

Radio **MIRROR**

OCTOBER



10¢
WEEKLY PUBLICATION



♪
WHEN THE MOON
COMES OVER THE
MOUNTAIN

KATE SMITH

Meet Radio's
Craziest Star

Why the Downeys
Are Lucky In Love

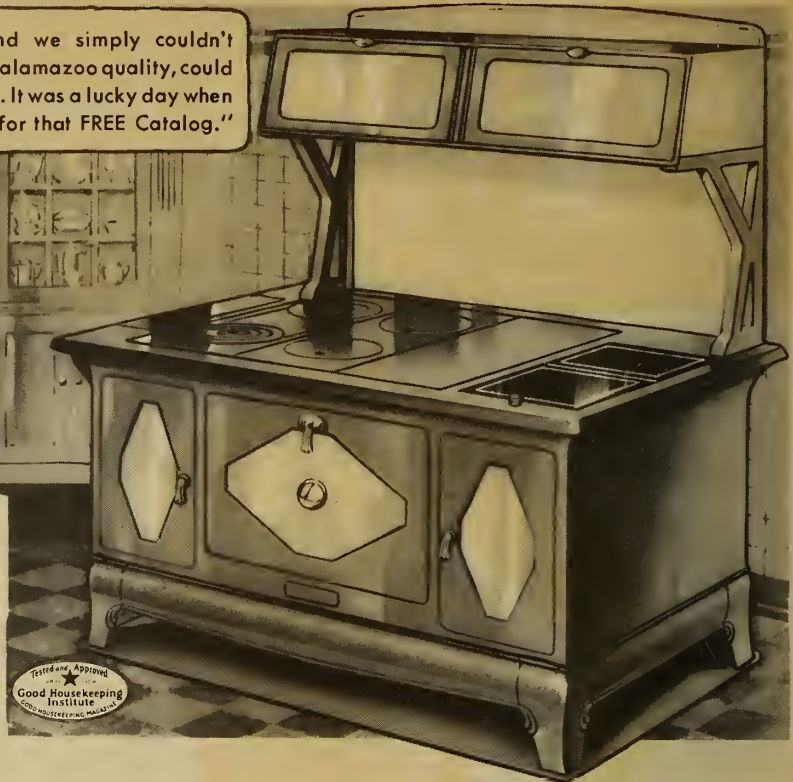
Helen Menken's
Perfect Radio Voice

What is Father Coughlin's Future in Radio?

850,000 Customers have proved the economy of FACTORY PRICES

"We certainly saved a lot of money by buying Direct from the FACTORY!"

"—and we simply couldn't beat Kalamazoo quality, could we?... It was a lucky day when I sent for that FREE Catalog."



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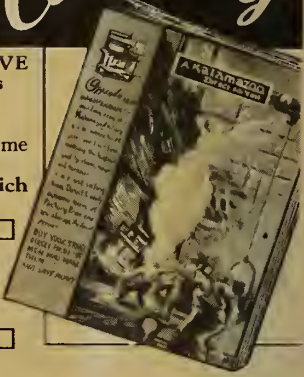
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 - Oil Stoves Heaters
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GIRDLE
FOR TEN DAYS
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SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

■ "I have reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy... "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley... "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian... "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

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WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

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RADIO MIRROR

VOL. 2 NO. 6

OCTOBER • 1934

JULIA SHAWELL • EDITOR

BELLE LANDESMAN • ASSISTANT EDITOR

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL • ART DIRECTOR

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



NEXT MONTH—The boy who rose from small-town obscurity to monarch of waltz time has a story that reads like an adventure novel, but, through it all Wayne King has kept his head and an amazing modesty about his accomplishments. In the November RADIO MIRROR his countless admirers will read for the first time the true facts of his rise to radio fame, a romantic, thrilling success tale.

Gladys Swarthout is one of the more recent additions to the airwaves but already she has won an important and permanent place in broadcasting. This opera singer who turned her talents to the micro-phones has everything: beauty, voice, happiness, a husband she loves and a home she's proud of.



Next month you will read Rose Heylbut's entertaining personality study, all the details of how kind the fates have been in showering gifts on Gladys Swarthout.

For so many years Charles Winger had his spotlight in the theatre world and just when it seemed as though his career was ending, radio opened new doors to this veteran and he became the lovable Cap'n Henry of the Showboat Hour. Don't miss this complete, intimate revealing article on the "Howdy Folks" star.

Romance doesn't end with Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard when they leave the airwaves. Theirs is real love that built itself up before the mikes and has kept the blonde singer by the ork pilot's side, when she could have had Hollywood contracts. Mike Porter tells you all about them in the November RADIO MIRROR.



Cinderello has a new Prince Charming, Dick Powell, whose sensational success in the film world is duplicated on the airwaves. He is

the hero of the new "Hollywood Hotel" hour from California and which looms as one of the most important broadcast programs to be sent out over the Columbia chain. We'll tell you all about "Cinderella's Boyfriend" next month.



That's only the beginning of what November RADIO MIRROR holds for you—an amazing, clever interview with Wolter O'Keefe by Herb Cruikshank, Paul Whiteman's own record of the many stars he has planted in the ether sky, hot news from the Pacific coast, new stories, gorgeous gallery, more homemaking and a dozen other features crowded into the next issue of your RADIO MIRROR. DON'T MISS IT!

Behind the Mikes.....	By Mercury	3
Editorial		4
Let the Public Choose Its Stars		
Gard's Chosen People.....	By Gard	6
As a Caricaturist Sees the Famous		
We Nominate for Stardom.....		7
Cross and Dunn Earn New Laurels		
What Is Father Coughlin's Future in Radio?.....		8
Looking Into the Future of the Fighting Priest		
Hot and Airy.....	By Mercury	10
New Gossip and Hot News in the Radio World		
Broadcasting Finds Its Most Thrilling Female Voice		
By R. H. Rowan		12
Helen Menken Joins the Radio Ranks		
Meet Radio's Craziest Star.....	By Herb Cruikshank	14
Joe Cook Wins the Title		
The Morton Downeys Are Lucky in Love....	By Mike Porter	16
The Love Story of Two Stars		
He Holds the Secrets of Countless Crimes..	By Rhoda Hague	18
The Voice of Experience in His Real Rôle		
The Beautiful Stogee.....	By Peter Dixon	20
Fourth Installment of this Radio Thriller		
Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars.....		23
The Human Side of Edwin C. Hill.....	By Rose Heylbut	28
My Husband's a Perfect Host.....	By Mrs. Jack Denny	30
Jack Denny Takes a Bow		
Nothing Ever Happens to Ramona..	By Mary Watkins Reeves	32
That's What This Star Says		
Fall Fashions for Lillian Roth.....		34
Puck in the Poets' Corner.....	By Robert Eichberg	36
What David Ross Is Really Like		
An Evening with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Green.....		38
On the Pacific Airwaves.....	By Dr. Ralph L. Power	40
We Have with Us.....		44
Around the Clock with All the Programs		
Radio Mirror Homemaking Department... By Sylvia Covney		
In the Stars' Kitchens.....		46
A Columbus Day Dinner.....		48
Dialing the Short Waves.....	By Globe Twister	49
Chicago Breezes.....	By Chase Giles	50
What Do You Want to Know?.....	By the Oracle	52
"Our Public" Broadcasting.....		54
The Radio Personalities' Contest.....		57

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BEHIND the MIKES

By MERCURY

GEORGE BURNS and Gracie Allen are back from their European jaunt and is George happy! "The real reason Gracie and I went abroad," confides George, "was so Gracie could wear the clothes she bought with the money we're going to make by the time we've been back a couple of years!" . . . Parker Fennelly, famous for his "Uncle Abner" characterization, has written a comedy "All In a Night", which is scheduled for early production . . . Don Bestor is now a member of the faculty of the New York School of Music . . . Ruth Robin, vocalist with Charles Barnet's ork, and Leo Robin, the song writer, are brother and sister . . . Elizabeth Lennox, the contralto, isn't superstitious but she never sings unless she wears her "lucky" ring.

Joey Nash, vocalist with Dick Humber's orchestra, tells the story of a Scotchman pinched for parading the streets sans a shred of clothing. The Scot explained to the Judge the next morning that he was on his way to a strip poker game! . . . The Oxol Trio is composed of Dave Grant, Gordon Graham and Bunny Coughlin. They were formerly known on CBS as "The Funnyboners" . . . Fred Waring collects \$10,000 a week for his Ford broadcasts which makes his the highest paid orchestra on the air . . . Don't expect Deane Moore, the CBS tenor, to sing if you invite him to a party. He insists upon doing card tricks.

Perhaps you never heard of it but there is a two-handed card game called klabiasch which is rapidly becoming popular with radio celebs. It is a fast-moving gambling game, so fast, indeed, that none but \$5,000 a week headliners can really afford to play it. . . . Roy Helton, who looks at life Saturday nights for Columbia, explores the Encyclopædia Britannica, when his brain is tired and he craves relaxation. . . . Everett Marshall is taking fencing lessons in preparation for his forthcoming role in "Cyrano de Bergerac".

* * *

BITS ABOUT BROADCASTS

Ben Alley graduated from the Alderson Baptist Academy, West Virginia, into the role of CBS' first sustaining tenor . . . Johnny Green enrolled in Harvard at the age of 15 . . . Eddie East and Ralph Dumke are among the few radio performers who ad lib most of their programs . . . Vincent Lopez' first vaudeville appearance was with

(Continued on page 5)

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system — you feel weak — your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all — you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation — they may form a habit.

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There is a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative — it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

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At any drug store — in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

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Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



★ LET THE PUBLIC CHOOSE ITS STARS ★

RADIO broadcasting will never be a self-sufficient industry while it has to borrow big names from other fields of entertainment, while it has to lure developed talent with ridiculously high remuneration. Looking over the list of air stars on enviable ether spots during the past year it is easy to pick out the amazingly small percentage of those who are real radio personalities. The overwhelming number of the high-priced performers who have been corralled at the zenith of their careers after serving long apprenticeship in vaudeville, stage and screen rôles testifies to the fact that broadcasting is still too dependent on outside sources of entertainment.

Naturally there are a few exceptions. But for every Rudy Vallee who got his recognition on the airwaves there are dozens like Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Ben Bernie, Leo Reisman and Guy Lombardo who were firmly established before radio borrowed their talents. For every Jessica Dragonette whose success has been particularly in the broadcast field there are the Rosa Ponselles, Gladys Swarthouts, Vivienne Segals and others who were big names before radio drafted them. And for one Amos 'n' Andy, there are the innumerable Al Jolsons, Eddie Cantors, Jack Pearls, Georgie Jessels, Jimmy Durantes, and Fred Allens who had made their reputations and could command their own salaries before the air officials ever made use of them. There is, of course, a saturation point in this weak method of building air programs. If the important stations are to continue allowing stage directors and movie producers to popularize entertainers and then pay the top-notch prices they will always be at a disadvantage. Then, too, the permanence of any of these drafted entertainers as radio personalities will always be doubtful.

When you stop to consider that few of the stage and movie personalities are fitted to give their best efforts to the air it is easy to appreciate that radio is paying a tremendously high price for what it gets and then not obtaining full value. For instance, Jimmy Savo, one of the most subtle and talented comedians on the stage, appeared on a Rudy Vallee broadcast recently, and to the listener's way of thinking, flopped utterly at the mike. He is a past-master of pantomime, an art which has no place on the air. And, too, Jimmy Durante is a much better entertainer when you see him than when you listen. Maurice Chevalier was another who received

unwarranted high remuneration for efforts which had only mediocre success as ether entertainment.

It would be much better if the broadcast officials could devise some way of developing their own artists and then being completely independent of the high-priced demands from other fields. In the past five years there have been comparatively few reputations made exclusively on radio efforts. One of the impediments has been the red tape which made it almost impossible for an unknown to get a chance on the airwaves. Unless an artist had a national reputation and was sought after by either sponsors or important agencies it has been next to impossible for a man or woman seeking an audition to receive even ordinary consideration. I know specifically of a number of cases where people with talent have been turned down at the studios because they were unheralded or because they were not recommended by certain interests.

There ought to be some way whereby the chains or the major independent studios would set aside a certain period in each day or week for the best of the newcomers who could be judged by critics and individual listeners and could be advanced or eliminated on the response from the general public. Certain features of this magazine which draw countless letters a month from the readers, emphasize that outside of a few big cities the listeners-in are not unduly impressed by big names, that they are appreciative of real talent and often prefer the lesser-known broadcasters to those whose compensation runs into four figures for a half hour's work.

One of the major difficulties has been in the fact that those of responsible position don't seem to be able to "spot" embryonic talent.

Radio is so dependent on public approval for its success or failure, it is such a simple matter to eliminate any program by a twist of the dials, there ought to be more of an effort made to give the set-owners what they want instead of what a manufacturer thinks the public wants. And there should be less leaning on other established sources of entertainment. No field of endeavor will ever be successful for very long nor will it achieve any permanency until it secured for itself some independence such as the selection and development of artists whose talents are peculiarly suited to radio and whose training is essentially for the microphones.

Julia Shawell

Behind the Mikes

(Continued from page 3)

Pat Rooney and Marion Bent in their act, "Rings of Smoke" . . . Jeanne Lang claims she "squeaked"—not sang—her way into radio . . . Jerry Cooper, Columbia baritone, hates to go to bed and is afraid of electricity.

Harry Horlick's Gypsies often play unpublished numbers on their programs . . . Mary Small, "the little girl with the big voice", doesn't like candy . . . Ben Pollack, the band leader, was a draftsman before entering the realms of music . . . Wilson Myers is the only member of the "Spirits of Rhythm" who can read music . . . Reggie Childs, the orchestra leader, was a boy soloist in the American Cathedral, Paris at the age of seven . . . Tito Coral prefers radio programs to motion picture work.

Ed Lowry, veteran vaudevillian, was bitten by the radio bug while m. c. on a Bing Crosby program last fall . . . Bob Grant, the orchestra leader, is a protegee of Jock Whitney, the sportsman . . . Irene Taylor ran away from home to join an orchestra . . . Frank Novak claims the distinction of being the first to use a xylophone in an orchestra . . . The Three X Sisters, NBC harmony trio, first broadcast from London in 1928 . . . Freddie Rich, CBS musical director, has a superstitious aversion to the selections, "Goodbye, Forever" and "The Rosary".

Roger Wolfe Kahn holds pilot's license No. 104 and has a record of 4,000 hours in the air . . . Frances Langford credits a tonsil operation with the discovery of her voice . . . Lennie Hayton was born in New York City 26 years ago . . . Bob Simmons' first musical offerings were made in a quartet composed of his father, two brothers and himself.

* * *

TELLING IT TERSELY

Arthur Boran, the mimic, reports requests for imitations of Joe Penner top all others he receives . . . Shirley Howard, former sob sister, is writing a series of articles on radio for the Philadelphia *Daily News*, her old paper . . . Leon Belasco has been entertaining Chu Moy, recently arrived from Harbin, China. Moy once saved the life of the bandman when he fled his native Russia, dodging the Bolsheviks . . . Paul Whiteman has established a \$30,000 fund to be used for musical scholarships.

Abe Lyman supported an unemployed musician for months. The other day he called the man's house and his wife answered. "I'm sorry," she said, "he's not home. He just left for a month's vacation in the country!" . . . A group of restaurant operators offered George Givot a goodly sum for the right to use his title "Acropolis No. 7" as the name of a string of eateries . . . Jack Denny is a short wave enthusiast and gets a great kick out of tuning in police calls . . . Five of the musicians in Don Bestor's orchestra are from Pittsburgh.

I GUESS I'M JUST NATURALLY SKINNY-CAN'T GAIN AN OUNCE

I SAID THE SAME THING UNTIL I DISCOVERED KELP-A-MALT



FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY" NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

New, Natural Mineral Concentrate from the Sea—RICH IN FOOD IODINE, Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Run-down Men and Women Everywhere

Here's good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny bellows even on men and women who have been under-weight for years. 5 pounds in 1 week guaranteed—15 to 20 lbs. in few weeks not uncommon. This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches—the weight making elements in your daily diet, include a rich supply of precious FOOD IODINE. Kelp-a-Malt's FOOD IODINE nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation, the process of converting digested food into firm, solid flesh. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more FOOD IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—bow much better you sleep—bow your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distress vanishes. Watch flat chests and skinny limbs fill out and flattering extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-a-Malt today, contains no yeast, does not cause bloating. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week, the trial is free. Kelp-a-Malt comes in jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets and costs but little. It can be had at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

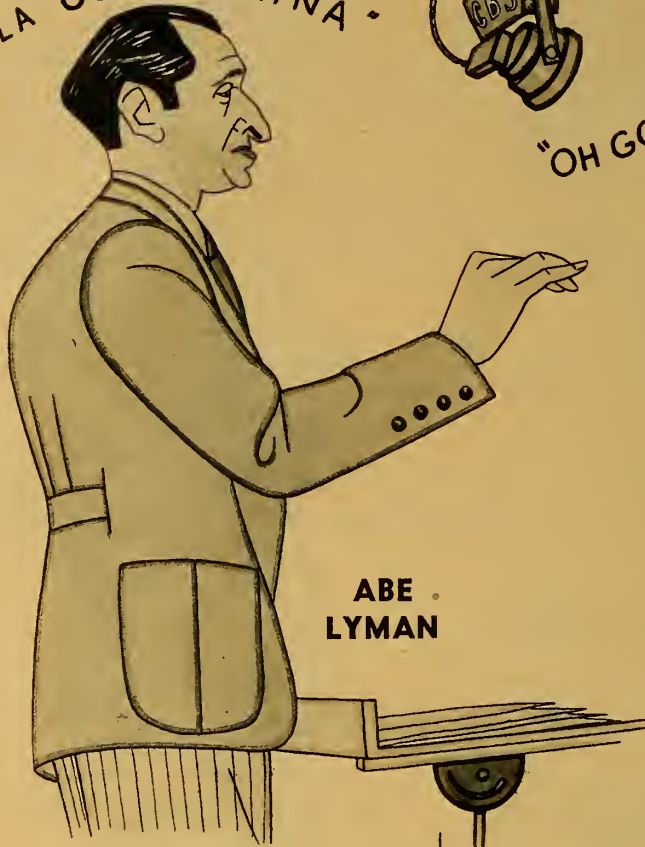
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GARD'S CHOSEN PEOPLE

"LA GOLONDRINA"



ABE
LYMAN

"OH GORDON, DONT DO THAT GORDON"



IRENE
RICH

"THANK YOU FOR A LOVELY
EVENING"



MARY
EASTMAN

"MY TIME IS YOUR TIME"



RUDY
VALEE

★ We nominate for ★
 ★ STARDOM ★

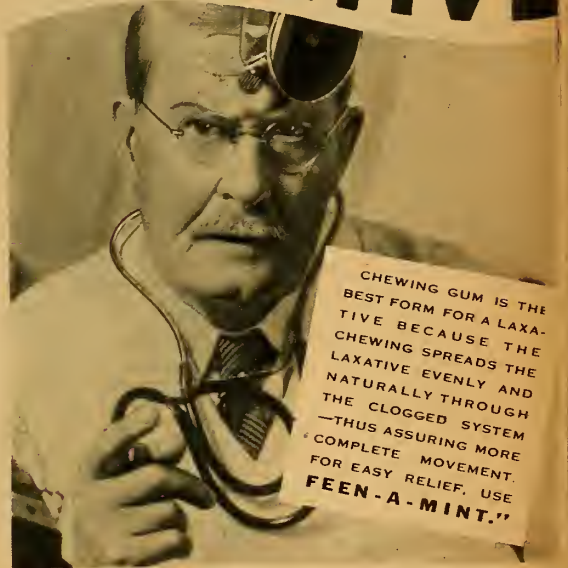


Cross
 and Dunn

Because Allan Cross and Henry Dunn, a team formed only eight months ago, have brought to the airwaves a new and distinctive type of popular singing, because after one appearance on Rudy Vallee's hour, they were brought back eight times in ten weeks, these two ex-newsboys, Cross from Chicago and Dunn from Boston, deserve a regular spot on the radio

for effective
 relief from
 Constipation

**CHEW
 YOUR
 LAXATIVE**



CHEWING GUM IS THE BEST FORM FOR A LAXATIVE BECAUSE THE CHEWING SPREADS THE LAXATIVE EVENLY AND NATURALLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM —THUS ASSURING MORE COMPLETE MOVEMENT. FOR EASY RELIEF, USE FEEN-A-MINT."

Headaches — dizzy spells — sleeplessness — these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too — a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice — chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

MAMA SAYS IT'S
 MEDICINE, BUT IT'S
 JUST LIKE THE NICEST
 CHEWING GUM
 I EVER TASTED.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

What is

FATHER



DO you want Father Coughlin back on the radio?

Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the Detroit priest with his messages to millions has by his own recent declaration, dissociated himself "entirely pertaining to radio, publicity and politics during the summer months." His radio career was made possible by the voluntary contributions of thousands of his listeners and his plans are to take up his microphone work again in the fall. To what purpose?

What is Father Coughlin's future in broadcasting? Until he went off the air a few months ago he was radio's crusader, so fearless and definite in his statements and demands that interests he opposed used their full powers to stifle his voice. What will they do to him now?

When Father Coughlin returns to the network he built up out of individual stations whose time he engaged after the big chains were closed to him, what will he have to say? And how far will he be allowed to go in his fight to give the working man whose cause he espouses a break?

It is definitely known that his enemies—the interests he defied—are set in their efforts to curb him and his future campaigns. And he is just as determined to continue his activities toward what he calls a working justice for the



•Michigan's fighting priest, Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, who became radio's outstanding crusader through his series of startling sermons. In the upper left is Father Coughlin typing one of the arresting radio talks for which he became

COUGHLIN'S

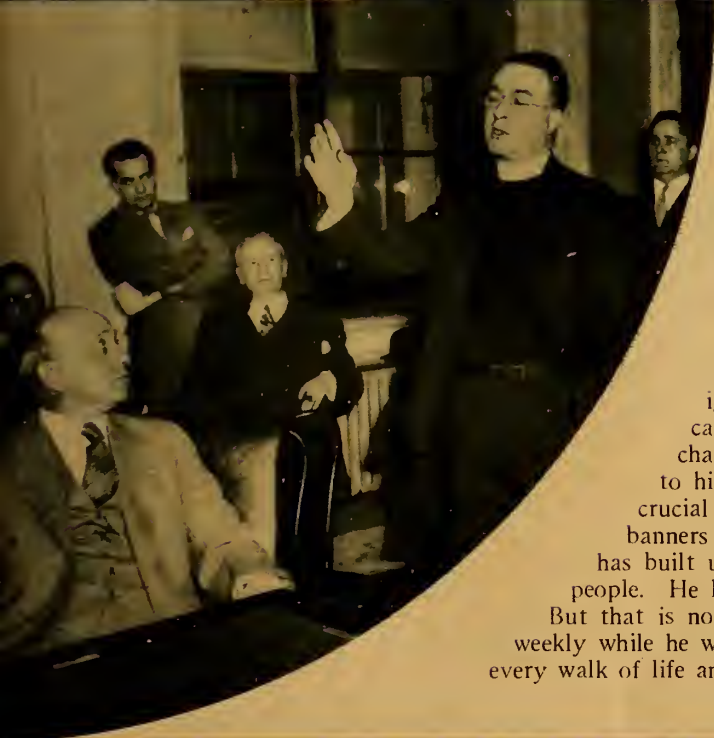
Future in Radio?



mass of people whose cause he has said he represented. Will Father Coughlin, a lone figure standing against a gigantic force of power and money be able to combat this force in his ether battle? He says his is a battle for as long as he lives, against privileged interests that hazard the right of the "common people" whose rights he has seen fit to champion. He is regarded as one of Wall Street's most powerful enemies. He is considered a nuisance by bankers whose deeds he has so often challenged, and certain moneyed representatives have determined to silence the weekly Coughlin messages.

The two big chains because of their policies have been denied this middle-west priest. Will the chain of individual stations he connected in a business arrangement deem it expedient some time in the future to have the period sought by him otherwise engaged?

How far can Father Coughlin go in the daring way he has chosen for himself? New issues like those he espoused or denounced in the past few years will come up to meet his unequivocal judgment and opinion. Will the radio lanes which are supposed to be unbiased and available to all who seek them be closed to his pertinent and startling talks? He has battled even within his own religious group to maintain his stand on political and economic questions. He has even defied the President, whose ardent supporter he has been, when his own and the Administration's theories conflicted. He is obviously without the fear that curbs most men's speech. He is just as obviously well-informed on those matters he defends, and whether anyone agrees with him or not, he cannot be accused of blind prejudice nor ignorant superstition. He has carried his convictions into the camps of his enemies and has routed them. He has withstood challenges in high places and whether he converted his opposers to his way of seeing things or not he has already held up under crucial examination and has come out of every encounter with his banners high. One doesn't have to agree with him to admit that he has built up a far-reaching influence with all classes and all creeds of people. He has been accused of playing on the emotions of the morons. But that is not true. Letters, some of the hundred thousands he received weekly while he was on the air are proof that his loyal supporters come from every walk of life and that he can count on the ardent (Continued on page 77)



famous; below, the priest with Andrew Somers, chairman of the House Coinage Committee, before which he testified; upper right, in a characteristic pose; below, Father Coughlin explains his views on silver legislation to interested Congressmen.

WHAT does a radio artist do when he isn't broadcasting?

Well, you'd be surprised how many have outside interests and enterprises. And some of them are proving able business men, succeeding in commerce as well as art. There's Bing Crosby, for instance. Bing owns a walnut ranch, is silent partner in a music publishing house, is interested in an oil well and is promoting the career of a Pacific coast prize fighter. With his brother, Everett, who serves as Bing's personal manager, he may soon blossom forth in the artists' agency business.

Then take Joe Cook, the zany. Joe operates a factory where he makes those crazy contraptions used in his stage productions and the gadgets which make life interesting for visitors to his "Sleepless Hollow" estate at Lake Hopatcong, N. J. The foundry produces all sorts of trick devices for inventors and people interested in such things.

Frank Black, general musical director of NBC, owns a motion picture company specializing in movie shorts. Morton Downey has money invested in a Brooklyn glass factory. Frank Crumit is partner in a brokerage office. Albert Spalding teaches violin at the Juilliard School in New York City. Eddie Peabody has a big orange grove in California. Frank Luther, of The Men About Town, writes, directs and produces radio programs, and Will Donaldson, arranger for the trio, conducts a chicken farm in Connecticut.

Like Bing Crosby, Gene and Glenn are silent partners in a song publishing house and also manage a prize fighter. And Robert Simmons, the tenor, breeds polo ponies and wired-haired terriers at his country estate at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

Did you know that some musicians in radio orchestras make more money than

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Many orchestras are composed practically of the same body of men who rush from studio to studio to perform under different conductors. (That explains why so many bands sound the same.) The tragedy of this situation is that the chosen few collect tremendous wages while thousands of their less fortunate fellow unionists (and just as able musicians) are starving in New York.

Network executives are seeking to overcome this evil and eventually, perhaps, union officials themselves will find a way to put an end to studio cliques. In the meantime Lennie Hayton won the gratitude of the unemployed by refusing to hire a man playing in any other radio orchestra.

* * *

Singers who suffer nervousness have discovered that a cup of tea sipped just before going on the air is a great help. The tannic acid acts on the muscles in the throat causing them to contract. Dramatic players, too, have learned that tea has other properties besides being refresh-



● Eddie Cantor's daughter-secretary, Marjorie, gets an earful as the comedian pays another batch of bills due

HOT
and
AIRY

Mercury brings you all the hot news and new gossip of your favorites in the big radio studios

Be
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Gi
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Dick Powell's
Radio contract
is for two
long years

Bailey

swell new
program

New
STUFF

RED
HOT

MGM
won't let
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new
stuff for
Mark

How's
that see
Gal?

bring's
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Johnny Davis, who sings with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, is what is known as a "scat singer". But perhaps you don't know what a "scat singer" is. Here's Waring's definition: "A fellow who knows all the words but can't pronounce them". Apparently, there are scads of "scat singers" on the radio.

* * *

STUDIO SIDELIGHTS

Harry Richman expresses his individuality by wearing loud and flashy clothes and jewelry everywhere but on his toes. And when it comes to cussing! No truck driver, no

BY MERCURY

matter how abusive or what the provocation, can equal his vocabulary . . . And by the way, Harry says he will never marry again until he completes payment on a million dollar annuity . . . Vivienne Segal has a unique way of soothing her nerves before a broadcast. She turns on her heel, knocks on wood and swears—*sotto voce*, of course, and employing cuss words not offensive to the Holy Name Society . . . Clyde Doerr is now musical director of the NBC in San Francisco studios. Doerr is the man who helped popularize the saxophone on both the air and in the theatre but don't hold that up against him.

"Fats" Waller, songwriter, singer, instrumentalist and m. c., wrote the songs for a musical backed by Arnold Rothstein, mysteriously slain New York gambler. It was "Keep Shuffling", the Negro show produced eight years ago . . . Eddie Peabody, the banjo virtuoso, is raising two adopted boys . . . Eddie, incidentally, is an adopted brave of the Sioux tribe. His Indian name is Wichasha Tankala, the English equivalent of which is Little Big Man—or so says the official interpreter at NBC . . . Once a clothes designer through necessity, Ruth Etting still makes her own clothes—but now because she likes to.

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* * *

Alexander Woollcott, devoted booster of the vitriolic Dorothy Parker (wonder if her elopement with Alan Campbell, the young actor, will make any difference in the ardor of his adoration?), returns to the air lanes this autumn, this time under sponsorship. The literator will make his wise and witty comments as The Town Crier to promote the sales of a breakfast food. Woollcott doesn't fancy prostituting his art to commercialism but Columbia doesn't share that dislike. The network spent months and considerable money on Woolcott's (Continued on page 67)

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HOT and AIRY



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Dick Powell's Radio contract is for two long years
 MGM won't let Clark Gable take that big air contract
 New STAFF
 well new program
 new staff
 How that see gel?

BY MERCURY

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Broadcasting MOST THRILLING

B Y R. H.

R O W A N

FOR years now radio broadcast officials have been prejudiced against female speaking voices on the airwaves. They've had to accept them of course, in stock parts as dramatic actresses where a heroine was absolutely necessary and of late months have even introduced feminine vocal effects in the commercial announcements—where sponsors or advertising agencies demanded it.

But, the idea of a woman announcer on a regular program has been held up in horror. Female voices, when not singing are to these set minds an abomination—they wouldn't hear of it. Occasionally some studio voice like that of Rosaline Greene on "Showboat Hour" or Elsie Hitz on any program has been received as an exception. So that when along comes somebody like Helen Menken and awarded the general commendation of engineers, executives, critics, the public and the like, it's worthy of unusual consideration.

The ether waves, it seems, don't take kindly to feminine voices. High notes turn sour on the air and a conventionally-pitched ingenue is just excess baggage on any hour, to the engineers' way of thinking. Helen Menken, vocally, and to her radio public is neither saccharine, soprano nor conventional. She has what is known to stage producers as a "cigarette contralto". There's an engaging huskiness to her vocal efforts and besides this, she's one of the legitimate's three most important actresses, Helen Hayes and Katherine Cornell being in a class with her. So that it was not as surprising as it may seem when last spring she was engaged for one dramatic broadcast on the E-Lax hour, made such a sensational success, she was retained for the rest of the series at double her salary and since then has been in demand from half a dozen sources for a dramatic series on the air this winter. With this brilliant stage star it's a matter of choosing her next spot on the ether waves, a position in which few radio aspirants find themselves.

William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting Company says Miss Menken has the most nearly perfect feminine voice he has ever heard broadcast. Variety, the standby of the theatrical world also gave her the prestige



● Helen Menken as she appeared in her broadcast series for Ex-Lax, at the same time she was playing in "Mary of Scotland" for The Guild

of being the ace feminine broadcaster. From every part of the country, critical comments have all been unanimous in laying laurels at the feet of this red-headed stage star.

Regardless of her vocal requisites, the perfect pitch of her voice, the contralto notes of the versatility of her efforts, it would be impossible for Helen Menken to be the sensation she has been of she were less the brilliant actress she is. She has stage offers galore for next season as the result of her interpretation of Queen Elizabeth in the Theater Guild's "Mary of Scotland". She has spent the latter summer in Hollywood taking tests for the stellar role in "Good Earth" and turning down half a dozen other screen offers. For with all her footlights background her heart and ambitions are centered around the microphone. She confesses quite frankly she would desert

both stage and screen for the radio. She has schemes, half a dozen of them, for the future development of drama in radio and she feels that this is a new industry ripely waiting for the talents of such women as she. Of course, she's right.

Miss Menken's great stage success was "7th Heaven", a role she distinguished so that the pattern she set was faithfully followed by the movies and landed Janet Gaynor in cinema stardom. As though to prove she was not a one-role actress she followed that sensational success with the lead in "The Captive," a part far removed from her own personality as to stamp her brilliance for characterization so distinctly it was not difficult to imagine her in a later role she also distinguished, that of the stellar feminine part in "Congai".

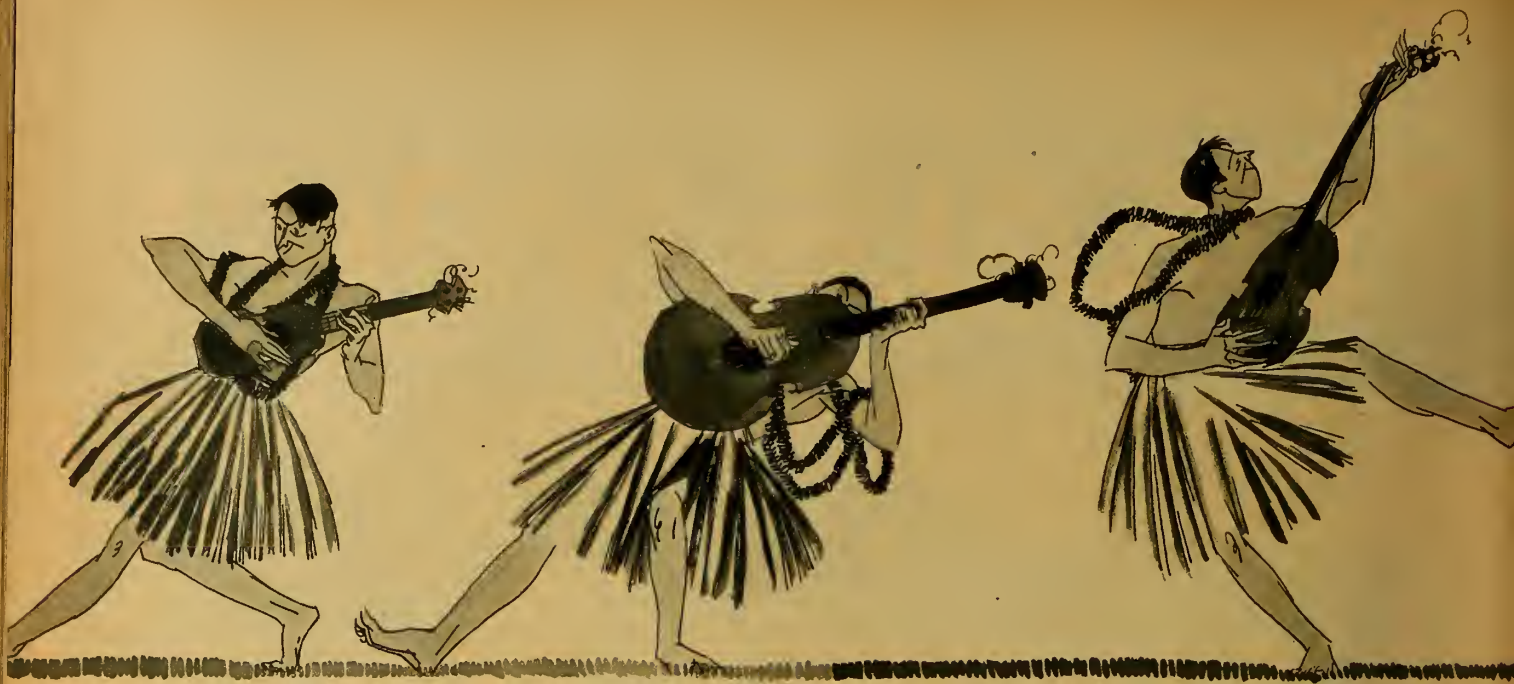
Helen Menken started her career on the stage. She could follow it with years of successful screen work. But she essentially belongs to radio. She has the capability of making vivid and living characters out of stage lines. To her, the voice is a pliable, malleable vehicle. She feels every line she utters. She can make music out of words, a dramatic symphony of a monologue and an impressive human being out of a part, as her series on the E-Lax hour demonstrated. As a violinist makes life, poignant and beautiful out of notes and a musical director melds instrumental efforts into a perfect ensemble of sounds so (Continued on page 79)

● Helen Menken, popular stage star with the

Finds Its
FEMALE VOICE



perfect air voice, has been corralled for radio drama



Meet Radio's CRAZIEST STAR

STEP right up! Don't crowd! Don't push! There's room for everyone! Come one, come all! And witness with your own eyes the wonders worked by the Great Doctor Dunham's one and only magic elixir! It's nature's own boon to man and beast! Good for hives, fallen arches, chill blains, rheumatiz', granulated eyelids, colds, coughs, fevers, lumbago, barbers' itch, hang-nails, falling hair, dandruff, sprained muscles, broken bones, tooth-ache, head-ache, stomach-ache, and every disease yet discovered by the erudite disciples of Hippocrates!

"That's right, little girl, come right up front with your sister! What? She's your Grandma? Well, well, well, folks, that just goes to show you! The little lady here is actually a Grandma, but she still retains that school-girl charm through the Great Doctor's elixir. And now while the Big Chief passes among you with bottles of the life-giving liquid, for which, you will notice, I am asking, not \$20, not \$10, not \$5, but the lowly, inconsiderable, inconsequential, ignominious and utterly picayune sum of \$1, four quarters, ten dimes, or twenty cheap buffalo nickels. I want you to meet Jo-Jo, the Strong Man!

"A puny boy, friends, elevated, elated, expanded into a perfect physical specimen of virile, vital, vibrant masculinity by and because of the Great Doctor Dunham's one and only inimitable elixir! Watch him juggle the weights, twist iron bars, bite nails, shatter granite rocks with his bare hands! And bear in mind, folks, that this Samson was once a weakling, and would have been yet but for the discovery of this marvel of the ages! What it's done for him, it'll do for you! Now, who wants the first bottle?"

Just about here was where Joe Cook came in.

For Joe, of all people, was the strong man of good, old Doctor Dunham's medicine show, helping the Doc to cause the yokels jaws to drop, and to extract sweaty dollars from the hay-seed lined pockets of the horny-handed sons of . . . toil. It's been a long leap from the tail of the medicine wagon and the kerosene flare to the spot-light of the stage, the Kleigs, the cameras and the microphones. But as they say back in Indiana, one of our boys made good. And that means Joe Cook.

Joe was different from the very beginning. To start with, his name wasn't Cook at all, but Joseph Lopez, the son of an Irish colleen and a Spanish don. And although his boyhood memories are full of recollections of Evansville, Indiana, he was really born in Chicago, Illinois. This is the way it happened. And this is how tragedy started little Joe Lopez on the road toward stardom as a comedian.

His father, the Spanish senor Lopez, was an artist of sorts, and after an impetuous Latin wooing, he won as wife the daughter of an Irish family in Pierceton, Indiana. There must have been something of the Romany tribe in the Spaniard's blood, for the couple wandered away from the home fold to Michigan, where the don set up a studio. But art is long and time is fleeting. The rent came due with dreadful regularity, and the landlord was a man of no artistic conceptions. Thus it occurred that the Lopez tents were again folded, and the lovers tramped through the country, stopping at Evansville, going on to Chicago. And there Joseph Lopez made his mundane debut.

Truth to tell, he doesn't remember much about his



● Here's irresponsible Joe Cook singing away the leisure hours at Sleepless Hallaw, his house of mad jokes where his guests expect anything—and always get it!

parents. Just the soot-fringed, laughing eyes of his mother, soon closed in death and heart-break when Joe's father was drowned three years after his baby's birth. A family by the name of Cook adopted the boy, and with them he returned to Evansville. There isn't much he tells about those early years. Perhaps they were happy ones for the little orphan. Perhaps there were times when he cried himself to sleep, lonely and uncomforted. In any event, before he reached his 'teens he hit the trail to help Doctor Dunham sell quinine, physic and alcohol as an Elixir of Life, receiving for his labors the princely stipend of three bucks every week. Well, practically every week.

In such a school Joe Cook, now, learned some of the essentials of showmanship. And as he heard the spooky whistles of the locomotives as they sped through the tank towns where the Doctor's torches flared, he made up his mind to take a chance on a great adventure. Chances are,

professional Amateur Night performer, touring the town and its suburbs to play his pranks wherever that raucous, merciless cry, "Get the Hook!" echoed from the throats of those yelling for the blood of some hapless trouper. In between times he wasn't averse to busking in the streets for what throw-money might be tossed his way by the lush and flush among the passers-by.

Now he was a New Yorker by adoption, and pitched his tent in a railroad apartment up around Amsterdam Avenue and 135th Street. It was New York, too, that gave him his first break, and when he was fifteen, the lad was a full-fledged thespian appearing in the big theatres of the Keith circuit. This went on for a dozen years, and then Joe really arrived on Broadway in the first edition of Earl Carroll's "Vanities". The show was staged in 1923, so, by actual count, Cook, still a comparative youngster, has been over a quarter-century in show business. (Continued on page 71)



● Joe Cook made four Hawaiians his comedy trademark and laughed his successful way through thousands of gags

that neither then nor now had Joe ever heard of that couplet:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small.
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

But that was his idea, and with what was left of those few three dollars, he tackled the big town, New York.

Joe knew stunts. He had fair proficiency as a juggler, and there were tricks of the medicine show trade that amused the Gotham yokels as they did those in the sticks. So Joe played the strangest circuit in all the theatre world. He became a professional

Barbara Bennett Downey who plans a family of twelve; below Sean, twenty-one-months-old younger son of the Downeys

EVERY time I hear the quotation, or even the song, "Lucky in Love," I am reminded of the Morton Downeys. Domestic lives of radio artists in general are notably lucky and happy, but the dashing Downeys, I believe, head the list because of unusual circumstances. Like several other famous couples, not unknown to radio, they are on a perennial honeymoon, but unlike them, one member of the marital team has made a choice between domestication and fame, and has preferred the former. Barbara Bennett lives happily under the motto: "One artist and twelve children constitute happiness insurance." So Barbara has given up artistry for the grocery and the cookstove, and has contributed already one of the dozen youngsters which the Downeys have visualized for themselves, and if that is not unusual, sue me. Their older son, Michael, who was four years old Au-



The **MORTON**

By **MIKE
PORTER**

are

His wife is the only woman Morton Downey ever loved; to his right, ~~is~~ their four-year-old adopted son



gust 3rd was adopted before their own baby's birth. Because their romance and their life together is so idyllic and unusual, I have been asked to make known the facts of the Downeys' romance, their ambitions, and their extraordinary domestication. It is a pleasant task, but difficult, because, having known Morton Downey for a long time as a sort of hard-boiled chap, I feel rather helpless when I am faced with the job of endowing him with the attributes of a Romeo. Yet, Romeo he is—a blushing one, yet unashamed. In addition, both Morton and Barbara, the tame daughter of the Bennetts, tell their own stories so well, it would be better perhaps if I put them both into quotes about it all.

As a prelude to that, however, Morton Downey's real name should be told. It is Downey, sure (Continued on page 66)

DOWNEYS

Lucky in Love

He holds the secrets

SUPPOSE you were the mother of three children—and loved your husband!

Suppose the husband had no work, could not pay the rent, nor provide funds needed desperately for the medical care of two of the children, ill from undernourishment, and the world looked black indeed; the city charity fund exhausted, and no friends any better off than yourself.

A kind man in the apartment, who happens to be good-looking surreptitiously gives money to the child who isn't sick, stops in eventually for a friendly visit and falls in love with you—and proposes a plan whereby you might have not only the necessities of life but some luxury. Suppose that plan were simply this: That you share this man's apartment one night a week and allow him to enjoy your companionship. In other words you are asked to become a loan-wife. What would you do?

Or, if you are a man, and in your life there was a secret that keeps you awake nights; let us say that in the past you have taken the life of a fellowman and that nobody knows about it. Do you think there is a way to get it off your mind, to escape the conscience that keeps troubling you?

What would you advise a young man to do, who had become associated with criminals, and wanted to pull out on the gang—an act that might cost him his life?

Advising people with such difficult problems on their hands is a task. It requires a vast amount of concentration, the ethics of a Father Confessor, the diplomacy of a statesman, and the fearlessness and resourcefulness of a crusader. That, I have just realized after a talk with Dr. M. Sayle Taylor. You probably are not acquainted with Dr. Taylor, or at least you don't think you know him, yet he is the radio artist whose daily mail bulges with such problems as I have mentioned and thousands more, some of them even more sinister. Dr. Taylor is the Father Confessor of the Air. They call him The Voice of Experience.

I paid a visit to him, not to speak of the problems that he is called upon to solve, but to learn, if possible, what strange psychology lies behind letters sent to him. Why should the woman whom the man wanted for a loan-wife, for instance, frankly confess the incident and her poverty to an anonymous radio speaker? What prompts murderers to talk freely of their crimes to him both by mail and face to face, when even their closest relatives know nothing of their sins? Why should even a minister of the gospel, as one has done, confide to the Voice his story of a Jekyll-Hyde life, infidelities, profligacy, etc?

Dr. Taylor has a ready reply to those questions, all the more eloquent because of its simplicity. The anonymity of the Voice of Experience invites confidences. And distressed or desperate people who write, he says, are

temporarily unbalanced. Circumstances make them so.

"No normal being," he says, "would confess to a crime over a signature, to an unknown personality. Most of the problems I have placed before me do not come from normal people. They may be normal to all outward intents and purposes; their friends and neighbors consider them so, but normality is a relative term and because all of us are victims largely of powerful inner emotions, the transition from normal to the abnormal is very easily and very quickly bridged in almost any of us."

This seemed a satisfying answer, and the Voice turned to the subject of the problems themselves. He keeps case histories of all his "patients". And in these one can find some astonishing human documents.

But before going into them, perhaps it is better to have a scientific prelude from a disinterested party. It was not that I could not believe the simple explanation of the "confession" psychology as given by Dr. Taylor. I wanted it from some authority, for the sake of comparison. And I got it from Dr. Joseph Jastrow, former head of the De-

BY RHODA HAGUE

Illustration by Dan Sayre Groesbeck

● Murderers tell their crimes and women their secret sins to The Voice of Experience

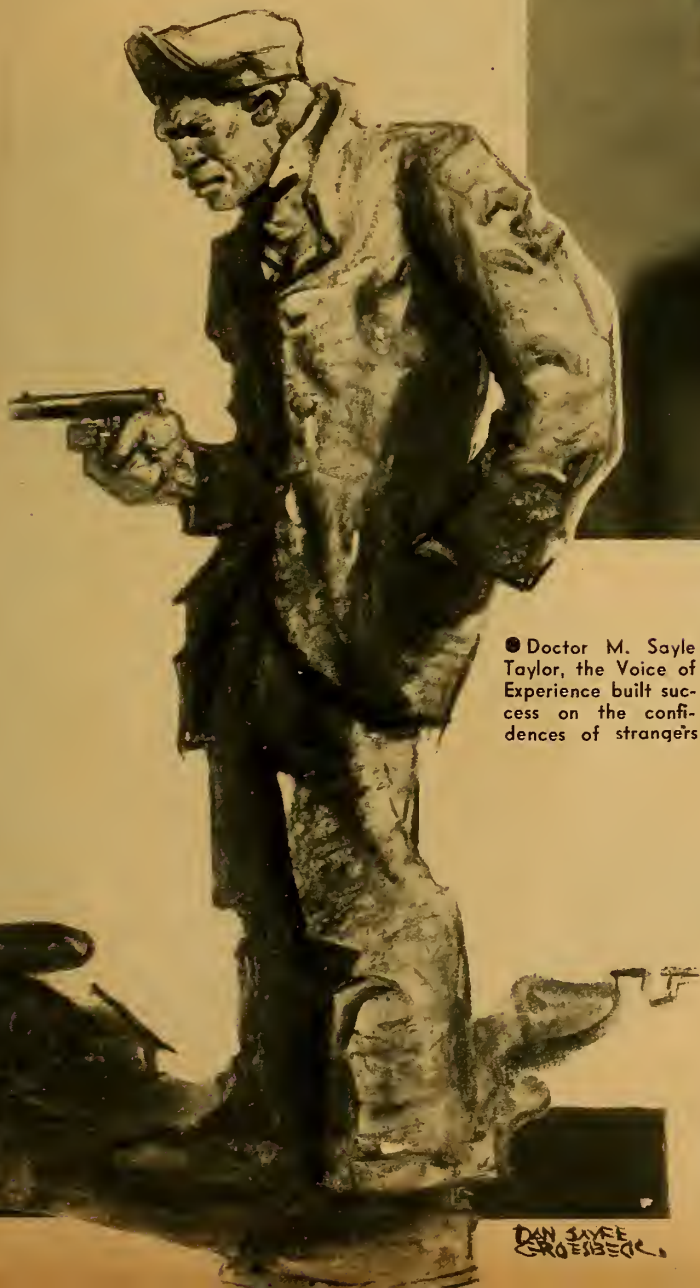


of Countless Crimes

partment of Psychology at the University of Wisconsin, lecturer and writer. He placed first and foremost the universal craving for expression, as the motive back of most of the millions of cases.

"Most persons," he said, "regard their personal problems as their major concern. This affords them an opportunity of putting into words their worries, predicaments, their peculiar slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. The Confessional, established centuries ago by the Church, met such a human need. Aristotle called this human trait of confession 'Catharsis'. Today, we fall into the vernacular and call it 'getting it out of the system.' The new Oxford Movement makes public confession one of its most important tenets."

Dr. Jastrow also spoke of the fact that the radio speaker, such as the Voice of



● Doctor M. Sayle Taylor, the Voice of Experience built success on the confidences of strangers

Experience, addresses a tremendous audience, in which many individuals are reached who are not accessible to other approaches. Radio makes it easier for them than any other medium, to submit questions. As the airplane has made the public air-minded so fan mail has made the public question-minded. Answers to questions are not expected without full details, so the confessions usually accompany the questions.


Since the Voice of Experience, with other oracles and confidantes doing similar radio work, has proved to these listeners his competence in advising on problems similar to theirs, they naturally turn to him. His very anonymity makes it easier, for a sense of shame, or timidity, or fear often seals the lips before friend and acquaintance alike; nor does this confidential unburdening lead to further contacts which may be embarrassing, or commitments that may be unwelcome. In other words, it is natural, and in accord with the instincts of human nature, for many people to turn to such a radio advisor and confide their deepest and darkest secrets to him.

It will be seen that the (Continued on page 56)

DAN JAYNE
CROSBY

The Beautiful

PART FOUR



● "Yesh," he said.
"Sounds like in love with
me. Socks me in the
face and walks out on
the act."

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

BY PETER DIXON

Stooge

Continuing the adventures and romances of Toby Malone, vaudeville ham who becomes a popular radio comic with the aid of beautiful red-headed Margy Wayne, a waitress turned stooge, and a gag-writing college professor. Success brings the first rift, Margy walks out and Toby is faced with a disrupted program



● Margy was sorry she had slapped him but she wasn't sorry she had left Toby and the act



“**W**HAT’S that, Prof?” Toby asked, looking at Professor Gus.

“I merely said suppose Margy doesn’t cease to be annoyed. Suppose she decides she’d rather play with the Studio Guild than play with you in the audition?”

Toby laughed. The idea was downright silly.

“Listen,” he said. “She won’t do anything like that. Why—this is my big chance. Her big chance, too. She’ll be stooging for Toby Malone and believe you me, Professor, Toby Malone is going to be big stuff on these here air waves!”

It was too bad that Margy had forgotten a package and came back to the studio at that particular moment. If Toby had had a few hours to think things over he might not have said what he did. But Margy came back, not quite so angry and quite willing to tell Toby that she wasn’t through and that she’d still work with him and find time for her more serious efforts with the Studio Guild.

Margy even smiled a little as she re-entered the studio. Toby’s face brightened. Here was Margy and everything would be settled right away.

“Listen babe,” he said. “You’ll have to pass up that highbrow dramatic show Thursday night.”

The professor almost reached for Toby’s throat. Margy’s smile vanished. The studio, air cooled, became frigid.

“Say that again, please, Mr. Malone.”

Toby’s bright look vanished when the girl spoke. Now what was wrong with the dame?

“Why—why—” Toby stammered for the first time in his life. He didn’t know what to say but he knew he had to say something and it had to be the right thing.

“Why darling,” he continued, forcing a grin, “it’s this way. I get my big . . . I mean we get our big . . . break Thursday night. We’re going to audition for National Cigars. Listen, you can’t let some dopey dramatic program interfere with that audition. It’s what we’ve been working for



The Beautiful

PART FOUR



● "Yesh," he said. "Sounds like in love with me. Socks me in the face and walks out on the oct."

Illustrations by Carl Pfeufer

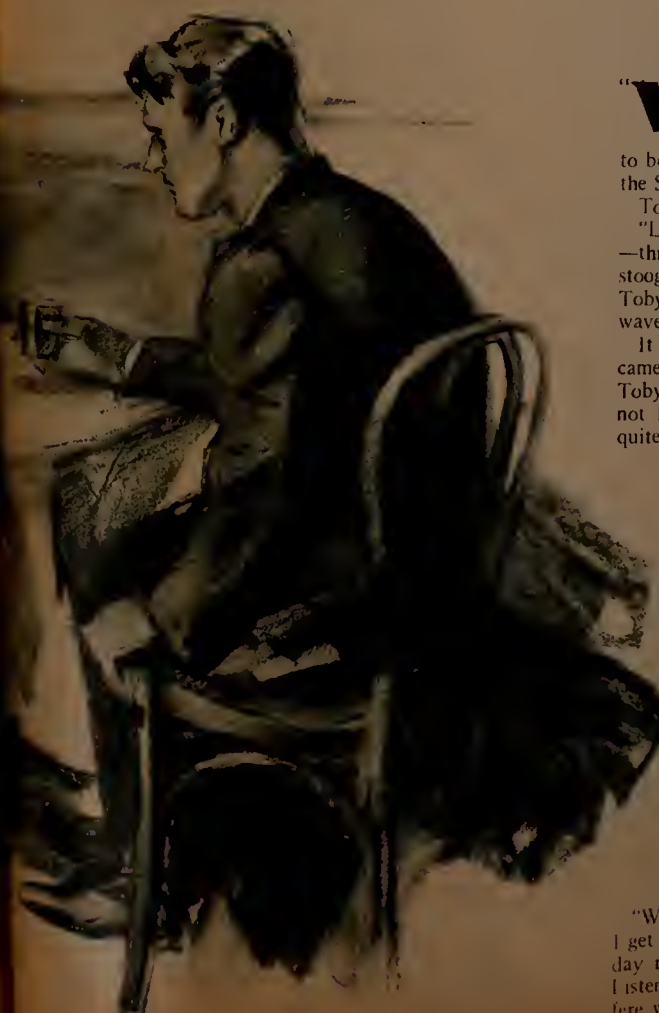
BY PETER DIXON

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● "If it's about helping you in your audition, there's no use talking" she said. Then, not unkindly, "I think you'd better go, Toby. You've been drinking!"

all these weeks.

Margy looked straight at him. Toby had seen angry women before but never one quite as angry as Margy was at that moment.

"The answer" Margy said coldly, quietly, "is 'no'. At least as far as I am concerned."

Toby got a little mad himself. The professor paced up and down helplessly. He knew he was needed but he didn't know what to do about it.

"Listen sugar," Toby said and sugar meant nothing as he said it. "Listen. I gave you your break in radio, didn't I? I got you in this studio. You'd never even had a smell at that other show if it hadn't been for me. Now, when it's too late for me to break in another stooge, when the client has a dizzy idea that maybe we're a team and that you're important to the act, now when every minute counts in getting ready for that audition, you walk out on me!

Margy was silent.

"There are a lot of names for that sort of thing on Broadway" Toby went on. "Welcher is just a polite one. You're welching. Falling down on the job. Out and out quitting. God, how I hate a quitter!"

At that moment Margy reached out and slapped Toby as hard as she could. Then with a choked cry, she ran from the studio and down the corridor. Tears blinded her so she bumped into three people.

Back in the studio Toby stared at a microphone without even seeing it. Then he looked around for the professor. Professor Gus looked at him, started to speak and then turned away. Toby's face was still red where Margy's firm hand had hit it.

"Prof," said Toby finally. "Will you kindly take me out on Fifth Avenue and kick me from here to Forty-second street."

The professor considered the idea and then rejected it with a slow shake of his head.

"Take more than that to atone for your particular damn foolishness, Toby. My friend, you not only said the wrong thing but you developed the theme into an oration. Never tell a woman she's wrong and never tell a red-head she's a quitter!"

Toby nodded glumly. Then he tugged nervously at his already mussed hair.

"Because I don't know when to keep my trap shut, I lose the best stooge a comedian ever had!

"She was good," the professor said.

"Good?" Toby looked at him sharply. "Good? Why that girl was half the act. Maybe more than half the act. Listen, Prof, I'm through kidding myself. I read the fan mail. I read what the critics said. That girl is great! And now she's going to be a lousy high brow actress and will be playing 'Camille' for twenty-five bucks less ten per cent to the artists' bureau."

Professor Gus looked curiously at Toby. It was the first time he'd ever heard the dapper comic admit that anyone approached the greatness of Toby Malone. Something had happened to the funny man. The professor wished it had happened sooner.

"Well, what do we do now?" the professor asked. "Do you think Margy would listen to reason a little later?"

Toby shook his head.

"Not a chance. She's got plenty of pride, that kid. She's a thoroughbred. She said she was through and she meant it. Doggone her, I don't blame her. Oh, what a sap I am?"

"Listen Toby. No use bothering about that now. There's still the audition. Today's Tuesday. Audition is Thursday night. We've got tomorrow and almost all day Thursday to work in. (Continued on page 63)

★ Radio Mirror's Gallery of Stars ★



PEGGY AND KAY MARSHALL

These two pretty Southern warblers with their young brother, Jack, form the Three Marshalls, singing radio trio on the Columbia chain. They were formerly a singing and dancing act on the RKO Circuit, hailing from Birmingham, but more recently have been appearing over the air.

Portrait by Joseph Meleyn McElliott

This talented and attractive young actress who's heard weekly as the talking Mary Lou of the "Showboat" Program is rapidly becoming one of the most important stock players on the air

ROSALINE GREENE

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

FRANCES *L*ANGFORD

When the striking young Frances Langford deserted Florida studios, encouraged by Rudy Vallee, she found New York ready to welcome her and make several important places for her on the radio

● D A V I D P E R C Y

This interesting artist is David Percy, popular baritone of the air, who is heard on the Manhattan Merry-Go-Round program over the WEAJ chain. Mr. Percy is another recruit from the footlights.

Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson





Portrait by Ray Lee Jackson

● GLADYS SWARTHOUT

Although this is Gladys Swarthout's first season as a regular radio star, the well-known operatic prima donna of the Palmolive Hour is one of the most important musical heroines in the broadcast studios.

The Human Side of EDWIN C. HILL

WHAT does "glamor" mean to YOU? If you were asked to name the most glamorous experience that could possibly happen to you, what would you choose? Would you decide in terms of money and what you could buy? Or adventure and thrilling things to do? Would it be romance? Or fame? Or celebrated people as your friends? Edwin C. Hill, whose colorful comments on "The Human Side of The News" reach you every week over WABC, has ideas of his own about glamor.

Certainly, he's a good man to have such ideas. His life has touched pretty much all the high points that you or I could add up to total that thrilling term, "glamor". His earnings are nothing to be sneezed at. He has been all over the world, seen everything worth seeing, and done everything worth doing. He has romance, fame, and his business brings him into contact with the greatest of the great. Yet to him, strangely enough, "glamor" means none of these things! It means *the satisfaction of knowing that the job to which he has given the best in him, is well done!*

That's something worth thinking over. It may possibly be one explanation why Edwin C. Hill stands where he does today. Anyway; it's a very human sort of choice . . . there isn't one of us who can't know that kind of glamor, no matter what our particular job may be.

I asked Mr. Hill to outline the three events of his colorful career which he considers the most glamorous. His answers may surprise you. They did not touch on his friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, whose photograph, warmly autographed, adorns the wall of Mr. Hill's office; they didn't touch on his three-week trip with Woodrow Wilson, on the way home from the Peace Conference; or his talks with Mussolini. The first glamorous event was the time when, as youngest of the cub reporters on the

New York Sun, he saw his first unsigned, unimportant news story in print. It thrilled him because it meant that his work was worthy of publication in one of the foremost newspapers of the day. The second event was the morning when his first book was delivered into his hands. That thrilled him because it meant that a firm of publishers had confidence enough in him to bring the book out. The third event was the invitation to broadcast over the CBS network. That thrilled him because he saw a chance to keep faith with millions of listeners, all over the country, who would look to him for entertainment. In each case, "glamor" came to him in terms of a chance to do a worthy job, and the responsibility of doing it better than anyone else.

And then I asked him for the *very biggest* thrill of his life. He named it promptly . . . landing his first big job! But to get the full value of that, you must first know something more about Edwin C. Hill.

Mr. Hill hails from Indiana, the Hoosier State, where the soil and the climate seem especially suited to turning out a bumper crop of writers . . . James Whitcomb Riley, Booth Tarkington, George Ade. He was born in Aurora, and stayed right there until his first vote. His father was superintendent of schools, and his mother had been a school teacher before her marriage. Mr. Hill tells you that he was a perfectly average American kid. He wasn't so crazy about school. He did his best work in English and History, and hated Mathematics. He never wrote a line, either for private entertainment or for the uplift of his school or college papers. His happiest boyhood memories are swimming the Ohio River with his gang; digging up an old family record, in the attic, which revealed to him that one of his ancestors, Sir John (Continued on page 61)



● The popular commentator takes time off with his dog to enjoy a tramp through the woods.

BY ROSE
HEYLBUT



• Edwin C. Hill, the man behind the famous voice that brings important events of the whole world into a million private homes

My Husband's

WHEN I say that Jack Denny's music is the sweetest music in the world, and that Jack himself, is the most wonderful person I have ever known, you will probably think to yourself: "Well, of course, what else could she say? She's his wife." True, I am, and I suppose any wife would feel the same way about her husband.

But long before I ever dreamed that someday I would become Mrs. Jack Denny—or for that matter, even knew Jack, I was a Jack Denny fan. Indeed, it was because I was a Jack Denny fan, that I became Mrs. Jack Denny. Perhaps if I tell you how it all happened you will understand why I am such an enthusiastic Denny fan.

Jack was playing on the Hotel Astor roof. I was taken there to dine by a young man I knew. I heard Jack's orchestra playing "Three O'Clock in the Morning"—now you will know how long ago it is that I joined the legions of Denny admirers. To me, it was the most beautiful waltz I had ever



● While Jack Denny prepares unusual dishes that make all his friends come back begging for more, his wife looks on. He's the cook in their family.



heard and I watched the smiling young orchestra leader raptly all evening. After that, I visited the Astor as often as I could. I soon abandoned the practice of going there with young men, for they resented my apparent lack of interest in themselves and my preoccupation with the orchestra leader. Usually I went with my mother or a girl friend. I noticed that whenever I walked in and went to my accustomed place at a table directly opposite him, he would instruct the orchestra to play, "Three O'Clock in the Morning." I wondered if it could be because I had once requested it, but that supposition seemed too good to be true.

BY MRS. JACK

a Perfect Host



● To the right is Jack Denny, popular orchestra leader who has made a success of his marriage and his career. His wife says he's a madel husband.

I finally gathered up enough courage to ask him for an autographed picture and we got to chatting. The next time I came in he went from my favorite waltz to, "Wonderful One", and then on to, "You Darling". I asked myself, "could it have been a coincidence?" I am afraid I blushed a little, self-consciously. A few minutes later he played, "So This Is Love", and as I glanced at him from the corner of my eye I caught him smiling and nodding to me. And then I knew that Jack Denny—my idol—was making love to me with his music. As I rose to go the orchestra swung into, "When Will the Sun Shine for Me?" and as I passed

out to the elevator I could hear the strains of "Linger Awhile."

I felt that all we needed was an opportunity to be alone, and so finally I determined to create my own opportunity. I went to dine at the Astor by myself. During the orchestra's first breathing spell, Jack came over to my table and sat down. I was flustered, as any girl would be, and mumbled vaguely of expecting to meet my girl friend for dinner, pretending to be anxious about her delay. Jack was solicitous. We both said the meaningless things people do when their lips say one thing and their eyes another. Every woman has had some similar experience, I am sure. When Jack rose to return to his band, I pretended to go out to phone.

At 9:30, he had an hour rest period and as I said goodnight, explaining that my friend had been unavoidably detained, he suggested that we go to a movie. Across the street, there was a Loew's theatre, which (Continued on page 73)



DENNY

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BY MRS. JACK DENNY

Nothing ever happens to RAMONA

SHE sat opposite me in her dressing room nibbling imported chocolates while she talked. Her gown, creation of one of Paris' leading houses, was a glittering sheath of bright blue sequins; her coiffure unusual and immaculately groomed. The air was thick with perfume from masses of flowers, roses pink and yellow and gardenias, her favorites. Under the dressing table mirror a diminutive alabaster radio, the gift of Mrs. Marshall Field, sang a soft blue tune.

Downstairs she had breathlessly taken her sixth curtain call to a packed theatre. At the stage door shuffled a veritable mob of autograph-seekers. At the curb stood her town car which would rush her off at the last minute to an evening engagement.

Ramona, America's leading lady of keyboard and song, was stating simply, "Nothing ever happens to me."

She wasn't downhearted about it; rather, she was a little gay.

"Honestly, that's a frank, true statement and I mean it. Nothing *does* happen to me. I just work and live 'And Life Goes On' as Vicki Baum puts it. Glamor, I suppose, ceases to be glamor when it's an everyday affair."

"For the work I have to do the common, twenty-four-hour day is just about one fourth as long as it ought to be. I'm never in bed before six o'clock in the morning and I'm up by twelve or one and off to the music publishers to learn new songs, to practise several hours, to the costumer's to have my gowns fitted (I practically have to live in evening clothes), to the photographer's for a sitting or two, to a broadcast rehearsal, or maybe to a cocktail party over at George Gershwin's apartment. By that time I've a few minutes left in which to dress before I dash over to NBC or to wherever Paul Whiteman's Orchestra happens to be playing.

"That's *work!* I've got to sing fifteen or twenty numbers at least, play and play the piano (I'll admit I love it), and stay on my toes and keep smiling every minute. When three o'clock in the morning comes I'll hope that I'm going to be able to go to one of the later night spots and dance a while, my hobbiest of hobbies. But the chances are that some big private party is on and I'm slated to entertain them. So there I am. Before I can catch my



● The Queen of the Keyboard goes to bed at six o'clock in the morning, gets orchids every day but claims "I just work and hope for excitement!"

In musical comedy I could sing and play and act a little, all the time studying for the thing I want to wind up my career with. That thing is the legitimate stage. I want to be a character actress when I'm old and my singing voice has given out. Haven't you seen more than one fine old actress steal a show? Well, that's my idea of the way to step out of the picture top gallantly! Beyond that, when I'm too feeble to drag across the boards, I'm going to raise flowers, millions of them in billions of greenhouses out in the country somewhere. Now where is there any room for love?"

I wish you could have heard Ramona say that. She was so utterly frank about it (and she's a grand girl anyway) that even the most ardent sentimentalist couldn't help but see her point.

"I hope you won't think, just because I say that, that I'm cold and unfeeling for I'm just the contrary. I do get thrills out of my life but I think most of them emanate from my work. For instance, I was excited to death when I last appeared in concert with Paul and the band—I was the first girl ever allowed to use a microphone in the Metropolitan! That was really something of a concession in so staid and mellowed-with-tradition an old opera house and it created quite a sensation.

"Then there was the time last winter when Gershwin was invited to be guest artist on the *Hall of Fame* program. He immediately asked that I appear with him because he thought together we could interpret his music the real way he wanted it interpreted. Wasn't (Continued on page 77)

breath it's daybreak and if I'm lucky I can catch a little sleep before the whole process repeats itself.

"You see, I want so badly to have the time for unusual and exciting experiences. I'd love some adventure for a change but when does anything have a chance to happen to me? It's all in the day's work and I guess I'm a glutton for punishment.

"Of course you're probably thinking about love but I don't want that now or even eventually. In the first place I have a horror of becoming dependent upon anybody for my happiness; and in the second place love would interfere with my work.

"You see, I've got so many things planned. I want, as soon as I can, to go into musical comedy and of course continue radio at the same time.

BY MARY WATKINS REEVES



● Ramona of the dark eyes and nimble fingers whom Paul Whiteman helped to radio recognition

Fall Lillian



● Lillian Roth wears this attractive black taffeta dinner dress with its bodice of snawy white organdy tightly fitted

● Over the black taffeta dress Miss Rath dons the tricky jacket of the same material with huge puff sleeves



RICH fabrics, luxurious furs, hats that are really a crown of glory, costumes that accentuate the individuality of the wearer rather than to fit her to the season's mode, distinguish the ideal fall wardrobe. Never have gowns been more flattering than those which milady will wear this autumn and winter. They require a good figure, or expert corseting, more than ever before. Lillian Roth, stage and screen star who has turned to radio as a medium for her talents and has been appearing on Columbia programs, displays a perfect wardrobe for the cooler months, selected for her by Jay-Thorpe, prominent fashionable shop of Manhattan.

Taffeta again comes into its own as in this informal dinner and dancing frock with its crisp white organdy top worn by Miss Roth and over which she dons the clever puffed sleeve, waistline coat that fastens intricately at the side.



● A stunning picture in glistening black satin with dozens of tiny buttons, Miss Rath is ready for an afternoon affair in town

● Right, luxurious leisure moments in this peach lace negligée with its wide bands of sable from which fall soft ruffles of the gown's fragile lace



Fashions for Roth

● Below Miss Roth is ready for the most formal occasion with the newest black velvet bodiced evening gown

● For autumn days in town there's this black wool crêpe dress with starched lace collar and cuffs, worn with beret

For more formal occasions the radio singer shows a low cut velvet evening gown with a new train and a stunning oblong clip of rhinestones on the bodice.

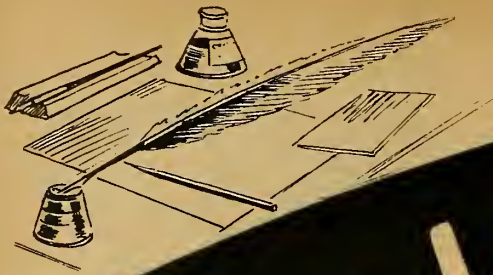
For afternoons there is the gleaming black satin tunic dress with dozens of smart little buttons and with which Miss Roth wears a new lace hat that reminds you of the Chinese coolie headgear.

What girl wouldn't look stunning in this Jay-Thorpe street dress that Miss Roth shows to such advantage? It is of a soft wool crêpe with a starched cotton lace collar and cuff set. There's a tricky little green grosgrain bow at the neckline and with it goes the new velvet beret, smartly draped to reveal most of the back of the head. When the autumn wind starts blowing there's the gorgeous Russian caracul coat with its full sleeves that fall into soft folds, and to make it the last word in luxury, there's the new silver fox muff wound around the arms.



● The radio star poses in Jay-Thorpe's prize black caracul coat with its intricately draped muff treatment of large silver foxes

● This flattering lace hat worn by Miss Roth reminds you of a Chinese coolie's headgear, but this is of fine lace on a frame and is bow-trimmed



Puck in the

● With smooth words and soft music, David Ross gets poetic for his public

UNIVERSALLY known as the suavest, most gracious and dignified of all CBS announcers, you'd naturally expect David Ross, Gold Medal Diction Award Winner of 1932, to be a quiet, bookish sort of chap. You'd expect his favorite amusements to be attending concerts and literary teas; his idea of the height of humor to be some delicate play on words.

Yet nothing could be farther from the facts. I've known Dave for eight years, and he's one of the dizziest comics in the world, when he isn't being dignified for the benefit of some program sponsor.

When I first met him he was an under-paid, over-worked announcer at a small local station.

I walked into the Artists' Reception Room, to find out what caused the unholy din that was fairly making the walls tremble. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, with a bass drum before him, was a young man with an unruly mop of light brown hair. His serious face belied the puckish gleam in his eye as he banged the drum in jungle rhythm, at the same time howling what sounded like a savage African chant at the top of his lungs.

"Hello," I said, "what do you think you're doing?"

He grinned and continued thumping and howling, so I turned to the program director and asked what it was all about. "Oh," she replied, "that's only one of our new announcers amusing himself."

Dave stopped his racket and said, reproachfully, "Ah, Therese! Where's your imagination? Why couldn't you have said that I was the son of an Arab chief—that I was a white boy who had been reared by the blacks in an African kraal—Why didn't you think of something?"

That was eight years ago. But David Ross is still the same today. True, the light brown hair is now streaked with gray, and Dave is no longer under-paid nor over-worked, but the same puckish spirit still dwells within his body.

It was just a little while ago that Professor A. A. Berle, Jr., former "Brain Truster," now Chamberlain of the City of New York came to Columbia's New York station, WABC, to make a broadcast. Through some unfortunate circumstance, there was no official there to welcome him. Through an even more unfortunate fate, Dave heard that the Pro-



fessor was waiting, and decided to become a reception committee.

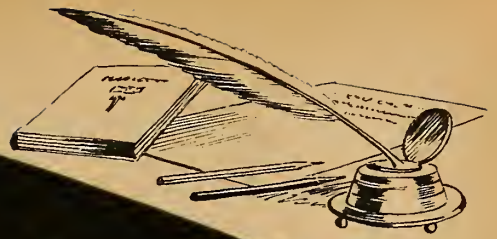
He enlisted the aid of Paul Douglas, another member of the announcer staff, and the six-foot-two Paul and five-foot-five Dave put their heads together. As a result, Dave put on Paul's overcoat, and a tremendous hat which covered nearly all his face, while Paul put on the jacket of Dave's suit and a small derby. Thus equipped, they burst in upon the startled Professor and greeted him in the name of the CBS, explaining that they were its newest team of comedians.

It's a sacred tradition that, however an announcer may clown during a rehearsal, he is always perfectly serious when on the air. It's a tradition that has never, never been broken—except by David.

The fracture took place during one of Heywood Broun's broadcasts. The bulky columnist was giving a talk on

DAVID ROSS, PRIZE WINNING WHIMSICAL ANNOUNCER

POETS' Corner



● The silver-voiced announcer is a prankish person when he's not before the microphones

lead 'em in rehearsals. Mark Warnow, in particular encourages him. So does Emory Deutsch's viola player.

"I get him to let me play this viola," says David, "in return for which he makes me let him announce the program. The result is fascinating since I can't play the viola and he can't speak English."

Dave can't talk English himself—when he doesn't want to. One of his delights is to be an Arab or a Greek when he goes into a restaurant. It's usually an Arab, for Arab waiters are scarcer than Greek ones.

He seats himself at a table, and as the waiter is about to ask his order, looses a benign smile and an unintelligible string of gibberish. The waiter, of course, cannot understand, and sends for various other waiters, who try French, Greek, Italian and German on him. Dave refuses to understand them. His face wears a look of increasing annoyance as he pretends to grow excited and talks furiously in the unknown tongue. Finally one of the waiters will lapse into English and remark, "Gee, I wish we could find out what this guy wants."

Then a look of astonishment crosses David's face. "Why," he will say, "I didn't know. I'm so sorry. But the sign on the window says 'Hungarian Restaurant' and I had no idea that anyone here spoke English. The only other language I know is Arabian, so I tried that. —I thought one

diction—and radio announcing. He bewailed the fact that announcers tried to avoid all traces of Southern drawl, New England twang, and similar regional dialects. Could a Ross allow such a statement to go unchallenged—unrebuked? He could not!

So, in signing Mr. Broun off the air, Dave, speaking out of the southeast corner of his mouth, said, "Well, ladies 'n' gents, dose woids come to youse fr'm Heywood Broun. An' dis is de Columbia Broadcastin' System." To his credit, let it be said that no one laughed longer or louder than Heywood.

By the way, you know the Fred Waring programs which Ross announced? Dave always enjoyed those rehearsals—especially when the band played a rumba, for it was then that he had the opportunity to go into a dance with the Lane Sisters and Babs Ryan.

Orchestras always give him a lot of fun, for he loves to

of you might have served in the Foreign Legion, as I did. I was a colonel there; led the fighting around Marakesh, you know—But now that we understand each other, bring me a platter of goulash."

He was, of course, never in the Legion. He was born and raised in New York, and attended City College, Rutgers and N. Y. U. Among the things in which he specialized were scientific agriculture and journalism.

As a boy he ran a paper route, getting up at 5:00 A. M. to make deliveries, and his childhood ambition was to be able to stay in bed until noon. After leaving college, he became a banker. That is, he was a messenger boy in a bank, and his salary was \$25.00—a month!

This tremendous sum didn't satisfy him, so he quit to become secretary to a temperamental Russian baroness. About the only benefit he derived from that position was a finished technique (Continued on page 78)

IS A PRACTICAL JOKER BY ROBERT EICHBERG

● Mrs. Green looks an appreciatively while her famous husband, Johnny, tries a new composition at the piano in their modern New York apartment



● Petite and pretty is Carol Green, wife of the popular composer-director whose music is heard on the CBS chain wavelengths

An
Evening
with



● Johnny Green was known as a composer before he organized his own orchestra. His most popular musical brain child was "Easy Come, Easy Go"



● The Greens paper the ceiling of their bathroom with copies of Johnny's popular songs. No, he won't turn on the shower! He's posing

Photographs by Bert Lawson



Mr. and Mrs.
Johnny Green

On PACIFIC

News and intimate gossip of the interesting personalities

LET'S start up in the northwest for the first paragraph or two in this month's western gossip and chatter. Did you know that Alice Corlett, bewitching coloratura of Seattle's KJR, has a corner on icemen for her fan audience? Yep. It's so, though you'd think maybe this ought to be in San Diego because there are lots more icemen down that way.

When Miss Corlett was a junior at the University of Washington . . . she holds the institution's bachelor of music

degree . . . she started radio work as a side line. Summer-time she was switchboard girl in an ice and cold storage company office. That's where the college boy tong heavers came in. Now all of 'em, plus the year 'round ice manipulators and the general audience, are her ardent rooters as she does solo work or does the vocalizing for the muted strings broadcasts.

* * *

Now for a quick, air-line jaunt down to Los Angeles to meet Ken Niles, production executive and chief announcer for KHJ. His brother, Wendell (Wen) holds forth at KOL, in Seattle.

Ken was born at Livingston, Montana, nearly thirty years ago . . . went to the state university at Missouri, but was transferred to the University of Washington where he got his bachelor of fine arts degree . . . but he really started out on the battle of life after graduation as a crooner.

He was a husky-throated warbler in Seattle with Vic Meyers' orchestra before Vic was elected on a jazz platform to be the state's lieutenant governor. Then Ken essayed the part of a vodvil idol with the Duffy players but skipped it to accept a scholarship at the Goodman Memorial Art Theatre in Chicago.

He bought a round-about ticket to Chicago via Los Angeles. He never reached Chicago but kept the ticket stub for a souvenir. He has been at KHJ for several years in mike and executive duties. Ken is a fishing barge addict and likes to fish in early morning hours . . . keeps dogs and rabbits in the back yard . . . collects modern firearms for a hobby . . . and sings in the bath tub on account of the room has no lock.

* * *

"Don Jose" Bing Crosby isn't the only crooner-rancher. Of course he's the top-notch. But I've scouted out another one who may be a sort of runner-up for Bing one of these days. As you know, Bing's rancho is on the Rancho Santa Fe area down close to San Diego. He just bought it about six months ago.

But this other crooner, just a few miles away, was born on a ranch and has lived there all his life. Meet George Charles Forster, who commutes between San Juan Capistrano and KMTR, Hollywood, several times a week for vocal effort.

He was born in the old ranch house which was built by his grandfather on part of the original Santa Margaurietta Ranch, which was a Spanish land grant to his great grandfather, John Forster.

"Buddy" Forster was quite a pigskin hero, and was prominent in other sports at the University of California Westwood campus, Los Angeles, and was graduated back in '31. But, as he meandered 'round the rolling hills of the rancho he felt the urge to sing. It took expression in the unique Laguna Beach colony where he did some song work for a cafe.

Then he got his first break on

● Barbara Jo Allen, dramatic actress heard in "One Man's Family."



the AIRWAVES

and entertaining programs out of the west coast studios

KMTR. But, of course, all this vocal career wasn't just an accident. In earlier years he sang in all the college productions, previously in high school, and has appeared before many clubs and other groups.

Between broadcasts, Buddy lives on the old ranch property at San Juan Capistrano, not far from the famous early California mission of the same name. For a living he works for his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Forster, but some of these days I can safely predict that singing will be the mainstay of his remuneration.

And, to ward off an avalanche of letters from femme fans who "just love ranch life," I'll have to tell you that Buddy got married awhile back.

So, while Bing Crosby . . . who is already a crooner . . . is learning all about ranch life, Buddy Forster . . . who knows all about ranch doings . . . is learning all about crooning.

* * *

This western department deals mostly with personalities rather than with programs. But I can't help mentioning two programs as the fall days draw near . . . the Standard symphonies over NBC coast lines . . . and the Country Church of Hollywood via KFAC.

The Standard symphonies (Standard Oil of California) have been a seven or eight-year favorite with popular summer concerts, and the winter series divided between the San Francisco Symphony and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. Last year, in addition to these two famous groups, they also spotted the Portland and Seattle symphonies for many of the Thursday eve programs.

Just at this writing it is problematical about the Los Angeles Philharmonic because of the death of its patron, W. A. Clark, Jr. But, with or without the Los Angeles group, the fan audience is assured of a radio concert series of high merit.

And now for the Country Church of Hollywood. It is on the air several nights a week with the programs and oftentimes with a wedding. Located right in Hollywood, corner of Argyle and Vine Streets, the place is a replica of an old-time Tennessee meeting place. The old Bartlett homestead has been torn down . . . grounds planted picturesquely . . . the meeting house erected . . . and soon a temporary tent auditorium will give away to a huge administration building.

The place is finally to be a replica of Goose Creek and environs in the Cumberland Mountains. The tiny white church with green shutters has a lightning rod and a steeple. The old creek and water mill will be erected by early fall. The old folks have rocking chairs in the front rows of the church. All in all, it's a fine old-time gospel atmosphere right in the heart of the capital of make-believe. And does it have a radio audience! Ask any southwest radio critic. "Josiah Hopkins" and his wife Sarah are the prime movers in the establishment. In real life Parson Josiah

is an ex-Army (A. E. F.) chaplain, W. B. Hogg.

* * *

As one of the "big wigs" in NBC at its San Francisco studios, the name of Lloyd Yoder doesn't mean anything to fans. They never hear his voice in the capacity as public relations nabob for the huge network.

But as a football announcer par excellence all the western grid addicts know him well. And does he have a swell job? I pick up a magazine dated several months ago and



● Rita Lane, singer, is Senorita Garcia on the series "In Old Brazil."



Clark Dennis
used to be a
Chicago life guard
but he's a croon prince
now, singing over KHJ

cards from sweet gal admirers. Yep, you've guessed it. He's a good looking bachelor . . . not quite thirty . . . a fair swimmer and horseman . . . a gorgeous dancer . . . a flair for good clothes . . . and a great story teller, or teller of stories, according to whether it's a Mae West yarn or one about the travelling salesman. He's no relation to Margot Yoder, who recently married KFWB's George Fischer.

* * *

"Your Pal Jimmy," heard once a week over KFI on the Fox-West Coast Theatre program, is Harold Hodge, the actor. He was born in Jackson, Michigan, went to the state university and was graduated from the Michigan State Normal College at Ypsilanti.

During war days he was enlisted in the engineers with service in airplane experimentation and later in shell inspection. Then he trekked to California and taught in the public schools for some eight years.

Back in Michigan days he played trombone and sang baritone in a professional band, and was a vocalist with the U. of Michigan choral union society.

Out in California his fine baritone voice . . . with lots of resonance and "timbre" . . . stood him in good stead. He sang over the air. And it brought him a good part in the famed San Gabriel Mission Play for a season or two . . . followed with roles in "Oh Sussanna," "Criminal Code," "The Master Thief" and a revival of "Topsy and Eva."

A little more than a year ago he was "discovered" by Mrs. Flora Herzinger, who heads the Fox-West Coast radio activities, and thus became "Your Pal Jimmy." This is a program for the theatre circuit which enrolls youngsters

there is Lloyd's picture coming home from a High Sierras trip with a fine big buck on the pack saddle as a result of the hunting trek. And, a few months later, there is his phiz again all lined up against, or next to, a swell row of salt water bass. And, along about the Fourth of July, there is a dispatch that he is walking around Salem, Ohio, his birth-place, on a pleasure jaunt.

But . . . comes the dawn, or winter or somethin' . . . and Mister Yoder will be presiding before various and sundry mikes by the time you read this in the early days of autumn.

And is he qualified to announce grid tussles? Don't be a sill. Of course he is. If you take your sports seriously, you'd know he was captain of the Carnegie Tech team that defeated the all-powerful Notre Dame team of '26. Then he found himself an All-American en route to the Golden Gate to play in a benefit game for the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children.

Upon graduation he returned to San Francisco and got a job as an NBC mikeman. Later he headed the public relations bureau, and in the past few years he also takes on the announcing for many of the important football classics on the chain, besides a weekly sports rally program during season with interviews by scores of important sports authorities, trainers and participants.

The husky six-footer has been on a diet. But I think maybe that the vacation on the farm has brought him back to the 200-pound mark again. His address is 111 Sutter Street, San Francisco, care of NBC. Now for applause

in its "birthday club." The kids get a couple of free ducats to the showhouses on their own birthdays and some 40,000 are enrolled in the group. Besides that, the boys and girls have weekly try-outs in the Fox-West Coast "Radio School of the Air." Some of the best of the talent gets a chance to appear with "Your Pal Jimmy" on the air with the mythical Skyrocket Express which takes the lads and lassies each week to far distant lands and places.

School teacher, mechanic, bandsman, singer, actor, radio personality . . . what a man! That's what "Ma" Kennedy used to say of her then husband, Hudson. The term was coined by newspapermen for a laugh. But, when used in conjunction with Harold Hodge, it's a symbol of appreciation of real genius.

* * *

Don't look for the Clark Sisters over KLX, Oakland, these days. At least not for a while. The two sisters . . . Ruth and Lilah . . . split up the radio act when Lilah tripped down the aisle in a church ceremony. And Ruth doesn't want to do a single on the air.

The two girls have done pretty well for themselves since they started in on Los Angeles radio seven or eight years ago with a string instrument and fair voices. They were

ON THE PACIFIC

with KFRC in 'Frisco for a long time and in recent years in Oakland.

They were born in Iowa two years apart some twenty-something-or-other years ago. The family name is Carlson and both the girls are blue-eyed and blonde. Some of these days they'll probably team up again for broadcast, even if only for an occasional program.

* * *

Paul Rickenbacker, KHJ's production head, hobbled around the studios in the summer with his right hoof all done up in a carpet slipper. Reason . . . he broke the big toe of his right foot when it struck a stair-post as he dashed downstairs to answer the house phone. On request, Paul furnishes affidavits and x-ray negative showing the broken bone.

Paul started announcing at the former KFWC in Pomona years ago under the nom de plume of Paul Ricon. When he graduated from Franklin High School in Los Angeles he used his own name, which is Reichenmacher, or pretty near to that spelling. Now he uses his professional name of Rickenbacker. His wife is the former Winnie Parker, who uses the professional name of Mona Lowe when on the air. She was with NBC for a while, but nowadays is doing free-lance singing assignments. Paul was born in Naperville, Ill., and his wife in Windsor, Ontario.

* * *

This is the story of two male trios. First there are the Three Rhythm Kings, a favorite KHJ group heard often on cross-country broadcasts on CBS. All, aged just a bit over twenty-one, have married during the past year. They are Chuck Lowry, Woody Newbury and Hal Hopper.

My, the boys don't show much individualism. Except in the choice of neckties, their preferences run alike. All married blondes. Each one drives an Auburn. They all wear the same size shoes and show a preference for gray suits.

Then there is another group known as the Three Midshipmen, on the KFRC staff and also heard on transcontinentals. They are all aged nineteen, expect to get married by the last of 1935 and . . . just to be different . . . are looking for dazzling brunettes.

They are Max Terrill, Bob Farrell and Bill McDonald, and were all classmates in the Venice (California) High School. They were in the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" picture and on KTM and KFWB before going north.

When the marriage mart opened for the Rhythm Kings the bidding was fast and furious. One by one the boys fell and were marched up to the altar by the blushing brides. Now for the Three Midshipmen. Not being real navy men with "a gal in every port" they are going to be satisfied to settle down and marry like the other vocal trio.

* * *

Bert Horton thinks maybe after all he wasn't born under a lucky star. Why? Well, he had to be written out of the NBC "One Man's Family" cast in the summer because his



Lorna Ladd, who's married to Announcer Mel Williamson, gives a weekly talk on KMPC.

"radio wife," Bernice Berwin, was expecting a blessed event. So, since she had to be written out of the script, Horton had to get off the air temporarily, too.

Bernice in real life is the wife of Brooks Berlin, 'Frisco attorney. The tiny brunette is a University of California grad, '23, and once played opposite Leo Carillo in a stage play.

Bert Horton is really Horton Brandt, a bachelor . . . medium build, in his thirties, born in Wisconsin of New England and Norwegian ancestry, but grew up in Oakland.

* * *

Cecil Wright is hill billying at KLX in Oakland these days. Perhaps you missed him for a while from his old KFRC haunts where he was a fixture for several years on jamboree, happy-go-lucky and other features.

He says he's getting sorta homesick for Arkansas and maybe he'll take a trip before the holidays . . . Montgomery County, to be exact and precise . . . though he moved over to Oklahoma with the family when he was six and out to California when in the teens.

Legal description . . . about twenty-eight . . . five feet ten inches tall . . . about 180 pounds . . . black hair and brown eyes. Cecil's father was a minister and a forest ranger. There are four boys and six girls in the family. Cecil is the sixth in the family of ten. He sings the mountaineer songs to his own accompaniment of harmonica and guitar, and with the harmonica strapped 'round his neck for solo work. On broadcasts he usually wears a slouch hat and blue overalls.

AIR WAVES

WE HAVE

● SUNDAY



● Madelyn La Salle Hammond, one of the newer blues singers on NBC

- 11:30 A. M. MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—Waldo Mayo, conductor and violinist; guest artists. WEAf and associated stations.
One of radio's "papas" leading his talented brood.
- 12:30 P. M. RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL SYMPHONY—Radio City Symphony orchestra; chorus and soloists. WJZ and associated stations.
Music of the better sort for Sabbath morn.
- 1:00 P. M. "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE"—Dale Carnegie and orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.
(MalTED Cereals Co.).
Things you might not have heard before.
- 1:30 P. M. LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY—Mary Small, juvenile singer; William Wirges' orchestra; guest artist. (B. T. Babbitt Co., Inc.) WEAf and associated stations.
A little child still leads them.
- 2:00 P. M. GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (Crazy Water Hotel Co.). WEAf and associated stations.
In the cause of pepping-up.
- 3:00 P. M. TALKIE PICTURE TIME—sketch with June Meredith, John Goldsworthy, John Stanford, Gilbert Douglas, Murray Forbes and Virginia Ware. (Luxor, Ltd.). WEAf and associated stations.
Tidbits of cinema land.
- 3:30 P. M. THE MAYBELLINE MUSICAL ROMANCE—Harry Daniels orchestra; Don Mario Alvarez, soloist; and guest stars. WEAf and associated stations. Love and music.
- 4:30 P. M. "THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" with Tony Wons and orchestra. (S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc.). WEAf and associated stations.
Philosophy from the front porch.
- 5:00 P. M. ROSES AND DRUMS—dramatization of Civil War Stories. (Union Central Life Insurance Co.). WJZ and associated stations.
Romantic hangovers from a dead era.
- 5:15 P. M. POETS' GOLD—Poetry reading, David Ross. WABC and associated stations.
Puck and a book at the microphone.
- 5:30 P. M. THE HOOVER SENTINELS CONCERT—Edward Davies, Baritone; Chicago a Capella choir, direction of Noble Cain; Josef Koestner's orchestra. WEAf and associated stations.

● Tom Coakley, one of San Francisco's younger orchestra directors



- For your higher moments.
- 5:30 P. M. FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON with Jack Shilkret's orchestra. (Bond Bread). WABC and associated stations.
Old friends in a new episode.
- 6:30 P. M. SMILING ED MCCONNELL. (Acme White Lead). WABC and associated stations.
Chasing the blues away.
- 6:45 P. M. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE. Also Monday to Friday at 12 noon. (Wasey Products). WABC and associated stations.
He hears everybody's troubles.
- 7:00 P. M. SILKEN STRINGS—Charles Previn and his orchestra (Real Silk Hosiery Mills). WJZ and associated stations.
You'll think of slender ankles.
- 7:45 P. M. THE FITCH PROGRAM—Wendell Hall, the Red-Headed Music Master. (F. W. Fitch Co.). WEAf and associated stations.
Dixie mood roaming Tin Pan Alley.
- 8:00 P. M. CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Jimmy Durante, comedian and Rubinoff's orchestra. (Chase and Sanborn Coffee). WEAf and associated stations.
The nose and news of music and moo-ing.
- 8:00 P. M. COLUMBIA VARIETY HOUR with Cliff Edwards, Master of ceremonies. WABC and associated stations.
The old string twanger with new lyrics.
- 8:00 P. M. GOIN' TO TOWN WITH ED LOWRY, master of ceremonies; Tim and Irene, comedy sketch; Grace Hayes, soprano; Newel Chase, pianist; Leopold Spitalny's orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
Let's go.
- 9:00 P. M. WARD'S FAMILY THEATRE, with Buddy Rogers and his orchestra. Jeanie Lang and The Three Rascals. (Ward Baking Co.). WABC and associated stations.
America's boyfriend and his sax.
- 9:00 P. M. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, Russian blues singer.

EASTERN DAYLIGHT

WITH US—

David Percy; orchestra direction Jacques Renard; Men About Town. (Dr. Lyons Tooth Powder). WEA and associated stations.

Always holds its own.

9:00 P. M. GULF HEADLINERS. WJZ and associated stations.

That's exactly what they are.

9:30 P. M. FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS. (Ford Motor Co.). Also Thursday. WABC and associated stations.

One of our favorites in excellent company.

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. (Bayer Aspirin). WEA and associated stations.

Tunes you know and want to hear again.

9:30 P. M. THE JERGEN'S PROGRAM with Walter Winchell; orchestra (Andrew Jergens Company). WJZ and associated stations.

An air ride in gossip lane.

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

Sweet and dreamy.

10:00 P. M. HALL OF FAME—guest orchestra. (Lehn & Fink Products Co.). WEA and associated stations.

With never a dull moment.

10:00 P. M. MADAME SCHUMAN-HEINK AND HARVEY HAYES. (Gerber & Co., Inc.) WJZ and associated stations.

The grand lady of concert-land.

10:30 P. M. FERDE GROFE'S AMERICANA. WABC and associated stations.

A genius with a baton.



● The popular Conrad Thibault, baritone identified with The Showboot

● M O N D A Y

10:00 A. M. BREEN AND DE ROSE—vocal and instrumental duo. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEA and associated stations.

A pair of veterans who never fail you.

10:15 A. M. BILL AND GINGER. (C. F. Mueller Company). Also Wednesday and Friday and Tuesday and Thursday at 10:00 A. M. WABC and associated stations.

A nice duo.

10:15 A. M. CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starkey, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King, gossip (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEA and associated stations.

Those gossips—with back fence atmosphere.

10:30 A. M. TODAY'S CHILDREN—dramatic sketch, with Irma Phillips, Bess Johnson and Walter Wicker. WJZ and associated stations. (Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.). Daily except Saturday and Sunday.

How to bring up your own—or your neighbors'

5:30 P. M. THE SINGING LADY—Nursery jingles, songs and stories. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Kellogg Company). WJZ and associated stations.

All for the kiddies.

5:30 P. M. JACK ARMSTRONG—All American Boy—Daily except Sunday. (General Mills, Inc., Wheaties). WABC and associated stations.

The exuberant age.

5:45 P. M. LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE—Childhood playlet with Shirley Bell, and Allan Baruck. Daily except Sunday. (Wander Company). WJZ and associated stations.

Annie's still running around the ether lanes.

5:45 P. M. THE OXOL FEATURE—with Gordon, Dave and Bunny. Also Wednesday. (J. L. Prescott Co.) WABC and associated stations.

New—and interesting.

6:00 P. M. BUCK ROGERS in the 25th Century. Also Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. (Coco-malt).

Anticipating your thrills.

6:15 P. M. BOBBY BENSON AND SUNNY JIM. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Hecker H-O Cereals). WABC and associated stations.

Adventure knocking at your own door.

● One of Broadway's popular torch singers, Grace Hoyes, heard on WJZ



Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday Programs
Continued on page 58

SAVING TIME

In the

water to pour easily. Put in a baking dish, cover with pie crust, in which several incisions have been made. Bake in a moderate oven until crust has well risen and browned.

Little Mary Small one of the most popular juvenile entertainers, is best pleased when Pop-overs are included on the menu.

POP-OVERS

1 cup flour
Salt
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk plus one
tablespoon

2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon melted
butter

Mix the salt, flour, and add half the milk beating until smooth. (About $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt). Add the rest of the milk, well beaten eggs, and butter. Beat with an egg beater just about two minutes. Put in hot greased gem pans and bake in 500° F. oven till they pop, a little over thirty minutes.

The very pretty Columbia warbler Sylvia Froos is a girl who knows her foods, and she prepares them in interesting fashions. This cocoanut frosting is delightful.

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
7 marshmallows
Whites of 2 eggs

1 cup fresh grated
cocoanut
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons lemon
juice

Boil sugar and water till syrup makes a thread, add the marshmallows that have been cut into small pieces, but do not stir. Beat stiffly the egg whites, and pour the syrup slowly onto this, beat until smooth. Add flavoring. Spread on layer of cake and sprinkle with cocoanut. This frosting will cover three layers.

Lucille Manners of the beautiful soprano voice makes this marvelous dish of Peanut Cookies. These are delightful for your bridge clubs, or served with a fruit dessert for dinner.

PEANUT COOKIES

2 tablespoons fat
1 cup sugar
2 eggs well beaten
2 cups flour

2 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
1 cup peanuts, chopped
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice

Cream the fat, add sugar gradually, add the eggs; sift the flour, salt, and baking powder, and add to the other mixture. Now add the milk, peanuts and flavoring. Place one inch apart on greased pan from a spoon, place peanuts on top of each cookie and bake in slow oven about thirteen minutes.

Connie Gates, popular Columbia singer, comes to your aid with a Sauce for Fish that will be relished by all of you.

SAUCE FOR FISH

2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup liquid from fish
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons lemon juice



● Harriett Hillard prepares a midnight snack for Ozzie Nelson, after one of their broadcasts

FOR the month of October the ether stars have given particularly good recipes to the Homemaking Department; the foods are a little more nourishing than in the past few months, such as your body will require for the change in season. New dishes are here for your clubs, and the dishes for the family are different, tasty and economical delights for your budget.

Julia Sanderson, the best cook of the month, and there are plenty of good ones, prepares a Chicken Pie for you; Little Mary Small tells you how she likes her POP-OVERS done; and Connie Gates comes this time to your aid with a sauce for fish. Glen Gray offers a novel service for cole slaw; Oliver Smith, the tenor, suggests a simple method of making corn cake; and Harry Richman's stuffed peppers are just another of this month's interesting offerings.

Julia Sanderson, the lovely singer on the Bond Bread program, is an excellent cook. This Chicken Pie recipe is simply grand.

CHICKEN PIE

1 chicken
 $\frac{3}{4}$ onion
1 tablespoon parsley

Salt
Dash pepper
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour

Pie crust

Dress, clean and cut chicken; put in a pan with parsley, onion, salt, and pepper. Cover with boiling water, cooking slowly until tender. Thicken with flour mixed with enough

Stars' Kitchens

Melt the butter, add flour, and scalded milk slowly. Add the juice from the fish and the lemon juice just before removing from the stove. Add the sauce beaten into the egg yolk just before serving. Have the sauce hot.

Glen Gray's popularity will be further increased in your homes, if this might be possible with the women, after you have served this Orange Flavored Cole Slaw.

ORANGE FLAVORED COLE SLAW

Finely shred your cabbage, and then soak for one hour in cold water; drain. Mix salad with your salad dressing, and add to this about one half an orange peel that has been finely grated. Serve on lettuce bed, with thinly sliced pepper and onion rings.

The well known baritone Everett Marshall, who is brought to you over the Columbia Network, comes to you through this department inviting you to try these Nut and Potato Croquettes which may serve as the main dish for a luncheon.

NUT AND POTATO CROQUETTES

2 cups hot riced potatoes

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk

1 teaspoon salt

Pepper

Cayenne

1 egg yolk

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pecan nuts

Mix all ingredients with a fork until mixture is light. Shape into croquettes; roll in bread crumbs, dip in egg to which a little water has been added, roll again in bread crumbs, and fry in deep fat until a golden brown.

Oliver Smith, the tenor on Abe Lyman's program has a simple procedure for making the ever popular corn cake.

CORN CAKE

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup cornmeal

1 cup flour

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

4 teaspoons baking powder

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

1 egg, well beaten

1 cup milk

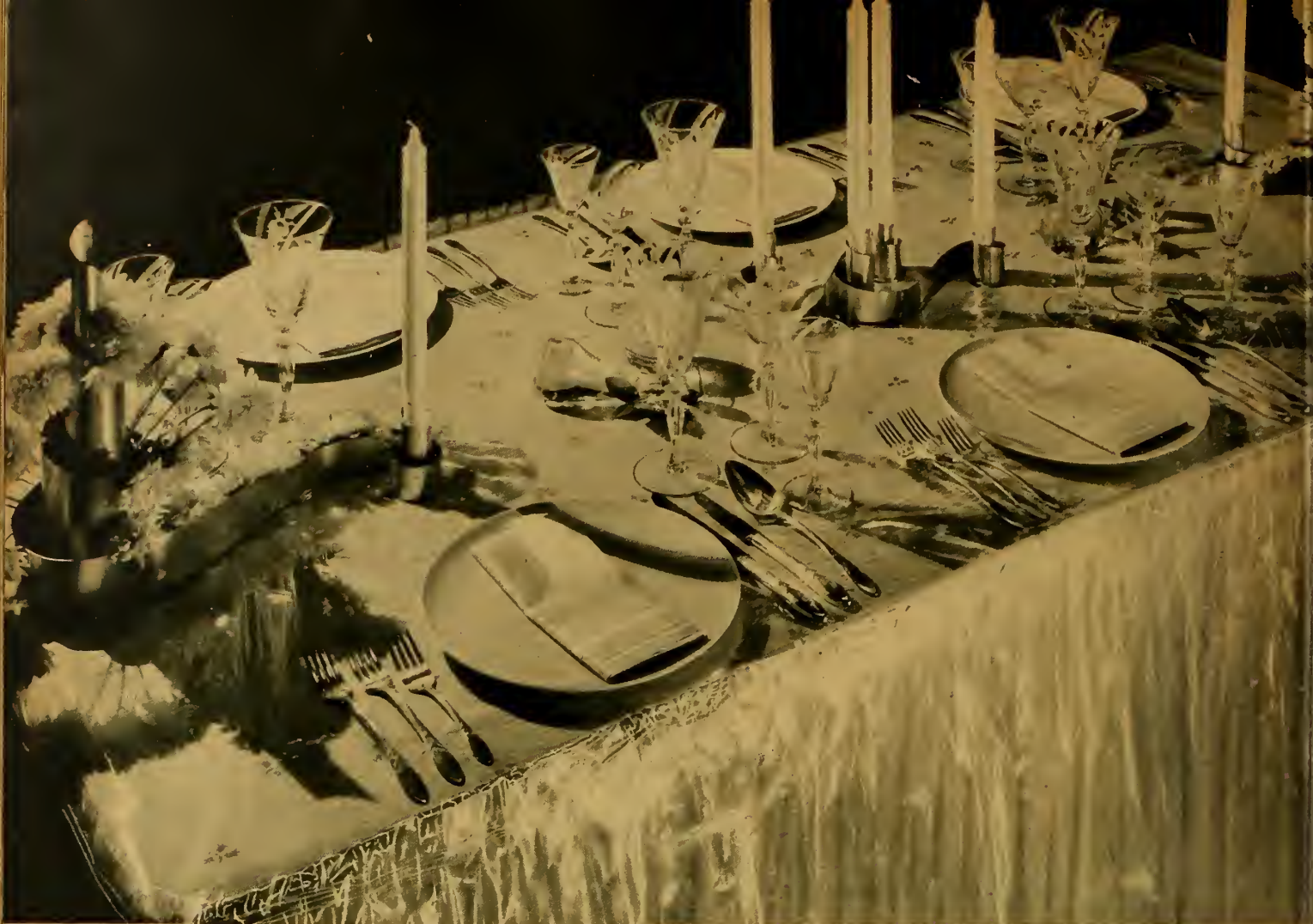
2 tablespoons butter, melted

Mix and sift the dry ingredients add egg, milk and butter. Beat well. Bake in a shallow (Continued on page 76)

● The Do-Re-Mi trio of the ether waves get themselves a bite to eat between their air rehearsals



DEPARTMENT • by Sylvia Covney



Courtesy of B. Altman & Co.

A Columbus Day Dinner

OUR entertaining this month should include some type of festivity for Christopher Columbus, the man who discovered our country four hundred and forty-two years ago. Columbus Day this year falls on a Friday, and for the main course we offer a dinner of fish, with American color scheme throughout the service.

If you vary this menu, or any luncheon or dinner menu be careful of color combinations and food classifications as well as having the foods cooked tastily.

Your table may be arranged well for this evening, using white linen, blue glassware, blue candles, and Red Chrysanthemums for the centerpiece; or white linen, red glassware, red candles, and blue Bachelor Buttons for the center.

The table shown in the illustration above has the new cellophane covering over the damask cloth.

The main course is very pleasing to the eye, yet simply prepared, and the service is quick, and easily done without the aid of servants. The planked shad is in the center with the duchess potatoes forming a border around the edge, and the buttered beets and lima beans placed on the sides between the fish and potatoes.



MENU

- | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|
| Tomato Juice Cocktail | Cream of Celery Soup |
| Planked Shad | Duchess potatoes |
| Buttered Beets | Lima Beans |
| Rolls | Butter |
| Lettuce Russian Dressing | |
| Apple Pie | Cheese Squares |
| | Demi Tasse |

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Serve this in blue cocktail glasses, or if you do not have blue use the white glasses.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 3 cups celery, cut in pieces | 2 tablespoons flour |
| 2 cups boiling water | 3 tablespoons butter |
| ½ teaspoon salt | 2 cups milk |

Pepper

Wash and scrape the celery, and cut into pieces, add the water, cooking until tender and soft, then put through a sieve. Add milk, which has been heated, to the celery. Melt butter, add flour, salt, and pepper, add this to the celery. Serve hot with thin (Continued on page 79)



Dialing the

Short waves



AT any moment there may come crackling through the air a call for help—the news of flood, tornado or earthquake—or a flashing bit of poignant human drama.

You won't necessarily get it on the ship communications channel, but if you have your all-wave set tuned to the amateurs on the 40, 80 or 160 kilocycle bands, there's no telling when you may intercept a message so thrilling that it will fairly lift you out of your chair.

Suppose, for example, that you had been a short-wave fan in September, 1928—the month the hurricane put a tragic ending to the Florida boom. You would have had a front seat for the thrilling rescue staged by Forrest Dana and Ralph Hollis, a fireman, in Palm Beach.

Like everybody else in that city, Dana and Hollis had read reports that a storm was headed their way.

"Everybody talks about the weather," Mark Twain once wrote, "but nobody does anything about it."

Well, these two radio amateurs proved that Mark Twain was wrong. They did something about the weather. They bought batteries.

No, they weren't working on some strange electrical apparatus to stop hurricanes—they were smart men. They knew what might happen.

And happen it did!

With devastating force the hurricane burst upon the sleeping city. It tore the roofs off houses—wrecked some of them completely, among them Dana's. All telephone, telegraph and electric light lines were swept away—the city of Palm Beach was cut off from communication with the rest of the world.

But Forrest Dana and Ralph Hollis were not idle. They had taken Ralph's transmitter from his home and set it up in the firehouse. The firehouse was a sturdy building, likely to stand even in the fury of the storm. The fact that no electric lighting power was available didn't stop them. They had had the foresight to buy batteries with which to run Hollis' amateur station, W4AFC.

Throughout the dark, howling night they toiled, and at 1:30 A. M. their first job was finished. They went on the air with the only reports from the stricken city, and a desperate plea for aid.

Finally they got into communication with the War Department in Washington and gave news of the city's plight. The government, as soon as the weather permitted, sent airplanes with food, blankets, surgical dressings and such supplies for the people who had been left homeless.

But it wasn't an easy job for Dana and Hollis. During four days, (Continued on page 71)



BY GLOBE TWISTER

BY CHASE
GILES

CHICAGO

● Wendell Hall, the redheaded music maker heard from Chicago over the NBC chain



SUMMER means vacation, even for the radio artist, and this year, despite the fact that most of their programs continue uninterrupted throughout the warmer months, artists in the Chicago studios of the National Broadcasting Company planned vacations taking them to all parts of the United States and even to Europe.

Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, spent a month in England, combining work and play by devoting part of her time there searching out old Norse legends for future programs.

While Irene was in England, Walter Wicker, her husband, who is heard in Today's Children, spent two weeks fishing in Wisconsin and Michigan.

Don Ameche, hero of a thousand radio dramas and leading man of First Nighter, originally planned to go to Europe during his vacation, but had to give it up.

June Meredith, star of First Nighter and Luxor Talkie Picture time dramas, went to a dude ranch near Santa Fe, New Mexico. Cliff Soubier planned no regular vacation, as he has eight scheduled broadcasts a week.

Gene Arnold spent his vacation in Mineral Wells, Texas. Announcer Louis Roen went to northern Wisconsin.

Arthur Jacobson, leading man of many Princess Pat and other dramatic programs, couldn't find time to leave Chicago, but got in plenty of sailing on Lake Michigan in his new boat.

* * *

Wendell Hall's eight-week vacation unfortunately turned out to be a period of convalescence from an infection of the ear and an attack of laryngitis.

Charles Hughes, "The First Nighter," went to Hot Springs, Ark., for his first vacation in years.

Everett Mitchell took a motorman's holiday by driving to the Pacific Coast and visiting radio stations there. He also shot many feet of movie film, one of his hobbies.

Vic, Sade and Rush weren't able to get away for a vacation, though Rush (Billy Idelson) considered being out of high school for the summer a vacation in itself.

Harvey Hays, veteran actor and narrator, wasn't able to get away, either; nor were the Merry Macs, novelty vocal quartet.

Lawrence Salerno, WGN's Italian troubadour, took his vacation this summer on the golf course. With fifteen programs each week on the air, Lawrence's only day off is Sunday and this time he spends on the golf course at his old home town of Madison, Wis., or fishing in one of the lakes near his home. Salerno is trying to follow in the footsteps of Gene Sarazen, the famous Italian golf professional.

BREEZERS

Thrilling sidelights on human stories that happen around the Chicago studios

Pat Barnes has long been one of Chicago's best known radio actors. He goes in for characters like old French Canadians, Jews, Germans, Italians, and can do all sorts of different dialects. His French Canadian stories are the McCoy. He actually gets them from his old friends up in Quebec where Pat once lived. Back in his home town of Sharon, Pa., Pat is a celebrity. They remember when the gangling young fellow used to deliver packages. They remember him later when he became Sergeant Patrick Henry Barnes during the war. They remember when he wrote that famous stage show, "A Buck on Leave," for the A.E.F. in France. A robust show it was even after it was cleaned up and brought to America after the war for more general consumption than the war-torn France had permitted.

In France the private, Joe Donoghue of Philadelphia sang "Mary Lee." But when the show was brought to Chicago, twelve years ago, Eleanor Gilmour had the part. Four years later Pat married Eleanor. It was quite a struggle Pat had landing the young lady. She wasn't at all sure she wanted to marry a happy-go-lucky actor. But the Irish lads have a way with them. Pat left the stage and started selling automobiles in Chicago and gradually worked up until he was top man on the sales force of that agency. Pat worked down at WHT for a time and so did Eleanor, who was the station's soprano. It was while they were both there that they got married.

Since those early days Barnes has risen to radio heights. And once he wrote a book. It was called "Sketches from Life." In that book was a chapter Pat didn't know anything about. It was called "Hands." It was only half a page long. . . .

Before the book was out Pat dropped into the publisher's office for a chat. Pat asked after the health of a mutual friend. The publisher looked startled.

"Why, didn't you know?"

"Know what?"

"He committed suicide last night!"

Pat was stunned. He sank into a chair by the publisher's desk. Sat in a stupor. The publisher was called out of his office. When he returned Pat said goodbye and left, still in a daze. A short while later the publisher noticed a sheet of paper over where Pat had been sitting. On it was scrawled a jumble of words. The publisher laboriously deciphered the writing, then realized Pat had scribbled down his thoughts upon hearing of his friend's suicide without even realizing he was jotting down words. So the publisher had it typed and put in the book. When the book was published he had to explain to Pat from where had come this page:

(Continued on page 69)

● Dorothy Page, pretty contralto who sings from Chicago was a magazine-cover girl



By the Oracle who knows all about stars, programs and personalities from Coast to Coast and who'll tell you anything you want to know

WHAT radio artist is considered to have the most popular success in pictures after being built up on the air?—Marguerite G., Verona, N. J.

Bing Crosby, without doubt. Eddie Cantor's pictures make a lot of money but then he was an established star before he went to Hollywood.

Would appreciate very much if you would tell me what has become of Mildred Bailey. I used to enjoy her programs so much. I wrote her but didn't receive an answer.—Mary B., Columbus, Ohio.

Miss Bailey has been off the air but expects to come back soon. She has been making personal appearances. Maybe she didn't get your letter. Why not try again. Write to her at the CBS Studios, 485 Madison Avenue, New York and ask them to forward the letter.

Why don't the radio sponsors sign girls like Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford and Miriam Hopkins for regular radio programs?—George D., Washington, D. C.

These actresses have been on programs as guest stars but most of the movie producers object to having their stars on regularly. They think it interferes with their movie work.

Can you tell me if Johnny Green is married? Why don't you print a picture of him in RADIO MIRROR? I think he's wonderful.—Helen C., Cleveland.

No sooner asked than done! Johnny and Mrs. Green are seen in two whole pages of pictures in this issue. Hope you like them.

Would you please, please print a picture of the Showboat cast? Do they costume for this program and such programs as "The Student Prince"?—Mary McM., Kansas City.

Now, pu-leeze, Mary. We used such a grand layout of the Showboat program with a complete story of the hour in our last November issue. They don't regularly costume these two programs for the weekly broadcasts.

Would appreciate it very much if you could advise the address of Herbert Steiner, pianist for Baby Rose Marie programs.—Victor C., Philadelphia.

The NBC Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York will forward any mail you address to him

What kind of girls does Lanny Ross date? Does he sing requests and does he answer fan letters?—Mary Brown, Kansas City.

Lanny doesn't make so very many dates, says he hasn't the time. Claims he likes brunettes much better than blondes, but he's been seen at openings with a few blondes. His programs are usually made up in advance, but why don't you try?

Ask him to sing your favorite, whatever it is. Yes, he answers his fan mail. Why don't you write him?

In the August issue of RADIO MIRROR there were some pictures of Rosaline Greene and under one picture it said she was the talking Mary Lou. Does that mean someone else does the singing? If so, who is the singing Mary Lou?—Dorothy C., New Britain, Conn.

Rosaline speaks the talking lines of the script and Muriel Wilson does the singing in the role.

Where is Guy Lombardo? Why don't you tell us something about him and his brothers? We miss him terribly out here in California.—Bert T., Los Angeles.

Guy Lombardo has been playing at the New York hotels this summer and will probably continue. California's loss is New York's gain. Didn't you read the story on the Lombardos last month and now you ask for more. One, at a time, you know.

How about giving some more of Al Pearce's gang a chance. I've seen a picture of Al and Mabel Todd but I think some of the rest of them need a break. How about "One Man's Family". I think they're one of the best liked programs on the air.—Marguerite H., Spokane.

We'll send your letter on to Dr. Power, who writes the Pacific news, and he'll do his best.

Will you please tell me whether Leah Ray is married or not and if she would kindly send me her photograph?—Allen G., Lancaster, Pa.

Miss Ray is not married—at least at this writing. If you don't ask how can you expect to receive?

Will you tell me where I can get separate pictures of the four Lombardo brothers and what will it cost?—June B., Oklahoma City.

Right in the September issue of RADIO MIRROR. How's that for service?

Why not give us some dope about "Show





WANT TO KNOW?

Boat"? Is Mary Lou really Uncle Henry's niece? And is Mrs. Jamison her mother? Is Lanny Ross really that way about Mary Lou and if so which one, the talking or vocalizing one?—Marie N., Los Angeles.

They are all actors and singers who take on the various characters for a broadcast, just like movie players do for film parts. No, Lanny isn't really that way about either Mary Lou, except while "Showboat" is being broadcast and he's acting his role.

How can I address letters to the following—Jane Froman, Gladys Swarthout, Sylvia Froos, Ruth Etting, Rosa Ponselle, Joy Lynne, Ramona, Harriett Hilliard, Tamara.—Audrey S., Napa, Cal.

Jane Froman, Gladys Swarthout, Sylvia Froos, Rosa Ponselle, at the Columbia Broadcasting Studios, 485 Madison avenue, New York; Ruth Etting at the RKO Studios, Hollywood and the others at the NBC, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Mrs. Leon, Valley Stream, L. I.—the above answers your query about Rosa Ponselle.

Is Eddie Cantor off the air for good or is he coming back?—Dorothy D., Chester, Pa.

You're too impatient, Dorothy. Eddie's been out in Hollywood making pictures for Sam Goldwyn and certainly has not deserted radio for good.

I read your department and enjoy it very much. Tell me, what happened to Loretta Lee and is she still on the air?—Rose D., Saugatuck, Conn.

She's been out on a vaudeville tour with George Hall's orchestra and will be on the air with the band this fall. O. K.?

Who is "Beetle", besides a pain in the neck to Phil Baker on his broadcasts and who plays the part of Bottle? Does

Baker write his own stuff?—Dolores F., Baltimore.

"Beetle" is a secret, even Phil won't tell. Harry McNaughton is "Bottles" and confidentially, Phil gets help on those swell air scripts. They all do.

I think Morton Downey has one of the sweetest voices in the world. Can you tell me if he will be heard again?—Little Rhode Island.

We're certainly hitting the request letters this month. You can read all about Morton on other pages. Yes, he'll be back.

You must know all the stars. Who do you think is the nicest girl and who's the most interesting man among the radio stars?—Katherine U., Buffalo.

Now, Katherine, don't be that way. What do you want to do, get us in Dutch with all our friends? They are a lot of swell people in radio and some who do give me a pain, but I won't tell you right now who they are.

Who is the Street Singer and will he return to the air?—Frank M., New York.

Arthur Tracy. Yes, he'll probably be heard again but I don't know when.

Where can I send a personal telegram to Lanny Ross? Is it true that his movie contract has been broken?—N. M. O., Cleveland.

He's in Hollywood now, making another picture on that contract you thought was broken. Don't believe all you hear, unless you read it in RADIO MIRROR (ho ho, aren't we conceited). Address him at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood.

Are Block and Sully going to come back on the air?—Joe H., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Probably, but they've been in Hollywood making a picture for United Artists this summer.

Can you tell me where Ted Fiorito will be after he finishes his personal appearance tour?—Mary E. B., Gold Beach, Ore.

He'll be in Los Angeles and broadcasting weekly on the new "Hollywood Hotel" countrywide program from California.

Could you tell me the addresses of Major Edward Bowes, Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Jack Benny—Woonsocket, R. I.

Major Bowes, Capitol Theater, New York and the other three, NBC Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York.

What are the names of Guy Lombardo's trio of singers? Does Rubinoff arrange himself or does he have special arrangers?—B. N., Bloomsburg, Pa.

The members of the Lombardo trio are Guy's brothers, Victor, Lebert and Carmen. Rubinoff does some of his own arranging—also has an arranger at various times.

Do you want to know something about your broadcast favorites? Write to the Oracle, Radio Mirror, 1926 Broadway, New York City

"OUR PUBLIC"

THE fall radio broadcasting season is in full swing. Big programs that went off the air for the summer months are back again; new sponsors are bringing more talent to the air parade. All the listener has to do now is twist the dial for a wide variety of ether entertainment.

DO YOU HEAR WHAT YOU WANT? DO YOU THINK THE BROADCASTERS ARE MAKING THE MOST OF THEIR OPPORTUNITIES? WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF RADIO PROGRAMS AND RADIO ENTERTAINERS NOW?

These are your pages to express your opinions, to set down your praises and to record your just and fair criticisms. RADIO MIRROR IS YOUR MAGAZINE! And it is intended not only to present the personalities and events of the radio world but to reflect the attitude and wishes of its ever-increasing number of readers. HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO WRITE YOUR MIND.

Not only do we encourage letters from the readers of RADIO MIRROR, but we pay for the most constructive ones. TWENTY DOLLARS FOR THE BEST LETTER, TEN DOLLARS FOR THE NEXT BEST AND ONE DOLLAR EACH FOR THE NEXT FIVE SELECTED!

Get your complaints off your chest and get the entertainment you really enjoy on your loud speakers. The radio executives want to broadcast what the public wants and RADIO MIRROR wants honest, helpful criticism.

Letters should contain not more than 200 words and should be sent not later than Oct. 20, to CRITICISM EDITOR, RADIO MIRROR, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

These letters have been chosen for this month:

\$20.00 PRIZE

I think the objection to radio advertising could be greatly overcome by these two methods: A short statement at the beginning of each program, or by incorporating it in the program, as in the "Fire Chief" program. I've never heard any complaints on that advertising. But advertising by childish skits, irritates to the point of having someone jump to the dials and switch programs. There is something nauseating about a dialogue such as this:

Dick:—"What lovely biscuits, dear, just like mother used to make."

Dolly:—"Oh do you like them, darling? But they just have to be like mother used to make, because I used 'So and So's' biscuit flour."

The psychological reaction seems to be the feeling that we are being treated like children. But, using the "Fire Chief" program again for example, the advertising is humorous, and though the very points brought out in favor of the product advertised, are made fun of by Ed Wynn, yet those very points come to our minds oftener because accompanied by the funny remarks he makes. The reaction here is that the advertiser is treating us in a sober grown-up, way, and we take sides with him against Ed Wynn's foolishness, though we enjoy it, at the same time.

MRS. GEO. F. FERRIS, Bell, Calif.

\$10.00 PRIZE

Radio broadcasts give us entertainment. Radio advertisers make this entertainment possible. RADIO MIRROR reflects the truth regarding entertainment and entertainers.

I've read much pro and con on radio advertising. Some call it an evil that should be run off the air—others accept it resignedly as a "necessary evil." But why label it an "evil"

when it can be made an asset? Advertising can be both funny and effective—if made part of the program itself. Consider the riotous way Jack Benny sandwiches in references to General Tires. We don't resent such advertising because it is presented humorously.

In serious programs where humorous advertising would be inappropriate, a worthwhile contest, based on the advertiser's wares and announced before and after the program, might be substituted. Listeners would not be bored, for they would have a real incentive to become better acquainted with said wares.

MARYA DAVIS, El Paso, Texas.

\$1.00 PRIZE

There's nothing like radio to emphasize the truth of that old saying, "Appearances are sometimes deceitful." On the surface, I appear to be a plain, practical, home-keeping "hill-billy." But a twist of the radio dial—and presto! I am a colorful "man of the world"—a seasoned globe trotter, a connoisseur of good music, an inveterate "first nighter"! And all without moving from my armchair!

The radio is my dream world of infinite scope, RADIO MIRROR my map and guide-book with which to explore this delightful realm.

I wonder if people living in cities fully appreciate the marvels of radio. Here in the mountains, where recreational facilities are necessarily few, radio becomes a veritable "magic carpet," whisking one gaily away.

J. S. VAUGHN, Ruidoso, New Mexico.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Since first hearing Jessica Dragonette sing seven years ago I have never voluntarily missed one of her regular broadcasts. Her voice has seemed to represent all the worth-while things of life—beauty—love—truth and sincerity.

On May 20th, Miss Dragonette was guest artist with Silken Strings on the Real Silk Program in Chicago. I saw Miss Dragonette, a tiny, radiant vision, softly glide to her position in front of the microphone. I saw her give that microphone a smile and then, softly, tenderly pour out her soul in song.

I realized then—as never before—why we seem to feel her presence as we listen to her sing—why, while sitting in our homes listening to this glorious voice, we seem to sense the lovely personality of the singer. Such real sincerity could not fail to reach her listeners—she gives to her songs something very precious from her own personality—Miss Dragonette has a God-given voice and is worthy of it.

I have no complaint to make with radio. Why should I? Radio has brought me so much that is beautiful and entertaining . . . so much I could not have had otherwise.

RADIO MIRROR so very aptly supplies the "Eyes" to radio. RADIO MIRROR sees and hears what we can not and passes it on to us. It supplies the human touch.

GERALDINE CLEAVER, Anita, Iowa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

As Edison with the incandescent lamp lighted the world, so radio, is enlightening the minds and hearts of the people all over the world today.

With the twist of a dial events of world importance, that will be the history of tomorrow are brought into homes where ever radio has found its way.

Comfort and cheer are given to those who are confined

BROADCASTING



to their homes or the hospitals. Music, drama, and other entertainment, whatever be your mood, on fair or rainy days, are yours for the asking.

Radio needs but little criticism, it is only past its infancy and in time will correct the few faults we find to criticize.

Keep up the good work, only can't you make RADIO MIRROR longer?

ARTHUR F. BROWN, Boston, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE

I wish somebody would explain why millions of radio fans all over the United States must suffer the semi-annual disruption of our radio programs when the Daylight Saving spasm starts in the East. Why should three-fourths of us either lose our favorites entirely or spend days trying to find out to what hour they have been shunted, just to accommodate a few states that kid themselves thinking they are saving daylight by following the example of Lo, the Indian, who tried to lengthen his blanket by cutting off one end of it and sewing it on the other end.

Every summer the Pacific Coast loses Tony Wons because

● A portion of the crowd of 30,000 which attended one of KFVB Sunday Hi Jinks picnics

of the earlier hour. Another favorite we lose is the Texas Rangers because an old established Coast program conflicts.

MRS. THOMAS COPE, Seattle, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Radio Programs of today are like our automobiles, continually changing, but always for a better model or a better program. In radio programs a few are outstanding such as "One Man's Family," Amos 'n' Andy, Twenty Mule Team Borax, and a few others.

Programs that make a break in the middle to get their ad over is like having somebody ask a foolish question in the middle of a good story. Why not have children's programs from three to six? The after-dinner hour is one of the best for advertising to grown-ups. With two or three good programs at the same time some one is losing a good ad, and someone is missing a good program. Both of the above will be improved, I hope as time goes on. I notice you have added Pacific Coast pages. Why call it Pacific Coast pages? You haven't come far enough west. Chicago out in California is middle west.

MAX KOEHNCKE, San Francisco, Calif.

He Holds the Secrets of Countless Crimes

(Continued from page 19)

scientist and the Voice ascribe different, but not unrelated motivations to the fan mail writers.

I do not pretend to know which is right, and the question does not matter as long as the practise continues. I do know that the Voice is doing a lot of good, and that does matter.

Let us see, for example how he treated the case of the woman who received the proposition to become a loan-wife. And how her husband felt about it, and how it turned out.

It was a pitiful letter from the woman which introduced the case. She was of good birth. She was good looking and young, and strongly religious. But she had been caught in the ebb of the depression. The fact that her husband had hunted for months, in vain, for a job grieved her almost to distraction. It grieved her husband no less for he hardly cared to return home at night to report failure, and to see the little tots wondering about when they were going to eat, if ever. Only fatigue drove him home for rest in advance of a new hunt next day. They had been living on city charity for weeks before the funds ran out, and their desperation grew. Then, in stalked the villain—a handsome bachelor who had quarters in the same tenement. He wasn't rich, but he had a job and some savings. He began giving little things to the children and one day stopped to talk to the mother. Learning of their dire circumstances he explained that he was living a lonely life and then made the offer (for as he later admitted, he had long been smitten by the woman) which nearly brought tragedy. In exchange for her companionship he would furnish the necessities and some luxuries. The woman was at first insulted. Then, two of the children fell ill and needed a nurse and a doctor. There was medicine to buy. The bachelor renewed his offer.

THE woman never had harbored, according to her letter, any unfaithful thoughts. She was really in love with her husband, but at the same time, so desperate that she was willing to make almost any sacrifice, particularly for her sick children. But she still felt that it was her duty to discuss the stranger's proposition with her husband. She must have his advice before giving the man his final answer.

The husband was shocked when she told him. But they sat up all one night weighing the proposal, and at length, the husband said:

"You are willing to sacrifice yourself, and I should be willing to take part in the sacrifice. You have my permission to go to this man one night a week, until we find another way out of this hell."

She told the bachelor and it was all arranged. He advanced her \$15. A definite time was set for the woman's visit to the stranger's apartment. When that time arrived, the wife went to his rooms, but when the man no longer

tried to hide his feelings toward her, she broke down and bolted from the room.

She may never have written for help to the Voice of Experience, except that the bachelor did not walk out of the picture then. Instead, he threatened to have the woman thrown into jail on charges of having stolen money from him, by producing witnesses who had seen her go in and come out of his rooms.

"What should she do?" That's what she asked the Voice.

She was promptly told to drop such an immoral deal. An investigator was sent to see her and found her story true. The Voice has a charity fund, and out of it the family was assisted until the Voice was able to obtain a job for the husband. The story had a happy ending.

"I shall tell you of another extremely interesting case," Mr. Taylor said, as he rummaged through his files. "It is the story of a man who thought he was a murderer—a man who carried around tons of conscience for years and years, but who now is able to face the world and the law fearlessly.

SEVERAL years ago I received a long letter from this man. He stated that for the first time, after listening to a number of my broadcasts, he felt that he must confess a crime that had affected his whole life. Then he admitted that thirteen years before he had killed a man out in a Western state. Because of the unusual circumstances surrounding the killing and, since there was no witness to the actual shooting, and no one had reason to suspicion him, he unostentatiously packed up his things and left that part of the country. But he soon learned that, although he might leave a locality, he could not get away from himself and his constant re-enacting of the tragic drama. He became a maverick and covered practically the entire globe. Yet, at the time he was writing me, he claimed that he still felt like a hunted animal, was nervous, restless, and could scarcely live with himself. He closed his letter by saying that, after re-reading it, he felt better merely to have unburdened himself to someone, even though he had done so anonymously and in a locality where there would be no suspicion as to who was doing the confessing. He urged me to tell him how he could quiet his conscience so he could get some rest from his sleep and could concentrate on his work.

"His whole letter evidenced sincerity and, even though I made it a rule never to see anyone personally, I felt that, in this case, an exception should be made. I went to the air and pledged him secrecy, provided that he would meet me, naming the time and place, and discuss his problem with me in person. This he did and, upon his giving me the whole story, I realized that he was not guilty of murder, even though he had taken a man's life. I ex-

plained to him that it was my opinion, if he had told me the truth, that he had committed justifiable homicide. I saw by his reactions that, even though I felt that he had been justified, I could not convert him to this opinion. So, with his consent, I got in touch with the authorities, explained the situation to them, made it clear that what this man needed in his process of psychological re-education was to actually pay a debt to society. So it was arranged for him to plead guilty to manslaughter, which he did. An indefinite sentence of from one to fifteen years was given him and he went to prison. At the end of the first year, he was paroled, came back East, looked me up, told me that for the first time in all these years, when he found himself behind the bars, actually paying his debt to society, he began to sleep normally, put on weight and became himself once more. Now the man has been given his full pardon and is once more a self-respecting citizen.

There are those who threaten suicide. These constitute one of the most difficult problems so far as radio advisors are concerned. I remember once that Kate Smith repeated a song trice in a single week, because a girl had threatened to kill herself if it wasn't sung. I remember too, that one young chap whose girl had thrown him down, who wanted to die. He remembered hearing a radio program that night in which a love song was featured. He asked Kate Smith to sing it on a certain date, when he would "leave the world" listening. Kate never sang the song, and is still afraid to sing it.

About these suicide threats, and even attempts, the Voice reports that during the prolonged depression he has received a heartbreaking number of letters depicting tragic circumstances which were becoming so unbearable for the writers that suicide seemed the only way out for them.

I HAVE," he says, "several letters on file, which were either delayed in reaching me, or I was delayed in getting a reply to the senders. I found out by various means that the writers actually had taken their lives. In several cases unsuccessful attempts had been made and we were enabled through one avenue or another to make further efforts to prevent new attempts.

Frankly, although I have known the Voice for quite some time, I had doubted whether there really lived a man with enough experience to advise in so many problems. But after going over the multitudinous cases, I no longer doubt that the Voice has got enough experience since coming to the radio to carry right on. I am no longer interested, nor perhaps, should any of us be, why people write him and similar oracles. It is enough to know that they usually get the right answers.

Until such cross-sections of the laity that he contacts, stand revealed, I am afraid we can't have a very accurate picture of the composite radio audience.

\$500.00 CASH PRIZE

SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST ENDS THIS MONTH!

SEND YOUR ENTRY IN ON TIME

HERE the final set of Scrambled Personality composites. When you have them unscrambled, correctly re-assembled and identified you will be ready to arrange your complete set of twelve radio personalities pictures into a contest entry. In preparing your entry bear in mind that accuracy will count. Also neatness in the presentation of your material will count. This, however, does not mean that elaborate

presentations are either necessary or advisable. Simplicity is the best rule to follow. Concentrate on having your pictures correctly put together and accurately identified. Before you mail your entry read the rules over for a last time to make sure that you have complied with all requirements. Be sure that you place sufficient postage on your entry. Those with insufficient postage will be returned.

THE PRIZES

- FIRST PRIZE.....\$200.00
- SECOND PRIZE 100.00
- FIVE PRIZES, Each \$10.00. 50.00
- TEN PRIZES, Each \$5.00... 50.00
- FIFTY PRIZES, Each \$2.00. 100.00
- TOTAL 67 PRIZES.....\$500.00

THE RULES

- 1** Each month, for three months, RADIO MIRROR will publish a set of composite pictures of well-known radio personalities.
- 2** Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled, will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
- 3** For the neatest correctly assembled, named and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits RADIO MIRROR will award \$500.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
- 4** Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.
- 5** Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.
- 6** When your entry is complete send it by first-class mail to SCRAMBLED PERSONALITY CONTEST, RADIO MIRROR, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
- 7** No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Mofodden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
- 8** Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
- 9** All entries must be received on or before Monday, October 15, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Mofodden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

SET No. 3



Name.....

Name.....



Name.....

Name.....

WATCH FOR YOUR NAME AMONG THE WINNERS!

We Have with Us

(Continued from page 45)

Monday

6:45 P. M. THE DIXIE CIRCUS—Uncle Bob Sherwood and Frank Novak's orchestra. (Dixie Drinking Cups). WABC and associated stations.
Picking Up the Sawdust Trail.

7:15 P. M. GENE AND GLENN—comedy sketch. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WEAF and associated stations.
The boys are coming along.

7:30 P. M. THE SILVER DUST SERENADERS. Paul Keast, baritone; Rollo Hudson's Orchestra. (The Gold Dust Corp.). Also Wed. and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
It's shine-up hour now.

7:45 P. M. THE PEPSODENT COMPANY Frank Buck Program—dramatized jungle adventures. Daily except Saturday and Sunday. WJZ and associated stations.
Hold that tiger!

7:45 P. M. BOAKE CARTER—daily except Saturday and Sunday. (Philco Radio and Television Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
Headlines in the Oxford manner.

8:00 P. M. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS— with Richard Himber's orchestra and Joey Nash, tenor. WEAF and associated stations.
How that ork pilot has come to the fore this year.

8:00 P. M. YEAST FOAMERS—Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Northwestern Yeast Company). WJZ and associated stations.
Pleasantly paced in a modern manner.

8:00 P. M. KATE SMITH and her Swanee Music. Also Thursday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
We'll stay home any night for this program.

8:15 P. M. EDWIN C. HILL, "The Human Side of the News". (Barbasol). Also Wednesday and Friday. WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Hill reviewing the day's happenings.

8:30 P. M. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE Garden Concert, featuring Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano, and William Daly's symphonic string orchestra with Margaret Speaks, soprano; Fred Hufsmith, tenor, and Frank Chapman, baritone. WEAF and associated stations.
One of tonight's highlights.

9:00 P. M. A. & P. GYPSIES—direction of Harry Horlick; Robert Simmons, tenor. (Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
They've been doing good work for a long time now.

9:00 P. M. SINCLAIR MINSTRELS—with Gene Arnold, Joe Parsons, bass; male quartet; Bill Childs, Mac McCloud and Clifford Soubier, end men; band direction, Harry Kogen. WJZ and associated stations.
Go right ahead, Mr. Interlocutor, we're waiting.

9:30 P. M. LUD GUSKIN and his Continental Orchestra with Henrietta Schumann and Georgie Price, master of ceremonies. (Ex-Lax Co.). WABC and associated stations.
With all his European medals.

9:30 P. M. COLGATE HOUSE PARTY— Joe Cook comedian; Donald Novis, tenor; Frances Langford, blues singer; orchestra direction Don Voorhees. (Colgate-Palmolive Peet Co.). WEAF and associated stations.
There's nothing crazier than this one.

9:30 P. M. PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS— drama with Douglas Hope, Alice Hill, Peggy Davis and Arthur Jacobson. (Princess Pat, Ltd.). WJZ and associated stations.
Another entertaining theater of the airwaves.

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.). WEAF and associated stations.
If you're not content, this ought to help.

11:15 P. M. GLEN GRAY and the Casa Loma Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.
One of the better dance aggregations.

Tuesday

12:15 Noon CONNIE GATES—songs. WABC and associated stations. Also Thursday and Friday.
Connie comes singing to you.

4:15 P. M. THE SINGING STRANGER— Wade Booth, baritone; dramatic sketch with Dorothy Day. Also Friday. (Bauer & Black). WJZ and associated stations.
You ought to know him by now.

7:30 P. M. WHISPERING JACK SMITH and his orchestra. (Ironized Yeast Co.) Also Thursday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.
An old-timer comes back.

8:00 P. M. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA with Phil Duey, baritone. (Philip Morris Cigarettes). WEAF and associated stations.
This man knows his arrangements.

8:00 P. M. ENO CRIME CLUES—dramatic sketch (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.) Also Wednesday. WJZ and associated stations.
A few shivers and a lot of thrills.

8:00 P. M. "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" with Frank Munn, Tenor; Muriel Wilson, Soprano, and Gustav Haensch's Orchestra. (Bayer's Aspirin). WABC and associated stations.
In the good old-fashioned way.

8:30 P. M. LADY ESTHER SERENADE— Wayne King and his orchestra. Also Wednesday. (Lady Esther Cosmetics). WEAF and associated stations.
How's your complexion?

8:30 P. M. PACKARD CAVALCADE—WJZ and associated stations.
With all the improvements.

8:30 P. M. "ACCORDIANA" with Abe Lyman's Orchestra, Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor, (Philips Dental Magnesia). WABC and associated stations.
No awkward pauses to this program.

9:00 P. M. HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES—Edgar A. Guest, poet; Alice Mock, soprano; Charles Sears, tenor; vocal trio; Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Household Finance Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.
Corn-fed "pomes" with pleasant musical interludes.

9:00 P. M. BING CROSBY—Songs. (Woodbury Soap) WABC and associated stations.
Now the girls are happy.

9:30 P. M. SOCONYLAND SKETCHES — dramatic sketch with Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. WEAF and associated stations.
Another dramatic diversion.

9:30 P. M. MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT and Josef Koestner's Orchestra (Simmons Company). WJZ and associated stations.
How the First Lady feels about things.

9:30 P. M. RICHARD HIMBER and Studebaker Champions; Joey Nash, tenor. (Studebaker Motor Corp.) WABC and associated stations.
Mr. Himber, again with a sponsor.

10:00 P. M. PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; John Barclay, Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, and others; Nat Shilkret's Orchestra. (Palmolive Soap). WEAF and associated stations.
Just what we said before.

11:15 P. M. JACK BERGER and his Hotel Astor Orchestra. WEAF and network.
Broadway dances, but you can listen.

Wednesday

7:30 P. M. IRENE RICH FOR WELCH— Dramatic Sketch (Welch's Grape Juice). WJZ and associated stations.
A movie star at the microphone.

8:00 P. M. MAXINE, PHIL SPITALNY ENSEMBLE. (Cheramy, Inc.—Cosmetics). WABC and associated stations.
Watch this little gal.

8:00 P. M. TENDER LEAF TEA PROGRAM —Jack Pearl, the Baron Munchausen with Cliff Hall; Peter Van Steeden's Orchestra. (Chase & Sanborn Tea). WEAF and associated stations.
The Baron still using his imagination.

8:30 P. M. "EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES"—Everett Marshall, Baritone and Master of Ceremonies; Elizabeth Lennox, Contralto; Victor Arden's Orchestra; and guest stars (Bi-so-dol). WABC and associated stations.

(Continued on page 60)

Happy the Bride

WITH A LOVELY **CAMAY COMPLEXION!**



HAPPY THE BRIDE the sun shines on—and the bride whose complexion is as fresh as her flowers! The clear, lovely skin that comes with Camay is a charm every bride should possess!

Choose the Soap of Beautiful Women for your beauty soap. Before very long, your skin will feel smoother. The new clear quality of your complexion will improve your looks. For Camay's rich, creamy lather is a beauty lotion for the delicate feminine skin.

**Everyone Admires
The Girl with a Lovely Skin**

Most women would not care to take part in a Beauty Contest of the bathing-

girl type. Yet every woman, whether pretty or plain, is in a daily Beauty Contest. Day after day your friends and your family judge your looks. And you're sure to win their admiration if you have a lovely, clear Camay Complexion!

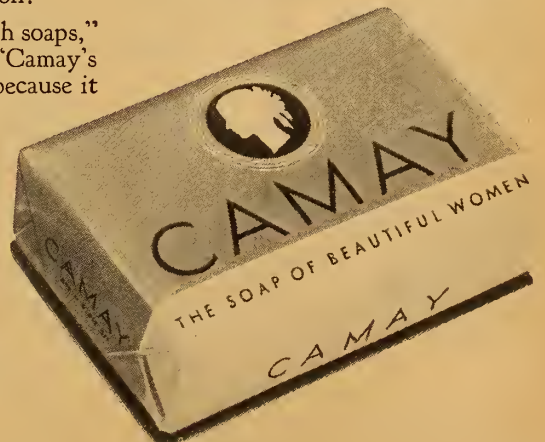
"I'm very careful to avoid harsh soaps," said one lovely young bride. "Camay's lather is very gentle. I use it because it keeps my complexion so smooth and fresh-looking."

"I adore the delicate fragrance Camay has," said a sweet-looking girl of sixteen. "Camay is so refreshing in my bath."

Try Camay and convince yourself! It's such a mild, delicate

beauty soap, of such generous lather, that it is almost sure to benefit your complexion. Get several cakes of Camay today. It comes in a smart green and yellow wrapper, fresh-sealed in Cellophane.

Copyright 1934, Procter & Gamble Co.



CAMAY . . . THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



Now! *an Eyelash Make-up that gives the alluring effect of*

LONG, LOVELY LASHES

so fascinating to men!

FROM Paris comes the secret of this super-mascara called Winx. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skimpy, pale lashes look luxurious, sparkling, *alive!*

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



FREE

Merely send

Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, RM-10
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name.....

Street.....

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

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Black or Brown.

(Continued from page 58)

It's a pleasure to hear Mr. Marshall announcing, and singing.

9:00 P. M. TOWN HALL TONIGHT — Fred Allen, comedian; Songsmiths Quartet and Lennie Hayton's Orchestra (Bristol-Myers Co.) WEF and associated stations.

A comedian with a real sense of humor.

9:30 P. M. THE ADVENTURES OF GRACIE — Burns & Allen (White Owl Cigar). WABC and associated stations.

As crazy as ever.

10:00 P. M. THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST. Mark Warnow's Orchestra (Grape Nuts). WABC and associated stations.

Brrrrr!

10:00 P. M. LOMBARDO-LAND featuring Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians; Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.) WEF and associated stations.

What more do you want?

10:00 P. M. DENNIS KING and Louis Katzman's Orchestra. (Enna-Jettick Shoes) WJZ and associated stations.

Romance set to music.

10:30 P. M. CONOCO Presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his Orchestra and John B. Kennedy (Continental Oil Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

The country's ace song-plugger in a high silk hat.

10:30 P. M. TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES' Crusade Against Crime—Dramatization (Macfadden Publications, Inc.) WABC and associated stations.

When truth is thrilling.

Thursday

6:30 P. M. SHELL FOOTBALL PROGRAM. (Shell Eastern Petroleum Products, Inc.) Also Friday and Saturday. WABC and associated stations.

Much ado about touchdowns.

8:00 P. M. FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees; guest artists. (Fleischmann Yeast). WEF and associated stations.

Still the blue ribbon winner.

8:00 P. M. GRITS AND GRAVY—mountaineer sketch with George Gaul, Peggy Paige and Robert Strauss; Anthony Stanford, director. WJZ and associated stations.

Yo—all can't have everything

9:00 P. M. CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger; Lanny Ross, tenor, Annette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January; Gus Haenschen's Show Boat Band. (Maxwell House Coffee). WEF and associated stations.

Our weekly river-boat ride.

9:00 P. M. BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS. Carson Robison and his Buckaroos with a dramatic cast. (Feenamint). WABC and associated stations.

Horse sense among the hard riders.

9:00 P. M. DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatic program with Tim Frawley, Joseph Bell, Edwin M. Whitney; John White, the Lonesome Cowboy;

orchestra direction Joseph Bonime. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.) WJZ and associated stations.

Where the coyotes come out in the dark, or do they?

10:00 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL—Al Jolson, entertainer; Paul Whiteman and his orchestra and radio entertainers. (Kraft-Phoenix Cheese Corp.) WEF and associated stations.

Al's in his stride now.

10:00 P. M. BORDEN'S FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD" (Borden Sales Co.) WABC and associated stations.

A free trip to the movie capital.

11:00 P. M. ERNIE HOLST and his Central Park Casino Orchestra. WJZ and network.

A newcomer who deserves a hand

Friday

8:00 P. M. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, soprano and the Cities Service Quartet; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's Orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

One of the air's sweetest voices in good company.

8:15 P. M. WALTER B. PITKIN—The Clearing House for Hope. WABC and associated stations.

"Life Begins at Forty."

8:30 P. M. TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS (TRUE STORY MAGAZINE). WABC and associated stations.

A million judges for real life tales.

9:00 P. M. WALTZ TIME — Frank Munn, tenor; Vivienne Segal, soprano; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products). WEF and associated stations.

Mr. Lyman taking his time.

9:00 P. M. LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris and his orchestra with Leah Ray, blues singer. (Northam Warren Corp.) WJZ and associated stations.

Saxophones with a Dixie intonation.

9:00 P. M. CALIFORNIA MELODIES. Raymond Paige's Orchestra with Joan Marsh and other guest soloists. WABC and associated stations.

Dance time along the Pacific.

9:30 P. M. PICK AND PAT IN ONE NIGHT STANDS—Orchestra direction Joseph Bonime; guest singer. WEF and associated stations.

Just going from place to place.

9:30 P. M. THE ARMOUR PROGRAM featuring Phil Baker, Harry McNaughton, Mabel Albertson, Irene Beasley, blues singer, and Roy Shield's Orchestra. (Armour Products). WJZ and associated stations.

Funny Phil with his Bottle and his Beetle

9:30 P. M. JOHNNY GREEN—"In the Modern Manner" WABC and associated stations.

The professor at the piano.

10:00 P. M. FIRST NIGHTER—dramatic sketch with June Meredith, Don Ameche, Cliff Soubier, Eric Sagerquist's Orchestra (Campana Corp.) WEF and associated stations.

The curtain rises.
10:00 P. M. THE SPOTLIGHT REVUE with Everett Marshall, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, Frank Crumit and Victor Young's Orchestra. (Schlitz Beer). WABC and associated stations.

A whole flock of air stars.
10:30 P. M. THE GENERAL TIRE PROGRAM with Jack Benny, Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker, tenor; Don Bestor's Orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

Mr. Benny with his jokes and his pals.
11:32 P. M. FREDDIE MARTIN and his Hotel St. Regis Orchestra. WEF and associated stations.
Clarinets for Chanel costumes.

Saturday

7:45 P. M. MARY EASTMAN, Soprano and Concert Orchestra. WABC and associated stations.

A lovely voice.
8:00 P. M. ROXY—Variety program. (Fletcher's Castoria) WABC and associated stations.

The Master Showman at the mike.
9:00 P. M. ONE MAN'S FAMILY—dramatic sketch with Anthony Smythe. WEF and associated stations.

Just like the people next door.
10:00 P. M. RAYMOND KNIGHT AND HIS CUCKOOS; Mrs. Pennyfeather; Mary McCoy; Jack Arthur; the Sparkler's and Robert Armbruster's Orchestra. WEF and associated stations.

Crazy but entertaining.
10:15 P. M. JACK DENNY'S ORCHESTRA. WEF and associated stations.
You've been waiting all evening for this.

10:30 P. M. PAUL WHITEMAN'S SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY. WEF and associated stations.
Mr. Whiteman without benefit of sponsor.

11:30 P. M. GUY LOMBARDO and his Waldorf Astoria Orchestra. WJZ and associated stations.
A pleasant good-night.

The Human Side of Edwin C. Hill

(Continued from page 29)

Russell, had been Speaker of the British House of Commons in 1424; and lying on the floor, of an evening, before the open fire, listening to his grandfather and grandmother tell stories of the struggles and hardships of pioneer days.

Young Edwin showed no particular professional talents in those years, and . . . possibly because it was in the blood! . . . the family took it for granted that he would become a school-teacher, too! Towards this bright end, he attended Indiana University, and busied himself with playing baseball and cutting classes. He must have devoted himself to these pleasant pursuits with his characteristic energy, for after a few months on the diamond and outside the classrooms, he was requested to betake his presence elsewhere! Then he



Easy to end pimples, blackheads, large pores, oily skin

Thousands report quick improvement with famous medicated cream.

DRESS SMARTLY! Make yourself as attractive as you can! But what's the use if a blemished skin ruins your charm for men?

Don't despair—your skin can be made clear, lovely, alluring. Not with ordinary creams, though! They remove only the surface dirt. Follow the advice of doctors, nurses and over 6,000,000 women who have already discovered this priceless beauty secret! Use Noxzema, the medicated

cream that actually helps correct complexion troubles—be they pimples, blackheads, large pores, oiliness or rough skin.

HOW IT WORKS

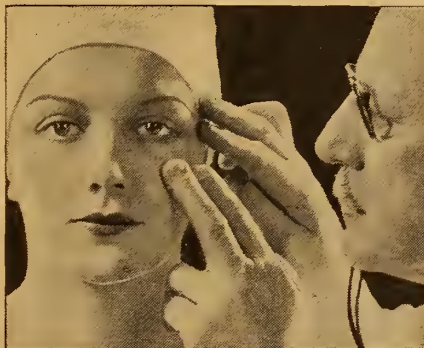
Noxzema's penetrating medications work deep into the pores—purge away clogged, blemish-causing poisons—leave pores medically pure and clean. Its balmy oils soothe and soften irritated skin. Then its ice-like astringents refine the coarsened skin texture to exquisite fineness.

Your first application will do wonders. In 8 hours—overnight—Noxzema will show a big improvement. Morning will show blemishes are far less noticeable. You can touch your skin and feel how much softer and finer it is!

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. Noxzema is greaseless—vanishing—stainless! With this scientifically perfect complexion aid, you'll soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15¢ for a generous 25¢ trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 1010 Baltimore, Md.



New Beauty in 10 Days

Noxzema was first prescribed by doctors for skin irritations. Nurses discovered its use for red, chapped hands and as a corrective facial cream. Today Noxzema is featured by beauty experts and is used by over 6,000,000 women!

Get a trial jar of Noxzema—use it for 10 days to correct skin flaws—see how clearer, lovelier your skin becomes.

Noxzema

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids



will instantly transform
your eyes into glowing
pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in your eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear naturally long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



went to Butler College. And there something happened that changed his life . . . and, perhaps, ours, too.

The Professor of English at Butler used the New York *Sun* as a model of writing style. And young Hill, who had never looked on writing as anything but a special form of class-room annoyance, grew enthusiastic about the well-turned editorials, the vivid news stories, the very bigness pervading a city paper; and determined then and there to be a journalist himself! He tells you frankly that he might never have thought seriously of writing, had not that Professor brought the *Sun* before his pupils. And thus, if you don't mind poor puns, Edwin C. Hill hitched his wagon to the *Sun*.

On graduating from college, he went to work on "small town" papers, in Indianapolis and Fort Wayne. In the latter city, he even managed to attract attention to himself for his stirring story on the funeral of President Benjamin Harrison. That was all that Ed Hill was waiting for . . . some notice! Packing that Harrison story into his grip, he gave up his job and started out for New York, to get on the *Sun*.

HE arrived in New York with a hundred dollars in his pocket, and a dream of glory in his heart. He was an experienced reporter. He had written a star story. All he had to do now was to show himself. He showed himself. He walked right into the *Sun* office, and asked for a job. Then, after three and a half minutes, he walked right out on the street again. It appears that hard-boiled New York editors weren't in the least impressed with young Hoosiers, who had turned out one big story in Fort Wayne. Why didn't he try one of the other papers? No, sir! The *Sun*!

While the hundred dollars lasted, young Hill paid daily visits to the *Sun's* managing editor, to see if maybe he hadn't had a specially good night and changed his mind. But that editor must have been one of those men of granite; when he said NO, he meant it. So, pretty soon, our budding reporter started clerking in a store at nine dollars a week, and selling insurance on the side. And he didn't pay daily visits to the *Sun* office any more. He went there only four or five times a week. After a few months of that, the editor possibly got to feel that it would seem sort of unnatural around the office without that big, alert-eyed Indiana kid in the doorway, so he took him on, as a trial. Just to prove to him that he hadn't a chance; just to get rid of him once and for all. So, after some seven-hundred-and-sixty-two applications (not counting Sundays), Edwin C. Hill got on the *Sun*. He earned about ten dollars a week, and wrote thumb-nail paragraphs.

In time, Hill became star reporter for the *Sun*. His big assignments included correspondent work all over the U. S. A., in Europe, and Africa; the Bull Moose presidential campaign; the arrival of the *Carpathia*, bringing the survivors of the *Titanic*, and the first authentic word of that tragic shipwreck; the sinking of the steamboat *General Slocum*, in New York's East

River; the Peace Conference with Woodrow Wilson; and interviews with Roosevelt, Taft, Lloyd George, Mussolini, Pershing, Joffre, Foch, Ivar Kreuger, Babe Ruth, Bill Tilden, and Gene Tunney. He has enjoyed close friendship with all of our country's presidents, from "Teddy" Roosevelt to Franklin D. Roosevelt. At one time, he was Production Director for Fox Films, but gave that up, after two years, to return to his first love, newspaper work and the *Sun*. He stayed in Hollywood just long enough to persuade the charming actress, Jane Gail, to become Mrs. Hill and return East with him.

Hill entered radio work by accident! During the summer of 1930, while he was fishing in the Maine woods, he got a hurry call from CBS to come down for a tryout. He said, "Nothing doing . . . the trout are biting too well!" And the matter was forgotten. Later, he did try out for radio work, and did *not* get the job. But some of the men present at that tryout remembered the vibrant voice, the genial personality, the gift of graphic description, and sent for Mr. Hill a year later, to begin his series of news broadcasts which have been one of the outstanding features of the air for over three years.

Edwin C. Hill is the sort of man you'd like. He stands six feet tall, and is broadshouldered and athletic looking. His blue eyes are keen, and take in everything at a glance; the eyes a good physician ought to have. His brown hair is just beginning to turn gray at the temples. He has an easy, kindly manner, and will go out of his way to do a person a service. His favorite sport is fly-fishing for trout, but he likes to dance, too. He smokes in moderation, doesn't drink, and doesn't care for "night life". His favorite possession is his bull terrier.

BUT now to get back to those greatest thrills of his. Mr. Hill tells you about them himself.

"The three most glamorous moments of my career are: *first*, when I saw my first story 'printed' in the *Sun*.

"*Second*, when the first copy of the first book I ever wrote was put in my hands by the publisher. It was a novel, 'The Iron Horse', about the building of the transcontinental railroad from Omaha to San Francisco.

"*Third*, when my wholly unexpected and almost accidental adventure into radio was followed by an offer from CBS to speak for them on a sustaining basis. That was a thrill, because I realized that CBS would not have made the offer if they hadn't believed that radio success and sponsors were just around the corner of time . . . and *that* meant that I was to have the opportunity of giving the people something they really wanted."

Thus, to one of America's outstanding men, "glamor" means the thrill that comes when you do a job well . . . when you put over something you've dreamed about . . . when you keep faith with your responsibilities. And, when you stop to think it over, it's a pretty good idea of glamor!

The Beautiful Stogge

(Continued from page 22)

Going to try it alone?"

Toby didn't answer for a moment. He was asking himself some questions. He got the answers, too, and finally he spoke.

"I've got to have a stogge," he said. First place my comedy style needs a woman playing with me. Next thing is that the client is going to expect a stogge and if there isn't one, he'll think we're holding out on him. We'll have to listen to every gal in radio and maybe we'll get one that will get by—but we'll never find one as good as Margy! Gosh. I hope she doesn't hate me too much!"

Something about Toby's tone made the professor look at him intently. It suggested a possibility that had never occurred to him before.

"Toby. You're—you're rather fond of her, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh. Really nuts about the kid!"

An hour later, as he huddled over his typewriter trying to write funny lines for Toby's audition, the professor was still trying to figure out just what Toby meant when he said he was 'really nuts about the kid.'

HE straightened up from his typewriter and suddenly looked directly at himself in a mirror across the room.

"The trouble with you, Augustus" he said solemnly to his reflection, "is that at the slightest encouragement you'd be nuts about Margy yourself." But he didn't think he was in love. Then, taking a long breath, he went back to work. At three o'clock in the morning when the keys of the typewriter were blurred before his tired eyes, he took a sheet of paper from the machine and knew he'd written a great script! He didn't realize he'd written it for Margy.

Toby Malone hadn't intended to get drunk. For five hours he had sat hunched in a chair in a small control room at Consolidated listening to prospective stogges. The casting department at Consolidated, when Toby put in an emergency call for a woman to play with him, had really been busy. More than seventy young women, most of them with some sort of radio experience, had crowded into the corridor outside the studio.

When Toby saw the crowd, he was optimistic. Surely out of that assortment of voices he'd hear one that would take the place of Margy. He started listening. Out of the first ten he heard, six had done fair imitations of Gracie Allen, two gave impressions of Mary Livingstone and the tenth had tried to imitate Margy's own style.

Among the next twenty he heard, the voices ranged from suggestions of Ethel Barrymore to one girl who insisted on working in Swedish dialect.

He heard them all but he failed to find his voice. So he went out to get a drink and had four.

He met a friend from Broadway and had a couple more. Dinner followed at Le Pierrot and there was wine. After dinner, Toby kept on drinking.

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NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh, attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

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It was after ten o'clock when he happened to meet David Mason, his announcer, on the street.

By this time Toby had to have someone to talk to. He was sure that the world was against him and that his life was an utter failure. This was a strange mood for Toby, even though he was more than slightly tight.

Mason, who really liked the comedian, decided he'd better keep an eye on Toby until he could get him started toward his hotel. He agreed to have one drink.

Toby, loquacious from liquor, poured out the whole sad story to Mason in a quiet little bar not far from the studios. Mason listened and looked thoughtful.

"She slapped your face and ran out of the studio crying, eh?" he asked as Toby concluded the narrative and beckoned a waiter.

"Yesh," said Toby thickly. "Grandesh li'l girl ever came along. And I treated her like a dog. Treated her wors'n a dog 'cause I'm nacherally kin' to an'mals.

"In love with her, Toby?" Mason asked. His tone was anxious.

"Nopsh," said Toby. "Just a pal. Was just a pal. Not a pal anymore."

"I DON'T know much about women but she acted to me like she was in love," said David. He had a twinkle in his eye that Toby failed to notice.

Toby laughed drunkenly.

"Yesh," he said. "Sounds like in love with me. Socks me in the face and walks out on the act." Suddenly he sobered. "Say... wait a minute! Maybe... maybe she is in love!

Mason didn't say anything. "That's the whole trouble," Toby declared. "She's in love. She's in love with the professor." David looked startled. "Professor is a swell guy," Toby continued, "but he ain't in love with her. Least he didn't say anything 'bout it. Say now, maybe he is. This gets more com—more com—this gets worse mixed every minute!"

The waiter hovered over the table. Mason hoped Toby's next drink would be announced as a night cap. Toby fooled him.

"Nothin' more for me," he said. "You take 'nother one, Dave. I got to keep a clear head. I think I got ever'thin' figured out and if so I got to see some people!"

"You'd better get some sleep, Toby," Mason warned.

"I'm all right. Be sober as a judge in a little while. Always sobers me up to think and I'm thinkin'."

A little later Mason left Toby in front of his hotel. David had a feeling he had said the wrong thing. Toby walked into the lobby, waited about five minutes and then went out again. He knew he was still a little tight but he tested his stability on a straight line in the sidewalk. He could walk a straight line and so he was ready for what was ahead of him.

Margy shared a small apartment in the east Thirties with June Hillebrand, a model. June was out with the current boy friend that night and Margy, py-

jama clad and her red hair rumped, cuddled up in the apartment's one big chair and thought. Perhaps she'd been a fool. Perhaps she should have made allowances for Toby. But he had been impossible. She was sorry she had slapped him but she wasn't sorry she had left the act.

She realized, for she had learned many things during her brief radio career, that the financial rewards for legitimate radio actresses were small and that blues singers and female foils for comedians were much better known.

"But," she told herself, "I don't want to be a stooge all my life."

The buzzer sounded. Margy wondered, then saw June's key on the table. June, as usual, had forgotten it. She pressed the button that opened the front door downstairs then waited, glad that June was coming back because it meant someone to talk to.

Her ear caught footsteps on the stairs. The steps puzzled her. It wasn't June. Perhaps some other person living in the apartment house had pressed the wrong button. There was a gentle knock on the door. Margy, throwing a robe over her pyjamas, opened it.

"Good evening," said Toby Malone, and he bowed quite gracefully. Instinctively Margy started to shut the door but both Toby's feet were across the threshold.

"What do you want?" the girl asked. There was a faint aroma of alcohol about Toby.

"Margy," said Toby, speaking slowly and with remarkable clarity, "I just got to talk to you!"

Margy didn't move away from the doorway.

"If it's about helping you in your audition, there's no use talking," she said. Then, not unkindly, "I think you'd better go, Toby. You've been drinking!"

Toby ignored the suggestion. "I've just got to talk to you Margy," he said. "It isn't just for me. It's... well... it's on account of the professor. You like him, don't you?"

"Yes," she said without hesitation. "I think he's fine. It's just too bad you aren't more like—I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say that."

TOBY nodded solemnly. Then he pushed quite gently by Margy and sat down on a studio couch.

"Poor Prof," he muttered half to himself. "Brandy will do its deadly work now."

Margy looked worried. "But he hasn't been drinking at all lately," she said. "Perhaps just an occasional high ball or cocktail."

"That was when he had hope," Toby said, with just a touch of melodrama that wasn't noticed by the girl. "Now his career has been blasted—there's nothing left but drink. I can imagine him now. In some place, a half empty brandy bottle before him and staring with—unseeing eyes into the bleak future."

Thought Toby to himself after this maudlin outburst: "Gosh, I'm good. Maybe I ought to get in the Studio Guild or write plays or something."

If so many things hadn't happened that day, Margy's sense of humor might have told her that Toby was trying out a new act. Instead, because of what had happened, she believed that life was mighty near a tragedy.

"Toby. He isn't drunk now?" Toby regarded her sadly. "I don't know," he said. "I wish I did. I don't even know where he is. He . . . he's disappeared!"

At that exact moment, Professor Gus was drinking a cup of very black coffee and starting a new draft of the audition script.

"Oh. We can't let that happen. We've got to find him!"

Toby had sobered up considerably since he had left David Mason. He didn't miss any of the meaning in Margy's voice. So that's how it went. She was in love, or almost. And with the professor. Swell. Now he had it all figured out!

"No use looking for him tonight." Toby declared. "I'll see him in the morning, I hope. But that won't do any good. His career as a great radio writer has been wrecked!"

"But why? You can go ahead with your audition. You can find a girl to read my lines. There are lots of them."

Toby did his best to register complete despair.

"No," he said. "There are lots of girls. But the professor says you are the only one he can write for. He's given up. Says it's hopeless."

"By the way, Toby. What will happen to you if this audition doesn't succeed?" Margy asked suddenly.

"ME?" asked Toby, trying to look nonchalant. "Oh, I'm all right. I got fifteen weeks of vaudeville waiting for me. It isn't me, Margy, that counts in this thing. It's the professor. He's the guy we have to worry about."

Toby got up, reached for his hat and moved toward the door.

"I'm sorry I bothered you," he said. "I suppose I'd better go. I won't ask you to help in the act. I can understand how you feel about that. Anyway, I guess there won't be an act. But try and be nice to the prof if you meet him. It may mean a lot. Well—good-night, Margy!"

Toby was gone before she even had time to say goodnight. As she closed the door, a heavy tide of regret for all that had happened that day, swept over her. She started to call Toby back but hesitated too long. It was all so muddled. Toby had called her a quitter. She had forgotten herself and had behaved like a fishwife.

She was still thinking when June came in an hour later and it was an hour after that before she finally slept.

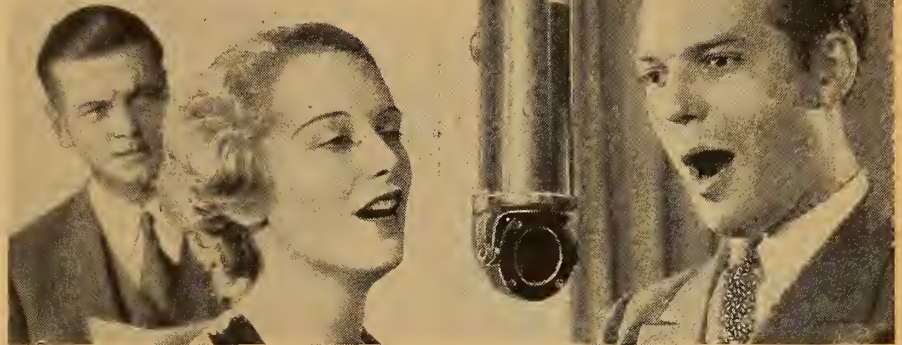
June didn't wake her when she left in the morning and it was almost eleven when the phone rang. Sleepily she answered it—

Will Margy go back to Toby and if she refuses will the professor leave the air comedian flat, too? Which one does Margy really love? There's a showdown coming in next month's concluding installment of The Beautiful Stogie.

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The Morton Downeys Are Lucky in Love

(Continued from page 17)

enough, but the first name is Sean, pronounced "Shawn", which, in purist Celtic means the rare old name of John.

Sean Morton Downey, then, is seated in his office on Madison avenue, while Barbara, Michael and Sean, Jr., who is twenty-one months old are cavorting on the lawn of the summer home at Greenwich, with Granddad Richard Bennett. Between violent blushes, Sean Morton Downey is talking, and telling the comedy-drama of his romance without the necessity of a single question:

"It was 32 years ago that I was born in Wallingford, Connecticut. Five years ago, I met Barbara Bennett—and began really to live. It's not my fault that I didn't meet her sooner. I'll tell you how I did meet her. For more than a year before that, I'd been wanting to catch up with this girl whom friends of mine called 'the quiet Bennett'. I'd narrowly escaped meeting her in New York; again in London, then again in Paris, and on the Riviera. Three times friends of mine asked her to parties so that I might be introduced—but each time, the elusive Barbara didn't show up.

"I GREW more and more curious to see her close-up—to meet her. That was strange because until then, I'd never thought much about any one girl before. And at last, I met her. She had eluded me as long as she could, and this was the one time when she just had to show up. Barbara was selected by the producers to be the leading lady in a picture I was doing for Pathe-RKO.

"I had heard a lot about this particular daughter of the stage and screen family. I kind of thought she'd be a nice sort. Yet, I was still a little wary about those times she had failed to attend parties. To tell the truth, I had begun to believe she was a little high-hat. Well, to tell the truth, she WAS high-hat. She looked like a debby. I asked her timidly to go to luncheon with me, and I nearly dropped dead when she said she'd be delighted. I asked her to dinner that night. She refused. I found out the next day that she was a competent actress. I fell for her right off the bat, and I saw her every day on the set. I couldn't look at her without feeling a deep flush come over my face. Every afternoon I'd repeat my invitation to take her to dinner, and then one day she fanned me by saying she'd be glad to dine. It must have been the day she was good and hungry.

"She brought a girl friend with her to dinner at my house that night. Hours before she appeared, I had that sinking feeling that the pretty brunette was going to 'stand me up' again. But she came. I was playing at a night club in New York then—our picture was being made in New York. It was soon finished, and then Barbara took away my breath by telling me she was going to Palm Beach. Until the day of departure, I sent her flowers regularly, invited her to innumerable dinners, took her to the night club, where

I would spend every leisure moment at a table with her—and then she went away. The world became a lonely place. But there came a delightful surprise. Barbara wasn't in Florida more than ten hours before she sent me a wire. She was coming right back to New York. I was at the station an hour before the train arrived. I threw a big party for her. That night I proposed to her. Barbara accepted me, for some reason. That was on Thursday. On the following Monday we went to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin in Saint Patrick's Cathedral and were married."

That's Morton's story of his courtship, and before Barbara, speaking from a lawn chair on the Greenwich lawn, has a word or two to say about the same subject, maybe I'd better explain a few things. That Barbara Bennett, successful actress, sister of two extremely high-priced actresses, and daughter of a famous Thespian, should fall in love with Morton Downey, just as he fell in love with her, is not so amazing as it sounds. Morton was not known then, as he is today, to audiences numbering millions.

"I'm not kidding," says Mr. Downey, "when I tell you that Barbara and I have decided to set up a record family. We have decided to be parents to twelve kids. No less than a dozen! I have said this many times to my friends and to writers, but nobody ever has published it because they won't take me seriously. Twelve kids, and I mean it. I'm not kidding. Emphasize that, will you?"

THE Downeys, if I may go on with the story, set up housekeeping in an apartment in New York, after their marriage. Then came the troubador's big break. He was called from London, where he had gone to play a brief engagement, to New York. William Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, himself en route to England, happened during a dull moment, while aboard the liner, to turn on a graphophone, for which some friend had sent him a bunch of vocal recordings. One of them reproduced Morton Downey's voice. Paley was impressed by its microphonic qualities, and radioed back to New York, instructing his executives to find Downey and sign him up for WABC. When Paley reached London, Downey was there waiting for him, and the deal was signed. Downey went sustaining for a time, then became the star of the Camel Quarter Hour, and skyrocketed to success. He became the radio broadcasting industry's ace.

That's how the beautiful winter home of the Downeys at Rye, New York, came into being; likewise how the summer quarters at Greenwich materialized—and that's why Mr. and Mrs. Downey, parents of the singer, got a brand new home, with plenty of ground around it, in the native town of Wallingford.

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wife, Barbara Bennett has not lost any of her fame. As a matter of fact, her determination to keep out of the professional limelight and devote herself to the less spectacular duties of making her family happy, has provoked no little wonderment, and likewise has labelled her as the "Tame Bennett."

Despite the obviously ideal mating of the Downeys their life together has not been immune to trouble. Barbara Bennett is not a strong person. On the contrary she is rather fragile and delicate. Several times she has been desperately ill. Especially just before the arrival of her firstborn, did tragedy seem imminent. Twice since then, she has been near death's door. All of this has been a great source of worry to Morton, who, himself is a domesticated person, who never hits the night spots of New York, nor stays out late, unless his work demands it. He rushes home to Barbara in fair weather days with the same enthusiasm that he practically lives at her bedside when she is ill.

On numerous occasions, professional business has kept Downey in town late. Nevertheless, he will not retire without his goodnight kiss. His routine, when arriving home at Rye, or Greenwich, in the small hours, is to pause at the foot of the stairs, remove his shoes, creep slowly to Barbara's boudoir, kiss her without awakening her, and then tiptoe to his own bedroom.

Perhaps many radio listeners have been puzzled during Morton's broadcasts, to hear him whisper frequently at the end of his final song, "Goodnight, Lover!" That is a special message to Barbara. "Lover" is her pet name. She calls him "Mort."

Hot and Airy

(Continued from page 11)

"build-up" last winter and welcomes the opportunity to cash in on its investment.

* * *

Kate Smith's size continues to be an inspiration for the gagmen. "She'll never know lean days" cracks a paragrapher. Many a true word is spoken in jest—and nothing is truer than that reference to Kate. She has accumulated over a million dollars in a very few years, cashing in on her popularity in a big way, as the saying goes. Furthermore, Miss Smith has invested her earnings wisely and what with trust funds and one thing and another it's a certainty she'll never spend her declining days on the porch of the Actors' Fund home.

* * *

Tom Wilmot, formerly continuity writer at WCAE, Pittsburgh and occasional actor in radio sketches, will assist Parke Levy in writing the Joe Penner sketches when the duck salesman returns to the kilocycles in October. Another recruit from WCAE to the Penner program is Miss Stephanie Diamond, announcer and actress. She is a legitimate player formerly seen with Walter Hampden. Miss Diamond has been located at WCAE as a feature

New Invention Revolutionizes Home Heating Costs Only 1½¢ An Hour!



An Ohio inventor, J. C. Steese, of Akron, has hit upon a discovery which revolutionizes heating costs in every home. It replaces old-fashioned stoves, and even furnaces. Gives a room full of healthful heat for about 1½¢ an hour. Is portable. Makes and burns its own gas. Absolutely safe. Now offered on a 30-day trial right in your home, at our risk!

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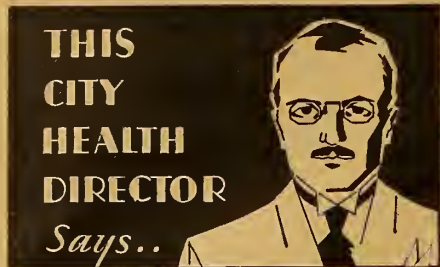
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RADIO MIRROR will be on sale earlier from now on. The new sales date will bring your favorite radio magazine to you nearly a week earlier than in the past. From now on the new release date will be the 25th of the second month preceding the date of issue. Make a note of this important day on your calendar. The next new issue—for the month of November—will be available wherever magazines are sold on Tuesday, September 25. Be sure that you are on hand when the first supply arrives so that you will not have to wait while your dealer reorders. You'll find it another great issue

**NOVEMBER RADIO MIRROR
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member of the staff for the past five years.

Ed Lowry, the boisterous comic and songster, claims to know a girl anxious to become a radio artist because she can imitate a saxophone. "But her face is so full of wrinkles," says Lowry, "I think she ought to imitate an accordion!"

SAYS THE MONITOR MAN

Instead of losing weight over the summer the Sisters of the Skillet actually added to their avoirdupois. Eddie and Ralph now tip the scales at 573 pounds between them . . . Even when he sings in a night club Morton Downey thinks it a mark of distinction that he still works with his clothes on . . . Maestros seem to be embracing the "make-your-own-movies" fad. For years Rudy Vallee has been amusing himself by taking pictures with his own outfit. And now Victor Young has, acquired the habit . . . The lady in Canada who gave birth to five babies certainly played havoc with announcers. The word "quintuplets" proved as difficult to pronounce as "statistics", which has been the undoing of more than one word juggler.

Harriet Hilliard, Ozzie Nelson's idol, was once a Chester Hale dancing girl . . . Uncle Bob Sherwood, of Columbia's Dixie Circus, has one of the finest collections of old circus handbills in the country . . . Paul Whiteman's contract with that cheese company for those Thursday night programs has been renewed for another year . . . Andre Kostelanetz' hobby is chemistry. He has a complete laboratory in his New York home . . . James Melton is financing a quartet of young American composers seeking to write classical songs in the American manner . . . "If God wills, a broom can shoot" is George Jessel's favorite proverb.

Betsy Ross still lives. She is a cousin of Lanny Ross . . . Dave Ross, Columbia's diction medal winning announcer, may sound all right to his army of admirers but a lady dietician insists he could improve his voice if he ate spinach! . . . Jack Benny is trying to promote a convention of radio comics. If held, according to Jack, it will be called the "Pun-American Congress" . . . Redwine is the real name of Babs Ryan, who sings with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians. She is part Cherokee . . . Broadcasting since the days of the old Westinghouse studio in Newark, The Revelers will observe their thirteenth anniversary this month.

Holy mackerel, what's this? Morton Downey is quoted in the public prints as wanting to be the father of 12 children! Mercury couldn't believe it but when Morton was queried he insisted it was true. "But how about Barbara?" Mercury demanded. "She's with me 100 per cent." blithely answered Morton. "She's a true Bennett." So, maybe there's something in this story after all. You have got to admit that the record favors the Downeys. Two boys are theirs to date and the third blessed event is due soon. They are

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praying it's another boy—just to confound Eddie Cantor.

Radio Row can find more boy friends for Frances Langford than Campbell has soups. She has been going places along Broadway with George Jean Nathan and notwithstanding the caustic critic is a confirmed bachelor there was a lot of talk about their association and surmises as to what it might mean. Then somebody insisted Bill Chase, captain of the University of Florida eleven, had the inside track. But now with equal insistence it is maintained Ken Dolan, business manager for the fair Frances, is the real guy. It's just one of those cases of where "you pays your money and takes your choice," in the language of the circus grifter.

Although George Givot is comparatively new to the networks, the Greek dialectician years ago was heard on a small Chicago station. He tried to break into broadcasting the same time Amos 'n' Andy, then known as Sam 'n' Henry, were struggling for recognition. Givot got the idea for the restaurant character talking to the proprietor of a Greek eatery he patronized. Incidentally, he has registered at Washington as a trademark "Acropolis No. 7", the name of his mythical resort.

Chicago Breezes

(Continued from page 51)

"HANDS"

"Hands . . . how marvelous you are! Hands . . . you are life itself. You laugh . . . cry . . . kiss . . . kill! You pen the passionate words of a lover . . . the thoughtless words of a fool. You set millions free . . . and yet with the same effort you condemn millions. What are your emotions, Hands, when you pen a farewell note 'Please Forgive' . . . then pull the trigger or empty the vial, condemning yourself to death? Hands . . . as an infant we kiss them; as a child we pat them; as a lover we hold them; as age comes we caress them. Hands . . . wise nature's co-workers. 'Tis hands that perpetuate her beauty. Hands . . . they play the symphony of the universe. Thank God for hands!"

COUNTESS ALBANI

Countess Olga Albani was glad Realsilk brought her to Chicago for a guest appearance job over NBC networks. It gave her a chance to see the world's fair. And after her program was over that Sunday night she went into the next studio to watch Mme. Schumann-Heink sing. Mention was made on the air one Sunday that Schumann-Heink was celebrating her 73rd birthday. The result was beautiful birthday cards and letters from listeners all over the country.

Schumann-Heink got her American start right here in Chicago and has loved the city ever since. She sang her first American engagement in Chicago's opera just about a month before one of her sons was born. Her profile was, of course, distended, but being the

BROADCAST BULLETINS

Between September 1st last and June 1st this year \$50,000 was dispensed by the Voice of Experience to alleviate distress and want. Most of this sum was collected from listeners by the sale of Dr. Taylor's books and pamphlets. Four thousand and fifty needy families were financially aided. The Voice gave 248 broadcasts during that period. As each broadcast was of 15 minutes duration it figures out that he dispensed beneficences at the rate of more than a family a minute for each minute he was on the air. Truly, an amazing record.

Nino Martini, only opera singer of prominence produced by radio, has a permanent wave in his coal black hair that creates both adoration and envy in the hearts of his feminine admirers. Nino speaks French fluently, makes friends easily and could be a social lion if he didn't take his career so seriously . . . Which reminds that Martini and Johnny Green, the composer-conductor, met for the first time this summer at a cocktail party. And this despite the fact that Johnny five years ago made the arrangement for the first song sung by Nino in this country. It was for a Paramount picture . . . Frances Langford is making movie shorts for Warners.

motherly person she is that didn't bother her at all . . . and the audience loved her then and forever more. She's tickled her radio program Sunday nights gives her a chance to spend a whole summer in Chicago.

Sen Kaney, the old fablist of the Sunday night Realsilk shows and who also did the Amos 'n' Andy announcing while Bill Hay was on a vacation, is one of the oldest Chicagoans in radio from point of service. He's been in the business of broadcasting for eleven years.

JOKE ON BUCK

Frank Buck, whose adventures in the jungles went on the air this summer in place of the vacationing Amos 'n' Andy, tells this one on himself. . . .

Bradley Barker, the noted animal imitator, has gotten his eyeglasses back at last.

Barker was in the cast of "45 minutes in Hollywood" over CBS when the "bringer-backer-aliver" man was one of the two famous guests on the broadcast . . . And Buck walked into the studio three minutes before the program was to go on—sans his specs.

And he can't read a word without 'em. He found out he could read with Barker's specs. He knows Brad well, because in addition to cavorting on "45 Minutes in Hollywood" Barker roars and barks for Buck's movies.

So every time Buck had a line to read, he grabbed Barker's glasses. Every time Barker had a line to read, he'd get his own spectacles back. That went on for about twenty minutes.

How I Made a NEW MAN out of this Weakling

by CHARLES ATLAS



CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

TO look at me now, would you ever think I was once a 97-lb. weakling—sickly, skinny, only half-alive? My awkwardness and lack of vigor made me so timid that I had few friends, either fellows or girls, and I hardly knew what a good time meant.

How I changed myself from that sort of a "nobody" into the champion who twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man," is told in my new book "Everlasting Health and Strength."

This great guide has been read by thousands of other men. I'm willing to send YOU a copy FREE! This valuable book brings you the true story of how I discovered

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Buck's part was finished first and he calmly wandered out of the studio—wearing Bradley Barker's glasses. Barker remembered his own last few lines of the script, or there might have been serious consequences. As it was, Barker had another pair of eyeglasses at his home.

The other day Buck called up Barker. "I've finally found out whose glasses I've been wearing for several days, Brad", he said. "I'll return them just as soon as I can get over to your office."

A few minutes later, the man who brings back wild cargo such as pythons, lions, tigers and the like, walked into Barker's office blandly carrying a little envelope containing one pair of glasses.

* * *

Gene and Charlie, the Chicago WBBM harmony team, were separated the other day for the first time in many a moon . . . but love is like that. You see, Gene's wife was coming home from California and he wanted to fly out to Kansas City to escort her in. Mrs. Gene is better known as Donna Damarrel, or even better as Marge of Myrt and Marge. The girls come back to Columbia soon but will be on at 10 o'clock beginning Oct. 1. As you probably knew Myrt is Marge's mother.

* * *

HENRY SELINGER

Henry Selinger, veteran radio and advertising executive, is the new manager of the Central Division NBC Artist's Service, in charge of program and talent sales. For twelve years Mr. Selinger has been engaged in conceiving and building commercially successful radio programs.

He came to radio in 1922 after gaining a valuable groundwork in showmanship as a distinguished musician and conductor. He was violinist with such organizations as the Chicago and Minneapolis symphony orchestras and conductor-violinist with leading theatre units and the Gordon String Quartet.

After two years at WDAP, Mr. Selinger in 1924 was appointed program manager and later manager of station WGN. There he introduced to the air and successfully merchandised such popular programs as Clara, Lu 'n' Em. Little Orphan Annie, Sisters of the Skillet, and Lum and Abner. He brought Correl and Gosden to the air for the first time, and originated the plan of merchandising premiums through radio programs.

In 1931 Mr. Selinger was appointed manager of the radio department of Lord and Thomas, where he handled such outstanding programs as Amos 'n' Andy, the Goldbergs, Gene and Glenn, the Palmolive hour and Floyd Gibbons' Adventurers Club.

* * *

CAREFUL

Buddy Rogers has been very careful about signing autographs at College Inn this summer. One night last season while autograph hunters crowded around him with menus, papers and other things for him to sign one wise guy slipped him a folded up insurance policy.

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Meet Radio's Craziest Star

(Continued from page 15)

It was 1928 before he became a musical comedy star, and he's been one ever since. It was in that year that he appeared in "Rain or Shine", following four or five seasons in the Carroll revues. The production kept him employed between Broadway and the road for two solid years, and ended by making him a movie star in the film version. Since then, of course, "Fine and Dandy" and "Hold Your Horses" have come and gone.

But although fame came, and fortune followed when Joe began to fool around with that imitation of those four fictitious Hawaiians, he still retains something of the early days both in manner and appearance. Indeed, his geographical background might be deduced by some modern Sherlock Holmes simply from a glance at his apparel. The \$200 suits, of course, bespeak New York. But there's an omnipresent cap, instead of a hat, which may be a throw-back to Chicago days. And the unshined shoes and—honestly—the galuses, date back to the banks of the Wabash.

His superstitions smack of the theatre, but there's something of the country boy in the way he blushes, and likewise in his addiction to side street shooting galleries where he dotes on slipping in and knocking off a few rounds of rifle practice. He's a little nutty about wheels. First it was roller skates, then bicycles, later motor-cycles, and as the bankroll grew, automobiles and motor boats. From skates to boats he gives 'em all hard wear. Incidentally, he was among the first white men ever to play a ukelele, although the nearest he ever came to seeing an honest-to-goodness Hawaiian was when he caught an Hawaiian act in vaudeville, and later found that Buddy De Sylva was one of the natives!

From the original three dollars weekly, his stipend has increased to a thousand times that sum, for Joe is now recognized as, perhaps, the most versatile of all American performers. He can juggle with either hands or feet. He's really the young man on the flying trapeze. He's a crack-shot from a slack-wire. He can balance on a ball. Plays all sorts of musical instruments. Shines as a magician, and, incidentally, as a short-change artist! He can do a clog or an acrobatic dance with equal ease. And is an adept at thinking up

strange and goofy inventions that roll sophisticate audiences in theatre aisles in paroxysms of hysterical hilarity.

Now that Joe is a radio star, he declares he's off inventions, unless it be one that can bring him the reactions created by his microphone clowning from the other ends of the ether-waves. For Cook likes radio, he likes being head-man at the broadcasting house-party. And like every good host, he wants the company to have a good time. With the dignity of the National Broadcasting Company draping his shoulders like a mantle, a casual introduction to the cut-up might leave the impression of a serious minded young man trying to get along. And this fictitious idea might continue unless you were invited to spend a week-end with him at his country place on Lake Hopatcong. After that you'd know he's screwy.

Back-stage in his dressing room, Joe has a dozen or so signs, which warn the visitor that there's to be no smoking. One admonition reads simply, "No Smoking." A second says: "Positively No Smoking". Another gets sterner with "POSITIVELY No Smoking". And the largest of all is a "No Smoking" sign in twenty-six languages including the Scandinavian. The topper to this one is that Joe doesn't give a damn whether you smoke or not.

The comedian's favorite beverage is beer. And even in the good, old, pre-Repeal days he managed to get his brew. Indeed, he carried a trunk-full of amber bottles among the props of his show wherever it toured. But when an engagement came along to play in London, Joe gave instructions that the beer trunk was to be emptied. After all, no use carrying coal to Newcastle, or beer to Britain. So what? So this.

The instructions were forgotten in the back-stage rush, and when the English Customs Officers inspected Joe's forty or fifty trunks, the first they opened was one full of beer bottles! Aha! a smuggler! A beer smuggler! And not only did Joe pay the price, but every one of the other thirty-nine or forty-nine trunks were opened by the Law and searched to the last tray! It took, they say, days and days. And that, Joe declares, is one of the many reasons why he doesn't imitate four Hawaiians! But he still likes beer. And he can still think up a new gag.

Dialing the Short Waves

(Continued from page 49)

from Monday, when the hurricane struck, until Thursday, when the first telegraph line went back into service, they were the sole link between Palm Beach and the rest of civilization.

Nor were they safe in the firehouse. The part of the building in which they were working began to give way to the fury of the storm. But did they quit? Not they! Ralph and Forest simply took the transmitter apart and moved

it to another section of the building which hadn't begun to totter yet, and kept right on sending their signals.

And what was their reward? Simply a message of commendation from General Gibbs, chief signal officer of the United States Army, complimenting them on their splendid service to their city.

You think such things happen only once in a lifetime? Then ask George



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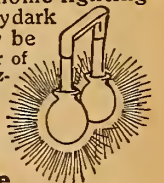
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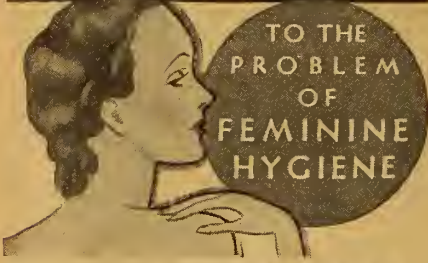
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I am willing to send one of these Lamps for 30 days' trial, or even to give one FREE to the first user in each locality who will help me introduce it. Send in your name today — also ask for details of how you can get the **Agents Wanted** — agency and without experience or capital make **BIG MONEY**. J. C. Steese, Inventor, 120 Steese Bldg., Akron, Ohio

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Unloved I once looked like this. Ugly hair on face... unloved... discouraged. Nothing helped. Depilatories, waxes, liquids... even razors failed. Then I discovered a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked! Thousands have won beauty and love with the secret. My FREE Book, "How to Overcome Superfluous Hair," explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mlle. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 71, Chicago.

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P. Ludlam of the NBC script department, who handles the QST broadcasts which the network puts on the air to honor the amateurs who have made their hobby a benefit to their fellowman. Ludlam, besides being an enthusiastic listener, has collected a tremendous file of such stories of ham heroism. Here's another!

Five-year-old Henry Leaf of Lazy Bay on Kodiak Island off the coast of Alaska was stricken with appendicitis. His father, the game warden there, was frantic, for there were no doctors on the island and no hospital nearer than Anchorage, Alaska, some four hundred miles away.

But there was an amateur radio operator, with a transmitter tucked away in the barren snows.

Henry's father went to this "ham"—told him that his boy was dying—would die unless he had medical attention. That some way help must be secured. The ham, whose name doesn't appear in the story, snapped into action. He went on the air—sent out a general call and got in touch with another amateur, Ed Stevens, of Seattle, Washington.

The Alaskan described Henry's symptoms to Ed, who promptly called a doctor friend of his. The medico diagnosed the disease from the description sent through the air. He said that the only hope for Henry lay in getting him to a hospital.

But four hundred miles over ice and snow is no easy journey for a sick kid. Henry might be dead long before he could be carried to Anchorage. Still Ed stayed on the job. He got in touch with the Army, whose officials wired the hospital.

There a pilot and a doctor jumped into a plane and flew to the little house on Lazy Bay. The doctor had come prepared to operate. In Henry's own room, the operation was performed and the life of a little child was saved by the daring of an aviator, the skill of a surgeon and the quick-wittedness of a radio operator.

And do you remember when the earthquake wrecked Santiago de Cuba on February 3, 1932? That's the day that Alberto Ravelo, owner and operator of CM8BY became a hero.

About midnight Ravelo and his wife were awakened by their room shaking. They got up and ran out as part of their \$20,000 house collapsed behind them. But, when it was light enough to see, Ravelo crept back in, salvaged his transmitter and set it up in the yard. He was nearly killed by a falling wall in the process, but he finally went on the air and succeeded in reaching another ham, Bill Greer, of the United States Navy, stationed at Guantanamo Bay. Bill's station was CM8YB.

Ravelo was the only means of communication between his town and the rest of the world, and it was through him that destroyers came, bearing supplies for the stricken city.

Radio once found a missing man in just about no time at all, too.

When Charles Fredericks died, his widow, out in California had no money

ARABIAN NIGHTS

THE ORIGINAL LANE \$2.98 TRANSLATION . . .



WHAT lover of rare, beautiful and exotic books has not longed to own The Arabian Nights as translated from the Arabic by Edward William Lane? Who, having read them, can ever forget these astonishing stories of lion-hearted heroes and their madly loved ladies? Of silken-clad beauties who turn from the murmuring of amorous verses to the devising of diabolical tortures for erring lovers! Where but in the Orient could love blossom so tenderly or distil so maddening a perfume? Only the passion and imagination of the Oriental could conjure up these stories of love and hate, poison and steel, intrigue, treachery and black magic.

For many years after Edward William Lane completed his famous translation from the original Arabic that placed the Arabian Nights among the great literary achievements of all time, it was published as an elaborate set of volumes, priced at \$60.00 and upward. Thousands of institutions, collectors and individuals of affluence purchased it, but at that price it was out of the reach of uncounted thousands who had heard of its magnificence and who wished ardently to read it. It was not, however, until comparatively recently that an enterprising publisher succeeded in securing the necessary rights to enable him to publish the entire contents of the original set in one great, magnificent volume—and what a volume it is! How widely, wonderfully, gloriously different from the simple children's volume which so long passed current as The Arabian Nights.

A Volume of Rare Beauty

It is printed on fine quality paper in beautifully clear type, luxuriously cloth bound in black and red and gold—124 Oriental tales, 1260 pages, rich in the lure and thrill, fire and passion of the mysterious East. Complete, with a wealth of translator's notes on Oriental life, customs, magic and other alluring subjects, the Economy Educational League has been extremely fortunate in securing a limited number of copies upon a basis which permits us to offer it to our customers at the amazingly low price of \$2.98, postpaid—a credit to any collection of beautiful and exotic books. Order today before the supply is exhausted. You risk nothing for if this great volume, which weighs over three pounds, fails to come fully up to your expectations, you can return it for immediate refund of your money.

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I enclose \$2.98 for which please send me the original Lane translation of THE ARABIAN NIGHTS beautifully cloth bound. I understand that my money will be refunded, provided the book does not prove satisfactory.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

and no known relatives except a brother, Henry Caldwell, who was last heard of twenty years ago, when he was in the signal corps of the army.

But three hams, Maurice Koll, W6DTX, E. F. Shelton, W6ECC, and Ralph Gordon, heard of Mrs. Fredericks' plight and sent out a call for Caldwell. They contacted all signal corps posts on the off chance that he might still be in the army.

And their hunch was right! The first query on Caldwell was sent out January 27. On February 4, Mrs. Fredericks received an airmail letter—with a check—from her long lost brother, who was still in the army, and was now stationed all the way across America from her, on Governor's Island, in New York

My Husband's a Perfect Host

(Continued from page 31)

had an open air roof. We sat in the back and held hands like school children, and while the grateful darkness covered my confusion and blushes, Jack proposed.

Every night during our brief courtship I dined at the Astor while Jack wooed me with tender music, sending messages through song titles, and then we would slip across the street to the movie theatre, and while romance flitted across the silver screen, ours blossomed and bloomed in the back row under the stars. (By the way, Jack's theme song bears the name "Under the Stars" and the title had its inception from our nightly visits to the open-air roof of Loew's New York Theatre).

And then we were married! Just five simple words—but to me they have meant happiness and a vista of years of future happiness. Imagine how any girl would feel, who had worshiped some screen or radio star, as unattainable and desirable as a god on Mt. Olympus, to awake one day and find that her idol had stepped off his pedestal in reality very human—and all the more lovable because of it.

I wonder if any bride can ever forget her first week of housekeeping—especially if she knows as little of it as I did. I had never learned to cook, but I was sure that any child could prepare a breakfast. Well, perhaps any child can, but after the first morning, it was apparent I couldn't. The coffee was terrible! I managed to get the eggs fried, but in transferring them from pan to plate, I broke them and the yolks made a messy yellow splotch. The bacon, instead of being crisp, was burnt to a crisp, and the crowning catastrophe occurred when the toast burned while Jack kissed me over the breakfast table. Jack consoled me, and I imagine stopped in a restaurant for breakfast on his way to town. After three mornings, he suggested gently and tactfully that he prepare breakfast. Jack is a wonderful cook and takes great pride in his culinary achievements.

During the day, when he was rehearsing his orchestra, I rehearsed recipes culled from all the cook-books I could procure; but somehow dishes

harbor. Another reunion via short waves.

There are dozens of other examples of radio rescues, but I have purposely avoided telling you about the more usual ones—the calls from the ships sinking at sea—the dozen and one rather commonplace emergencies that call for radio transmission. Here you have read a few of the innumerable odd ways in which radio, and more especially short wave radio, has stepped into the breach in time of emergency.

Who can tell, the next time you turn on your short wave set you may hear a Dana, a Hollis, a de Vinna, a Johnson or a Ravelo. Calls of this sort go out at any time of the day or night.

And, when the emergency comes, will you be ready to help?

never came out of pan or oven as the books said they would and I soon gave it up and left whatever cooking we did at home to Jack.

A short time after our marriage, Jack's band moved from the Astor to the old Frivolity Club and he made his first broadcast from there. I refused to come to the club to watch the program, but stayed home to listen. As a matter of fact, I have never in all the years Jack has been on the air, attended a broadcast. At first it was nervousness, but as I grew accustomed to the radio and learned more about it, I realized that it is impossible to get an accurate impression of what music really sounds like in a studio. I prefer to stay home and listen from my arm-chair, where radio programs can be heard as they are meant to be heard.

In time, my arm-chair listening proved of invaluable help to Jack. I have never been a professional musician, but I studied the piano for years and have a pretty thorough knowledge of music. I would report to Jack what other orchestras were doing. We would discuss each broadcast and I would tell him what I thought about the balance of tone. I got so that I could even tell when he had a new control engineer. We plan his programs together and he asks me if he ought to rearrange the instruments to get better effects—placing strings here and winds there or vice-versa. (Of course, Jack never uses brass except on his commercial programs and I've always approved his no-brass policy).

I call for Jack every night wherever he happens to be playing. We drive home and make a bee-line for our radio. (We have a splendid one which Ted Husing had built specially for us). We spend an hour or two before going to bed tuning in on short-wave broadcasts. We've been quite successful too. England, France, Russia, Germany and Mexico are every-night occurrences, but occasionally we tune in on some obscure place like Japan or Australia and we chalk up another red-letter day.

Jack loves nothing better than to go into the kitchen or get out his chafing-dish and concoct, palate-teasing delicacies
(Continued on page 76)

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NOW colloidal compound HYDROSAL stops itching and relieves soreness with amazing quickness. Dries up "creeping" and combats ugly outbreaks an utterly new, non-irritating way. Unusual success reported by doctors in clinical tests with many types of skin outbreaks. Soothes and promotes rapid healing. Easy to use; stainless; comes in liquid or ointment form. 30c and 60c sizes at all druggists; or mail coupon for sample free.

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If you can recognize features belonging to a notable personality among the composite pictures below, by all means enter True Story Magazine's big cash prize contest right now! You still have time to win. You may even earn the \$500.00 cash First Prize. To make it easy for you to get into this game, True Story reprints on this page the complete rules of the game as well as the second set of pictures. This makes it possible to begin your

entry right now. Read the rules carefully and then get to work. When you have these composites correctly re-assembled and identified put them aside to hold until the contest ends. Now you will need the first set of pictures to bring your entry up to date. You can obtain these pictures without charge. The official contest page in October True Story tells where and how. Consult it today.

SET No. 2



NAME.....



NAME.....



NAME.....



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First Prize.....	\$ 500.00
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20 Prizes, Each \$10.00..	200.00
200 Prizes, Each \$5.00..	1,000.00
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THE RULES

1. Each month for three months TRUE STORY will publish a set of composite pictures of famous personalities.
2. Each set of composites, when cut apart and correctly assembled will make four complete portraits. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.
3. For the nearest correctly assembled, named, and neatest complete sets of twelve portraits TRUE STORY will award \$2,000.00 in cash prizes according to the prize schedule herewith. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
4. Do not send in incomplete sets. Wait until you have all twelve portraits.
5. Below each portrait write the name of the person it represents.
6. When your entry is complete, send it by First Class Mail to FAMOUS PERSONS EDITOR, TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.
7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.
9. All entries must be received on or before Thursday, November 15, 1934, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the contest board of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

TRUE

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Take the case of pretty Janet Nydahl, sister of a staff physician in a large metropolitan hospital. It was while

she was calling on her brother at the institution that Tony Spavoni, gang chief, saw her—and continued to stare. Dr. Nydahl expected difficulties as he noted the tableau but, alarmed though he was, even he could not foresee the drama, the tragedy, the inescapable bitterness that would result from Spavoni's uncontrollable fascination. The doctor's tremendous story of the case beginning in October True Story is at once a gripping account of real-life drama and a warning to the nation. Don't fail to read the opening episode in this fast moving epic of the clash of two worlds today.

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If ever a young girl lived stark drama, that has been Norma Millen's lot. A child of divorce, wooed by a man she met at a beach, persuaded to elope against her father's orders, driver of a crime car, fugitive about the country, witness to her gangster husband's capture during gun-play in the crowded lobby of a hotel in midtown Manhattan, her brief years have been in grotesque contrast to the sheltered life of the girls in your own family.

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SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

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STANDARD WATCHES ON EASY TERMS

ELGINS HAMILTONS BULOVAS ON FREE TRIAL

HELZBERG'S DIAMOND SHOP
Dept. 1802 Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued from page 73)

cies. What does he serve? Oh, anything that comes into his head—often he makes up new dishes as he goes along, but here is a typical light Sunday snack: Canapes with cocktails for those who drink. Jack never does; Spaghetti Bolognese, Salad Fantaisie, coffee and ice-cream.

For the rest of the evening, we play cards, talk and play with Buddy. Buddy is the third and most important member of our family. He is a grandson of Rin-Tin-Tin, and the cleverest police-dog I have ever seen. He is just eight years old and as dear to us as a child.

All do pretty much as we please. There is only one important prohibition—no one is permitted to talk "shop." Every time one of us mentions radio or anything connected with it, he or she is fined a nickel. The fines are used for bridge prizes and occasionally some wily bridge-hound deliberately violates the rule in the hope of swelling the sum. Anyway it's all in fun and we have a grand time being "just folks."

In the Stars' Kitchens

(Continued from page 47)

pan for about eighteen minutes in a moderate oven.

This Scotch Broth for your dinner was suggested for you by Walter O'Keefe.

SCOTCH BROTH

- 3 pounds neck mutton
- 2 quarts cold water
- 2 tablespoons salt
- Carrots
- Onions
- 4 stalks celery
- 4 tablespoons barley, soaked overnight

Wipe the meat with a damp cloth, and remove the skin and fat. Cut into small pieces, put into pot with the water. Heat slowly to boiling point, skim, and cook two hours. Add vegetables after first hour. The amount of carrots and onions depending on size. Strain, cool, and remove any fat. Re-heat to boiling point add barley, and cook until barley is soft.

Harry Richman, you tell us is one of your favorite radio stars, and his Stuffed Peppers will become one of your favored foods.

STUFFED PEPPERS

- 6 green peppers
- 1/2 cup walnuts
- 1 onion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon butter, melted
- 1/2 cup bread crumbs
- 1/2 cup milk
- Pepper

Select broad peppers that will stand on end, and easy to serve. Cut off the top, remove seeds and parboil for fifteen minutes. Stuff with the ingredients given above that have been mixed together. Bake for twenty minutes in hot oven, and baste often with hot water.

IF YOU WANT

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- A Good Job
- Your Own Business



Substantially bound—146 pages of priceless information.

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More than 3,000,000 people are now making their living in various kinds of spare time activity, according to W. R. Conkling, nationally known business authority.

Most of these 3,000,000 people took to spare time work because they lost their jobs in industry and could find nothing else to do. From the ranks of the unemployed have been recruited not only factory workers but people from the professions; lawyers, teachers, doctors, journalists, etc. Earnings now often exceed what they were when they were employed full time.

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"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" contains 1000 true reports of what many people are actually doing now to earn extra money at home. The plans have been tried repeatedly. They have proven practical, successful, and profitable. They are recommended to all those who are interested in augmenting their present incomes; also to all victims of the recent economic depression—women who want to bolster up the family budget—men and women beyond middle age and dependent upon others—recent college graduates not yet placed—and all who must earn money.

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"1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" also contains several hundred practical plans on how to start your own business at home with little or no investment. Why not start your own business and be independent? When you work for yourself there is no limit to the money you can earn. And you need not give up your job if employed. Start your business in spare time at home evenings. When you have built up a good business, you can leave your job and enjoy the pleasure and that care free feeling that comes with being your own boss.

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Written to fill an immediate and pressing need, "1000 Spare Time Money Making Ideas" is now available to everyone needing it. No matter what your state or condition, age or sex, it will offer you many suggestions which you may turn quickly into money. It has been priced so as to be within the reach of all. \$1.00 post-paid in the United States and Canada. Order today before the supply is exhausted.

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Town..... State.....

Nothing Ever Happens to Ramona

(Continued from page 33)

that grand of him? That compliment meant more to me than I could ever tell you.

"And O, the funniest thing happened not long ago. I happened to be tuned in on Rudy Vallee one night while I was dressing; suddenly I heard him launch into a very long and laudatory speech about me and the fact that he was going to re-introduce 'To The Beat of My Heart' Ramona's way. You see, he had played it much too fast its first time on the air, I thought, so I cornered him over at NBC one day and tried to show him my interpretation as I felt it—just as musician to musician, you understand. He was swell about it and when he said such nice things concerning me while I happened to be listening I just went around grinning for a week. I consider a tribute from Rudy a real tribute.

"So it goes. But the biggest thrill of my life is an everyday one. It's working with Paul, Peggy Healy and the boys in the orchestra. They're the peachiest gang you can imagine and I mention Peggy especially because we're inseparable friends. I just adore her and have ever since I played for her first audition—she was so scared and cute. Hasn't the girl got talent, though?

"All of us like playing a night spot. I've made so many very good friends that way. They come and sit near the piano or maybe I join them at their tables for a while. When we're playing for dancing and when we're broadcasting I'm happiest.

"Too, the *tempo furioso* of life in New York suits me to perfection. The noise, the eternal hurry and the crowds,

I find, are a potent stimulant. But even here in this big old city nothing unusual ever happens to me—I just work and live, that's all. Where do other girls get the kick out of life that I miss? The big important thrills? Of course I'm not complaining for I've lots to make me happy—a cunning apartment at the Beaux Arts, a lot of friends, a dressmaker who is the very particular joy of my life (she used to design for Mrs. Whiteman when she was Hollywood's Margaret Livingston)—so many things. The only thing I can't seem to rate is a vacation. I've not had one in six years but when I get it I'm going to Bermuda and just *park!* The things I hear about that place fascinate me; maybe something adventurous and exciting will happen to me there, who knows?

Ramona. Thousands of clapping hands when she appears in person. Millions of ears attuned when she's on the air. Premiere pianiste for one of the world's greatest orchestras and as if that were not enough possessor of a voice whose uniquely beautiful blend is that of indigo and honeysuckle. Romance in her very fingertips. A storybook existence. The pinnacle of success in her work. Wealth. And most of all such a swell girl that everybody loves her.

"And O guess what!" All starry-eyed and little girlish she finishes in an almost whisper, "Somebody's been sending me orchids every night now for six months. No card. I've no idea whom they're from."

'Course not, Ramona. Nothing ever happens to you! At least that's your story but we know better.

What Is Father Coughlin's Future in Radio?

(Continued from page 9)

loyalty of the learned as well as the allegiance of untutored masses.

It is generally known that certain prelates of his own church have insisted he should confine himself to preaching the teachings of the religion to which he has pledged himself and should leave worldly matters to laymen. But Father Coughlin maintains he cannot call himself a shepherd and not guide his flocks. He insists that the gospel is not intended for a ten-minute sermon on the seventh day without any relation to the lives men live on the six other days of the week. His is a religion of practical application to government and personal life and he maintains that he cannot preach empty words of theory without attempting to prove that spiritual teachings and doctrines are applicable to temporal matters.

There was a period in his radio career when it was agreed that he had the most far-reaching influence, excepting President Roosevelt, of any man in the United States. His activities against banking conditions in Detroit first indicated his individual power. Then his defense of the Presi-

dent against the violent campaign that was attempted by certain moneyed interests brought home the realization that this man who in a year had risen from the obscurity of a small parish in Detroit to a national defender was a power. The serious consideration given his testimony at the Congressional investigation hearings was almost unprecedented.

For several seasons he has maintained his radio hour on the contributions sent to his church by people of every faith. The Coughlin broadcast period is the only program sponsored and paid for by the listeners-in. There were many who said he could have devoted the money to better use. But that attitude is inconsistent because the thousands and thousands whose dollars and quarters made Father Coughlin's radio work possible were the best judges of whether they wanted to hear him or not. If there were not a popular demand for his broadcasts, the money would not have been forthcoming.

Since he left his weekly air spot in the summer, many believe he has lost some of his tremendous influence, that

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"LAST NIGHT

I came home with great news!"



"I'd telephoned Nora that I had a surprise for her and she could hardly wait for me to get home. You should have seen her face when I told her the Boss had given me a \$25 increase in salary.

"It's wonderful," she said, "just wonderful! Now we can pay some of those bills that have been worrying us and even put a little in the bank each week.

"Remember the night we saw that coupon and you decided to take up an I. C. S. course? It made a new man of you, Bob. We certainly owe a lot to the International Correspondence Schools."

How about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way?

Don't let another precious hour pass before you find out what the I. C. S. can do for you. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to ask for full particulars, but that one simple little act may be the means of changing your entire life.

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"The Universal University" Box 2269-C, Scranton, Penna. Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

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 - Air Brake
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he was a vogue which is passing and that he could never again assume to the place he held with millions of people. That, also is very doubtful. He is a controversial leader who must always take a definite side on any new issue which arouses his fighting spirit and he has the faculty for inspiring the crowds to ardent support or indignant opposition.

If he had been on the air these past two months, one wonders what part he would have taken in the west coast strike and those in the middle-west. He is pledged to help the working man but he is bitterly opposed to communistic influences. He has battled strongly against socialism and he would probably have broadcast some very vital statements to the communists who were involved in the San Francisco general strike. One wonders, too, what he would have had to say to Herr Hitler these past few months.

Even if one is at odds with Father

Coughlin's convictions, it must be admitted that his sermons were impressive, that they were never wild statements which he did not back with statistics and records and while he has been provocative to his opposition, he has never been a speaker of idle words.

If a vote were put to his listening public what would the result be? Would there still be the insistent demand for him to continue in the role of crusader? Would he be asked to take up the fight again and what would his own answer be? It all depends on Father Coughlin. Knowing his history and his record up to this year it is impossible to believe that he would ever be happily reconciled to a church career that did not include active participation in temporal issues that are continually arising to challenge the knowledge and effort of such a priest as he. He is not a rebel in his own faith. He has the interested support of his immediate superiors and the admiration of many

prelates in the Catholic church. He has never gone out of bounds, even though he has brought down denunciation from individuals who were at variance with his views.

Do the readers of this magazine want Father Coughlin to take up his fight again? Or are they satisfied to have him retire to his own parish and confine his activities to the post which his church assigned to him? RADIO MIRROR would like to get the opinions of its thousands of readers on the subject. If you think Father Coughlin belongs to the people who have so ardently supported him and that his only medium is radio broadcasting, then write a letter to the editor. If you think his place is in his own pulpit and that he should not resume his controversial part in public events, write that, too. Such a representative written opinion will be an important cross-section of the country's attitude toward this fighting priest of the airways.

Puck in the Poets' Corner

(Continued from page 37)

in drinking afternoon tea, and for getting along with temperamental ladies.

A little later he had a job as salesman in a New York department store, which operated a radio station. One day he was watching a broadcast and overheard the program director bewailing the fact that one of the acts had failed to show up. Dave volunteered to fill in with some poetry readings and the desperate director put him on the air without preparation or rehearsal.

Two weeks later he was given a job as staff announcer, staying there for two years, until, in 1927, he joined the newly organized Columbia Broadcasting System. He's been on the CBS continuously ever since—longer than any of their other announcers.

He still retains his ability to go on the air in an emergency, even when totally unprepared. Some time ago the network was to broadcast a round-up of humorists—O. Soglow, Will Cuppy, Ogden Nash and Milt Gross. At the last minute a wire came from Gross, regretting his inability to appear. The program had been carefully timed, and his absence would leave an aching void of minutes.

So Dave volunteered to read Gross' script. "What!" chorused the astonished officials, "a Gold Medal Announcer who can talk Yiddish dialect! Preposterous!"

But Dave picked up the script and went into it—while the officials went into convulsions.

For Dave has the gift of tongues. He can do a good job on Greek, Italian and French dialect as well as Yiddish. In fact, he tries out two or three of them before every broadcast in which he takes part, for when he steps up to the microphone to make the customary voice-level test, he substitutes, "Hey, Tony! How's-a dees wan?" and similar queries for the more conventional "one-two-three-four-hello-hello" customarily employed.

He also uses his trick dialects when

hitch-hiking, for thumbing rides is another of his day-off amusements. The man who stops and gives Ross a ride is amply rewarded with anecdotes, for Dave sometimes pretends to be an Italian shoemaker, who is very proud that his daughter is about to marry an ex-bootlegger, or he may enact the role of a Greek restaurant owner who is upset because the board of health won't let him keep a couple of goats in his cellar, or almost anything else that comes into his fertile mind.

That, and riding on ferryboats are his two favorite everyday pursuits. On odd occasions he likes to play football, tennis and baseball. He's a good tennis player, and a fair quarterback and pitcher. He likes to tell you that he has played against Al Schacht; it was in the old days and in the Bronx.

But, when Dave wants a taste of Heaven, he takes a ride in a speedboat. It was just a few days ago that he tried it for the first time, when a friend took him out for a spin on Lake Hopatcong. He gets poetic when he talks about it, and his whole expressive face lights up with enthusiasm as he leans forward in his chair and grabs you by the arm for added emphasis.

"It was marvelous!" he says. "The lift and swoop. Like a seagull. You seem to have no body. It's the most wonderful sensation in the world. I can't describe it—"

Another of his delights is to sing the good, old Rabelaisian ballads—songs that would burn up your loud speaker and turn your ears a bright crimson if they ever went over the air. He and Bing Crosby get together on these during rehearsal and have a swell time. Mostly they sing old sea chanties—which haven't very much tune, but have plenty of rhythm and deal with such subjects as the infidelities of the First Mate's wife, the adventures of a sailor who got lost in the Sultan's harem, and so forth. Bing and Dave vie to see which of them can arouse the

greatest enthusiasm in the members of the orchestra. Bing has the better delivery, but Dave knows more words.

Another of his amusements is "double-talking", which is nothing at all like double-dealing. Sid Garry is known as one of the foremost exponents of the art, which consists of inserting some unintelligible sounds into an otherwise rational statement.

Once when Sid was at the station rehearsing, Dave said, "Mr. Garry, if you would stand a little closer to the microphone, you wouldn't defotherailery. Don't you think so?"

"Huh?" said Mr. Garry. "What was that? I didn't catch it."

"I just said you would sound better if you'd cronahojik. Try it and see if I'm not right."

Garry burst out laughing and exclaimed, "Here's a man that double-talked me and made me fall for it. Boy, you're good!"

Dave ought to be good. He used to use it on his English prof at college, when he didn't know the answer to a question. It enabled him to keep stalling until the professor got tired of trying to make out what he was saying. Finally the prof got hep to it—and flunked Dave at the end of the term.

This, then is David Ross, the fellow whose name has become a synonym for suavity and dignity. But it is a side of his many-faceted personality that is known only to his most intimate friends. Now that you have entered the charmed circle of the People Who Know David, you may have a more completely rounded picture of him. For now you know that besides being a good announcer, David Ross is darned good fun.

SHE'S FROM MISSOURI!

And you've got to shaw Gladys Swarthout, this beautiful, talented singer who came from opera to radio and who will tell you all about her home life and her career NEXT MONTH!

A Columbus Day Dinner

(Continued from page 48)

strips of buttered toast, or whole wheat crackers.

PLANKED SHAD

Clean and split the shad, putting skin side down on the buttered plank, season with salt and pepper, and brush over with melted butter. Broil under gas flame. Garnish with parsley, and thin slices of lemon.

DUCHESS POTATOES

2 cups potatoes, riced
4 tablespoons butter
Salt

3 egg yolks, slightly beaten

Add butter, salt, and egg yolks to the potatoes, and beat. Shape around the edge of plank with a pastry bag. Brush over with a beaten egg that has been diluted with a little water to

brown nicely in the oven.

BUTTERED BEETS AND LIMA BEANS

Arrange inside of the potatoes alternately on the plank portions of buttered beets and lima beans.

APPLE PIE

Place pie paste over plate, sprinkle a little flour and sugar mixed together over the paste. Fill with about one quart of apples that have been peeled, cored, and sliced. Sprinkle over these about one third cup of sugar, one half teaspoon salt, a little cinnamon, and dot with pieces of butter. Cut a few slits in the top layer of pie paste, brush over lightly with milk, and bake in 450° F. oven for forty-five minutes, reducing heat to 375° F. last fifteen minutes of baking.

Broadcasting Finds Its Most Thrilling Female Voice

(Continued from page 13)

Miss Menken develops out of phrases and sentences thoughts and impressions in perfect sequence.

Most stage actresses look at radio as an interlude. Screen stars accept air engagements as so much extra money for little effort. With Helen Menken, it's different. She has air ambitions which she frankly admits. Not that she ever expects to desert the footlights nor that she would scorn a lucrative Hollywood offer, but she has definite ideas of long years that could stretch before her at the microphone. It's one field, she believes that holds possibilities for an actress as long as her voice lasts, and that's as long as the spark of life is lighted in her.

Miss Menken has tremendous air ambitions. She would like to organize a Theater Guild of the Radio and present such vehicles as have made foot-light history for that organization on the stage. She believes that people all over the country, whether they're in big towns, or in isolated regions, can appreciate the really worthwhile in ether stage craft whether it's conventionally pitched or planned for what is called higher theatrical tastes. And because she believes so firmly that radio has a future for her and such stars as she, that she would sacrifice New York theater engagements and Hollywood contracts for radio appearances. She says that in all her brilliant career she has never had the sensational feeling of satisfaction, reaching so many people and so many diverse tastes as that which accompanied her radio debut.

"Radio is so young" she believes. "It's what the stage was to people long before our time and the movies were to the optimistic believer twenty-five years ago. People like us can find our place and grow up with this new entertainment medium which is beyond the possibilities any stage director ever dreamed or any star hoped for."

Perhaps it is this firm conviction that she has found her real medium which

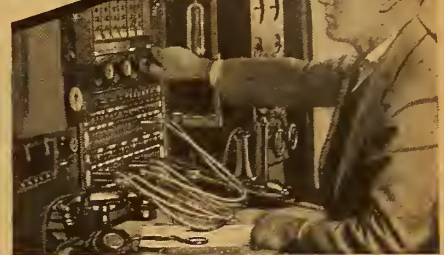
gave Miss Menken the complete assurance that characterized her every difficult microphone appearance. At any rate, her efforts were so convincingly successful her reception was unanimous and radio editors, public and officials feel she is a definite acquisition to broadcasting.

Miss Menken is so much the pliable character she assumes for her radio work it is not difficult to understand her "mike" success. She is not conventionally beautiful. She is young in years but her voice is matured beyond her age and she can, with so much conviction, portray the mature woman or the ingenue that one immediately recognizes in her voice the difficult ability to turn herself, vocally, into whatever part she essays.

AS the successful actress, her record speaks for itself. She is one of those real children of the theater whose footlights career started at the rompers age and which continued to bud and bloom into roles of young womanhood which were worthy of her talents and which, fortunately, found a merited recognition on Broadway. As a girl in her teens she played the coveted part in "7th Heaven" which immediately stamped her an important star of the theater.

She is, essentially, the person she seems on the air. Piercing dark brown eyes, light red curly hair, a flexible wide mouth that shows straight wide teeth, distinguish a small white face on this young woman who at first glance might be considered frail. She has that something in her voice which makes the most conventional statement of hers seem vital. She has a delightful sense of humor and a friendliness in her manner which makes you feel warm toward her at once. She's almost unconscious of her genius, and minimizes her accomplishments, which is a relief from the attitude of most successful actresses.

Be a RADIO EXPERT



Learn to Make \$40, \$60, \$75 a WEEK

I'll train you at home in spare time



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"Doing spare time Radio work only. I have averaged about \$500 a year in addition to my regular income. Full time Radio work would net me many times that amount."
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"Soon after the depression started. I found myself without a job, but I was well protected with N. R. I. training. I swung right to full time Radio servicing and made over \$6,000 in a little over 2 years."
William Sparta Invent. Sparty Radio Service 55 Broadway, Newark, N. J.



\$50 to \$75 a Week
"The National Radio Institute put me in a position to make more money. I am in the Radio service business for myself, where it is possible for me to make from \$50 to \$75 a week."
Bernard Costa, 150 Franklin St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra, While Learning

Hold your job. I'll train you in a few hours of your spare time a week. The day you enroll I'll send you instructions which you should master quickly for doing 28 Radio jobs common in most every neighborhood. I give you Radio equipment that teaches you to build and service practically every type of receiving set made. Fred J. Duhaque, 19 Church St., Oswego, N. Y., wrote: "I have made about \$1200 in a little over two years' spare time Radio work."

Get My Book—FREE—Now

My book has shown hundreds of fellows how to make more money and win success. It's FREE to any ambitious fellow over 15 years of age. Investigate. Find out what Radio offers; about my Course; what others who have taken it are doing and making, about my Money Back Agreement, and the many other N.R.I. features. Mail coupon NOW.

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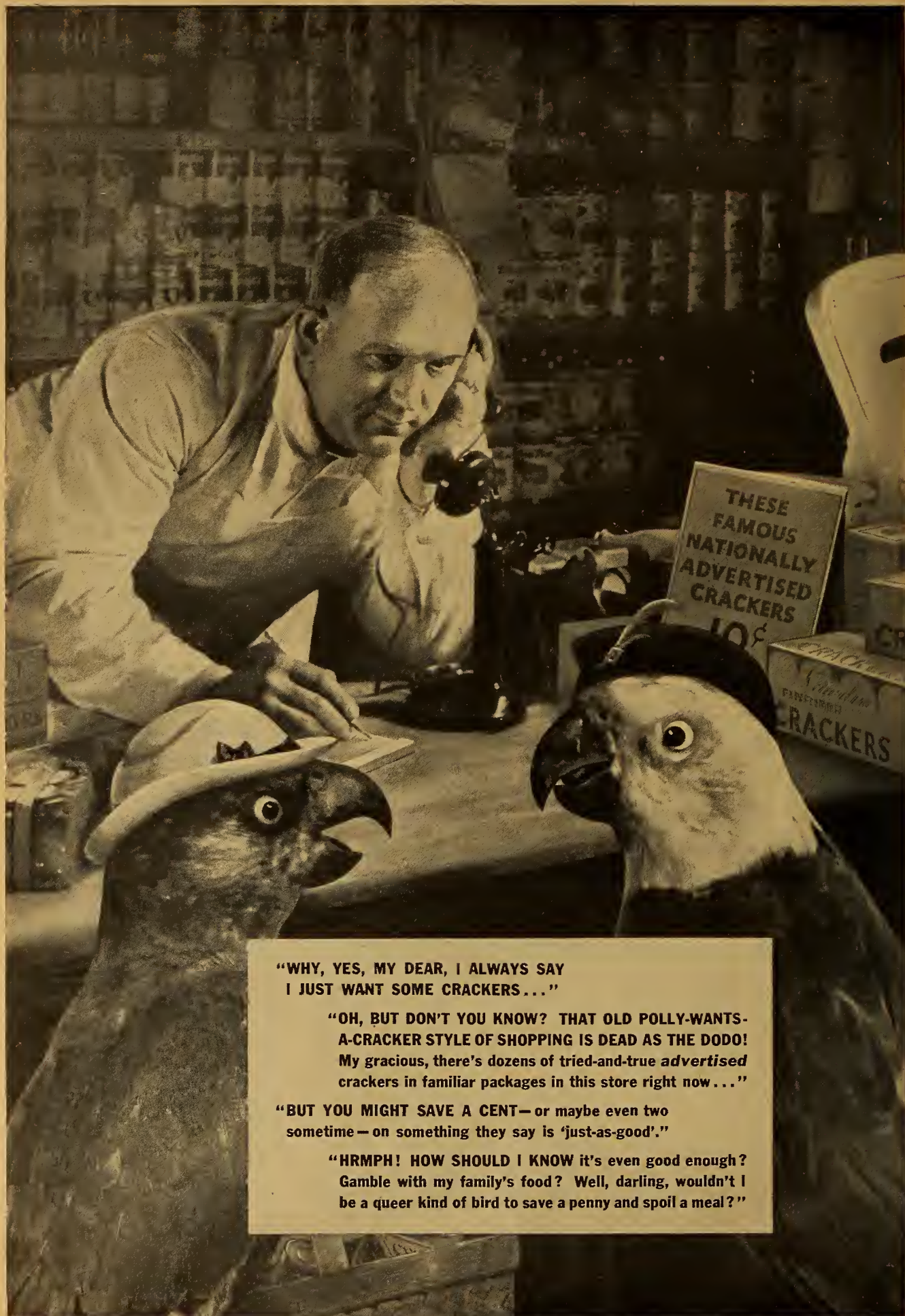
Without obligating me, send free hook about spare time and full time Radio opportunities, and how I can train for them at home in spare time.

NAME.....AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....





**"WHY, YES, MY DEAR, I ALWAYS SAY
I JUST WANT SOME CRACKERS..."**

**"OH, BUT DON'T YOU KNOW? THAT OLD POLLY-WANTS-
A-CRACKER STYLE OF SHOPPING IS DEAD AS THE DODO!
My gracious, there's dozens of tried-and-true *advertised*
crackers in familiar packages in this store right now..."**

**"BUT YOU MIGHT SAVE A CENT— or maybe even two
sometime — on something they say is 'just-as-good'."**

**"HRMPH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW it's even good enough?
Gamble with my family's food? Well, darling, wouldn't I
be a queer kind of bird to save a penny and spoil a meal?"**

THOUSANDS ARE *Enthusiating* OVER THE *New* 1935 MIDWEST-16



Midwest Amazes Friends!
Last night I listened to LSX talk to KFZ and also New York. Then I received KFZ direct. Then I tuned back to LSX and KFZ and heard them plainly. My friends were amazed. Dr. F. C. Naegeli, Devils Lake, N. D.



Marvelous Foreign Reception!
My friends can hardly believe I paid so little for my Midwest 16. My best foreign stations are LSX, Buenos Aires... EAQ, Madrid... DJA, Germany... CSB, England... PRAC, Brazil. G. E. Wagner, 2102 Wyoming Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Unequaled Foreign Reception!
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Byrd Expedition Direct!
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