

RADIO ALBUM

No. 1

10^c

SPRING



DINAH SHORE

INSIDE FACTS AND EXCLUSIVE PORTRAITS OF

BAND LEADERS - COMEDIANS - RADIO FAVORITES

WANT TO BE THE KIND OF A WOMAN MEN FLOCK AROUND?



For Social Life.



For Business



For Love



For Friendship

Let us suppose that there are two women as alike as two peas in a pod. Yet one of them can be alluring and enchanting as a modern Cleopatra, while the other will be utterly unattractive. What makes one woman a charming, attractive, popular person—and the other just a drab, "never-dated" wallflower?

Glamour is like a beautiful dress! It can be acquired and put on. Learn how in amazing new book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY," by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and personality authorities). This book tells you in simple, easy-to-follow manner—how YOU can make the most of your face and figure—how to dress so that even your own husband will turn around to take another admiring look—how to be poised and know how to act and what to say under any circumstances and with any companions.

Take Those Kinks Out of Your Appearance, Mannerisms and Personality

If you are short—or fat—or very tall; if you have small eyes—or large ears—or a broad nose; if you are wide-boned—or with heavy feet—or a short neck, or any other physical or appearance fault—this book tells you how to make up, how to dress, how to use every trick and device—(just as is done by the Hollywood movie make-up magicians—and the smartest Fifth Ave. couturiers)—to minimize and do away with all your defects—and at the same time, to emphasize and dramatize all your good features and points!

If you have a rasping voice or a giggling laugh; if your clothes never look well, or if you haven't any color sense; if you are not sure of your manners or your behavior—this amazing book will advise and guide you through every dilemma or problem. Every woman from 16 to 60 can be helped to look her most bewitching self—to be liked and loved—to make her "man" proud of her—to become a charming, poised, interesting and glamorous person!

Bring Out the GLAMOUR in You!

All of us cannot be as beautiful as a Hedy Lamarr or have the sex appeal of a Peggy Hopkins Joyce—but every woman can make herself attractive, charming and desirable! This complete book covers *everything*—the beauty aids, the clothes, the grooming, the etiquette, the personal manner, the active mind—which all together cast that spell called "CHARM." Here you will find the ideas and methods of improving yourself and improving your relations with others.

Guaranteed to Help You or Money Refunded!

You are what you make of yourself! If this book does what we claim, it will mean more to you than any book you have ever read. If it doesn't, we want you to return it. But mail your order NOW! (You can use the convenient coupon here-with, or send a letter.) Write now.



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Part of Contents:

1. How to take care of your skin.
 2. Professional Make-up Tricks.
 3. Secrets of Smart Hair-styling.
 4. Hands can tell a tale.
 5. Your feet should be admired.
 6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
 7. Six rules for being well-groomed.
 8. If you are fat, how to reduce safely, easily.
 9. If you are thin, putting on weight.
 10. How much sleep do you need?
 11. She Walks in Beauty.
 12. When is a woman smartly dressed? Knows her type—never over-dressed—never conscious of clothes—yet with certain verve and dash.
 13. If you are very short, here is what you can do; fabrics, colors, types and clothes to wear; accessories. Actions and manners, too.
 14. How to dress if you are very tall.
 15. If you are stout, besides trying to lose weight, here's what else to do and not to do. Don't wear tight clothes, tiny hats, small things. Here are best colors, fabrics, styles.
 16. The normal figure woman; how to select the most becoming clothes; what goes with what.
 17. Building your wardrobe, plan—don't plunge. Building around what you need most, adding endless variety.
 18. Accessories are important, relating to several costumes.
 19. What men don't like in women's clothes or grooming.
 20. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.
 21. How to meet people in cordial and poised manner—when to shake hands, what to say.
 22. The art of conversation. Don't be a tangent talker, omit the terrible details; brevity still soul of wit.
 23. Nothing duller than walking encyclopedia; insert own opinions and ideas; avoid useless chatter.
 24. Do people like you more as time goes on?
 25. How to overcome shyness and self-consciousness.
 26. What to do if your husband flirts; if someone's husband flirts with you.
 27. Having a good time at a party.
 28. When dining out, two or a crowd, formal or casual.
 29. Manners and clothes of yesterday compared to those of today.
 30. Some age-old problems and their answers: To kiss or not to kiss; to drink or not; can a woman visit a man's apartment; can you invite a man to your room?
 31. Help, help, what's the answer? Should you let prospective beau take you to 55c theatre seats or to orchestra only? Does he fail to bring flowers because he is stingy, thoughtless, or impoverished? When he asks you where to go, should you name a tea room or an expensive supper club? When he asks you what you want for a gift, should you say "Nothing" or "Guerlain's Perfume," etc., etc.
 32. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
 33. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired. Discover your faults and eliminate them—emphasize all your good qualities.
 34. How to develop physical and mental appeal.
- APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everybody foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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KINGS ROW

674 Thrilling Pages.
A Coast-to-Coast Best-Seller.
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The great best-selling novel which strips the masks from an American town!

EVERY adult in Kings Row knew that a human face can become a "mask"—hiding secret love, hate, ambition. But fourteen-year-old PARRIS MITCHELL took people at face value! He liked affectionate Renee. He loved his girl-crazy pal, Drake McHugh. He trusted Jamie Wakefield, who wrote poems, and whom people secretly called "too pretty for a boy."

Cassie Tower, the town's prettiest girl, he thought "strange." She was always kept at home by her father, a physician who lived mysteriously well without patients. But PARRIS feared cold-faced Dr. Gordon, whose patients' hearts were so often found "too weak for chloroform." Once Parris heard (and never forgot) the frightful screams from a farmhouse, when Dr. Gordon's buggy was there!

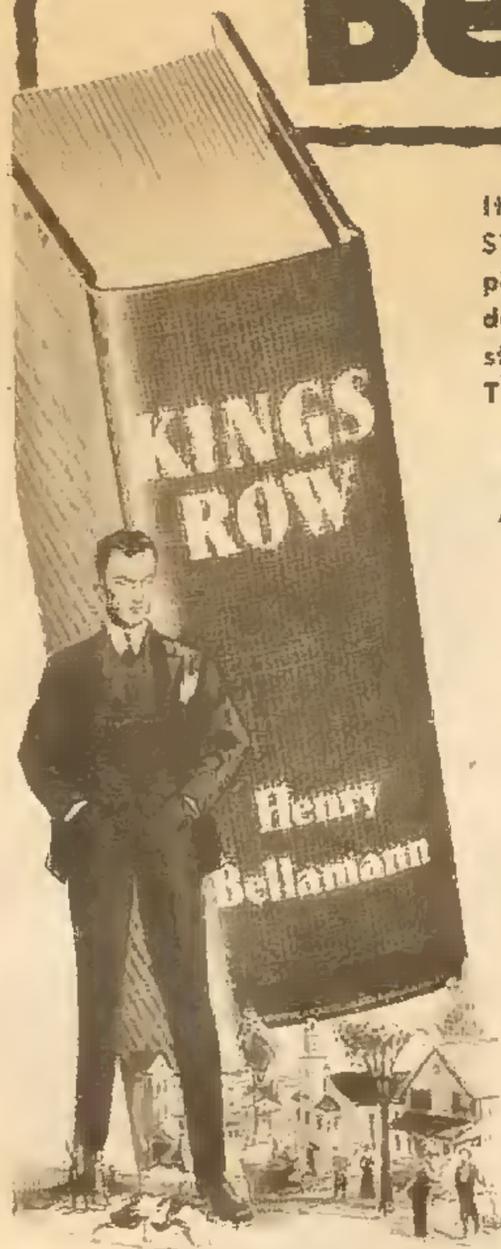
Through his sensitive reaction to people, PARRIS developed the intuition of a born doctor. He discovered that each person faced the town of Kings Row through a protective

mask—hiding a sickness of mind or soul, a gnawing fear, a paralyzing inferiority complex, or a cherished vice. And later, as DOCTOR Parris Mitchell (equipped as a psychiatrist by 5 years study in Vienna) he helped them take off their masks!

How their masks were removed, and how tangled lives met in thrilling conflict, is an extraordinary story—gripping in intensity, exciting in action, fascinating in suspense, compelling in power.

Here are both bad characters and good; the revered doctor, practicing his concealed sadism; the district attorney, pursuing his school-boy hatreds to the bitter end, in one case to the gallows; the town grave-digger with his speculative way of looking at a man's neck; the sensible earthy priest; the kind villagers; and the whole handful of broad-visioned pioneers who had founded Kings Row.

This is a truly great American novel—packed with an American town's charm, zest, ambition, passions, loves, hates, hypocrisies, tragedies, comedies, and sometimes, nameless horrors!



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COMEDIANS



"My big dog," says Bob, "weighs 50 lbs. minus a polo shirt."



Frances Langford is a film star too!

BOB HOPE

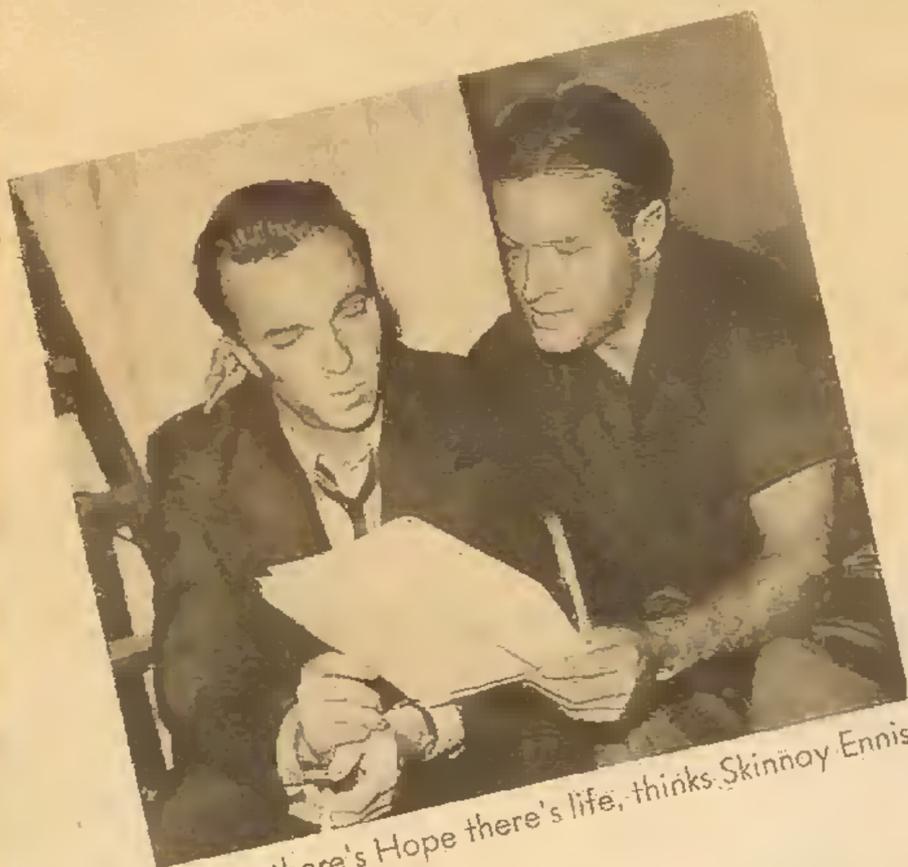
Bob Hope's nose has been the target of so many gags, it quivers selfconsciously every time anyone even utters the words "ski-jump." He started it, though. Says when he first began in pictures, his chin and nose used to race to see which one could beat the rest of his features to the screen. . . . Bob doesn't have to give credit to anyone but himself for his debut on the ether waves. Working in the stage revue "Red Hot and Blue," he heard rumors that a cosmetic firm was looking for a funnyman to M.C. a half-hour program. "That's for me!" muttered Mr. Leslie Townes Hope to himself, and made a bee line for the offices of the advertising agency handling the account. What a happy day! Robert sang, danced, put on a fast routine of snappy patter, even played a record to show 'em how his voice sounded. Executives cooed, called in more executives. Suddenly the room bristled with dotted lines and fountain pens, and thirty minutes later, Bob walked out of there with a lovely contract tucked close to his heart.

Things were great. For a while. Then came an offer to make a picture: He was to be spotted in a musical number by Paramount. All he had to do was report to the west coast on such-and-such a date. "I don't suppose," he suggested to the sponsors, "there'd be any chance of putting on the broadcast from Hollywood?" The Department in Charge of Expenses swooned to a man. Besides, Clause 2B stated very clearly that the show had to emanate from New York. The Hope chin jutted out another inch, if you can imagine such a thing. "I'll pay all the expenses, if you'll let me cut in my part of the show from the west coast!" Costly words, those. When he got to Hollywood and began making arrangements, some kindly soul took him to one side and explained the various charges involved. First there were line charges. The sponsors had insisted on a direct switch-over, with not even a second's pause between the New York announcer's "And now we take you to Hollywood!" and Bob's "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen." Radio-wise folks know what that means in cold cash, and it was those fees, added to the cost of talent and technicians, that sent Bob's bank account scooting to a new low. Another cloud

was the lack of an audience. Not even scheduled on the regular program release, the fifteen-minute routine had to be played to 250 empty seats, and the effect on the sponsors of Hope laughing madly, and exclusively, at his own gags, wasn't pretty to imagine. Bob solved that one by re-arranging the guide ropes in the corridor so the audience leaving the Bergen-McCarthy show would automatically be steered into his studio. Before the people realized they'd been duped, Bob would talk them into staying for his offering. The whole thing turned out to be a gold-lined headache, though. In the picture he'd knocked himself out to make, he sang "Thanks for the Memory." From that point on, his radio and movie record is known to everyone who flips a dial or slaps down a coin at the b. o.

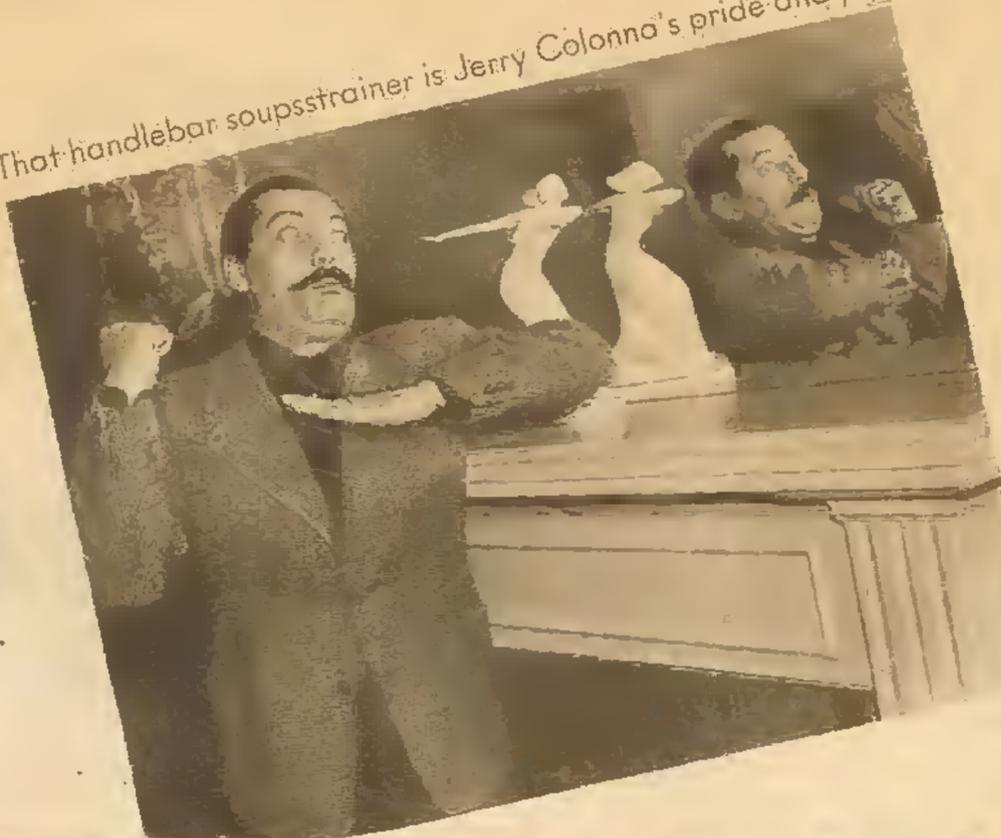
Now he makes about \$20,000 a week. . . . Lives in a white brick house with wife Dolores and two adopted kiddies, Tony and Linda. . . . Had one special room built especially for his gag men, and let's 'em use his insured-for-\$25,000 joke file, for which he alone has a key. . . . Ambition in life: to beat Crosby at golf more often. . . . Bob's radio side-kick, Jerry Colonna, has been hiding his upper lip behind that six-inch hair-hedge for 14 years. He's quiet, unassuming, the exact opposite of the maniacal creatures he brings to life when he's at the microphone. Jerry's got that style of delayed delivery of a gag mastered to such a fine point, a pause in the Colonna manner brings just as big a laugh as a punch line. Married, papa by adoption of a wee one, he spends most of his spare time riding horseback. Is still studying his music so he won't have to relinquish his hold on the distinction of being one of the top trombone players in the country.

Frances Langford's blue velvet voice has been caressing the air waves on and off for the past eight years. . . . She's still sort of shy, though, and hubby Jon Hall stays close at hand all the time to see that everything works out all right for her. . . . She dresses her tiny torso in the best possible taste, chooses colors that'll compliment her new Plastic-gold hair-shade. . . . Skinny Ennis, the program's one-corpuscle orchestra leader, is really rugged, needs no vitamins.



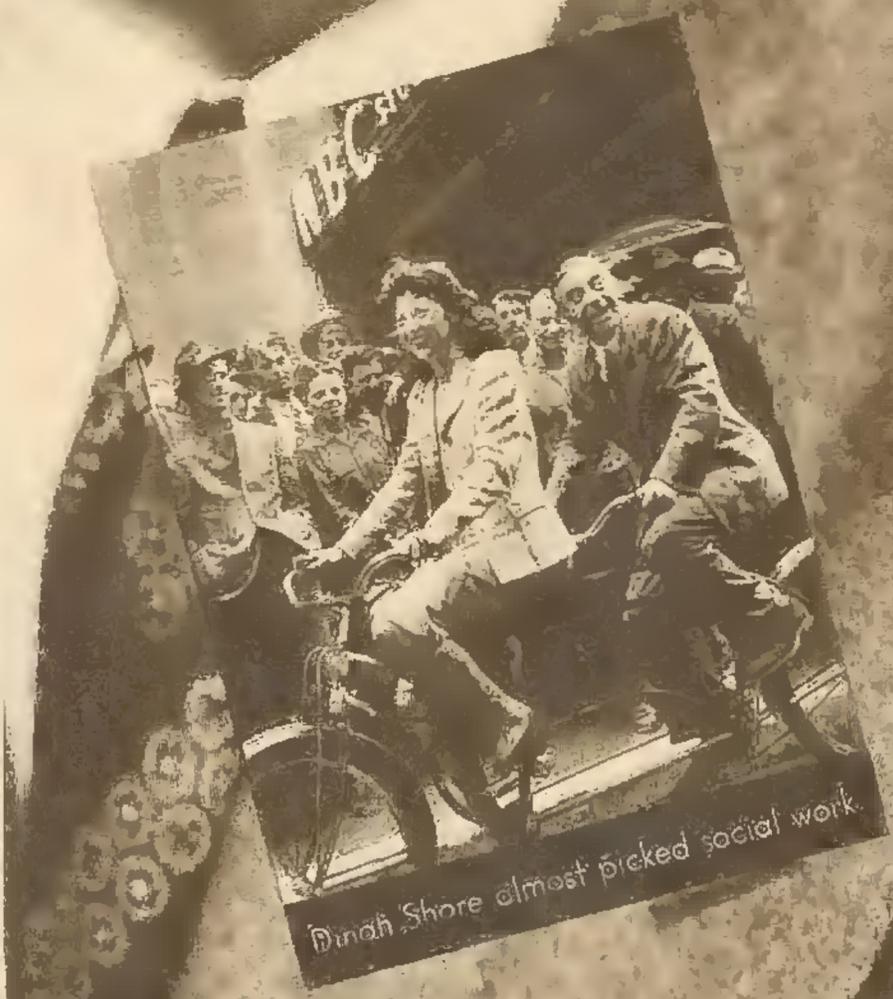
Where there's Hope there's life, thinks Skinny Ennis.

That handlebar soupsstrainer is Jerry Colonna's pride and joy.

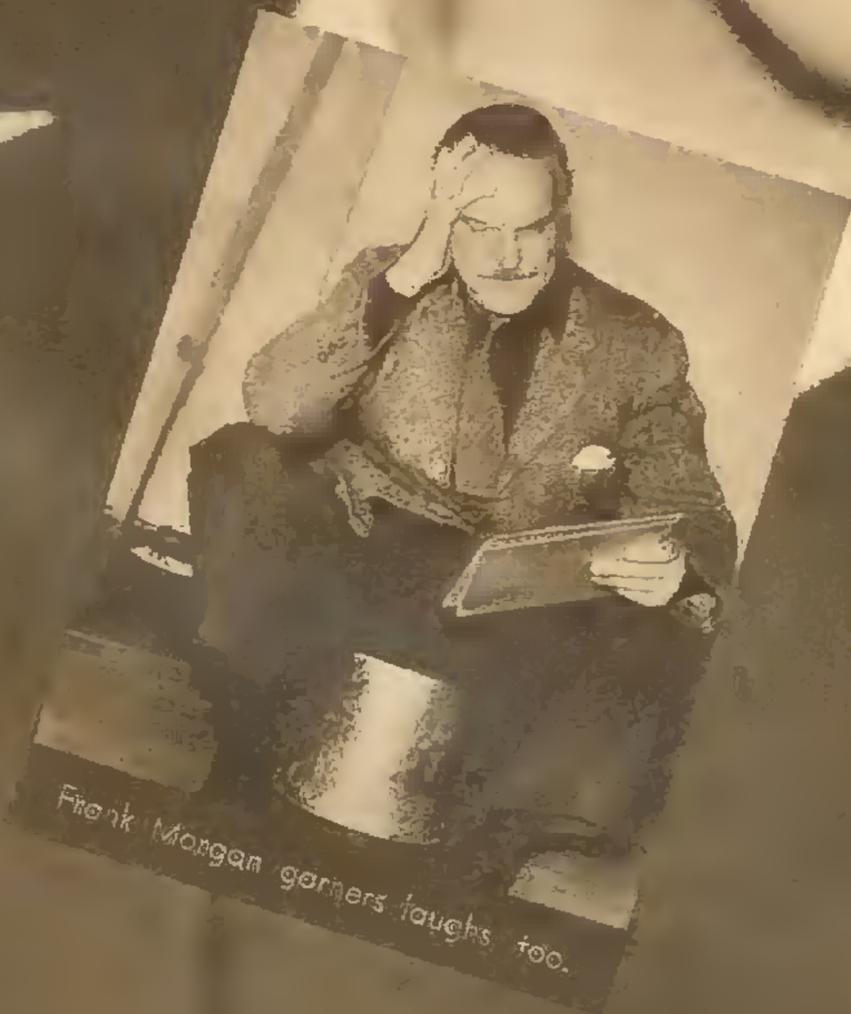




EDDIE CANTOR . . . Blacking his face some 5,000 times in 40-odd years on stage has been only one means of brightening other faces as well as his own bank account. And he's dusted off jokes, turned on banjo-eyes and sung at benefits galore to brighten the hopes of refugees, slum kids, war victims. That's 50-year-old Eddie Cantor, a trouper who's comicked his way from burlesque to screen to radio. The flag-waving coiner of Winchellesque phrases is still top side in laugh-dom by virtue of a nose for human emotion and a twist for talent. . . . Builder-upper of unknowns he judges (correctly so far) to have something, the New York-born, 140-pound Eddie has helped our cover girl, Dinah Shore, to her greatest triumph—his NBC show. . . . The raven-haired, brown-eyed Suth'n songstress owns the smallest waistline (21 inches) and the fattest feminine singing set-up (two sponsored shows a week) in radio. Because her real name, Frances Rose Shore, led to hackneyed teasing—"Fannie Rose sat on a tack. Fannie Rose,"—she snatched a cue from her pop rendition of "Dinah" and swiped the name—legally. . . . Graduating in 1938 from Vanderbilt U., Dinah took her sociology degree right into radio, denying parental hopes for a social worker's career. She's now 24. . . . At 10 she wowed her ma's ladies' aid society with a Shore version of "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."



Dinah Shore almost picked social work.



Frank Morgan garners laughs, too.

FANNY BRICE . . .

In the back alleys along the East Side el they still remember young Fanny Borasch going into her acts in the pool rooms. They haven't forgotten her playing hookey to watch rehearsals from the theater fire escape. Some of them are still talking about the night the twelve-year-old ragamuffin trekked to Brooklyn on a borrowed quarter and won that amateur contest. When her hoydenish poisonality could conquer tomatoes and collect coins, they knew that Fanny wasn't too bad. Still none of those newsies whom she palled with ever thought that someday she'd be monickered Fanny Brice and convulse the country by just whining "Why, Daddy?". That's the unpredictable Fanny—the Fanny who made "My Man" more famous than a Metropolitan aria, who blitzed from burlesque to Ziegfeld, the Fanny who supped at Diamond Jim Brady's little at-homes and bacon and egged the Prince of Wales in her kitchen. The old-timers remember a mellow, husky voice, ogling eyes and Yiddish gags. Today she's more Baby Snooks than Fanny Brice. One forgets hubbies Nicky Arnstein and Billy Rose and her two adult children. From Hollywood to Boston she's that incorrigible, impish, beaming brat who from behind her cherubic innocence invents a daily dozen headaches for exasperated Daddy Hanley Stafford. How old is she really? We'll pass that one on to "Information, Please," but for the record our Baby Snooks is four and a half. Sweet, little hellion, isn't she?

BURNS and ALLEN



Gracie coaches Jimmy Cash in singing exercises.



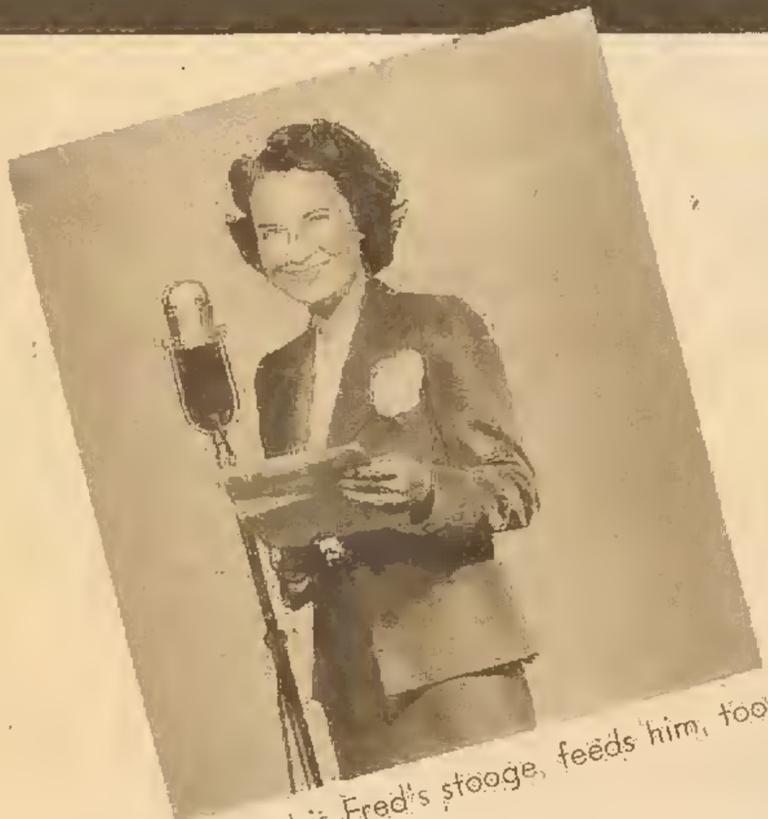
To Baton Veteran Whiteman, Gracie's a riot.



George and Gracie send it solid with Eddie Cantor, Dinah Shore.

● Ever been to a rehearsal of the Burns and Allen radio show? Ever have a happy, wild dream? Same thing. Over in one corner of Studio B, George, in that hup-de-dup voice of his, is telling Gracie she's going to have to memorize her scripts from now on. Shortage of paper. "Or maybe," he chortles, "we'll print the script on sheets of glass so the audience can see through the gags!" . . . In the middle of the stage, maestro Paul "Fatho" Whiteman is bawling out three off-key violinists in the special jive talk he uses when he's working. "Hey, Ekel, Bekel and Fekel," he shouts, "are you going to push up with the fingers or am I going to have to paint frets on those gourds?" . . . Singer Jimmy Cash slips out the side door to phone his boss at the grocery store. He isn't giving up his clerking job until he's darn sure about this radio business . . . George likes a reverse type of humor, the kind that startles. "Hey, I've got a T.L. for you," he'll shout at the technician, "that last sound effect stinks!" . . . A Burns script session is something to see. The minute he locks himself and his writers in their hotel room-office, he calls Gracie. He's just left her fifteen minutes before, but he has to make sure everything is all right . . . While he's thinking up gags, he swings an old malacca cane in wide, vicious circles. One of them gets an idea, and the others pounce on it immediately, tearing it this way and that, examining it for possible switches to a new, fresh angle. All business must come to a halt, though, when it's time to listen to "Vic and Sade." It's George's favorite radio show, and his day is ruined if he misses it . . . Gracie's a precisionist as far as her radio work is concerned. She wants to do everything just so, and you'll see her off in one corner during the actual broadcast, rehearsing her next speech to herself . . . She doesn't like her singing voice, and when the program looks as though it might run a little long, always suggests they cut her song . . . She and George started their business partnership in 1922. He began proposing marriage to her in 1925, but Gracie had another boy friend and wasn't interested. Strategist Burns told her "Either we get married in ten days or we bust up the act." Late Christmas night, Gracie phoned George, told him she'd been crying for hours over the thought of losing him, and had come to the conclusion she loved him. They were married in Cleveland . . . Their first radio appearance was in England, for the British Broadcasting Company. Back home, a guest shot on Eddie Cantor's program was the forerunner of ten steady years of air-lane activity . . . Gracie is ultra-feminine, loves to shop, likes sweaters, violets, dinky hats. Is openly adored by her two adopted youngsters, Sandra and Ronnie. Very shy, she lets her sister Bessie do all the talking, emerges from her shell only when she's with her best friends—believe it or not!





Portland is Fred's stooge, feeds him, fool!

FRED ALLEN . . . You think those seemingly spontaneous gags of Fred Allen's *Texaco Star Theatre* are a cinch to dream up and deliver? Ask Mrs. Allen—Portland Hoffa to you. She's the gal who feeds him cues, home-cooking and constant encouragement. Fred's an inveterate, gum-chewer worrier. . . . Born John Florence Sullivan, in Cambridge, Mass., May 31, 1894; his first job was as stack boy in the Boston Public Library. An aunt who gave him back enough of his four-bucks-a-week wage for him to go to a vaudeville show, a library book about juggling, persistent practice of same—plus Amateur Night shows—added up to a headliner vaudeville career encompassing America, Australia, New Zealand and Hawaii. . . . Back on Broadway, in 1928, Fred juggle-joked through *The Passing Show*, *Vogues* and *Greenwich Village Follies*. Met, courted and married Portland Hoffa. . . . Eighteen-year-old Portland, so named for her Oregon birthplace, was whirling merrily through *George White's Scandals*. Whirled even more merrily into and through *The Little Show* and *Three's a Crowd* with Fred. . . . Mrs. A. comes honestly by her sense of humor. An older sister was named Lebanon (Lebanon, Pa.) The two youngest are Lastone (Last One) and Period. In that order. . . . Portland, whose pix adorn yesteryear's Class Books of Alma Mater Jamaica High School, is one of radio's best looking, best dressed. Fred's made three RKO films, Portland none. But she's been part of his act since their debut, and that famous Mis-s-s-ter A-a-a-llen, is strictly from gag elocution.

RED SKELTON . . . "Glue-pot Skelton," they call him around NBC. His writing staff, including wife Edna, submits the funny stuff individually. Red, scissors in hand, reads through the material, cuts out the gags he likes, and pastes them on a long sheet of paper that stretches from here to there by the time he's finished. Says it saves the trouble of having pencil-sabotaged scripts re-copied . . . 28 years old, red-haired, brown-eyed, his 6 foot 2½-inch chassis bends the marker on the bathroom scale to 180. Likes plain food, staying home, and anything maroon, (his lucky color.) . . . Doesn't drink or smoke, but always has half-a-dozen expensive cigars tucked in his vest pocket . . . Can't talk over a phone. Breaks out in little red welts if he hears one ring . . . Red's bolt-of-lightning personality first jolted audiences aisle-ward from behind the flickering footlights of a medicine show that stopped in his home town, Vincennes, Indiana. A montage shot of Red's life from then on would show flashes of stock companies, circuses, minstrel shows, walkathons, burlesque houses, engagements in vaudeville, pictures and radio—with perhaps a big close-up of Red doing his famous doughnut-dunking routine the night of his radio debut on the old Rudy Vallee Hour . . . He picked up his education the hard way, via tutors, cracking text books far into the wee hours . . . Today Skelton's got everything: He's young, handsome, famous, intelligent, has his money wisely invested in sound business enterprises: One pet property is a huge cattle ranch he's owned for years.





Jack Benny

● Worry clings like a fretful shadow to Jack Benny, though he's never looked healthier, never made better pictures, never had funnier programs. . . . Jack knows his weakness. His self-prescribed remedy for too-frequent brow-wrinkling is driving. Jumps into his convertible Buick and is gone for hours. Always keeps a pair of swimming trunks in the car, so he can slide into the ocean for a quick dip if he feels like it. . . . Born on Saint Valentine's day, tagged Joseph Kubelsky, he made his first dent in the public's consciousness some 17 years later, playing the violin and telling gags between musical snatches. . . . Clambered steadily up the vaudeville ladder, and never thought about radio until a guest spot on Columnist Ed Sullivan's program brought him a couple of very juicy offers. . . . "Here! Here!" thought Jackson to himself; and buckled down to work to find out what pleased the public's auditory palate. . . . Proof that he did is evident every Sunday night. His formula hasn't changed a bit in the last six years. . . . Pin him down on the subject of humor and he'll tell you George Burns is the funniest guy he knows. . . . Married little Sadie Marks in 1927, added her to his radio cast and changed her name to Mary Livingstone after she'd scored a hit substituting for an absent performer one night. . . . Don Wilson, the six-delicious-flavor man, will tell you Jack uses the word 'marvellous' more often than any other, likes to play golf and gin rummy, and never gets tired of eating his favorite dish—cold asparagus smothered with mustard. . . . An old pinch-penny, according to the radio scripts, Jack is really an over-generous guy. Ask Rochester. Benny doesn't wait for option time to roll around to hand out raises, though "Roch" usually has to pay most of it back in fines for being late to rehearsal. . . . Jack works very closely with writers Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin. When the script is in workable form, he calls the cast together and goes over every line, reading all parts aloud. He's a past master of timing, and no one, except Mary, ever disputes him. This season, he's brought out a comedy flair in Dennis Day that's tripled the value of the young singer's personality. . . . Phil Harris always fluffs his lines during rehearsals, but manages to iron out the bumps by broadcast time. . . . Benny's own blow-ups are usually deliberate, well-rehearsed, expertly timed.



Jello laugh-getters: band leader Phil Harris and Dennis Day.



Baton-wielder Harris is Film Queen Alice Faye's husband.



Jack huddles with Writers Morrow and Beloin, Murray Bolen.

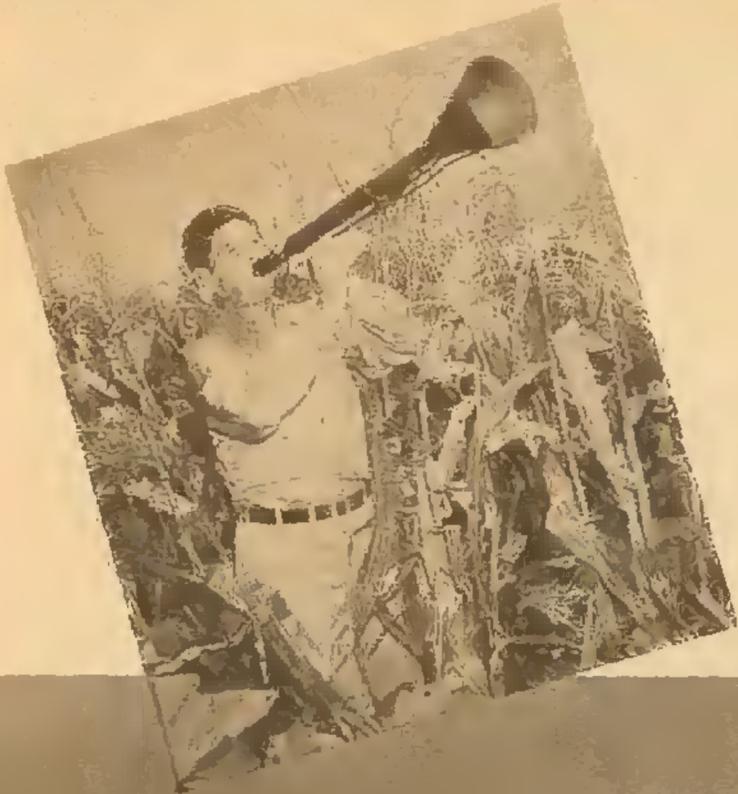


Jack and Wife Mary are a happy coosome away from the mike.



CHARLIE McCARTHY . . . Brash, clapper-tongued Charlie McCarthy's real pop is a bartender named Mack. He did the carving, but Charlie's garrulous, shock-loving soul was fused into him by Edgar Bergen, 38, balding, shy as his little wooden dummy is outspoken. . . . Most ventriloquists stumble around the small-time circuits because they insist upon being the brains of an act. Edgar based his terrific success formula on reversing the formula. Charlie gets the glory, the laughs, the applause—not he. Charlie cost \$35 originally but now he's insured for \$10,000. He has a wardrobe of monocles, 2 full-dress suits, 10 hats size 3½, 2 berets, jockey silks, a gypsy costume, and Sherlock Holmes, cowboy and French Foreign Légion outfits. He wears baby size shoes, and his laundry bill is \$1,000 a year. He brings in \$100,000 to his master from the sale of dolls, gadgets, etc., and when Bergen dies, the National Society of

Ventriloquists will get \$10,000 to keep him in permanent repair. . . . Pretty nice for a snub-nosed Pinnochio like Charlie, but Edgar's properly grateful to his little friend. And not only for financial reasons. Charlie says things to beautiful women that timid Eddie wouldn't dream of uttering. Always been that way, Eddie has, ever since he found he could do tricks with his voice back at Chicago's Lakeview High School. If Charlie, modelled on a tough, red-headed newsboy, hadn't been born about that time, the Swedish-American Bergen saga might have been awfully dull reading. Charlie talked Edgar through Northwestern U., through a dazzling vodvil tour of this country, and on over to London and Stockholm. When vodvil gasped its last, Charlie brazened his way into night clubs, was convulsing a Rainbow Room in Radio City, when Rudy Vallee pricked up his ears. Charlie's had a death grip on a microphone ever since.



BOB BURNS . . . General Pershing once borrowed Bob Burns' bazooka and tried to play it in a Paris restaurant—without much luck. There's only one bazooka and one Bob. The one's a couple of lengths of gas pipe hooked onto a whiskey funnel. The other's a rangy living hunk of American folklore with the hayseed and homespun as thick in his speech as the day he hit out from the Ozarks to emerge unobtrusively as mandolin player with the Van Buren Queen City Silver Tone Cornet Band. The bazooka was gag-born of a practise night in a local plumbing shop. Bob honked it into a \$3-a-week carnival job, packed it away to farm Oklahoma goobers, sell hay, take a crack at civil engineering, and become World War rifle champ of the Marine Corps. . . . You can thank Rudy Vallee for unveiling the Arkansas Traveler and a film star wholesomely corny in his own right as Autry. . . . At 43, easy-going Robin's proud father of 4: Robin Jr., 19, Barbara Ann, 3, Billy, 2, and Stephen Foster, not quite one. Like all America, these moppet-agers love his genuine drawl, his handy knack of making "windies"—the tiny wooden toys that operate by propeller or windmills. . . . Most all, they love Bob Burns.



BANDS

**EDDIE
DUCHIN**



... From pill peddler to piano player is a long leap. Especially when the result leads Rachmaninoff to call the leaper "America's most promising pianist," and the great Jose Iturbi to remark to him: "I have learned much from you." But all that is just what happened to 32-year-old, six-foot Eddy Duchin. . . . The collegiate-looking lad whose lacy chord-patterns float along the NBC-Red Network pretty regularly these nites never actually got behind the prescription counter. But he was standing right beside it when the tickling rhythm in his fingers coaxed him off to audition his way into Leo Reisman's orchestra—without any racking minor-league build-up. . . . At 5 Eddy was as fond of the piano as a duck is of the desert, even though his maternal grandfather had been a music teacher in Kiev, Russia. So Eddy was willing enough when his father's foot-step-following plans landed him in the Massachusetts College of Pharmacy. But before the dust had settled on his diploma,

Duchin was piano man in the Reisman contingent at Central Park Casino, New York. Something about his curious, dazzling technique soon led debs and blue-bloods to goggle and goo uncontrollably. Year's end found him with his own band. . . . Though famed for his sweet, smooth music, Eddy owes a ten-year popularity to avoiding a set style. If the national musical pulse tells him it's time to shoot some barrel-house to the hepcats, he can slam it out as neatly as any jam-king—always with a distinctive Duchin touch. . . . Elegant Eddy's ability to hit it off with the Broad A Crowd may be due to his birth within the shadow of Harvard. But his marriage to society girl Marjorie Oelrichs in 1933 was for love, and her death four years later when son Peter was born left him grief-stricken. Duchin shuns upper-crust playboying; would rather take in a football game, or work out in gym, than eat. . . . His favorite tunes are "Star Dust" and "Stormy Weather," his chief ambition to be a concert pianist. Could be. Could be.



GENE KRUPA . . . It was lucky for the hepcats, if unlucky for the Africans, that Gene Krupa was born in Chicago instead of The Congo. Since the age of 18 Super-swingman has been beating the living daylight out of at least 12 drumheads a year, trying all the while to reach the standards set by the jungle tom-tom tympaneers. The dark-haired, dark-eyed Krupa, considered at 32 the best drummer in the world, figures he still has a long way to go. "Those African boys know how to drum," he says ecstatically. And he's giving his all to blast that rhythm "right out of the jungle" and into his own outfit. Some people think he's succeeded a little too well—but not Gene. . . . Son of an Austrian father (who was a South Side alderman in Chicago) and a Swedish mother, Krupa started to study for the priesthood at an Indiana school, paying his way by jerking sodas in the summer. That's what he was doing at a Wisconsin resort when the local drummer took sick and Gene filled in—indefinitely. From there on it's

been calf skins and sticks—with Red Nichols, Russ Columbo, Irving Aaronson, Mal Hallett, Benny Goodman, and now his own band. From the start Krupa kept the fans jumping around him in stark, rhythmical mania by drums and cymbals alone. Noise-making geegaws that dress up a set of traps like a college boy's jalopy give Gene the screaming meemies. He'd rather stretch two heads over a barrel. . . . The world's highest paid drummer gets so hypnotized by his own rhythm that he manages to break 24 sticks a week, perspires his clothes to shreds, gleams his brilliant white teeth through an ecstatic smile, pulls his head back on taut muscles, flashes sticks through the air like a juggler. And the primitive pull of jungle jive drives jitterbugs glassy-eyed, insane. "I like to see them go crazy," says Gene. . . . He relaxes by reading the sports pages and going to ball games, but he thinks so much about drumming that he even has a special room for practicing in his Yonkers, N. Y., home. His wife stands it all right.

GLENN MILLER



FINANCES dwindled below the kindling point at the Miller homestead! Son Glenn, aged 7, minus an intact pair of trousers for the opening of school, wangled a job as errand boy from an equally poverty-stricken butcher, who paid him off with an old trombone. The night he toted it home, the roof raised right off the frame of the Miller home. Hymn-conscious Mom raised her hands in holy horror at a honky-tonk horn. Hard-headed Pop scowled at grace notes substituted for dollar bills. But son was right out of this world, especially when the guilt-complexed grocer soothed his conscience by tossing in a few free lessons! Ask Glenn about that horn today, and he'll beam, "That old sliphorn had one foot in trombone heaven, but boy, how I loved it. Slept with it right beside me every night, and when I went to school, I hid it, God knows who would have stolen that thing! It was my first love." From high school he went to the U. of Colorado where every night was a toss-up between studies or blues blowing in Denver hot spots. At the end of two years, he sealed his fate once and for all by joining up with Ben Pollack right alongside Benny Goodman, thence to the Brothers Dorsey in N. Y., and arranging for Ray Noble. "Moonlight Serenade" popped into his head, and coin's been popping into his pocket ever since! Last year hit an all-time high of just under a million! Glenn keeps pinching himself, says, "I still don't believe it. Gosh, just 3 years ago I was broke." But it's all gloriously true to his crew who joined him when his luck was just beginning to look upward to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollar bills! Piano-pounder Chummy McGregor, Bass-slapper Doc Goldberg, Soloists Ray Eberle, Tex Beneke (plays a mess of sax besides warbling), Bill Conway, Ralph Brewster, Chuck Goldstein, are all thoroughgoing anti-corn, anti-Schmaltz, pro-Miller. They all get along superbly together and adore Glenn cause he's such a heavenly musician and such a darned nice guy. Next on their Valentine list's 22-year-old songstress Marion Hutton who's married and mamma to a bouncing prodigy who can sing at 8 months! There's no monkey business at rehearsals, consequently they knock a cold piece down solid in 15 minutes! Everyone wonders where the 36-year-old jive master digs up all that romance for his songs. Answer's cute Mrs. Miller, 10 years his adored spouse. Met her at the U. of Colorado, wed her between shows at Ray Noble's N. Y. Paramount Theater engagement. Of her, he quips, "The unfaithful wench. She pans my music, refuses to dance with me, makes no bones about being nuts over Spence Tracy. Wonder what I see in her." She follows the band around (except on 600-mile one-night stands) and sits at a table a little to the front of the bandstand and lets Glenn know how he's doin'. If he's in the groove, she gives him the glad eye; if he's off, she dead-pans him! She claims Glenn's kind of an angel except when he thuds to

earth with swear words, gets mud on his feet, keeps lights on all night. Whether they're wintering in Jersey or vacationing at their Tuxedo Junction ranch in Calif, he golfs, touring the course in the low 80's. Claims he wants to retire in 60 or 70 years to write serious music. Is crazy about movies, especially those with Gable, Crosby and Johnny Payne. Next to Thanksgiving, March 15's his favorite day. For the same unaccountable reason, he adores filling out his income tax forms! The Miller ideal band would be a combination of Jimmy Lunceford, Duke Ellington and Count Basie with a liberal dash of Miller. Hates tweeds because they're scratchy, doesn't like liquor or dessert. But he sure does love those fans who reciprocate in kind at CBS, Penn Cafe Rouge or Hicktown, Okla! They run the gamut from the sailor who wanted his head autographed to the sassiety gal who wouldn't leave the Yale Prom till Glenn kissed her good-night! Most important of all in his eyes are the small fry who go without gum and candy to buy his records, are honest in the clapping, call themselves millerbugs, and him, Glenn. He returns the compliment by knowing 2,000 of 'em by their first names. Which is a pretty good record, considering he's been a high and mighty No. 1 bandleader three years in a row!

Sax-mad Tex Beneke and Marion Hutton.



Modernaires think Glenn's sax section the world's hottest.



Glenn feels out a new one with Arranger Jerry Gray.

ELMER'S TUNE

CHATTANOOGA CHOO CHOO

MOONLIGHT SERENADE



JIMMY DORSEY Statistical tight-rope walkers claim that Saxophoning Jimmy Dorsey is almost 10 years old. And they're right. The "hottest thing in swing" was born on leap-year day 37 years ago in Shenandoah, Pa.—and by 7 was tooting a trumpet in his coal-mining pa's brass band. . . . Jamming Jimmy had switched to sax and was banking 90 bucks a week with his own dance outfit at 16. Real break came with the famed Scranton Sirens, early hot band, and 1924 found him most idolized reed-man among fellow jazzmen. Everybody from Benny Goodman and Artie Shaw to the lowest saxophone y cribbed the glittering, fluid Dorsey style. . . . After working with such as Goldkette, Whiteman, Kostalanetz, the reed king formed his present band in 1934, partnering with brother Tommy. They had different ideas, fought on a bandstand—and Tommy walked. . . . Now Jimmy's on CBS and Mutual nets nine times a week, saw his disc sales top all others in the first half of 1941, collected \$75,000 from Paramount's tills for his part in *The Fleet's In*. . . . The shy maestro's knack of blowing emotion into his tingling dexterity has led him 'way up popularity's stairs—that plus the impossible number of notes packed into each breath, a feat that's even hit "Strange as It Seems."



Jimmy with Helen O'Connell Bob Eberle.



GUY LOMBARDO . . . Prodigious son makes good! Mrs. Lombardo's boy, Guy, directed first concert at age of twelve for local mother's club and organized his own band when only fifteen. In 1924 he and his Royal Canadians left their home towns in Canada and crossed the border to tour America via the vaudeville stage. Rhythm-conscious coeds and sentimental Susans soon applauded Guy to the top of the heap. . . . Not long after he rode the airwaves, sweet and low, the first orchestra to broadcast on a coast-to-coast hook-up. For nearly a decade he has ranked number one among the nation's baton wielders. Neath a darkly handsome, suave exterior, Lombardo's a sentimental guy who forgets neither friend nor favor. His orchestra is dotted thrice with brothers—expert music-makers themselves—and Guy has never fired a player. On each birthday of his talented kid sister, he plays the song after which she was named—Rose Marie. A one-hobby man, his spare time thrill is a symphony in speed played at 90 m.p.h. by the humming motors of his four fast boats. He plays to win and does!—titles and trophies. Shakespeare said, "What's in a name?" To connoisseurs of perfect rhythm, to all lovers of melody the name Lombardo spells "sweetest music this side of heaven."



Guy huddles with Carmen and band members.



Thomas Dorsey, Jr., made his world premiere to the accompaniment of a big brass band. Not that Mahoney Plains, Pa., had any advance publicity on this native son's destiny. Dorsey, Sr., instrumentalist-teacher-leader, was rehearsing a little long-hair with the boys when an 8-pound 5-ounce second son storked into his home . . . Tommy was born without so much as a toy trombone in his mouth but he could tootle a sweet do-re-mi long before he lisped his a-b-c's. . . . It's a wise father who can make his kids fight for the privilege of taking music lessons. Papa D. bought a shiny new sax, locked his Jimmy and Tommy in the cellar and told them possession was nine-tenths of the law. The Dorsey Brothers might still be fighting it out but the brass band was fresh out of trombonists. Jimmy as first-born established priority rights on the sax so Tommy was tagged for the slide trombone. He toured the Pennsylvania mining towns with an instrument bigger than himself, but made his first professional appearance (for cash) playing a few hot licks on the horn of a meat-market truck . . . Out of tune with small-town schmaltz, the Dorseys decided to blow their own horns together, organized the Wild Canaries and winged their way into the world. They got the bird in Baltimore and took their ruffled feathers back home for more preening. . . . "Found" by the Scranton Sirens; they spent 10 years switching from name band to bigger name band, then went out on their own again with Bob Crosby, Glenn Miller and Ray McKinley as nucleus of a new unit. But too many leaders spoil the band, and the Dorseys realized they were cramping each other's styles. After 2 years, Tommy packed his trombone and soon was swinging himself and "Marie" right into the groove with a band that opened at New York's French Casino and was given the air from coast to coast. Since which he's one-nighted over 100,000 miles, made platters that broke records, packed more than a million cat-lovers into the N. Y. Paramount on 7 separate occasions, made a movie and introduced 3 of the 16 songs on the Hit Parade for 15 weeks or more in the past 4 years. Namely: "Once In Awhile," "My Reverie" and the dilly that set him up as King of Reet and Sweet Music, "I'll Never

Smile Again". . . . The fabulous Dorsey trombone that can sound like a trombone, a trumpet, a cornet, an organ, a cello, or a violin at the whim of the Dorsey diaphragm is ably assisted by a smooth gang of top-fighters. Ziggy Elman's hot trumpet reached Dorsey from Atlantic City by way of Benny Goodman. Real name's Harry Finkelman, and he's got perfect pitch and a perfectly ugly pan. Confesses Ziggy's short for Ziegfeld which nickname he merited at 13 'cause he was such an authority on women. Frank Sinatra, the handsome vocalist from Hoboken was contributed by Harry James. He gets at least 6 proposals of marriage each week which his wife acknowledges with thanks and regrets. Little Connie Haines, 4', 11½", stands on Buddy Rich's snare drum case when she sings to keep fans from asking why she's standing in a hole. Connie earned her Southern accent home in Georgia, came straight to Dorsey from Fred Allen's Amateur Hour, is still too young to vote. The Pied Pipers, Jo Stafford, John Juddleston, (the former's husband) Chuck Lowry and Clark Yocum were picked up at the Palomar in Los Angeles after they were cut down from octet size. Joseph Bushkin is a New York City beautician turned musician. When he's not playing the piano he's composing hits like "O, Look At Me Now." Saxophonist Don Lodice can't get married 'cause he has to support his parents, 4 brothers and 2 sisters. Rich hates women, can't read a note of music and realized a life ambition when he and his drumsticks joined Dorsey's band. . . . When "The Sentimental Gentleman of Swing"'s not jumping from key city to resort spot he plays the country squire on his 22 acres of farm in Bernardsville, N. J. One entire wing of his Colonial house is laid with tracks for the biggest miniature railroad in the world whereby the master expresses a suppressed desire to be an engineer. He has 2 children, Patsy and Skipper, a 65' swimming pool, and tennis, badminton and handball courts to amuse him between engagements. He was taking flying lessons until his manager made him stop. And all T. D. wants is a good band. "Someone else can have the best swing band and someone the best sweet band—but I want people who go for my boys to like everything."



ZIGGY ELMAN

TOMMY AND CONNIE HAYNES

FRANK SINATRA—THE PIED PIPERS

FRED WARING

● WARING wakes up thinking. He's got a mind like a department store and an answer for everything life throws his way—including the lemon meringue pie Olsen and Johnson threw his way. The pie in the face, said the alert Mr. Waring, was good "psychological transference." Which in Fred's brain-trust jargon means it did the boys and girls in the band good to catch the boss with his dignity down. . . . Fred's thoughts usually mill in a motherly eddy about his band. "Believe it or not," he says, "out of the 55 pieces in my 'vochestra' I can get 30 solo units!" The "vochestra" is a two-in-one affair which he doesn't have to patent because he has a corner on the specialized talent you'd need to found a second "vochestra." It's a combination glee club and band. All the members are both star vocalists and star instrumentalists. Anyone of the boys can double as a guest star. . . . Fred directs by means of a whole, elaborate code of facial expressions. He likes to flavor a hard day's rehearsal with surprise. His kids never know which of the numbers they've

worked up will go on the show. He keeps even himself in an agony of suspense by not finishing his script till 15 minutes before he's on the air. . . . The band acquired its dual personality in the days right after Armistice Day No. 1. It was Waring's Banjazztra that brought dixieland rhythm to the "Peace Parties" of 1920. Got its name from the two hot banjos featured. Altogether there were only 4 pieces: Fred and a pal at the banjos, Brother Tom Waring at the piano, Poley McClintock at the drums. "All rhythm instruments," says Fred. "So we had to sing our numbers." . . . Most reliable department of the Waring mind is his acute business sense. For ten years he managed his own band. Now manages "Words and Music," his own music publishing house, which obviously gets first crack at the dozens of campus songs Fred's composed on order for colleges all over the country. He also keeps a careful eye on the sales of the Waring Blender, electric drink mixer—his own invention. . . . Nights, Fred heads for a Park Avenue apartment, a wife and 3 youngsters.



Fred's two soloists: Patsy Garrett and Donna Dae.



The Three Kadets warm up a tune for Maestro Kaye.

SAMMY KAYE

● A BIT OF Lombardo, a bit of heaven. That's Kaye. The angels, eavesdropping on his sax section (NBC—Sundays at two) deplore the harp. His music is blended, smooth, sweet. Too much might be fattening. His show's like his records; his records are a show. He's done more for dancing than Arthur Murray multiplied by two. He doubles the marriage rate and upsets the census. . . . Had his first dealings with the census March 13, 1910. He was just a day old—his father's namesake. When Sammy reached the age when kids bring things home, he scorned cats and measles, specialized in stray musical instruments. He made the day hideous with a clarinet here, a bass horn there, a saxophone here, a banjo there, a guitar here—and one blatant trumpet. His kindly parents contracted a bit, made room, said he'd probably end up an

engineer. And the boy was a wizard at geometry, algebra and calculus. He entered Ohio State on a track scholarship, lived the part by becoming state champ on the low hurdles. Following year, he shook the cinders from his shoes, became the Sammy you and I know today. Worked his way through the remaining three years of State by the sway of his brow. He skipped the usual post-college hiatus of unemployment, muscled right into Cleveland night life, stayed strictly local till they broadcast his Cleveland Country Club show. His first New York engagement was right in the Paramount Theater. He's still keeping New Yorkers on their feet. His hobbies are things like "Daddy" (he dug its composer out of a University of Pennsylvania classroom) or "Modern Design"—and golf. He also likes girls, but so far hasn't found the right one!

benny goodman

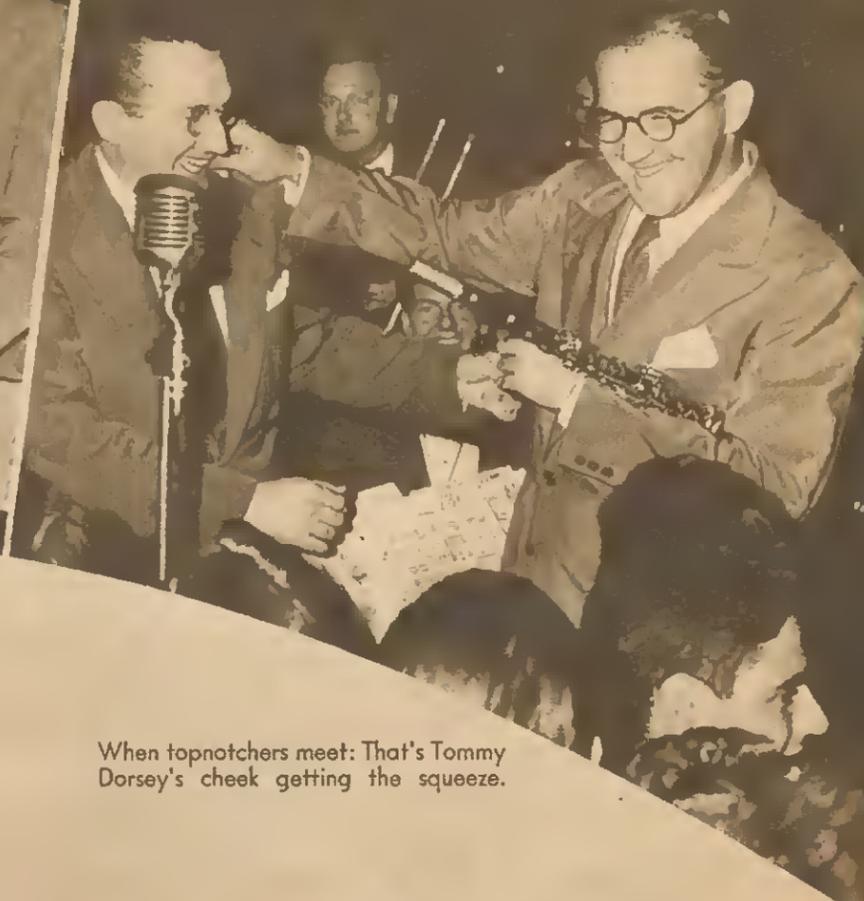
Benny's new vocalist is Dakota-born Peggy Lee, 21, an ex-bombshell of W. Osborne's.



America's jitterbugs long ago elected Benny top King of Swing.



Here's Songwriter Johnny Mercer trying out a new hunk of stuff for Benny.



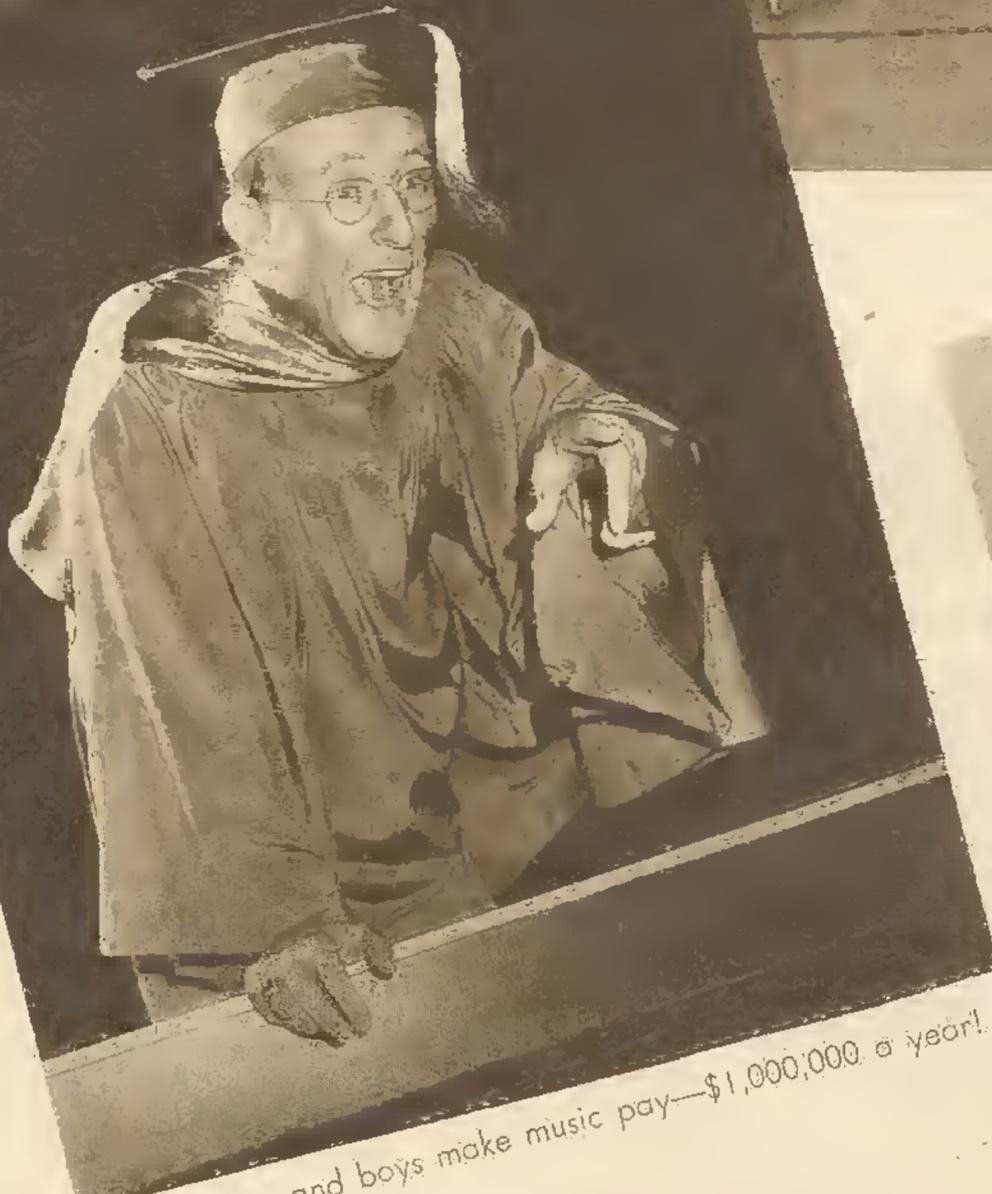
When topnotchers meet: That's Tommy Dorsey's cheek getting the squeeze.



Like "Jasbo" Smith, legendary, levee-bred parent of ragtime, jazz, and jive, Benjamin David Goodman has written solid pages of American folk music history. Chicago-born son of a hard-pressed Jewish tailor, he first aimed his clarinet at a synagogue ceiling at 10. A Dixieland Jazz Band recording wooed him to more syncopated sorrows, and still in knee pants, he was soon adding a strange, sweet schmalz to the cornet solos of immortal Bix Beiderbecke on a Lake Michigan excursion steamer's decks. . . . A 4-year stretch with Ben Pollack at 16 . . . pit orchestra stints on Broadway. . . . Then, in 1933, his own band. . . . What swing-happy alligator can't give you a blow-by-blow blueprint of the great B.G.'s career? . . . In a field where the Dorseys, Miller, Kyser, Lombardo et al. have dug themselves solid gold niches, solemn-faced, eye-glassed Benny serenely wears a crown of real musicianship. With the smoke of a Harlem jam session barely blown out of his \$500, silver-stopped lickerish stick, he's slid sensationally into a classical groove with the Boston and Buffalo Symphony, the Rochester Civic, and the N. Y. Philharmonic orchestras, wringing reluctant tribute from long-haired critics. . . . Gene Krupa, Harry James, Teddy Wilson, Lionel Hampton, all got hand-

holds on the success ladder under his sensitive, rhythmic fingers. . . . His recordings run a gamut from such plattertriumphs as "One O'Clock Jump," "Sweet Sue," and "Benny Rides Again" to a Mozart Quintet with the Budapest String Quartet. . . . He isn't 33 yet, but his autobiographical "Kingdom of Swing," published in '39, packs in an average lifetime. Past his peak? Don't believe it. Hepcat mag readers poll a refutation almost monotonously each year. . . . For the record: Benny's 6 ft., 170 lbs., brown haired, a bachelor. He and his new "small" band gross an average \$15,000 weekly; his cut is \$150,000 a year. He has one room of a N. Y. apt., sound-proofed for rehearsals, owns 8 clarinets, totes his reeds in a special wallet. Next to wee-hour jamming, he loves playing chamber music best. . . . Disa and data about the band: Arranger Eddie Sauter and Trumpeter Alec Fila are Juilliard School of Music grads. Blonde Peggy Lee, now filling Helen Forrest's pumps, is a Fargo, N. D., firebrand born Norma Egstrom. She's 21, was singing as a cocktail hour when Benny gave her the nod. . . . Bedrock of the Goodman musical credo: "Swing is free speech in music for the musician." Not constitutional, exactly, but 1,000,000 B. G. fans will defend it to the death!

KAY KYSER



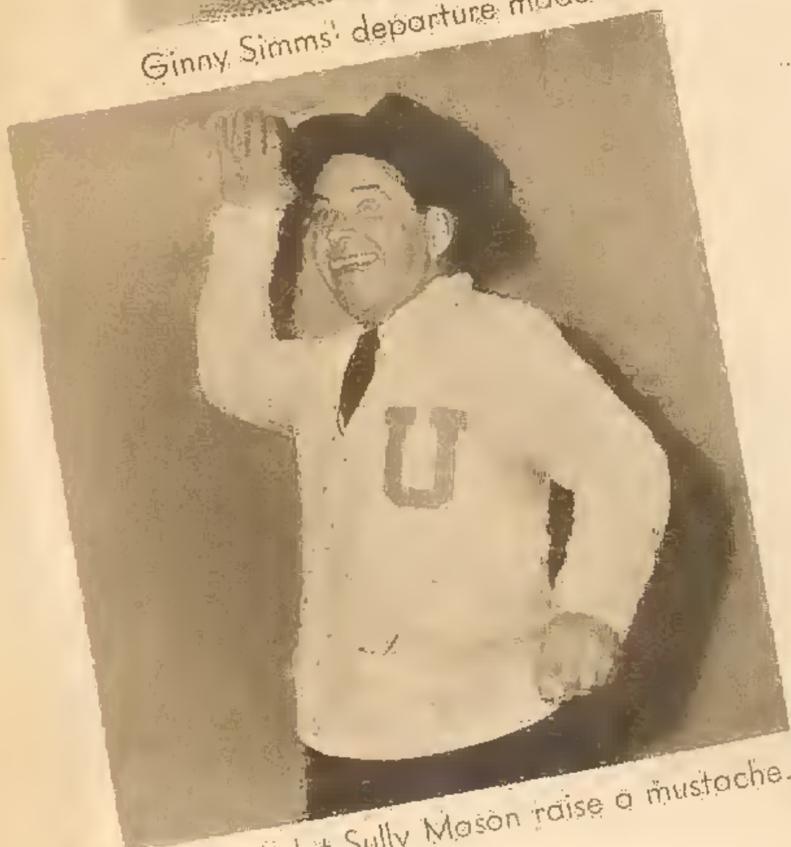
Dean Kyser and boys make music pay—\$1,000,000 a year!



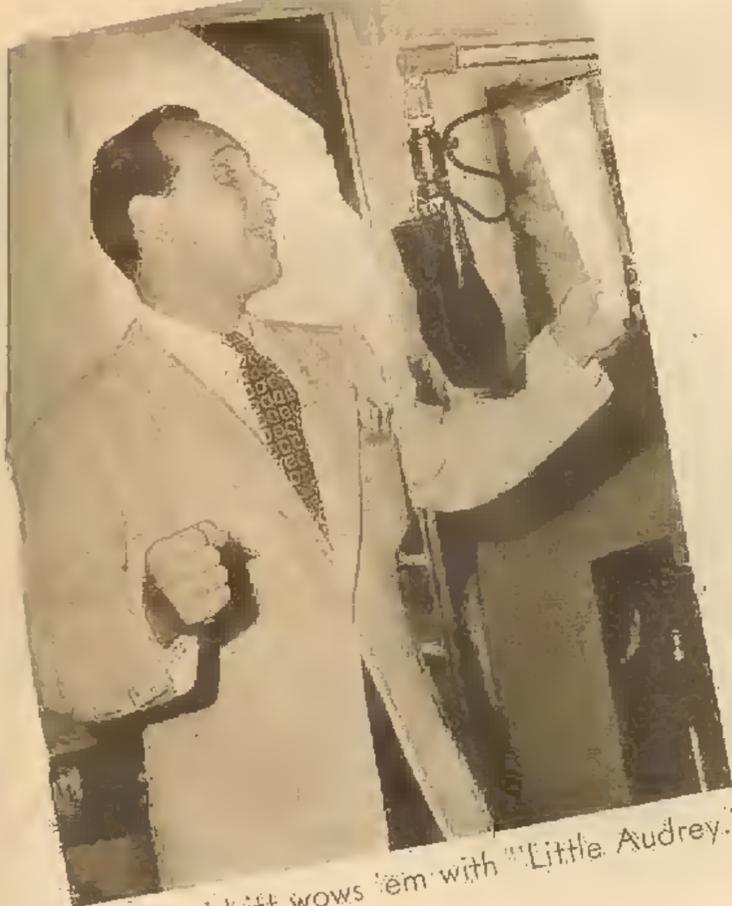
Ish Kabibble's named after a song!



Ginny Simms' departure made the gang cry.



Kay won't let Sully Mason raise a mustache.



Harry Babbitt wows 'em with "Little Audrey."

KAY KYSER: "I'm not a real musician. I'm just a businessman with a flair for gags." Could be? Let's see. Only two orchestra leaders—Eddie Duchin and Meyer Davis—can match Kay Kyser for pennies up there in the upper bank balance brackets. For the past three years, Kay's been endorsing fat checks from four sources—radio, theatres, recordings and movies—averaging more than a million dollars per annum. . . . His band's Crosley rating almost doubles that of closest competitor, Guy Lombardo. . . . On those personal appearance tours, he gets \$15,000 per week plus percentage—the plus sometimes kiting the per to as high as \$26,000, a fee that ain't alfalfa by any footlights figuring. . . . *Playmates* is the band's third RKO film, with three more big grossers to come. . . . And you count the platters rolling off recording machines. . . . The Kyser Career started in the autumn of 1926 when the late Hal Kemp directed musicals at the University of North Carolina, with Kay handling the other details of the shows. When Hal left, taking his band with him, he urged Kay to organize a carry-on outfit. Never one to ignore a helpful idea, Kay switched from his A.B. course to classes in theory, harmony, sight reading, arranging and clarinet. . . . His first band numbered six men. First engagement, they played six tunes, were paid sixty bucks. Home town Rocky Mount, N. C., termed them terrific. Meadow Beach, a summer resort at Ohio's Mentor-on-the-Lake, called them colossal.

FIRST BREAK IN FRISCO

Followed a couple of prom-trotting years at forty-odd colleges, then San Francisco's Bal Tabarin sent them a bid for a four-weeks' try-out. The boys met in the parlor of Kay's Rocky Mount home, peered into the unpredictable future, decided to risk it. . . . Driving their own jaloppies, they rolled into the Golden Gate city with hardly more than the price of one square meal between them. Kay recalls that they hit plenty sour notes that night, but the audience liked their brand of gag lines. "And if Frisco likes you," adds Kay, "they don't care how bad your act is." So—the four weeks lengthened into a year at the Bal Tabarin. Then the Del Mar Club at Santa Monica made an offer requiring no pro-and-con conference. . . . The Del Mar's where tall, dark-eyed Virginia Simms came to ask for an audition with Kay Kyser. Texas-born, California-bred Ginny and two Sigma Phi Gamma sisters had formed a trio while sophomores at Fresno College. Summer in Los Angeles had brought them a measure of success on the air waves, but Ginny wanted to sing with Kay's band. . . . Kay listened, liked her, liked her voice, promised to give her a job on the day he could afford a girl-singer. . . . That day dawned in Chicago at the Black Hawk Café, the band's first big try-out east of the Mississippi. But only after Kay and the boys had faced the ominous black-out of failure. Chicago was filled with good bands. Better bands than Kay Kyser's, said Chicago, and essayed to prove it by staying away in large numbers. And then, by some miracle, Christmas holidays brought droves of college kids swarming to make attendance records—never since broken at the Black Hawk. Kay Kyser was riding the crest of the wave—and sent for Ginny.

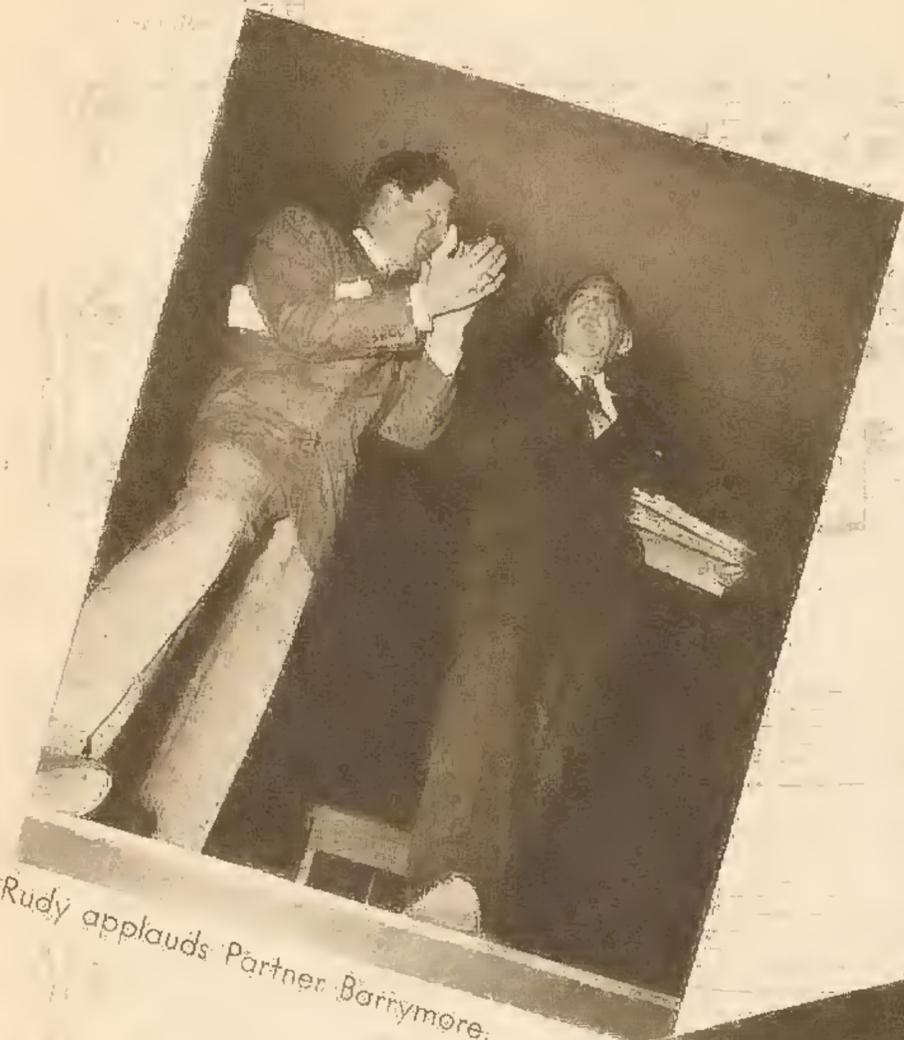
THE BOYS ENTER KOLLEGE

The Kollege of Musical Knowledge opened as a novelty for the band's second engagement at the Black Hawk four years ago. Kay wanted audience participation. Sully Mason contributed the name. Someone else suggested the musical quiz. And so it grew, aided by a steady diet of Kay's vitamin-complex ad-libbing. After sixteen rafter-ringing weeks at the Black Hawk, Lucky Strike bought the Kollege, lock, stock and barrels of fun for fans. . . . Sully, George Duning and Merwyn (Ish Kabibble) Bogue have been with Kay from the start. Next in time of service are Gandeas, pianist, and Lloyd Snow, bass player. Harry Babbitt gave up his own band to sing for Kay at better pay. Counting Prof. Kyser, the boys now number fifteen. . . . And there were tears in all their eyes when Ginny Simms kissed them goodbye on the eve of their latest departure for p. a. tour. Ginny's been signed, solo, for both radio and movies, and it's the first time in four happy years that she hasn't gone along with the gang. Asked about it, Kay said, "It's best for Ginny. The rest doesn't matter." Asked who would replace her, he answered, "Nobody can ever replace her." He has, however, signed Trudy Erwin as her successor. . . . Kay has one rule in picking new talent. Character and personality come first, musicianship second. And one rule only for his men. Moustaches, his pet aversion, are taboo. . . . Christened James Kern Kyser, Kay's five feet, nine inches tall, has ash blond hair and blue eyes, will be thirty-six on June eighteenth. . . . And please don't ask us if, as gossips gab, Kay and Ginny are married. We only know they say No!

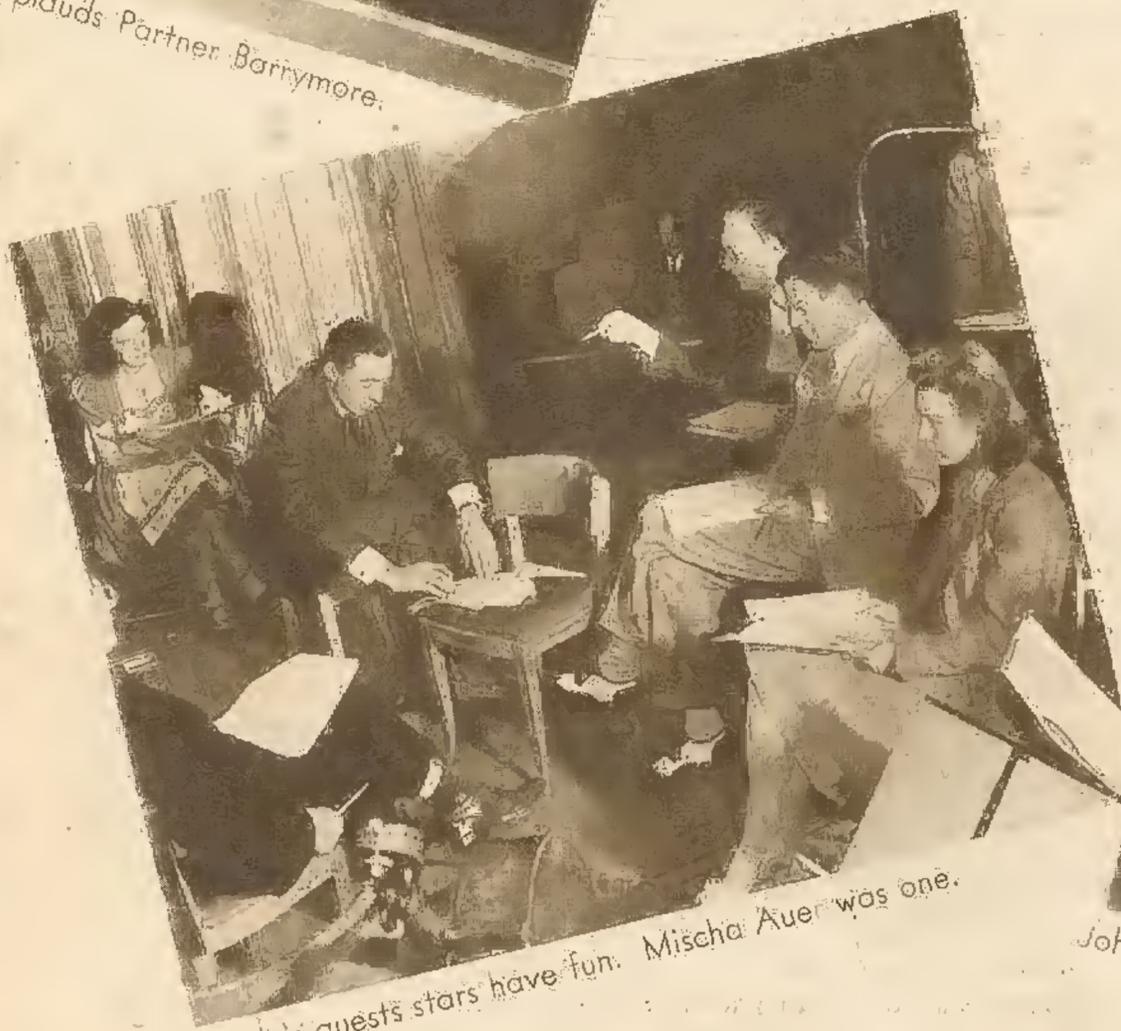
VOCALISTS

RUDY VALLEE

Wistful, boyish, sophomoric Rudy Vallee crooned his way with a gay heigh-ho into Mrs. and Miss America's hearts back in 1928. No Gallup poll's accounted for the why's of his whirlwind success, but as Whistler had his mother, Morgan her piano, so Rudy has a nasal twang that makes him the number one vagabond lover. Perhaps astrologists saw it in the stars, but in Island Pond, Vt., on July 28, 1901, when Hubert Prior Vallee first graced the village druggist's nursery, no one predicted any spotlights for him. Young Hubert might still be delivering aspirin and jerking sodas if he hadn't heard Rudy Wiedoft. Promptly he borrowed a never-to-be-returned saxophone, inveigled a correspondence course out of Wiedoft and for his teacher's and publicity's sakes changed Hubert to Rudy. Saxing his way into the U. of Maine's hall of incurable musicians, he put the "Stein Song" and S.A.E.'s "Violets" on the top of the campus hit parade. Leaving these careless hours and happy days, Rudy took up the baton at Yale where his Connecticut Yankees roused slumbering Eli. Some Londoners heard about the boys and asked them over. For two years the gang stopped at the Savoy with the nightly visits of the Prince of Wales their best publicity. Again Rudy yenned for the New Haven quads and the Whiffenpoof songs at Morey's and returned to B.A. in Romantic Languages. Sunk into academic oblivion, he was down to his last pawn ticket when the Heigh-Ho Club put him on the air. He wowed the matinee listeners. In a ferment, Fleischman Yeast rose to snatch him up. This was Rudy's hour; he crooned for ten years, an all-time radio record. Opening his eyes to new talent, he unearthed, among others, McCarthy, Bob Burns, Alice Faye and Burns and Allen. As a maestro master of ceremonies only he would think of using the many-wived, Hamlet-minded profliene Barrymore as his stooge. Only a Rudy could take it when to his surprise the great lover gets the last laugh. Women will always adore Rudy, men will always pay him—this super crooner-sax-m.c.



Rudy applauds Partner Barrymore.



Rudy's guests stars have fun. Mischa Auer was one.



John's cutups keep the Barrymore name headlined.





SHIRLEY BOSS . . .

Looks soft as a kitten and equally helpless. Shows no signs of that iron-bound determination that's directed her course since she was a spindle-legged kid in Hollywood High. Early plans were to wiggle her way into an orchestra and za-zu-za so sweet 'n low that Hollywood moguls would shin their ankles scrambling to get to her, pen in hand. Yes! Only it didn't happen that way. Shirley did get a job as songstress of a band, but Lord, what a floperool! "First, I had mike jitters," she explains. "Second, I reached for high notes like they were gold nuggets. Get 'em or bust. Third, my hands kept getting in the way. Couldn't think what to do with them." Three strikes . . . but Shirley never heard that one, or didn't care. So when she did get a break with

Gus Arnheim and the band moved onward and upward to the Beverly Willshire Hotel, she was ready. Her tour de force netted her an M-G-M screen test, and from then on it was just so much apple pie. Sandwiched between rounds of work were a duo of comedians named Edgar Bergen and Ken Murray. Just one rule prevailed over those wonderful, crazy evenings. Everyone was to laugh at everyone else's jokes. Then came Ken Dolan with fewer gags, maybe, but more of what it takes to make a girl murmur yes. Murmur she did and as a natural sequel came a fat pink and white baby boy, just last year. Equally natural it was that she should be handed a prominent niche, last fall, in the star-bright Ballantine show over the Mutual hook-up on Friday evenings.



JESSICA DRAGONETTE . . .

There was the time Jessica's concert in Rochester, N. Y. was reviewed on the sports page of the local paper. Seems her Lorelei voice lured the crowds from a star tennis match across the street. When you make music that holds its own, fiscally and otherwise, with sports, you've got something, brother . . . and its name is Jessica Dragonette! Around the mike that name is like Margaret Sanger or Amelia Earhart . . . a pioneering wench who was first in radio variety shows . . . in concert broadcasts . . . in children's fairy tales . . . in round-the-world broadcasts . . . in television. First in the hearts of her countrymen . . . and certainly in the heart of that country kid who, for reasons of his own, asked timidly, after a concert, "Miss Dragonette, may I see

your feet?" Perhaps he was confusing her with Garbo! Publicity hounds often do when they run smack up against her stone-wall reticence. Musically, Jessica was made in the U. S. A. . . . dismissing conventional study abroad as so much spinach. But her personal history begins in Calcutta. Whatever it was that propelled her to Broadway and musical comedy, doesn't matter. What matters is that she forsook its chromium-plated brilliance for radio when Pop was listening through earphones and cursed the static. Her rise was steady as a metronome, rapid as jig-time. And like Garbo, she's still the delicate piece of luster-ware that people demand . . . and are currently getting each Saturday night over the Columbia network.



THE ALDRICH FAMILY

"HE-NRY! Henry Aldrich!" It's the go-sign for Ezra Stone to take over from where Tom Sawyer left off. Ezra Stone is Henry Aldrich and vice versa, and he doesn't have much trouble switching parts. In his early twenties, freckled, with unruly red hair and always too busy with too much—that's Ezra. Mad about his second-hand wreck of a jalopy, he carts himself around in it from one night spot to another and then home to his family in Brooklyn and his ship's-cabin room, gangplank, portholes, swinging lanterns complete. The other Stones, Mr. & Mrs. and the kid sister, see to it that Ezra doesn't get too Henryish. Whatever he earns goes into the family jack-pot, and Ezra, like Henry, gets his weekly allowance. Once the Stones lived up in New Bedford, Mass., where Pop worked for the navy. Ezra never asked two dates to the same hop, but he had his share of hot water. Twice he ran away from home to get to Broadway. The third time he

was installed in the American School of Dramatic Art, but he couldn't be bothered finishing. He got a part in a play that never opened. Finally a role in "Ah, Wilderness" rescued him from the down-to-the-last-nickel group. The real sport came when he got spanked through three acts of "Brother Rat." One day after a run in "Three Men on a Horse," Henry ('scuse please,—Ezra) hied himself over to try out for "What a Life." The part was Henry Aldrich, but this meant little to anyone other than producer Geo. Abbott who saw a flop on his hands. No one might have ever heard of Henry if four years ago Rudy Vallee hadn't asked the "What a Life" cast to appear for three minutes on his program. Quick came a sponsor's bid for a weekly program. Arthur Clif Goldsmith tore his proverbial hair, was darned if he knew where the material would come from once his second-rate play was exhausted, but got to work. He remembered his own not so



Twentyish, freckled, kinky-haired Ezra Stone is a jalopy-driving Henry Aldrich in real life. He gets along on an allowance of \$50.

goody-good youth, he knew what reports meant in his own family, and he wasn't deaf to early morning, bathroom squawking. So, Topsy-like, Henry Aldrich grew. Centerville can't be found on most maps but it's conspicuous in every state in the country. It might be called Westtown, Pa., where the Goldsmiths get their cokes and where the mail comes in from Philly once a day. The gang—Homer, the Huck Finn of the skit, Willie and Toby—just had to be. Since the beginning, Jack Kelk, Norman Tokar and Norman Williams have acted these parts. Understanding Mrs. Aldrich is played by Chattanooga-born Katherine Raht, veteran radio and stage star. With her is House Jameson, the exasperated, must-do-the-right-thing Mr. Aldrich, who's been on the stage ever since Columbia gave him his B.A. That's the Aldrich family, the all-American family, your folks, the people next door, and every family to whom "Coming, Mother" sounds like home.



Understanding Ma Aldrich is Katherine Raht, Chattanooga-born schoolmarm introduced to radio by Dramatist Thornton Wilder.



LUM and ABNER

"Lum" and "Abner" are the exceptions that prove the rule in radio. Working in a medium that churns along on high-powered efficiency, split-second timing, sponsor interference and elaborate production set-ups, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff breeze through their four-times-weekly broadcast, giving the folks a maximum of entertainment with a minimum of preparation. . . . About an hour before they go on the air, the boys meet at their little office tucked away behind a door marked "Jot 'Em Down Store." Chet, who's "Lum," mans the typewriter. Norris (Abner) scrunches up in the corner back of Chet, strokes the whiskers he's growing for their next picture, and watches his contributions to the plot and dialogue pop into print. Fifteen minutes before air-time, the script for the day is ready. No one, not even the NBC network, has to O.K. it. Very few radio shows have such freedom. . . . The boys take all the parts themselves, switching from one voice to another with nothing more than a deep breath in between. Chet handles the

sound effects. . . . Both are handsome, both are happily married, each has two children. Chet is 38; Norris, known also as "Tuffy," is four years younger. . . . Next to breeding thoroughbred horses, duck hunting claims most of their time. Pals since grade school, brother Sigma Chi at the University of Arkansas, they went separate ways after snagging their sheepskins. A couple of years later, both returned to Mena, Arkansas—Chet to manage an automobile finance company; Norris to help his father run his wholesale grocery business. A black-face act they'd whipped together for a Lion's Club entertainment had to be scrapped at the last minute when the boys found the program crowded with burnt-cork-and-Southern-dialect combinations. Quick like forty bunnies, they switched to a comedy routine based on a couple of Ozark characters they'd met in their travels. The skit clicked, and from that day—April 26, 1931—to this, they've been "Lum" and "Abner." And they've never (doff your cap at this point) been without a sponsor!

It might look like a radio show if the principals went home. Or it might look like a corn-belt community sing if the microphone went home. April 16th the program celebrates its 7th birthday, and Molly's kettle-shaped Sunday bonnet hasn't worn out yet; nor has Fibber's nose—from talking through it. It's four years now since Fibber and Molly blew into California, two flat tires ahead of the Okies. They like the climate. The sheriff thinks they're cute. So they've settled down with their two college-age kids (Katherine and James, Jr.) on an Encino ranch. . . . Their marriage license, dated 1918, bills them as Marian and Jim Jordan. Both out of Peoria, they met piously at choir practice. They blended well, and when Jim went overseas to lick the Kaiser, he left a wife behind. . . . While the postwar world boomed, Jim and the Missus plodded. In '20, Jim was a young fella of 24, Marian a year younger. The comedy innate in his stocky 5' 4" figure spoke up for vaudeville. He had a voice too. So did Marian. They alternated. Sometimes singing with a con-

cert group. Sometimes hitting the vaudeville road. Plugging all the while—never paying much attention to the gadget-happy wacks who martyred themselves and bystanders to a new-fangled machine called rad-dio, which produced dynamic noises called static. It was no urge to pioneer that induced Marian and Jim to cut themselves a slice of this static. Rather a new species of angel—the sponsor—giving out big dough for short hours on the air. That was 17 years ago. Big dough for the Jordans was the ten bucks with which Station WIBO supplemented their ordinary earnings. They've done even better since—first on a juvenile program, then as the originators and sustainers of the "Smackout" series, finally as Fibber McGee & Molly. Nowadays, no bonafide popularity poll is a success without them. They've been included among radio's ten most beloved personalities as long as radio can remember. Probably, we'd say, because Maw and Paw Fibber is as 100% American as—well—Marian and Jim Jordan. And vice versa!

McGEE and MOLLY





Mrs. Berg and her "family" around the salad bowl. L. to r. James R. Waters, Roslyn Silber, and Alfred Ryder. The Goldbergs never fake sound effects like dishwashing.

THE GOLDBERGS

YOO HOO, MRS. BLOO—M! Twelve years ago, that clarion call first boomed over the air waves, and the NBC program director who had taken a 15-minute-a-week chance in launching *The Goldbergs* sat back and hoped he was right. . . . He was. Today, Molly Goldberg and her family—Jake, Sammy and Rosie—are deeply entrenched in the hearts of millions of listeners. 23 CBS, 31 NBC stations and Mutual's WOR in New York carry the story of the Goldbergs' struggles and heartaches, defeats and triumphs in a five-a-week program that tops all air shows. . . . The saga of *The Goldbergs* is the saga of radio's most amazing woman, Gertrude Berg, who writes, directs and plays the role of Molly. Mrs. Berg is frankly forty-two, happily tips the scales at 147. Merry-eyed, forthright, she lives by the same heartwarming, homespun philosophy with which she endows Molly. Like Molly, she's wrapped up in her family—Lewis, her husband, 19-year-old Chernay and 15-year-old Harriet. And like Molly, she knows first-hand the urge to "get ahead in the world." As Gertrude Edelstein, she grew up in a modest four-room apartment in upper Manhattan. An only child, she lived in a make-believe world, peopled by characters of her own imagining. Summers in the Catskills where her father owned a small hotel gave her her first taste of playwriting. Guests liked amateur theatricals, liked the clever sketches Gertrude wrote for them. . . . Lewis Berg, a Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute student, spent a vacation at the Edelstein hostelry when Gertrude was sixteen, returned three years later, and they were married that autumn. . . . Came 1929. The sugar refinery, where Lewis was employed as engineer, burned down, and his job went up in the smoke. Mrs. Berg, who hitherto had been concerned only with home-making, remembered the sketches she'd written, took them off the shelf, pondered the possibility of getting a skit about two salesgirls on the radio. A program director agreed

to air it for four weeks, and Gertrude was in seventh heaven. She still doesn't know why the first broadcast was the last. . . . But the heady elixir of success, though fleeting, was sweet, and she promised herself one month to prove her mettle. Result: A sketch of a Jewish father and mother in an East Side tenement who wanted to get ahead. A father who said he wanted his son, Sammy, to "have everything money can buy." A mother who said she wanted him to "have everything money can't buy." You know Jake and Molly. . . . Well, in 1931, a sponsor took over the program, scheduled it for five days a week. Mrs. Berg didn't think she could write that much, said she'd try. She tried—and hasn't stopped since. The paycheck's grown from \$75 to a reputed \$5,000 per week, and \$1,000 for a new show she calls *Kate Hopkins*. So the Bergs have gotten ahead very nicely. . . . Mr. Berg designs bridgework for a dental firm; Chernay's at college in Michigan; Harriet, in High School, wants to write—like Mama. Mama's written more than 2,000 scripts in these twelve years. They fill four closets in the duplex apartment overlooking Central Park. More than 3,000,000 words, four times the complete works of Shakespeare. . . . Her day begins at 6 A.M., when Mrs. Berg tiptoes to the kitchen, brews a cup of tea, carries it back to her study and writes the script that will go on the air three weeks later. After breakfast, she hurries to the NBC studios where, at 10 sharp, she rehearses the 11:30 broadcast. After lunch, she dashes home to knock out the *Kate Hopkins* sketch. At 4 P.M., she's at CBS, rehearsing the 5:15 show, a recording of which is broadcast the next morning over WOR. At 5:30, the author-director-actress is free to go home to her family. . . . "Jake," says Molly Goldberg to her husband, "the world would be a better place to live in if people only had the courage to act as good as they really are." There you have Gertrude Berg—voicing the all-embracing faith of her generous heart.



"Mama" writes the Goldberg scripts—has knocked out 2,000 in 12 years!



"Molly" also writes "Kate Hopkins," takes home \$6,000 every week.



Penny Singleton's happily wed to Bob Sparks.

Blondie

JUST in case you haven't noticed, there is among you a race of wacks apart—distinguished by an affinity for rollicking, madcap crackpotting! They spend every Monday night of their lives glued to CBS-tuned radios. They break your Sabbath snooze with free-for-all scrambles and screams for Chic Young's comic strip. They're the devils who tie up traffic the night "Blondie" hits your theater marquee. Motivating force for their antics is the Dagwood family; Blondie, Dagwood, Baby Dumpling and purp Daisy! If you think Blondie and Dagwood have a helluva time for themselves and everybody else at curtain time you oughta see them with their hair really let down! Nope, they're not hitched in private life, but they lead parallel truth-is-stranger-than-fiction existences. Both claim their program is just an imitation of life! Blondie, who was born Dorothy McNulty, started out sanely and academically in Philadelphia McClure's School, Penn. and Columbia Universities, where she spent her spare time innocently scribbling touching little verses. She'd done extra-curricular Thespian since the age of 9, and followed her college career guffaw-collecting on Broadway. But her heart wasn't in it and she retired to write poetry and fiction in Hollywood, where she became Dr. Lawrence Scrogg Singleton's missus. Partly because she played so hard to get and partly because she

was such a virtual gem for comedy, movie moguls started packing her letterbox with luring film offers. The more vehemently she refused, the more fabulous became the bait. Kind of a shrewd little lass, she couldn't refuse the four-figured opportunity, finally gave in to the fattest-ciphered offer. (Incidentally, she's dubbed Penny 'cause of her life-long habit of hoarding pennies!) Domestic bliss with Dr. S. came to an end in 1940 when she divorced him and started making Bob Sparks see the funny side of life! But to the world in general, she always has been, always will be Dagwood Bumpstead's (Arthur Lake) screwball wife and Baby Dumpling's (Larry Simms) irresponsible, irrepressible mom! Crazier than a loon right along with her, Arthur Lake makes an ideal mate! Taking a gander at his real-life rambunctious existence with spouse Patricia Van Cleve in their Hollywood nest, you'd swear he's the identical Dagwood you hear over the air! He's been in show business ever since he first batted a lash in a backstage trunk in Corbin, Ky., from whence he was toted from one end of the country to the other with his parents' circus. As soon as he began to show signs of locomotion, his acrobat-pop wangled a part for him in Fox Kiddie Film, "Jack and Beanstalk." Arthur, cast as a little old man, was so tickled with his long beard, he lost his equilibrium on a high fence and was laid up for repairs till the picture's end! Undaunted, he started in all over again and this time, hit the jackpot in movies, on the stage and, ultimately, in the script-scribbling game! Six feet tall, he weighs 165 pounds, has gorgeous blond hair and blue eyes, keeps fit riding, surfboarding, swimming and golfing (all of which are Blondie's favorites, too)! Both he and Penny are a source of amazement to their chums, who gasp at their naturalness and capacity for topsyturviness! Arthur explains, "How could I be otherwise? Was born in a circus where you've got to have a sense of the ridiculous and universal humility to survive!" Penny hasn't got any explanation—she just hails straight from hellzapoppin heaven!



Arthur Lake, Kentucky-born, debuted at 6.



Between radio, films, and a popular comic strip, millions know Dagwood, Blondie and Baby Dumpling.



Helen Hayes

Victoria the Queen is 41. In Hollywood, that would mean a gentle decline into "mother" roles, hair silver from a make-up box, a helpless renunciation of glamor, romance. But for Helen Hayes Brown MacArthur, First Lady of radio and the theater, time stands still. Her waist, her clear voice and her blue eyes are still Peter Pan's—her smile a gracious, lovely fulfillment of the cherky grin that first attracted Lew Fields some 35 years ago. Washington-born and convent-bred through the moppet years, Lady Helen debuted gawkily in a dancing class recital as a Gibson Girl. Proud Mother Catherine Hayes nudged her up the thespian ladder, first as a ringleted Fauntleroy of 6, then for 3 hectic Manhattan years as lollipop appeal for Weber and Fields' famous act. At 13, John Drew was patting praises on her head. At 18, she was sharing bravos with William

Gillette in *Dear Brutus*—a star. Vernon Castle was her first crush, but in 1928, at a cocktail party a shy, witty fellow passed her peanuts, muttered: "If only these were emeralds." It was Charley MacArthur's way of proposing and she accepted. The birth of Mary, a year later, broke up a run of *Coquette*, exploded in headlines as the famous "Act of God." . . . Motherhood has done little to dim the Hayes lustre since. A film stretch netted Helen an Oscar in '32 for her poignant mother in *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*. She set a record of 1,000 unforgettable performances as Victoria Regina. . . . Today, she's Broadway's Candle in the Wind, chatelaine of a gracious Nyack, N. Y., household that includes Charles, Mary, now 12; adopted Jamie, 4; Charles McNaughton, British boy refugee, and a butler named Herman. She's a tiny 5', 100 lbs., never has to diet. She hates crowds and telephones—adores her family and acting—refuses to grow a bit older.

Orson Welles

At 2; Kenosha, Wis., knew him as a pudding-cheeked genius who lisped lines from Shakespeare. At 9, George Orson Welles smoked cigars, sipped highballs with a convention-flouting father who split his time between a concert piano and inventions—tried to elope with a neighbor's daughter. Premonitory warnings, they were, of the volcanic ingenuity that was to scare the pants off one-third of the nation with a broadcast invasion of Martian monsters. . . . No fellow student at Woodstock, Illinois' progressive Todd school will ever forget the overgrown, curly-headed eccentric who brought Shakespeare and the Restoration dramatists to glowing life with a dynamic ferocity that seemed no part of childhood. "I always felt like an adult," Orson now recalls. And he always was—old enough at 16 to sell himself as a Guild Theater star to Ireland's Abbey Players—mature enough

at 18 to win standing room on Katharine Cornell's pedestal. Before Broadway had felt the hypodermic of a Marc Antony in Fascist uniform and an all-Negro Macbeth, he had tossed off a streamlined Shakespearean textbook as guest of a Moroccan chieftain, swept Virginia Nicholson into a stormy marriage that left her last year with a daughter, Christopher, and a divorce decree. At this writing, *Citizen Kane* is still the stuff of which headlines are made. . . . A mere 26, the Kid from Kenosha, a legend gigantically beyond his supercharged 200 lbs. and 6' 3", is busy brewing more bombshells in Hollywood, writing poetry, compressing his sprawling, sonorous genius to a Lady Esther radio half-hour each week—and coaching Bride-to-be Dolores Del Rio in the grand-scale frailties of his asthma, his Falstaffian appetite for layer cake and 2-inch steaks, his bellowing disdain for neckties, movie executives, exercise, everyday conventions and dull people.



KRAFT MUSIC HALL

● Harry Lillis Crosby's coat-of-arms might very well be a half-dozen blue notes running rampant over a field of old radio scripts and wild-hued Hawaiian sport shirts. Every Thursday evening, before broadcast time, you'll find this independent, easy-going color-blind, stubborn gent flapping his shirt tails in time with the music, and rehearsing his songs with hat on head, pipe in mouth, one knee knocking out the rhythm. . . . His scheduled dialogue needs no conning, thanks to years of training with the extemporaneous division of the high school debating squad. And three years of studying law at Gonzaga University is the reason he's always on top of the jaw-breaking phrases he tosses around so lightly. . . . Bing's been doing things the easy way ever since he rode into this world on the May 2nd beam of 1904. He shifts his 5' 9", 165 lb. frame from motion picture studio, to the Decca recording offices, to NBC, with the least possible hurry or fuss. . . . Early in life he decided that picking apples around his home town of Tacoma, Washington, or slashing underbrush in a near-by logging camp took too much of the old heave-ho. . . . Pal Al Rinker persuaded him to head for Los Angeles, and after knocking around for a while, they teamed up with Harry Barris. Went to work in the Coconut Grove as the Rhythm Boys under the aegis of their patron saint, Paul Whiteman. . . . Right in the middle of a song one night, he spied cutie-actress Dixie Lee, maneuvered an invitation, and after the "howjads" were said, announced "You're going to marry me!" Miss Lee's only comment was "Fresh guy!" but six months later Bing broke down her last bit of resistance by crooning "Please" especially to her for ten consecutive broadcasts of his own program. . . . Bing shudders every time he thinks of how close he came to missing that sponsored series. Pneumonia flapped its wings over his million-dollar wart-ridden tonsils about the time he was scheduled to start, and he had to miss the first three broadcasts. Cremo, his sponsor, let him continue, and by the time his contract ended he was America's Number 1 crooner.

. . . He's never had a cold since. . . . Bing took over the Kraft Music Hall on January 2, 1936. He installed Jimmy Dorsey and Band to take care of the music, and decided to do the show without an audience. Once in a while he'd invite a couple of studio pals to wander over to watch the goings-on. Then Dixie showed up with a couple of the kids. Next business manager-brother Larry moved in with some friends, and before Bing realized it, he was broadcasting to a full house. Now, of course, it's open to the public. . . . Every Christmas and Easter, Bing, through the marvel of radio, teams up with the Kraft Choral Society, a group of 90 employees broadcasting from the firm's home office in the east. After sending his greetings to them, as a group, he always rushes out and wires an apology to their director, whose name he never has succeeded in pronouncing correctly! Bing cares less than nothing about night clubs or dinner parties. After he signs off for the week, he either goes home to Dixie and the four kids, or attends a meeting of the Westwood Hills Marching and Chowder Club, a monthly jam session of words and jive with pals Bill Frawley, Pat O'Brien, Dave Butler and Johnny Mercer. Don't be surprised to pick up a magazine any time in the next couple of years and see "By Harry Crosby" under a story title. . . . Bing's going to start writing as soon as he can find time to get away from doing all the fishing and loafing he wants. . . . To see Crosby when he's happiest, you've got to watch him wandering around his race track at Del Mar, collecting tickets, chewing the fat with the folks, kidding the judges. Snagged to his shirt lapel, he wears a button stamped with a motto: "Cool Head Main Thing." . . . 33-year-old John Scott Trotter is so big, he needs that triple tag. (6' 1", 190 pounds, plus) was arranger for the late Hal Kemp's orchestra for eight years. . . . The Music Maids joined the program February 23, 1939—the perfect answer to Bing's wish for a group to back up his numbers. . . . Once every year, Connie Boswell takes time off and goes back to vaudeville. This year, Mary Martin was invited by Bing to join him.



Bing and Bob Burns do a little solid odd moment sending.



The Music Maids, chic and tuneful, sell lots of cheese.



Mary Martin got Connie Boswell's spot.

Singable, swingable Bing Crosby is Hollywood and radio's Wonder Boy with a solid gold Croon.

Bing gave burly John Trotter, Kraft bandleader, his start in radio.



CLIFTON FADIMAN

INFORMATION PLEASE . . . ? ? ?

CLIFTON FADIMAN . . .

Clifton Fadiman is mighty proud of having pedalled his way aboard a bicycle the length of Long Island in a day and a half. It's no record, but the master of ceremonies of NBC's top Friday night show, *Information Please*, figures it's "pretty good for an old man." (He's 37.) But reading and reviewing 35 books a week for *The New Yorker*, lecture-touring, writing articles and being editorial adviser to book-publishers Simon & Schuster, leave few spots for such marathons . . . The Brooklyn-born scholar and ex-soda jerker had read Homer, Dante, Sophocles and Milton at 11, graduated Phi Beta Kappa from Columbia in 1925, now pulls \$750 a week for keeping his rowdy radio class in line through a mixture of primness and Voltaireish wit. Half an hour before air time he assembles his brain-trust to ease the guest of the evening with a few practice queries. . . . Off the bicycle, the emcee relaxes by working on a book about the study of cheese!

JOHN KIERAN . . .

John Kieran is the only encyclopedia the sponsors of *Information Please* won't give away. Natural curiosity and native intelligence have taught the 47-year-old expert of the experts all the answers. Both Irish parents were school-teachers, his Pa being president of Hunter College. Right after graduating cum laude from Fordham in 1912, John himself pedagogued at a country schoolhouse in Dutchess County, N. Y.: ten bucks a week and 6 pupils was the score. Now it's about \$450 a week just for radio and a few million listeners. . . . Kieran has long been famed in the sports world for his *New York Times* column, where he is given to predicting football upsets via Shakespeare or Cicero. Before that he timekept for a sewer construction company and took his 140 pounds into the last war. John loves chopping wood or playing tennis, hobbies in natural history (especially birds—seen his new book?) and art gallery prowling.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS . . .

Watching humorist George Ade breakfast on a dish of strawberries, a rare luxury in 1901, made the writing profession look like a gold mine to Franklin P. Adams. The punning *Information Please* expert (his quaintness suggests lavender and old lace) was peddling fire insurance at the time, decided then and there: "A writer's life for me," got a job in 1903 as a columnist on the *Chicago Journal*. His initials at the end of "The Conning Tower" have since become as famous as the name George Ade. The column's currently non-existent, the author having left the *New York Post* in 1941. . . . Born in Chicago 60 years ago, F. P. A. graduated from the Scientific Academy of Armour Institute of Technology, attended the University of Michigan for a year. . . . No awe of the tremendous unseen audience makes the Puckish expert shrink from any act, even "singing" in a horrible bass, baritone or tenor (you can't tell which).

OSCAR LEVANT . . .

His love of verbal pranks usually finds Oscar (Bad Boy) Levant standing in the corner of the *Information Please* doghouse. The thick-lipped musical genius, who needs but three notes to identify either an obscure Tchaikovsky theme or Cole Porter's latest hit, provides 90% of the program's laughs with his caustic quips. . . . The 170-pound, Pittsburgh-born twinkle-fingers is at 35 an outstanding American composer and pianist. Some of the country's leading orchestras, including the Philadelphia and Cleveland, have played his symphonic works, while the nation has hummed his popular tunes ("Lady Play Your Mandolin" was one). . . . In spite of composing, giving concerts and conducting the scores of Broadway shows, Oscar found time to write last year's best-selling *A Smattering of Ignorance*. Not only has Levantine music echoed from the movie sound tracks but now the Levantine face has crashed the screen—and maybe a few cameras!



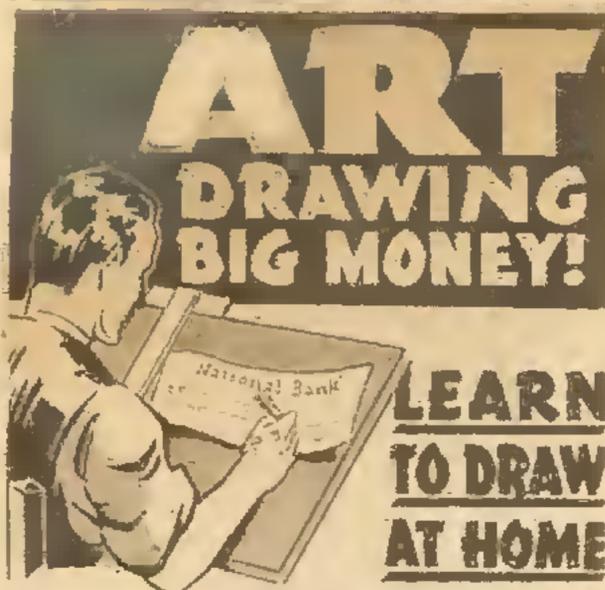
JOHN KIERAN



FRANKLIN P. ADAMS



OSCAR LEVANT



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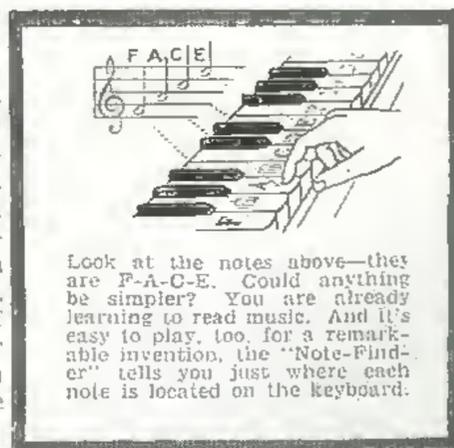
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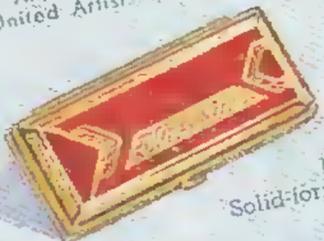


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