sold 15,000 daily.

RADIO'S *Lady* CONFESSOR

Of course, you've heard Katherine Parsons, "The Girl of Yesterday," warbling as only she can those songs our mothers used to love . . . No doubt you pictured Kay just as she sounds—a lovely, old-fashioned girl . . . Katherine is lovely, all right, but she isn't a bit old-fashioned . . . Indeed, she is ultra-modern in her dress and thoughts . . . She is the Beatrice Fairfax of radio—in private life, I mean—and her sympathetic ears hear all the little problems and perplexities which beset her less experienced sisters . . . Katherine is a sort of a female Voice of Experience and her advice and suggestions are heeded as well as sought . . . She is one of those girls whose maternal instincts are highly developed and she gets her greatest kick out of life doing kindly things gracefully . . . You'll understand her character better when I tell you her hobby is putting on shows for disabled veterans in the hospitals.

Time was when speeding radio artists, halted by traffic cops, sang their way out of summonses. The guardians of the highways were soft-hearted that way—if you believe all you read in the papers. Now there's a new trend in traffic stories. See what happened to Conrad Thibault, the baritone, the other night in Central Park. "Where's the fire?" demanded the cop. "There's no fire," said the singer sadly, "give me the ticket." But when Thibault got home he found there was a fire, after all. His apartment was burned out while he was en route from the studio.

Another new version: George Olsen and his pal, Lou Davis, were ordered to the curb by a motorcycle man. He demanded Olsen's name and business. "I'm George Olsen, the bad man," he said. "So-o-o-o," sneered the cop, "you're one of those lousy band leaders." Davis got mad, "That's the limit, George," he declared. "If you ever play another policeman's benefit, you and I are quits" . . . "You don't say," came from the cop. "Well, I'm going to give you a ticket, too" . . . "What for?" asked Davis. "For playing in his band."



that's why," snapped the bluecoat. "You can't—that's no crime, even if I did," protested Davis. "The hell it ain't," snarled John Law, "it's disturbing the peace."

\* \* \*

**SEX ON THE AIR**

Mercury, herald and messenger of the gods, was also—according to mythology—the inventor of the lyre, patron of thieves and a sort of a prince of liars. But believe you me this modern Mercury doesn't want to be included under the latter classification. So, with fingers crossed, Mercury brings you this message from the radio gods on high, prayerfully hoping the source of origin won't be questioned.

It purports to explain why there are so few women announcers and ballyhoo spielers. It is because women, who do the bulk of the buying, aren't interested in other women's voices but do react favorably to men's, the inference being they are like the dog in the phonograph ad and recognize the master's voice. And men, on the other hand, become so intrigued in a woman's voice that they can't hear anything but the call of sex and never do find out what she's selling.

It sounds screwy—if Mercury may be permitted an expression fast coming into favor on Radio City's Mount Olympus—but it may explain at that why not a single vote was cast in favor of women announcers in the recent Literary Digest poll.

\* \* \*

George Jessel lives at a hotel in Florida where a wire carries a band broadcast to a network of NBC stations . . . If Jessel could use that hook-up he wouldn't have to go farther than the hotel lobby to do his stunt every Tuesday night . . . But Georgie can't, because he appears on the opposition network, Columbia . . . So, he has to make the long trek to New York by airplane, returning the same way . . . Which makes him the champion commuter of the air . . . Among others who have to travel regularly are Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, who come to New York from their home near Springfield, Mass. . . . Jack Denny brings to Gotham his entire band from Boston to appear on the program with Ethel Waters. . . .

\* \* \*

**RADIO DISLIKES**

Ballyhoo in broadcasts continues to

aggravate listeners but all the Literary Digest and other polls showing public resentment won't result in a single syllable being cut out of the sales talks. There is no hope for relief as long as the present system of organizing programs exists. The advertiser, who pays the entertainers, also pays plenty for radio time and he is going to see that his product gets elaborate mention or know the reason why. America can repeal obnoxious laws but it can't repeal human nature.

Another irritation is the presence of studio audiences. The loud laughter coming through loudspeakers excites resentment because the listener feels he is being cheated out of something that is his due. He doesn't like to think the studio audience, a mere handful of people, is more important than he is, one of millions scattered around the country, but that is the conclusion forced upon him.

Perhaps these fans would be more indignant if they knew how some studio audiences are assembled. For certain broadcasts the spectators were recruited from the ranks of unemployed actors, who were paid \$1. per capita per broadcast to make a noise like an audience. A racketeer wormed his way into the confidence of the advertising agencies having control over the programs and got the contract for furnishing the claque. He dismissed the needy actors and invited the general public to these functions. Capitalizing on the curiosity to go behind the scenes, he collects seventy-five cents from each visitor. At the same time he collects from the sponsors the \$1 per person appropriated, the other arrangement of course, being unknown to them.

Now I ask you, is that, or is that not, a racket?

\* \* \*

"Have you an account of the Massachusetts State Prison riot?" asked Eddie Dunham, NBC production man. "I want to see if any of my pals broke out."

Noting the startled look of his associates, Dunham hastened to explain he was no jailbird. It seems some time ago while connected with a Boston station, Dunham put on weekly broadcasts by inmates of the pen. Naturally he became acquainted with the prisoners of talent. One of the vocalists, he maintains, was the Rudy Valee of his day until his success and popularity alarmed the prison authorities and they stopped the series.

Dunham still insists it was the best non-commercial program he ever heard.



● This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau

**"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"**

... writes Miss Jean Healy

● "It massages like magic," writes Miss Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away," writes Mrs. McSorely.

● So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

**REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS**

... or it will cost you nothing.

**Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!**

● The Girdle may be worn next to the body with perfect safety for it is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe. It works constantly while you walk, work, or sit . . . its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

**Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today**

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce your waist and hips **THREE INCHES!** You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . at no cost!

**SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

Dept. 193, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me **FREE BOOKLET** describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your **10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

**GEORGE M. COHAN**

THE YANKEE DOODLE DANDY COMES TO THE READERS OF RADIO MIRROR NEXT MONTH in a thrilling story of his brilliant career written by Herb Cruikshank.

Cohan, the grand old man of the American theater, the idol of the Broadway that was a thrill for every block is still one of the most important figures of the theater. And in the past year has added his illustrious name to the roster of radio famous.

READ THE REAL STORY OF GEORGE M. COHAN IN APRIL RADIO MIRROR



# How you can get into Broadcasting



FLOYD GIBBONS  
Famous Radio  
Broadcaster

**B**BROADCASTING offers remarkable opportunities to talented men and women—if they are trained in Broadcasting technique. It isn't necessary to be a "star" to make good money in Broadcasting. There are hundreds of people in Broadcasting work who are practically unknown—yet they easily make \$3000 in \$5000 a year while, of course, the "stars" often make \$15,000 to \$50,000 a year.

An amazing new method of practical training, developed by Floyd Gibbons, one of America's outstanding broadcasters, fits talented people for big pay Broadcasting jobs. If you have a good speaking voice, can sing, act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Course—how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting—and how to turn your hidden talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most clamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send the coupon today for free book.

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2000 14th St. N. W., Dept. 4C72, Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full particulars of Your home study Course.

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## Up in the Air (Continued from page 35)

how to fly," he said, "If Ted will teach the radio audience."

"Herb" Glover, himself an army pilot and aviation enthusiast, agreed that it would be a good idea. So Ted, who was running over a schedule of sports events in his office in the Columbia building, got an unexpected telephone call.

Ted turned lavender, purple, and red when he heard the news. His ability to talk fast usually gets him out of any tight situation—but this time Swanee and "Herb" Glover talked faster, and before he knew it, he'd agreed to obtain a student pilot's permit, and to show up at Roosevelt Field in a week.

Ted's vocabulary and natural bravado didn't do one bit of good when he first glimpsed the student training ship. He shivered, perspired, and became absolutely inarticulate.

"He'll make a good pilot," Swanee said, "Because he's nervous, and a natural-born observer. A nervous person has quick reactions, and in flying, you can't have too many of those. Furthermore, a good pilot is a trained observer. He doesn't miss a trick."

**T**ED learned to handle the stick, and to fly the plane straight and level. Swanee taught him "air work" first. Then he tackled landings and take-offs. He had the usual student's difficulty in judging the approximate distance of the ground. But the first time he made a good landing, he got out of the ship bragging as naively as a small boy. Swanee let Ted take-off by himself a long time before Ted was aware that he was taking off! Swanee simply told him to "follow through", but he was actually doing most of it himself.

It takes a real thrill to get Ted Hus-ing excited. He's seen too many thrills in the sporting world to be impressed by anything trivial. But learning to fly had the enigmatic Ted right on the tip of his toes, and when he finally broadcast his experiences his voice was as full of excitement as if he'd seen a thousand home runs and touchdowns in five minutes.

Fred Waring also took some lessons from Swanee—but he was obliged to be out of town so much that he had to abandon it until Spring.

"Fred showed a great deal of promise the few times I had him in the air," said Swanee, "And I think I can explain it. A good pilot has a sense of perfect rhythm and coordination, and being an orchestra leader, Fred has that to the nth degree. Furthermore, during instruction, a student has to obey arm-waving gestures of the instructor in the front cockpit. Fred, who has spent so much time waving a baton himself, understood by gestures much better than the average student—in fact, Fred was a marvel."

That Lulu McConnell is learning to fly successfully is a great tribute to her. Though she's an old trouser, she rushed headlong into the dangers of aviation

with the reactions and enthusiasms of a kid of eighteen or twenty—and nothing made Lulu turn pale.

This is her reason for learning to fly: "It's the best thing in the world for nerves," said Lulu, "And so absorbing that you forget all your worries. You see, piloting a ship takes every ounce of concentration you have, and whenever I get in the air my attention is centered on the horizon, the nose of the ship, the motor, and the instruments. I forget everything else. Then there is that intangible satisfaction one gets out of sailing a boat—or even driving a car. It's grand fun. When I land I feel marvelous—as if I'd been asleep for ten years like Rip Van Winkle, or had mysteriously cleared up all my past worries."

Do, Re, Mi spent the most dramatic moments of their lives in the air. By some strange irregularity of weather conditions, the Wednesdays they flew to Washington for the Borden's Milk program were inevitably stormy—so the girls decided that if a plane can take it in weather like that, aviation is all right!

It was always rainy, and on two trips they were forced down twice in emergency fields. On one occasion, a commercial pilot travelling with them en route to his home town for a vacation said he had never in his career as a flier, had such a tough trip. The girls were strapped to their seats, and the ship took terrific drops. Re was so scared that Eddie Dowling, who was travelling with them that day, talked a blue streak to keep her from noticing the lightning as they braved a thunder storm.

**"HERB" GLOVER** has utilized air-planes for stunt broadcasts on various occasions. Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips put on their two-piano programs in a huge transport plane cruising a mile over the skyscrapers of Manhattan. Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd carried on their nonsense in the air in a special broadcast. The Colonel and the organ were in one ship, Budd was in another. Budd's ship caught on fire during the broadcast, but the pilots said nothing about it, and managed to extinguish the fire while the broadcast was going out. Both Arthur Tracy and Morton Downey sang from airplanes, to the accompaniment of accordion and piano.

When Louise Thaden and Frances Marcellus achieved their endurance record flight, Columbia broadcast a two-way conversation by lowering a microphone lead to the equipment in their planes, in exactly the same manner as they accomplished refuelling.

Frances' husband, Bill Marcellus, talked to her over the air through Columbia wires—then "Herb" had him taken up again for a private conversation with Frances—a conversation during which they decided to end their separation and become reunited when she landed—a week later!



## The Blonde in George Olsen's Life

(Continued from page 11)

At about the time Olsen was heading East, Miss Shutta was working out a vaudeville engagement in New York. She must have been pretty good in the act, because a scout materialized one day and offered her a place in a musical revue. It was called "Temptation," and Ethel couldn't resist it. She made the grade in that one, too, and then Ziegfeld, who was getting "Louis the Fourteenth" ready for the boards sent for her, and gave her a singing part. The only trouble with the job was that she had to sing a song also in "Sally," which was playing blocks away. It was her daily and nightly routine to race back and forth between the theatres, under a police escort, to accomplish the doubling.

Then Olsen arrived, and they put him and his band in Ziegfeld's "Kid Boots." Eddie Cantor, if you remember, was capering through this production. Olsen was famous within a month, but he didn't know it, and neither did Ethel. She didn't even know Olsen.

**W**HILE all this was going on, the adroit Ziegfeld was rehearsing "Sunny" and he decided Ethel could have a place in that. Olsen was to have his orchestra there too, and it was he who drew the job of rehearsing this Ethel Shutta, whom he thought was quite a nifty number. He smiled at her a couple of times, but the Shutta nose turned up. In fact, she thought Olsen was pretty terrible, for she went to the producing chief and complained that the band wasn't giving her a square deal. She couldn't sing in E-flat, with the band doing the number half a note higher—or lower, often both.

The producing gentleman was a fair fellow. He told Shutta to go fight it out alone with Olsen. But she didn't have time. What with two shows to sing in and another to rehearse, these police escorts and the flying trips from theatre to theatre, she hardly had time to powder her nose.

But one night as she stepped into the car, before which five cops were sitting on motor cycles, she gasped. Olsen, with the notorious Olsen teeth gleaming in a wide open grin, was seated inside, awaiting her. It seems their argument lasted for weeks. George rode back and forth with her whenever time permitted. He admits now that it was merely a gag to be near her, because he had hopelessly fallen in love.

In fact, that's how the two of them courted, and it's still a laugh with them both to recall that their wooing was done under police surveillance.

Anyhow, they were married.

Eventually, Olsen went back to the West coast to make a picture. Ethel went along. Later he opened a night club in Culver City. Then they both toured, and it is still legend about Broadway that Olsen is never safe alone. If Ethel isn't with him, he reverts to boyhood. In New Orleans, for instance, Ethel left him to come to

New York on business, and the bad boys down there took George for nearly every cent he had earned in a period of years—or more specifically, since his success with Ziegfeld.

It was a crap game, and George hadn't learned to spin 'em. He still thinks he lost fairly, but, well, the boys just took him.

Did Ethel blow up when she heard this. Well, maybe a little. But she started right in then to manage this child, Olsen. She whisked him to New York, and I was there the night they opened the dingy little place called the Club Montmartre. Up to that time, Ethel was just being Mrs. Olsen. She never had been on the radio. In fact, she was frightened silly by the sight of a microphone.

It was after the Olsens had been in the ill fated Montmartre that somebody suggested that the general set-up would be improved by the presence of a woman singer who could warble the answers to the ditties of Fran Frye, who has since left the Olsen outfit. Ethel, who had listened in with managerial mien to the discussion, volunteered. The Olsen music was broadcast, of course, and before you could really get your breath, Ethel Shutta was stepped out well in advance of her husband's orchestra, and those of us who write about radio happenings knew at once that broadcasting had found, quite unexpectedly a new star.

Well, you'd think that this is the place to point to the happy ending.

The story doesn't end here. The real lesson to those who want to be happily married only begins at this point.

Ethel was given a sustaining series, almost at once. She piled up favorable notices. Fan mail engulfed her. The studio chieftains sat up and took notice, and the first thing she knew, Ethel had an offer from a sponsor. But the sponsor didn't want the band. So Ethel just didn't want the sponsor. Although hubby argued with her for days and days, she decided she would travel double harness, or stand still.

**E**THEL stood by with the band. Then, the band went commercial, Ethel and all.

Smooth going it was, for months.

And then—came a major offer to Olsen. A very rich sponsor wanted the band, but one of his vice-presidents or somebody had a sweetie who wanted to sing on the bill, so there would be no room for Ethel. The engagement meant a fortune to Olsen. He had his boys to think of, too. And he thought and thought. But eventually, his answer went back—Ethel sings with the band, or no soap.

That made it even. It has been ever since, except once, when the money offer was so tempting that Olsen practically forced Ethel to go without him on the Nestle half-hour. She went on as a singing comedienne with Walter O'Keefe, and Don Bestor's orchestra.



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**Y**OU had planned a nice quiet evening at home with the family . . . when you found other plans had been made, you asked "Why drag me out?"

That was not natural. It was your subnormal condition that made your overworked body rebel against social activities. You had started the day off at top speed—keen and alert—but gradually you had slowed down and by nightfall you were exhausted.

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But the agreement was that if the Olsen band had to leave town, Ethel would go too, and be allowed to break off with the sponsor. It worked out all right, because Olsen went to a hotel, where there was a woman singer who had to be given a place. Fate seemed to take a hand there, for the very day that George changed hotels, and needed his wife back, the radio engagement which she had undertaken alone, was over.

Both swear they'll never separate again, professionally, or otherwise.

"I retired from the stage when we were married," Ethel told me, "because divergent careers are dangerous. I wanted to be with George, or I wouldn't have married him. He wanted me near, too. I, like most women, have the maternal instinct and an inordinate love of housekeeping. When we are in New York, I satisfy this instinct to the utmost, and spend all my leisure time with the two kids.

"But, believe it or not, George needs more attention than the youngsters. I found that I could be mother and wife, and a vocalist, too, without crowding

my day. The success, as you call it, which came to me by way of radio, of course, beclouds whatever popularity I attained on the stage, but as you know, it was not premeditated. It came more a surprise to me than to you."

The children? They are Charles, who is five, and George, Junior, who is three.

They seldom see their parents at work, but they listen attentively when Papa and Mamma are on the air—and they criticize frankly.

There is one criticism by the youngsters that Ethel likes to tell about.

She took the two lads to the movies. It happened that the Olsen band was playing in the theatre, and Ethel was singing the vocals. The youngsters were left in the audience with a nurse, and witnessed the whole show.

After it was over, and since it was the first time the boys had seen their parents in professional roles, Ethel asked them how they liked the show.

"Great," exclaimed Charles, "Tom Mix was swell."

"He sure was," agreed George, Junior, enthusiastically.

## Jessel Joins the Parade

(Continued from page 13)

society people who look upon performers as servants. I like his old tales of the odd show-folk who have been on the bill with him in big towns and places where the grass grows tall. I like his honest sentimentality, his little-boy vanity and the way he goes his way.

The first time I saw Jessel we had an argument. I was covering Broadway. Jessel and his attorney didn't like the questions I asked. I didn't like the answers he gave. We quarreled. I saw him in the places where Broadway people gather and always we pleasantly passed the time of day.

I was writing a radio column when it was announced that he would try a come back with a sustaining broadcast on Columbia. I wrote a cruel piece. I said he had failed on the Chase and Sanborn hour. I wrote that it was a long gamble he was taking for fame, and so it was.

The day the column appeared I was in the CBS office. Bob Taplinger, the able interviewer, took me to lunch. And Jessel was at our table.

I knew he had read my roast. My paper was under his arm. But he never mentioned it. Up until this day he has never mentioned it, and now we are fairly good friends. I like the guy.

We talked of the crazy people of the Broadway night. Of people who flashed across the mazdas and then vanished into the shadows. Jessel worried about a great many of them. He wasn't a star looking down from the clouds on his more unfortunate brethren. He was just a guy wondering what had happened to a lot of nice, mad people who had come down his street. Few actors are like that. But I told you Jessel is different.

Never once did he tell me how good he was going to be. All he said about himself was: "I like it at Columbia. They are going to let me do the things I want to do."

I liked his first broadcast. It was nimble and bright and there was an abundance of slightly sardonic humor, plenty of adult comedy and a splattering of hokum.

We sat around his apartment after the first broadcast. I told him I liked his program. Naturally, I expected a gentle reprimand, an I-told-you—a warning that even a critic can be mistaken the first time. But I was mistaken.

"I'm glad you do" was all he said.

Jessel can't be described as an aviation enthusiast. Flying makes him ill. But at dawn the next day after his first program, he was on a trans-Continental ship bound for California.

Norma Talmadge's mother had died. Norma was broken up. Jessel wanted to be near her. So he took a plane. The ship rocked and rolled about the clouds. Jessel was sick before they were off the ground an hour. But he went through, leaving a trail of complaining wires to pals in New York, mocking love and daffy guys who fell into it.

Jessel spent only a day on the Coast. Twenty-five hours after he landed he was in a New York-pointed ship. But at Chicago he grounded himself, and took the train East.

"I'll never do that as long as I live," he told me in Reuben's later. But you know that he'd do it that minute if Norma was in trouble. The torch flares in his hand when he is not with her.

You know the story of Jessel's friendship with Eddie Cantor. Every-



body does. They have walked high roads and low together. They have stuck through thick and thin. Their loyalty stood the test of failure and success. Their devotion was a favorite Broadway folk story, a legend of unselfishness on a thoroughfare where friendship is hawked to the highest bidder.

Something happened out in California. The news ran up and down Broadway. Eddie and Georgie have split. The gossips made up stories in the night-time taverns. Everybody had a different reason for the sudden break. Everybody knew, and nobody knew. It became the pet speakeasy mystery of the town.

I asked Jessel about it. "Eddie is a grand guy," he said. "I think he's swell. If he walked in there I'd say hello to him. But that's all."

"What happened Georgie?" "I would rather not say," he said. And that is all, Bobby Milford, his manager, knows. But Milfy is like Jessel. They do a lot of talking, but they don't megaphone their troubles to the world.

**L**IFE and show business has been a merry-go-round of misery and happiness for George Jessel. Success and defeat are his boon companions. But they balance evenly on the scales of his life.

His childhood was spent in the draughty tumble-downs of the drama. Small time vaudeville was his nursery, dancing was his business and not his pleasure. His lullaby was a hoarse coon-shouter shouting a rag-time roundelay. It has made him wise and sad and eager for laughter.

There was the time he was invited to play a yacht club in Detroit. There he stood, alone, frightened and sleepy in the middle of the floor while the members of the club (who were getting his services free) hooted and heckled him before he began his act. Jessel looked at them, and his sad eyes clouded.

"You can," he said in his little boy's voice, "all go to Hell."

That was his act for the evening. But it was the hit of the show. The audience thought he was very funny. They cheered him as he left—a tragic, little boy whose act had flopped.

Vaudeville was in its halcyon era when he tramped its wheels. And he was a head-liner, a top money man in the big time mansions of the two-aday.

Vaudeville dwindled. Jessel tried musical comedy. His name was up in lights. He tried dramatic shows. The critics praised his mimicry in "The Jazz Singer." Everything was fine and dandy, and the boy performer had grown up into a competent actor, more than that a star.

Then came the talkie gold rush. Every ham who ever spoke a line in his life rushed West as soon as the cinema became loquacious. The silent screen talked, and it spoke in large figures.

They signed Jessel. It wasn't coffee

and cake dough they paid him either. It was real money. Jessel made a picture. It was a failure. I saw it. It was a clumsy, misty and silly silhouette, poorly written and hazily directed. I might add that Jessel did not resemble Barrymore in any scene. They had eagerly signed Jessel up for several pictures. But they thought one was enough. So they settled his contract. It was reported they gave him \$200,000 to break the pact. Some one told the story to Frisco, the night-owl wit.

"They gyped him," said the clown. "I saw the picture. He should have held out for \$300,000."

The picture didn't do Jessel's reputation as a performer any good. The boys made up a lot of gags. Managers heard the gags. And managers are funny people. They like their comedians to tell jokes, not to be jokes.

But Georgie clicked in a musical play. There were ten weeks at the Palace with his pal, Eddie Cantor. There was a road tour. Things were breaking right again.

Cantor came to radio, and he took it. Cantor had to make a picture. He suggested that they try Jessel. Jessel did, and I am revealing no secrets when I say he was pretty bad. There were rows with the sponsors, and Jessel faded from the broadcast, an unhappy, beaten and saddened troubadour.

Then the Talmadge story broke. Reporters chased them. There were reports they were married; there were reports they split; there were reports the thing was a publicity stunt. But now his emotional life is running smoothly. His radio work seems to be working out the same way. His broadcasts are improving every week, and he has developed a curious, urchin charm. I don't think it will be long before he is up there with the Wynns, the Cantors and the Pearls. I hope so anyway. I think he rates it.

They have told a story about him for years. I asked him about it the other night. He said it was true. I have never seen it in print before.

**J**ESSEL was in Palm Beach. He was very lonely. He knew few people. The telephone rang. It was the secretary of a society woman. The secretary wondered what Mr. Jessel would take to entertain at her party.

"Tell her I'll come and sing some songs—just to be around," he said.

"Oh, no," she said. "You couldn't mingle with the guests."

"How much does she want to pay?" asked Jessel.

"A thousand dollars," the secretary said.

"Tell her," Jessel said, "I will give her a thousand dollars if she will come up to my room and sing a few songs."

The secretary hung up.

We were sitting around Leon and Eddie's the other night. The lights were dim. The music was smooth and ripply. And the brandy had a silky bite. All was well, and we were doing all right. But Jessel looked at the scene with faraway eyes. He leaned across the table—laughter flashed

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across his sad eyes. He was going to say something. But he changed his mind.

"What were you going to say?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing important," he answered hastily.

But you knew it was something important by the way he said it. I think that is the story of Georgie Jessel. There are things he wants to say,

and he can't say them. There are things he wants to do, and he can't do them. But I know that before he shuffles off this mortal soil he will have said and done many important things.

You see he is one of three children of destiny—Winchell, Cantor and Jessel. They were born under a lucky star. Winchell and Cantor started faster. I think Jessel is a very strong finisher, even though he had a handicap.

## Waring of the Blues

(Continued from page 17)

I picked up George when we were on the road for the second trumpet chair—and how he fills it! He's the most fastidious dresser of the whole bunch, and in spite of all the inconveniences of travelling on the road, he looks like a fashion plate. Fred Culley had a band of his own, and was the youngest leader on the Keith Circuit. However, when vaudeville began to get bad he joined us through George. Fred is a fine leader, and is good on orchestrations.

Johnny Richardson, the first violinist, has one of the most distinguished records in the band. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania, and played with Stokowski for two seasons before he joined the Pennsylvanians. Though he's quiet and unassuming, the girls are crazy about him. His nick-name is "Bud."

Curly Cockrill, tenor sax, is the droll wise-cracker of the gang. He was Captain in the Canadian forces during the war, but has been a loyal member of the Pennsylvanians for ten years.

Fred Campbell, who mans the flute, was a classmate of Fred Waring's back in Tyrone, Pa. He played flute and piccolo with Sousa before he became a Pennsylvanian. Fred is one of the most ardent poker-players in the band. There's usually a game going on in the bus en route to an engagement.

Francie Foster, who is also an authority on poker, is Fred Campbell's colleague, and they have many heated arguments on the subject. Francie hails from Pennsylvania too. Pittsburgh.

Charlie Barber, bass player, is the "Suhtern gentleman" of the gang, and still talks with a good old "Gawgia" accent. He joined the Pennsylvanians for their Roxy engagement two years ago, and they've since discovered he's a golf fiend.

Clare Hanlon, trombonist, was formerly a musician with Gene Goldkette's band in Detroit. He's the Peck's Bad Boy of the gang, says Fred, and irrepressible among friends, but scared to death of an audience. When he sings, his knees quiver, and Fred had frequently had to instruct the theatre management to see that a small spotlight was flashed on him so that the audience could not see him shivering as he sang in his excellent tenor.

Frank Hower is a graduate of Bucknell, and made an indelible impression on Fred when the maestro heard him play at a college house party. Fred

kept an eye on him, and later hired him into the ranks. Frank gets the most laughs of any of the gang when he walks on a stage—but he's actually a very quiet and conscientious person.

Scotty Bates is the mystery man of the band—for even Fred cannot relate his past history.

Poley McClintock and Tom Waring are of the old guard, and both are distinctive soloists, Poley with his humorous frog-like voice which he exhibits in novelty numbers, and Tom with his romantic baritone.

Johnny Davis, trumpeter and scat singer, came out of the West to apply for a job with Fred—and got it. Fred usually makes his own finds—but Johnny saw to it that he was "discovered." He hails from Brazil—pronounced by Johnny "Bray-zil," Indiana. Johnny is one of the scamps of the band, and is one reason why Fred often feels like the old woman in the shoe.

## FRED found Priscilla and Rosemary

Lane, and Babs and her brothers, in New York musical publishing houses, trying out new tunes, and, being in the market for singers, enlisted them at once as unusual material. Pat and Rosemary, younger sisters of Leota and Lola Lane, hail from Indianola, Ia., and Babs and her brothers from Kansas City.

The absent member of the gang is Fred Buck, who is ill in Saranac. The boys are devoted to him, and many of the arrangements which are played by the Pennsylvanians are Fred's. He listens in from a hospital bed, and what he says about their programs goes.

Altogether, the Pennsylvanians are a congenial gang, and regard their maestro, Fred Waring, as a pal off-stage, a slave-driver during rehearsals, and an authority at the baton.

Beginning on or about February 4, they will be sponsored by the Ford Motor Company dealers.

## BING CROSBY ON LOVE!

Bing Crosby, the air's singing troubadour has a love story of his own which he writes himself in next month's Radio Mirror.

Read in THE APRIL RADIO MIRROR What Bing Crosby has to say about what his marriage has done for him.



Where I Go from Here

(Continued from page 7)

been a fierce delight with me to take the hardest part of anything I have to do and to not only do it, but do it even better than I was expected to do.

At times my mind moves with lightning rapidity. I have made some lightning decisions which have been absolutely correct, but as a rule I prefer to mull the thing over. I am impulsive, yet there are times when my mind works very slowly. I have often noticed that I can think of a good wisecrack which would more than floor the individual at whom it would be directed long after the time when I should have used it. That, of course, means that I would never be a very good comic, as most of the comedians and clever after-dinner speakers are men who are quick of wit. The Irish side of me gave me an appreciation of this particular gift. However, in most business today I don't believe there is much necessity for instantaneous snap judgment. To be sure there often is, yet so many of these hustling go-getters of the domineering, square-jawed, hard-fisted type who get their opponent in a corner and then drive him quickly into a bargain, rarely survive over a long period of time; rather do I prefer the leisurely English way of conference, discussion, ample thought, weighing the situation very carefully, and then coming to a deliberate conclusion.

This may seem opposed to my original statement that I believe I am quick at sensing the shortest way around, but it will be seen if you analyze it carefully that when I speak of short cuts I mean a careful study of the problem in its full aspects, sensing the wheat from the chaff, the important from the unimportant, seeing the points where a real economy of either time, money or effort may be made.

**T**HAT, I think, is my best qualification as an executive. Once I definitely arrive at this understanding of the situation, then I move with lightning rapidity. Those who have watched our Fleischmann Hour rehearsals remark upon the fact that there is never a lost moment. If I had my way things would move even faster than they do. I believe in careful mental planning and plotting in advance as a means of saving much unnecessary palaver, conferences, and wasting of time and money after the group has come together. I still believe that many pictures can be made more cheaply and quickly if there is more mental preparation over a longer period of time, though oftentimes this is impossible as the other fellow gets the jump and the scoop, but where there is an amount of leisure and a chance to prepare these things in advance I firmly believe that there should be much mental calisthenics before the physical ones are called into play.

With regard to television and my connection with it in the future—it seems incredible to us today when we

consider it that we should ever have been able to watch motion pictures and not hear the characters speak. It will seem just as incredible, I think, in the future that we should ever have seated ourselves before loudspeakers and only listened to voices and not have been able to see the individuals themselves. Imagine how much more interesting the Show Boat will be when you are able to see all the characters in their proper setting. If they are not in their proper setting, however, the producers will have to go to some scenic expense, but I am sure the expenditure will certainly be justified by the results.

Personally I tremble when I think of what may happen when television does come in. Will one big arena with a circular moving stage in Radio City be able to supply the entire country with its movie, vaudeville, revue, eye and ear entertainment nightly, or will the demand for flesh continue as before? Certainly if it does come, I hope to have a part in the production of anything pertaining to it. Radio is my first love, and television, which will, of course, be a more advanced form of radio, will probably afford all of us who work in radio a greater chance to develop and exploit our ideas.

*You are making a movie... do you expect this to lead to more? What of the producing idea that you had?*

**Y**ES, I am going to make a movie. Do I expect to make more? Mr. and Mrs. General Public will determine that. I have never had any false ideas about the possibilities of my becoming a movie star from the standpoint of facial physiognomy. I have been kidded so often about my drooping eyes that I realize that my features do not lend themselves readily to motion picture photography, and do not believe that I will ever become a Barthelmess, a Valentino, a Gary Cooper, or a Clark Gable. Personally I have little or no desire to become a success mainly on the strength of the contrast of a clear-cut pupil of the eye against the white of the eye, or for some particular handsomeness of face or muscular figure; rather do I feel that success patterned on the lasting and histrionic qualities of Mr. Arliss and others of his stamp will be more satisfying and more of an achievement. Depending upon the amount of work I am called upon to do for this picture—actual dramatic work, depending upon the direction, my physical condition at the time I am called upon to do it, and above all the suitability of the lines in the dramatic part of the "Scandals" revue to my character, will I or will I not become a success or failure in this particular picture.

It is a well known fact that many a person has floundered around in three or four productions until he has found a vehicle which fitted his particular talents. The young man who has the lead today in "Sailor Beware" was a \$7 a day extra in a movie short I made

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Mary Brian in Columbia's "Fox"

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in the Paramount studios a year ago. He and his chums failed in several different plays until they found a vehicle which suited them completely.

As I consider the production end of the movies, stage or radio, I feel that possibly that will be my best field. Of course nearly every young person, or for that matter even old person, tells himself that producing or supervision would surely be their forte. In my particular case I really feel that I would be best as a supervisor or final producer. My reasons are simply these.

First, my light of creative fantasy burns exceedingly low. I don't visualize, as Mr. Roxy is supposed to have done, giant cathedrals with every detail of their construction; neither do I visualize melodies, blackouts, dances, scenery and all the things that so many imaginative geniuses are supposed to do and have done in the past. But I do believe that I can select from the many comedy routines submitted me, those which will please. In other words, I believe my chief talent in this field is my judgment. I obey a very simple formula—if it pleases me and really enthruses me, I have generally found that it will enthuse the public. That has been my formula in the past—my guiding stick—and I shall continue to follow it.

*You have picked many a star in the bud in the past. What is the make-up of the group that you call "Future Stars," or something like that?*

I HAVE been asked how I would distinguish a star in the bud, or even a star already budded but undiscovered from talent less outstanding. My answer to that is very simple—it is hardly an answer. People of the calibre of Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, Harry Richman, George Jessel, Maurice Chevalier, Eddie Cantor, Belle Baker, Mae West—in other words outstanding personalities in various walks of life have as always a certain indefinable something. Try as you may you can analyze their make-up down to that point; from there on you are stumped.

There are other men with features identical to those of Mr. Chevalier, who would probably sing as well, and perhaps exactly the same, and could probably make the same identical gestures and sing the same songs, but it's the final indefinable spark—a certain something that sets them apart from those who aspire to those same heights, but who have the gift perhaps to a lesser degree or are entirely lacking in it.

The first time I saw Helen Kane two years before she clicked, she swept me off my feet. Likewise did Lyda Roberti. I saw George Raft as a very clever tap dancer at a night club in 1926, and said to myself then, "Why doesn't this young man go to the Coast, make pictures, and on his captivating and haunting resemblance to Valentino become a success in pictures?" In the case of George Raft, it was less his personality than his resemblance that made me think he would eventually be a success. But Fifi Dorsay who, as a mistress of ceremonies introduced me

my first week at the Paramount, and who subsequently desired to sing at the Villa Vallee, is one of the best examples of the possessor of an indefinable something.

*With the return of liquor will you open a night club of your own or continue to work for someone else, or neither?*

For many years I have seen how unreasonable was the 18th Amendment for most people. This is not my personal opinion, but I have watched so many people in so many places at all types of affairs, places at which I have played or appeared, and in every case I have found that some sort of stimulant does seem to be necessary to the evening's enjoyment. Perhaps it is a bit disillusioning and unflattering for me to make this statement, but I have really found that the parties at which everyone seemed to enjoy themselves most are the parties at which there was some sort of intoxicant being served to a moderate degree. Therefore I knew that it would be only a question of time before this nation would assert itself and repeal a measure which even those who helped repeal it had hoped would end some of the extreme cases of the evils of over-indulgence.

A peculiar thing, too—I had always felt that the Gay White Way, the Main Stem, or Broadway, as most of us call it, would again know the meaning of big business in night life with the repeal of the 18th Amendment. I even predicted that the Palais Royale, which had degenerated into a Chinese "Chow Meinery," would possibly once again know the glory of a beautiful interior and a very high class type of floor show, to the strains of a fine orchestra with repeal.

I doubt that I shall ever open a night club of my own. The running of a night club requires more than one head. The initial investment cost is considerable. It also requires those who run it to be on guard constantly; waiters are careless, and after all only human beings, and there are so many minor details to be watched that I much prefer playing for a percentage of the gross receipts as I am at the present moment. My engagement at the Hollywood Restaurant has been one of the happiest of my life.

It is not a known fact to most people who will learn it with amazement when I tell them that I worked at the Villa Vallee for a year and a half for absolutely nothing. In the winter of 1929 it looked like a grand place for me to be for many years to come; I was willing to contract my services for three years for a percentage of the gross receipts, and for a while business justified my belief. With the coming of depression those who could formerly afford the Villa (and our prices were extremely low) found that even they could not afford it, but the main obstacle to the success of 10 E. 60th Street was simply the fact that it was out of the way, and in what is commonly known as the "high hat" district. Rudy Vallee has always been, and probably always will be, a man of the



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By coaxing, explaining, bullying when need be, he's changing Helen's life—remolding it "nearer to the heart's desire." Helen, the extravagant, lives on an allowance. To be sure the stipend is a hundred bucks a week, which sounds like a lot, but isn't to one of her expansive generousities. She hurries home from the club where she sings to receive a kiss and a reward of twenty dollars if she's in before 2:30 A. M. She speaks proudly of "my husband," and she's even talking, though not too seriously, of abandoning her career for that of a home girl. Her story may yet have a sequel titled "Helen's Babies."

And what of the one-time play-boy bridegroom? Well, he's a tall, brown, quiet chap, with a charming smile, a bearing that bespeaks Exeter and Harvard, facial lines that show character, inherited, perhaps, from the Dad who nominated and elected a President, even though it was Hoover. Marriage to la Morgan might well be sufficient career for any man. But not for Maurice Maschke. After his wedding the boy plugged right along for those Ohio Bar exams—and passed 'em. Now he plans to become admitted to New York practice. And at present he is working from morning till night in the production of vintage wines, quite worthy to be quaffed in a toast to his bride. Yes, it looks as though "Buddy" is pretty well bound to make good under the inspiration of the "Little Woman."

Of course, there would be a story in the Morgan marriage. Every page in the girl's crowded book of life, swims with romance, adventure, all the truths that are so much stranger than fiction. And unlike the stories of other stars, Helen's book is open for all to read. For Helen has nothing to hide. And, moreover, Helen doesn't give a damn. "Here am I, here I stay," ran the lyrics of one Morgan song. That's the way it is with Helen. If anyone doesn't like it, that's just too bad.

**T**HERE'S no room for pretense and less for formality in the Morgan make-up. Where in this fair land is there a Page One celeb to dare invade the sacred precincts of the Mayfair Club and the Central Park Casino, thronged with tiaraed dames, in her pajamas? Helen did. And it was Helen, too, who stated quite frankly to reporters that her favorite pastime was to go midnight-motoring along the Park's bridle-paths, an offense for which Grover Whalen, himself, would probably get life.

Late for the theatre, Helen has raced over Broadway with furs thrown over her nightgown. And even so, has paused to feed apples to the traffic-cop's horse. She loves to pen poetry that is sometimes obscure. She used to have fun presiding, quite incognito, over speak-easy free-lunch counters. A song-smith gave her a pair of gold-fish. That started her, and now she has an entire room lined with glass, balanced aquaria swarming with rare and brilliant species from the world over. From some where she has aquired a regula-

tion barber's chair, which lends a utilitarian note to her boudoir. She considers first editions a good investment, and her library shelves are heavy with a weight to rouse the enthusiasm of any bibliophile.

She descends on clubs and restaurants exacting tribute from customers and proprietors alike for donation to her pet charities. She sells kisses and turns the coin over to the Actors' Dinner Club which does good by stealth among out-of-luck thespians. She absconded from a cafe with the live chick used as a prop by the entertaining magician, and carried the cheeping fluff-ball miles into the country where a friend has a farm. Her Christmas gifts included 1,000 neckties each with "From Helen Morgan" stitched on the label. The kids in the street—any street—call her Helen. To intimates she is "Mousie." Her eyes will fill up and her lower lip trembles at a cross word from one she loves. She'll give her shirt to a friend. Indeed, she has.

**I**T seems that's the way they make 'em back in Danville, Illinois. As a youngster she was dandled on the bony, patriarchal knee of that tobacco-splashed statesman, "Uncle Joe" Cannon. In those earliest days, Helen recalls heaving rocks at passing trains, so that the railroadmen, monkey-like, would return her fusilade with coal. The coal kept the Morgan home fires burning. It was in Danville, too, that she recalls her debut as a singer of songs. She was practically the choir of the town's First Church of Christ Scientist, whose devout worshippers met over a store where Helen warbled about "The World is Dying For a Little Bit of Love." That was Helen's youth. Later came school days during which she attended twenty-seven different schools.

In her teens she worked as a nurse, soothing the sick, making tender. She can be wonderfully tender, marvellously compassionate. She might have been a Florence Nightingale rather than a "raffish" one. She packed "Crackerjacks" for the National Biscuit Company, and was fired when Big Business detected her supplying a thrill to some unknown kid by slipping in several "prizes" instead of the regulation single one. She measured ribbon by a Marshall-Field yardstick for pork-packers' dowagers, and her slim, stripped beauty, exploited in lingerie ads, made their corn-fed debbie daughters dissatisfied with their amplexness. She dealt 'em off the arm in a hash-house, swapping slip phrases with the yokel wits. And as a manicurist she learned to keep her knees safe from nudging Democrats, and to refer quite casually, naively, to a non-existent pugilist brother who always escorted her home.

And from this whirl and welter of life, she emerged amid a blare of tin trumpets as "Miss Mount Royal of 1923," a slim-limbed, curvaceous winner of a Canadian beauty contest! Ah! Success at last! Arrayed in pathetic finery she came down to conquer the gilded city, and received what measure



masses, coming from a very fine but humble family, of country up-bringing, of small-town breeding. I believe these things have always been somewhat evident in everything I have done and in my work, and the out-of-town Babbits have always felt that I was one of them, and it is they, more than anyone else, who have taken me to their hearts. When they came to New York they were either frightened by the thought of 10 E. 60th Street, or sent elsewhere by taxi drivers who were paid by other night clubs to divert customers if possible to these places, or they did not have any idea where the Villa Vallee might be, because after all Broadway is the place that the out-of-towner goes to first and knows best, and it was not until I began my Hollywood engagement this last October that I really came into my own.

**A**FTER four or five long shows at the Brooklyn Paramount I would rush to the Villa Vallee arriving at eleven o'clock in the evening, and after singing 15 or 20 choruses without the aid of an amplifying system, which meant that I had to tax my energies to the utmost in order to fill the room, I then visited table after table, welcoming those who came to see me; back again on the stand for 40 minutes singing as many as 20 and sometimes 25 songs, back to tables, back to the stand, and so on ad

infinitum until three or four o'clock in the morning. This routine was carried out for some 16 months. While the boys received their salaries and the owner had a substantial amount to cover, as he said, the cost of upkeep and so forth, there was no surplus to divide between us in any way. But coming from New England and having been brought up by one of the finest mothers that any boy could have wished for, I felt it my duty to carry on night after night, as though I were receiving a fortune for it, always giving my best until finally the gentleman who owned the Villa, the hotel adjoining, and several other hotels found himself completely dispossessed and in the hands of the receivers due, evidently, to some bad financial investments on his part.

That experience, together with a heavy loss of some one hundred thousand dollars in the Daffydill Club down on 8th Street in Greenwich Village, (which I felt I wanted to do whether I lost or gained for the man who had given me my first opportunity to play in a night club in New York City, namely Don Dickerman) has left me with no taste for investing in any form of business in the future. The old phrase, "Stick to your last" is one that I feel is very true. I am at present an artist, and somewhat of a producer. Those are the two lines along which I will continue to develop myself.

## Helen Morgan Can't Help Lovin' That Man

(Continued from page 9)

lace-curtained parlor of the Law.

"I do," said "Buddy."

"Me too," murmured Helen.

"Okay," muttered the J. P., "where's the ring?"

"The ring?" chorused the almost bride and groom, "why we clean forgot!"

And, indeed, they had. Speeding through a night hazy with honeymoon fancies, there had been no intruding thoughts of matrimonial props. So now came a frantic fumbling in vests and vanities, but no ring was found. Not even an Aladdin's Lamp to rub and wish for one. It began to look like all bets off. But Helen had started out to get married. And she seldom starts anything she can't finish.

Helen had heard at her mother's knee—that you know how mothers give advice—that a woman can accomplish anything from cracking a safe to protecting her honor with the aid of a hair-pin, and suddenly she had an inspiration. But times have changed since mother, even the youthful Morgan mother, was a girl. Bobbed hair is prevalent, and there wasn't a hair-pin hidden in all Helen's tousled tresses.

But in Newcastle, Pa., there are still some old-fashioned girls, and Mrs. Justice of the Peace is one of them. In her coiffure were hair-pins galore. Helen plucked one from the good woman's head, twisted it into a circlet, and—voilà! As binding a bond as ever changed a girl from Miss to Mrs.!

"With this ring I thee wed!"

And "Buddy" slipped the crooked hair-pin on the slim third finger of Helen's shapely left hand. The deed was done! Broadway had been left waiting at its own tinsel altar! And Helen Morgan was out of circulation!

It seems a time-honored custom for bridal couples to occupy bridal suites. But in the first hours of Helen's honeymoon, even this precedent was broken. For when the pair considered a hotel stop—"just to rest up," as the bride coyly states—it was found that after a long-distance call to Madré Morgan, there were just enough baloney dollars remaining to buy gas for the trip to New York. So weary, but happy, the hair-pin bride and her Romeo rolled homeward.

**T**HEY arrived that night, and found the chain on the Morgan door with Ma peeping through and exclaiming: "If you two kids aren't really married you can't come in!" But they flashed their papers, doves, clasped hands and all, and these proved passports to the parental fold. There a feast awaited them—wedding bells and decorations, flowers, food and wine, fresh clothes, clean sheets. And so—to bed.

No, Helen can't keep from lovin' that Maschke man! Her marriage has changed her. She's downright domestic, immersed in the mysteries of potato soup and crown roasts. The House of Morgan has a lord and master, for Maurice Maschke, Jr., is no yes-man.

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## The Blue Ribbon Announcer

(Continued from page 27)

Phelps, noted writer and former head of Yale's English department, at a joint meeting held in the Academy auditorium. The ceremonies were broadcast over a National Broadcasting Company network.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia, who also is president of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, presided at the meeting. The medal for good diction on the stage was presented to Lawrence Tibbett, the first singer so honored, by Charles Dana Gibson, famous artist, and the gold medal of the National Institute, for fiction, was presented to Booth Tarkington by Clayton Hamilton, playwright and author.

In accepting the award, Jimmy gave the following modest, little speech:

"This is an honor and a privilege which I had little thought would fall to me.

"We are aware in our profession that announcers are looked upon by your fellowship as teachers. We know that the medal award was instituted as a way of rousing discussion and calling the attention of the public at large and radio announcers in particular to the importance of radio in the development of our language.

"As announcers we meet and hear America's greatest speakers, and have

ample opportunity to realize the importance of accurate and effective speech. Prof. Phelps has said that the pronunciation of English is inconsistent and lawless. But we of the radio are expected to keep up with its changes, and not to use pronunciation correct five years ago, but possibly obsolete today, and we are made conscious in many ways that millions do every night get lessons in pronunciation and usage from the radio.

"Mr. Chairman, in accepting this medal I should like to thank the members of the Academy for the honor which they have seen fit to bestow upon me. Thank you very much."

The award for good radio diction has been won by Milton J. Cross, Alwyn Bach and John Holbrook, of NBC's staff, and David Ross, CBS. A committee of nearly one hundred speech experts in colleges throughout the country picks the winner on a basis of pronunciation, articulation, tone quality, accent and cultural effect. Jimmy Wallington is the fourth NBC announcer to win the American Academy's gold medal for good radio diction in the five times the award has been made.

Jimmy is tall, attractive and winning. His easy manner, probably polished to perfection by the many, many

notables this young man has met in his business, gives him a disarming graciousness from which no one is immune. He has a great, big, genuine smile and is gay as he can be. But underneath that lies the steady, persistent push of a man who is serious and sincere about his work.

Once in a great while his voice goes back on him from hard work, then he has to almost whisper over the air for a day or so to give it a rest. The first time this happened was a most terrible moment to him.

"We had rehearsed all afternoon for a big Chevrolet program of that night. This of course, was in addition to my regular work. At that time, I was still a little nervous about the big programs, and so when it came time to go on the air, I stood before the mike and opened my mouth to speak. To my horror, the only sound that came forth was a tiny, scratchy, squeaky noise. A dreadful time for my vocal chords to get tired and fail."

And a very fine, mellow voice, Jimmy Wallington has to take care of. He has just gotten an air pilot's license and is very proud of it. Flying is his favorite pastime. Work, or play, this air minded young man can't seem to keep out of the ether.

Congratulations, Jimmy!

## You Ask Her Another

(Continued from page 18)

Q. What program brought you the most response from your public?

A. The Chocolate Soldier operetta.

Q. What do you enjoy doing most when you are not on the radio?

A. Dancing—theatre, reading—writing.

Q. What's your favorite sport?

A. Swimming—Aviation.

Q. Would you like to go into the movies?

A. Yes, if the right picture comes along.

Q. Who is your favorite movie ac-

triss?

A. Helen Hayes.

Q. Have you a definite goal in your work?

A. To do perfectly—the best of radio entertainment.

Q. Do you consider your career a success?

A. I appreciate deeply the recognition which the public has accorded me but I have not yet accomplished all I want to do.

Q. What would you do if you lost your voice?

A. I'd die.

Q. What song do you like to sing most?

A. I couldn't select one song. I love too many.

Q. If you had three months of complete leisure this Spring what would you do with your time?

A. I'd loaf and study.

Q. Before signing off, is there any message you would like to give your public?

A. Thank you for being such "good listeners"—you've always guided me.

## Our St. Patrick's Day Party

(Continued from page 42)

rather, do not cut until at table and let friends slice the sandwich themselves.

### OPEN MUSHROOM SANDWICHES

Spread the sandwich bread with the fried mushrooms combined with white sauce and seasoned with salt, pepper, and paprika. Brush outside with melted butter and toast in broiler, serve hot.

### IRISH SALAD

Parboil green peppers for about four minutes, from which the seeds have been removed; fill compactly with a mixture of chopped olives, pimientos, grated cheese, and mayonnaise. Any other combination of which you prefer may be used; chill in refrigerator and serve sliced on lettuce.

### MOCK CHICKEN AND CELERY SALAD

It is unnecessary to serve both these salads but we give them for you to make your choice. Use the quantity of desired cooked cold pork, the same amount of chopped celery, and add pimientos or red pepper chopped fine, and mix with a combined mayonnaise and cream dressing. Serve on lettuce with a pickle and olive on side of dish.

### CAKE AND COOKIES

Make small cakes and ice with green, and white icing. The cookies may be made in shamrock and pipe forms with cutters. Serve coffee and tea, and if you wish glasses of beer.

And just see if your friends won't accept your next invitation gladly.

### RIBBON SANDWICHES

Cut the bread in long slices, across and not down as for other sandwiches. For the first layer use brown bread spread with pimento cheese softened and mixed with milk; to this add finely chopped bacon that has been cooked very crisp. Over this put a layer of white bread and spread with lobster paste combined with mayonnaise. Use one more slice of bread and spread with cream cheese and nuts. Use this down the sides covering like you would an Angel Cake. Cut slices of bread no thicker than one quarter of an inch, and when you cut to serve make it in one quarter inch slices. Wrap the long sandwich loaf in damp cloth or wax paper, and place in refrigerator; if you'd



of freedom it offered in the stumble-mumbled phrases of the unoratorical Mayor of the Metropolis, that typical peepuls' cherce, the Honorable John F. ("Red Mike") Hylan.

But, alas, fame is fleeting. Especially the fame of a "Miss Mount Royal of 1923." When the brief, tawdry tumult died, there seemed no place for a girl to sleep. Literally. Helen dozed in the alley-hallways of the great city that was to bow before her beauty. She and a pal worked one bed in double shifts. The friend worked nights, then Helen slept. And in the day time it was turn-about. There was one advantage, the bed was always warm. Later, with a five dollar weekly affluence at her command, she found a haven in the Community Church Club, cloistered in the Furious Forties.

She made the weary rounds of chorus-calls, and Zeigfeld turned down the girl who was to be his greatest star, when she came as a suppliant for a chorine's job. Finally there was a vacancy in the very back row of a "Sally" company chorus, and Helen began to troupe. She was in "Louis XIV," too, and under the quaint conceit of the pseudonym, Neleh Nagrom, her name spelled backward, Helen stormed the barns of Greenwich Village in the chiller-thrillers of the "Grand Guignol." Some way she found an opportunity to study under Eduardo Petri. Then quite suddenly, the chrysalis turned butterfly, spread gay, gaudy wings, and soared to a shrine as the High Priestess of Broadway!

It was in 1925 that Billy Rose, Solly Violinsky and a few of "the boys" hired a hall above a garage at 110 West 56th Street. They threw in some tables and chairs, decked their walls with the crisp back-room nifties of the day, backed a piano into one corner, and opened up a jernt called the "Back Stage Club." And, oh, yes! they got Helen Morgan to sing! At first Helen sauntered among the cash customers swinging a flirtatious hip and crooning something about "If You'll Be the Only, Only, Only One For Me . . ." but presently the crowd got greater, the space less. There was no room to

amble, Helen had to stand still.

Then finally, one momentous night arrived. The throng was such that Helen was forced to stand with her back against the wall—or, at least—against the piano. And even then the spenders in "the back of the room couldn't see the singer. In emergencies, Helen gets inspirations. This was one of those occasions. The grand baby jumped up on the Baby Grand! And she's been sitting there ever since, and sitting pretty, too. Ring Lardner jokingly claimed credit for that first helping hand with the crack, "I'm always helping young artists. I helped Helen Morgan on a piano!" But anyhow, that's how come that she's a sitting songstress. And try to say that three times fast!

**H**ER engagement at the "Back Stage Club" was coincidental with her first radio bow. At that time Nils Grantlund, the angular "N.T.G." of the air, was offering a meagre program over Station WJLN, housed a jump away from the Club. And whenever "Granny" ran out of acts, he'd hop over and seize Helen by the hand. Between numbers on her piano, she'd warble to her invisible audience. It was all a sort of hit 'n' miss proposition, vastly different from the present over-organized business of broadcasting. She was never nervous then, but she is now. Helen never faces that zero-hour of broadcasting, the "shushed" crowd, the tip-toe boys of the studios without mike-fright.

She likes radio, though. Likes working on the air because, for one thing, the elaborate costumes of stage or club can be replaced by the \$12.95 "creations" she adores. At home she's a thorough fan. She'll curl up for hours with a good mystery broadcast, and she's pretty much an authority on the symphonic offerings that come over the air. Incidentally, next time you tune-in on Helen, you may be sure that "Buddy" is listening, too. He always does, and later does a best-friend-and-severest-critic number. Then it's Helen's turn to listen. But Mousie can "take it," and anyway, who's afraid of the big, bad "Buddy!"

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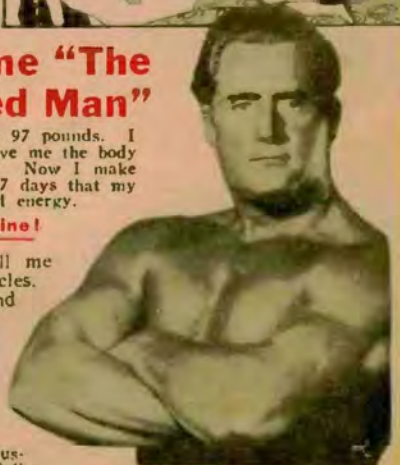
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