

DAVE ELMAN'S OWN STORY OF "Hobby Lobby"

Radio Stars

OCTOBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE



PROFESSOR
QUIZ



"We started through life on a healthy foundation" THE QUINTUPLETS

Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children—

Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.



World Copyright, 1938, NEA Service, Inc.



Remember:
Karo is rich in *Dextrose* the food energy sugar



BY LOIS SVENSRUD

No matter how hard he has been working, Jack Benny always has enough energy to romp with Joan Naomi, his and Mary Livingstone's adopted daughter. Both fond parents agree that the wee lass is just about perfect.

A West Coast guessing game program gives the audience tin crickets to click when they have the right answer. Buddy Twiss, who conducts the *Crickets* show with Joe Parker, holds the mike toward an anxious answerer.

WEST COAST CHATTER

BOB BURNS couldn't wait to initiate his three-months-old daughter, Barbara Ann, into the mysteries of radio. He already has bought a small radio for the youngster's room, but the nurse insists on tuning it to soft music—even on Thursday nights!

A DAY or two before the arrival of his daughter, Gretchen, Norris (Abner) Goff was the picture of calm. Already a father, he was prepared to face the second ordeal with a display of quiet bravery. But, as the arrival day drew closer, he became more and more upset. The night before the event, Abner didn't close an eye. Not until the nurse brought the good news did he stop pacing the hospital floor. Then, in no time, he rented the room next to his wife's and slept for thirteen hours straight.

LUM 'N' ABNER may sound around a hundred years old on the air, but they're just boys at heart. When they paid a recent visit to the lad whose racer they sponsored in the annual soap box derby, the Pine Ridge pair became so engrossed in the car that they were two minutes late for their broadcast. (Continued on page 9)

Charlie McCarthy enjoyed his operation for knee-action and termites because of the attention he got. Edgar hired a nurse and brought him posies.



**"KISS
ME QUICK!"**



"YOU WIN! I can't stay mad when you bring me Beeman's! It's got such flavor—a dash and tang and irresistible lusciousness that lifts me right out of the dumps!

They say it's the triple guard airtight package that keeps Beeman's so fresh and full of flavor—all I know is, it's good!"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...



RADIO STARS

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THE LIFE, THE SINS OF A ROYAL BAD-GIRL!

The world has read and remembered the story of Marie Antoinette... glamorous Queen of France. Of her virtues... her intrigue and brilliance as a queen but... more than anything else... we read of her scarlet history as the playgirl of Europe... of her flirtations... her escapades with the noblemen of her court... her extravagances even while her subjects starved. * Now the screen gives us... "MARIE ANTOINETTE" the woman... we see her, as tho' through a keyhole... not on the pages of history... but in her boudoir... in the perfumed halls of the palace of Versailles... on the moonlit nights in her garden... A rendezvous with her lover... we follow her through triumphs and glory... midst the pageantry of that shameless court... we see the tottering of her throne... the uprising of her people... her arrest and imprisonment... and we follow her on that last ride through the streets of Paris to the guillotine. NEVER... not since the screen found voice... has there been a drama so mighty in emotional conflict... so sublime in romance... so brilliant in spectacle... so magnificent in performance... truly "MARIE ANTOINETTE" reaches the zenith of extraordinary entertainment thrill!



NEVER HAS THE SCREEN WITNESSED A GREATER PERFORMANCE THAN THAT OF NORMA SHEARER AS THE "ROYAL BAD-GIRL"



ROMANTIC TYRONE POWER AS THE MAN WHO OFFERED HER THE LOVE SHE COULD NEVER FIND IN HER STRANGE MARRIAGE

NORMA SHEARER - TYRONE POWER

in Metro • Goldwyn • Mayer's Finest Motion Picture

The Private Life of

MARIE ANTOINETTE

JOHN BARRYMORE • ROBERT MORLEY

ANITA LOUISE • JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Gladys GEORGE • Henry STEPHENSON

Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II • Produced by HUNT STROMBERG





George Olsen and his songstress wife, Ethel Shutta, dance to the music of Horace Heidt on a night off



A head waiter greets Bandleader Nye Mayhew and his wife as they stroll into Manhattan's Biltmore.

BREATHING SPELLS

Bandleaders, on off evenings, like to hear other maestri's music

Tommy Dorsey, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor visit a Los Angeles hotel on a dancing tour.

When not playing, Guy and Mrs. Lombardo go to night spots where they hear other orchestras play.



A TIP ABOUT BATHING TO A GIRL WITH A DATE TONIGHT



After your bath, don't fail to give underarms Mum's sure care!

WHAT a wonderful *lift* a bath gives to a girl who is going out in the evening. It starts you off so gloriously fresh and alive.

But even the most perfect bath can't protect you all evening long. Underarms must have *special* care—that's why smart girls, *popular* girls, follow every bath with Mum! They know that a bath only takes care of *past* perspiration—but Mum keeps underarms sweet through the hours *to come*—makes odor impossible.

Many a girl who starts out fresh, loses that freshness before the evening's over. If you want to avoid worry about underarm odor—if you want to be a girl who gets a *second* date and a *third*—remember, no bath protects you like a bath plus Mum. Then you'll never risk offending

others, never risk spoiling your own good times. Always use Mum.

MUM IS QUICK! Just half a minute is all you ever need to apply Mum.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum is completely harmless to every fabric. And Mum is gentle, actu-

ally soothing to the skin. You can use it immediately after shaving the underarms.

MUM IS SURE! Mum does not stop perspiration—it simply banishes all odor, all day or all evening long. Hours after your bath, Mum will keep you as fresh and sweet as when you started out.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT USE FOR MUM
—Thousands of girls use Mum for Sanitary Napkins because they know it's gentle, safe, sure. Avoid worries and embarrassment with Mum.

ONE HALF MINUTE AND YOUR CHARM IS SAFE



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCRIPT SECRETS

How Andre Baruch marks his radio lines for broadcast

A photograph of a script which Andre Baruch has marked with symbols. These guide him in making announcements with proper timing, emphasis and inflection. Various announcers employ their own systems, but those who do not are inclined to sound as though they are reading instead of speaking.

Andre Baruch

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE "YOUR HIT PARADE"

SATURDAY, MAY 28th, 1938
10:00 to 10:45 P. M.

CUE: (COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM)
(.....30 seconds.....)

BARUCH: Listen to the chant of the tobacco auctioneer!

AUCTIONEER: CHANT THREE SALES

1st Sale ... 31 - 36

2nd Sale ... 33 - 38

3rd Sale ... 34 - 39

BARUCH: ALL DONE? SOLD TO THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

Naturally the independent tobacco experts, like the auctioneer you just heard, know who buys what tobacco. With these experts with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies -- two to one.

BARUCH: ("HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN" (ORCHESTRA)

Lucky Strike presents YOUR HIT PARADE all America's choice in popular music played by Mark Warnow and the Lucky Strike Orchestra. Later in the program we shall introduce as our guest of the evening that internationally famous singing star of stage and radio Hildegard. Each week YOUR HIT PARADE brings you America's favorite music. The ten tunes which the Lucky Strike Survey reveals as the most popular songs in the land. The leaders in sheet music and record sales and the songs played most frequently on the radio and the tunes you request when you're out dancing, all these figures are assembled and tabulated, and the result is YOUR HIT PARADE. Not just a program of dance music, but the only authoritative and complete picture of America's musical taste today.

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS

ANDRE BARUCH SCRIPT

- $\#$ Fortissimo (Give it plenty of umph).
- \backslash Take a breath.
- \cup Keep inflection up.
- \cup Drop inflection, as with comma.
- $|$ Stress.
- $||$ Change of Thought.
- $|$ End of sentence.
- ∞ Long sentence. Take deep breath.
- $|E$ Easy.
- $\$$ Snappy.
- \downarrow Continued on Next Page.
- \times Pause. No Breath.

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 3)

Two minutes isn't long—but it was long enough for a lot of finger-nails around CBS to be chewed up while waiting for the team to show . . . Incidentally, many of the prominent picture and radio personalities (such as Don Ameche, Jack Benny, Clark Gable and Eddie Cantor) sponsored boys in the Hollywood contingent.

THE unsung hero of the Al Jolson program is writer "Red" Corcoran, who was used in a dozen different capacities during the season's run. He was drafted to play the dwarf "Sleepy" when the original of the Disney cartoon couldn't be secured. Later, he was "Dopey" when the other Disney characters did a guest appearance. In between, Red has played sound effects for horses, cows, parrots and other animals introduced on the show. Occasionally, he sings, often takes part in the commercial, and somewhere in between finds time to work on the weekly scripts. But Red is happy about the whole thing. "My soul," he admits cheerfully, "is not my own. But, by Parkyakarkus, my pay-check is!"

NO studio dandy is John Nesbitt, who has started a new series of broadcasts to the East Coast. He appeared at the opening broadcast wearing an old pair of slacks, a favorite jacket much the worse for wear, and on his feet a pair of Mexican huarchos—in the same condition. The theme music on the program is the latest composition by the program's maestro, Oscar Bradley. The diminutive musical director wrote the score on the train en route to Hollywood from New York, when he made the trip immediately after signing off the air with Phil Baker's program.

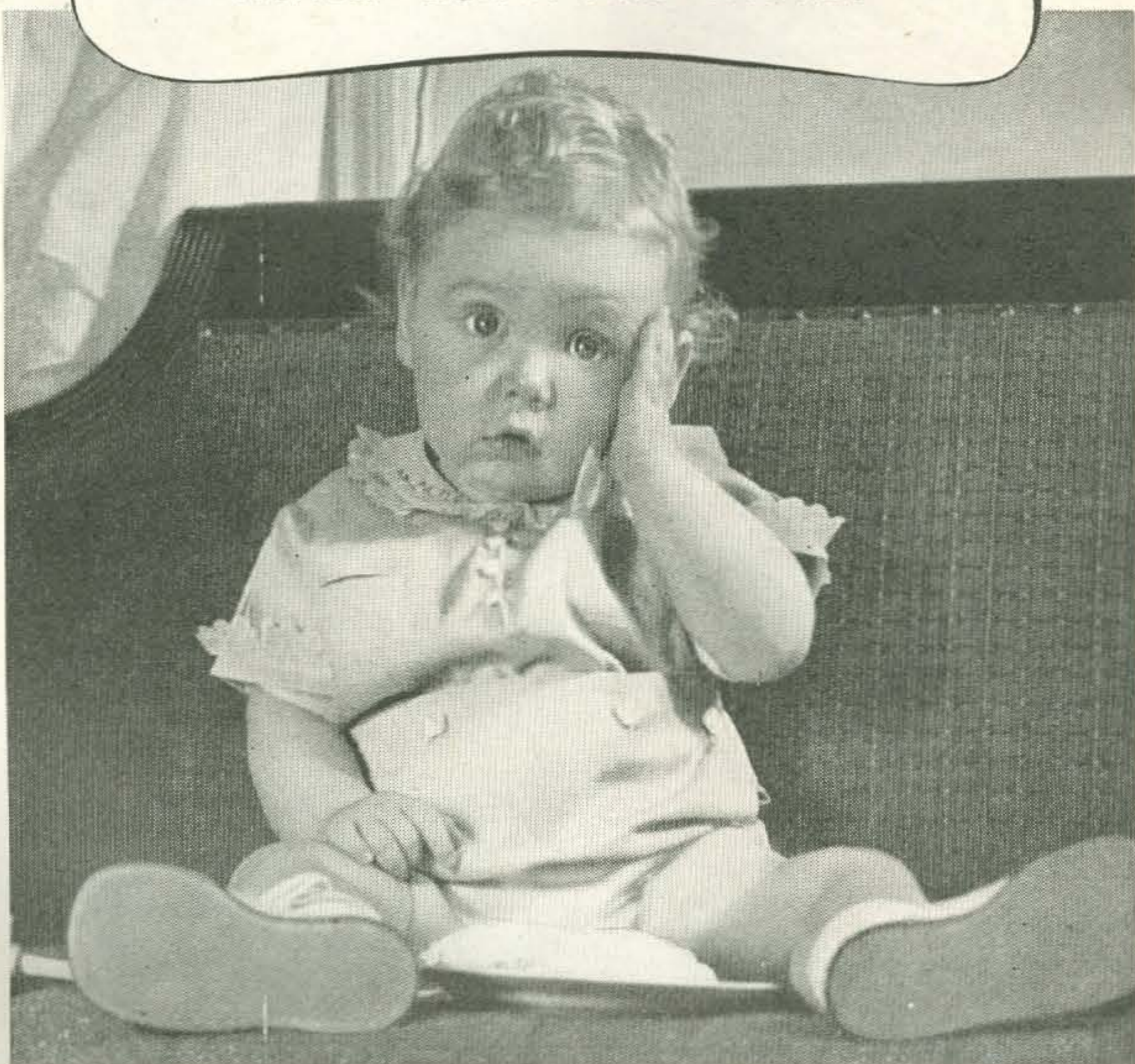
THE principals of the new program met for the first time at the studio during the rehearsals. Though they all admitted a dislike for puns, the same were flying thick and fast. When Nesbitt and Al Garr, the handsome tenor, were introduced, John resorted to a low pun as he remarked: "Al, I understand you were born in Hong Kong. It ought to be a cinch for you to come in on queue." But Al wasn't going to be outdone. "That's right, John," he said, "and, of course, the fact that you were born in Canada accounts for the timber in your voice."

KENNY BAKER'S greatest regret at present is that he won't be back from Europe in time to supervise the completion of his new Beverly Hills home. Kenny, who sailed in July for London to play the lead in Alexander Korda's movie version of *The Mikado*, will be gone for three months, during which time the house will have been completed. The Bakers landed one of the choice locations in Southern California for the new nest. It's high up on a mountain-top, commanding a view of the Pacific Ocean as well as of the San Fernando Valley, spreading lazily to the other side, and of Mount Baldy, snow-capped in the distance.

(Continued on page 59)

HED BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!



EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and

see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer golden soap and lots of naptha make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

**BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!**

COPR. 1938, FELS & CO.

**PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER!
TRY FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP CHIPS, TOO!**

WE, THE PEOPLE, Are Never the Same

BY CHARLES MORAN



Gabriel Heatter brings people from all over the country to tell their stories, reveal their problems and heartaches.

HOW many times have you tuned in your radio of a certain evening, and sat back with a sigh of pleasure and anticipation as Gabriel Heatter's voice announced: "We, The People, speak"? And through the ensuing half hour, how many times have you smiled, how many times have you surreptitiously wiped away a tear, how many times have you nodded your head in sympathy or understanding while *We, The People*, have spoken?

"I am a widow from Kansas," has come to you in a Middle-Western twang. "I am a farmer from New England," has come in firm, confident accents. "I am an average boy," has trembled over the air. "I am from South Carolina," has come in a slow, mountaineer drawl. "I am a champion husband-caller," a clarion call through the mike. "I am a man with a borrowed eye," has reached your ears, and "I am a Hot-tentot!" has made you turn startled eyes to your loudspeaker!

We, The People, have spoken. You reach over and switch off your radio to think about the program, or turn it to another station for some other favorite program. But have you ever stopped to wonder, later, what happens to these men and women who talk to you on the *We, The People* show, once they have left the studio in New York and gone back to their various homes?

These people from all over the country, who tell their stories, reveal their problems and heartaches over the air, are for the most part people in humble circumstances—people who don't get into the news of the day, whose lives unfold in a quiet routine, their problems and perplexities unguessed

by their fellow townfolk. Then they write to Gabriel Heatter, asking for advice and help, and for one brief moment they become part of a great drama, played over the air to a multitude of listeners!

What does this sudden floodlight of publicity do to them? Are their circumstances dramatically changed by the results of the broadcast? Do they return to their homes wrapped in an aura of fame, to become important to their neighbors and friends, or do they become, once more, the forgotten man or woman?

Following up some of these people, we come upon strange and surprising circumstances—things that make you marvel, and tremble a little, at the far-reaching, uncanny power of the radio voice. For, once *We, The People*, have spoken, they never again are quite the same! It might really be said that, for most of them, life begins *after* they have spoken.

And what do they think of Gabriel Heatter, the man who brings them from their far-off homes and elevates them to such dizzy pinnacles of fame thereafter? To the younger generation, he is Aladdin himself, with his magic lamp. One rub, and lo! life takes on a magic glow that, no matter how it may dim with the years, never will be entirely forgotten. And to the older men and women, who have endured a lifetime of hardship and suffering—and who find themselves suddenly surrounded with the things they have always longed for most—he is nothing short of a Miracle Man.

To begin with, let us take the most average boy Gabriel Heatter could find, who came to New York to speak for himself over the air on this novel program (which its director calls "air entertainment in reverse" because it is provided by the listener as well as for the listener).

This average boy was James W. Patterson. He was sixteen years old, five feet, five inches tall. He weighed one hundred and forty pounds; his eyes were of indeterminate hue; his hair was brownish; his studies were neither good nor bad; he was neither a tough guy nor a sissy; he was not too popular, not too unpopular. He was *average*. He was brought to New York for an appearance on *We, The People*, and Jimmy is average no longer. His popularity taxes his time and studies. In Newtown, North Carolina, where he lives, Jimmy is no longer just another boy. He is the boy who was taken to New York, a character with an adventurous experience to recount, the recipient of more luncheon and dinner invitations than he can fill! He is now a celebrity, sought after for public appearances!

As far apart as the problems of youth and age, were the stories of Jimmy and

DON'T LOOK NOW,
BUT YOU'RE IN
FOR A TREAT!



Want to enjoy the smoothest, tastiest gum you ever tucked in your mouth? The clean, fresh, breezy flavor of real mountain tea? • Easy! Step up to the counter, lay down a nickel—and reach for Clark's Teaberry!

You'll like
CLARK'S
TEABERRY
GUM

**For most of them,
life begins after
they've spoken on
Heatter's program**

William Morris. In the heart of William Morris there burned a pledge made one hundred and fifty-six years ago by an ancestor who signed the *Declaration of Independence*. Legend, in the Saluda Mountain country of North Carolina, said that the first William Morris had started a fire in a little cabin, a vigil to the enduring flame of the Colonial spirit. He dedicated his progeny to the task of maintaining that flame to eternity. But the 1938 William Morris was the last of his line, and he was old, near the end of his days. With a tragic tone he sadly foretold the dying of the fire in the mountain cabin. The response to his story was instantaneous. He was stormed with letters.

"There were many," he said, "who wanted to trace relationship, and one dear widow with six children who wanted to marry me to keep the fire from going out."

Gabriel Heatter's handling of his cast of characters has brought more tangible results than that. As an example, there was the after-experience of George Barto. In Beaver Falls, New York, where he had fiddled at barn dances for fifty years, he was known as "Dad Barto". Heatter pitted him against Dad's own son in a fiddling vs. violin combat; the son played classical music and Dad counter-attacked with such items as *Chicken Reel* and *Turkey In The Straw*. The old fellow won. Back at Beaver Falls his first dance job necessitated calling out the local constabulary to restrain the crowd. Fifteen hundred persons wanted to hear the fiddler who defeated his own son—for the son was the first violinist in Basil Fomeen's Hotel Ritz Carlton orchestra in New York!

Monetary benefits from appearing with affable and agreeable Gabriel Heatter seem to be so general that it may explain the aura of mystery in which he is held by most of his performers after they have met him. He's a good luck talisman! Even Steiny's Lunch Room at Norfolk, Virginia, where guests are insulted for entertainment, is now a state sight-seeing stop, like Grant's Tomb in New York.

"We insult our guests," Mrs. May Harlow, one of the waitresses, said on the program. "They seem to like it and come back for more."

It is a little difficult to believe that such a statement would develop interest in hungry customers, but it has. Steiny's now does not have enough room to satisfy the curious, anxious to test the brand of insulting service of which Mrs. Harlow spoke over the air. And for this she promises Mr. Heatter the best brand of insult she can muster, if he will just drop in one day for a hamburger.

(Continued on page 12)

To have a "Camera Perfect" skin
you must have
Deep-Down Beauty



Danielle Darrieux, star of the Universal picture, "The Rage of Paris". Her beauty is thrown into high relief by her creamy-white, "Camera Perfect" skin.

Two distinctive elements in this famous cream help build beauty more than skin-deep

Of course, you've longed for it—"Camera Perfect" skin, that transcendent complexion which can fearlessly meet the camera's eye or strong revealing sunlight.

Now such a complexion may be won from thorough care with Woodbury Cold Cream. For this cream contains two elements which inspire skin beauty.

One of these elements keeps Woodbury Cold Cream germ-free. Pure to the last dab. This purity reacts upon your skin, helps to keep it, in turn, radiant, clear.

The skin-stimulating Vitamin, the second element, speeds up your skin's breath-

ing, helps keep your skin vital and alive.

See how Woodbury Cold Cream can build in your skin the foundations of loveliness! \$1.00, 50c, 25c, 10c.



SEND for Trial Tubes of Woodbury Creams

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6794 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

Please send me trial tubes of Woodbury Cold Cream and Facial Cream; 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Address _____

Do You
Want To Be
QUEEN of LOVE?



COURTED AND ADORED—lovers sighed and poets sang of the intoxicating perfume that made her the loveliest of women...



EVERY GIRL A QUEEN when she borrows for her own the enchanting fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc...provocative and Parisian.

START your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed all day... Helps you stay cool, for it actually lowers body temperature. Clothes feel more comfortable... Makes you alluringly fragrant. Use Djer-Kiss generously, for the cost is surprisingly small. Buy it today at drug and toilet goods counters—25c and 75c sizes. Liberal 10c size at all 10c stores.

The same delightful fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet, Eau de Toilette and Face Powder.

YOURS FREE—the exciting new book, "Women Men Love—Which Type Are You?"

—full of valuable hints on how to make yourself more alluring. Just send a post card with your name and address to Parfums Kerkoff, Inc., Dept. M, New York.



... genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff, Paris.

DJER-KISS

(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")

TALC

By KERKOFF · PARIS



Susan, chimpanzee protégée of Mrs. Gertrude Lintz, entertained Heatter at an informal, backstage reception before she appeared on *We, the People*.

Heatter has a way with these visitors to New York. Even the most incongruous combinations imaginable are soon jibed together. There was Aunt Irenie Crites, a hill woman from Wayne County, Missouri, the heart of the Ozarks. Her story was one of Ozark folk lore. Heatter's staff of workers in New York thought it would be a good publicity stunt to install this primitive American in the swanky Waldorf-Astoria on Park Avenue. It was a natural for newspaper notices, and arrangements were presently made for a series of articles to be written by Hettie Cattell, a New York writer.

Soon Aunt Irenie was so at home in the Park Avenue suite, knee-deep in imported carpet and surrounded with priceless draperies, that she was spitting her "tobacco" wherever it landed and taking everything in stride. But the real story in Aunt Irenie's case is the fact that Miss Cattell became so attached to her and her tales of Ozark legends that, through her help, sophisticated New Yorkers bought from Aunt Irenie an aggregate of one hundred acres of her land—and also with her help they hope to establish, near Burbank, Mo., a writers' and artists' colony!

Take, next, the case of a mother who had to give up her baby because she couldn't feed him, and then searched twenty-two years for him before she found him!

Mrs. Lee Reyman had turned her boy, Robert, over to a family named Downing twenty-two years ago in Pennsylvania. A few months later the mother could have managed her son's upbringing but she could not locate the Downings. Grown to an age where he knew he was a foster-child, Robert had tried to locate his mother. Her search had been unrelenting, always. Finally they contacted each other. She was in Valley Center, Kansas, and he in Hollywood, California, the land of the happy ending. But both were poor, too poor—since he was struggling to be a writer and

only twenty-two—to effect the happy ending. Heatter heard of it and arranged for both of them to come to New York and be reunited over the air.

Immediately after the broadcast a man named Rainey, from Bisbee, Arizona, telephoned. He thought he might be a relative. He sent Bob twenty-five dollars. Others of the same name have done similar things. Then Heatter paid the fares of both the mother and son to Hollywood, where they are now living with the foster-parents, a happy, reunited family.

"My foster-mother," Downing reports by letter, "is still with me. She really should come to tell you sometime of the responsibility of raising another person's child, and how it feels after twenty-two years to have that child find his real mother."

William Sales, reported killed in action in France, was greatly mourned by his family and fellow citizens. In memory of his supreme sacrifice for his country, the parishioners in his church at Lexington, Kentucky, installed a stained glass window in the church. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, for which he worked before going overseas, had his name chiseled in the plaque erected in the lobby of the New York tower building. Long live his memory.

But Sales was not dead! He came happily back to America, full of the joy of living, to face a most appalling situation. His government said he was dead, his church said he was dead and his office said he was dead! It was a grand opportunity to change his name and walk of life. But he turned his back on the temptation. Doggedly he went about establishing himself as still alive. He got a new job in a new place, and has since gained charge of the Grand Rapids, Michigan, territory for a big match company.

Gabriel Heatter heard of his problem and invited him to come and speak over the program, to show he was no ghost! He's a high-pressure salesman who darts around

the map like a rabbit. But on his frequent visits to New York, he never fails to pay homage to the *We, The People* broadcast, which established him as very much alive even if the records still show otherwise!

On another program, Heatter presented Mrs. Roy F. Owens, of Bedford, Indiana. She expressed her artistic soul by hanging out clothes prettily. Goodness knows, she had enough, there being twelve children in the family! The woman told how she had had no schooling but had tried to maintain the pace with her children by studying from magazines borrowed from her neighbors and from the books the children were using in school! One could well wonder how she found time to do it with so many youngsters around the house. But she found a novel and effective way. She got her husband off to work at four o'clock every morning. The children began to get up about six. She utilized those intervening two hours, *every day for twelve years*, to learn to read and write, struggling to improve herself! Here is her story after the broadcast:

"From Hartford, Conn., I received a letter asking whether I would like some magazines. I wrote and said I would appreciate them if they cared to send them. In a few days I received a sixty-pound box of the best magazines, many of them for the boys. The day following that, I received a big box from Baltimore, Maryland, including magazines and books and some very nice things the lady of the house thought I might use to make over for the children. I have been corresponding with this lady and find in her a very dear friend. I never intend to lose touch with her. My daughter is corresponding with her daughter and they like each other very much.

"I've received yearly subscriptions to six different magazines from people who heard me over the air. Now, instead of borrowing from my neighbors, they are borrowing from me!"

Mrs. Owens told her story with straightforward sincerity on the air. She even impressed her own neighbors. Local merchants at Bedford want her to try for a radio career. Hopefully, she is trying to do just that on stations around her own home—so that her children will not have to endure the struggle for self-improvement which she did.

From this remarkable incident to the public hand-shaking of the Hatfield-McCoy feudists is a big jump. Sid Hatfield and H. L. McCoy, one of whom arrived in New York with a real squirrel gun, answered Heatter's invitation with one purpose in mind. Though the most celebrated feud in American history had been settled over the Kentucky-West Virginia boundary for years (a shooting hasn't been reported for thirty years), the two men who came to New York did so because they wanted others to know it. They were afraid that some remote members of the two clans in isolated parts of the Blue Ridge Mountains might still be warring with each other. They came to New York to let these people, if there were any, know the feud was called off—through the radio.

After they have spoken, *We, The People*, it would seem, are never again to be the same!

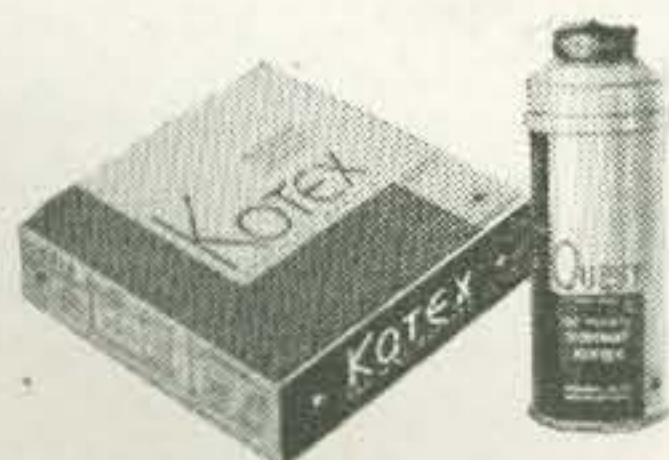
Days of Don'ts are over!



Because when you buy Kotex* you can be sure that:

- ★ Kotex stays Wondersoft—it's cushioned in cotton to prevent chafing.
- ★ Kotex doesn't show—thanks to its flattened and tapered ends.
- ★ Kotex can be worn on either side—both sides are fully absorbent.
- ★ Kotex is made with a special patented center section that guards against spotting by keeping moisture away from the surface.
- ★ Only Kotex offers three types—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women on different days.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS



Use Quest* with Kotex... the new *positive* deodorant powder developed especially for use with sanitary napkins—soothing, completely effective.

(*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Patent Office)



ARMAND Blended Cream

DRY skin with its unattractive texture, is the bane of most women. Sun, wind, dry heat, cold weather, numerous factors, prevent the natural functioning of your skin, causing it to be dry and weathered instead of radiantly lovely.

To dry weathered skin, Armand Blended Cream helps to give an appearance of glowing, natural beauty and of a rose petal complexion. Use Armand Blended Cream and you will notice that your skin soon seems more fresh looking and firm — clearer, more refined. A new type of all purpose cream with the fragrance of fresh cut roses, the delicate oils it contains soften harsh, dry and weathered skin.

At your favorite cosmetic counter you may choose one of four sizes, \$1.00; 50 cents; 25 cents and 10 cents — each size has the effect of five facial aids in one jar. Or, send coupon below, for a generous trial size.



Created by Armand to Glorify Your Loveliness

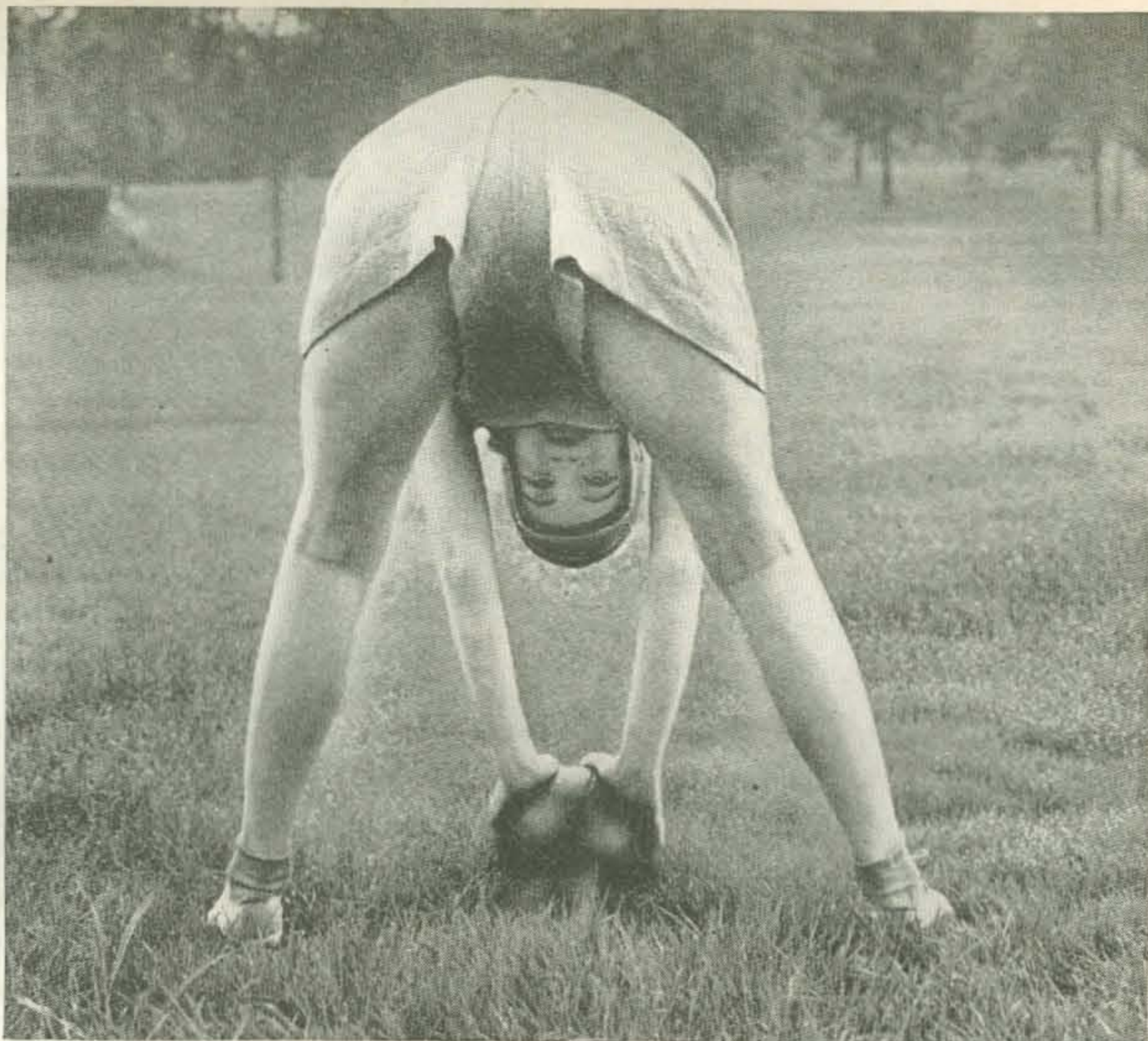
ARMAND, Des Moines, Iowa
(In Canada, address Windsor, Ontario.)
Now I know I simply must try Armand Blended Cream and the famous Armand Bouquet Powder. My ten cents is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

RS-1038



Photos by Blake-Zweifach



Francesca may play Aunt Laura on *Your Family and Mine*, but she also likes to play football with kids.

SIGNALS ON!

(Left) About to receive, she takes off down the field, but Francesca's tackled and (below) is out cold!



**One of These Window Shades
Costs 15c..the Other \$1.50**

Can You Tell
WHICH IS WHICH?



Besides being able to carry the ball, the actress is a proficient horsewoman, swimmer and dancer.

Francesca Lenni
answers the call
of football time

These boys not only let Francesca join their Central Park game, but gave her the worst of the bargain.



Above guaranteed to be exact photographic reproductions of shades named*

In Actual Tests 3 Women Out of 4 Thought the

15¢ CLOPAY *Lintone*

Looked the More Expensive

**See These Amazing Shades at
Neighborhood and 5c & 10c
Stores Everywhere**

A REMARKABLE new cellulose material is found to be far more practical for window shades. Hangs straight, rolls evenly, doesn't crack, curl or pinhole. Wears amazingly. More than that, an exclusive CLOPAY process produces a lovely *Lintone* texture that so resembles fine-count linen as to astonish women everywhere. In actual tests, 3 out of 4 women viewing a 15c CLOPAY *Lintone* beside a \$1.50 shade only 4 feet away, thought the CLOPAY was the more expensive shade! (Affidavit on file.)

ONLY CLOPAYS ARE LINTONED

CLOPAY *Lintones* come in a wide variety of colors to fit any decorative scheme. Cost only 15c, ready to attach in a jiffy to old rollers with patented CLOPAY gummed strip. No skill, no tacks, no tools needed. On new rollers, including molded shade button and new EDGE SAVER brackets, 25c. CLOPAYS are sold at 5c & 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. But be sure to ask for AND GET genuine CLOPAY *Lintones*—America's fastest selling window shades—the only fibre

*Did you guess correctly? The shade at lower left is the CLOPAY *Lintone*. Try it on your friends.

window shade with the rich, exclusive finish that looks like linen.

CLOPAY Washable Shades

WITH THE RICH LINTONE TEXTURE

For only 10c more per shade you can now get window shades made of the costly-looking CLOPAY *Lintone* material PLUS a coating on both sides of expensive oil-paint finish that's 100% washable! All you need is plain soap and water. Grime, grit, soot, stain, and finger marks wash off like magic with never a streak, ring or watermark. CLOPAY WASHABLES come in a variety of colors, all with the exclusive *Lintone* texture that resembles fine-count linen. CLOPAY WASHABLES on new rollers including new EDGE SAVER brackets and molded shade button, cost only 35c for 36"x6' size. At 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores everywhere. For sample swatches of both type CLOPAYS, send 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1347 Exeter Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.



CLOPAY LINTONE WINDOW SHADES

A BACHELOR'S

Wifesaver Allen Prescott, who is unmarried, gives good hints



BY
**RONNIE
RANDALL**

Debonair and entertaining, Allen presents his household advice in a breezy, humorous style.

ALLEN PRESCOTT, known to radio listeners as *The Wifesaver*, has the difficult job of combining practical household advice with a breezy, humorous style of presentation all his own. A bachelor at thirty, *The Wifesaver* has to overcome the natural doubts a housewife has about a man—especially an unmarried man—"who tells her how to run her own home." So, modestly enough, Allen doesn't claim any great expertness himself, but is content to transmit selected bits of helpful advice submitted by women (and a surprising number of men) throughout the country. These he rewrites in his good-humored vein and retails to his listeners, interspersed with pleasant quips and comments on the world in general, and the housewife's woes in particular.

He receives about fifteen hundred letters a week, on an average, and the "break-up" of this figure goes something like this: Nine hundred from wives, three hundred from single women—and three hundred from men! These last are usually about evenly divided between bachelors and married men.

Each letter is carefully checked for useful bits, which are then credited, classified and filed away for

future use. Letters containing questions are answered personally, and those of general interest are mentioned over the air. The question most frequently asked (918 times last year) is: "How can I remove chewing gum from furniture, clothes, and so forth?" The answer—in case you were wondering about it yourself—is: Rub it with ice until it becomes brittle and cracks off.

Not all *The Wifesaver's* listeners are burdened with household tasks. He receives many letters from women who have servants to keep their houses in order, but who still think his recipes worth jotting down, and find his amusing comments a bright quarter-hour in any morning or afternoon.

Here are a few samples of his advice, culled from copies of his recent radio scripts—you'll find them both useful and amusing.

If you get pretty tired of looking at people lying around on the bottom of clothes closets looking for rubbers, don't just close the closet door and let them stay there, but get some snap clothespins. The clothespins are not to hold the people upright—but they're to snap onto a pair of rubbers when they're taken off. Snap the rubbers together and hang them

ADVICE

on a peg, and there they are. This not only solves the rubber problem, but keeps you looking at the right side of people.

Try a coat or two of flat cream paint on your old brass bed, and see if the result doesn't surprise you . . . Before putting a new finish on your floor, fill the crevices with putty two or three times and smooth them off with a knife . . . Rub a little garlic over the broiler to give your steak a delicious—but not too strong—flavor . . . Water, in which peeled white potatoes have been boiled, makes an excellent gravy base—no extra salt.

Next time the dot for your "I" lands in your lap instead of in your check book, you can do this: If you're wearing linen, silk or cotton, the ink stain may be soaked in tomato juice and then washed in the regular way. After all, the handwriting on the wall is one thing—but on the front of your best bib and tucker it makes (Continued on page 87)



To prove that there's nothing effeminate about him, although he is the housewives' little helper, Allen plays strong man with Jean Ellington.



TROPIC BEAUTY

for your FINGER TIPS

From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty . . . select your own flattering shade today!

FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC

Hollywood—The favorite nail polish shade for fall and winter is Glazo's smoky ash-pink TROPIC. "I love it," says Joan Bennett: "it's fascinating!" Like all Glazo colors, TROPIC gives you days longer wear.

PARK AVENUE GOES CONGO

New York—The deep, luscious orchid-rose of Glazo's CONGO is seen at the smarter places. Every Glazo shade gleams with rich non-fading brilliant lustre.

PALM SPRINGS TAKES CABAÑA

Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.

IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo's SPICE is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.

Other Glazo fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, extra large size . . . 25¢

Glazo's NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 25¢.



GLAZO
NEW TROPIC SHADES

New Glory for Your Hair



This thrilling coiffure was attained after a shampoo with Special Drene for Dry Hair. All the natural glamor, brilliance and beauty of the hair is fully revealed. Hair is also left manageable—right after washing. This is the beauty miracle of the amazing new Special Drene for Dry Hair. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glamorous natural radiance, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—but also removes the beauty-clouding film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.

Drene is so different from other types of shampoos, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—and dirt, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinses of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give a soft, lustrous permanent.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Dry Hair—and Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo created to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug, department or 10c stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glamorous natural beauty Drene reveals.

drene Shampoo
REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
SPECIAL for Dry Hair

You ..made doubly lovely
by healthful, delicious

Double Mint gum



MASCULINE HEARTS

skip a beat when a lovely woman flashes an enchanting smile. And, refreshing Double Mint gum does wonders for your smile. Enjoy this popular, double-lasting, delicious tasting gum. This **DAILY** chewing helps beautify by waking up sleepy face muscles, stimulating beneficial circulation in your gums and brightening your teeth nature's way. So you have double loveliness, admired by everyone.

Since smart clothes as well as an attractive face mean charm, Double Mint gum had Hollywood's fashion-creator **TRAVIS BANTON** design this very flattering, slim hipped looking Suit Dress for you, which Hollywood's beautiful star **CLAUDETTE COLBERT** models, *left*. You can make this becoming dress for yourself by purchasing **SIMPLICITY** Pattern 2902.

All women want to dress smartly and know this helps set off loveliness of face. Millions agree refreshing, delicious Double Mint gum helps add extra charm to your smile, making your face doubly lovely. Try it. Begin to enjoy Double Mint gum today.

Healthful, delicious
DOUBLE MINT GUM is satisfying.
It aids digestion, relaxes tense nerves,
helps give you a pleasant breath.
Sold everywhere. 5c. Buy today.

EDITOR.

Professor Quiz, who broadcasts for the Nash Motor Car Company each Saturday night from 9:00 to 9:30 EDST over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Letter Quiz

Distinguished Service to Radio. To Professor Quiz, Radio complain about. general good of the listener, the critics of radio would have little to instructive at the same time. The Professor has proved that it is possible to be highly amusing and answer idea. It sounded too school-roomish. But he won out. Today there are over two hundred programs from Coast to Coast based on the Question-and-Answer idea. It took quite a bit of persuasion on his part to convince the proper authorities that his program should be given a chance. The Professor, in originating his quiz intelligence their minds as they were being entertained. What they resented having was a chance to use his program, was convicted the American people. The Professor, in originating his quiz intelligence their minds as they were being entertained. What they resented having was a chance to use his program, was convicted the American people. The Professor, in originating his quiz intelligence their minds as they were being entertained. What they resented having was a chance to use his program, was convicted the American people.

FOR Distinguished SERVICE TO RADIO



IT'S all a matter of opinion, of course. Picking a "Ten Best" in anything is a popular game which practically anyone can play; and one man's guess is as good as another's. Following, however, is not one man's opinion but a consensus of several; the editors of **RADIO STARS**, the broadcasting companies and various radio editors making their selections. Nor are the selections so much the "ten best" radio personalities as they are a representative ten of radio's many unusual persons.

All of which is in the nature of a preliminary ducking of any swings aimed at the reportorial chin thrust out by publishing brashly an arbitrary selection of few out of many. So here they are, running from symphony to comedy to thrillers. Radio's most unusual personalities:

ARTURO TOSCANINI: Conceded by most to be the world's greatest conductor, Arturo Toscanini is one of the very few men to become an almost fabulous and legendary character in his own lifetime.

Though he had attained his full stature as a musical genius years before his *NBC* broadcasts, there can be little doubt that radio brought the superb interpretations of the Italian maestro to more millions than did his many years of concerts in America and abroad. In February, 1936, Toscanini announced his retirement from the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra amid the groans of critics and music lovers, and on March 1, 1936, he conducted his "last" radio concert as guest conductor of the *General Motors* Symphony, a radio orchestra made up mostly of his own men from the Philharmonic. Then he sailed for Europe, apparently lost forever to American music in which he had played so great a part.

So it was almost with fear and awe that Samuel Chotzinoff, music critic of the *New York Post*, friend of the Maestro and one of the leading worshipers at the shrine of his genius, sailed for Europe with the purpose of persuading Toscanini to abandon his retirement and return to America to conduct a series of ten radio concerts, the orchestra to be hand-picked from the finest virtuosi available.

"Chotzy," in spite of his long acquaintanceship with Toscanini, fretted and worried; when he finally saw the Maestro he could hardly bring himself to mention his mission. Then, much to his joy and surprise, Toscanini agreed enthusiastically, and the glad tidings were flashed to musical America that its musical deity was returning.

On Christmas night, 1937, in *NBC's* studio 8-H, largest in the world, over 1,400 persons sat breathless as the white-haired, flashing-eyed, dynamic little figure of Toscanini mounted the podium before one of the greatest symphony orchestras ever assembled; certainly the greatest ever presented wholly for the radio audience. The finest instrumentalists from many great American orchestras sat beneath the master's baton, while in the brilliant audience, listeners hardly breathed. There was not the faintest rustle of a program (so that no slightest sound should mar the transmission, programs had been printed on silk).

Every possible precaution had been taken to make the broadcast perfect. During rehearsals of the new orchestra, *NBC* engineers had tested and re-tested lines, placed the uni-directional microphones in various positions while musical experts in the control rooms had listened to assure complete fidelity in reproducing the great tone and volume of the 92-piece orchestra. Six preliminary concerts had been conducted by Artur Rodzinsky and Pierre Monteux, brilliant conductors both.

But under the magic of the "Toscanini touch" the



FRED ALLEN



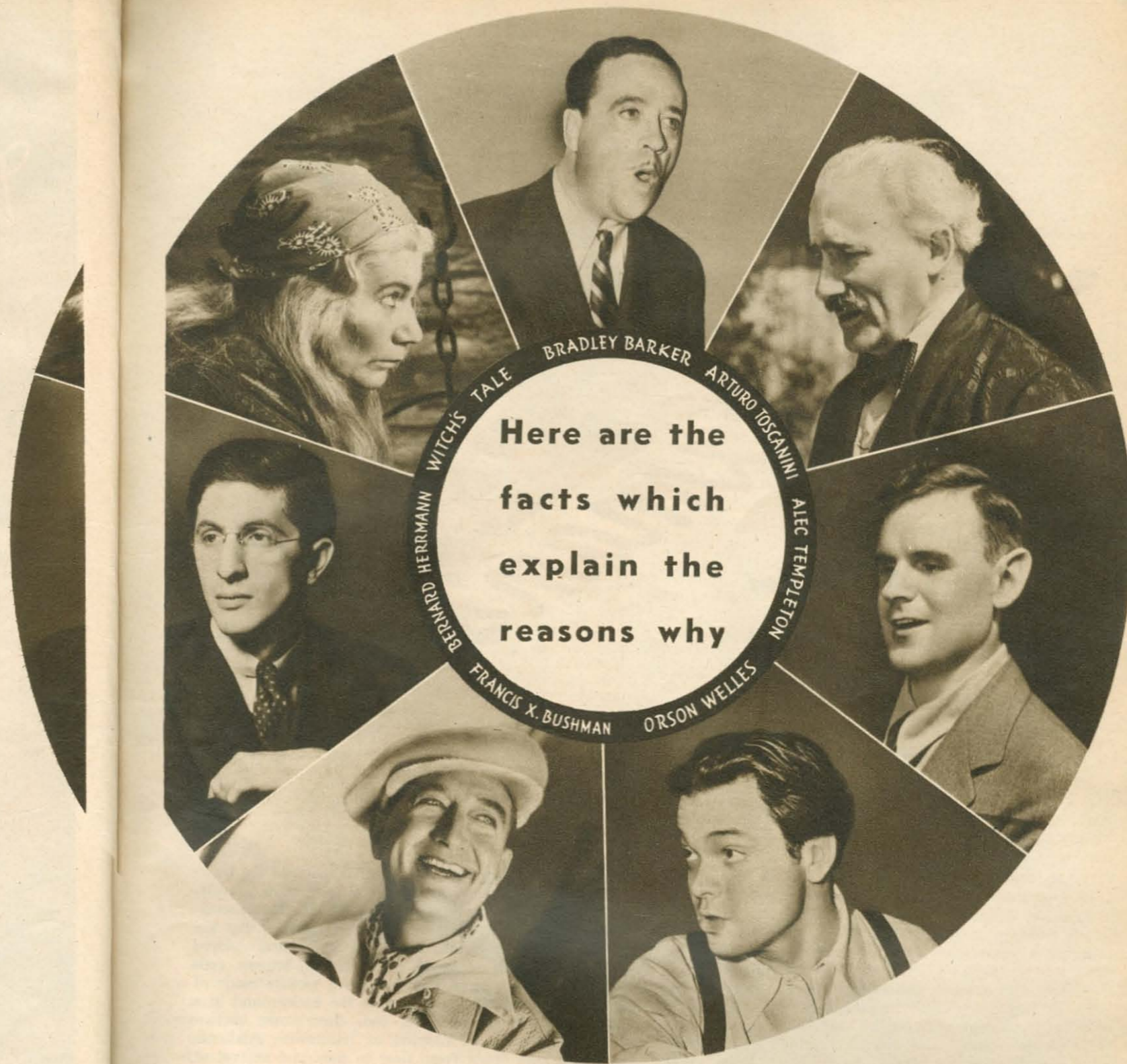
THE KIDDOOLERS



PHILLIPS LORD

orchestra swelled forth in new glory; the almost mystic quality the Maestro possesses, his complete refusal to accept anything but the very best from his men, brought forth from the orchestra a quality it had never before given. Toscanini had returned!

Toscanini tales and legends are legion. They tell how, while a young student at Parma Conservatory, Toscanini's



Here are the facts which explain the reasons why

teacher, Giusto Dacci, asked the young musician if the stories he had heard about Arturo's phenomenal musical memory were true. In answer, Toscanini sat down and wrote out from memory the entire overture to the first act from *Lohengrin!*

The overwhelming acclaim that greeted the first series of ten concerts, for which the Maestro received forty

thousand dollars, and his gratification with both orchestra and reception, has resulted in his agreeing to return for another series this winter. Beginning in November, Toscanini will conduct twelve weekly concerts over the *NBC* networks—perhaps more—as well as concerts in several American cities to enable listeners to see as well as hear his orchestra.

(Continued on page 52)

THE TEN MOST UNUSUAL

PEOPLE IN RADIO

BY JACK HANLEY

Dave Elman's OWN

The show's founder describes many of the unique hobbies of his mike guests

Hobbyist Elman examines the work of a person who makes various articles out of eggshells, then hand-paints them.

"DEAR MR. ELMAN," the letter in my hand said, "under separate cover I am sending you a bomb."

You can imagine my feelings! While it's true that in my capacity as producer of the *Hobby Lobby* radio program a great many odd articles come to me in the mail, still—a bomb! There was a certain uneasiness in the office until a small, ominously heavy package arrived from E. J. Bullock of Syracuse, New York. It might have been innocent, or it might have been from a crank. We took no chances, and opened the thing under water. Sure enough, it was a bomb! An authentic World War hand grenade, looking very ugly and entirely efficient, though Mr. Bullock, the sender, assured us that it was unloaded. This gentleman's hobby is collecting bombs from the World War, and this particular one rests now, among a thousand other curious articles, in one of the exhibition cases in my office. And in spite of the assurance of its harmlessness, I assure you that no one has tried to pull the firing pin—and no one will!

This is only one example of the thousands of unusual letters and articles that have come to me during the year of *Hobby Lobby's* existence; most of them, thank heavens, not so nerve racking. The walls of my office, for example, are covered with the pictures made by hobbyists. But not ordinary pictures. There's one made of crêpe paper that's highly decorative; the paper is

rolled into thin strips, like yarn, and applied to the background like embroidery. There's a picture, made of varicolored bits of natural sponge, that has a three-dimensional quality. There are several sand pictures that are very artistic. Yes—sand, and only the natural colored sands of the world are used; grays, blacks, browns, reds and pure whites. There's an attractive picture made of eggshells, colored and cemented to the background in a mosaic-like arrangement and, too, there's the picture painted by Mrs. J. B. Clopton of Huntsville, Alabama, that I still take down from time to time and marvel at. It's painted in oils, and while it's quite true that Rembrandt or Velasquez painted finer pictures, I'm sure neither of them ever painted one *on a cobweb!* The frame is glassed on both sides so that it may be looked through and, amazing as it seems, this lady has painted a group of flowers, in oils, on an actual cobweb! Don't ask me how—I can hardly believe it myself except that there it is.

But one doesn't get hardened to this hobby business, and that's what makes it so fascinating. I'm constantly being amazed at some of the beautiful objects turned out by hobbyists. Here is a tiny, copper teakettle, less than a half-inch in diameter, that was pounded out of a single penny by a convict serving a term in prison. The little kettle is perfectly proportioned, highly polished and

Even bombs are among the odd things people collect. Dave is shown holding two of them.



A hobbyist carved the heads of these Indian dolls from dried apples.



Charles Metz, piano salesman, makes tiny orchestras out of nuts. The miniature figures can all play, too!

has a handle and removable lid. On the bottom remains the original coin's inscription of "One Cent". Think of the hours of patient, painstaking work that went into that article!

Here's a lovely, hand-carved cameo, still set in the home-made holding tool in which it was fashioned. The tool is a section of a tree branch, thick as a thumb, and the stone is fastened to the end with a special solder-like cement. And the man who did it is not a pale, long-haired artist, but a husky truck driver. Nearby in the cabinet is a tiny head of Abraham Lincoln, carved out of a peach pit, and behind that a (Continued on page 56)



In Dave Elman's office there are many cabinets housing samples of the hobbies of his guests.

STORY OF HOBBY LOBBY

SO YOU'D LIKE TO PLAY IN A BAND?

SO you want to come to New York and become a professional musician?

Well, if you do, this is what happens to you. It can happen if you are sixteen or over, are an American or Canadian citizen or have your first papers. It can happen, regardless of your race, creed or color. And if you really can blow a tune on that trumpet you're toting under your arm, you need only one thing more to make it happen.

You need a union card. A card issued by the American Federation of Musicians—one of the strongest, ablest unions in America.

Music in New York is controlled by the Federation's Local 802. Nineteen thousand musicians are for a month or so. He arrives at Grand Central Station—or maybe it's the bus terminal—and finds his way to an inexpensive hotel. He deposits his bags, clutches his trumpet case and starts out for his first stop at one of the radio network offices.

The gentleman who hires musicians isn't too difficult to see. But his first question is strictly one of those yes-or-no affairs: "Have you got a union card?" When Johnny explains that he hasn't, the official, as few words as possible, tells him that without a card he might just as well throw his trumpet into the Hudson and grab the first rattle back to Kansas. He also tells him to walk over to the union building, at 50th Street and Sixth Avenue, if he wants a card. That's Lesson No. 1.

The union office is no luxurious affair. It is there to serve a purpose, as Talbot will soon find out. First, he is handed a membership application blank. An important question asked is whether he is a member of any other branch of the national union. If he isn't, a time is set when he can appear before the examining board.

Once before the board, he is given a fairly simple examination. He must demonstrate that he can read music, among other things. Not so long ago the examination was very stiff, but requirements are less exacting nowadays, since union heads feel that it is better to unionize as many musicians as possible—even inferior ones.

Within a week or two, Johnny is told that he has passed his test. By paying the first quarter of his \$16 yearly dues he can now become a full union member and set to work trying to find a job.

But if, by any chance, Johnny has belonged to the musicians' local union out in Kansas, the procedure is different. He must first file what is called his "transfer card". He is not allowed to become a full member until six months after he has filed his transfer. For at least three months he is not permitted to compete for steady jobs with regular New York local members. During that time he is allowed to work on any job that isn't steady—recordings, vaudeville, parties. Once the transfer period is up, he becomes a full-fledged member of New York's Local 802 and the job hunt begins. There are just three prin-

If you do, you'd better know about the Musicians' Union and what it stands for

BY JERALD
MANNING

principal requirements made of every union member. If they're violated, Johnny is in danger of losing his standing and of blasting that career he cares so much about. They're not complicated, so Johnny remembers them:

First—and most important—he must maintain the price scale set by the union. Under no conditions can he cut the value placed on his services by his union.

Second—he cannot try to take away a job on which another band or individual member is working.

And third—he must pay his dues. Those rules are easy enough to stick by. Particularly that last one. For Johnny's \$16 a year, he gets a \$750 life insurance policy, in addition to all the other benefits of his organization. Before 1929, the policy was for \$1000, then the depression lowered it to \$500 and now it's on its way back to the old high.

And the union doesn't care if Johnny should turn out to be the highest priced band leader or instrumentalist in the country—the dues for each member are exactly the same.

So Johnny leaves union headquarters with his card in his pocket. He's now ready to make the rounds. He returns to his hotel room, takes pencil and paper, begins to figure and discovers that there are roughly six different type orchestra jobs he can go after in New York:

He can try to get "club dates"—parties and association affairs.

He can hunt for a "steady job" with an organized band.

He can try to work with an orchestra making phonograph records.

He can make transcriptions for radio.

He can work on recordings for movies. Or he can play on radio programs—commercial or sustaining.

As long as Johnny has his pencil and paper out, he'll probably inspect the union price list and decide which of the six he should tackle first to make the most money. He finds that the union has divided club dates, steady jobs and radio work into classifications. An "A" club date is the highest type affair. It will take place in a spot like the Waldorf. A "B" date may be a small hall in a suburb. The union has classified every possible dance spot in New York and if Johnny works for five hours—the regular session—in an A spot he will be paid \$14. If it's a B spot, \$10 is turned over to him.

If he should happen to find a steady job playing with a band in a class A location, he's assured of a salary ranging from \$64 to \$85 a week, depending on the hours he plays. Five hours is considered a double session—dinner and supper. A single session, usually just dinner time, he'll be paid at the rate of \$2 an hour.

Those wages are scale. Members of most of the big-time bands are paid more than that. Ordinarily they are musicians almost any bandleader would like to have. To keep the men he has finally chosen, a maestro will pay them well. For example, Johnny has heard that the boys who work for Guy Lombardo earn a greater weekly salary than the musicians in any other steady unit in the country. Guy's men collect at least \$200 a week for playing their regular dance engagements.

Johnny figures some more and learns that the men who have the steady jobs can depend on an additional income from the other activities the band goes in for. For every phonograph record Lombardo makes, for instance, the orchestra members are paid \$20 for three hours with \$5 an hour overtime.

If they should make one of (Continued on page 50)

**Air stars are
always on the
go, having fun**

Mermaid Martha Raye is an enthusiastic swimmer and sun-bather when she's not working.



Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale and four former students. (Rear) John Hoysradt and Bill Robson. (Front) Ben Cutler and Rudy Vallee.



Max Eastman, of Word Game fame, cools off after entertaining guests at his estate.

Fed Ferrington gives his all to a number. He is one of Horace Heidt's *Brigadiers*.

BETWEEN



(L. to R.) Jack Whiting, Betty Grable and Bob Hope between scenes of *Give Me a Sailor*.



Behind the spinach lurks Bing Crosby. He wears this rig in *Sing, You Sinners*.

Phil Cook's wife is a frequent visitor at the *Almanac* rehearsals and shows.



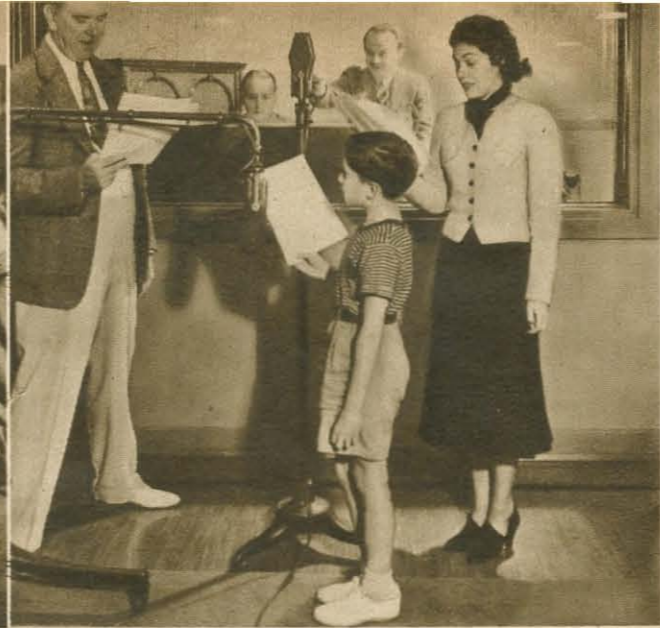
Bernice Berwin and Kathleen Wilson, of *One Man's Family*, go in for beach games.



BROADCASTS



(L. to R.) Jack Roseleigh, Marion Barney, Betty Wragge and Curtis Arnall help to make *Pepper Young's Family* a hit serial.



Story of Mary Marlin is another favorite. Carlton Brickert, Frankie Pacelli and Betty Lou Gerson are cast members.



Frances Carlon, Robert Griffin, Judith Lowry, Anne Seymour and Producer Wynn Orr of the daily *Kitty Keene* show.



Your Family and Mine is a newer program, featuring Billy Lipton, Lucille Wall, Joan Tompkins, Bill Adams and others.

THE HOUSEWIFE

HOW many times have you heard the daytime radio programs ridiculed?

How many times have you heard people say: "I only listen to the radio at night. I love Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy and Jack Benny and Fannie Brice and Burns and Allen. But those daytime programs! Why only a moron could listen to them!"?

How many times have you heard the high-brow say: "The only thing worth while in radio is the music. It's marvelous to be able to sit in your home and hear the best in opera and symphonies"?

Of course you've heard these clichés over and over again. Everyone has. But have you ever heard anyone say: "I can't wait until the such and such program comes on tomorrow, to find out if Jack is really going to make up with Mary. Oh, I hope he *does*, don't you?"

You probably haven't, because few listeners are brave

enough to admit that they like serials. In fact, it has become quite the thing to discount and ridicule these "script shows", as they are known in radio parlance.

But there's another side to the story. The side that counts. And that side is made up of Crossley Ratings, fan mail and sales reports. That is the side the sponsor listens to.

Symphony concerts and opera broadcasts are given columns of gratis advertising in the newspapers and reviewed as seriously as performances at the Metropolitan and Carnegie Hall by the first-string musical critics. When Toscanini gave his series of concerts over *NBC* last year, it was admittedly the most important musical event of radio. Everybody was talking about them. Radio gained in prestige because of them. There was such a demand for tickets for the broadcasts that getting them was something to brag about.

BE PLEASED ! BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

But the Toscanini programs were unsponsored.

And it's the sponsor who tells the real story of radio.

Those ridiculed script shows which crowd the morning and afternoon hours of radio from Monday through Friday are sponsored shows. Some of the manufacturers whose goods they advertise have evening shows as well—shows that are ballyhooed and talked about from one end of the country to the other. Shows starring the most glamorous Broadway and Hollywood personalities and costing fabulous sums to produce.

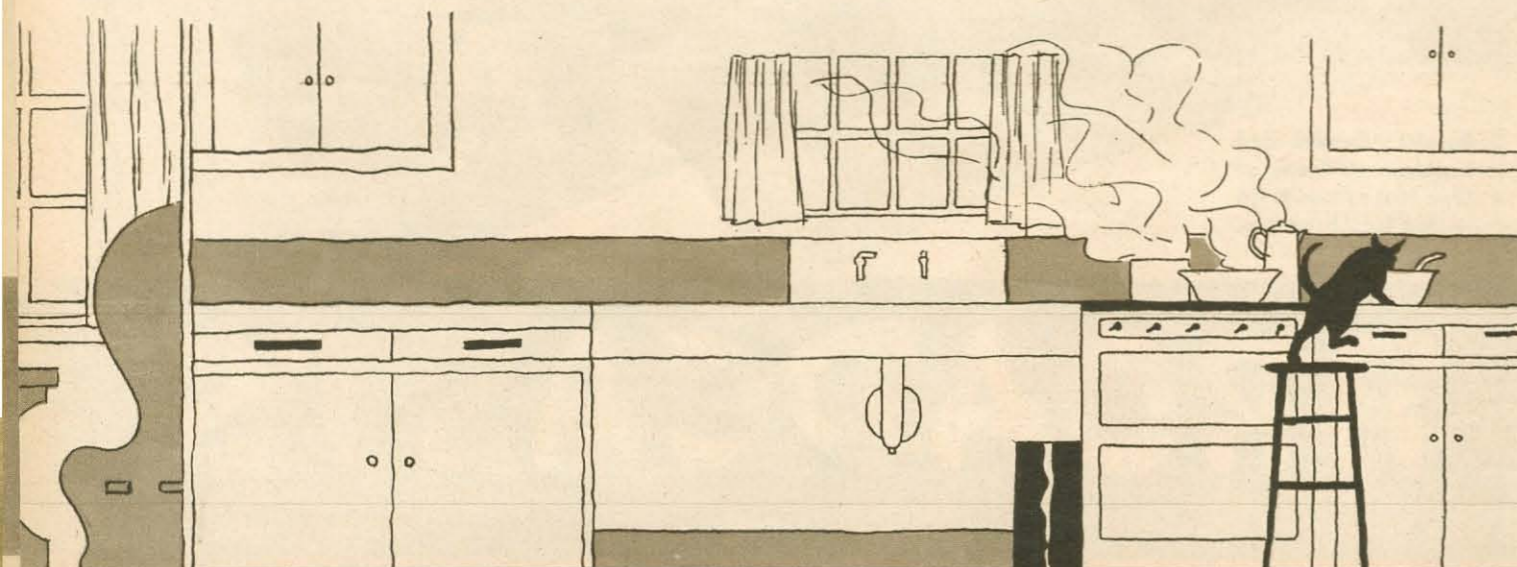
They mean a lot in prestige, those evening shows. Audiences, in some cases as selective as those attending a Broadway first night, applaud the actors as they go through their parts. The commercials, the parts of the program extolling the virtues of the product it is advertising, are for the most part brief and subdued in tone.

Some of these programs have an intrinsic advertising

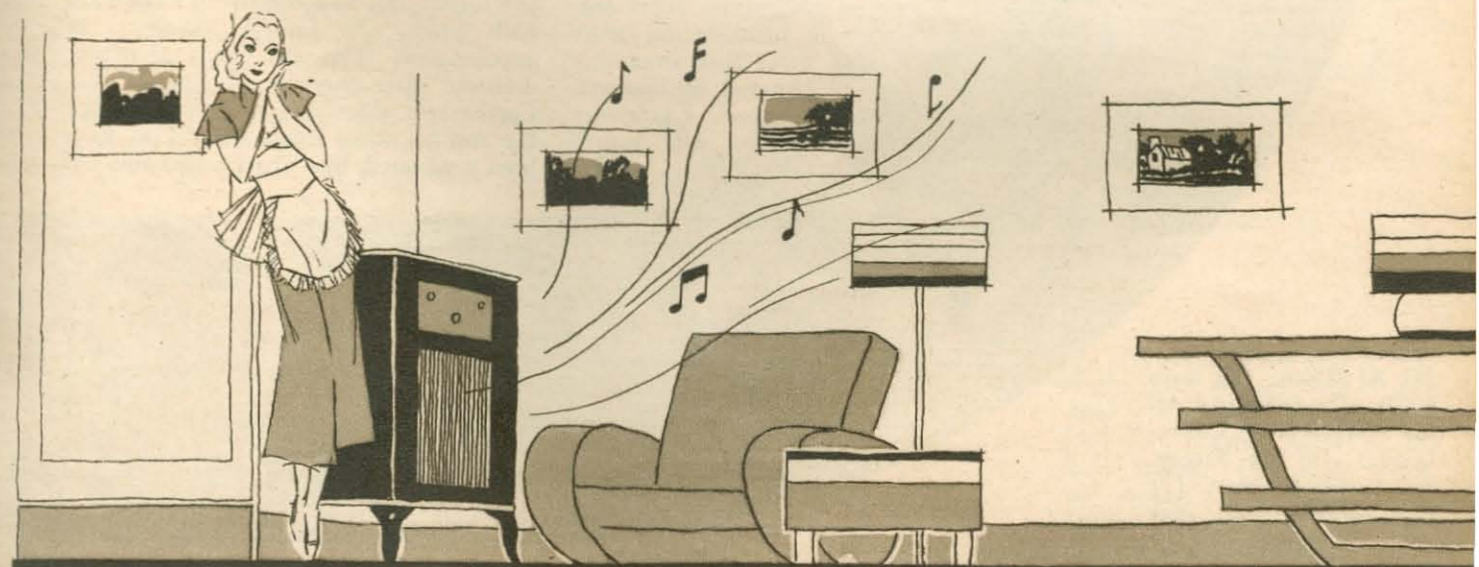
value and really help the sale of their product. Others don't and aren't expected to. They are known as good will advertising, and that is all that the sponsor expects from them.

But the daytime shows are a different story. Sponsors are all for them. Let a new serial be introduced on sustaining time for a week or two, and it is a safe bet that two or three radio sponsors will be making offers for it. Business men are always on the lookout for these money-makers.

Once when it was rumored that *Pepper Young's Family* was to be at liberty, four sponsors begged for the opportunity of taking it. But, of course, it was only a rumor. For years *Pepper Young's Family* has been one of the most, if not the most, successful daytime show on the air! Its sponsor certainly had no idea of throwing a property like that to rivals. (Continued on page 64)



Daytime serials have been ridiculed, but Mrs. America likes



them—and she's the one who holds the family purse strings

WHAT THE LISTENER

Forecasting the shows and entertainers, new and

BY WILLARD MARSHALL

RADIO, at the moment, is starting a new fall season without a single sign of new personalities or new program ideas on the horizon. The only change in evidence: Salaries of the great stars are skyrocketing to still loftier levels.

Sponsors are paying through the nose this year for their conservatism of the past few seasons. An evening network program is so expensive, they hesitate to gamble with untested talent. Experiments have been confined mainly to trying stage and screen notables.

Salary levels at dizzy altitudes were inevitable. No new stars were developed, so the old ones found themselves in a position to drive harder and harder bargains. Eight of this fall's programs cost in excess of \$10,000 each, per week, for talent alone, with station time bills of approximately \$15,000 piled on top of that. The eight: Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, Burns and Allen, Major Bowes, Fred Waring, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer hour and Charlie McCarthy hour.

That means an expense of \$25,000 or more per week for a radio program, an item that will stagger any but the very largest advertisers. Any sort of an evening half-hour equipped with good star names will run to around \$10,000 or \$15,000 minimum, if the country is to be covered from Coast to Coast.

One new trend was created last season by sponsors who wanted to invest more moderately. They started the current rash of question-and-answer, audience and contest programs. This season is bringing on more of those than ever.

Material is inexpensive. Listeners will supply it for

nothing or for small cash prizes. A man with fluent tongue and life-of-the-party spirit can conduct the programs with the assistance of an announcer. The salary list will range around \$500 to a \$1,000 a week, instead of ten times that.

The gradual stagnation of radio program ideas is not a development the network officials are taking lightly. One Columbia Broadcasting System vice president, who asked that he remain nameless, discussed the turn with me.

"It's a worry, but so far it has not been too serious," he said. "In the sustaining programs that we produce ourselves, we believe we can strike a balance, ringing in new ideas of our own along with symphonic and serious dramatic programs."

His network, he went on, has the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, the orchestras led by Victor Bay and Howard Barlow, and the Saturday evening *Columbia Workshop*, to mention just a few highlights.

The obvious objection to that argument was that the radio business is improving as the years roll on, which means fewer and fewer vacant spots into which the networks can insert these balancing shows. The new sponsors coming in are seeking the same hackneyed style of entertainment that the rest present.

"That's the problem we are getting ready to face," he replied.

Getting down to more definite prospects of what will be happening on the loud speakers this fall and winter—you'll have last season's list of comedians back intact. So far, no prospects of anyone new. The only new face in this division, since the rise of Charlie McCarthy two years ago, is Tommy Riggs. He and his other voice, Betty Lou, have been graduated, like Charlie, and this fall

MAY EXPECT THIS FALL

old, to be on the air during the current season

they take charge of a Saturday evening variety program of their own.

One star comedy act a year has been Vallee's annual output. So far there are no signs of what it will be (or whether) this winter.

Kate Smith has tried to experiment along Vallee lines with new comedians in her Thursday evening variety show the past couple of seasons. To date, the trials have been productive of no new stars, though her Henny Youngman bobs up in the schedules as a guest star now and then.

The comedy leaders are changing no details of their program styles and most of them are staying on with their old sponsors. Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, Fred Allen, *Fibber McGee* and Bob Burns remain in their old spots. Burns and Allen move to a new sponsor, with their salary boosted to \$12,000 per week. Joe Penner also has a new boss and salary increase this year.

As this is written, Phil Baker's fall plans still are in the negotiation stage. A comedian of his long service is not likely to be allowed out of the lists long, however.

A run through the list, day by day, emphasizes the stagnancy that development of programs has slid into. In almost all details, each evening's schedule is the same this fall as it was last spring. Charlie McCarthy and Jack Benny again are the anchor men of Sunday evenings. Tyrone Power, *Manhattan Merry-Go-Round*, Frank Munn's show and the Ford Symphony return, too.

Eddie Cantor's standing in the popularity surveys declined sharply when he moved to an early Monday evening hour last spring, but he will try again in the same spot this fall. Eddie feels that his great popularity with children makes it important for him to get his program on the air before bedtime. In most homes, the children choose the programs to be tuned in around that time of day. The odd part of all that attention to children, however, is the product Eddie is adver-

tising—*Camel Cigarettes*.

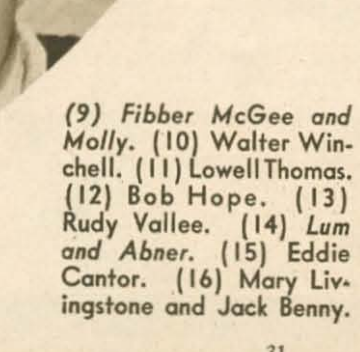
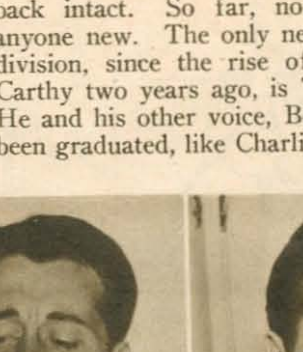
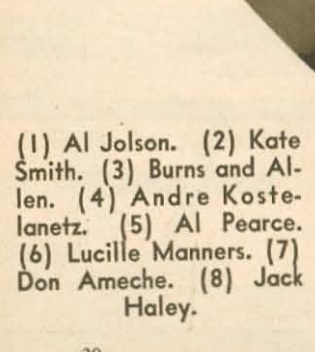
The other principal Monday program will be the *Lux Radio Theatre*, again broadcast from Hollywood with film-drama's great ones as guest stars each week. Its policy remains unchanged. Radio versions of recent movies and Broadway plays of the past few seasons will be used as material. Tentatively, write Al Pearce's Gang into your Monday evening plans. Al signed with last season's Burns and Allen sponsors and, likely as not, will step right into the half hour they filled all last fall.

Richard Crooks, *Pick and Pat* and the *Contented Hour* are the other principal Monday evening items.

A surprise entry in the Tuesday evening popularity race last season was Edward G. Robinson's drama series, *Big Town*. It started inconspicuously but quickly zoomed up among the most popular dramatic programs on the air. Robinson's crisp, decisive style of acting was extremely effective, compensating for the uneven quality of the air dramas written for him.

The rise of the Robinson program also carried Al Jolson to higher popularity levels than he had been accustomed to in recent seasons. A year ago, Jolson was frank in speaking his dissatisfaction about having Martha Raye and Parkyakarkus as co-stars on his program. He felt their crude styles of comedy would not please his own followers.

His program came immediately after Robinson's and on the same network. In addition to his own regular following, the Jolson show had most of Robinson's. Telephone surveys among listeners showed the Jolson audience had increased some thirty percent (Cont. on page 66)



(1) Al Jolson. (2) Kate Smith. (3) Burns and Allen. (4) Andre Kostelanetz. (5) Al Pearce. (6) Lucille Manners. (7) Don Ameche. (8) Jack Haley.

(9) Fibber McGee and Molly. (10) Walter Winchell. (11) Lowell Thomas. (12) Bob Hope. (13) Rudy Vallee. (14) Lum and Abner. (15) Eddie Cantor. (16) Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny.

**A Good Time
WAS HAD BY ALL!**
At the beach party given
by Radio Stars Magazine



Claire Willis, of the Rainbow Room, snapped singing a love song, with eyes closed.



Tommy Riggs was hungry after cavorting on the beach. His wife looked on as he stored away enough food for both himself and Betty Lou.



When Tommy Riggs danced with Judy Canova, he used the voice of his Betty Lou on her. Both of these stars have new fall programs.



Mrs. Del Sharbutt, who made good on the air as Meri Bell, delighted everyone with her rendition of several amusing numbers.



The pinball game in the Cabana Beach Club, at Atlantic Beach, fascinated the Canovas. Zeke, Annie and Judy fairly monopolized it.



Annie Canova and Claire Willis get together for a chat and some high jinks. Claire is showing a new trick she learned with a book of matches.



Announcer Del Sharbutt was an ingratiating master of ceremonies at the impromptu entertainment. He's about to introduce Tommy.



Bill Vallee (a writer and Rudy's brother) joined Annie and Del at their table. Everyone agreed that it was a successful party.



Photos by Blake-Zweifach

Judy Canova was the life of the party and not at all bashful about singing her funny hillbilly songs for the assembled guests.

A newsy stroll through the highways and byways of Ether-

SURPRISING was the news that Eddie Cantor was planning a vacation in Europe. Eddie, with that endless, nervous energy of his, actually going to loaf a summer away. For years, he has been spending his summer vacations in a Hollywood studio making a picture.

Explanation came after Cantor's arrival abroad. His vacation cruise was just one phase of his campaign to raise funds to bring Jewish refugee children from the Fascist countries where they faced growing up into a bleak life of persecution.

Eddie worked like a Trojan all through his cruise on a variety of money-raising activities for the project he has undertaken—as he does everything—with fanatical zeal.

THE coming winter season in popular music is not likely to produce any such surprising turn as the past year did. The good, old songs never die out, of course, but the swing bands and singers have performed the surprising feat of putting a set of old Scotch ballads, Loch Lomond, Annie Laurie and a few others, high up in the list of new popular hits. More surprising still, Connie Boswell sang a swing version of an aria from the opera, Martha, and it caught public fancy so quickly that the melody went right into the repertoire of every swing band in the business.

No other arias have been tried. Perhaps more swinging of opera will give the coming season an eccentric twist of its own. With all due respect to Tin Pan Alley, these odd turns

of musical fancy certainly raise the level of dance music.

IF there were any doubts about the swing stature of Benny Goodman, they certainly were settled by his brief vacation from his band in July and August. This next sentence may bring a nice bouquet of Irish confetti from the Goodman jitterbug clubs—but with Goodman absent, the band slipped down, from its dominant position, to equality with any one of a dozen bands which just miss the very top brackets. Essential are the cavorting, lilting rhythms and melodic caprices of Benny's clarinet blowing, which give the band its real character. His absence is a reminder that Benny is a great artist, probably the greatest instrumentalist in popular music today.

Unfortunately, his venture beyond this field this past summer was less successful. During the winter, he had a classical string quartet as guest stars on his program and played a Mozart clarinet quintet with them. It was an amusing stunt at the time. Also, it was the expression of an ambition understandable in a man possessed of Benny's superb musicianship.

His recording of an entire Mozart quintet with the Budapest strings was an artistic failure, however. Gone was the frolicsome Goodman spirit that might have fitted perfectly into the joyous music of Mozart. Instead, Benny played the notes woodenly. Apparently feeling the letdown, the quartet did not reach its usual musical standard, either.

land, with anecdotes and reports on worthy personalities

Benny had tried classical music before, and he is not stopping with this attempt. He already has a serious lecture-recital booked for Manhattan's Town Hall this fall, and there may be more recordings.

RICHARD HIMBER has a catchy new musical device which will add distinction to his band, if it is not picked up and imitated to death. It is hard to describe this new stunt of Dick's, used sometimes for interludes between choruses and sometimes to carry a portion of the melody itself.

This is as near as I can come: The innovation is a sort of rotary ascending figure in the brass section—a glissando, if you follow, tossed from instrument to instrument, instead of running its gliding course on just one. It runs up or down, but usually up.

During most of the past few years, Himber has had two distinct bands, one for his commercial radio programs and the other for his engagements at hotels and ballrooms. The radio orchestra was composed of the best men available and they, along with their leader's shrewd judgment of musical values, have made Himber's band consistently one of the very good ones on the air.

The men he used for radio were far too expensive for any hotel job, so his bands heard from hotels in the late evening dance hours have been less consistent. Never downright bad, they seldom measured up to his commercial radio band. Finally, this summer, Dick assembled the best one of his career. Finding exactly the musicians you want is largely a matter of luck—and this time luck was with Dick whole-heartedly.

IF you have been getting around the saloons lately, you probably have run across evidence of Fred Waring's new business activity. Fred is the financier and chief of a company manufacturing and selling a new type of mixer for drinks, food, or anything you have a mind to toss in.

Fred came across the inventor, added a touch or two of his own, dug down in the sock for dough, and the company was launched. If someone drops into the Waring office, Fred is more than likely to put by all work and sit down to demonstrate the mixer with the delighted spirit of a boy trying a new toy train.

Incidentally, Fred ends his year's absence from radio this fall and comes back with a new commercial program—salary announced as \$10,000 a week, which should be ample to see the mixer company through many a depression.

THIS Norman Frescott, who took Fred Allen's place for the summer, comes straight from vaudeville, where he made a handsome living for twenty years as a mind reader. He used to make a great secret about his amazing talent for sitting, blindfolded, and divining the numbers on a watch, dollar bill, etc., or telling odd facts about members of the audience.

With vaudeville gone now, the mind reading profession has slipped into his past and he speaks about it more freely in a reminiscent mood. The mind reader's chatty partner used to walk up and down the theatre aisles, asking impossible feats of divination of the maestro—but all the while telling him the answers in an elaborate code that ran through the assistant's ban. (Continued on page 72)

By ARTHUR MASON

RADIO

Diminutive Judy Starr warbles for David Ross and Hal Kemp, both of whom seem to approve.



Orson Welles, boy wonder of the theatre, at work on his new CBS program, *First Person Singular*.



RAMBLINGS

(L. to R.) Houstes Wyatt, Betty Garde, Ed Jerome and Helen Menken before a *Second Husband* show.



Mikeman Arthur Godfrey shows his own composition and theme song to Abe Lyman in Washington.

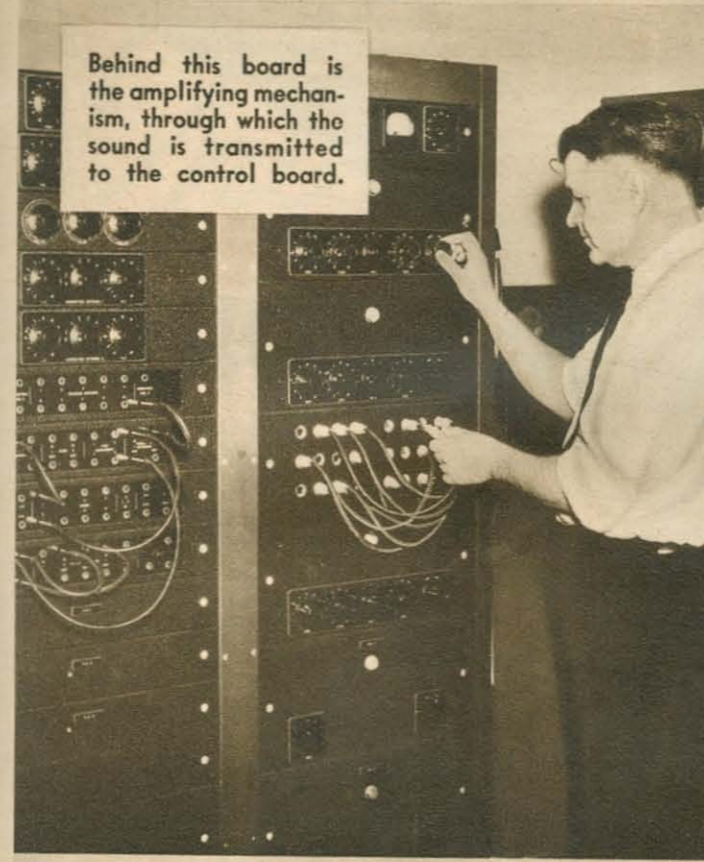




Network star Rachel Carley, accompanied by Val Ernie, sings for a transcription.



At the control board, Bill Monroe regulates the volume and tone.



Behind this board is the amplifying mechanism, through which the sound is transmitted to the control board.



Through a microscope, C. Paul Baldwin checks the grooves being cut in a wax blank by the stylus of the recording machine.

"YOU'RE LISTENING TO

But do you know why recorded shows have become so

THE time has come when radio-wise listeners no longer turn up their collective noses at transcribed programs. They no longer give the dial a determined twist upon hearing the words "electrical transcription, recording or mechanical reproduction." Nor do they sneeringly call such programs fakes and frauds.

There may be some—and they are in the minority—who never tune in such programs because they are convinced that transcriptions are inferior entertainment, that they are nothing but "phonograph records", and poorly presented at that.

In any event, electrical transcriptions command both respect and attention as a major division of the radio industry. At the present time the broadcast revenue derived from them is half the amount expended on live talent shows. In 1934, the sum was over \$6,000,000; in 1936, \$11,000,000; and in 1938 the figure will probably near the \$15,000,000 mark. Then, too, there are those non-revenue-producers, the sustaining shows. In this category the use of transcriptions is well nigh limitless.

There are several reasons for this phenomenal growth, the first being the improvement of recording technique. Any authority on the subject will defy the average listener to detect a difference between a live show and a transcribed one. He will also admit that sometimes even his own practiced ear can be fooled! For example, a group of air executives were asked to listen to a real show and a recorded one, and then to state which was which. They all admitted that it was impossible to decide, even after close, concentrated listening.

Advertisers have discovered that they may use transcriptions to reach specific markets otherwise inaccessible via the network route, and small-town station owners have come to the conclusion that their listeners prefer a good transcribed program, featuring superior artists, to the mediocre talent available locally.

In spite of these facts, however, it is probable that transcriptions will never completely replace live talent in listener interest. There is one unsurmountable handicap—the knowledge that there are no living people actually performing before the mike at the very moment you are listening to them.

Logically, this feeling should not exist. Suppose you don't hear the program simultaneously with its performance, but at a later date. You don't see motion pictures as they are being enacted, either, yet sometimes months and years elapse between their completion and release date. You enjoy them for what they are—entertainment. And you know that artists and technicians have devoted effort, time and money to bringing you pleasure and amusement. What, after all, is the difference?

Into the recording of a transcription goes just as much work and labor as that expended on a live show. Detailed scripts must be written, exactly as they are for the latter. Actors, orchestras, comedians and singers are paid for their services, and the same general procedure adhered to.

Let us, for example, look into a recording studio, one of the forty or fifty in New York alone. There is a windowless room, bare except for microphones and a piano. The walls are acoustically (Continued on page 67)

BY ELLA
RIDDLE

A TRANSCRIBED PROGRAM"

popular, and how much work goes into their making?



Al Pearce hears a recording of his show on a playback machine.



French comedian Louis Renault, and cast, perform for transcription at the Baldwin Studio.

Jerry Belcher shown in San Francisco at the time he visited the home of the Chinese Six Companies.



Interesting PEOPLE I HAVE VISITED

BY JERRY BELCHER

FROM Maine to Mardi Gras, from Gloucester to San Diego, it has been my good fortune to go into the homes of the butcher, the baker and the candlestick-maker . . . the coal miner, the lighthouse keeper, the wealthy and the poor. Mine has been the opportunity to see America at home. Mine is a long back fence over which I have visited the grandest neighbors in the whole world.

I've even called on a dead man. That was in Indianapolis, where we went to the old Lockerbie Street home of James Whitcomb Riley. There have been many other programs better received by the public but, of all the one hundred-sixty weeks I've spent on *NBC*, this one show stands out as my best effort, in so far as the handling of a difficult problem was concerned. Here I was in an old dining-room, with the problem of bringing a dead man back to life, of presenting James Whitcomb Riley through the eyes of his old friends and associates.

Under that dining-room table had rested the polished boots of Grant and Sherman, and a typical gathering here in Riley's day would include Joel Chandler Harris, Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Meredith Nicholson, and many others equally well-known. Beside me sat Riley's family doctor, and on the other side his housekeeper. Across the table was an old boyhood friend of Riley's, apple-cheeked and eighty-odd. It wasn't hard to believe that Riley was there.

As the program progressed, the little intimate stories about the man from the lips of the doctor and housekeeper made me feel more and more sure of his presence.

Down in South America, Meredith Nicholson sat before a radio set with tears trickling down his cheeks; a wire from Booth Tarkington read: "Many of us found it a very touching thing that the broadcast came from the quiet house in Lockerbie Street, where long ago it was our high

The author considers the Merriman family of Joliet, Ill., the most typically American of those he's met.

Interesting

PEOPLE I HAVE VISITED

privilege to see Mr. Riley sitting beside his fire with its glow upon the face that could not be mistaken for anything else in the world but genius. I think he would be glad to know that he lives in the hearts of his countrymen and in the healing of little children at the Riley Memorial Hospital."

To me, that program is an enduring memory and I am humbly proud of the part I was allowed to play.

I got many stories about Riley while there, some of which have not been published, I feel sure. For example, the housekeeper told me this one: One morning Mr. Riley arose in none too good a mood, after an evening at the village tavern with his cronies, and demanded that a cab be summoned. When the hansom arrived before the door, the fat driver in the high seat behind was much larger than the horse. The animal was probably as skimpy a bit of horse-flesh as one might ever see. Riley took one look and shouted across the lawn in a voice that could be heard all over the neighborhood: "You take that blankety-blank hair trunk back to the livery stable and bring me a horse!" The driver's shoulders were seen to shake with laughter all the way back to the stable.

Dramatic things have happened in connection with these visits with *Interesting Neighbors*. Out in San Diego, I called with my microphone on a family of Portuguese tuna fishermen. During the course of the interviews, it was brought out that some time previously they had re-discovered Clipperton Island, and on it a colony which had been abandoned some twenty years before.

Strangely enough, the beds were still made up. The tools still hung in the blacksmith's shop, so oxidized that when picked up they would crumble in your hands. There were pigs on the place and every sign pointed to a hasty desertion. Why the place had been so hurriedly left was a mystery to these fishermen and we closed the broadcast without solving the problem.

I like to remember a program I did in Salt Lake City. It was perhaps the most delicate I'll ever be called upon to handle. The problem was to present the Mormon religion through the voices of a Mormon family in such a manner as not to offend members of that particular church or any other church. At the same time I had to bring out every fact concerning polygamy and concerning

the beliefs of the Church of Latter Day Saints (the official title of the Mormon Church).

I received the whole-hearted cooperation of the Reverend Heber Grant, the president of the church, in this undertaking. The program was entirely successful, and today I treasure the letters from that church—letters of appreciation for the work done.

Many people have asked me how the thing was accomplished, because never before had the members of that church allowed a broadcast so personal, and never before had there been such absolute frankness concerning all things pertaining to (Continued on page 70)



Betsy Belcher and Bob Ripley became friends when she accompanied her father on a mike visit to the *Believe-It-Or-Not* house where Bob keeps his curios.

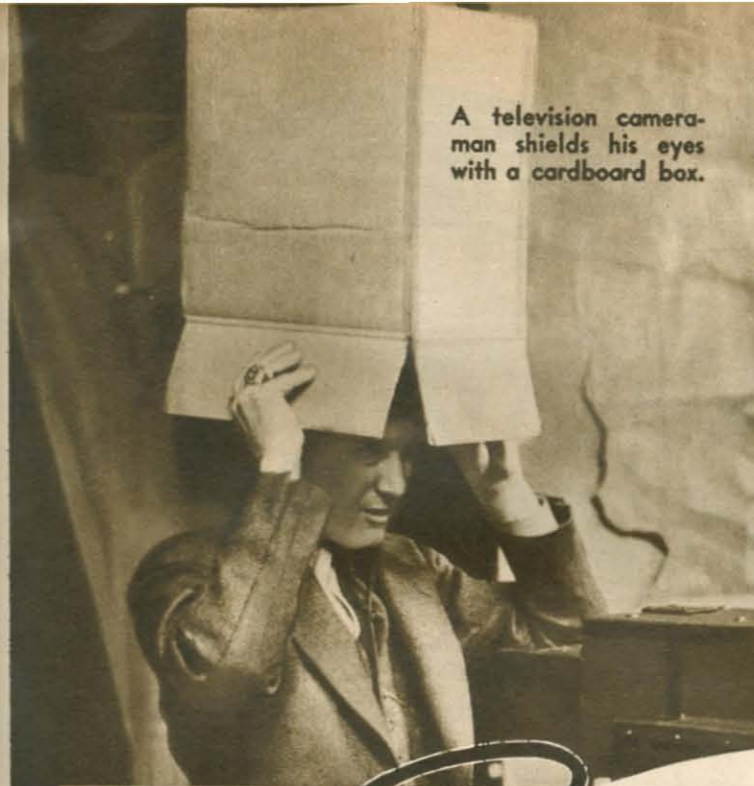
An ace interviewer writes of the most Interesting Neighbors he has called on during the program's two-year life



B. Crosby and M. Raye gag a song on a set at Paramount Studios.



Horace Heidt interviews a couple during his dance program.



A television cameraman shields his eyes with a cardboard box.



Charles Correll, who is Andy, likes to conduct in rehearsals.



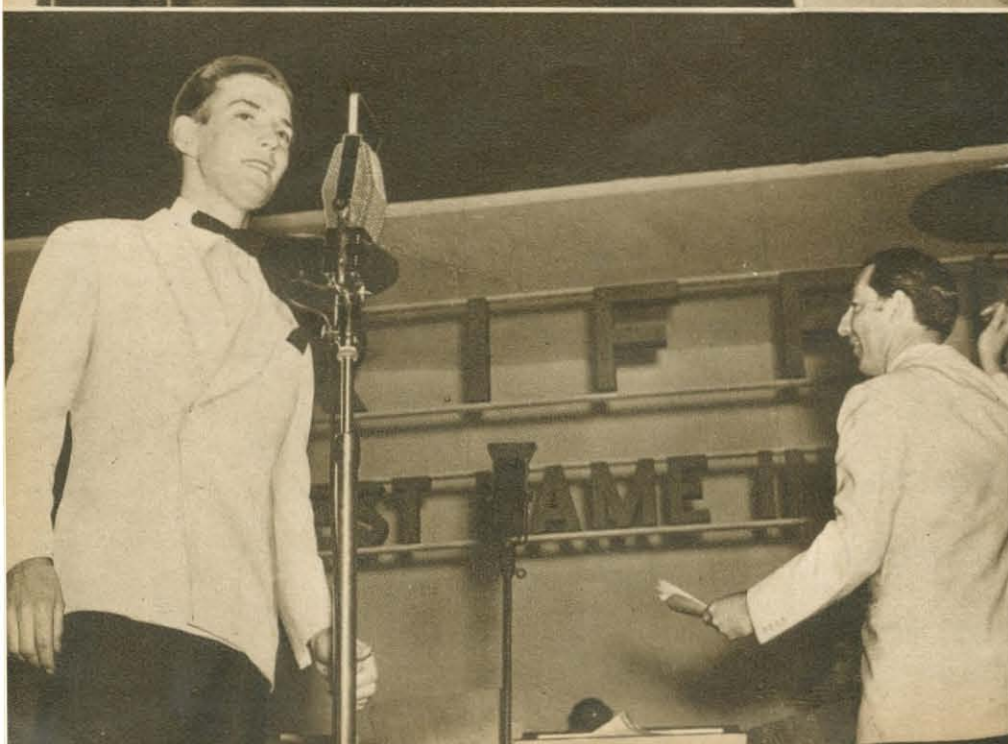
Linton Wells, author and newspaperman, is an air reporter, too.



Bob gives Barbara Ann Burns the dolls his fans have sent to her.

IN THE RADIO Spotlight

Rosalyn Silber, aged 19, has literally grown up in the part of Rosie on *The Goldbergs* program. She has been appearing before the mike continuously for ten years.



Unusual shots of favorite etherites caught by the Spotlight camera

Bob Allen, featured vocalist of Hal Kemp's orchestra, is from Allendale, Ohio. Hal, in the background, has a Southern accent. He's from Alabama.

When members of the
mike clan assemble,
anything can happen
—and it often does!



BY SAMUEL
KAUFMAN

WHAT GOES ON AT RADIO PARTIES?

WE'VE all heard a lot about Hollywood parties, with screen stars using their lawns, swimming-pools and spacious estates for the shindigs that give the movie columnists reams of copy to feed their readers. But it's just at spaced intervals that we hear of New York's radio parties—those gala entertainments arranged by the top-notch broadcasting performers. And you can take it from the writer, a veteran studio reporter of twelve years' standing, that the microphone folk equal—and oftentimes surpass—the celluloid clan in surprises, originality, stunts, entertainment and wit when they are party hosts.

It's a varied crowd that constantly pops up at the radio socials. The same faces are in evidence at each event. The coterie of party roundsmen includes entertainers of all classifications, announcers, program and production executives, press agents and radio editors of newspapers and magazines. The complexion of each gathering varies somewhat according to just who's paying the bill. On the talent side, for instance, the guest list is often restricted to persons identified with the star, sponsor or network throwing the party. But it's not always that way, an open house frequently prevailing for those in the enemy camps. Radio isn't bothered with the petty animosities which prevail in other branches of entertainment. Behind-the-scenes friendships—even between business competitors—are numerous.

When the radio clan gathers, anything can happen—and it often does!

The keyword seems to be, "It's all in fun so why not have fun?" There's only one word of caution that the radio enter-

tainers and their guests heed. It's, "Be careful of the candid cameraman!" The photographers' flashbulbs pop at frequent intervals at most parties. And the lensmen's presence puts all persons on good behavior. Hence, without any such intention whatsoever, photographers may be called the chaperons of radio!

Settings for radio parties are secondary to the spirit—and "spirits"—of the event. Except for occasional parties on suburban estates, there are no lawns or swimming-pools. But New York does supply penthouses, hotel ball-rooms, yachts and even airplanes as the background for the elaborate teas, cocktail sessions and clambakes the mike folk care to give.

Liquor is usually plentiful, but intoxicated guests are a rare sight. Not that they don't drink at parties, but rather because they know when to stop. There have been occasional minor brawls and mishaps, but decorum is, on the whole, the kind that would rate a good mark in Sunday-school. But, perhaps no teacher would ever permit some of the pranks and stunts that actually make a radio party.

One of the funniest pranks ever played in radio was the highlight of a *Camel Cigarette* party given for Morton Downey. The event was a stag beefsteak and everything went smoothly until a chap who was sitting with the radio editors (after being introduced as a columnist on a Southern newspaper) suddenly turned from his plate and began eating the flowers, matches, cigarette stubs and all objects he could lay his hands on. When he ran out of food he just reached over and tore off the collar of a New York columnist and ate that, too!

And, as the human billy-goat discovered, nothing can make a radio columnist more angry than having his collar torn off and devoured. The scribe pinned down the belligerent and tore off his collar in turn. Pretty soon nearly everyone in the room had the urge to tear off the collar of another guest.

It turned out, of course, that the fellow with the odd appetite was planted by the hosts. He was a stage comedian whose specialty was swallowing such odd things as harmonicas and cigars. Before the guests departed, the advertising agency of the sponsor supplied them with new shirts. A nearby haberdasher did a land-office business that night.

An unusual type of gathering with a particularly novel climax took place at the American Academy of Arts and Letters, recently, when the Belgian Ambassador conferred the Order of Leopold—the highest order the King could bestow on a civilian—on Dr. Charles Courboin, the Mutual Broadcasting System organist. Just about a score of persons attended the ceremonies. Guests included representative members of the Washington diplomatic corps and the event was broadcast over a Mutual hookup as well as by short wave to Europe. The onlookers, most of them in gowns and tailcoats, were so few that they were all invited up on the stage at the conclusion of the broadcast. The proceedings were formal in every respect, with incidental bows and heel-clicking adding considerable color to the event. Once the ceremonies were over, Dr. Courboin and his guests dropped into a Washington Heights neighborhood bar, named Maguire's, where the waiter, unperturbed by the unusual sight of guests with tailcoats, fur wraps and medals walking into his establishment, calmly provided refreshments.

Parties on boats are not unusual. But the one given by *Forty Fathom Trawlers*—a CBS fish products sponsor—stands out as the most unique. The event was staged aboard a fishing boat anchored off the Fulton Street fish market. Actually, the boat was to head towards the open sea for a broadcast, but the weather was unfavorable.

This was one of two parties the New York radio folk can recall where the guests were asked to sign papers releasing the hosts from liability for damages of any sort. (The other occasion was at a party Station *WNEW* gave in an airplane flying over New York.) The guests were fed fish chowder and other sea-food dishes galore. And every visitor was given an ice-cold fish from the heaps on the decks to take home.

The funniest part of the trawler party, which will probably live through the years, concerns itself with the broadcast. The dramatic cast got seasick just from the swaying of the ship right off the pier, and sound effects of the studio type had to be employed to give the real ship locale the kind of "true" atmosphere radio listeners expected.

Some radio parties give the gossip columnists choice material. But a reported minor mishap can be exaggerated. At a Vincent Lopez party in a Central Park West penthouse, a guest remarked that the room was full of smoke. Another visitor heard the complaint and obligingly punched two panes of glass out of the window with his fist. Then, to top things off, someone opened a door and upset a birdcage, causing an indoor bird hunt with guests climbing on chairs to fetch the feathered pets from the wall molding. Actually, though, the party was conservative in all other respects, but the window-pane incident was reported in a Broadway column and was talked about in radio circles for a considerable time afterward.

Locale for a party is often given considerable attention in order to achieve that degree of originality which will cause the shindig to be talked about.

When *Spud Cigarettes* launched a dramatic series with an obscure restaurant as the setting, the sponsors actually located the exact type of hole-in-the-wall establishment in which to hold their party. It was on one of those mysterious, crooked, cobble-stone streets under Brooklyn Bridge, where the tables were set right in the kitchen and the waiters were in shirt sleeves. The setting of the program was patterned after a place such as soldiers of fortune would gather in to swap tales, reminisce and plan future activities. So, to round out the party, the sponsor actually gathered aviators, explorers and adventurers as guests of honor. One of the minor mishaps occurred when a press agent made an uncomplimentary remark after the sponsor's welcoming talk. The fellow, who just started on his job that day, lost it the following morning. Far into that night the guests listened to the amazing tales of the soldiers of fortune present as they dined on the native Spanish dishes provided in the obscure restaurant.

A French perfume importer contracted for a one-time broadcast over CBS to originate on the French liner *Ile de France* at its New York pier. The sponsor tried to make the event as French as possible and signed several Parisian entertainers. With all these elaborate program provisions, it was decided to have a party aboard right after the broadcast. The party was gay and there was considerable clowning. As one example of the pranks played that night: When perfectly sober guests were about to descend the stairs, they were grabbed by each arm, lifted off their feet and rushed down the steps with the cry, "Make way! This fellow's drunk!" When all of this hilarity subsided and the guests were walking off the pier, a spark of the party spirit was aglow in one of the men who, stumbling across a broom, picked up the object and whirled it around. It tripped up one visitor who, as a result of the prank, went to a hospital with a broken leg. All of the laughter immediately vanished and the party ended instead of being resumed, as planned, at another spot. The injured fellow (Continued on page 74)

TAKE YOUR DEGREE

You can now learn the business at numerous universities



YOU can't quite take a college degree in radio yet, of course. Even though radio courses occupy places in the curriculums of most leading American universities today, you won't emerge with a Doctor of Radio degree, and the only Bachelors of the Microphone are the unmarried crooners. But starting as the illegitimate offspring of the entertainment industry, radio has, in its comparatively short existence, achieved the status of a serious profession, with over half a hundred universities across the country giving serious and intensive courses in the new art.

At Ohio State, Salem, West Virginia U., Iowa State, Indiana, Southwestern, Drake, U. of Michigan, Columbia U., New York U., and many other universities across the country, you may enroll in radio courses or workshop groups to learn the various inside workings of broadcasting.

I say you *may* enroll; as a matter of fact, in some of these schools, particularly in the summer workshop groups, it isn't as simple as merely registering for a course in Bee Keeping or English Lit. II. But let's examine New York University's Summer Radio Workshop, now in its fifth season and a fairly typical example of one type of intensive session course.

This year, the Radio Workshop is under the direction of Douglas Coulter, Assistant Program Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System. The rest of the faculty are men of similar practical background in this recently reorganized group. Certainly, at the Workshop's home in the shadow of Washington Square Arch, New York, there's little to suggest the stiff, scholastic attitude. A full-fledged professor bustles by, not in cap and gown, but with rolled-up shirt sleeves, tousled hair and a coil of wire under his arm. New lines are being installed, to "pipe" talks and programs from the studios into the classrooms downstairs.

The studios are excellently outfitted with the latest in equipment. There are two of them, with the glassed-in control room between, like



Douglas Coulter of CBS directs the Workshop at N. Y. University.

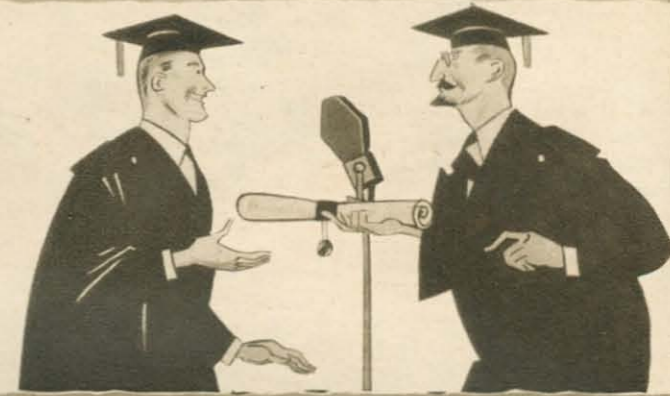
Earle McGill, also of CBS, teaches casting, sound, etc.

Max Wylie, CBS script writer, is one of the instructors.

Lewis Titterton of NBC supervises a course in script-writing.

IN RADIO

BY GENE HARVEY



any smaller station—superior, in fact, to many. Each studio room has its "dead end" and "live end"; there are ribbon mikes, velocity mikes and carbon mikes; recording and playback equipment. It is, really, more than an experimental studio, for several programs originate here daily, and are piped by remote control to the networks or by direct line to independent New York stations.

The entire course has been shorn of pedagogical frills; the student actively participates in every phase of radio production. Starting with the first germ of the idea, the student learns from Mr. Coulter, who was for twelve years vice-president in charge of radio with N. W. Ayer & Son, how to build and plan a program. The writing of radio scripts is under the direction of Lewis Titterton, of NBC's script division, and Max Wylie, CBS script director. And they're not merely told about it. Having planned a program, scripts are written and criticized, then Earle McGill, CBS casting director, and Robert Emerson take over the problems of casting, cutting, timing, sound effects, music and transition.

Instruction does not stop at the production of programs. Students in the group take their turns at radio acting, under Mr. Emerson, and the programs they have produced and enacted are recorded and played back for comment and improvement, while some go out on the air.

It's a busy six weeks. Numerous field trips are made to observe radio rehearsals, production and broadcasts at the studios of the Columbia and National networks, and students hear lectures by outstanding radio personalities. For example, among the talks scheduled for the 1938 Summer Session were Paul Whiteman on "Planning the Musical Program"; Roy Durstine, President of Batton, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, on "Agency Problems in Radio"; Deems Taylor on musical criticism; and similar authorities on subjects in their fields.

The group invades studio control rooms, experimental television studios and, under supervision, is allowed to experiment in the N.Y.U. studios. And at the end of the six-week session each student has not only learned about radio but has, himself, held for a time practically every broadcasting job except that of engineer.

The genesis of the Radio Workshop idea began about half a dozen years ago when Dr. Kline Coon of the U. S. Office of Education, S. Howard Evans of the National Committee for Education by Radio and Keith Tyler of Ohio State University compiled a syllabus on *Education by Radio*. It covered three departments: history and background, teacher-training, and workshop groups.

This syllabus was sent to various summer schools and, as a follow-up, many executives on the commercial radio chains were written, in effect, to ask: "Would you be interested in teaching certain aspects of radio broadcasting?" and if so, "Will you send us your qualifications for teaching?" The result was that as schools became interested in forming workshop groups in radio there was

available a selection of competent and experienced radio experts to head these courses.

In a recent survey made by the National Committee for Education by Radio, over sixty colleges were shown to have one or more courses in radio or summer schools with radio workshops. Apart from those schools which offer only isolated single courses, such as Radio Script Writing, most radio courses fall roughly into two divisions: Those in which the undergraduate participates actively in radio work throughout his college term, and those aimed primarily at teachers' problems in radio education.

The University of Washington, for example, exemplifies the former type. Besides instruction in classrooms, the U. of Washington undergraduate starts, from his freshman year, doing various jobs in and about the University's station, *KWSC*. Just as students in schools of journalism fill, progressively, positions on the school paper as reporter, copyreader, rewrite, editor, etc., so do students in Washington's radio division learn the practical aspects of various radio jobs on the school station. They participate actively in production, performance and program building. In their senior year, students of marked ability may be handling positions of real responsibility at *KWSC* and, again like student editors and reporters, often step out of college into good positions in professional radio.

The N.Y.U. Workshop, on the other hand, was originated primarily to deal with the problems of teachers engaged in radio educational work. It began in 1934 in cooperation with the Federal Educational Radio Project, which presented nine series of Coast-to-Coast programs over NBC and CBS networks. The techniques used by participants in the Project shows were observed by the students in the Workshop, and from this grew the present procedure which offers students active participation in broadcasting.

Many radio courses, like N.Y.U.'s concerned themselves with the teacher angle. Why? Because before the classroom took up radio, radio had come into the classroom. Forward-looking educators had begun to realize the tremendous force for education this new entertainment medium was becoming; not only in its direct educational aspect, as in the *School Of The Air*, but in the tastes it cultivated and developed indirectly. Yet, teachers themselves were inclined to depreciate the microphone; in educational programs they were prone to assume that no special technique of approach or program planning was necessary. They approached the mike with a professorial sniff of disdain, confident that the same sort of lecture they gave their classes would be heard and appreciated over the air.

To quote Paul A. McGhee, Assistant to the Dean, Division of General Education, N.Y.U.: "Teachers spoke glibly enough of education by radio. But almost invariably they missed the real point of radio's value as an educational medium—its indirect (Continued on page 75)

Maestro Duchin wants eventually to embark on a classical career as a concert pianist.



Durelle Alexander, Eddy's cute vocalist, shares his between-numbers supper.



An amiable soul, Eddy can take a joke. He's with Ken Murray and Shirley Ross.



The title of "society's favorite bandleader" was given him when he opened at the Central Park Casino seven years ago.

THE *Band*

A syncopated recital of the latest band news, stressing Eddy Duchin in particular

wagon

BY JERRY MASON

EDDY DUCHIN was born on April Fool's Day. That, he says, is a probable index to his career. He started out to be a pharmacist—that never happened. He wanted to be a concert pianist, and that never happened either. Instead, he became the most famous jazz piano-playing dance maestro in the country. His kid sister showed great talent and Eddy was all prepared to sit back and watch one member of his family make good on the concert stage. Instead, she fell in love and married an interne.

But Eddy is going to be a concert pianist yet. He's going to wait for just one thing: an assured future for his son. For the first time, he talked of motherless, year-old Peter to a reporter. He told me that until the baby's future is guaranteed beyond any need of worry, he will continue to lead his band. But once that goal is reached, he intends to devote himself to serious study and a classical career.

That idea is not merely a buzzing bee in the bonnet of a light-thinking dance batoneer. Jose Iturbi and Serge Rachmaninoff—to name just two internationally famed pianists who have watched him—feel that Duchin can be one of America's great classical pianists. Eddy intends to prove that they're right.

Duchin, who never took a jazz piano lesson in his life, graduated from college in May, 1929. Two weeks later, he was working as pianist with a New York dance band.

Two years later, he opened with his own orchestra at the Central Park Casino—then New York's swankiest dance spot. Since that opening, exactly seven years ago, he has become officially recognized as the favorite band of the social set. What's more surprising, he also seems to be the favorite—or near-favorite—of that much more numerous "social" set to which you and I belong, for the simple reason that his music is good.

Eddy more than holds his own at every tea-drinking, little-finger-bending affair in the country. He does just as well when he plays theatres or one-night stands. The boy must have something.

In fact, when you add up the gross earnings of every name band in the country, you'll find that for the last seven years Duchin has finished among the nation's first five in cash receipts. And it wouldn't shock me too much to hear that, personally, he clears more than any other bandleader. He pays his men very well but nets more for himself because he splits with no one—no personal manager, nor organized staff.

Eddy doesn't surround himself with much fanfare. Rather quietly, he's chalked up some interesting firsts to his record. The first girl vocalist he ever had sang with him at the Hippodrome Theatre in Baltimore, in 1932. When he hired her, the name she gave was Dorothy Lamour.

Back in 1931, he made his first phonograph record. He employed a promising radio (Continued on page 80)

The Duchin Band, one of the highest paid, will be heard from the Plaza Hotel, N. Y., this fall.

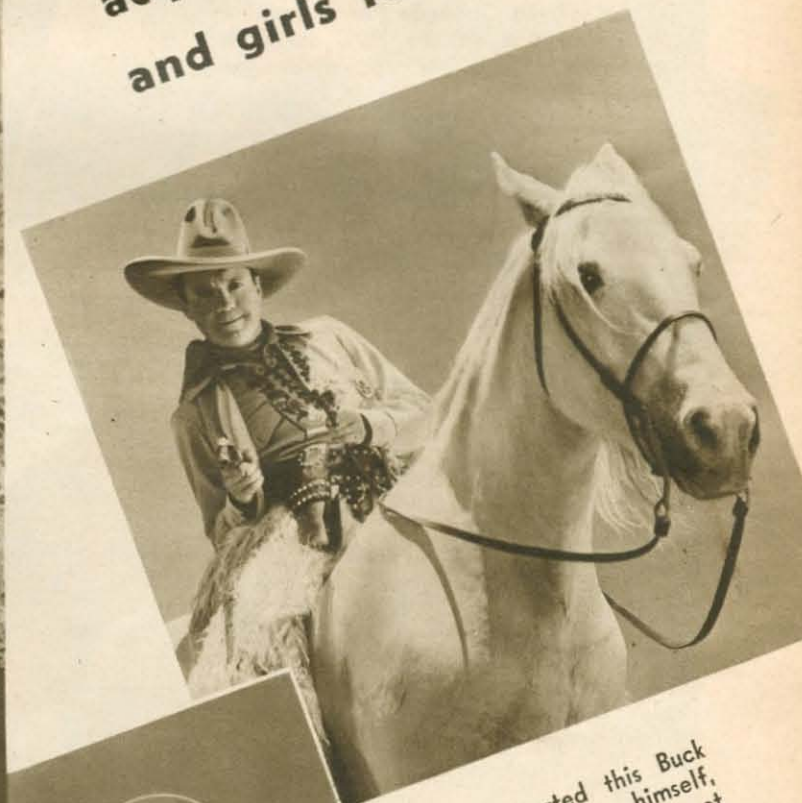


T
W
A

Eddy likes to travel by air when he keeps dance dates with his band in other cities.



Airdom's daring cowboy
acquires spurs, chaps
and girls for a movie



Ready, aim, fire! Hero
Buck Benny gives his
comely cowgirls a lesson
in sharpshooting. They'll
get their men, no doubt!

BUCK BENNY RIDES

AGAIN!

Nothing like a trusty
nag and an armful of
"Punkins" Parker. Jack
loves this wild life!



Gwen Kenyon, as Miss
America, knows how to
bring brave Buck to
his chaps-clad knees.



Jack started this Buck
Benny business himself,
and even he knows not
where it will end. Mean-
time, he takes it all as
seriously as he is able.



In Artists and Models Abroad
Jack heads a Western troupe
which is stranded and jobless.
But the gallavanti' gallant
pulls a coup and saves the day.

(Right) Betty Garde, who is Mrs. W. on the air and who posed for the other picture, too, is smart and sophisticated in real life, and knows how to dress.

(Below) The brave and patient Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, familiar in fiction and on the NBC serial, is lovable and good, but a dowdy dresser.



MRS. WIGGS GOES TO TOWN

BY WENDY LEE

**Dress carefully and
cleverly and you'll
never be a Mrs. W.**

YOU are all familiar with *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, the famous character created for fiction by Alice Hegan Rice, and five times weekly you hear her brought to life over the NBC network by that versatile young actress, Betty Garde. As you listen in sympathetically to the trials and tribulations of Mrs. Wiggs, the long-suffering, patient woman who lives way out in the country, constantly beset by the problems of her no-account husband and her numerous offspring, you get a definite impression of what Mrs. Wiggs must look like, and in your mind's eye she probably resembles the humble creature you see here, clad in a nondescript dress and drab, black shawl, her bonnet decidedly not of this century.

Lovable? Of course she is! You can see from her eyes, from her expression, that she's kind and good, that she'd gladly give you anything in the world—if she had anything. But you'd never dream of saying that poor Mrs. Wiggs was anything but downright dowdy, no matter how lovable!

Now take a good look at the other picture. Sounds like a good one for Bob Ripley, but—believe it or not—the smart young sophisticate, elegantly gowned and wearing the ostrich evening coat, and the dowdy Mrs. Wiggs are one and the same person! There you have Mrs. W. as you know her, and as she is in real life, a gay and charming young person—one Betty Garde.

When we say, "Mrs. Wiggs Goes to Town," we really mean it because when Betty is not throwing herself wholeheartedly into her part as the country-bred Mrs. Wiggs, or into any of the other rôles she portrays—she's Belle of the *Lorenzo Jones* series, acts with *Gang Busters* and on Kate Smith's hour, to name a couple—she's the perfect example of the modern urban young woman, gay, good-humored and well-dressed. She likes the country for week-ends and vacations, for her favorite sport is swimming, but she wouldn't be happy if she didn't spend most of her (Continued on page 77)



NEXT DAY

LET'S MAKE IT A STANDING DATE, DEAR

*Dates
More Dates
Re-dates!*

... ALL FOR THE
GIRL WHO KEEPS
SKIN THRILLING



SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *



WHEN SKIN LACKS VITAMIN A, THE "SKIN-VITAMIN", IT GETS ROUGH AND DRY— WHEN "SKIN-VITAMIN" IS RESTORED, IT BECOMES SMOOTH AGAIN



I ALWAYS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO MY SKIN BY USING POND'S COLD CREAM... IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

Men fall for soft, smooth skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets harsh and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an Extra Supply against possible future need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

● All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." ● In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. ● Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same grand cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



AND POND'S IS THE SAME GRAND CREAM. ITS USE HELPS GIVE SKIN A SOFT GLOW— MAKES MAKE-UP THRILLING!

Margaret Biddle

THE TEN MOST UNUSUAL PEOPLE IN RADIO

(Continued from page 21)

WHAT
WHAPPENS
WHEN MEN
SEE RED?

Men react quickly to vivid colors . . . and perhaps scarlet is just the high note *your* wardrobe needs . . . or green . . . or dashing blue. Rit offers you dozens of sparkling, flattering shades that are fun to wear, never look "dyed". Rit's amazing new formula (latest patent 1936) contains "neomerpin" that gives you fast colors *without boiling!* So much easier—**YOU'LL 'DYE' LAUGHING.**

RIT
TINTS & DYES

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!



BLONDES!

Keep Hair Golden With
New Shampoo!

Bring out the full, radiant loveliness of blonde hair with NEW BLONDEX, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that keeps it lighter, lovelier, that gives it the lustrous, golden sheen—the alluring highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Try BLONDEX today. Costs but a few cents to use and is absolutely safe. New combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—sold at all stores.

That Toscanini takes his radio appearances seriously, that his interest in bringing his music to the airwaves is tremendous, is demonstrated by the great anticipation he showed while his first concert was almost a year off. After agreeing to broadcast, Toscanini lay awake for hours that night, unable to sleep. Finally he awoke his wife, and said:

"Carla . . . what shall I play on my first program?"

THE KIDOODLERS:

It may seem to be going somewhat from the sublime to the ridiculous, but we give you, next, The Kidoodlers, unusual among radio personalities. The Kidoodlers, of course, are four young men, not one, but their aggregate instrumentation is well over a hundred; several more than Signor Toscanini's orchestra. And the total cost is \$97.21!

Certainly unusual among singing four-somes, the Kidoodlers perform entirely upon toy instruments, with the exception of Bill Remington's guitar. The tiny fiddle Paul Corder plays cost \$5.00; redheaded Bill Kearns' toy marimba was \$10.00 and his set of toy bells was \$6.20. Eddie Lewis' toy xylophone was \$6.00 and their "Trombonoodle" cost \$2.57 to build from copper tubing and a trombone mute. It gives a "wah-wah" sound when sung into.

These are the most costly of the Kidoodlers' instruments. The rest came from dime stores, toy shops and rummage sales. They pay fifty cents for their pianos! And from this conglomeration of rattles, whistles, ocarinas and toy fifes, combined with their voices and clever arrangements, the Kidoodlers produce music that delights grownups as well as children. They have achieved the near-impossible in presenting not only something distinctly different but at the same time highly entertaining.

Their weird instrumentation came about when the four, all previously members of more orthodox singing groups, began singing together in a hotel room, for fun, to Remington's guitar. The others, to keep busy, began beating out rhythms on table tops, crockery and drinking glasses. The next session the boys showed up with a kazoo and a megaphone; then a toy fiddle and a dime horn were added. It sounded pretty good to them—and from that grew the present setup of toy instruments that clutters three three-tiered stands. Many of their instruments they've made themselves, like the "Trombonoodle".

There's the "Kadoofus", which is a saxophone reed stuck in the end of a doll bedpost and sounds like a cross between a kazoo and a bagpipe, and a rhythm instrument called the "Cocanoodle" which is four hollow coconut shells mounted on a sounding board. They had to hollow out fifteen nuts to find four in pitch. There would have been five, but someone ate the "C" Cocanoodle.

With most quartets singing either like

the Rhythm Boys' scat rhythms, or imitating the Mills Brothers' effects, the Kidoodlers rate high for bringing a different musical group to the air. And radio listeners, as well as fans of the animated movie cartoons for which they have helped produce sound effects, seem to agree that they *are* unusual.

FRED ALLEN:

One of radio's leading comedians, Fred Allen's claim to fame rests on more than the fact that he has consistently stayed among the top-notchers in both salary and popularity. Last January—on New Year's Eve—Allen was in a train speeding across the Kansas plains, returning East from Hollywood where he had been making a movie. Portland Hoffa, Mrs. Allen in private life, was playing Bridge in a compartment with some friends. And while most of the world was making whoopee to celebrate the arrival of the New Year, as Times Square in New York filled with a milling crowd of people and drinking and gaiety ran riot, Fred Allen was in his compartment writing script for his radio show.

"He came in once," Portland says, "while we were playing, about ten minutes to twelve, yelled 'Hooray' a couple of times and, twelve seconds after midnight, he was back at work on his script."

The fact that Allen is the only big-time comedian to prepare all his own material is unusual enough in itself. He's tried working with gagmen and comedy writers but has always wound up doing the script himself, and doing it with a thoroughness and painstaking care that is probably a large part of the secret of his consistently amusing broadcasts. That, too, is probably why the Allen type of humor is distinctly his own, running less to the straight "gag" comedy, which might be handled by any good comedian, and more to the sly, homely snappers that have become identified with *Town Hall Tonight*.

Everything about Fred Allen, however, is unusual and belies the highly paid entertainer. For one who has been a star on the air longer than most, and who was a big name in the theatre before that, Fred Allen suggests nothing of Broadway. Nothing in his dress, looks or life suggests the Broadway atmosphere, the wise-cracker or the big shot. Fred looks more like a small-town businessman, his drawl suggests the group around the cracker barrel, and his social life makes a small-town spinster seem like a butterfly.

In the space of one year, Fred and Portland stepped out socially, by actual count, twice! On both occasions it was to visit Arthur Mason, an old friend, and there they sat around talking until early morning. Once Allen went out to a fight. Yet he's probably one of the best-liked personalities of stage and radio.

A great deal of that might be traced to the fact that swank or affectation is totally absent from the Allen makeup. While

A TIRED WOMAN MAKES A POOR WIFE

most stars of his magnitude live in swank apartments or penthouses, Fred, in New York, lives simply in an apartment hotel. In Hollywood, there was no mansion with swimming-pool, but a simple bungalow. He has no chauffeur—not even a car; no maids nor butlers. And instead of smoking fifty-cent Coronas, Fred will, likely as not, take a chew of tobacco.

For a long time he refused to make a picture because, with the great amount of work in writing and rehearsing his radio show, he didn't feel he could do both. When he did go to Hollywood he gained weight. He works on his scripts in longhand, re-typing them himself, because he says he's never been able to find a secretary who could think of new gags while re-writing for him.

ALEC TEMPLETON:

In 1926, a sixteen-year-old boy won a grand piano in a piano contest held over the entire United Kingdom. The youth, one of three sectional winners out of an entry of 17,000 contestants, was Andrew Alec Templeton, blind practically from birth and one of the most unusual musical figures of our day.

In spite of—or, perhaps, partly because of—his handicap, Templeton's virtuosity astounded critics. He is a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music and an Associate of the Royal College of Music, both of London, and has performed with various symphonies both in England and America.

Templeton was born on July 4, 1910, in Cardiff, South Wales, of a farming family. At the age of five he earned his first money, and spent it for phonograph records, still one of his greatest extravagances. At the age of two, he found that he could imitate, on the piano, the sound of the village bells, and at four he wrote a lullaby, with which his mother used to sing him to sleep. He seldom reads braille music, but learns by listening to performances and recordings.

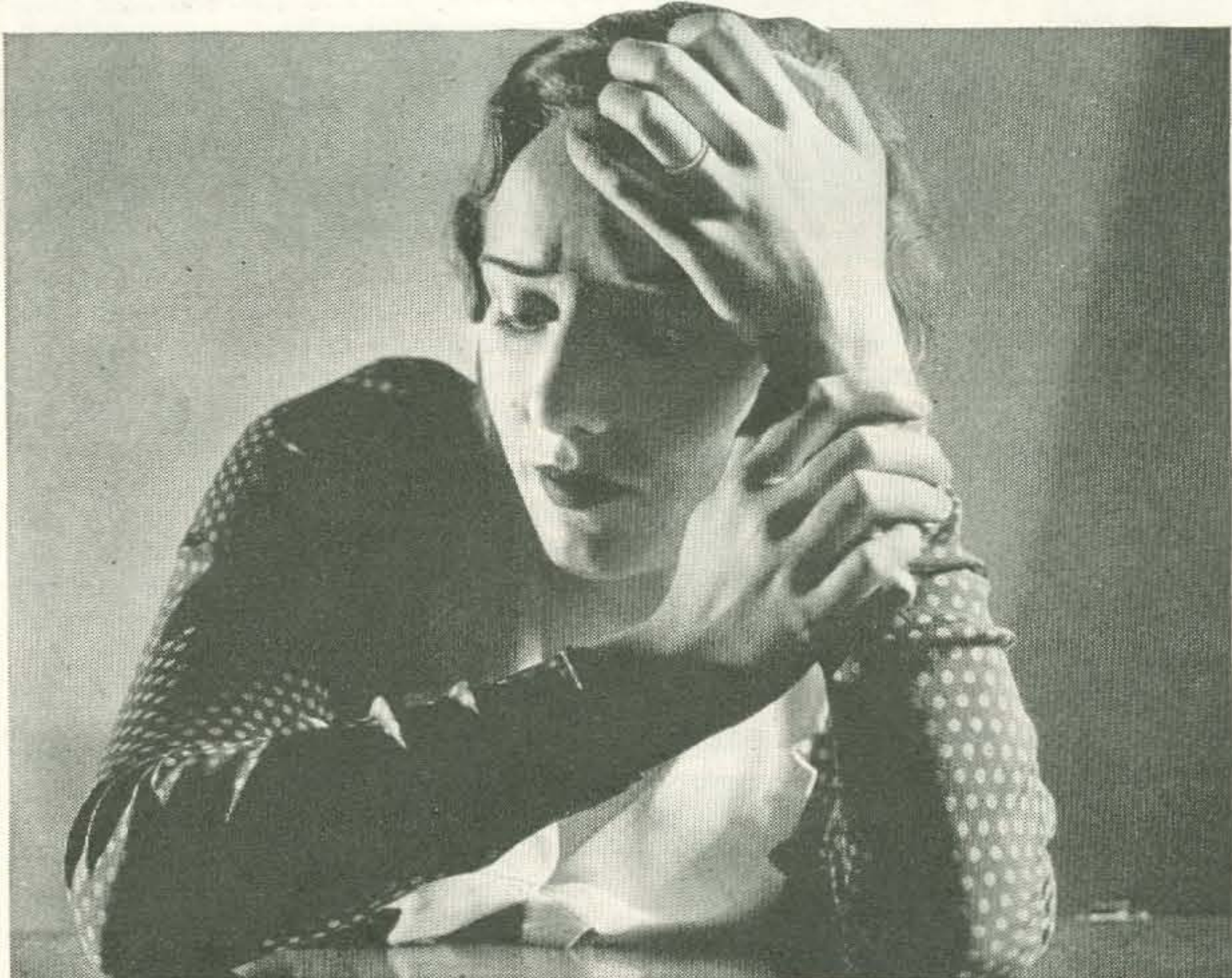
At a party he was once asked if he would accompany a well-known violinist who was to play Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole*. Alec said he didn't know the number—but that he'd play it if someone played it over once for him. The number was played through for him once, and Templeton thereupon accompanied the violinist through it, making only one error!

Nor is his talent limited to straight classical music. He plays rhythmic popular stuff superbly and has a vast repertoire of entertaining imitations and novelty numbers. One of his pet stunts, with which he amazed musicians while appearing with the Chicago Women's Symphony Orchestra, is to ask for any five notes to be named at random. Taking the five notes in the order named he weaves them, ad lib, into a theme with variations, which he plays in the manner of Bach, Mozart and Chopin, as well as in modern swing.

After appearing for many years with the British Broadcasting Company in England, Templeton came to America with Jack Hylton's *Continental Revue* and has appeared on many radio programs here, as well as made personal appearances.

BRADLEY BARKER:

A few years ago, on the old *Eveready*
(Continued on page 54)



How You Can Have Time for Home and for Husband, Too!

How can you be a comfort to your husband and a help to your children, if you are tired out all the time? Too many women work so hard over their homes that they have no time for play. Then they wonder why their husbands seem restless, and their children are a burden instead of a joy.

Here's a suggestion that has been followed by millions of women; it makes their housework much easier, means nourishing, appetizing meals, and saves a good deal of money, too. Several times a week, serve Franco-American Spaghetti.

Franco-American is packed with nourishment, and it tastes so good that the family

never seems to get tired of it. For the children's lunch give them this savory dish—with milk and fruit you have a complete meal that's on the table in a jiffy. For dinner use Franco-American as a side dish, or it is perfectly wonderful to make left-overs go further and taste better.

Franco-American is not like ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Franco-American is the kind with the extra good sauce—it contains eleven savory ingredients. It usually costs only 10¢ a can, and that's less than 3¢ a portion.

Get Franco-American at your grocer's today and get a little time for pleasure!

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

The kind with the Extra Good Sauce—Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE RECIPE BOOK?

SEND THE COUPON, PLEASE

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY, DEPT. 610
Camden, New Jersey

Please send free recipe book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

Address _____

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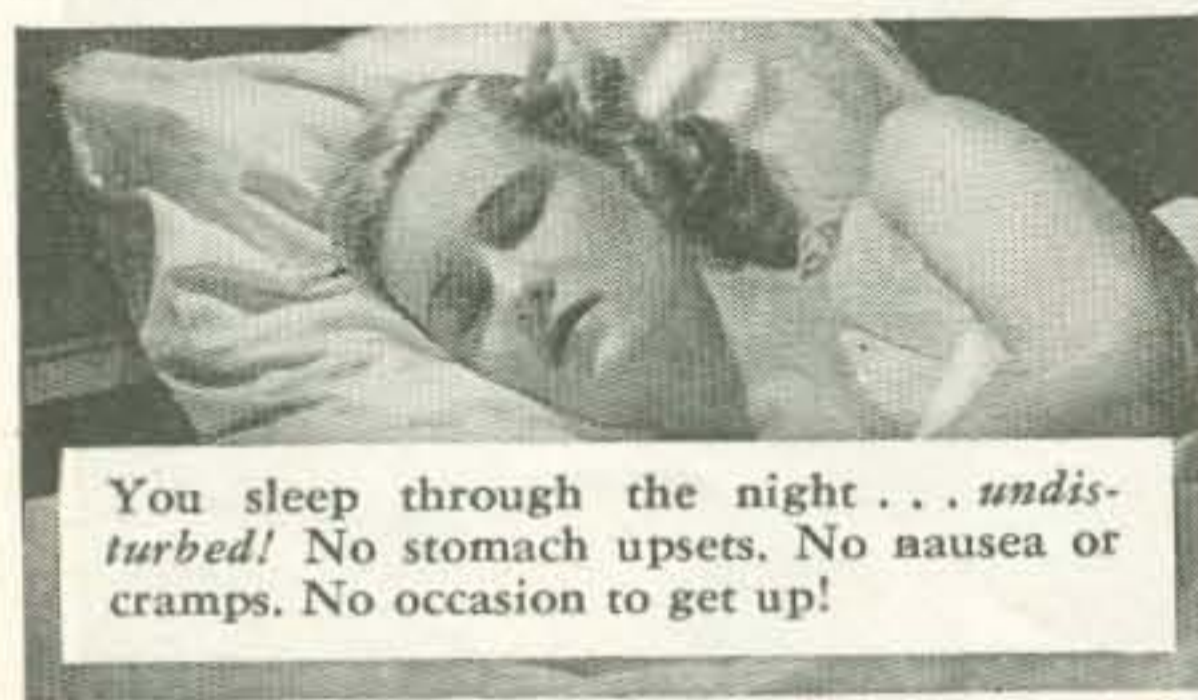


BOTHERED BY CONSTIPATION?

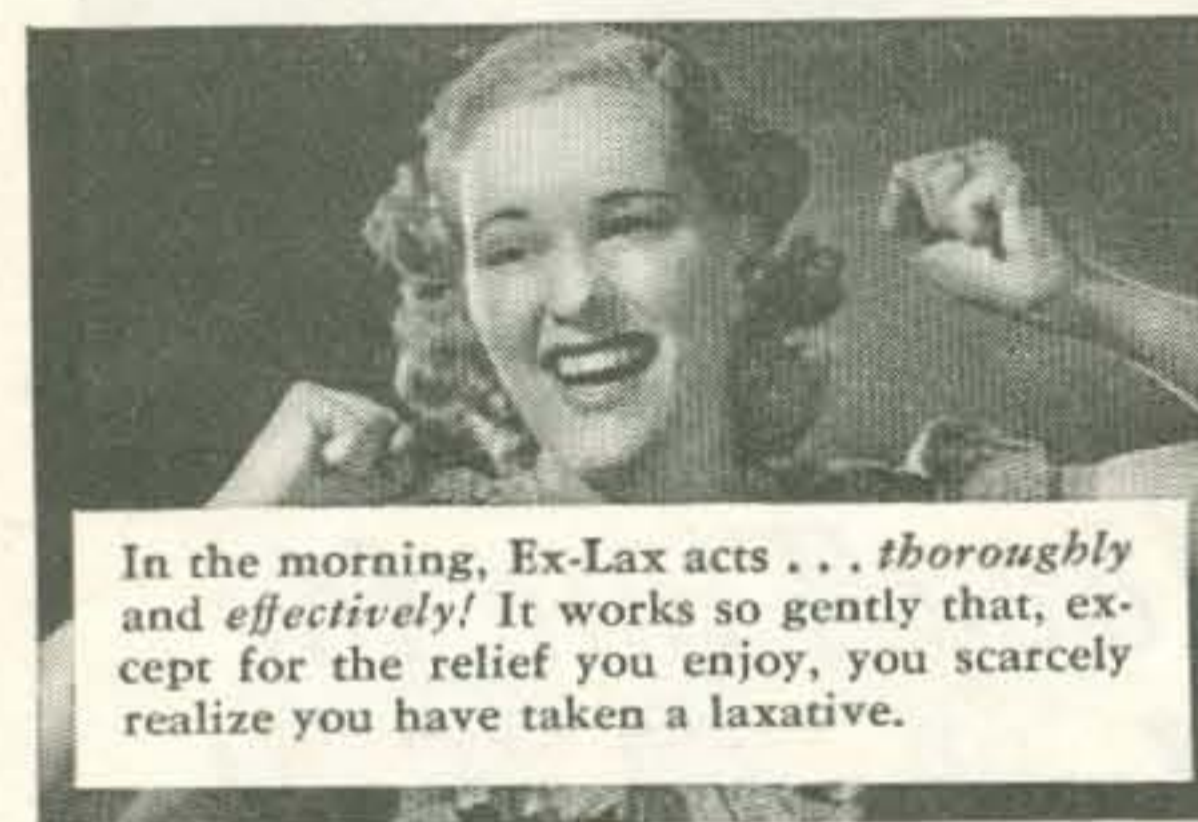
Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. No bottles or spoons to bother with. No disagreeable concoctions to mix. Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



You sleep through the night... *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!



In the morning, Ex-Lax acts... *thoroughly and effectively!* It works so gently that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

Now improved—better than ever!

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

DON'T DELAY! SOFT, TENDER, BLEEDING GUMS ARE AN S.O.S.



SEE your dentist at first sign of soft, tender, bleeding gums. He can give you expert care. But he needs your help, too.

Forhan's Does Both Jobs
CLEANS TEETH • AIDS GUMS

Dentists advise daily gum massage to help prevent gum trouble and to help keep teeth brilliant. Use Forhan's Toothpaste and massage twice every day. Forhan's is *different*. It contains a special ingredient for the gums.

Hour, an actor was rehearsing the part of an aged sea captain. The script was about a shipwreck on a northern island. Just for laughs, the actor started barking like a pack of seals in the background. Imitating animal noises was something of a hobby to this man. "Leave the seals in!" the director shouted, and when the show went on the air the "seals" were a bigger hit than the sea captain. Within a week there were over twelve calls to the studio for animal imitations by the man who had done those masterful seals—and Bradley Barker, actor, writer, director and producer, was willy-nilly committed to a career of impersonating animals.

Unusual among many fine animal noise imitators because it was not his main profession, Barker is today one of the foremost among them. In show business practically all his life, Barker tramped in the theatre for years as an actor, playing in such famous old plays as *Arizona* and *The Virginian* with Dustin Farnum. Then, for six years, he did nicely in the advertising business, but the lure of the lights was too strong. He returned, but this time to the Kliegs. He worked at Universal as leading man in thrillers, also as a gag man and director, but it was in the early days of sound that his gift for animal imitations was first called into play. In *Submarine* the technicians couldn't reproduce the sound of a frying egg. Barker stepped up and from his lips came exactly the right noise. They called him "Fried Egg" Barker after that.

He joined NBC, not as an imitator, but as a regular actor. After his successful, impromptu seal imitation and the ensuing calls for more, he gave up and devoted himself to perfecting his noises. He spent a season with the circus, learning the various grunts, growls, whines and roars of the animals so accurately that he not only does a lion's roar, for example, but the different types of roars and differentiates between a female lion's roar and a male's.

He always visits the circus to brush up on effects; scorns the zoo because the animals are too lethargic. He used to get his dog all excited by staging an imitation dog fight in the next room. But the dog finally got too blasé.

BERNARD HERRMANN:

Perhaps you listened to the CBS production of *Mr. Sycamore*, in which flute and harp, in a brief musical interlude, conveyed the impression of a man turning into a tree! Or in *Cosmos* or *The Meeting of the Meteors* you heard the unearthly musical background conveying the sensation of outer space. Certainly, in various dramatic programs you have been faintly aware of the short, thirty-second musical bits that "set" atmosphere; bits which would be hard to trace to any known composition. Well, they're especially written by Columbia's Bernard Herrmann.

This youthful conductor-composer's main job, besides working as staff conductor for CBS, is in composing brief bits of cue music, or background, atmosphere, mood or incidental music as it is variously known. Unlike a full-length composition, Herrmann's effects must be made in a few bars, and must be gained inobtrusively, to blend with the mood of the drama. "When the audience says, 'The orchestra is playing,'

the music director of a program has failed his purpose," Herrmann says. "Attention is distracted from the drama and the whole aim of the cue music is defeated."

Herrmann is only twenty-six, a New Yorker, and started writing an opera when he was thirteen. He won a \$100 prize for a symphony composition while in high school. He attended DeWitt Clinton High School, New York University and Juilliard Graduate School. At the age of twenty he made his professional debut conducting his own ballet in the Shuberts' *Americana Revue*.

Besides his regular work, he is occupied with a cantata, based upon the story of *Moby Dick*, which he has been working on for two years. It will be produced in September by the *Columbia Workshop*, and will run forty-five minutes.

ORSON WELLES:

Another of the remarkable young people in radio is the Mercury Theatre's actor-director, Orson Welles. At twenty-three, Welles has behind him a successful production of *Julius Caesar* on the Broadway stage, which he directed and played in, and is now writing, directing and acting in the Columbia series known as *First Person Singular*. In his "spare" time he continues with the Mercury Theatre.

Welles, while playing in *Julius Caesar*, also appeared on the air playing, among other things, the totally different type rôle of *The Shadow* in the popular mystery series. He has also appeared in many of the *Columbia Workshop's* productions and the *March of Time*.

As a boy he ran away from his Wisconsin home to paint in Ireland. When he got there the urge for the theatre dominated him, and he lied his way into star rôles at the Gate Theatre in Dublin by describing himself as a Theatre Guild actor. Later he performed at the famous Abbey Theatre and at the Peacock and returned to New York when the Labor Ministry refused to allow him to work in London.

In America he played opposite Katharine Cornell as Tybalt in *Romeo and Juliet* and in MacLeish's *Panic*. He became one of the moving spirits in the Mercury Theatre, one of the most active and virile of the new theatre movements. Some of its successes include *The Cradle Will Rock*, *Julius Caesar*, *Shoemaker's Holiday* and Shaw's *Heartbreak House*. Also, Welles directed the all-Negro production of *Macbeth* and *Dr. Faustus* for the W.P.A.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN:

Another unusual actor on the air is the veteran star who "came back" from oblivion, Francis X. Bushman. The matinée idol of a previous generation, biggest male name in pictures in his day and the actor who appeared in more pictures than any other individual, having starred in 418 productions, Francis X. Bushman made his last picture in London in 1933.

Many stars have come and gone since 1911, when Bushman began in pictures with the old Essanay Company in Chicago. Few, however, reached the tremendous salary and personal adulation of the virile, muscular Bushman, who, as idol of the silent screen, made and spent six million dollars during his career. His own life was stranger than any of the serials he

now performs in over the air. Yet, today, the memory of his purple limousine, his elaborate stable of horses and the police lines that used to struggle with the crowds wild to reach their idol makes him happy, not unhappy; he has no regrets.

During his blazing career, Bushman raised six children, gave thousands away to friends and received back only one \$1.00 loan made to an extra player. And as styles today are influenced by screen stars, Bushman may be credited with the invention of the short-sleeved, open-throated sport shirt.

He was always an ardent physical culturist; a wrestler and master athlete. He had been, as well, a professional bicycle rider, a long distance runner and weight lifter. He studied sculpture and posed for many sculptors. Women and girls nearly swooned with delight at the sight of his powerful, well-muscled physique in pictures.

He is, perhaps, best remembered now for his portrayal of Messala in the classic *Ben Hur*, though that, in itself, was something of a comeback, being made long after the height of his fame in pictures. But having saved nothing of the millions he made, Bushman could not retire on a comfortable income. Nor did he vanish into oblivion, like many destitute favorites of earlier days. Happily and uncomplainingly, he switched to the new medium of radio in 1932, and now is heard on several serial dramas, one of the most recent being *Margot of Castlewood* for the *Quaker Oats Company*.

PHILLIPS LORD:

As an example of versatility, wholly in the field of radio, Phillips Lord, as actor, director, writer and producer of consistently successful programs of widely differing types, rates as an unusual personality.

His *Seth Parker*, one of the first widely successful radio characters of the "homely" type, started back in 1928, and remained on the air, altogether, some seven years. Lord played the title rôle, in addition to writing, directing and producing the program, and Mrs. Lord played one of the characters. Next, he produced *Uncle Abe and David* and when the Hearst papers ran a radio popularity contest at that time, *Amos 'n' Andy* took first place, *Seth Parker* second and *Uncle Abe and David* third, giving Lord two out of three places in the entire radio field.

Next came the *Stebbins Boys* and then the *Country Doctor*, both in the same "homely" school of script show, neither of which enjoyed the vogue of his earlier serials. But when he returned from the cruise of the *Seth Parker* he created an entirely new type of program, *G-Men*, followed by *Gang Busters*, which has so far seen its third highly successful year. And while *Gang Busters*, with its real-life melodramatic thrills was running, Mr. Lord created a still different and also successful show in *We, The People*, returning to the air this fall after three years.

Unlike many successful actor-directors in radio, Phillips Lord went directly into radio writing and acting from a high-school principalship. His wife, the former Sophia Mecorney, was also a teacher. And with nothing behind him but his Bowdoin College degree and a teacher's experience,

(Continued on page 79)

**TOM IS TAKING ME OUT!
SO I'M BATHING
WITH FRAGRANT
CASHMERE BOUQUET
SOAP... IT'S THE
LOVELIER WAY
TO AVOID
OFFENDING!**

I'M KEEN ABOUT TOM!
THAT'S WHY I BATHE WITH
THIS LOVELY PERFUMED
SOAP THAT GUARDS MY
DAINTINESS SO SURELY...
KEEPS ME ALLURINGLY
FRAGRANT!

HERE'S HOW CASHMERE
BOUQUET SOAP WORKS -
ITS RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING
LATHER REMOVES EVERY
TRACE OF BODY ODOR.
AND THEN, LONG AFTER
YOUR BATH, ITS LINGERING
PERFUME CLINGS...
SURROUNDS YOU LIGHTLY
WITH ITS FLOWER-LIKE
FRAGRANCE!

HOURS LATER—STILL FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

GOOD NIGHT, SWEET! AND
THAT'S JUST WHAT YOU
ARE...THE SWEETEST GIRL
I EVER KNEW!

THANK GOODNESS FOR
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
IT CERTAINLY IS THE LOVELIER
WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!
You'll want to use this pure, creamy-white soap for both face and bath.
Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother... more radiant and alluring!



NOW ONLY 10¢
at drug, department, ten-cent stores

**TO KEEP *Fragrantly Dainty* — BATHE WITH PERFUMED
CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

DAVE ELMAN'S OWN STORY

(Continued from page 23)

three-inch-long little zebra, beautifully modeled out of pressed tinfoil.

These translucent, opalescent little globes do look like exceptionally lovely pearls. But they're not. Gus Bohland, the famous fisherman-sculptor of Miami Beach, presented them to me, and they're really preserved fish's eyes!

Odd? It certainly is. And sometimes it's odd the hobbies some persons will follow, and enjoy. Charles Metz, a piano salesman, makes little, miniature orchestras out of nuts. They're comic little characters two or three inches high and they all "work". The fiddler scrapes his bow, the drummer crashes his tiny cymbals, and so on. Then there's Dr. Frank M. McCluskey of Glenwood, Iowa. He's a dignified looking, gray-haired dentist, prominent in his town. And his hobby is collecting hairpins found in famous places or pins of famous persons. He has some sent him by Mae West and has given me a solid gold replica of a hairpin he picked up on the observation tower of the Empire State Building.

Or there's Howard D. Gibbs, well-to-do coal man who collects coins. That's not so unusual, of course. But Mr. Gibbs, who is President of the Pittsburgh Numismatic Society, collects some very unusual coins. There's one in the office now, resting on a couple of filing cases. It's an ancient copper coin, roughly the shape of a flat bow tie. But this old-time token is almost four

feet long and weighs some thirty-odd pounds! Imagine paying off salaries in those!

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Evelyn Ware, a former Ziegfeld Girl, now Mrs. C. Ludlow Smith, makes large portrait dolls as a hobby. This is one example of a hobby that led into a job, for Mrs. Smith now sells her dolls. Many other hobbyists have found what started as a pleasant pastime turning into a source of revenue. Delphine Binger was bequeathed forty thousand wishbones by her family, who collected them for luck. She started polishing them up and giving them to friends for lucky charms. Then she found there was a market for them. Now she runs a wishbone supply business that brings in a tidy income.

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I Give Up! ...SHE'S LET HERSELF GET "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE! GET RID OF THAT DRY, LIFELESS, COARSE-LOOKING SKIN! STOP USING JUST ANY SOAP—CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE RIGHT AWAY!

PALMOLIVE SOAP? WHY DOES IT MAKE COMPLEXIONS LOVELIER?

BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL—A SPECIAL BLEND OF OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN. IT SOFTENS AND REFINES SKIN TEXTURE! CLEANSSES SO THOROUGHLY, TOO—LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!

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PALMOLIVE

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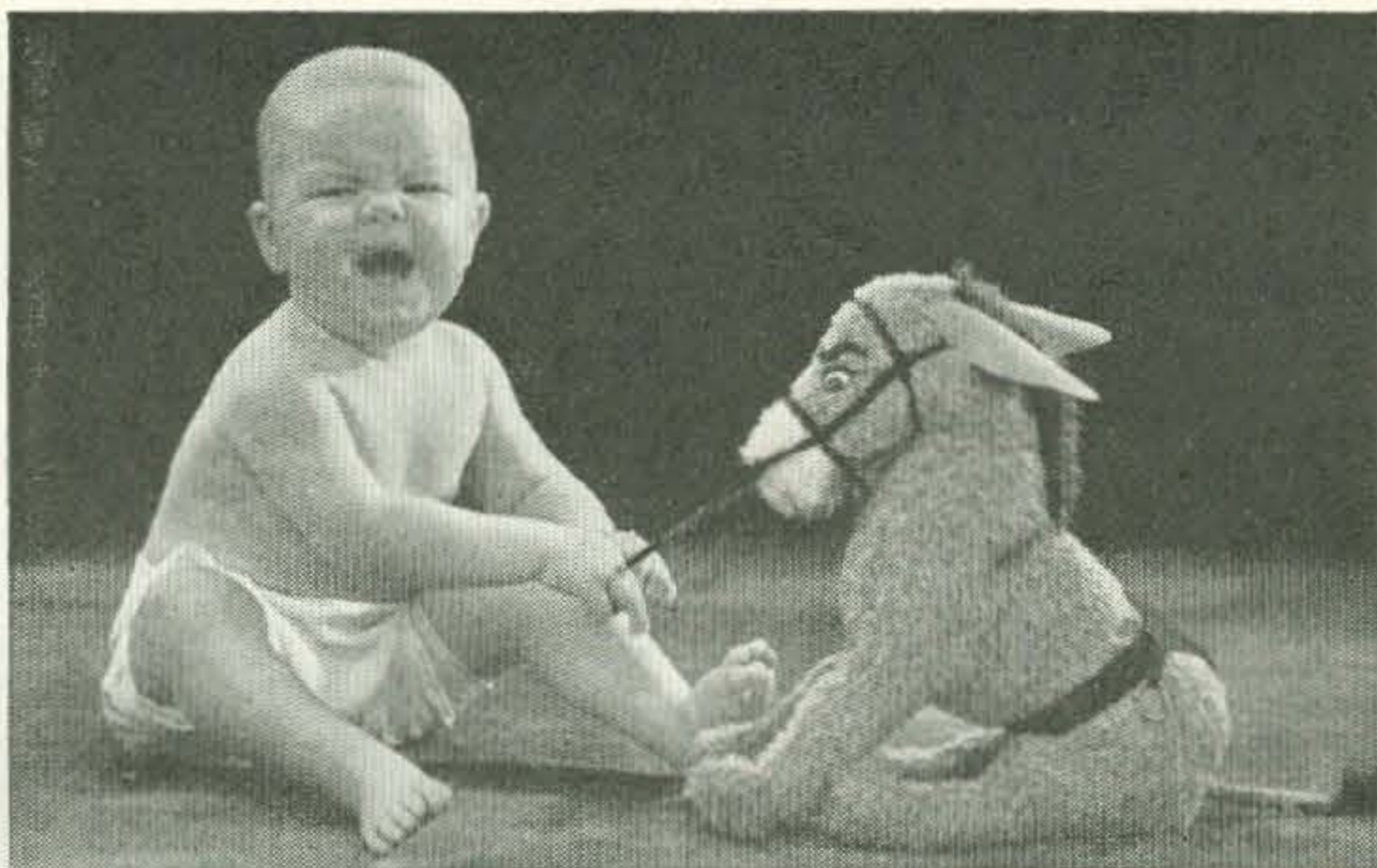
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Another case I'll have to be vague about, for I cannot mention the names of the principals. This man—call him Joe—was a well-known café owner in New York, noted for his square dealing. In the course of his successful business he found that some of the men working for him about the place were affiliated with a notorious gangster's mob. "I'll pay an honest sum for a job," he told them, "but I won't pay tribute to a mobster. Get out." They left, but that night seven men walked in on him, tied, gagged and blindfolded him and drove him off to some hideaway where he was held for two weeks, while his captors discussed whether or not he should be killed. They finally offered to let him go for \$25,000.

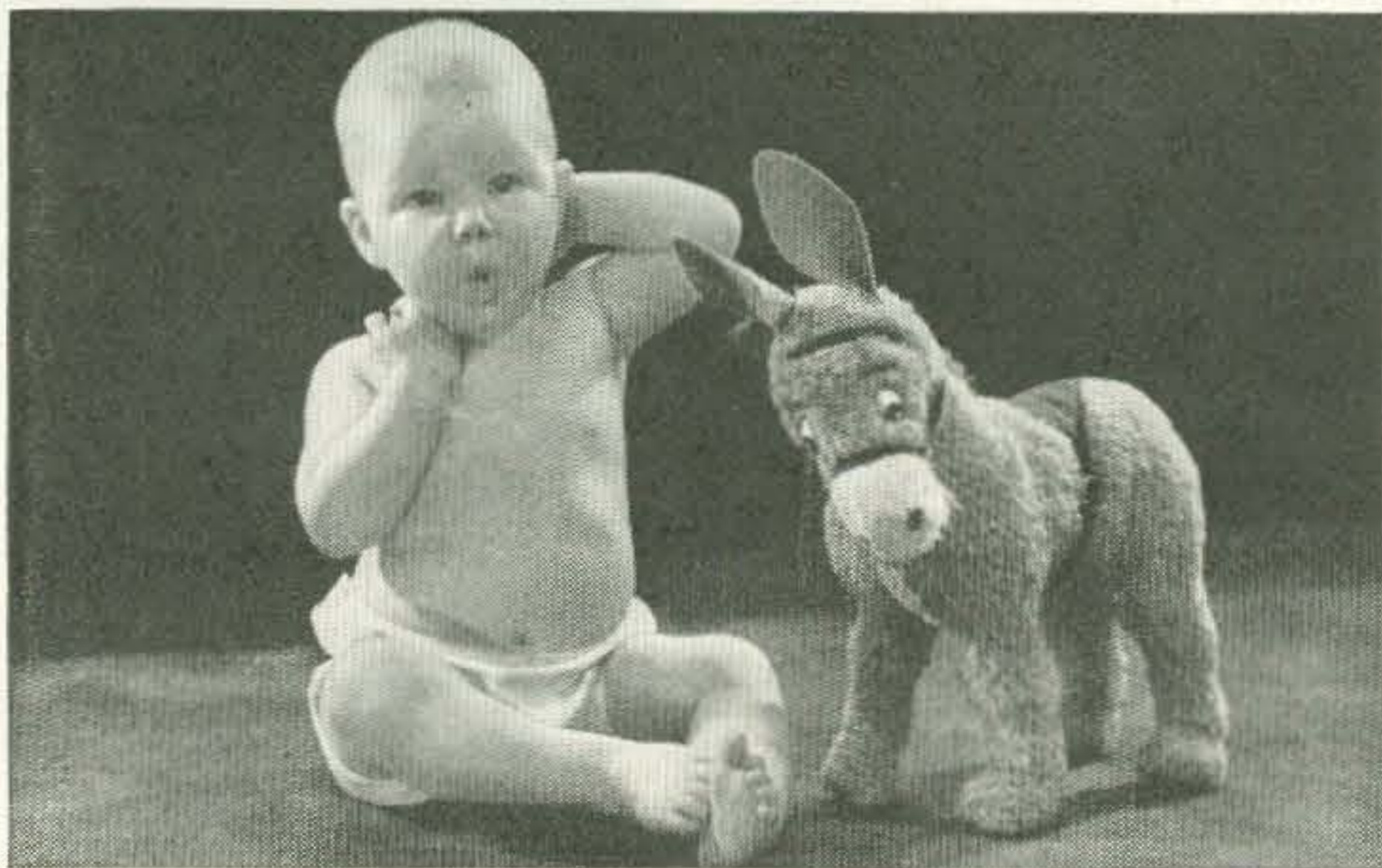
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A friend advanced him enough money for a vacation, and it was while sitting under a tree in the mountains that he recalled a boyhood hobby—carving peach pits. He procured a few, got out his jack-knife and tried. He trembled so that it took him twenty minutes to bring the knife to the peach pit and hold it in position! But he kept trying, and eventually was able to carve beautiful things. There's no question in Joe's mind that his concentration on his hobby saved his mind if not his life. Even now, his hand still trembles, except when he begins carving. Then it steadies magically!

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(Continued on page 58)



● *"Help! Hel-pp! HEL-LUP!... Whadayamean 'whatsamatter'? Look at Neddy!... He says he won't go another step. Says he's hot and his saddle chafes. Says he has a will of iron and an unconquerable soul."*



● *"Whoo-oo-ee! OF COURSE! Imagine letting a pal get chafes and prickly heat when there's Johnson's Baby Powder in the house!... No, no, Neddy, she is NOT bringing burrs to put under your tail..."*



● *"...she's bringing my cooling, soothing Johnson's—and it's the softest, nicest stuff that ever tickled your hide... But I AM a little worried. You'll feel so frisky, I might have a runaway!"*



● *"Feel a pinch of Johnson's Baby Powder—then you'll know how slick it makes a person feel!" Johnson's is a very inexpensive item of baby care. Yet it is made of extremely fine imported talc, and it contains no scratchy particles and no orrisroot. Get a can of Johnson's Baby Powder for your **Johnson & Johnson** baby today.*

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

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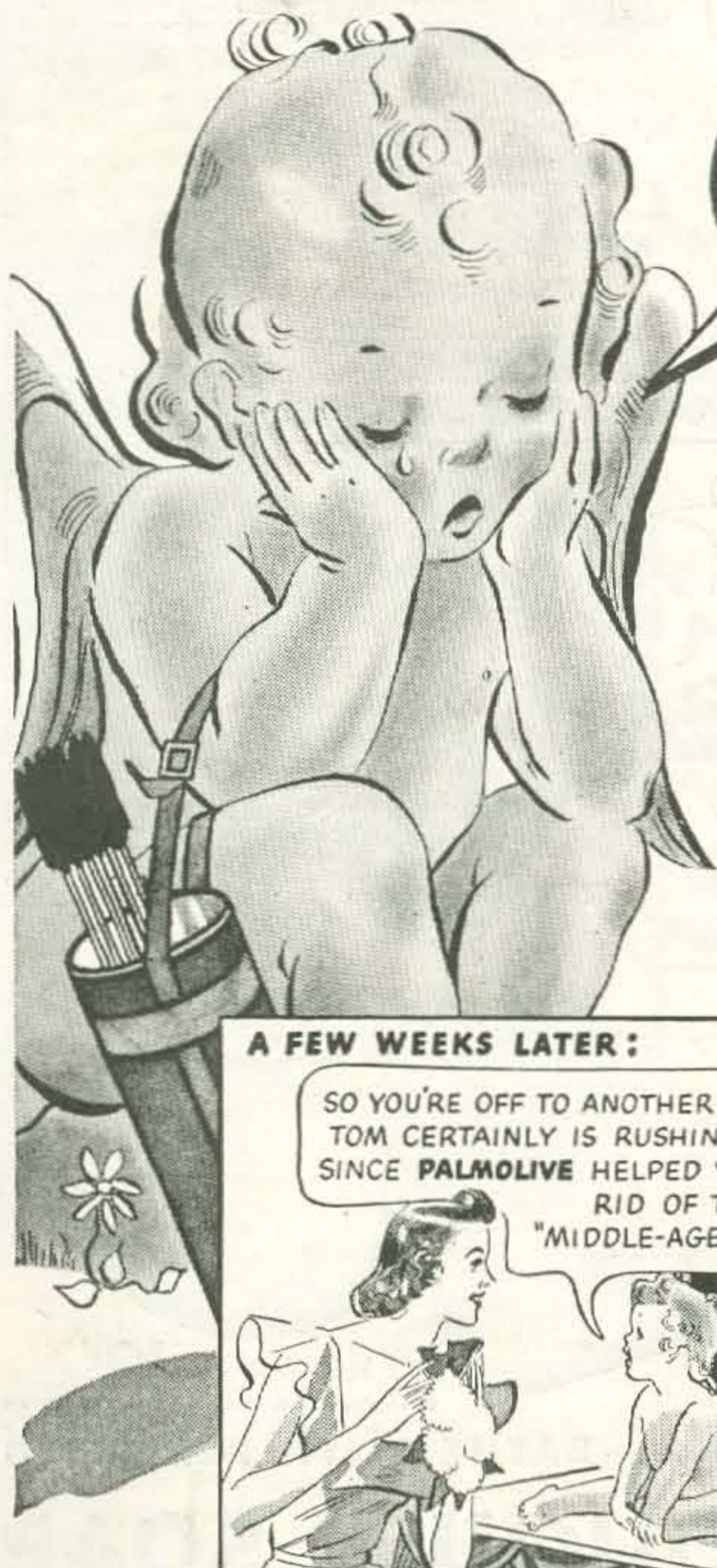
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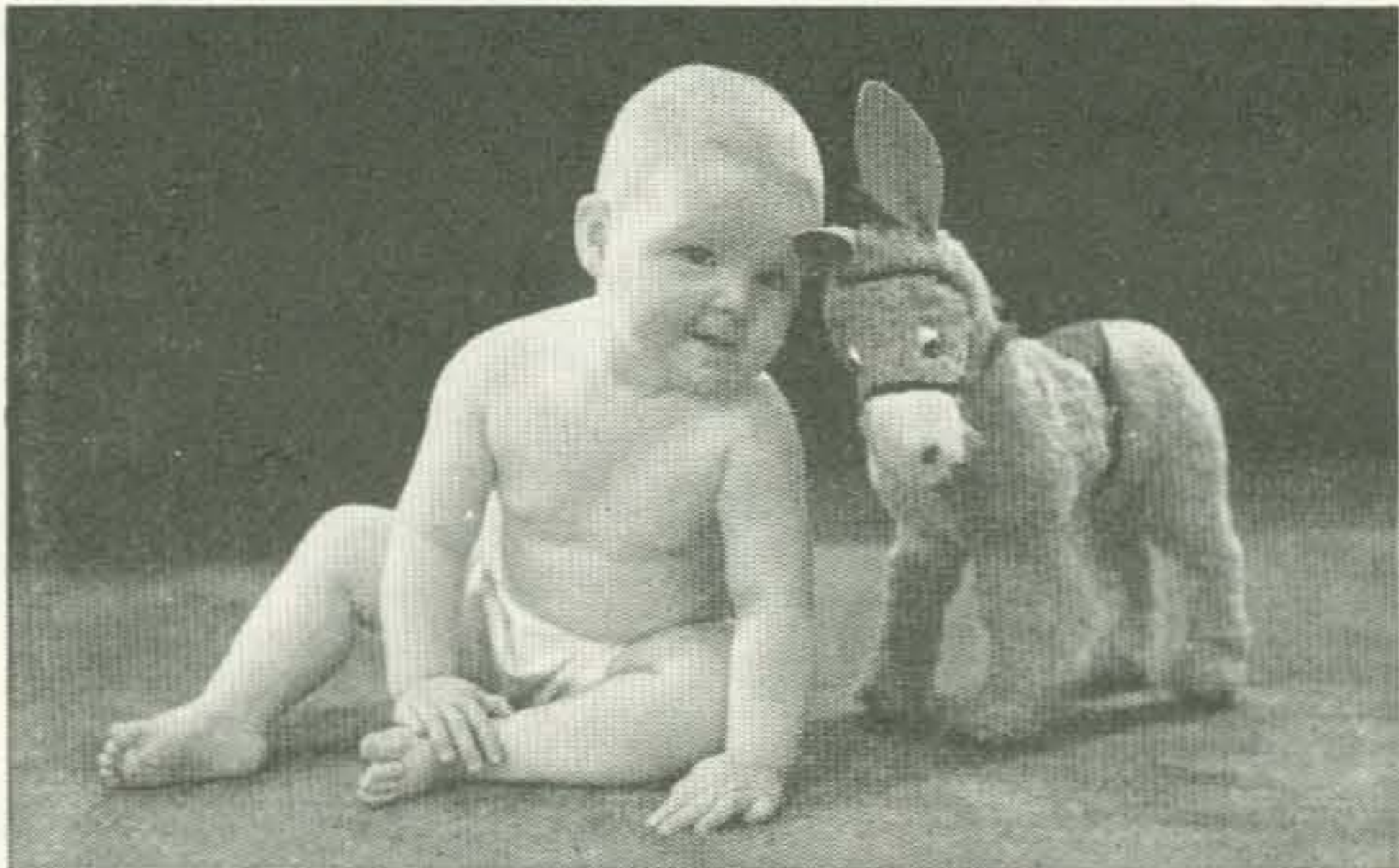
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● **"Help! Hel-pp! HEL-LUP!... Whadayamean 'whatsamatter'? Look at Neddy!... He says he won't go another step. Says he's hot and his saddle chafes. Says he has a will of iron and an unconquerable soul."**



● **"Whoo-oo-ee! OF COURSE! Imagine letting a pal get chafes and prickly heat when there's Johnson's Baby Powder in the house!... No, no, Neddy, she is NOT bringing burrs to put under your tail..."**



● **"...she's bringing my cooling, soothing Johnson's—and it's the softest, nicest stuff that ever tickled your hide... But I AM a little worried. You'll feel so frisky, I might have a runaway!"**



● **"Feel a pinch of Johnson's Baby Powder—then you'll know how slick it makes a person feel!" Johnson's is a very inexpensive item of baby care. Yet it is made of extremely fine imported talc, and it contains no scratchy particles and no orrisroot. Get a can of Johnson's Baby Powder for your baby today.**

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Copyright 1938, Johnson & Johnson

group who can't understand why they're not put on *Hobby Lobby*, though their hobbies are not really unusual enough to interest a wide radio audience. Stamp collectors, recipe collectors and such, insist on the chance to tell the radio audience about their hobbies. One man, who said he impersonated famous persons, insisted he be allowed to do his impersonations on the air because, he said, he didn't do it commercially but only as a hobby! And one lady writes in practically every week, each time with a different hobby, hoping to be selected out of the four thousand letters we receive weekly.

But certainly there are enough really unusual hobbies. There is one pretty girl who collects puppy dog teeth. No, she doesn't remove them from the poor pooches, but collects the milk teeth puppies shed! Charles Davis, an insurance executive of Hartford, Conn., collects elephant hairs. Another collection, of which I have samples, is woodpecker holes! It is represented by burls or knots taken from trees, the insides of which have been completely hollowed out by woodpeckers. And I have several Civil War cannon balls from another woman's collection.

One of the most amusing hobbyists is Wade E. Brown, an excellent plumber of Baltimore, Md. Mr. Brown is the world's champion match piler. He once saw a movie newsreel of a man who had piled some 3,000 matches on the mouth of a beer bottle. Brown practiced for a year to beat him, exhibiting a huge inverted pyramid of 12,000 matches piled on a bottle neck!

He got in touch with the newsreel people to come over and take pictures of him.



Here's a close-up of Tommy Dorsey and his famous trombone. The popular bandleader is considered one of the best trombonists of today.

Now, when 12,000 matches are precariously piled up on a narrow bottle mouth the barest breath—even the vibration of the voice—will send them toppling. The cameramen tiptoed about, spoke in whispers as they arranged lights and set a routine. And then, just as they were about to shoot—the pile crashed and they only got a quick picture of the falling matches!

But Plumber Brown says: "That's nothing! I'm going to do something that'll

make the world sit up and take notice. I'm going to collect tinfoil until I have the largest ball in the world. Then I'll take a tenpenny nail and drive it into the tinfoil. And on top of the head of the tenpenny nail I'll pile 12,000 matches. Then I'll know real success!"

When, as and if he does, you may hear about it through what you've probably guessed is my own hobby—that is, the Sunday night *Hobby Lobby* program.

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!

WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!

I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY. BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY-- I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 9)

PARKYAKARKUS, believe it or not, is no fake Greek. He can understand the language and even speak it—after a fashion. But he told us the other day about how he fooled an Hellenic friend at a time when he didn't know one word from another. The guy cornered him and talked volubly and steadily for an hour, with Parky able to get in a "yes" or "no" only at intervals. Later the man returned to his cronies and exclaimed: "Where do youse gents get the idea Mr. Parkyakarkus isn't a real Greek? We've just been talking for an hour!"

WARBLING on the air-waves has proved highly remunerative to the Paul Taylor Choristers. And they get generous bonuses, besides, from the boss—bonuses in fish. An ardent fisherman, Paul always brings back more than can be used at home and distributes the remainder among the singers. Recently, when the catch was too many to haul over to the broadcasting station, the choral director had the entire group of twenty over to dinner and cooked the forty-seven bass and four three-pound trout himself. Not bad, either, from all reports.

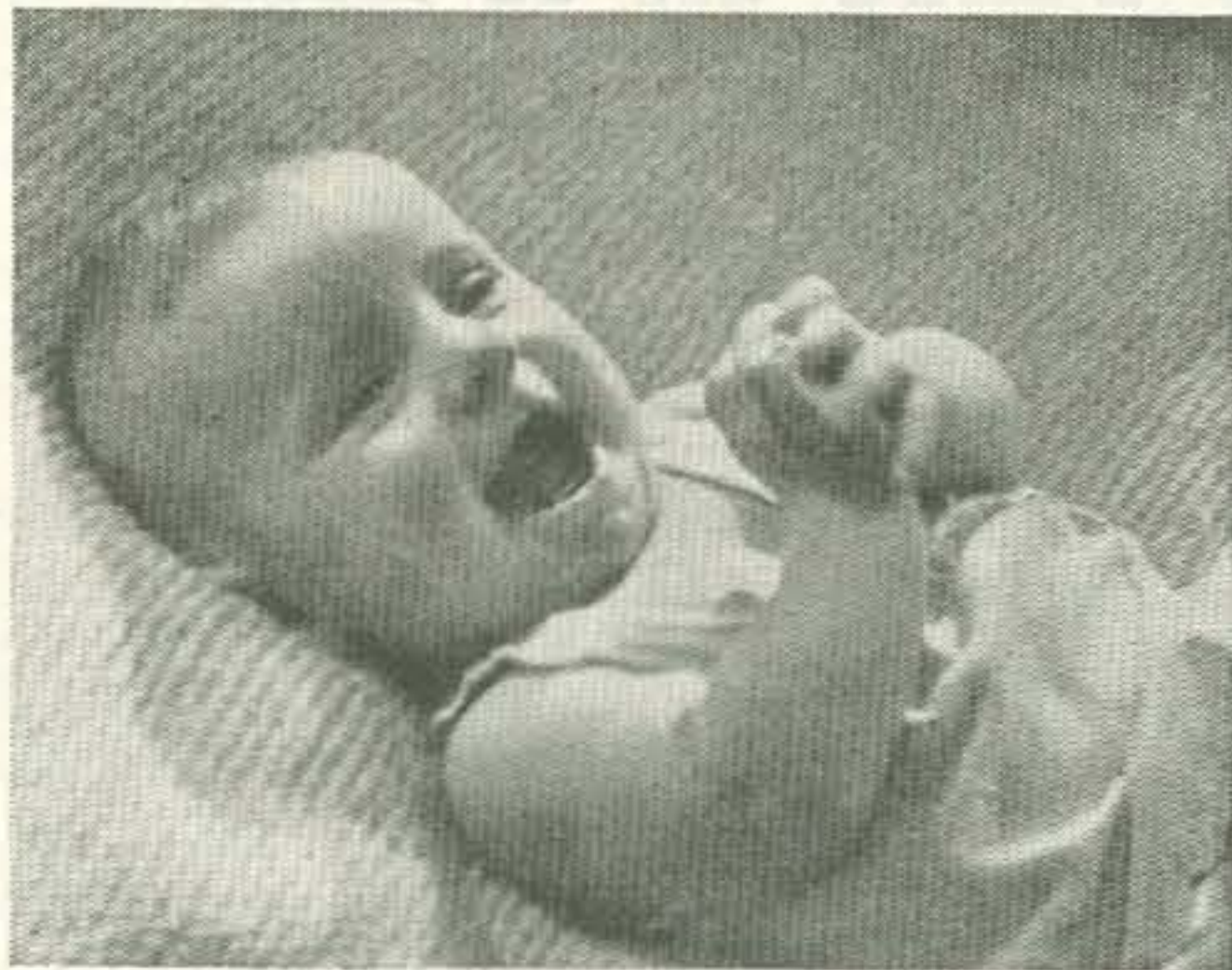
RADIO ROMANCE: The Edmund MacDonalds are honeymooning in a San Fernando Valley bungalow. He's emcee on the *Hollywood Showcase* program and she's the former Diana Allen of the New York stage . . . Mr. and Mrs. Ray Paige are honeymooning in New York City—sure, they've been married five years, but this is their first vacation together . . . Frances Langford and Jon Hall so-o-o-o in love you'd think they were still at the courtin' stage instead of old-marrieds . . . John Deering, *Hollywood Hotel* actor, and Irene Matlock, his childhood sweetheart, trekked to Yuma the day the show closed for the summer . . . Jon Slott, ace CBS scripter, and Audrey Ruth Coolish, U. C. L. A. student, flew to Las Vegas for wedding bells . . . Martha Raye is still wearing that four-carat sparkler with which Dave Rose gifted her . . .

HELEN JEPSON and Jascha Heifetz are both in town, awaiting Sam Goldwyn's decision on when to start the cameras rolling. Miss Jepson has been putting in time by appearing on the Kraft Music Hall; the violin virtuoso by drifting off the California coast in his yacht. Jose Iturbi is here for Hollywood Bowl concerts and also to fulfill that contract with the M-G-M film factory. He appears in *Sweethearts* with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy.

IN Bing Crosby's new picture, *Paris Honeymoon*, you'll be seeing Hollywood's prettiest car-hop. She's Dorothy Wright, discovered by Crooner Jean Sablon after an exhaustive search of all the drive-in-eateries in town. This strange scientific research was the result of an argument with Bing in which Jean insisted the purtiest gals in town were the waitresses at the hot-dog stands. "You find one good-looker," said Crooner

(Continued on page 90)

Frances Corbett—aged 4 months



Ecstatic wiggling of fingers and toes marks the arrival of Frances' supper, which now includes Clapp's Baby Cereal. Like many of her young neighbors in Westfield, N. J., Frances is having pictures taken and growth records kept, as part of a study in infant feeding. Her meals will soon be further enlivened by Clapp's Strained Vegetables.

Gay little Frances is 8 months old



And she's gained an average of more than 1½ pounds a month. She gets Clapp's Soups and Fruits now—loves 'em like all her Clapp Foods. Their texture is exactly what baby specialists recommend—finely-strained, but not too liquid. On Clapp's Foods, a baby makes real progress toward the handling of a more solid diet.

Frances has had a birthday!



Curly Hair, more teeth and added weight aren't the only things she has to brag about. She can walk, and she can feed herself (a trick that Clapp-fed babies, with their eager appetites, often acquire early). And just one look at Frances tells you that her pressure-cooked Clapp's Foods have been chock-full of vitamins and minerals!

16 foods that made her grow....



16 VARIETIES of Clapp's Strained Baby Foods—Baby Soup Strained or Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Beef Broth, Liver Soup; Apricots, Prunes, Apple Sauce; Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas, Spinach, Carrots, Beets, Green Beans; Baby Cereal.

FREE BOOKLET! Photographs and records of 12 Clapp-fed babies—and valuable feeding information. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., Dept. QSO, 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

NEW!...for young children
Clapp's Chopped Foods

Doctors asked for them...even-textured foods with all the advantages of Clapp's Strained Foods, but more coarsely divided. At dealers' now—remember them when your baby outgrows Clapp's Strained Foods.

Clapp's Strained Baby Foods

SO YOU'D LIKE TO PLAY IN A BAND?

(Continued from page 25)

those transcriptions for radio broadcasts, the scale is \$24 a half-hour and \$6 for five minutes or less overtime. The same rate applies for music recorded for movies.

He's saved radio programs until last. A good musician, he's heard, can make top money out of radio. Trying to discover the best approach, he also remembers he has been told that Mark Warnow hires as many musicians as any maestro in radio.

Arrived at the CBS building on Madison Avenue, an elevator shoots him up to the Warnow office. Mark is in, working on the music for one of his shows. Johnny meets him and is impressed with the considerate, unassuming personality of the conductor.

Mark is glad to talk to Johnny and says he'll arrange for Cy Washburn, his contractor, to interview the young job-hunter. Then Johnny learns who and what a contractor is:

A busy conductor has no time to bother with the details of obtaining the men he needs for every varied type program, of arranging salary details, of making out the payroll. For these things he needs a contractor. A contractor is a union member, usually an active musician, who has collected a complete file index of every competent available radio musician. If Mark wants a trombone player who can double on bassoon, he tells Washburn, who will deliver the man.

A contractor like Cy has probably the

best job any musician can hope to get—excepting bandleading, of course. Whenever he signs contracts with musicians for a conductor, he is paid, according to the union rate, double scale price on the job. (A bandleader, too, must be paid double scale. That is a minimum—if he's worth his salt, it's usually much more.) Washburn also plays tuba or bass on the jobs he's contracted and sometimes on other programs. Now he is contractor for all the commercial programs of both Warnow and Harry Salter.

Mark calls Cy, gives Johnny the Washburn home address and Johnny goes over to see him. He was a little surprised to realize that Cy had no office, but he soon understands that all a contractor really needs is a complete card index and a telephone.

"Radio, too," says Cy, "is divided into A, B, C, groups. Actually, we never worry about any but the A class which includes WABC, WJZ, WEA, WOR—the key stations of the networks. The smaller local New York stations are listed in the B group, and I'm afraid I don't know just what the C class includes.

"A musician working on a commercial on an A station is paid \$12 an hour—or fraction of an hour—for the actual broadcast. He is paid \$6 an hour—or fraction—for rehearsal.

"In many cases the network uses its

own contractor and supplies the men needed for commercial programs. But Mark gets permission to use his own contractor and own men.

"Most of the networks have their own house band. For example, Mark uses the CBS house band for his summer *Blue Velvet* sustaining program. The union has set up a scale of prices for house band members. They are paid \$100 for a twenty-five-hour, five-day week for sustaining programs. When they work on a combination sustaining-commercial week, they get \$140. There is also a twenty-hour combination week for which the rate is \$100. What's more, the musicians who work on the five-day week are not allowed to take any kind of engagement on their days off. That helps spread the work and gives everybody a break.

"If a musician is called into an audition for a radio show or a transcription, he is paid \$4 an hour for both the rehearsal and the actual audition.

"There is hardly ever a question of a man's being paid below scale on any radio job. The majority of the men are glad to work for that. Some few—a talented concert-meister or a soloist much in demand—are usually paid above scale. In the old days, not many musicians could break into radio. Those in the inner circle could demand \$25 or \$30 an hour and get it. But those days are gone. Now, though, a good radio musician who keeps busy can average between \$7,500 and \$10,000 a year. The peak for a top man is \$300 a week. A few years ago he could hit an average of \$700 to \$1,500 a week.

"Of course, a musician has good and

What a Marvelous Difference
Maybelline
Eye Beauty Aids Do Make!



Solid-form Mascara, in brilliant gold-colored metal vanity. Black, Brown, Blue. • Cream-form Mascara, with Brush, in dainty zipper bag. Black, Brown, Blue. • Eyebrow Pencil. Colors to match your Mascara. Black, Brown, Blue. • Eye Shadow. Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.



Why Let Pale Lashes and Brows Spoil *Your* Charm?

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow pale, scanty lashes and scraggly brows to mar what should be your most expressive feature—your eyes? You will be amazed at the added loveliness that can be yours, so easily, with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline Mascara, either Solid or Cream form, will make your eyelashes appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant—see how your eyes appear instantly larger and more expressive. Absolutely harmless, non-smarting, and tear-proof. Keeps your lashes soft and silky, and tends to make them curl. At any cosmetic counter—only 75c.

Now a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids, and notice how your eyes immediately take on brilliance and color, adding depth and beauty to your expression!

Form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking, easy-to-use Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. A perfect pencil that you will adore.

The name Maybelline is your absolute assurance of purity and effectiveness. These famous products in purse sizes are now within the reach of every girl and woman—at all 10c stores. Try them today and see what an amazing difference Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can make in *your* appearance.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

bad years. This summer, for instance, was a bad one for most of the radio boys—there were too many dramatic and audience participation shows which didn't use orchestras.

"It's no easy job for a new musician to get radio work—but if he's good it won't take him long to get going."

As Johnny leaves, he gives Washburn his phone number, and in a few days Cy calls him, tells him to bring his trumpet along and report for a Warnow rehearsal. He'd like to try him out.

That's Johnny's first job. It starts the ball rolling. Other contractors enter him in their files and the young trumpet-man from Kansas begins making a living in New York. The longer he stays in Manhattan, the more he learns about the union which takes care of him and his fellow-musicians.

He sees no cases of union wage scale violations in radio, but he does hear of bandleaders who have cut scale on their steady jobs—men like Don Bestor. When such violations of union rules occur, the union's own trial and judgment system begins to operate.

The offender is summoned before Local 802's Trial Board, composed of nine elected members. If the charges are substantiated, he is fined. If the leader, or musician objects, he may appeal to the Executive Board, which is made up of the four officers and five elected members of 802. If the Executive Board, too, upholds the charges, the appeal can be carried on to the International Board—the last authority. It is the governing body of the American Federation of Musicians, the international body—the U. S. and Canada—of which the "Associated Musicians of Greater New York, Local 802" is the New York unit.

If the International Board upholds the last verdict, the guilty member must pay his fine or be expelled. To be reinstated, once he has been expelled, he must pay his fine plus a reinstatement charge.

The amount of the fine depends entirely upon the case. In some instances it is made extraordinarily high deliberately in order to drive the offender out of the music business.

Fines and appearances before the Trial Board are generally the result only of working for, or paying, less than scale. A member who slips up on paying his dues can be reinstated immediately by paying 25c. and the dues for each quarter-year he has missed.

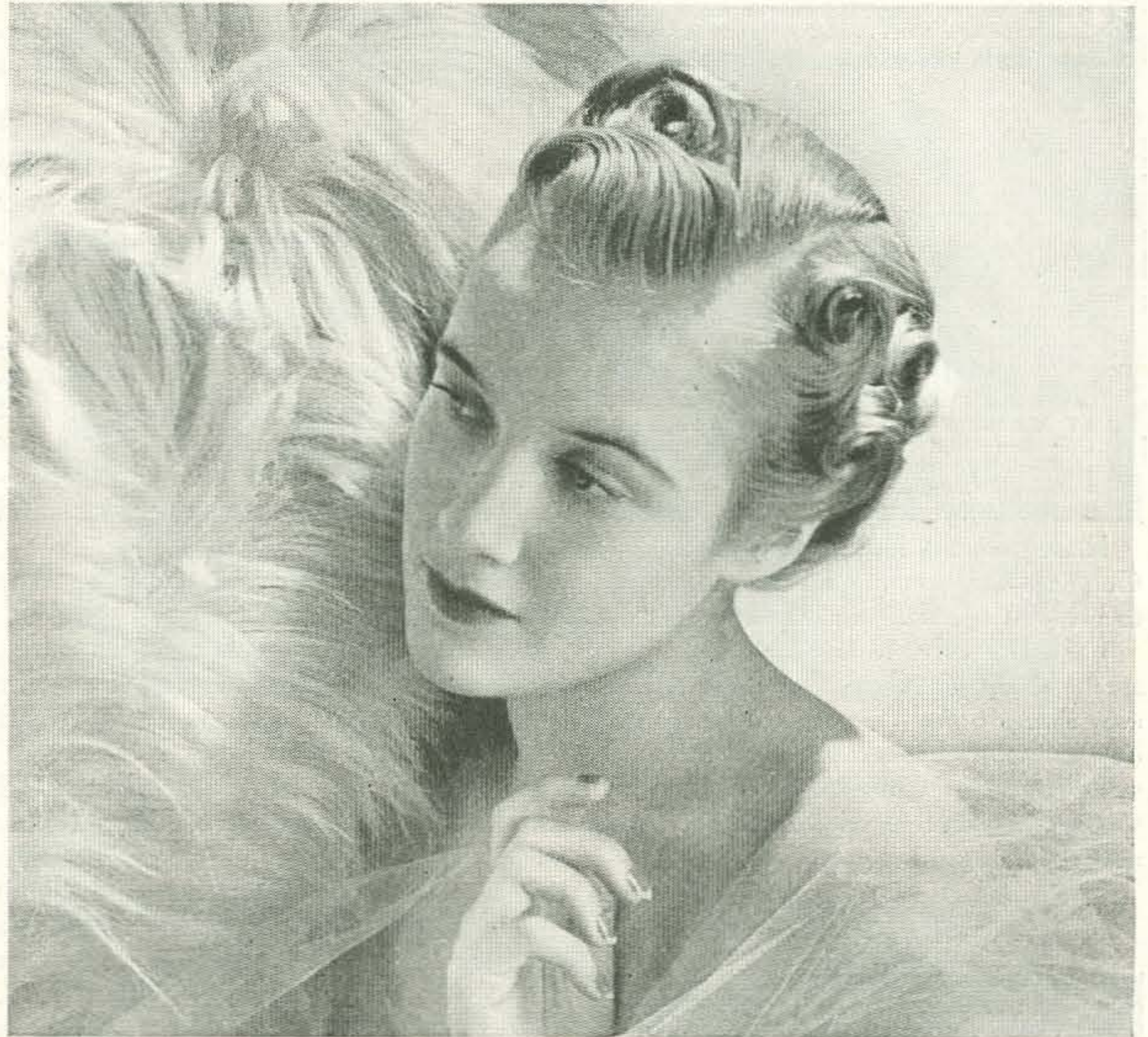
Out of the treasury, into which the dues and fines are paid, come the salaries of the local's officers. The treasury is swelled by a 3% tax on every job done by any working musician. That fund is used for the relief of out-of-work musicians. In addition, 802 coöperates with state relief agencies by lifting all scale requirements from any member working on a W.P.A. music project.

At first, Johnny is a little surprised at the thoroughness with which the union has approached every problem. But then he begins to take it almost for granted. An example of that thoroughness is the system devised for "traveling" bands.

A traveling band is one like Tommy Dorsey's, which will leave a steady location after the winter season to play one- and two-week vaudeville engagements or

(Continued on page 63)

*Accent on Youth
Highlights on Hair—*



BUT NO SHINE ON THE NOSE!

FASHION, this fall, has particular wiles to make a woman look young. Shimmering silks, sparkling jewels, and highlights on brushed-back hair. But the shine that appears on the nose Fashion will not permit, for it mars the picture of youth.

Shiny Nose is often due to excessive oiliness, which germs may aggravate. Happily, there's a face powder that both

covers shine and actually helps to reduce it. Woodbury Germ-free Facial Powder discourages germ-growth, clings reliably for hours, helps keep unwelcome shine away.

Seven fashion-tested shades, Champagne and Windsor Rose among the newest, bring out the youth in your face. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. Woodbury Germ-proof Rouge and Lipstick in four smart shades.



Send for Seven Fashionable Shades

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9194 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario. Please send me 7 shades of Woodbury Facial Powder; trial tubes of two Woodbury Beauty Creams; guest-size Woodbury Facial Soap. I enclose 10c to cover mailing costs.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

HEAR TYRONE POWER in thrilling radio dramas, Sunday Nights, NBC Blue Network, beginning October 2.



MAKE YOUR HAIR SPARKLE! With Nestle Colorinse there is lovely enriched color . . . gleaming lustre . . . in every shade of hair.



IT TAKES JUST A JIFFY to use Colorinse after each shampoo. The cost is small—a few pennies can make your hair shine with fascinating youthful highlights.

Rinse gleaming lustre into your hair with Colorinse — quickly, simply! Colorinse is easy to use — it is not an ordinary bleach or dye.

Complete every shampoo with your own special shade of Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away shampoo film — makes your hair soft and easy to handle — leaves it lustrous — helps make waves last longer. Colorinse glorifies your hair. Consult the Nestle Color Chart at your nearest toilet goods counter — today!

10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.
25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.



See how Oatmeal Cleans Away Excess Oiliness!

Now science finds that Oatmeal Skin Cleanser actually absorbs excess oil . . . helps remove blackheads

Grandma used Oatmeal as a skin beautifier—and now recent scientific research reveals that pure oatmeal is wonderfully effective in cleansing the skin of excess oiliness and grime, and in helping remove blackheads. Today a new beauty aid, Lavena, brings you pure oatmeal powder specially refined and processed for daily cosmetic use. Thousands of women now praise Lavena—many use it in place of soap or creams for daily cleansing. Lavena cleanses thoroughly without injury to the live growing cells which form fresh new smooth skin. Begin to use Lavena today—almost overnight you will see improvement in your complexion. At leading 10c stores; also drug, and department stores. 10c, 50c, \$1.00 Sizes.



Sample FREE Write to The Lavena Corporation, Dept. 100, 141 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago.



WRITE SO YOUR AUNT SUSANNAH CAN UNDERSTAND YOU

BY LILIAN LAUFERTY

(Author of *Your Family and Mine*, heard over NBC-Red network)

"SIT down at the typewriter at nine o'clock every morning, put your fingers on the guide keys—and write. And write so your Aunt Susannah in Keokuk can understand you."

As if I had clipped that paragraph from *Today*, it has stayed in my mind. And yet, I heard it said only once—by Arthur Brisbane, when I first went to work at the age of nineteen, fresh out of Smith College.

Brisbane intended that advice as a newspaperman to a newspaperwoman. However, looking back, I realize that those same wise words hold true for radio . . . "write so your Aunt Susannah in Keokuk can understand you."

The day of that historic remark was almost my first day on the job at the *New York Journal*. My first assignment, given me by the city editor, was to interview the wife of a condemned murderer. The man was in the Sing Sing death house. I had no idea where Gertrude, his wife was.

The day was bitterly cold, and the snow and hail lashed at me for hours before I found a friendly truck driver who told me where the woman lived. At the Bronx address there was a new tenant, who said my objective had moved to the home of an aunt in Greenwich, Connecticut. I went to Greenwich.

My story to the aunt that I had gone to school with Gertrude seemed to have been ill-chosen, because she said: "Faith, and you not a day over nineteen." (Gertrude, I learned later, was thirty-five.) She told me, though, that Gertie was in a New York hospital awaiting the birth of her child.

Back in New York, I couldn't see poor Gertie, but the nurses told me that her husband's accomplice, already executed, had a sister working in a hat shop. I found the sister, took her to dinner out of my meager funds, and with great difficulty prevailed upon her to talk.

At ten that night, back in the city room, I sat down at my typewriter. This time, my fingers didn't rest on any guide keys—they flew over the keyboard. At two that morning I had finished and turned in my copy.

I had my first glimmering, then, of what Brisbane meant—although years later, when I was to write for radio, I understood completely.

I wrote that first story so that my aunt, back home, could understand

what had happened. I always have tried to write that way since.

Radio has a great need for the essentially human story that is told believably. And to become a successful radio writer, you must exercise great judgment.

Radio serial writing, particularly, demands many things; a definite understanding of people, a feeling for story value, a sense of selectivity, and a definite sense of conflict.

Everyone doesn't write from a set routine. No formula could hold true, for instance, for both *Your Family and Mine* and a blood-and-thunder adventure story, wherein the hero, no sooner emerging from an Everglades swamp infested with crocodiles, falls into another swamp, and as the day's instalment ends, is slowly sinking.

I don't feel capable of turning out such adventure stories, because I haven't lived in a similar cycle. Except for my career in the newspaper field, I have been a normal, average American woman and wife. I write what I know to be life.

Therefore, what follows in the way of writing formula is my own routine. I can't speak for other radio scripters.

In the actual process of getting out a script, I start with one character or a family group. If I'm writing a serial, I live with all my characters. Such a process may involve weeks of work. I eat, live and sleep with them. They must become so real that I know what colors they like, what their reactions are to other people—and they must, finally, become so real that they come alive on my typewriter.

I plan their lives a year ahead and write accordingly, a year's synopsis following. After that comes the synopsis of the story for thirteen weeks, and finally the story day-by-day.

I start writing right after breakfast, which usually comes at about seven each morning. Because I cannot hear the words when I type, I write my script in longhand. It takes about two hours of steady writing to do one fifteen-minute script. But the actual work—thinking it out and pointing it in relation to the story's future action—is equivalent to doing a short story.

After my secretary types the story, it takes at least two more hours to

(Continued on page 89)

RADIO STARS

(Continued from page 61)

one-night dance stands in different cities. Tommy and his men are members of 802 and must get permission to come into the jurisdiction of other locals during their cross-country trek.

When a traveling band does a commercial radio program under another jurisdiction, the leader of that orchestra must pay scale wages for the broadcast and rehearsal to a "stand-by band" equal in size to his own. The theory there is that the stand-by orchestra is made up of members of that city's local who are otherwise deprived of a job they might have had if the outside unit hadn't come to town.

With such care and foresight for its members has the Musicians' Union been developed. There is only one major musical organization in the country which is not unionized. That is the Boston Symphony and it is the rule-proving exception. Nowhere else is there a successful non-union orchestra.

The great majority of all musicians in New York are unionized. About one third of 802's 19,000 members make a good living the year 'round. Almost another third is composed of card-holders who have a job in some other business. Surprising is the number of lawyers who have union cards. Then there is a singer, like Morton Downey, who is a member of 802 because he occasionally plays his own piano accompaniment. Singers need not join, though.

In the course of his work in New York, Johnny Talbot will pay a visit to union headquarters to meet Jack Rosenberg, president of the local. Witty, kind, intelligent, Rosenberg is there to help him and to guide the policies and achievements of the union. Until he was elected secretary of 802 four years ago, Jack was an NBC house musician—and one of the best in the business. Two years ago he was elected president. Under him and the present Executive and Trial Board, more musicians have been employed, there has been a stricter adherence to the price scale and a general rise in the good feeling between the union and all those numerous agencies they do business with.

So, Johnny Talbot and all the rest of you would-be musicians, that's the story of your union. People like you, Johnny, who, now that you've brought your talent to New York, need just two things to be a success: Your trumpet and your union card. It's a toss-up which is more important.



Edward Everett Horton entertains Irene Rich at the Coconut Grove.



FOR A WOMAN IN LOVE... If you want to attract HIM, use the lipstick he likes! Don't have red, smeary lips. Men detest that "painted" look. Use the lipstick that gives your lips a *natural* glow—soft and smooth as a rose petal.



LIPS ARE ROSY, SMOOTH AND TEMPTING—when you give them the magic touch of Tangee! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the exact shade of blush-rose that best suits you—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. And Tangee's special cream base *keeps* lips smooth and soft.



AND ROUGE TO MATCH... In the Creme or Compact form, Tangee Rouge blends with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks a delicate, natural tone. It's one rouge that suits every type of coloring—from corn-silk blonde to nut-brown brunette. *Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
 ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City
 Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MM108

THE HOUSEWIFE BE PLEASED!

(Continued from page 29)

Sponsors have found out that it is the script show which they can count on.

Day after day these serials go on, each one of them developing its own story, its own characterizations, each one of them extolling in the commercials the value of the product it is advertising. There are no subtleties in these commercials. They come right out and admit that the soap or food or cosmetic they are rooting for is the *only* soap or food or cosmetic the listener should use. Most of them let it be understood that the heroine of that particular show is an addict of its product. For the sponsors have discovered that the listeners to these shows identify themselves with the characters in them.

For the most part, the stories the serials tell are "escape fiction," stories that carry their listeners out of the humdrum. Once, this kind of fiction used to be about heiresses and too, too beautiful and glamorous girls, about exciting incidents that could never happen to the average person. But today writers have developed a new kind of escape for their readers and listeners. The depression brought people too close to reality to have them easily fooled by anything too fantastic or even too optimistic. So the new fiction would seem, on the surface, to be absolutely realistic, the people they tell about like you or me.

But that's only at first glance. Look deeper and you will find the "escape" is more insidious than the most fantastic fairy tale. For these people in the radio serials, who are so much like their listeners, these people who are always having difficulties even as you and I, who are worried about love and money and business, are different from us in only one way. But that is an all-important one. They always find the open door or the helping hand or the opportunity when it is needed. They *always* come out on top.

And so they give hope, that most precious gift of all, to those listening in.

Letters proving how real these serials and the people in them are to their listeners come pouring into the major network companies. Once when Alice Frost, who plays the leading rôle in *Big Sister*, one of the top daytime shows, caught cold in one of the episodes, her personal fan mail reached new proportions. Her "radio" cold was so real to her listeners that a good percentage of them sent their favorite cold cures to her.

In another serial, when it looked as if the boy were about to become involved with the wrong girl, hundreds of listeners wrote in imploring: "Don't let Ted marry Mary. She isn't the girl for a nice boy like him." And their letters could not have sounded more urgent had Ted been their own son.

Readers constantly send in suggestions for ways out of dilemmas and offer advice to their favorite characters. Most of these letters are written as if the situations were real ones. Some of the suggestions are so good that the writers of the scripts might be tempted to use them. But they never do. There is a strict rule against it. Plagiarism suits are becoming as common

in radio as they are in the movies and theatre and publishing business. Even the most seemingly naïve suggestion might be a clever ruse for holding up the sponsor later.

More surprising than these letters are the ones extolling the worth of the product advertised and suggesting new uses for it, uses that the advertiser himself never thought of. These suggestions are often used in the commercials with full credit given to the person responsible for them.

And of course these letters, showing as they do that the writer is an enthusiastic user of the product, are the most valued. For they show conclusively that the serial is selling the product.

"We don't try to sell expensive merchandise on our daytime shows," a radio advertising expert explained, "because we know it wouldn't have a chance. We leave that for our evening shows, when the whole family is listening in, for in the average family you'll find that every member of it has a say in any purchase that is out of the ordinary. They all go into a huddle when they're buying an automobile or something like that.

"No, it's the day-to-day expenditures which the housewife must make that we

concentrate on. We tell her about soap and foods at the time she is either thinking of soap and food or using them. We tell her about cosmetics when her husband isn't there to say, as so many men do: 'What in the world are you buying that junk for?'

"We don't try to sell tires or oil or gas in the daytime, for the housewife has no interest in them. She leaves the maintaining of the family car to her husband.

"We tell her about the products we are trying to put over at the time she is making out her marketing list. And we've discovered that that's the advertising which really counts.

"The serials have proved to be the most popular of daytime entertainment. With few exceptions, such as *The Mystery Chef* and *Martha Deane*, we find that talks don't go over so well. Women want romance and the serials give it to them. Women are supposed to be primarily interested in their appearance, yet we have discovered that beauty hints and advice haven't the pull which shows like *The Romance of Helen Trent*, *David Harum*, *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, *The Goldbergs*, *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *Big Sister*, and *Pepper Young's Family* have."

Fan mail comes pouring in. When prize contests are held or premiums offered, the mail received becomes staggering in its proportions. A lot of people wouldn't think of sitting down to write a letter saying that they liked the episode they had



Patti Chapin writes songs as well as sings them.

RADIO STARS

just heard or bother to take the trouble if they did think of it. But it's different when they can get something they want by sending in a box-top and a few cents for an article that would cost them a great deal more if they bought it in a store.

Premiums are offered to stimulate sales and to gauge the strength of the show's audience. They are always good value, sometimes amazingly so.

One premium that was never used, because at the last moment the experts decided it was too sophisticated a thing to appeal to the majority of the women who would send in for it, was a copy of a pin designed by Schiaparelli and selling at one of New York's most exclusive stores for five dollars. The listener might have had it for ten cents, plus the box-top of the product.

A copy of a five-dollar pin for ten cents might lead you to think that advertisers are spending a lot of money on their premiums. But they aren't. The ten cents covered everything—the article itself, which could be reproduced for six and a half cents because of the tremendous quantity that would be used, and the handling and the mailing. The premiums don't add one penny to the advertising budget.

Sometimes the premiums are written into the show itself. The listener's imagination is stirred by the marvelous bit of jewelry that the heroine has just received as a gift. Then, after a few days of hearing about it, it is offered to the listener herself. And the advertiser has discovered that few women can refrain from sending for an article their favorite leading lady

has been wearing and talking about.

Sally Spence, who is the premium buyer for one of the biggest agencies, has been so successful with some of her items that manufacturers have used them as part of their own output after the radio offer has been completed.

"An important store in New York stocked a wishbone pin, which we had offered on the air for ten cents, and sold it for one dollar after we had finished with it. It shows the really amazing value we give in premiums. We try to give our women listeners what they want but feel they can't afford if they had to pay the full price for it.

"It's nothing unusual for us to give from one to five dollars' value in items we ask from ten to twenty-five cents for. One of the most successful premiums I ever put out was silk stockings. They were very good value, and the demand for them exceeded all our expectations. As a rule, utilitarian premiums are not as popular as luxury items. We've discovered women feel that they can buy things they absolutely have to have without feeling guilty about the purchase. But getting something for themselves is a different matter, so they are pleased at the chance of getting jewelry or some other luxury at a price so reasonable they don't have to feel guilty about buying it.

"Women love these things. Presents are important to them and they love unexpected ones. Of course it's fun to get gifts at Christmas and birthdays and Easter and on other gift days, but it's so much more fun to get them in between times.

And premiums come in the guise of out of season gifts."

Much as women love gifts, children love them even more. The children's hour on radio, that time so carefully planned when outdoor playtime is over and children are indoors waiting restlessly for their supper, brings as much response as the women's programs.

Even very small children show familiarity with brand names, due to their radio listening. Slogans run glibly from their lips. They have become as advertising-conscious as their mothers.

The purchasing power of America is held by the women of America, and the advertiser knows it's the housewife who must be pleased. So the serials go on, day after day, year after year. What difference does it make that men declare they can't turn on the radio during the day, and wonder audibly how women can listen to that truck anyway? The fact remains that women not only *can* listen but *love* to listen!

Not so long ago a leading comedian on the air got the idea of burlesquing the daytime serials on his high-priced evening hour. Even the advertising agency thought it a grand idea. They were sure men would love hearing their wives' favorites ridiculed. But only one burlesque was broadcast. The avalanche of protesting mail kept the agency busy apologizing for weeks.

Ridicule the serials? No indeed! The women of America want them and the women of America rule the airwaves from seven in the morning until seven at night.

IN HOLLYWOOD
FATIGUE IS TABOO!

BECAUSE ACTING CALLS FOR
ENERGY!

Life is strenuous for movie stars. After hours "on the set", they must still be alert, energetic. That's why, of all people, they must eat foods which fight fatigue, foods which fortify them with energy. Baby Ruth Candy is a concentrated energy food. It is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses for energy. To avoid fatigue, make Baby Ruth your candy. You will enjoy its energizing goodness.

CURTISS CANDY CO., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
OTTO SCHNERING, President



5¢

IT'S
HOLLYWOOD'S
FAVORITE
CANDY



WHAT THE LISTENER MAY EXPECT

(Continued from page 31)

I USED TO
HATE THIS
JOB TILL I
FOUND
SANI-FLUSH



It's no fun to scrub and scour a toilet. But it must be kept clean. A speck of dirt breeds dangerous germs. A dirty toilet has an offensive odor. A stained toilet is unsightly, and unnecessary.

SANI-FLUSH is made scientifically to clean toilets. Just sprinkle a little in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet. See stains and streaks vanish. Germs are killed. Odors are banished. The bowl sparkles like new. SANI-FLUSH cannot injure plumbing connections. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores. 25c and 10c sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

Send for trial offer

Hot Starch

without boiling!

MAKES IRONING EASY
A Wonderful Invention

Here's the way to revolutionary freedom from bother and trouble in starching and ironing. Unlike lump starch Quick Elastic is a powder and contains other ingredients already mixed for instant preparation of hot starch. Nothing to add. No cooking needed. Your iron fairly glides. Hot starch in 30 seconds!

ELASTIC STARCH

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 592, Keokuk, Ia.

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Name.....

Address.....

over his Ratings in past years. Both programs were marked as very successful and will be back in their old Tuesday evening niches.

There is a possibility that *Molly* will re-join her husband and radio partner, *Fibber McGee*. She had recovered sufficiently from her recent nervous trouble to appear on the final Tuesday program of the season with *Fibber* last June. She may be ready for at least part-time service on the air this fall. The decision will be made when their program actually gets back into service this month.

And the Tuesday listeners once more will have Benny Goodman, the *Philip Morris* drama and music programs, Bob Ripley's *Believe-It-or-Not*, Jimmie Fidler and Helen Menken.

Fred Allen is a Wednesday evening fixture for another season at least. He is starting his second year of a two-year contract and his sixth season with his current sponsor on Wednesday evenings. When the contract expires next spring there is some uncertainty as to what turn Fred's career will take.

Taxes and general program expenses have made heavy inroads into Fred's huge radio earnings. His scale of living is a modest one, however, and except for large personal charities, he has no extravagance. Radio has left a comfortable fortune in the Allen sock.

With this in hand, Fred may retire from radio for a year or two to write—a play, perhaps, possibly a book or newspaper and magazine pieces. The plans are a year away and very vague. Fred's ambitions have always run in that direction ever since he first began as a small time vaudeville trouper more than two decades ago.

One Man's Family will carry on with a new generation of the Barbour family growing up in the serial this season. Tommy Dorsey and Kay Kyser will continue with their two lively orchestra half-hours. Those are the main Wednesday landmarks, along with *Gang Busters*.

Thursday is the evening whose general outlines have not changed much in years. The five big Thursday programs: *Vallee Hour*, *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Good News* revue, *Bing Crosby hour*, *Kate Smith hour* and *Major Bowes' amateur show* all are in their old niches once more. The *Vallee*, *Crosby* and *Bowes* shows ran right through the summer with no recess.

Another radio perennial is the *Cities Service Concert* of light classics and popular songs on Friday evenings. *Lucille Manners* continues as prima donna with every indication that she will go on for year after year, as *Jessica Dragonette* did on this same program.

Considerable change may be expected in *Hollywood Hotel* when it returns to the air this month. *Frances Langford* is the only one of last year's stars re-engaged.

All the old familiar quarter-hour serials will be back with their daily instalments. Leading the list again are *Amos 'n' Andy*, *Easy Aces*, *Uncle Ezra*, *The Goldbergs*, *Myrt and Marge*—the roll could be extended indefinitely.



Shirley Ross and Bob Hope sang for Martha Raye's guests at the party she gave at the Coconut Grove.

Last year's symphony orchestras will be heard on the air again, too. The Columbia network will have the *New York Philharmonic-Symphony*, and *NBC* is bringing *Toscanini* to America for another season. *Ford* will sponsor the *Detroit Symphony Sunday Evening Hours*.

One group of sponsors on the doubtful list are the automobile manufacturers. Declining business forced most of them to cancel their radio activities in the middle of last season, *Packard* and the *General Motors* group in particular. One guess is as good as another as to what they'll do.

A fertile source of new ideas in the past has been the *American Tobacco Company's Lucky Strike* programs. *Walter Winchell* and the *Magic Carpet* were its achievement as a commercial radio pioneer a decade ago. It had one of the first big comedy programs with *Jack Pearl*. When radio began giving serious attention to good music it sponsored the *Metropolitan Opera* for a season, not so much with the idea of getting a large audience as to set the nation's tongue wagging.

Your Hit Parade has been the most popular of straight dance music programs for three seasons. *Kay Kyser* was grabbed as soon as he had developed his style of combining a quiz contest with dance music.

However, that idea fount seems temporarily to have run dry, too. *Lucky Strike* is carrying on with its last year's programs.

This stagnation of programs is not going to rot away broadcasting antennas, of course, but it would be a little more pleasant to have a few surprises slipped in with the old favorites.

"YOU'RE LISTENING TO A TRANSCRIBED PROGRAM"

(Continued from page 36)

treated to prevent echo; there is a control room separated from the studio by a glass partition; and a loudspeaker connecting the two. It looks, and is, exactly like any small broadcasting studio.

Enter the cast—star, singers, announcer and orchestra—and the producer, director, script-writer and control man. Scripts are brought forth and rehearsal begins. Each performer already has gone over his or her section of the show, knows what is expected of him. Each part is run through before the mike and timed on an electric stop-clock. If the show runs too long, cuts are made. If it is too short, there are additions. Changes are made in the wordage of scripts, sound effects are tested, and the director gets a general idea of the show as the integral parts come to him on the two-way speaker. When he deems each part perfect in itself, he calls for a "dress rehearsal"—a complete consecutive rendition of the entire program. Again the time clock is turned on and, if all goes well, the next step is the actual recording.

Performers say that when they see the red light, the signal for them to begin, they experience the same sensation as they do when the "on the air" signal flashes for a live broadcast. During the recording period they are just as tense, just as eager to do their best as if they were actually on the air.

The mechanics of the process are much easier to comprehend than the mysteries of wireless transmission. You know, now, that the show is performed before the microphone. From the mike there is a wire leading into a pre-amplifier and an amplifier in a separate recording room. From there the sound is transmitted through a control box, whose operator can regulate volume and tone level, and thence into the cutting head on the recorder. The latter machine is similar in appearance to a phonograph. On the turntable is placed a blank record, known as a wax master. Into this the stylus, comparable to a needle, cuts the grooves which record the sound impulses as they are transmitted. These waxes are seventeen and a half inches in diameter and can accommodate a fifteen-minute program on one side. Thus, a new blank must be used for each fifteen-minute section.

It happens, all too often, that the wax is imperfect. The stylus will strike a weak place and cut too deep or too shallow, as the case may be, and a new one will have to be substituted. The show must begin again from the start. It isn't always the mechanism that goes haywire, either, many a wax having been discarded because of some unexpected mishap on the part of the performers.

On one occasion we witnessed the recording of a Coca Cola show, *Refreshment Time with Singin' Sam*. The recording was made, and all had gone swimmingly until time for the final commercial during the last minutes of the period. Announcer

(Continued on page 68)



"HANDS can have such Compelling Charm—"

says **Ann Miller***

(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"A MAN CAN'T RESIST the appeal of soft white hands", says ANN MILLER*, charming picture star. Even hard-working hands can be attractively smooth — Jergens Lotion helps prevent roughness and chapping.



*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra's "You Can't Take It With You" (A Columbia Picture)

Your HANDS can be helped to adorable Softness!

DON'T PERMIT your hands to get rough and red because cold, wind, and frequent use of water have dried the natural moisture out of the skin.

Supplement that moisture by using Jergens Lotion. See how soon your hands become lovely! Two fine in-

gredients in this fragrant lotion are used by many doctors for effective help in whitening and softening rough skin. Soothes chapping—helps restore caressing smoothness! No stickiness! Hands cared for with Jergens are adorably worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... \$1.00 for the special economy size... at any beauty counter.



Soon helps even rough, neglected hands to be soft and velvet-smooth.

JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Mail this coupon. See—at our expense—how wonderfully Jergens Lotion helps to make red, rough, chapped hands smooth and white.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1646 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada, Perth, Ontario).

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

Don't Hesitate About Feminine Hygiene



Use a modern method

Why add to the problems of life by worrying about old-fashioned or embarrassing methods of feminine hygiene? If you doubt the effectiveness of your method, or if you consider it messy, greasy, and hateful, here is news that you will welcome.

Thousands of happy, enlightened women now enjoy a method that is modern, effective—kills germs—and, equally important—dainty!

ZONITORS ARE GREASELESS

Zonitors offer a new kind of suppository that is small, snow-white and GREASELESS! While easy to apply and completely removable with water, Zonitors maintain long, effective antiseptic contact. No mixing. No clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and an ideal deodorant.

Zonitors make use of the world-famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. \$1 for box of 12—at all U. S. and Canadian druggists. Free booklet in plain envelope on request. Write Zonitors, 4011 Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. C.

SNOW WHITE

Each in individual glass vial.



Zonitors
FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
A Zonite Product



IN OUR NEXT ISSUE
JOHN NESBITT
WRITES AN EXCLUSIVE STORY OF
THE MOST MEMORABLE TALES ON
HIS PASSING PARADE

Say Goodbye to Dull, Drab Hair



In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. 1. Gives lustrous highlights. 2. Rinses away shampoo film. 3. Tints the hair as it rinses. 4. Helps keep hair neatly in place. Use Lovalon after your next shampoo. It does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, made in 12 different shades. Try Lovalon. You will be amazed at the results.

Approved by Good House-keeping Bureau. 5 rinses 25 cents at drug and department stores. 2 rinse size at ten cent stores.

LOVALON

—the 4 purpose vegetable HAIR RINSE

Del Sharbutt, who had rehearsed his sound effects perfectly, was in the act of rattling a tray, Coca Cola bottles and glasses when the unforeseen happened. Two glasses and a bottle suddenly clanked together and fell with a crash. In the control room it sounded like a train collision. Of course the wax was ruined and the whole show had to be done again. On another occasion the members of the same program were on their last recording of the day (they make five in six hours) and nerves were tense. The performers had turned in a perfect job, but word came that the volume mechanism hadn't. They had to do it over. Now, *Singin' Sam* commutes from his Indiana farm for these sessions in Manhattan, and he had his mind on catching the five o'clock train. He blew up on the next wax, then the orchestra flub-dubbed—and it wasn't until the fifth time that a perfect result was obtained. P. S. *Sam* missed his train!

The necessity for working against time in rehearsal, the tedious repetition and the relentless striving for a faultless result all make the business of recording more arduous and exacting than that of an ordinary broadcast.

Once the wax is cut, the rest depends on the processing. It is next immersed in a silver nitrate bath which causes a layer of silver to form, thus making it a conductor of electricity. Next, it is put in a plating bath and a copper shell is formed on it by electrolysis. This shell is stripped from the wax and becomes a copper or metal master, a reverse copy of the original. The master is then submitted to another plating process and becomes the metal or copper mother. The mother, in turn, is put in a bath and from it is stripped the stamper. An exact reverse reproduction of the mother, the stamper is made of copper, which is nickelled or chromium-plated. From it the impressions are made in the final records, known as pressings. These are sixteen inches in diameter, and may carry programs on both sides, or on one only, as desired.

The process described above is employed when a number of duplicate recordings are desired for distribution. If the platter is to be kept for reference, and not to be used more than fifty times, the recording is made on an acetate disc and may be played back immediately. This is known as an instantaneous recording, and is also used for auditioning would-be broadcasters. It is interesting to note that amateurs who have never heard playbacks of their voices invariably fail to recognize themselves. This is because a person's voice does not register the same to him as it does to his audience. If you will fold both ears forward and hold them partially shut with your hands while you are talking, you can obtain an approximate idea of how you sound to others.

Sometimes advertising agencies want records of their network shows for file purposes. These are taken off the air via a receiving set which emits sound but, instead, translates the electrical impulse into a mechanical impulse in the cutting head, and the stylus cuts the blank accordingly.

An off-the-line recording is the same as a studio recording except that the program comes over a telephone line from the scene of the broadcast, rather than over the microphone wire in the transcription studio.

This is used by such companies as CBS, which has no such department of its own.

In the matter of price, a master sells for about \$65 to \$85, and each pressing around \$3. Twelve-inch records are made, too, but they are used for short programs and announcements. The regulation phonograph record is ten inches in diameter and revolves 78 times per minute, whereas the sixteen-inch recording moves at the rate of 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions per minute.

Now that the transcription has been made, it is ready for broadcast. The average radio station is equipped with at least one playback unit, consisting of turntable, motor and pickup (or arm). The record is placed on the turntable, the motor started and the needle applied. The pickup then feeds the program by wire through the amplifiers and onto the ether. No sound is heard from the machine, but the program may be followed in the studio by means of a monitor speaker.

Reproducing equipment must be kept in good repair and should be inspected at least once a week. Records should be dusted before they are played and a new needle used for each selection. And, lastly, each program should be rehearsed before the broadcast. This is necessary in order to acquaint the announcer with the type of material, the correct pronunciation of artists' names, timing and cues. It enables the operator to determine the proper volume levels so that the live announcer's voice will come in at the same level as that of the program. The omission of rehearsal may result in a variety of mishaps. For example, on one occasion a trusting and over-optimistic operator started a recorded program, then left it to itself. Unfortunately, he didn't know that the record was imperfect. The needle stuck in the first groove and couldn't get beyond it, so surprised and annoyed listeners were treated to a program consisting of the same line: "Good evening, friends—good evening, friends—good evening, friends," over and over again.

As mentioned before, certain sponsors have much to gain from the use of transcriptions. National advertisers naturally desire to reach as many people as possible. To this end they use a Coast-to-Coast network with a live show, but even so, there are outlying areas which the program cannot reach. In order to supplement the network outlets, an off-the-line recording is made of the live show during its original broadcast. Pressings are made and distributed to local stations in these areas. Of course, the time must be bought on each of the individual stations—which adds up to a goodly sum. *The Goldbergs* serial is one example of this procedure.

Those advertisers who feature products such as bathing suits, which have a seasonal and regional sale, would, in the winter, use only transcriptions and distribute them to Florida, California and such sections of the country where swimming is possible. Others are interested in reaching only wholesale areas or small local markets. In this way transcriptions are invaluable, for the sponsor may place his program where it will be most productive and at the same time save himself the price of buying network time or hiring local live talent for each area.

Sometimes the sponsor pays for the talent and recording, then lets his local dealers

RADIO STARS

buy the station time. *Coca Cola* does this, sending pressings to 135 stations, on which time has been bought by the local bottlers.

Recording companies, such as World, Baldwin and the *NBC* Electrical Transcription Service, put out what they call custom-built shows. These are made according to specifications for the sponsor and are then distributed to prescribed stations. Some of these series are all recorded at one time. Thus the sponsor is able to hear in advance, and at one sitting, his entire year's programs. He then knows that there will be no slip-ups nor boners. Often advertising agencies have such a series recorded, then sell it to a client.

There are syndicated transcriptions, too, which are built and sold to more than one sponsor at a time and used in different, non-conflicting areas. These may be bought direct by clients or sold to local stations, which in turn sell them to local sponsors. *The Lone Ranger* is one of the most popular of these.

A number of recording companies feature library services which are available to both stations and sponsors. They are usually fifteen-minute programs which are complete in themselves and may be sold to local stores who wish only a one-time show. They are used more frequently, however, as sustaining broadcasts to fill unsold time and as substitutes for last-minute cancellations.

NBC features a library called Thesaurus, which ships recordings twice a month to subscriber stations. These cover a variety of classifications: popular dance orchestras, concert orchestras and bands, comedy, novelties and specialties and short dra-

matic skits. In addition, Thesaurus provides sound effects records which include such things as applause, laughter, boos, crowd noises, orchestra tune-up, chimes and even a crying baby. There are, also, short selections which can be used for theme signatures, for setting the mood of a scene or for filling in when a live show runs short.

There is, and can be, no deception practiced in the airing of transcribed programs. The Federal Communications Commission rules that: "Each broadcast program consisting of a mechanical reproduction, or a series of mechanical reproductions . . . shall be identified by appropriate announcements . . . in terms commonly used and understood by the listening public . . . and shall accurately describe the type of mechanical reproductions used . . ." Such announcements must be made at the beginning, at each fifteen-minute interval and at the conclusion of the program. Even one of no longer duration than five minutes must be identified preceding its use.

It is possible to present every type of program, except news commentaries, via electrical transcription, and the best of radio's entertainers are available.

And, speaking of entertainers, you might

WHO ARE THE SCENE STEALERS OF RADIO?

You'll learn their names and claims to fame in
RADIO STARS
November

suppose that live artists would resent transcriptions inasmuch as they do, to a certain extent, cut down on talent hired. As a matter of fact, the organized musicians did set up quite a howl and as a result won a higher wage scale for recording work. Formerly, each man received \$20 for three hours of playing and \$50 for five hours. Now he nets \$18 for fifteen minutes and \$24 for half an hour, with \$6 paid him for five minutes, or less, of overtime. A bandleader gets double these amounts.

Other talent commands a big rate, too, more than for an ordinary broadcast, but it is not so out of proportion to the actual value of services rendered. Big-name artists like recording work because it affords them more freedom. Instead of making five appearances before the mike over a certain period, a performer can devote one day to making five programs and be his own master the rest of the time. Also, he is assured in advance of a perfect job.

As for cheating the local aspirants, those with real ability will be heard in person, anyway, and in all probability will migrate to the big radio centers and become recording artists themselves. The others, who have little or nothing to offer, are automatically eliminated from the competition and are thereby saved many a heartache.

In transcribed programs sponsors and small stations have found the answer to a crying need, and artists have profited by their use. But, actually, the listener is the one who has gained the most. Recorded shows have lifted the level of program quality on local stations and have contributed toward making radio broadcasts more perfect entertainment mediums.

Married? No reason to neglect S.A.

*[STOCKING APPEAL]

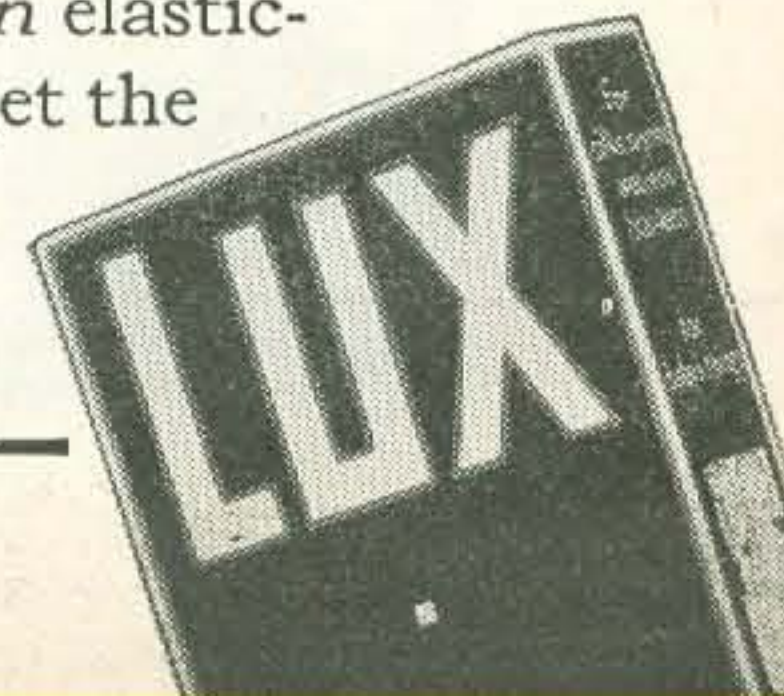
Husbands admire wives who keep their stockings perfect

Lovely stockings add so much to your appearance . . . to your husband's pride in you. Don't let constant runs, snaky seams and wrinkles kill S.A.*

SAVES ELASTICITY—You can cut down on costly runs—keep stockings lovely looking with Lux.

It saves *elasticity*, so threads can *give* without breaking, then spring back into shape. Cake-soap rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali *weaken* elasticity. Lux costs little—get the economical big box.

protects S.A.—



S.A. [STOCKING APPEAL]

is spoiled by constant runs, holes, twisty seams, wrinkles

INTERESTING PEOPLE I HAVE VISITED

(Continued from page 39)



ELOQUENT EYES . . .

KURLASH makes eyes speak volumes . . . frames them in new, starry beauty! In 30 seconds, this wonderful implement gives you naturally curly lashes . . . longer, darker looking . . . expressing your personality. Try it—\$1 at all leading stores.

Learn what shades of eye make-up are becoming to you—how to apply them! Send your name, address and coloring to Jane Heath, Dept. E-10; receive—free—a personal color-chart and full instructions in eye make-up!

 **THE KURLASH COMPANY, Inc.**
Rochester, New York
Canada: Toronto, 3

Kurlash

COPYRIGHT 1938, THE KURLASH CO., INC.



Dr. Ellis' WAVE SET

Preferred by lovely women all over the country, because it dries quickly, never flakes, and gives you such beautiful, lasting waves. Ask for it by name.

Dr. Ellis' CURL SET

New! Ideal for making the charming curls and ringlets demanded by modern hair styles. Use with curlers. Alluringly scented; dries quickly; gives remarkable results. Try it today!

DR. ELLIS SALES CO., INC.
PITTSBURGH, PA. TORONTO, ONT.

EACH 10¢
HIGHER IN CANADA

AT ALL 5 & 10'S AND DRUG STORES—COAST TO COAST

their beliefs. As a matter of fact, the thing was surprisingly simple. I said to Heber Grant that if he should send out one hundred missionaries to talk to ten people a day for nine years, he still wouldn't be able to reach as many people, or in so impressive a manner, as I could reach for him in thirty minutes. We agreed that we should have a family well-versed about their church. The family was carefully selected, and the results were good. To the people of the country, Mormonism has, as a rule, meant simply polygamy, but one thing I brought out in the broadcast was that there has never been a time in the history of the Mormon Church when more than two percent of the members have practiced polygamy.

There are hundreds of stories which I might use here; perhaps one of the most interesting, and certainly one of the most dramatic, is that of the visit to the old Witches' Jail in Salem, Massachusetts. There is a story.

Some two hundred and twenty-five years ago, a certain Rebecca Nurse was tried for witchcraft. She was old and ill, and she had led an exemplary life for some seventy-two years. Despite age and infirmities, she conducted her own defense in a manner that to this day inspires admiration. Nevertheless, she was sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead, and was imprisoned in the little dungeon just below the room from which I conducted the broadcast.

Two hundred and twenty-five years later, on that spot, there stood beside me a woman named Harriet Nurse Keenan. She was the eighth generation descended from Rebecca Nurse. As we stood and talked to millions of people, it developed that when she was a little girl in school, when the class reached the point of studying about the Witches' Delusion, a very foolish teacher said: "You know, we have a little girl right here in our class who is the great-great-great-great-grand-daughter of a witch."

Ever after that, in the play-ground and about the town, the present Mrs. Keenan faced the jeers of other children. Thus the persecution of Rebecca Nurse had come down through more than two hundred years to rest on the slender shoulders of a child.

If variety be the spice of life, my life is well-seasoned. Out in San Francisco came a typical instance of this fact. I invaded the home of the Chinese Six Companies—the first invasion ever allowed, incidentally.

I called on the elders of that strange organization, made my proposal in English (I hope), and then sat on a hard chair in silence for thirty minutes while the venerable gentlemen chattered away in staccato Cantonese like so many machine guns. They finally decided that I would be allowed permission, provided I would write and submit all copy to be used. I wrote it, submitted it and then threw it away. Then, on Sunday night at program time, we sat down as usual, without copy.

It might be of interest to know that no-

where in this country have I received more courteous, gentlemanly treatment than among these Chinese of San Francisco. I was admitted in many places where the average American might well be barred, and got to see more of the life of this fine group of Americans than is ordinarily touched even at the hem. We can be proud of these neighbors.

In connection with this visit, Chang Wah Lee, who played the character of Ching in the motion picture, *The Good Earth*, and a young Chinese-American lawyer named Wong were my guides, instructors and "stuffers", for surely there is no better food in all the world than the real Chinese food. They took me to places reserved for the Chinese themselves, and the food there was far different from the food one usually gets as Chinese. Wong went even so far as to aid in the selection of a marvelous set of pajamas for Mrs. Belcher, which same she prizes greatly today.

These rambling ways of mine sometimes find me in places where I have adventures of my own, as well as enjoy those of others. I left New Orleans in a plane bound for San Francisco, just in time to bump head on into the flood at Los Angeles, en route. What a night that was! We were grounded at midnight in Palm Springs, a hundred and thirty miles east of Los Angeles, and were placed in cars to make the rest of the trip over the mountains. Rain came down in sheets and there seemed no end to it. It seemed as if the heavens had opened on a permanent basis.

We hit Los Angeles in time for an hour's sleep before taking the train (the last one out) for San Francisco. Water was over the cow-catcher as we went through the city, and when we had gone the magnificent distance of twenty-four miles, we halted abruptly. The line had washed out ahead and, as we sat there, a bridge went out behind us. All day we sat, and into the night. The rain continued unabated until about dark, then slacked a bit.

There I sat . . . no show . . . no chances of doing one on Sunday from Los Angeles, due to interrupted communications, and nothing arranged ahead of me in San Francisco. Time was fidgeting and something had to be done.

Finally I got a wire open to San Francisco and to my good friend, Bertrand Couch, Immigrant Inspector for the Port of San Francisco. He's better known as "Frisco Bert", and if anyone in San Francisco could help, it would be Bert.

He didn't miss. After I had finally got a bus back to Los Angeles, and taken the first plane out, there was Bert. It was a Thursday afternoon and Bert had an heroic program all set up in the alley. He had obtained for me the young policeman in San Rafael who had single-handedly broken up the biggest dope ring the West Coast has ever known. Who was it that said what about a friend in need?

As I think back through the warp and woof of American life that I have encountered, I see before me that unique

RADIO STARS

place, "Boys Town", near Omaha, Nebraska, the only town where the mayor of the town plays end in a football game, and the chief of police plays the other end. Then, I see the contractor in New York who had spent all his life "diggin' doit", and who had his son with him in the contracting business; the wife of the cashier who had worked in the same place for forty years. I talked with her on the air about the best way of ironing a shirt, and we even discussed how collars could be turned to make them wearable longer.

I sat for three days in the court of Judge Camille Kelly, in Memphis, Tennessee, before going into her home to do a broadcast. Judge Kelly was the first woman judge of a juvenile court in the United States. In her seventeen years on the bench, she had tried some thirty-thousand cases and, as I sat there watching the parade of human misery, folly and hopelessness which came before her, I was amazed and humbled at her kindly, sagacious handling of each human destiny. I shall never forget Judge Kelly, gray-haired, forbidding at times, but always understanding, and with a tell-tale feminine touch of fresh lilacs at her throat. To my mind, she is one of our greatest living Americans.

If you should ask me to name the family which I considered the most typically American among those I have met, I should refer you to the Merrimans of Joliet, Illinois. A typical American family is, I think, one which you might find on the Main Street of any small or medium-sized town—honest, hard-working, God-fearing, of modest means and ambitions.

Mr. Merriman is a corner druggist in Joliet. In his early youth he went to Chicago and studied pharmacy, came back and married a home-town girl. He established his corner drug store, and business prospered. When the time came, years later, he was able to send the oldest of his seven children to college, as he plans to do for the others. He knows and takes a great interest in the every-day lives of his fellow-townsmen. He sometimes gets up at night and drives twenty or thirty miles into the country to take a prescription to some one who needs it badly. His store has been held up four times, so now Mr. Merriman goes out and practices target-shooting with the local police. He will be able to take care of the next bandit, if a next one comes along!

If you should ask my fifteen-months-old daughter, Betsy, to name the most interesting home she has visited, I think she would say, if she could, "Bion Island", the home of Robert L. Ripley, at Mamaroneck, New York. Betsy has followed me across the continent and back, by train and automobile, with her mother, since she was four months old. She has made herself at home with all the neighbors we have met, but I think she really outdid herself at the bachelor home of Bob Ripley. The invaluable curios which Bob has brought from every corner of the globe were just playthings to Betsy, and her mother had to follow her about the huge mansion frantically to forestall their destruction. Bob, however, seemed to delight in her. He is a great lover of children, though there are none about his home. One of his great-

est thrills, he told me, was his selection by the Boys' Club of America as the man in public life, "They'd rather be". If there are no children at Ripley's home, however, there are certainly plenty of dogs. The place is overrun with them, and almost every tree on the island has a little bird-house in it. In addition to the dramatic and interesting, I have encountered some very lovely pictures in these visits of mine. I only wish I had the power to set down the impressions of a program from Dutch Pennsylvania.

Few have touched the heart of those people known as Mennonites and Amish and Dunkers. They are a wonderful lot of Americans. Shy, because those who don't understand are inclined to ridicule their quaint costumes and somewhat antiquated ways, they are difficult to approach. Once met and known, their sterling qualities stand out like a lighthouse in a fog. They are a stern and hardy lot. Of all the people in America, they alone have come closest to preserving the unflinching moral courage that set our pioneers apart.

I went to the kitchen of Granny Reams in York, Pennsylvania, for a broadcast. The microphones were placed on the sewing machine, and quilts were at the base of the doors to keep the warmth from leaking out to the rest of the freezing house. Granny told me about how she had lived those ninety years of hers, and about the quaint customs of her people and her region.

One thing stands out from that program. In this section the word "ain't" is used for
(Continued on page 86)



Grace Bradley's charm of natural freshness is guarded by the sensible attention she gives to proper diet, exercise, and beauty care. (She is currently featured in Republic's "Romance On The Run".)

Freshness

is the secret of Charm...in a Movie Star or a Cigarette



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TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 35)



Marvelous CAMILLE CREAM MASCARA now carries safely in attractive new Purse Vanity

Now CAMILLE gives to you her beautiful Dusty Pink and Ebony Plastic Vanity—complete with tube of high quality Cream Mascara and brush. With Camille's Mascara Vanity handy in your purse you can have lovely lashes wherever you happen to be at any time of day or night.

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10¢ at all toilet goods counters
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New WILDROOT CURLING LOTION

tering conversation.

"Don't think it was a simple way of making a living," Frescott cautions. "Every act had to develop its own code. It took years to get it right, with constant changes necessary to meet unexpected situations or to develop new tricks in the act.

"As an idea of how difficult the work was, if a mind reader lost his partner, he might have to spend six months or a year training a new one. The code required intense concentration from both the mind reader and assistant.

"The men had to keep on talking rapidly and all the while keep slipping in the right words without sounding repetitious enough to give the audience any hint of how the illusion was accomplished."

In the musical show of nearly two decades ago, *The Perfect Fool*, Ed Wynn apparently did the impossible and mastered the whole code along with his other work during the show's six-week rehearsal period. He did a burlesque, but included enough actual "mind reading" to baffle the audience.

Ed accomplished that by hiring one of vaudeville's established mind reading acts to work with him. The audience man of the act walked up and down the aisles chattering as usual. Ed sat on the stage giving the dumbfounding revelations. But behind the curtain, right behind Ed, was the real mind reader, listening to the code talk and whispering the answers into Ed's ear.

YOU noticed that Jack Benny went on no European cruise this summer. He just plumped himself comfortably down in California and lived the easy life he is fond of; lots of friends, and sleep any time of the day he feels like sleeping, which times come often with Jack.

One of the most comical moments of Jack's career was his perfectly serious remark as he stepped off the *Normandie* at the end of his last summer's jaunt to Europe. Jack was well tanned but a little tired looking.

"Sure, we had a great time," he answered the questions. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything.

"When you come to think of it, though," Jack, who can't get away with a lie, went on confidentially, "you can have just as good a time right here at home. With your wife along, you know, there is so much to keep packing and unpacking when you keep traveling from one place to another."

Next day, he and his pal, Fred Allen, sat down together, complaining to one another about the bad choices each had made for vacation. Fred had stayed at a good summer hotel instead of taking his usual little ramshackle bungalow, and Jack had gone to Europe.

ONE of the good radio classics that should be revived is the old Snow Village Sketches, also titled for a time Socony-



Nancy Lauck, Lum's daughter, and Gary Goff, Abner's son, are taken for a ride by their fond parents, or is it the other way around?

RADIO STARS

land Sketches. You must remember them, comical, sentimental tales of the rivalry of two old village skinflints, Hiram and Dan'l—all told with a rich New England tang.

Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen, who played those two rôles for nearly a decade, are doing very well acting in other radio and stage pieces. That takes the urgency of financial straits from their effort to find a new sponsor to revive the old series.

The revival should be arranged, however. The stories and the way these two played them had almost the quality of American folk tales.

LISTENERS who specialize in opera must have been surprised this past summer at hearing the voice of Jimmy Melton singing leading tenor rôles with the Cincinnati Summer Opera Company, right alongside famous figures of the Metropolitan Opera. And they must have been even more surprised at liking this stranger to operatic ranks. So were the Cincinnati music critics, who have heaped a diet of steady praise on the tenor their home company promoted to operatic stature.

Jim laid the foundation for this in years of hard work. With his boyish, jaunty self-confidence, he had the idea that this business of singing serious stuff was right down his alley at the start of his career as a popular tenor. He rented one of the leading New York concert halls and sang a recital six years ago.

The lambasting which New York music critics gave the presumptuous young man was merciless. Jim had a greater slab of pure egotism than he has now and the harsh

critics almost broke his heart. They also sobered his ideas about music.

He buckled down to hard work with vocal teachers and coaches, practiced tirelessly. When his radio work made him affluent enough to own a fifty-foot yacht, he went to great trouble and expense getting a piano aboard. Nothing interfered with his central idea. He was determined to become a serious artist as well as radio tenor, some day.

Radio has graduated a lot of singers to opera, but most of them were majoring in operatic work in the first place. Jim is the first popular tenor from radio to make the jump.

THERE are lots of claims and counter-claims about who invented the idea of those quiz contests now running rampant in radio. It is an argument that will not be settled. Question-and-answer and man-in-the-street interviews are as old as radio and their origin is lost in the chaos of radio's early history. They were running along in their quiet ways and suddenly happened to become widely popular, just as crossword puzzles and *Ask Me Another* did in newspapers fifteen years ago.

The only priority that can be awarded is crediting *Vox Pop* with being the oldest on the networks at the moment. The program was brought from a Texas local station to fill in for the Joe Penner vacation in the summer of 1934, and has been on the chains continuously since.

HERE'S an instance of radio's outgrowing that old theory of the twelve-year-old mind of its audience. Orson Welles undertook a series of dramas for the Columbia

network this summer, with the understanding that he was to have a free hand in choice of theme. Usually those programs have nervous vice presidents hovering around to make sure that these highbrows do not overshoot the radio audience's mentality.

Orson understood those conditions and chose stories with plenty of fast action, *Dracula* and *Treasure Island*, for his first two vehicles. Imagine the astonishment he felt when the nervous vice president in this case cautioned Welles about being too conservative.

"I thought," came the reproof, "that you would attempt at least one purely psychic study. We have plenty of dramas of action now. My idea was an experiment in dramatization and portrayal of mental processes."

No matter how you rate Welles' series this summer, it did bring out a new note in radio's vice-presidential advice.

CHRISTMAS is still a long way off but, even so, don't make any plans about giving the wife a television set for Christmas. The sets are now on the market. Nevertheless, the day when you can turn a switch and get television entertainment as readily as radio programs still seems as indefinitely far in the future as ever.

There is so little to receive even if you do own a set. All of the few transmitters in the country are on experimental licenses and operate irregularly. A good part of what they do send out is just charts or studies of sides of buildings for observation of varying conditions of light.

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BETTINA BELMONT, Society Deb,

SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"

I'M OUTDOORS A LOT—THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM—IT SMOOTHS AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—HOLDS POWDER. AND IT'S A GRAND OVERNIGHT CREAM. NOW I USE IT TO HELP PROVIDE AGAINST POSSIBLE LOSS OF "SKIN-VITAMIN" FROM MY SKIN, TOO



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WHAT GOES ON AT RADIO PARTIES?

(Continued from page 43)

happened to be an NBC publicity man and, after his recovery, the incident created the gag of: "That's what happens when an NBC man goes to a Columbia party."

When radio stars whose programs originate in other cities visit New York, the occasion is usually celebrated with a luncheon, cocktail party or dinner and, at times, rare bits of entertainment are provided. For example, at *Amos 'n' Andy's* luncheon, the blackface comedy pair demonstrated the way they assume the various mike rôles of their programs, explaining how variations in tone and pitch make it possible for them to portray so many different characters. At a beefsteak dinner given for Eddie Cantor, his own quick wit was the highlight of the stag affair. When one of the guests said, "Thank you, son," to a newspaperman who was helping him with his coat, Eddie said, "What do you mean, son? You didn't finish it!"

Kate Smith's début last season was marked by a party at Sardi's Restaurant between her two broadcasts (the second being a repeat for the West Coast). Her guests formed the swankiest dressed crowd ever seen at a broadcast première, inasmuch as the invitations indicated that formal dress was in order. Kate pepped up the event in true Hollywood style by having a battery of Klieg lights play on the entrance to the Columbia Playhouse, and the event attracted so much attention

that a local non-CBS station even conducted lobby interviews with the noted guests as they arrived.

As indicated earlier in this article, parties on boats are popular. When Major Bowes launched his 81-foot craft, he sent out invitations to the radio scribes and a small group of associates. The party assembled at the shipyards in the Harlem River Ship Canal where the yacht *Edmar* (named after Bowes, the *Ed* for Edward, and the *-mar* for his late wife, Margaret Illington), was ready to take to the open waters. A priest blessed the boat and the guests filed on board, each receiving a St. Christopher's medal from the Major, who greeted the visitors in the resplendent garb of a commodore (the title honorarily conferred on him by the Mobile Yacht Club).

The boat got under way, the guests chatting in the cockpit or in the elaborate dining salon where a buffet lunch was served. The *Edmar* entered the Hudson River at Spuyten Duyvil and proceeded down-stream to the very tip of Manhattan Island. It began to rain and the water was choppy. Soon the Major decided to put an overcoat over his commodore's togs and went out to the open bridge to chat with the skipper. But whenever the photographers on board prepared to snap pictures, the Major doffed the coat.

Bowes announced that the visitors would
(Continued on page 76)



Nadine Conner, soprano star, is as easy to look at as she is to listen to.

TAKE YOUR DEGREE IN RADIO

(Continued from page 45)

force, the education it offers in unlabeled programs that are interesting and entertaining while still of sound educational value.

"The teachers' concept of radio education was all too often merely a broadcast lecture, ignoring the fact that a medium which could bring the public taste from *The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise* to Sibelius, in five short years is, of itself, a great educational force.

"We demonstrated that competence in a classroom was not enough for radio. And gradually the teachers' attitude changed. Also, we found radio people eager to become, themselves, teachers of their own profession."

Too, many instructors in local schools and colleges found themselves appointed to various positions for which they lacked special knowledge; teachers were made Directors of Radio Education, Public School Radio Directors and such, as radio became an increasingly larger force in education. Yet those teachers had no means, except trial and error, of learning about broadcasting.

So the N.Y.U. Workshop—and others like it—originated, giving intensive summer courses in radio in all its branches with special emphasis on the teachers' problems, and each summer, students went home to their local stations, to schools, colleges or towns, equipped to handle their jobs.

The N. Y. U. Workshop, with the resignation of the former Director, Phillip Cohan, who is studying broadcasting in England, completely reorganized its program this summer, with even greater em-

phasis on the practical side of radio instruction. There are no formal academic credits required for entrance, but a high degree of selectivity is maintained in admitting students. Only those whose qualifications show adaptability for the work, or whose past experience and background show that they may profit by it, are admitted. The percentage of undergraduates at the N. Y. U. Workshop is low; in the present enrolment there are four out of some fifty-five.

Especially does the Workshop discourage those who are merely "radio-struck" and are "dying to get in radio". This type of student is turned away, as was one young man whose interview, when he applied, disclosed that he had failed to accomplish anything in several different lines of endeavor and thought radio "would be nice".

As a result of careful student selectivity and the practical value of the instruction, most radio courses point with considerable pride to graduates who have found places for themselves in radio. Many of the University of Washington's radio alumni are now working for the major networks, and among the members of last year's Summer Workshop at N. Y. U. there are, less than one year later, three Directors of Radio for city public school systems, one University Director of Radio, one freelance radio

script writer who has two programs running on major networks, one announcer, one production man on a chain, a University Production Director and several others in various radio jobs.

It's a far cry from the days when radio was the "stepchild"; when talent was drawn from any and all sources, mostly amateur, when recognized performers were coaxed and cajoled into making microphone appearances, usually gratis, and most announcers were expected to double as singers or accompanists.

Then, if you wanted to learn about radio, there were only two alternatives. You could try to wangle a job on your local station and learn as you went along, or you might have gone to one of the fly-by-night "schools" that advertised next to the patent medicines. The law has since clamped down on those Deans of Deception who took money from the credulous for instruction in something vaguely called "microphone technique". Mostly, what you learned was to be chary about believing everything you were told.

There's still no place for the person who is attracted to radio because it's a "glamour" job; nor for the boy or girl who thinks it would be fun to work in radio. They might better save their time, for chances are they won't be admitted to any of the better courses. But for the serious student who wants to make radio a life-work, for the man or woman who has a radio job or background already and wants to improve himself, for those who have a definite talent and ability along radio lines and want to learn from the bottom up . . . they'll show you.

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**WHAT GOES ON AT
RADIO PARTIES?**

(Continued from page 74)

disembark at the police pier at the Battery, and he used his elaborate two-way radio-telephone to call the Police Department, asking for permission to tie up at the municipal dock. Not only was permission granted, but a police launch was dispatched to meet the *Edmar* and escort her in. Also, a delegation of gold-badged officials was at the pier to meet the yacht with all the ceremony usually attached to the arrival of a trans-Atlantic flier or English Channel swimmer.

When Nino Martini signed with the Metropolitan Opera Company, the event was celebrated with a midnight reception and supper on the palatial Italian liner, *Conte de Savoia*, at its New York pier. The ship was chockful of the biggest names in the music world, and radio folk can recall no other party at which they ate their dessert with gold spoons. But not everyone who came remained to eat. So many were invited that it was necessary to wait until a large number left before food could be served.

Lawrence Tibbett is a popular party host. He has the knack of remembering names, even among scores of newcomers, and introducing guests to each other with nary a fumble. He injects showmanship into his parties and, last New Year's Eve, the highlight of a reception he held in his East Side penthouse was the ceremony of hanging his wife's painting. It is recalled that when Tibbett launched a tire company series, the event prompted a party, but it was discovered that a cigarette sponsor had previously sent out invitations for the same night to the exact guest list Tibbett planned to use. The singer's solution was to invite the same crowd to his midnight repeat broadcast and then to a late supper. The event was a big success for Tibbett, but the two parties in a single night left his guests a bit bleary-eyed the next day.

When H. V. Kaltenborn, the commentator, took temporary leave of the air to visit Europe, CBS arranged a *bon voyage* party for him in one of New York's biggest commercial wine cellars. Tables were set between the huge warehouse casks. The place was so large that railroad tracks ran right into the building.

Sitting on kegs in the long cask valley, like the friars of old, and inhaling the sweet fragrance of choice vintages, the guests had an old-fashioned spaghetti dinner with many varieties of wine. When August Janssen, the noted restaurateur and father of Conductor Werner Janssen, got up to relate the ways in which wine should be kept, served and appreciated, the guests at the far end of the table were not too attentive. They were, however, busy appreciating the wines. When Janssen sat down, apparently a bit irritated, one radio scribe moved up to a chair near him and the pair discussed wines far into the night.

A type of party far different from any other was given by CBS when the Army

Air Corps conducted the first "blackout" maneuvers this country ever witnessed. Two buses conveyed the network's guests to Farmingdale, Long Island, and dinner was served in the officers' mess tent. While waiting for the maneuvers to start, the party spent an hour in a nearby roadhouse partaking of refreshments and singing war songs. After the spectacular war games, the buses headed back to town, but there was one more stop at an East Fifty-second Street restaurant before everyone turned homeward.

There's no doubt that the radio folk know the secret of successful party-throwing.

Here are the four main points of a successful radio party:

1. Clever stunts (like Raymond Knight's idea of making a phonograph record so that he was able to indulge in a two-way conversation with his own voice).

2. Food and liquor. (An ample supply should be on hand. Guests don't come with that in mind, perhaps, but how they go for it once they arrive!)

3. No long speeches. (The guest is ready to hear the "commercial" that goes with a party, but make it brief!)

4. Don't ask your guests for opinions of your program. (If asked point-blank, they are bound to answer in a complimentary, but insincere, fashion. Writers, particularly, dislike such queries. They prefer to save their comments for their columns, where they can be frank.)

And here's what the radio host would like (but doesn't dare) to tell his guests:

1. Don't break dishes.
2. Don't get intoxicated.
3. Don't alarm your host (as one fellow did by going to sleep in a bathtub, causing a "rescuer" to be lowered to the bathroom window to investigate his absence).
4. Don't make a play for another fellow's girl (and, if a girl, don't make a play for the other girl's fellow.)



Bette Garde, dramatic actress heard on many outstanding air shows, has named her two dogs Mr. and Mrs. Wiggs after characters in the radio serial of that name, in which she stars.

MRS. WIGGS GOES TO TOWN

(Continued from page 50)

working and pleasure time in the city. She wouldn't want to live even in the suburbs because, she says, she couldn't bear commuting to the studio every day. Her only resemblance to Mrs. Wiggs, aside from her friendly personality, lies in the fact that she, too, has a Mr. Wiggs to worry over. Only in Betty's case, Mr. Wiggs happens to be an ingratiating black cocker spaniel with an appetite for slippers and new novels!

Betty has had wide experience as an actress on stage, screen and radio. She started out at fifteen in stock in Philadelphia, where she was born, and her versatile talents soon won her many rôles on Broadway. She appeared on the screen in several films when talkies were new, but returned to the stage before making her radio debut in 1933. She has been playing Mrs. Wiggs for four years now, and feels that she knows every phase of her character. The amazing costume she has assembled to show you her idea of what Mrs. Wiggs would look like, were she fact instead of fiction, is an excellent interpretation of the character, you'll certainly agree.

Clever at make-up and costuming for character parts, she's every bit as smart when it comes to dressing herself to express the personality of Betty Garde. We knew she'd have lots of fashion hints for you, and indeed she gave them so willingly and imparted so much useful information

that we've had a hard time boiling it all down to fit the length of the article.

When we interviewed her one warm summer's day over luncheon in Radio City, she was looking fresh and lovely in a black crêpe dress, with gay flowered blouse and short-sleeved bolero. Her red-brown hair curled softly under a wide-brimmed hat of deep wine linen. She had just come back from Bermuda, and a warm golden tan brought out the deep blue of her eyes and the whiteness of her friendly smile. She's crazy about Bermuda and hopes some day to have a house there, and as we were about to depart for those enchanted shores, we had a hard time sticking to the subject of fashion. However, we put our mind to it, and were able to glean lots of helpful advice for you.

Betty Garde is a tall, well-built young woman who knows just what lines to follow in her clothes to complement her figure and personality. Her advice, therefore, is mostly for girls above average height, like herself, but she also has some good tips for half-pints. Her answer to the question: "What general type of fashion do you prefer in general?" was that given by all women who must and do look smart at all times.

"Most of all, I like black, or black and white, for both daytime and evening. The busy woman will find that a plain, simply-made black dress in a good fabric is not only always good-looking, but is also

easiest to care for. You can change it about in so many ways by the addition of interesting costume jewelry. That's one reason I'm grateful for my height. The petite woman must be so careful that she is not overpowered by heavy, massive jewelry, but the tall girl can pile it on pretty thick without overstepping the bounds of good taste. I'm just a fool for "junk" jewelry, and have a terrible time getting past the counter in the stores these days. I like the massive, antique gold pieces set with semi-precious stones, the heavy silver bracelets and pins set with turquoise, the cameo pendants, the coin jewelry they're showing for fall."

If you must follow fads, and every woman does to some extent, then take it out in a new matching necklace and earrings, a pair of bracelets, a tricky lapel gadget, interesting "conversation pieces". Your "public" will be so fascinated by your new choker, or the long chain laden with little dangling charms which you've wound round and round your arm as a bracelet, that they'll not even notice that the same black crêpe or light-weight wool dress serves as a flattering background. That's still another point for black—it makes a perfect foil for glittering or colorful costume jewelry.

Except for her yen for costume jewelry, Betty doesn't go in for the things that are "the last word in fashion", "the newest novelty". Too often, she finds, they are just fads that die almost as soon as they come out, and are useless after a few wearings. Some women, of course, make a practice of getting the very latest styles as soon as they are launched, but they are the exceptions. For every one

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BEFORE Mary X. discovered Marchand's—her hair was dull, drab and mousey looking which, contrasting against her light complexion, did much to age and destroy her beauty and charm.



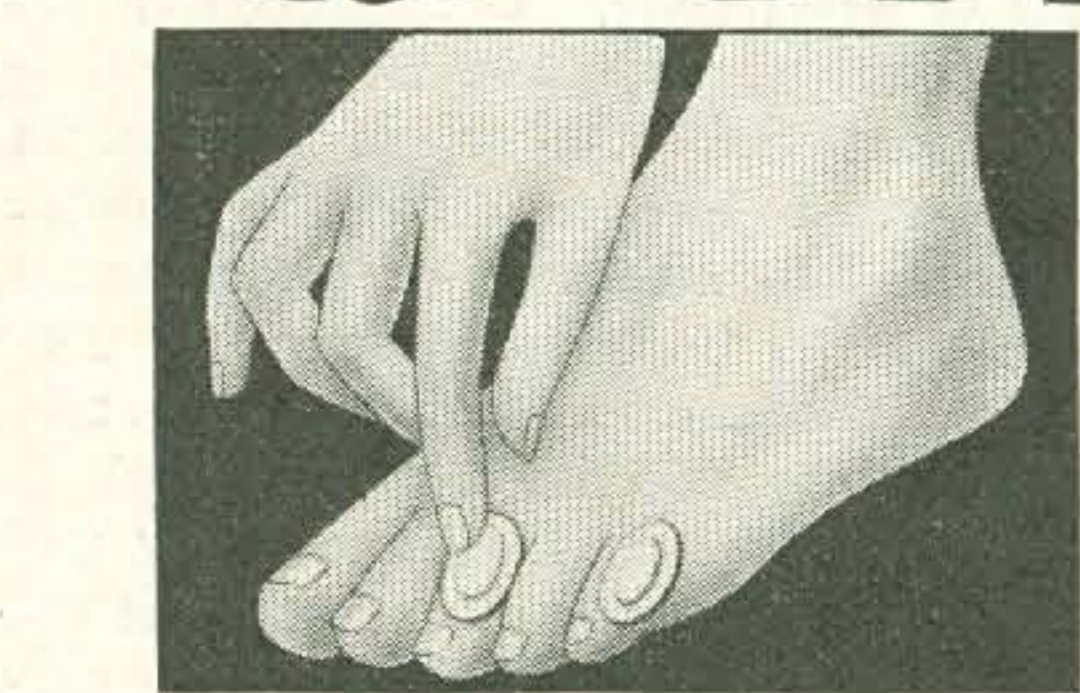
AFTER Mary X. used Marchand's—Note the blonde highlights that blend into perfect color harmony with her fair skin and light eyes. Now she is younger looking and more glamorous.



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of them, there are a thousand more who have neither the time nor the income to pick up each extreme style as it appears. Yet they certainly don't want to look outmoded or dowdy. To them, Betty gives this sound advice:

"If you buy a *good* dress or suit, without extreme lines, you'll get a lot more satisfaction out of it. What if you do wear it three years? If it was well made, of a good fabric to begin with, and if it fits you comfortably and you always feel well in it, you'll probably be sorry when the time comes to discard it.

"Lines should be simple, well-tailored, with no extra flounces or too much trimming to add to your size. Stay away from the V-neck—the square or high, rounded neckline is best. All color and decoration should be placed above the waist. The tall girl should avoid the dirndl, for instance. Dirndls are a charming style for the little slim miss, but only make the big girls look taller and wider, and a little silly besides."

Well, the little girls will continue to wear their dirndls this fall, in a more youthful, slimmer silhouette than the summer's peasant version, with a flared rather than a gathered skirt on the snug dirndl bodice. But there are plenty of new straight-up-and-down styles for their bigger sisters. The newest silhouette shows a full, bloused back, belted in over a slenderized sheathe skirt. This gives you that breadth to the upper part of the body and shoulders which will serve to minimize your height. The dolman sleeve, which is such big fashion news this fall, is another feature that will appeal to tall women. This is the sleeve that is not set into the armhole separately, but is simply a continuation of the bloused bodice, with the lower part of the deep armhole sometimes coming almost to the waistline.

If you're tall, be as top-heavy as you please, for this has a good shortening effect on the figure. Concentrate color and trimming on the bodice. The bolero is a good style for you, and is continuing its popularity this season, not only as an extra jacket on a dress, but in many other forms. You'll see it in bright colors on dark dresses in the familiar removable type, and sometimes in what might be called "pseudo-bolero" form, as part of the body of the frock.

Color is also being used in many interesting ways. You'll find that a dark dress with dark skirt, sleeves and back, and a brightly colored vest will be very attractive on a tall, slim figure. The girl who is not only tall but also a bit overweight, and who knows that the diagonal line is not just a geometrical term, but a device that does wonders toward slimming out her figure, will like the style which uses diagonal lines of color interestingly placed to have a flattering, slenderizing effect.

"I prefer a heavy fabric with a body to it," added Betty. "In the first place, heavy materials adapt themselves better to the simple, straight lines that I like, and the tall woman can carry them, whereas they overpower the shorter girl. Then, too, they fit your figure so well. A lighter fabric that tends to billow will add pounds, and if it fits too snugly, every unbecoming line is silhouetted too clearly.

"For fall and winter, there's nothing quite so useful as a costume suit in a soft wool. I have one in "duck" blue that is absolutely indispensable. The dress is the basic type so I can vary it with costume jewelry. The coat is full-length and trimmed down the front with natural skunk, which, by the way, everyone thinks is mink. This type of suit is so much more useful than a three-piece model. On very cold days I wear the dress under my fur coat, whereas a jacket suit would be much too bulky. I feel well dressed in it at any hour of the day, which is certainly a lifesaver when I haven't time to go home and change between engagements."

This fall, with shoes and accessories going into color, you probably won't be able to resist its lure. But, if your feet are at all Garbo-esque, be careful! Try wearing colored shoes in the more subdued, softer shades, in dull, smooth leathers. You will find many styles designed in two colors or in two shades of one color, arranged in cross-wise patterns that have a shortening effect upon the foot.

"The two types of clothes I like best," said Betty, "are tailored day-time clothes, and evening gowns. My favorite and most useful evening dress is a plain black crêpe with a low-cut neckline and moderately low back. It's a grand background for my costume jewelry, and I also have a collection of little jackets to wear with it that change its appearance completely. The ostrich feather coat I wear with it is finger-tip length, and was designed by Schiaparelli. The long, uncurled ostrich feathers have the same softly flattering effect as long-haired furs, which I love." Score another point for the tall girl, who can wear the luxurious long-haired furs that are so soft and becoming, but which are too much for the short girl to carry.

Betty's final word of fashion advice concerns every woman, no matter what her size.

"Buy your clothes, each season, all at the same time," she counsels. "If you have time, take a day to shop around and see everything. Then, when you have a comprehensive idea of the styles being offered, assemble your costumes. I like to shop early each season. You get a much better selection, and the fabrics and workmanship are of a higher quality. I think the new idea the stores have of coordinating the various departments is an excellent one. When they do this, you can be sure that your costume and accessories are going to harmonize in color, style and quality.

"My Mrs. Wiggs get-up is a good example of what not to do, as it was assembled in a helter-skelter manner. The bonnet, with its brave purple ribbons, was exhumed from the attic; the shawl I found at a rummage sale; and the dress was about to be discarded by the costumer when I picked it up. Artful make-up does the rest toward making me look as dowdy as possible.

"The woman who makes the most of herself, who uses her cosmetics carefully and cleverly, and who dresses to suit her particular type of figure, need never fear that she will be mistaken for *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch!*"

TEN MOST UNUSUAL PEOPLE IN RADIO

(Continued from page 55)

Phillips Lord developed his own showmanship on the air.

MIRIAM WOLFF:

Among other unusual personalities developed by radio has been a plethora of talented children. From Baby Rose Marie to Mary Ann Bock with the Spitalny program, many clever youngsters have sung, danced and acted before the mike. But perhaps one of the most unusual child performers of all, and certainly the least publicized, is Miriam Wolff, who plays, of all things, the part of *Old Nancy*, the cackling old witch who introduces the eerie, scary *Witch's Tale* program of Alonzo Deen Cole, one of the oldest serious dramatic programs in radio.

The original *Old Nancy* was Adelaide Fitz Allen, a veteran actress of 78 years. When Miss Fitz Allen died in February, 1935, the writer-actor-producer, Alonzo Deen Cole, auditioned nearly a hundred actresses for the part, finally selecting Miss Mildred Holland, another veteran of over seventy years, who had retired from the stage several years before. And, now, for the past two years, the part of *Old Nancy* has been played by thirteen-year-old Miriam Wolff—a little girl only eleven when she began in the rôle. Mr. Cole has consistently refused to publicize the fact that Miss Wolff is a child; perhaps he feels that this would destroy the illusion when the hoarse, weird, cackling voice sounds eerily from the loudspeaker. Miss Wolff has done few other things in radio, but the talent of a child who can play, convincingly, an ancient crone deserves our nomination as one of the truly unusual personalities on the air.

And there they are—the ten most unusual radio people. That there are many more unusual and outstanding performers on the air cannot be denied. These have been selected, by consensus of opinion, not because they are the only ones, or even the best ones, but as the most representative of their various fields. We hope you agree!



Kate Smith caught in action by a very candid camera.

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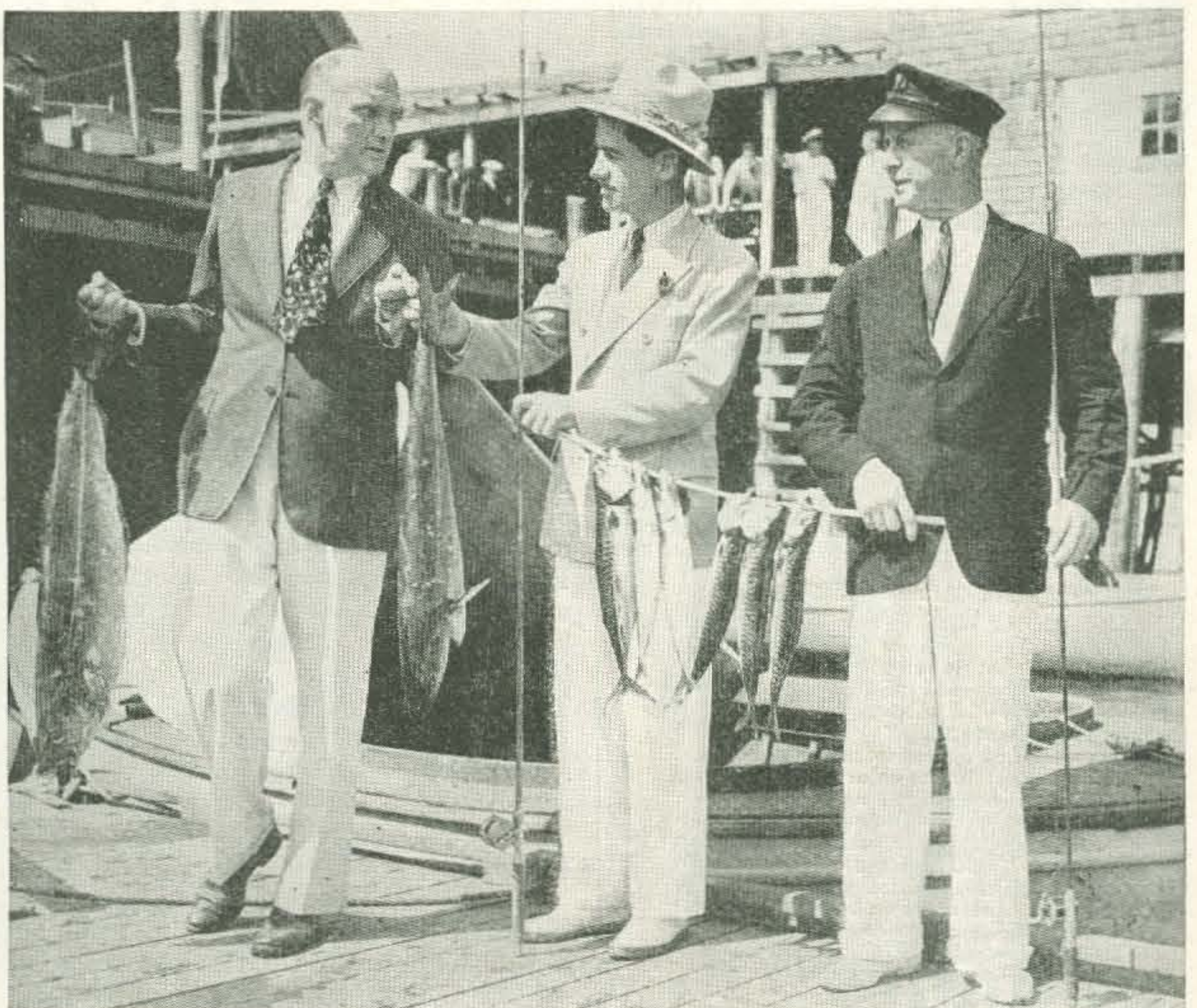
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When Commander Donald B. MacMillan, Arctic explorer, sailed on his seventeenth voyage to the Arctic Circle, Lowell Thomas accompanied him as far as Bar Harbor. During the trip, Thomas tried his luck at salt water fishing and landed a nice string of pollock and mackerel. (Left to right) Author Richard Hallett, Lowell Thomas and Commander MacMillan.

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This is Evelyn, who plays her Magic Violin on Phil Spitalny's *Hour of Charm*. As concert-meistress, she heads the All-Girl orchestra.

THE BANDWAGON

(Continued from page 47)

newcomer for that occasion. The name on the record label read, "Frances Langford".

A few years ago he was touring the country with his *Texaco* amateur audition programs. The idea was to discover an outstanding vocalist in each locality he visited. One singer he found was Kenny Baker. He hired Kenny, but found that he wasn't able to sing in fox-trot tempo. Eddy kept him on, though, to sing ballads only.

This fall, on September 27, Eddy returns to the toniest spot in New York town—the Persian Room of the Plaza Hotel. It was while playing at the Plaza last winter that he collected his greatest thrill. He had just gone to bed when the phone rang. The dialogue went something like this:

Operator: "Washington, D. C., calling. A Mrs. Roosevelt wants to talk to you."

Duchin: "Okay."

Voice: "This is Mrs. Roosevelt."

Duchin: "Jr. or Sr.?"

Voice: "Sr. Mrs. Franklin Delano, Sr."

(Small sounds as Eddy falls out of bed and then frantically clutches receiver.)

Voice: "I understand my boys are having a little trouble getting you for our party . . ."

Eddy was finally able to make the party. It was at this affair that Eleanor Roosevelt came over to him and asked if he'd play a Virginia Reel. Before Eddy could say yes, young F. D. R., Jr., came in with: "Aw, Ma, don't crab the party."

HE WHO LAUGHS

Here's one little side-light on the famed Bing Crosby career which I don't think has ever slid into print. It concerns that period in Dr. Crosby's life when he was on tour with a vaudeville unit. He had reached the charming town of Baltimore in the State of Maryland and met the very enterprising manager of the theatre where he was booked to play. The manager thought that a good way to guarantee box-office business was to hold a "Bing Crosby Contest" and thus attract the attention and entries of those Baltimore youths who believed they could boo-boo-boo.

The contest was a success and very much on the level. The judges caught no glimpse of the contestants until their decision had been made and announced. Since chances of identification were slim, some of Bing's well-meaning friends suggested that he enter the contest—just for the laughs. The laughs were there, all right. Bing won third prize as a Crosby imitator!

THEN there's a yarn about Ben Bernie. One night he was sitting with a bunch of the boys in Lindy's on Broadway. Gong-ringer Major Bowes was heard with his amateurs over a local New York station in those days, and he was on the air that night when Ben was in the restaurant. On that occasion, too, a bright idea dawned and Bernie walked over to *WHN*,

RADIO STARS

the Bowes station, chatted with the Major and soon the Amateur Gentleman announced that he had a tyro who wanted to try an imitation of Ben Bernie.

So the Ole Maestro himself went on to do himself. You're right. There wasn't a single telephonic vote of approval of his rendition.

OFF THE COB

Irene Beasley is the tall gal from Dixie who's been conducting the *R. F. D. No. 1* morning programs over CBS. Irene, plantation-bred and an ex-resident of a Tennessee Rural Free Delivery route, came to New York and made a name for herself with her rhythm songs. But, thinking of her own background, she created the idea of *R. F. D. No. 1*—a program of songs and chatter for farm fans. Irene's a real farmerette at heart and she's even arranged with the Post Office to take care of the mail from her farm listeners. It is addressed to "Irene Beasley, R. F. D. No. 1, New York City"—and it is delivered to her at home. Which means that R. F. D. No. 1 in New York is a lovely, modernistic apartment right off of Park Avenue in the teeming Fifties. And not a cow or cornfield in sight.

"SASCHA, JASCHA, MISCHA, TOSCHA"

If you heard the George Gershwin memorial program, over CBS on a Sunday in July, you probably remember a song the Modernaires sang called Sascha, Jascha, Mischa and Toscha.

That was a tune which George wrote with his brother, Ira, twenty years ago for a musical comedy. It was a comedy song dedicated to four great violinists—S. Jacobsen, J. Heifetz, M. Elman and T. Seidel. After its initial appearance, everybody forgot about it until the memorial concert. It was listed for the program and CBS began to hunt for a copy. There was none to be found in New York. Columbia called Ira Gershwin in California. He had no copy, but maybe Random House, the publishers who once printed 250 copies of a limited Gershwin Song Book edition, had a copy left. After much search, Random House came through. For the first time in twenty years S., J., M., and T. was sung professionally. And this time, it was out of a book.

"YOUR STATION IS——"

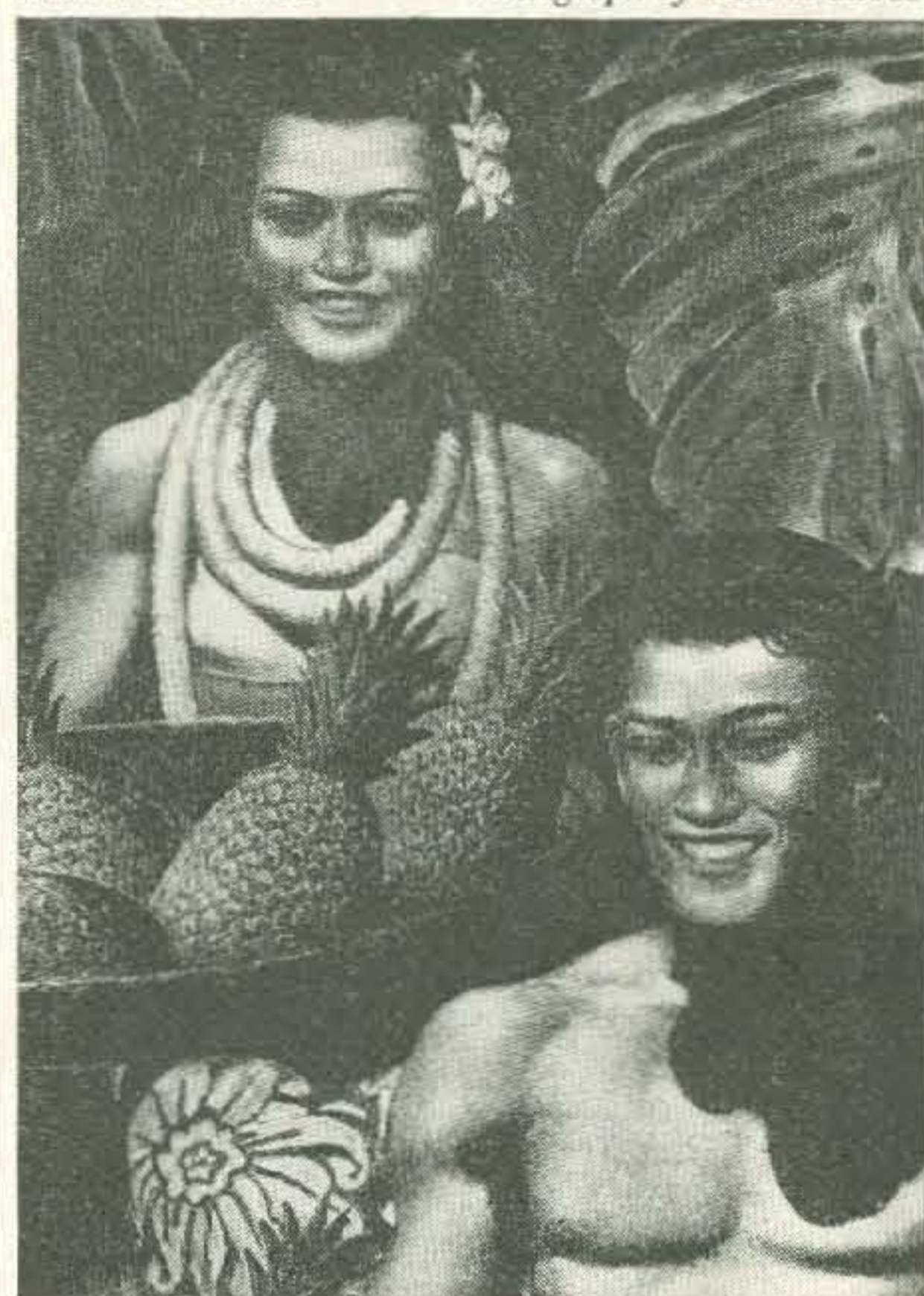
Before the *Kay Kyser Musical Kollege* goes on the air each Wednesday night, Announcer Ben Grauer and Kay indulge in a dash of repartee for the benefit of the studio audience. Now when the show comes on, if you listen carefully, the first sound you hear is laughter from the New York audience. Grauer is responsible.

Usual procedure on a program is the signal for dead silence, then station announcement and then a new signal and the show's on the air. Ben follows that system up to the few seconds before the station announcement. At that moment, he solemnly moves to the microphone and says: "This is Station W.P.A., New York."

(Continued on page 82)

PINEAPPLE HARVEST

Lithograph by ROBERT RIGGS



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Annette King, *Breakfast Club* and *Club Matinée* singer, was born in Aurora, Illinois. She's been heard on NBC programs since 1936.

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WATCH THIS GENTLEMAN

If you're interested in picking a winner, you might keep your eye on Glenn Miller. Miller is an infant-in-arms, as far as band-leading experience goes. But the lad is on his way up—fast.

Glenn has had his own band for a little over four months now. Before he took that fatal step, he was running close to Larry Clinton as an arranging wizard. Too, from no less an authority than Trombone-man Tommy Dorsey, Glenn is one of the best trombonists in lo! these many states. During the past ten years he has worked as an arranger for Ray Noble, Benny Goodman, Red Nichols, Glen Gray and the Dorseys.

With that arranging-playing background, Miller has everything he needs to come through. Besides, he's a very nice guy.

Pick young Mr. Miller if you—like me—have fun saying, "I told you so."

DRUM MASTER

Rollo Leland, who pounds the drums for Paul Whiteman, is one of the few left-handed drummers in the business. When he was younger, infantile paralysis left him with a pretty useless right hand. By tremendous will-power and tireless work, he is now able to use his right hand. But where most drummers depend upon their right for fancy strokes, Leland uses his left.

Development of his will-power has resulted in Rollo's strong belief in mental telepathy. Through telepathy, he says, he knows exactly what an instrumental soloist is going to do next when he gets in front of a band and begins to ride out on a swing chorus. If you have doubts, listen to Leland play the drum background for a swing soloist. He either reads minds or is a darned good guesser.

He's about twenty-three years old. Before joining Whiteman, he graduated from the University of Wisconsin. Now he is getting his master's degree from the same university by correspondence. He is majoring in English literature and hopes some day to be an important writer. His first book has already been published. It's called *The Elements of Jazz Drumming*. Gene Krupa was his collaborator.

IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS

Five years or so ago, Morton Downey had just arrived at a CBS studio to rehearse for one of his programs, when the producer rushed up to him with the news that something had happened to the conductor. Downey, instead of insisting that another maestro be discovered in a hurry, looked over the first-row violin section. He beckoned to one violinist sitting there: "Do you think you can lead this band?" "Sure I can."

That night the violinist conducted the orchestra for Downey. He was good and Mort insisted that he be made a conductor, not only for his show but for other CBS productions. The young violinist has since lived up to every Downey expectation. His name is Mark Wainow.

MEET CLINTON'S WAIN

It's about time you met Bea Wain, the young lady vocalist who has been an important figure in the success of the Larry Clinton band.

Bea is now twenty-one. When she was six, she sang on a WJZ children's program and got \$2. In high school they didn't think she was good enough to join the glee club. After that turn-down, a small New York station offered her a job. She continued with school and sang, too. The station sold her on a commercial. She wanted to graduate and said no. But they saved the sponsor for her until after graduation.

In 1934, she joined three boys and became *Bea and the Bachelors*. One of the gentlemen was Al Rinker, ex-*Rhythm Boy*. The others were Ken Lane and Johnny Smedburg. They sang on WOR, and Bea bows low and says she learned all she knows about rhythm and swing from her confreres.

The four joined the Kay Thompson choir in '36. That lasted for a year and a half. Then, accidentally, they teamed up with the *Modernaires* and became the *V-8 Octet* on Fred Waring's show—a maid and seven men. She met Andre Baruch during the run of that program and ignored him.

Pneumonia forced her retirement until



Lanny Ross, having completed a movie, may turn to radio again this fall. However, he has made no definite plans at present.

RADIO STARS

September, 1937, when she joined Ted Straeter's chorus on the Kate Smith program. Baruch was announcer on that show. A photographer wanted a picture of a girl on a man's shoulder. He picked Andre and Bea. That started something.

She had sung exactly four weeks with Straeter when she got a call from a new bandleader. He had a recording date at Victor the next day. Would she come and ask for Larry Clinton? He heard her sing for the first time when she made a record of *True Confession* with his orchestra. He asked her to join his band and sing on a Thursday night NBC program competing with her own show. It was a big gamble: Should she leave Straeter and Baruch and take a chance on an unknown? She took the chance. She didn't lose. She married Baruch in May. Today, Clinton is no longer an unknown. Neither is Bea Wain.

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY

According to the crystal ball, Morton Downey and Eddy Duchin will be an air team this coming radio season . . . If anybody bothers about my opinion, I'd like to state officially that Artie Shaw has the best swing band in America . . . Benny

Goodman goes into the socially nice Empire Room of the Waldorf-Astoria in the fall. Unless Goodman makes drastic changes in his music style, the engagement should not be too successful . . . Nan Wynn has done so well on Brunswick records that the company is now issuing platters starring Nan with her own orchestral combination. One of her first recordings is Monday Morning, written by a CBS guitar player.

For the record: On the Gershwin Memorial Program, Deems Taylor remarked that the Rhapsody in Blue was played for the first time on Washington's Birthday, 1924. It had its premiere on Lincoln's Birthday . . . Kay Kyser stays at the Pennsylvania Hotel's Madhattan Room this fall. Ginny Simms, Kay's vocalist, is an ex-school teacher . . . When Joan Edwards went on tour with Paul Whiteman, Mrs. Edwards went along to take care of her daughter. Joanie is feeling swell—Mrs. Edwards lost so much weight, she's on a recovery diet . . . Glenn Miller wrote a tune called Sold American, burlesquing the chant of the tobacco auctioneer. Because the cigarette company does a lot of radio advertising, CBS and NBC have banned the tune.

LARRY CLINTON SONG TITLE CONTEST WINNERS!

First Prize—Membership in the RCA-Victor Record Society. To:

HOWARD LEWIS, Bethlehem, Pa., with *Lament of a Lonely Lion*.

Second Prize—RCA-Victor Record Player. To:

ELVIRO FELCO, Mount Vernon, N. Y., with *Spinning the Big Top*.

Third Prize—Set of Larry Clinton's Victor Releases. To:

ROSE ANNE DAUGHERTY, Lancaster, Ohio, with *Monkey's Matinée*.
On behalf of Larry Clinton, RADIO

STARS and the *Bandwagon*, I want to thank each of you who sent us your title suggestion. The battle to pick the winners was a tough one. We had to eliminate such swell titles—just to list a few—as *Three Ring Swing*, *Sawdust Serenade*, *Big Top Jamboree* and *Beast on a Binge*. Honorable mention should go to Readers K. D. Stern and B. R. Snyder, too.

I hope you all had as much fun working on it as I did. Thanks again!
—J. M.



Marion Talley cavorts with Jean Sablon, French singer, on the beach in California. Both are heard on programs broadcast from Hollywood.

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PLATTER PATTER



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If you don't vote FEEN-A-MINT tops in easy, pleasant relief from constipation's headaches, sourness, and loginess, it won't cost you a single penny. Already millions of users, of all ages, praise this delicious chewing gum way to relieve constipation. It's modern. It's different. It's easy. And so effective. Just imagine—simply by chewing this marvelous-tasting gum you enjoy all its splendid benefits. That's why users say: "Why, it seems like magic!" FEEN-A-MINT is so easy and pleasant you'll wonder why you didn't try it sooner. Get FEEN-A-MINT today!

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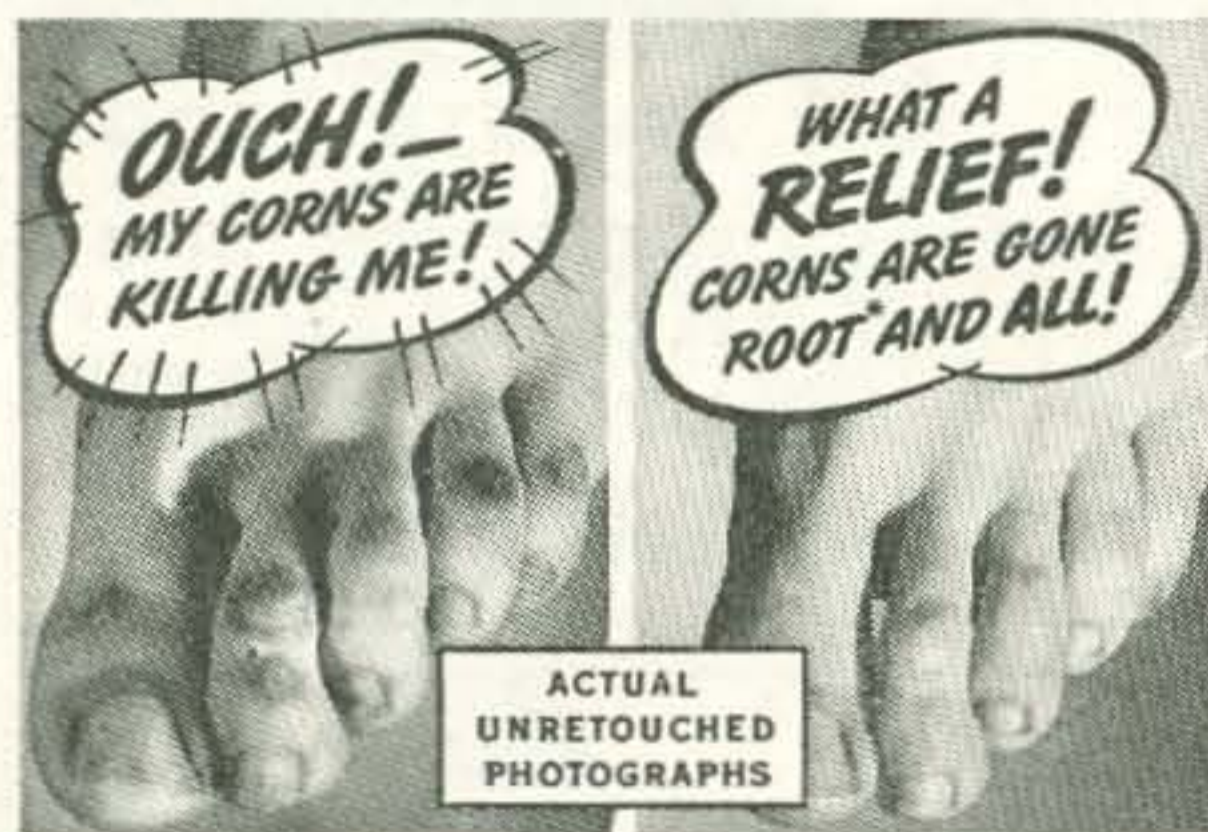
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* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

FOR RUG TURNER-BACKERS

On behalf of you shaggers, and even you polka-fiends, there's one outfit that gets the official *Platter Patter* Pat this month. It's Woody Herman's, which demonstrates what a good band should do on *Carolina In The Morning*, *Saving Myself For You*, *Caliope Blues* and—sh-h-h-h—*Flat Foot Floogee* (Decca). The vocals are Woody's—very, very fine . . . Sweet swinging Hal Kemp is back in shape with *You And Me*, *So Lovely* and two novelties—*So You Left Me For The Leader of A Swing Band* and *Rhyme A Rhyme-a-Ling* (Victor). They're good—but, oh those vocals by Judy Starr! The young lady hasn't learned yet, I'm afraid, how to sing songs in front of a microphone . . . Vocalion has the most unique offering of the season in Mannie Klein and his Swing-a-Hulas. Mannie, one of the trade's top trumpeters, has combined with three Hawaiian instrumentalists and dreamed up such gems as *Dreamy Hawaiian Moon* and *Hooihi Oe Ke Ike Mai*. They are major musical contributions.

Gene Krupa continues to develop. He pays homage to the jittery-bugs with *Wirebrush Stomp* and *What Goes On Here?* (Brunswick) . . . Bob Crosby's *Dixielanders keep goin' 'round and 'round* in that inspired groove they've hit with *Royal Garden Blues* and *Tea For Two*. *The Bobcats yowl in swing-time* on *March of the Bobcats* and *Who's Sorry Now?* (Decca) . . . The B. Goodman killer-diller is *Wrappin' It Up* and *My Melancholy Baby*. Big John Special coupled with *Flat Foot Floogee* is painfully "hot," as we used to say in the pre-swing days . . . One of the greatest combinations on records is *Teddy Wilson* and *Nan Wynn*. *Their If I Were You* (Brunswick) is pluperfect. On the other side, *Teddy* and his band go it alone with *Jungle Love*.

Larry Clinton, one of my personal favorites, should be a little more careful in picking his recording tunes. A lot of them are highly mediocre. One platter you should like, though, is a Clinton-Dorsey double-feature. Larry does *Mr. Jinx*, *Stay Away from Me*, with *Bea Wain* swinging her usual elegant vocal. On the other side, Tommy offers *This Time It's Real*, with *Jack Leonard* delivering, too (Victor) . . . Two beautiful Dorsey arrangements are *Music, Maestro, Please* and *All Through the Night*—all through which Tommy's trombone shines (Victor) . . . Count Basie keeps hitting closer to the top. Solid senders both are his *Swinging the Blues* and *Sent for You Yesterday* (Decca) . . . Great new Ellington tune marked to reign with *Caravan* is *Pyramid* (Brunswick). I haven't heard anything to top it in a long while . . . The Sophisticates—a collection of the industry's best instrumentalists—got together for *Dark Eyes* and *Song of the Volga Boatman* (Decca). Swell work.

Fletcher Henderson, now doing most of Goodman's arrangements, puts his own band to work and produces interesting results. The best of which are *Moten*

Stomp and *Don't Let The Rhythm Go To Your Head* (Vocalion) . . . Bunny Berigan does a consistently fine record job. This time two swing novelties command respect: *Wearin' Of The Green* and *Pied Piper* (Victor) . . . Jimmy Dorsey wears very well. You'll like *I Hadn't Anyone Till You* and *There's A Faraway Look In Your Eye* (Decca) . . . No slouch, either, is *Will Hudson*—another arranger-conductor. Get *China Clipper* and *Flat Foot F.*—if you still care (Brunswick) . . . Time now to

SWING TO SWEET

Not much is worthy here. Yet the ever-reliable *Lombardos* have *Ride, Tenderfoot, Ride* and a new waltz by *Carmen*—*I Love You With All My Heart* (Victor) . . . *Horace Heidt*: folks tell me you're one swell guy and that to watch you put on a show is guaranteed entertainment, but I still can't take your music. And *Sammy Kaye*—I can't learn to like yours, either . . . By eliminating most of the phony trimmings a band can still provide respectable needle fodder. Like *Ruby Newman's*. Very pleasant are his *I Married An Angel*, *Rainbow In The Night* and all the rest (Decca) . . . *Laugh of the season* is *Rudy Vallee* attempting an Irish brogue in *Phil The Fluter's Ball* (Bluebird) . . . *Al Donahue* does nicely with *Music, Maestro* and *Spring Is Here* (Vocalion) . . . They're all you really have to worry about.

OFF-THE-BEATEN-PATH DEPT.: Raymond Scott and that Remarkable Quintet in two new Scott tone-poems—*Egyptian Barn Dance* and *Happy Farmer* (Brunswick). Your turn-table should welcome them.

VOCALS

Best of the lot—with countless imitators already at work—is *Ella Fitzgerald* teaming with *Chick Webb* on *A-Tisket A-Tasket*. Backing the sensationalized nursery rhyme is *Liza* (Decca) . . . *Slim and Slam*, responsible for *F.F.F.*, follow up with *8, 9 and 10*. That offering is strengthened with *Oh, Lady Be Good* (Vocalion) . . . The *Golden Gate Quartet* sing *Lead Me On* and *On and Take Your Burdens to God* (Bluebird). Their work is magnificent . . . There's no king like the *Bing*. I'm at a slight loss for words when it comes to his *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* and *Darling Nellie Gray*—done with the background of the *Paul Taylor Choristers* (Decca) . . . But a great disappointment is the *Crosby-Connie Boswell* disc of *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. *Connie* herself is terrific on *All Alone* and *Remember*, two great *Berlin* tunes (Decca) . . . *Tony Martin* with *Ray Noble* is okay, too, in *Berlin's* new *Now It Can Be Told* and *My Walking Stick* (Brunswick) . . . *Frances Langford* slips badly with *Night and Day* (Decca).

Mildred Bailey sells *Washboard Blues* and *'Round My Old Deserted Farm* (Vocalion) for everything they're worth. And they're worth plenty . . . *Louis Armstrong*, united with the *Mills Brothers*, gives a



Meredith Willson, *Good News* maestro, returns with his wife, Peggy, from England, where he was guest conductor of the *BBC* orchestra.

swell version of *Caravan* and *F. F. F.* with just a trumpet and four voices (Decca) . . . And if you want a change from it all, you should try Gene Autry—one of the country's all-time-high record sellers. His *I Want A Pardon For Daddy* and *End Of My Round-Up Days* (Vocalion) are good samples.

CLASSICALS

Columbia bows to George Gershwin in a collection of that great musician's works with performances by Gershwin himself, by Fred Astaire, Hildegarde and others. All the best Gershwin songs are present. You should own them (Set X-95) . . . This is my first mention of Benny Goodman's entrance into the classical field with the recording of a Mozart Quintet with the Budapest String Quartet (Victor). It's interesting but far from history-making . . . Good collection is the American Song Album of typical 18th and 19th century American music. The Madrigal Singers include such melodic immortals as *Oh, Suzanna* and *Cocaine Lil* (Columbia) . . . For truly great violin creation, I'd like to suggest Fritz Kreisler's recording of his own concerto with the Philadelphia Orchestra

(Victor) . . . One of the best string quartets, the Roth, has recorded Dvorak's Quartet No. 6. Sometimes humorous, sometimes melancholy, it is always better than good (Columbia) . . . Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic have recorded two magnificent works of Sibelius: *Finlandia*, the symphonic poem (Columbia) and the 4th Symphony (Victor).

RECOMMENDED FOR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION

Beecham and Schubert's 8th Symphony—it's the one you know well as the *Unfinished* (Columbia) . . . *Elegie* and *The Moon Is High in the Sky*, sung by that now-lamented and incomparable basso—Feodor Chaliapin (Victor) . . . Dr. Charles Courboin, great artist of the organ, plays Bach's two most popular compositions: *Air for G String* and *Fervent Is My Longing*, the chorale-prelude (Victor) . . . Felix Weingartner, Beethoven expert, performs that composer's *Lenore Overture* with the London Symphony (Columbia) . . . And that talented soprano, Kirsten Flagstad, sings *Oh Lovely Night* and *At Parting* (Victor). A major pleasure item.



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If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



Frank Morgan of Good News.

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(Continued from page 71)

a dozen or more verb forms. It may mean "don't you think", or "aren't you" or "aren't we", or "isn't it" or "won't you", or a lot of other phrases.

In the back of an old Dutch cook-book, I ran across a bit of verse that is sufficiently charming to bear repetition. I used it on that program and got several thousand requests for it. With this verse I'm going to take my leave, hoping you will find, as I did, that it is a lovely thing:

AIN'T

When the maple gets its red leaves on't,
 And the gicklyfees* ain't sweet no more;
 When the sneaky cold kills all the fields,

You'll be my sweetheart, ain't, just like before?

Remember when we blew the dandelions
 In Adams' field, to see the kids we'd get?
 Ain't the field was gray with dandelions
 And you kissed me and said my mouth was wet?

I love you so and we can get a house
 And you can fix it nice with paint.
 And when the stars is out, we'll feel so fine;
 But when the stars is all, you'll love me,
 ain't?

—William J. Motor.

*("Gicklyfees" is Dutch for wild honey-suckle.)



Beauty Queen Iris Eason greeted Lily Pons when she stopped in Miami Beach en route to join husband Andre Kostelanetz in South America.



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CREAM—Pure, soothing to skin, harmless to dress fabrics.

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Regain thrilling loveliness. Apply NAC Prescription Cream at night and NAC Prescription Powder during day. Easy to use, NAC is a physician's prescription for the treatment of externally caused Acne Pimples, Rosacea, and Oily Skin (Seborrhea). The Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval is your guarantee of quality. NAC Cream 50c-\$1.00. NAC Prescription Powder 55c-\$1.00.

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Reduce the pain
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Out of Bed in the
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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

the ham and return it to the oven until the sugar is melted. This will take just long enough for the family to get hysterical from the beautiful smell of it. Oh yes, and then you eat the ham.

Use the tissues that come around fruits to clean pots and ash-trays . . . Fry banana halves to go with filet of sole or planked halibut . . . Hang white clothes on the sunny side of your wash line, colored things in the shade to keep them from fading . . . If you put a tablespoon of boiling water in your mayonnaise, it can be kept in the refrigerator for several weeks.

You know how buttonholes don't hold very well sometimes because the stitching around them wasn't made strong enough in the first place? Well, to avoid having that happen to you, try marking them with a pencil—or tailor's chalk. Then run a line of machine stitching around the pencil mark. It's sort of like drawing an eye—only if the buttonhole winks, you'd better go right to bed and never mind doing any more sewing. Then the next day, when you're feeling better, all you have to do is cut through the center and buttonhole stitch like mad over the machine stitching. Sounds like a lot of trouble, but with the wind whistling around here and there, there's no point in being uncertain about a buttonhole.

When you dye cotton materials navy blue, add from one-quarter to a whole package of black dye to the navy . . . To bring out the full flavor of raisins, dates, figs or currants when dried, soak in boiling water for about five minutes—two tablespoons of water to half a cup of fruit . . . Mend leather gloves with cotton thread—silk isn't strong enough . . . Left-over cooked cereal can be made into cakes,

fried, and served with syrup.

For the confused brides gathered with us, let's explain the meaning of a few cooking terms which will help them on their way through darkest Kitchiana. Take frappé, for instance. Do you know that that means half frozen? Now Blanche may be the name of your best friend, but in cooking it means to remove the skin by scalding—which I don't think would be any fun for your best friend in case you got them mixed. Does the term, "à la Creole", make you feel vague? Well, it means cooked with onions, peppers and tomatoes. Soufflé means puffed and made light by well-beaten eggs. Au Gratin—in case you care—is a dish made with a cream sauce, usually topped by cheese and bread crumbs. That, by the way, is a swell idea for left-overs. Now then, there's the business of a mousse. A mousse is different from a mice in that it will never run after you. In its home town it's known as a light dessert, thickened with whipped cream and gelatin. It's packed in ice for several hours before dinner. Of course there are other terms used by the expert cook—some of which aren't even printable.

When you choose poultry, be sure that the beak and claws are fairly soft, rather than stiff and horny . . . Painting Helps: Get some paper plates to rest your brush on. You can also use these over the handle to catch drippings. If you leave a can of paint upside-down for a couple of hours before using, you'll have less mixing to do . . . For evenly baked cakes, place the cake in the middle of the oven, so that the heat can circulate on all sides . . . Boiled custard curdles because the egg is heated too quickly in the hot milk—sometimes an egg-beater can repair the damage.



Irene Rich has adopted Dorothy Wright, prettiest drive-in-stand waitress, as her protégée. They're looking at Irene's photo album.

WRITE SO YOUR AUNT SUSANNAH CAN UNDERSTAND YOU

(Continued from page 62)

revise it, all of which brings up an interesting point. Revising a script is a serious job. I write my installment as a perfect whole in its relation to the complete story but, in revising it, I must once again check against the possible reaction of its listeners, the actors themselves, and the director.

There are, incidentally, two different schools of radio writers. One considers a script a clothes line on which you hang your events one by one until you come to the end of the line.

But the second, of which I am a member, says good radio scripts are like a circle of links in a chain. Each link begins a problem which, at the end of the circle, comes back having developed the story. The end of the circle touches the next link and the plot has, subsequently, advanced.

I can best illustrate that by a sequence in the *Your Family and Mine* script. Win, the mother, sees her boy, Ken, playing baseball with the tough Otto Jennings gang. She persuades him to leave the game. At the beginning of the episode, we know Otto is a bad boy who will do Ken no good. But at the end of the script, we realize Otto is more of a menace than we had first supposed—and that, in time, he will prove a threat to the whole family.

It is important that anyone writing for radio have a sense of conflict. The conflict can be trivial—whether the family is to have apple or lemon pie for dessert. But the outcome must be uncertain. We all take sides on little and big issues in life. And if you can get your listeners to take sides with your characters, then your listeners will enter into the story themselves.

One of the strongest and soundest criticisms of radio scripts is that they are not believable. Is life itself believable? You may go along for years without, in your mind, having an unusual experience. But gather around your tea cups some day, and listen to some one, the center of attraction, rattle off interesting stories. You may go home, think it over, and suddenly realize that there are a maze of incidents associated with yourself that might make good listening—and good reading.

Your good radio script should have a sense of adventure, whether concern is aroused by a lost cache of jewels or whether Win, the mother in *Your Family and Mine*, has cooked

a good lamb stew. A writer must, further, have a tremendous sense of selectivity. He must ask himself, over and over again: "Would other people feel that this is true?"

As I said before, life itself is unbelievable. There was a poor destitute woman who lived alone with her children on a desolate prairie. The children were sick. Her home was just a shack. She was burned by the sun and wind, but life was never drab.

She always had the hope that one day she'd have enough paint to do over the place.

That story cannot be written believably. I tried it once, after four other novelists tried writing it. We all had to give it up. It was impossible to convince prospective readers that the prairie woman's life was anything but drab.

That's an important factor in writing for radio. I analyze each incident, talk it over with my husband and friends, and get their reaction. If it's believable, to their way of thinking, it stays in.

My husband, Jimmy, has never before had to contend with what he does today when I write for radio. When I wrote for newspapers, my work was finished as soon as I left the city room. When I wrote novels, I didn't have to work in a concentrated fury.

But now, *Your Family and Mine* is eternally with me, to a point where it's part of everything I do. Lately, for instance, Judy, my heroine, has been seeking romance. And just the other day, I visualized that she would marry.

Jimmy and I were having dinner. "Judy is going to be married and have a baby," I said.

"What?" asked Jimmy. "Judy who?" And then it dawned on him that I meant Judy in my serial.

One question I have not yet answered concerning my radio work is where and how characters are born.

In the case of *Your Family and Mine*, the story of the Wilbur family is partly derived from memories of my own life as a child, from my experiences with other families everywhere as a newspaperwoman, and from my dreams of the family I'd love to have.

This brings out the theory I advanced a few paragraphs ago, when I said I write about things which I

(Continued on page 90)

Do This If You're NERVOUS

Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates



If you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of "the blues" and restless nights—

Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build more physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

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—MARY T. GOLDMAN—

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Color of your hair?.....

RADIO STARS

know exist; of life as I have seen it lived.

The central figure in *Your Family and Mine* is Win, the courageous and brave young mother whose love and wisdom keep the little Wilbur family together. And Win was inspired by my own mother, who had been a great humanitarian. She had been known for her good works in Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I was born. And later, in Boston, she founded twenty Sunday-schools for slum children, and taught ethics. Mother believed in the essential goodness of us humans and that you could unite all races and creeds.

Something of my mother goes into everything I write. She would have wanted me to share my experiences with the world. And, curiously, Arthur Brisbane knew that, too. He had a great admiration for my mother. I suspect now that is one reason why he gave me my first writing job.

I have found a strong line of demarcation between writing for newspapers and radio. Newspaper articles are based on fact, woven into

an interesting article through proper handling of the English language. Radio scripts are made interesting through imagination, thought, experience and an understanding of what the public wants.

Dialogue writing is a task in itself. A good newspaperman rarely makes a good continuity writer. A newspaper story attempts to picture a scene for a reader. In radio, description is unnecessary, because all the action centers about the dialogue.

Too, successful radio writers are realists. They do not write a line bubbling over with elegant phrases and put it into the mouth of a 17-year-old high school boy. The successful writer knows and understands high school boys, and realizes that slang and colloquial expressions are more in keeping with the subject at hand than more beautiful and expressive words which might read better in print.

When I had reached a stand-off in general reporting, when I discovered that my emotions were too strong to succumb to the steadfast rule that a

reporter must always come back with a story, and when I had violated this rule by keeping from print a story I was sent out to get, I sought other fields.

Brisbane suggested that I try writing an appealing piece in a daily newspaper on puzzling problems that come before young people. In a short note, he said: "Your mother is one of the most remarkable women I have ever met, and her daughter ought to be able to 'Big Sister' the world."

I took the job. And I took my first radio job for the same reason—because your sincere radio writer is one of the few in the world today who can talk to *that* world.

And in *Your Family and Mine*, I am talking to a world I know, through experience and study.

Always before me, in my memory, are the words of the late Arthur Brisbane:

"Sit down at the typewriter at nine o'clock every morning, put your fingers on the guide keys—and write. And write so your Aunt Susannah in Keokuk can understand you."

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 59)

Crosby, "and I'll give her a role in my picture." Dorothy whom even Bing had to admit was pretty near tops, is still a little amazed at what's happening. Said of course she'll be in the picture, but is still betting on the life of a car-hop for her three square meals a day.

SPEAKING of square meals, we heard Jack Benny bemoaning the fact the other day that a guy *never* gets one. It was on the set of *Artists and Models* and the director had just called time-out for lunch. "Lunch!" hissed Jack. "And what do I have to face? Another lettuce leaf and a spot of lamb chop." Gags, it seems, don't keep a waistline in trim, and Jack is forced to diet assiduously for the camera's ruthless eye. "The irony of it all," he says sadly, "is that for years as a vaudeville troupier I looked forward to the day when I could order a six-course meal with non-chalance."

THE same day Jack had a visiting blonde on the set. It was small Joan Benny, on her best behavior for being allowed such a treat as watching her parent work on a movie set. But after the director had requested that Jack do a scene for the fourth time, Joan suddenly ruined the "take" by yelling in a worried voice: "Don't you think you'll ever get it right, Daddy?"

DIDJA KNOW: That Dorothy (Venus) Lamour has a chocolate soda for breakfast? That *Amos 'n' Andy* have donated a handsome silver trophy for the NBC tennis tournaments? That Cliff (Double-Talk) Nazarro, of Jack Benny's program, has been signed by M-G-M? That Maxine Sullivan is working in *St. Louis Blues* at



Florence George, radio's blonde beauty last heard on the *Packard Hour*, is slated for a new program this fall.

Paramount? That Lanny Ross has just finished a picture, but hasn't yet lined up a radio program? That Eddie Cantor wears a bathrobe when rehearsing? That Raymond Scott and his Quintet are leaving

Hollywood for New York concert appearances? That Hal Raynor, Joe Penner's song-writer, is spending his vacation building a church? That he's the Rev. Raynor in private life? That Cecil B. DeMille uses the same arm-chair at *Lux Theatre* rehearsals that he uses on the Paramount sets, because it brings him luck? That Jeanette MacDonald keeps the girlish figger by a ten-mile horseback ride every morning before breakfast—and then skips breakfast? That Judy Garland thinks Jackie Cooper is really something *special*? That Irene Rich pitched for the Stars' Pacific Coast League in one game? That Ozzie Nelson could make a living any day by cartooning? That Tyrone Power's sister, Anne, has turned down two screen and one radio offer to date since coming to Hollywood because she wants to lead a quiet and unpublicized life? That the members of the Eddie Cantor and Burns and Allen radio troupes are deadly enemies at the bowling alleys? That Charlie McCarthy still hasn't forgotten Shirley Temple?

GRACIE ALLEN is crazy over horses, horses. She's followed the nags out at Hollywood Park with more zeal than any star in town. George Burns isn't so enthused about betting on the bangtails, either for himself or the little woman. "If it's a nervous breakdown you're looking for," he says philosophically, "you might just as well have it quietly at home."

HERE'S a new one. A comedian who insists she isn't funny! And, friends, it's no less than Fannie Brice. "I can only be funny when I'm using a good comedy scripter's gags," she confessed the other day. "Some people can keep you in stitches with their own witticisms—but I'm not one of them."

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