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IDA DALL



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On skis and on skates, Patricia skims along like a snow-bird! She's sparkling—amusing—she's fun! But the "but" about Patricia spoils many a "date"!



Men bear about Patricia—and ask to meet this witty girl. But they listen—they look—and they leave. For the "but" about Patricia is her teeth!



Why has nobody told Patricia that tender gums—"pink tooth brush"—can rob a girl's teeth of their sparkle—can rob her smile of its charm!



Adentist would tell Patricia to clean her teeth and massage her gums—with Ipana, which tones the gums as well as brightens the teeth!



Soon enough—with Ipana—Patricia would be attractive again when she laughed and when she talked. Patricia would be popular with men!

Do you—like poor Patricia—have tender gums and dingy-looking teeth which ruin your looks when you laugh or talk?

Your dentist knows a lot about gums! He knows that they need massage—with Ipana Tooth Paste!

He knows that today's foods, so deliciously creamy and tender, do not exercise the gums or give them the stimulation they must have to

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

stay hard and healthy. He knows that unexercised gums tend to become flabby and often to bleed.

Ask him about "pink tooth brush"! He'll soon enough tell you that it may dull your teeth—that it may lead to gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and

even pyorrhea—that it may actually endanger the soundest teeth.

Don't be like Patricia. Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste, and begin to care for your unhealthy gums as well as for your teeth. Clean your teeth with Ipana, and with a little extra Ipana on your fingertip, massage your gums. Your teeth will brighten as your gums become firmer.

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RADIOLAND



FEBRUARY, 1934

VOL. 1 NO. 7



ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

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9 OUT OF 10 Women Suffer Pain—Needlessly

Medical authorities discover new scientific facts about cause and relief of pain—new formula stops pain by relaxation—quickly—safely—scientifically

What Pain Is

MODERN doctors have discovered important new facts about pain. They have known for years that pain is caused by pressure on the sensitive ends of your nerves. Now they have discovered that as you grow tired, your muscles, tense and hard from over-work, contract like a clenched fist on blood vessels and capillaries. The capillaries, (minute blood vessels) become congested, causing that pressure on nerve ends which results in "pressure" headache, neuralgia and other severe* pain.

New Method of Relief

HEXIN—an amazing new formula—relieves pain simply, quickly, and properly by relaxation—the newest and safest scientific method. As HEXIN relaxes the taut, cramped fibres and tiny muscles, (1)

blood again starts to flow normally, (2) Capillary congestion is relieved, removing pressure from your nerve-ends, (3) pain vanishes like magic—quickly, safely and naturally.

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which drug your nerves into insensibility and encourage acid stomach. HEXIN relieves pain safely by relaxation. Its



Originally Developed for Children

Give us a formula—mothers asked—that our children can take with safety. Give us a relief for pain and fever that is milder and better adapted to the delicate systems of children than ordinary tablets so strong and so acid.

HEXIN—an alkaline formula—was, therefore, developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of HEXIN for adult use. The action of HEXIN is immediate for children or adults.

I SAW JANE YESTERDAY. SHE WAS ONE OF MY BRIDESMAIDS AND NOW—POOR THING—SHE LOOKS OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE MOTHER OF THE OTHER GIRLS.

NOW WONDER—SHE HAS SUFFERED FROM SO MANY HEADACHES SHE IS BOUND TO LOOK OLD. WHY DON'T YOU TELL HER TO TAKE HEXIN?



alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

To Sleep Soundly

The next time you have trouble getting to sleep try 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Too many cigarettes—that extra cup of coffee—nervousness—worry—any one of these things can rob you of your rest and steal your energy.

Let HEXIN relax tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic or a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency needlessly by lying awake? Let HEXIN help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

Take HEXIN for Colds

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood.

Colds and headaches often start because your system has an over-balance of acidity. Be careful, then, not to add acid** tablets to an already acid stomach. It stands to reason that the strong vinegar acid of some old-fashioned formulas may only serve to aggravate your condition.

HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress by the only safe method—relaxation.

Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting or greatly relieves one that has started.

How to Test HEXIN

The only test of any pain-reliever that means anything is how it acts with you. Make this test yourself. Take 2 HEXIN tablets with a glass of water. At once tense nerves start to relax. At once HEXIN starts to set up an alkaline reaction in your stomach. You'll never know what quick relief is till you try HEXIN. Insist on HEXIN today at any modern drug store. Nothing else is "just as good". Or make your personal test FREE by mailing the coupon NOW.

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving the muscular pain or cramps from which many women suffer periodically.

**HEXIN IS ALKALINE (non-acid).



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THE RADIO PARADE

RADIOLAND cannot be responsible for unexpected changes in schedule. All time given is Eastern Standard Time

VARIETY PROGRAMS

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITAL FAMILY—One hour of songs and music—both classical and popular. The Major in his friendly manner acts as m. c. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 11:15 a. m.

BOND PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson in songs—new and old. Music by Don Voorhees' orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

THE MOLLE SHOW—Shirley Howard, blues singer; the Jesters Trio; Milt Rettenberg, pianist; Tony Calluechi, guitarist. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:00 p. m.



Shirley Howard and the Jesters

BLUE COAL PROGRAM—A musical comedy revue with Senator Ford, Harry Tighe and Phil Spitalny's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

AMERICAN REVUE—If we were handing out stars for merit we would give them a few, but they have one—Ethel Waters, currently starring on Broadway; also, George Beatty, funnyman; Joe Venuti, violinist and Dorsey Brothers orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

THE BAKER'S BROADCAST—Joe Penner, "you nasty man," "would you like to buy a duck?"; also, Ozzie Nelson's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor, Rubinooff and Jimmy Wallington. Eddie and Rubinooff are at it again. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

AN EVENING IN PARIS—Parisian parties with Claire Majette, m. c.; Katherine Carrington, soprano; Milton Watson, tenor; and notable guests. CBS, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

SEVEN STAR REVUE—Here's a few for you: Nino Martini, Metropolitan tenor; Jane Froman, soprano; Julius Tannen, comedian; Ted Husing, m. c. and Erno Rapee's symphony orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

GULF HEADLINERS—The well known Revelers and Al Goodman's swell music. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Tamara, blues singer; David Percy; The Men About Town and Gene Rodemich's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

THE CHEVROLET PROGRAM—Jack Benny and the Mrs., Mary Livingstone, supply the comedy and Frank Black's orchestra the music. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

BILL AND GINGER—Lyn Murray and Virginia Baker in songs and patter. This is a bit different. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:15 a. m.

WILL OSBORNE AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH PEDRO DE CORDOBA—Friendly philosophy and good music. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:45 a. m.

SONGS MY MOTHER USED TO SING—Rather sentimental. Oliver Smith, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; and Jacques Renard's orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 6:00 p. m.

MUSIC ON THE AIR—A strong orchestra with seven voices. Arranged and conducted by Robert Ambruster. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW OF THE AIR—Music and drama with Cliff Soubier, the Morin Sisters, the King's Jesters and Harold Stoke's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

HAPPY BAKERS—Phil Duey, Frank Luther and Jack Parker form a trio; also Vivian Ruth, contralto, and a two-piano team. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY—Captain Dobsie and his ship have been very welcome on the West Coast for some time. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

A & P GYPSIES—Directed by Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor. A program of romantic music. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—Gene Arnold, Chauncey Parsons and a male quartet directed by Harry Kogen. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

THE BIG SHOW—We think so, too. Lulu McConnell, comedian; Gertrude Niesen, torch singer; Isham Jones' orchestra, and Paul Douglas acts as m. c. CBS, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—A charming program with guest artists. Directed by Josef Pasternack. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM—Songs and patter by Frank Crumit, Julia Sanderson and Parker Fennelly. Music furnished by Jack Shilkret. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m.

LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Croon and conduct, and Leah Ray, blues singer. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.



Phil Harris and Leah Ray

BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM—Ben Bernie entertains with his gags and music. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM—Ed Wynn, still going strong; also, Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—Eleanor Barnes brings Hollywood home to you. Music furnished by Raymond Paige's orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

GLEN GRAY AND HIS CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA—With Do Re Mi and others in a lively, musical program. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 10:00 p. m.

ROYAL GELATIN—The popular Bert Lahr supplies the comics and George Olsen's orchestra swell music. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD—That very funny pair—return after an absence of months. They will be assisted by an orchestra. CBS, Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9:15 p. m.

WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Guy Lombardo's grand music and amusing interludes with Burns and Allen. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m.

OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians furnish the music. The vocalists are Tom Waring, Babs Ryan, Lane Sisters and Poley McClintock. CBS, Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.



Fred Waring and the Lane Sisters

PRESENTING MARK WARNOW—Who has been preparing his own musical arrangements and conducting since a youth; Gertrude Niesen, torch singer and the Four Clubmen Quartet. CBS, Wednesdays at 10:45 p. m.

THE SMITH BROTHERS—Music and comedy. That popular pair Scrapy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m.

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallee from Hollywood. Which probably means more screen celebrities. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT—At least partly from the Coast—with Lanny Ross in Hollywood and rumors about Captain Winninger taking a trip. Also, Annette Hanshaw, Kathryn Newmān and Molasses 'n' January. Music by Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS—Gladys Rice, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone; an excellent chorus, and a distinctive program of orchestra music specially arranged. CBS, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

VOICE OF AMERICA—William Lyon Phelps; Alex Gray, baritone; Cal Tinney, comedian; Nat Shilkret's orchestra. CBS, Thursdays at 8:30 p. m.

KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM—A three star show. Al Jolson, famous comedian; Paul Whiteman, distinguished jazz conductor and Deems Taylor, one of our foremost composers. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 10:00 p. m.

ZOEL PARENTEAU'S ORCHESTRA—With Carl Van Amburgh, soloist. CBS, Fridays at 6:45 p. m.

THE NESTLE CHOCOLATEERS—Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Hillbilly; Ethel Shutta, who should be seen as well as heard, and Don Bestor's music. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

[Continued on page 8]

Beautify Face and Hands As Hollywood Does

MARVELOUS DISCOVERY
Stimulates Nature's own skin softening action

*Softens entirely without sticky after-effect—
Dries in 15 seconds!*



HOLLYWOOD is now acclaiming an utterly new way to soften skin. A way that protects against harmful effects of air, sun, water, and cold. Thus permitting the natural oils to soften the skin—nature's way. Over 100 prominent movie stars started using this as soon as it was announced.

Women everywhere are now adopting it. Will you accept a generous bottle free to try?

The name of this great discovery is Talia. A noted scientist spent years in bringing it to perfection. Talia does not soften the skin by greasing it. Instead, it covers it with an invisible film that protects the skin from the harsh or drying effect of air, sun, and water. This protection allows the natural oil of the face and hands to bring back the skin to baby-like softness. Hence hands and face soften themselves.

Even hands chapped to bleeding roughness respond instantly to the healing unguents in Talia. And Talia is aided in healing as well as softening by the natural oils of the skin. The reddest roughest hands are thus quickly restored to natural white loveliness.

The instant you apply Talia, notice this: In 15 seconds you cannot see it. In 30 seconds you cannot feel it on your hands or face. Yet it gives hours of protection to the oil ducts of your skin. Enabling them to reclaim the smooth skin of babyhood.

Blended with this marvelous discovery is a perfume of exotic charm. Now you may have this new miracle of beauty science. A lotion that does what none has done before. There is only one drawback. The supply is limited. We can supply dealers in only a few communities. We will, however, send free to all who apply at once a trial bottle containing enough Talia for thirty applications. Send 10 cents to cover packing and postage. See coupon below.

Accept this offer and this marvelous discovery at once. Clip the coupon now before you forget.

See how Nature now does what artificial, greasy, softeners could never accomplish. One trial of Talia, and you'll never go back to the old ways. And never more let roughness or dryness detract from the loveliness of your face and hands. Fill out the coupon. Return mail brings you this delight.

Lila Lee and Muriel Kirkland



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Lotion of Loveliness

TALIA



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Druggist's Name

"I can't do a thing
with my hair"



Oh Yes
YOU CAN!



In two seconds you can change that untidy disorderly hair to a smooth, trim, well-arranged coiffure. How? Just by using HOLD-BOBS.

But don't confuse HOLD-BOBS with ordinary bob pins that fall out as soon as you put them in. HOLD-BOBS stay! They hold each lock, or wave exactly as you want them. They never scratch your scalp or pull your hair—

Because only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads, non-scratching ends, and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped to hold every lock of hair securely. Insist on HOLD-BOBS always.

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Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
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The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

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SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS

Curved Shape Style



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

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Address.....

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

Blonde Gray Brunette Gold

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The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 6]

FRED ALLEN'S SALAD BOWL REVUE—Fred Allen—doctor, lawyer, Indian chief, and what have you; Portland Hoffa, Royal Atwell and Ferde Grofe's excellent music. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

POND'S PROGRAM—Lee Wiley, one of the prettiest girls on the ether, in songs and Victor Young's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

THE ARMOUR PROGRAM—The well known vaudeville comedian, Phil Baker; the Neil Sisters; Merrie-Men Quartet and Roy Shields' orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

SWIFT REVUE—Comedy, music and song. With Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, Harry Sosnik's orchestra and six vocalists. CBS, Fridays at 10:00 p. m.

THE MAGIC CARPET PROGRAM—The strange adventures of Cousin Hugo related by Jack Pearl, "The Baron Munchausen," and Cliff Hall. Al Goodman and his orchestra play. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:00 p. m.

BORDEN PROGRAM—Grand music and songs by Leo Reisman's orchestra, the Yacht Club Boys and Vivian Ruth. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:30 p. m.

BROADCAST FROM BYRD EXPEDITION—and William Daly's orchestra; Maria Silveira, soprano; Gordon Graham, baritone; and a mixed chorus. CBS, Saturdays at 10:00 p. m.

CAREFREE CARNIVAL—Who wouldn't like to be?—So let's dial in and listen to Meredith Willson's orchestra and Ned Tollinger. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 11:00 p. m.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE AIR—A galaxy of screen stars. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 11:30 p. m.

CHILDREN'S PROGRAMS

THE WIZARD OF OZ—Delightful adventures in the Land of Oz. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 p. m.



Nancy Kelly in "The Wizard of Oz"

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—Youngsters in a program written and directed by Madge Tucker. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Fridays at 4:45 p. m. and Saturdays at 5:00 p. m.

SKIPPY—The popular newspaper cartoon animated. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 5:00 p. m.

THE TATTERED MAN—A realistic trip to the moon for the children. Gertrude Hardemat is the featured player. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 4:45 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF DR. DOLITTLE—Excerpts from the Hugh Loftus stories. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 5:30 p. m.

WINNIE THE POOH—From stories by one of our foremost playwrights, A. A. Milne. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 4:45 p. m.

JACK ARMSTRONG—ALL AMERICAN BOY—Junior talent for junior listeners. CBS, Mondays to Saturdays at 5:30 p. m.

COWBOY TOM—Tex Ritter and Chief Shunatona interpret wild west stories tame enough for the youngsters. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 p. m.

H-BAR-O-RANGERS—Young Bobby Benson's adventures. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 6:15 p. m.

BILLY BACHELOR—Ray Knight writes and plays in this very popular series. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Fridays at 7:15 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX and his Ralston straight Shooters. Really, most harmless. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:30 p. m.

STAMP ADVENTURES' CLUB—This stamp collecting business is getting to be much more than just a hobby. CBS, Thursdays at 5:45 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY—Charming fairy stories written and directed by Nila Mack. CBS, Saturdays at 11:00 a. m.

DANCE MUSIC

WAYNE KING and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 3:00 p. m. and Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m. NBC-WJZ, Thursdays at 9:30 p. m. CBS, Mondays at 10:00 p. m.

GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. CBS, Sundays at 11:00 p. m.

CAB CALLOWAY and his Cotton Club orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 12:00 midnight. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 12:00 midnight.

PAUL WHITEMAN and his Paradise Restaurant orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 11:30 p. m. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays at 11:30 p. m.

MISCHA RAGINSKY and his Hotel Edison Ensemble. CBS, Mondays at 1:30 p. m.; Wednesdays at 12:35 p. m. and Saturdays at 4:00 p. m.

DON BESTOR and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 12:00 midnight. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 11:30 p. m.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 12 midnight and Fridays at 12:30 a. m.

ISHAM JONES' ORCHESTRA. CBS, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 11:30 p. m.

MEYER DAVIS and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 11:30 p. m.; Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m. and Fridays at 11:15 p. m.

REGGIE CHILDS and his Hotel Roosevelt orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 12:30 a. m. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 11:30 p. m. and Saturdays at 12:00 midnight.

VINCENT LOPEZ' ORCHESTRA. CBS, Tuesdays at 12:00 midnight.

PHIL HARRIS and his College Inn orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays at 12:00 midnight.

OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA. CBS, Wednesdays at 11:30 p. m. and Thursdays at 12:00 midnight.

ENRIC MADRIGUERA and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays at 11:30 p. m. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 11:30 p. m.

CHARLIE KERR and his Paramount Hotel orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 12:00 midnight.

LITTLE JACK LITTLE and his orchestra. CBS, Wednesdays at 12:30 a. m. and Saturdays at 11:15 p. m.

WILLIAM SCOTTI and his Hotel Montclair orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Thursdays at 11:30 p. m. and Saturdays at 12:30 a. m.

[Continued on page 10]



Want to earn BIG MONEY IN BROADCASTING?

This *Free Book* tells you how

Do you want to earn more money than you ever thought possible before? Do you want to get into Broadcasting—the most fascinating, glamorous, highly paid work in the world? Do you want fame—your name on the tongue of thousands? If you do, then send at once for this free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," which tells how anyone with talent can train for a big pay Broadcasting job.

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Can you sing? Can you describe things? Have you a good radio voice? Can you write plays and sketches for Broadcasting? If you can, then you are the exact kind of person Broadcasting Stations and advertisers are looking for—if you are trained in Broadcasting technique.

For Broadcasting is growing so fast that no one can predict how gigantic this new industry will be in another year. Only four years ago no more than four million dollars were spent on the air—last year advertisers alone spent more than \$85,000,000, or 9 times as many millions. Then add to this the millions spent by Broadcasting Stations and you can see that this new industry is growing so fast that the demand for talented and trained men and women far exceeds the supply.

Your Opportunity Now

Many more millions will be spent next year—more men and women will be employed at big pay. Why not be one of them—why not get your share of the millions that will be spent? You can if you have talent and train for the job you want.

Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how you can turn your hidden talents into fame and fortune. For if you have a good speaking voice, can act, sing, direct, write or think up ideas for Broadcasting, you too, may qualify for a big paying job before the microphone.

But remember that training is necessary. Talent alone is not enough. Many stage and concert stars failed dismally when confronted with the microphone. Why? Simply because they did not know Broadcasting technique. And at the same time others, unknown before, suddenly jumped into radio popularity—because they were completely and thoroughly trained for the microphone.

How to Train

Broadcasters and radio stations haven't the time to train you. And that is just why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcaster—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Radio. Through this remarkable Course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos and Annds, Graham McNamees, Kate Smiths, and Floyd Gibbonses and their future earnings will be enormous.

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FEBRUARY

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The Magazine that
tells all the Movie
News First

Other outstanding features in February SCREEN BOOK are:

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- **MAE WEST LOSES HER MAN**—How Cary Grant is deserting Diamond Lil for a new love.
- **"I'LL NEVER BE AFRAID AGAIN!"**—Claudette Colbert recounts her most exciting adventure.
- **SECRET MARRIAGE DISCOVERED**—the exclusive story of a Hollywood star's hidden romance, revealed only in SCREEN BOOK.
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The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 8]

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY—B. A. Rolfe and his Terraplane orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 10:00 p. m.

TED FIORITO and his orchestra from San Francisco. CBS, Saturdays at 12:30 a. m.

MORE SERIOUS MUSIC

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR—Church selections by a most distinguished choir. CBS, Sundays at 11:30 a. m.

RADIO CITY CONCERT—Not too serious. Roxy presents the Radio City Symphony orchestra, soloists and a chorus. Erno Rapee wields the baton. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 12:30 p. m.

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—The foremost symphony orchestra in a two hour program of selections from the great masters conducted by a great artist—Arturo Toscanini. CBS, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

DEEP RIVER—Willard Robison "The Evangelist of Rhythm." A program of soulful music. CBS, Sundays at 7:30 p. m. and Tuesdays at 10:45 p. m.

EGON PETRI—A very capable pianist. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—More of the variety type. Haenschen's Concert Orchestra; Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman and Arden, piano duo and Bertrand Hirsch, violinist. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

NEW YORK OPERA ASSOCIATION PROGRAM—Talent from the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies in more familiar selections. WOR, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—A distinguished orchestra directed by a distinguished conductor—Leopold Stokowski. CBS, every day except Sunday at 9:00 p. m. Also, January 5th and 12th at 2:30 p. m.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—Conducted by Guy Fraser Harrison. Excellent selections. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays at 3:00 p. m.

WESTMINSTER CHOIR—Returns under the direction of Dr. John Finley Williamson. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays at 6:00 p. m.

CASTORIA presents two well known artists: Albert Spalding, distinguished violinist and Conrad Thibault, baritone. Also, Don Voorhees' orchestra. CBS, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

CURTIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Fritz Reiner, former conductor of the Cincinnati Symphony, directs an orchestra of 90. CBS, Thursdays at 3:45 p. m.

HARLEM SERENADE—The renowned Hall Johnson singers and Claude Hopkins' orchestra. CBS, Thursdays at 10:45 p. m.

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—The eminent Dr. Walter Damrosch instructs a class of millions. NBC-WEAF-WJZ, Fridays at 11:00 a. m.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette and the Cavaliers in a well balanced program. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

CARBORUNDUM BAND—Pleasing concerts directed by Edward d'Anna. Francis Bowman acts as narrator and m. c. CBS, Saturdays at 9:30 p. m.

SYMPHONIC STRINGS—Directed by Alexander Chuhaldin, former concert-meister of the Imperial Russian Theatre. Exchange program from Canada. CBS, Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

COMEDY SKETCHES

CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King discuss some serious questions while hanging over the back fence. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Saturday and Sunday at 10:15 a. m.

AMOS 'N' ANDY—The black faced comedians retain their popularity. NBC-WJZ, every eve-

[Continued on page 59]

RADIOLAND

February, 1934

The Editor's Opinion

IN NO other branch of the vast industry of entertainment are those at the top of the ladder so close to the bottom as in radio.

Take, if you please, the case of Jack Pearl, who created a national vogue with his Baron Munchausen character. People from Kissimmee to Kalamazoo not so long ago were repeating the "Vass you there, Sharlee?" phrase which he added to the national consciousness. "Sharlee" and Jack certainly vass there last spring, when they went off the air at the peak of their vogue to do a movie.

And now look what's happened! By the time you read this the Baron will be making his final appearances on the air. Jack Pearl will no doubt return to radio in a few weeks, but the Baron seems to be definitely through. Last season's most popular figure of the air waves is looking for a new sponsor or a new character.

WHAT is the reason for Jack Pearl's sudden drop in popularity? It can't be because he used old gags; Cantor and Wynn and the Two Black Crows do that, with uniform success. To our mind the



Jack Pearl

Baron failed because he was too much Baron. In the nature of things he couldn't be much else, but his dialectic aberrations gave every program a semblance of monotony. Rudy Vallée, one of radio's miracle men if only for the length of time he has held his popularity, understands the value of variety. A good program doctor could bring Jack Pearl back to the top of the heap.

Singin' Sam is another old favorite soon to leave the air—not because of waning popularity, but for a well-earned vacation.

MAYBE there is some obscure connection between the making of motion pictures and radio popularity. Jack Pearl and Ed Wynn have both just completed pictures—*Meet the Baron*, with Pearl, and *The Chief*, with Wynn. Neither of these promises to be the box-office hit that might



Ed Wynn in "The Chief"

have been expected from their radio ratings, though *Meet the Baron* has a bit of an edge on *The Chief*. Perhaps that is just the law of compensation balancing things up, for Wynn continues to hold his own with radio fans, though he, too, is beginning to suffer a bit from mannerisms that may react to his detriment as they did with Pearl.

Eddie Cantor has just made a picture, too, *Roman Scandals*. That man Cantor knows a few things about holding his audience week after week. Read his theories on program building as he explains them in this issue of RADIOLAND and you will begin to understand why his hour has shown no signs of growing stale.

HISTORY is being brewed in large quantities in Washington—the financial structure is undergoing adjustment, Congress is ready for another session, international problems must be solved. Our tip is to tune in your radio on every political talk emanating from the capitol to keep abreast of the stirring times we are living

The Editor's Opinion

through. We predict that President Roosevelt, the greatest radio personality of the year, will extend his use of radio in the next few weeks. And he will use it in a different way. Observers with their ears next to the political ground point out that he will be put more on the defensive, with administration policies beginning to draw criticism from certain quarters. Already, as in his recent Baltimore broadcast, the President has started lashing back at critics. Unquestionably the critics will get in their radio innings, too. Will Roosevelt maintain and extend his radio popularity? You and a hundred million other listeners will decide the answer in the next few weeks.



Edwin C. Hill and Singin' Sam

RADIO news commentators, who have suffered a slight drop in public favor, will be incidental beneficiaries of the political boiling-pot. Just as radio comedians lose their following when their gag-men fail them, so are the news interpreters dependent on dramatic happenings of the day to hold their audiences. The Boake Carter, H. V. Kaltenborn, Frederic William Wile, and Edwin C. Hill school is in for a new burst of popularity.

BAD blood between newspapers and radio is one of those things which has a basis of fact, but rarely gets talked about. It has remained for the Columbia Broadcasting System to bring this minor feud into the open. A few days ago representatives of Columbia's newsgathering subsidiary were denied admittance to the press galleries of Congress on the ground that they represented no daily newspaper or press association. Technically the newspaper boys were perfectly within their rights, according to

House and Senate rules of long standing, but it would seem that technicalities could well be waved aside in the interests of a few million radio listeners. If newspapers expect the public to respond with interest to the old battle cry of "freedom of the press," it would be a generous gesture of the Fourth Estate to extend a little of that same freedom to Radio.

ARE you one of those fans who delights in tuning in on short wave broadcasts to learn what police radio cars are doing and to drop in on conversations between private stations? It's great sport made possible by the new sets which tap the short waves as well as the broadcast bands. What many people do not know is that it is a Federal offense to divulge to any other person the contents of a private conversation overheard on the air. The penalty therefor is a \$250 fine or a three month's sojourn in a well-heated jail. The possibility of these penalties being invoked is rather remote, but the big, bad law is there and nobody can say we failed to warn you.

IF YOU can't come to New York, you owe it to yourself to read the story in this issue of RADIOLAND on the opening of the new home of the National Broadcasting Company in Radio Center. Reading the article is the next best thing to experiencing for yourself the breath-taking thrill of a visit to this place of marvels.

CIGARETTE companies continue to provide some of the leading air programs. Somewhat experimental are the fifteen-minute symphonic programs under the direction of Leopold Stokowski, presented by Chesterfield. Music-lovers will follow them with particular interest because of the technical problems involved. No symphony has ever been compressed into a quarter-hour period, and just how the temperamental Stokowski will work out the problem over a series of broadcasts remains to be seen.

On the upgrade is the Casa Loma orchestra, signed on the new Camel program. Most unusual is the fact that their success has been won without benefit of ballyhoo. They have gone in for good music instead of showmanship. Take our tip—they're on the way up.

Behind *the* Scenes With FATHER COUGHLIN

Father Coughlin, Militant Priest of Radio, Swings into the Bitterest Battle of his Career in Defense of the President

By Lee J. Smits



Fr. Coughlin talks from Shrine of the Little Flower

ON THE evening of November 27th last a crowd of 20,000 people milled and jostled about the entrance to the Hippodrome in New York City, fighting and struggling for the opportunity of hearing a young priest speak his mind on matters of national concern.

The Hippodrome theatre could seat but 6,500 of that crowd, and many had been waiting since early morning. A cordon of 350 policemen kept the mob in order as best they could. Blasé New York, accustomed to traffic tieups, political campaigns, and Broadway ballyhoo, had never gone through an experience quite like it.

There was a reason for the mad scramble for seats in the Hippodrome. Father Charles E. Coughlin, who stands unique as a radio phenomenon, was firing the opening gun in the most critical campaign of his career. He has emerged victorious in scores of battles in the past, championing the cause of the common man, lashing out at the moneyed interests of the nation, and at those he deemed responsible for our economic troubles. Ten million radio listeners each Sunday tune in on his broadcasts from the Shrine of the Little Flower in Detroit. It is the contributions of these listeners which have

How New York newspapers reacted to Father Coughlin's opening gun in defense of President Roosevelt's money policy



made possible the Church of the Air which is rapidly taking shape in steel and stone, while Father Coughlin opens his seventh season of broadcasting.

The reader will probably remember many of his battles in the past—his attacks on the Hoover regime, on Detroit bankers, on local newspapers, and on the economic order as it exists.

But these battles were mere skirmishes compared to the one he is now fighting in defense of President Roosevelt and the administration's reconstruction of the financial system.

Not since the voice of William Jennings Bryan was stilled has so forceful an argument been offered for the complete revision of the nation's financial structure. Bryan was not more eloquent in his prime, nor commanded a greater army of followers, than Father Coughlin, in the minds of many who remember the flaming phrases of the Great Commoner. And for every hearer reached by Bryan's ringing speeches, ten thousand listen each Sunday to the fervent addresses of Father Coughlin, broadcast over his own nation-wide hookup of 25 stations.

Phrases coined by Father Coughlin in his New York address, heard by the nation over loudspeakers, include such shibboleths as "Tory newspapers," "Morganism," "Puppet bankers," and the like, which will be heard more and more frequently as the Radio Priest warms up to the fray.

What sort of man is this Father Coughlin who dares to speak on forbidden topics, to call a spade a spade? He is not merely a scathing critic of the blunders of capitalism, but to an invisible multitude of listeners is the prophet of a new day which will bring prosperity within the reach of all. And when he "names names" over the air, it can be

taken for granted that he has done a great deal of investigation into the background of what he says.

When a grand jury in Detroit was investigating the national bank holiday, precipitated by the closing of Detroit banks, Father Coughlin spent hours on the witness stand. He repeated in detail his charges of mismanagement, made over the radio, and brought down upon himself the wrath of conservatives of the community. But Father Coughlin values the bitter dislike of conservatives even more than the approval of multitudes who write him each week applauding his utterances. This applause is no casual response. A single broadcast brought him 600,000 letters upholding his condemnation of the existing money system. It is

Far From "Toning Down" his Addresses, as it was Predicted he Would on his Return to the Air, Father Coughlin, Radio's Stormy Petrel, is Starting a new Crusade

long since any individual reached the hearts of so many people, or aroused such a storm of controversy.

IN OCTOBER Father Coughlin opened fire after a few weeks off the air. His sermons last season, marked by attacks on banks and banking, had stirred up such a hornet's nest that the prediction was freely made that Father Coughlin would tone down his new campaign. His refusal to proffer any sort of hint as to what his themes might be this season helped along the rumor that his current addresses would be devoted to less dangerous topics. But it is not in keeping with his character to withhold his fire, and far from modifying his line of attack, the 1933-34 series of Coughlin talks promises to start reverberations which will echo down the canyons of political history.

Father Coughlin's first Sunday talk a few weeks ago dealt with the NRA. His close friendship with President Roosevelt and leaders of the Democratic party have at times made him an important spokesman of the administration. It is characteristic of him, however, that he pulls no wool over his own eyes. Thus he spoke of the National Recovery Act:

"It is like a fine motor car, but it is equipped with flat tires. A capable driver is in the seat—" and then he proceeded to specify what he meant by "flat tires."

Father Coughlin charged:

That the Federal Reserve Bank is not a part of the government system, but is in control of the big bankers, and that it has profited to the extent of millions through the inflow of gold, ordered by the government.

That the destruction of pork and grain, while millions starve in China, and millions are underfed everywhere, was a crime.

"The NRA," said Father Coughlin, "has lessened the purchasing power of this nation. Both retail and wholesale prices are advancing, while agricultural prices have fallen drastically. The 11,000,000 unemployed are worse off today than they were last Winter."

Father Coughlin pleads for certain very definite reforms, such as the retirement of all Liberty Bonds and the substitution for them of non-interest bearing securities; the revaluation of the American dollar, on a silver basis; the paying of bank depositors through the surplus heaped up in

[Continued on page 70]



"MORGANISM"



"TORY NEWSPAPERS"

—Wide World Photo
Taken especially for *RADIOLAND*, the above picture shows Father Charles E. Coughlin as he addressed a packed house in New York's Hippodrome. Thousands of people blocked traffic outside in a vain effort to hear him. His address inaugurated his new crusade in defense of President Roosevelt, and abounded in such phrases as "Morganism," "Tory newspapers," and "puppet bankers." At the left he is seen with Pal, his Great Dane dog

RADIOLAND

Father Coughlin has his moments of relaxation, as at the right where he is playing his piano. A single broadcast has brought him 600,000 letters, many of them containing contributions for his Church of the Air now being built in Detroit. It is estimated that his Sunday talks reach ten million listeners. He is probably radio's most controversial figure

FEBRUARY, 1934

A Page of Sheer
Melodrama out
of Real Life

THAT AMAZING

By Edward R. Sammis

TO THIS day, Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, whom you may know as the Voice of Experience through his broadcasts over the Columbia network, feels that there was something uncanny about the way that Case No. 230 came to be investigated.

It isn't often, even in such an extraordinary calling as his, that a chain of coincidences leads to the saving of two human lives and the capture of a homicidal maniac, with no seconds to spare.

The first coincidence came when a reader picked that particular letter out of the grist of two thousand or so that come to Dr. Taylor's offices daily, just before closing hour.

Outside, the early evening lights were already winking through the misty dusk of Times Square. Clerks were closing their desks, getting ready to go home.

The letter was a painfully penciled scrawl from a young girl. She was hungry, penniless. Her mother had just died and the body was lying in the morgue. There was no money for a proper burial. If only the Voice of Experience could provide a funeral for her mother, she would be thankful forever.

Pitiful, yes. But Dr. Taylor's mail is filled with such heart-broken requests. Ordinarily it would have been held over until the next day.

Then coincidence num-



The Voice of Experience surrounded by art objects picked up in world travels. Note the medieval cupboard and model galleon



Case No. 230 from the Little Black Book of the Voice of Experience is a thrill-packed story of attempted murder prevented by a split-second intervention. The scrawled letter which set the wheels in motion is reproduced above. It brought the Voice's investigator to the house just in time to rescue an officer from a homicidal maniac who had stabbed his own sister

VOICE of Experience

A Peep Behind the Scenes at the Astonishing Organization
Built by the Man Radio Knows as the Voice of Experience

ber two. A postscript caught the reader's eye. The girl had added, almost carelessly, that her brother had been acting strangely lately and she was in fear of her life.

The reader took the letter in to Dr. Taylor. He read it and some intuition told him that it was one case which could not be delayed. He rang for his chief investigator and ordered him to go out on it at once.

Coincidence number three. The chief investigator, although a small man, nearly always works alone. But playing a hunch, he decided to take one of his lieutenants with him.

The two men took a subway to Brooklyn. They located the address on one of those dismal streets of down-at-the-heel rooming houses that fade out into dumps and litter-strewn vacant lots.

They started up the creaking wooden stairs. Half-way to the top, they heard a scream. Taking the remaining steps almost at a bound, they burst open a door and saw to their horror a murderous giant of a man holding a young rookie cop pinioned against the wall, while he flashed a six-inch clasp knife in his hand ready to strike.

Helpless, alternately sobbing and screaming in the middle of the room, stood the girl who had written the letter. Help had come none too soon. A deep gash in her side bore testimony to the fact that the brother had started in to kill her. Then when the rookie officer, summoned by neighbors who heard her cries, had stepped

into the room without drawing his gun, the maniac had turned on him. Luckily it was at this juncture that the investigators arrived. The lieutenant stepped up behind the madman and clinched his waving arm while the chief felled him with a [Continued on page 62]



Lives were saved by the Voice of Experience, suicides prevented, food supplied to the starving in "Hoover City," New York's city of the destitute



The sorting rooms in the Voice of Experience's office, where truckloads of mail are received daily—17,000 letters a week



In the first two-way talk with Soviet Russia in history, Maxim Litvinoff, Soviet agent, talked from the White House to his family in Moscow via short wave radio



Bronchitis confined him to bed, but couldn't keep Roy Atwell from the mike. Atwell is the radio comedian who twists his sentences backside forward. With a nurse to hold the script, the show went on



Phillips Lord, known to radio fans as Seth Parker, starts from Maine on his 15-month cruise around the world. The crew of the schooner *Seth Parker*, is shown above, with the view at left showing Lord at the wheel. Short-wave radio will bring broadcasts from remote points of the world. Lord is heading leisurely down the Atlantic coast and will then point his ship toward the South Seas



EXTRA! Mae West, glamorous siren of the screen, will be radio's highest paid star at \$6,000 a week



—Photo from Kansas City Journal Post
An alert Kansas City news photographer caught Gracie Allen and George Burns reading the December *RADIO-LAND* which had their pictures on the cover, when they stopped off on a vaudeville tour



If you think the wife and five daughters Eddie Cantor talks about are a myth, here's proof to the contrary. They all met him in New York on his return from Hollywood



Radio's big adventure of the month. T. G. W. Settle and Chester Fordney carried short-wave equipment in the balloon in which they ascended eleven miles. Radio listeners eavesdropped on conversations from the stratosphere. From the "highest studio" the balloonists talked with NBC officials and others on the ground, static interfering but slightly. Contact was made at 58,000 feet



Jack (Baron Munchausen) Pearl was presented with a surprise cake at the studio on his 38th birthday. He said he was 38, but you know the Baron! Jack is soon going off the air



Back to the radio again! The President broadcasts in honor of Georgia's 200th birthday

—Wide World Photos



Ed Wynn Succeeded

Little Edwin Leopold Didn't Want to Sell Hats, but to Make People Laugh—so Today we have Ed Wynn

By Mary Jacobs

THE Leopold family didn't know what to make of it. For hours the family conferred. Edwin (Ed Wynn to us), the hope of the family, had run away from home, run away from college. He refused to return. He refused to help his father in the latter's wholesale millinery business. He preferred touring with a cheap stock company at \$12 a week to living in luxury, to becoming eventually the head of the family's huge wholesale millinery house.

HATS!
The
Ed
Wynn
Trade
Mark

"The boy's a perfect fool!" announced Leopold, Senior, in disgust. Edwin's tuition at the University of Pennsylvania had been paid. He had enrolled as a freshman. Then he had disappeared. His worried parents had found the sixteen-year-old acting the part of a seventy-year-old minister in a third-rate theatre.

"I don't care if I can sell hats easily; I don't care how many hats I sold for papa while I went to high school. I like acting better than sell-

ing. I'm more interested in getting laughs than orders." That was what he kept repeating.

It was Ed Wynn alone of the Leopold tribe who realized that customers bought hats from him because they liked to see him prance around wearing woman's hats, making faces, telling comical stories in his lisping, high-pitched voice.

He realized too, how heartbroken his parents were; with what horror they viewed having the honorable name of Leopold associated with the theatre. For middle-class folk, thirty years ago, considered theatres dens of iniquity.

So Edwin Leopold split up his first name and became Ed Wynn to the people who watched his antics on the stage. He accepted *The Perfect Fool* as his trade mark. The more foolish you were, the more laughs you got, and he had decided to make himself the all-time world's champion laugh-getter.

That was thirty years ago. The first dozen years were tough sled-

by IGNORING ADVICE

ding. He was experimenting with his peculiar style of comedy, trying out his silly zany remarks, explaining his pathetic inventions that never worked, changing from one bizarre costume to another every few minutes.

It wasn't till 1914 that Ziegfeld noticed him and starred him in the *Ziegfeld Follies*. Overnight his humor and clowning became the talk of the town. Ed Wynn was made. Ziegfeld continued to star him. He was a hit in *The Passing Show*. A bigger hit in his own production, *The Perfect Fool*. In *Simple Simon*. In *The Grab Bag*. And in his last production, *The Laugh Parade*.

While with Ziegfeld, Wynn met and married Hilda Keenan, daughter of the actor, Frank Keenan. They have one child, Keenan, a boy of seventeen.

THOUGH fame had come Wynn's way, though this family were now proud of their acting son, Ed Wynn had not changed. He still believed in being himself, in following his own wishes against the advice and counsel of friends, of family, of those who considered themselves in the know. He believes so to this day—in fact, Wynn told me in all seriousness that he is successful because he has constantly disregarded outside pressure.

"I got where I am today by stubbornly refusing to listen to reason, to the opinion of my family and friends. Since childhood, I have always done what I thought best, regardless of how foolish my family and business [Continued on page 61]



After the program is over, Ed Wynn relaxes. He changes costume several times at each broadcast



An Ed Wynn broadcast going on the air. The audience does as it pleases, never applauding to order

The Fire Chief's Personal Recipe for Success

There's a world of good hard sense in Ed Wynn's philosophy of success as revealed in this article. To a man who knows where he is heading, well-meant advice is often a handicap.

"I got where I am by stubbornly refusing to listen to reason, to the opinion of my family and friends," Ed Wynn says. "Almost every show I have put on I have been advised against. Usually I come out on top when I pay no attention to what others say."



The famous shoes worn by Ed Wynn at every performance. In thirty years they have cost him \$1,400 for repairs



From KITCHEN to Kilocycles

Ethel Waters was Perfectly Content to do Cooking and Housework at \$4 a week, but Fame Sought her out and Pushed her on to Success

By
Rose Dennis

STORMY WEATHER

Composed especially for Ethel Waters, Stormy Weather was the plaintive tune which forced her on to success as a radio "blues" singer

TO THE toughest band of pickaninnies in the south side of Philadelphia, who entertained the after-theatre crowd with impromptu songs and dances, twelve-year-old Ethel Waters was the acknowledged leader. She couldn't read a note; she couldn't play the violin or harmonica, as did some of the others. She danced with the natural grace and savage rhythm of the negro, but so did the rest of the clique.

The thing that set her apart was her singing. And could that girl sing! Her wild, hot tones; her low, wailing pleas, seemed to drive the crowd to frenzy; they never failed to bring forth a down-pour of nickels, dimes, quarters and even dollars.

That was the introduction of Ethel Waters, blues singer, to singing in public. "White people are funny," this big, rawboned twelve-year old mused. "They actually pay you for what you love to do." Today, fifteen years later, this same untutored colored girl is making \$3,000 a week through singing.

She still can't read a note; she still knows nothing of music. Her emotions are her only guide. Her torrid rhythms, the

heartbreak and feeling she injects into ballads, her ability to arouse the primitive within each of us, sets her apart as Queen of the Blues Singers.

As a child, Ethel "never aspired to nothing," she told me laughingly. The daughter of a fourteen-year old washerwoman, Ethel's education was of the sketchiest. Her earliest recollections are of watching her mother sweep and clean and wash and bake for the white ladies, for her mother took the pickaninny with her on all her jobs. When Ethel was five she followed after her mother, helping her, meanwhile singing in her low, crooning voice, much to the amusement of her mother's employers.

It wasn't long before she quit public school and was out on her own building up a clientele. Ethel scrubbed floors, was a child's nurse, a chambermaid, a cook, a washerwoman. [Continued on page 72]



Ethel Waters refused a long-term broadcasting contract because she wasn't sure she liked radio well enough. She knows nothing about music except what springs from the emotions

Radioland
PORTRAITS



Helen Morgan

Helen Morgan worked in a mail order house, helped a manicurist, sorted tea, and packed crackers, among other things, before she became the country's most famous piano sitter-oner. She left a night club chorus because the manager wouldn't let her sing, got a role in the *Scandals*, and shot to fame in *Showboat*. Her famous piano-sitting method of singing originated in a crowded night club where the piano top was the only place from which she could be seen and heard. She is now on the air every Sunday over CBS



Mildred Bailey

"The Rockin' Chair Lady" is the name by which millions of radio listeners know Mildred Bailey. She first won notice as a singer with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, registering a big hit over radio with her blues songs. She went to school with a youngster who grew up to be Bing Crosby—in fact, she introduced Bing to Abe Lyman, who gave the crooner his first night club job. She likes ping-pong and pets, owns two canaries and two dachshunds, and a 460-acre ranch in Washington



Nino Martini

Romance is the natural heritage of Nino Martini. He was born in Verona, that Italian town where Shakespeare's two gentlemen hailed from, and his father was custodian of the legendary tomb of Romeo and Juliet. Only 28, this Italian tenor has achieved a brilliant success over the air and on the operatic stage. He sings thirty operas from memory and amazes critics by the range of his voice. He is the Metropolitan Opera's leading tenor for lyric roles during the current season



June Rae

Radio listeners, for obvious reasons, are fond of June Rae's contralto voice, heard with Don Bestor's orchestra from the Hotel Biltmore. Unlike many radio singers who cannot read a note of music, Miss Rae's musical education is thorough—in fact, she arranges her own numbers and has a Bachelor of Music degree from the American Conservatory of Music in Chicago. She won a scholarship there by coming out first in a state-wide singing contest in her native state of Michigan. She was born at Adrien in the automobile state. Her hobbies are horseback riding and automobile speeding, but of the two she prefers the latter, for she can take her pet wire-haired fox terrier along to share the fun



Irene Beasley

You could never imagine why, but Irene Beasley had an inferiority complex. She thought she lacked poise because she is a bit taller than most girls—five feet ten. In her search for poise she discovered that she had a coloratura voice of unusual quality. She has been a radio favorite for the past three years and has sung before Presidents Roosevelt and Hoover.

Around the NBC studios she is know as "the long, tall gal from Tennessee"

Radioland Survey

Names *Best* Programs

Radio listeners are partial to men when selecting their favorites

JUST which are the most popular programs on the air? That is a question that can be the starting point for a vigorous debate anywhere it is asked. And the answer—if you could manage to get a definite answer out of any group of people—would be different in each different part of the country. RADIOLAND, however, has made a survey that will serve at least as a pointer to what's what in radio popularity.

In an intensive survey a great many people have been asked to name their favorite programs, and a great many others, persons in a position to know, have been asked to name the programs to which, in their judgment, the public is the most responsive.

The field is large, and any selection must embrace but a few. Twelve is the arbitrary number on RADIOLAND'S list.

The six most popular given in the order they go on the air, are:

Amos 'n' Andy, the Pepsodent program. One of the old-timers but still holding the interest of millions of loyal fans.

Eddie Cantor on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, with Rubinoﬀ and Jimmy Wallington. Eddie's brand of humor still clicks with the fans.

Rudy Vallee on the Fleischmann Hour. Listeners like Rudy and they like the showmanly way he presents his guest artists from stage and screen.

Captain Henry's Maxwell House Show Boat. A variety program that makes the dial-twisters stop twisting and listen. With Charles Winninger, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Muriel Wilson and Molasses 'n' January—plus Don Voorhees' band.

Burns and Allen, the White Owl wisecrackers, in a line of talk that makes two laughs spring where only one sprung before. No let-down in the quality, despite the length of time they've been at it.

Ed Wynn, the fire chief, on the Texaco program. So-o-o-o-o when we asked people to name their favorites, nearly everyone said: "Of course, Ed Wynn. . . ."



Rudy Vallee



Burns and Allen



Eddie Cantor



Ed Wynn

Old Maestro, and Bernie is it. His fans from coast to coast would miss eating to hear his aimless, engaging, witty monologue accompaniment to his band's good music.

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra on the Chesterfield program. A distinct treat for those who like the best in music. The orchestra is under the baton of Leopold Stokowski.

Phil Baker, the Armour comic. With Bottle and the mysterious Beetle stooging for him, Phil puts on a grand show of the same kind that made him one of the stage's favorite comedians.

Jack Benny on the Chevrolet program. Another one of the funny men no lover of good comedy misses if he can help it. Another stage star who has made millions of radio friends.

Paul Whiteman and **Al Jolson** on the Kraft-Phenix program. A great pair, one of the country's best band leaders and one of the greatest names in show business. The fans like the combination.

Some Sectional Favorites

THERE they are—twelve of them. And if your favorite of favorites is not listed, remember there may be many reasons why not. One very powerful reason for omitting many several first rate programs is that they are only heard in a small part of the country and have not attained the outstanding popularity they might have if they were more widely broadcast.

Among the great programs that were well up on the popularity list but didn't quite get in the first twelve for one reason or another, were Wayne King's Lady Esther ether session, which is especially well-thought of in the east; Easy Aces, which is now being broadcast in the afternoon instead of the evening; Clara, Lu and Em; Joe Penner, the funny fellow who is still selling a duck on the Bakers' broadcast; Myrt and Marge; Jimmy Durante and Ruth Etting; the Baron Munchausen; and Fred Waring.

The news commentators were not included in the popularity poll with the other programs because they are seen as a distinctively different type of radio offering. Among them, however, Edwin C. Hill proved the most popular, with Father Coughlin, who should really have a class by himself as he is more than a commentator, a close second. Boake Carter, Lowell Thomas and H. V. Kaltenhorn all have their enthusiastic following of fans.

Bing Crosby who has always been extremely popular with the fans, did not show well in the survey because his Woodbury program has for some time been restricted to a few eastern stations.

The Second Group

THE next group of six programs, which RADIOLAND'S survey showed to be second only, in popularity, to those listed above, are as follows, also listed in the order they come on the air:

Fred Allen, and his Salad Bowl Revue. A sophisticated brand of comedy that has millions of devotees. The lingual difficulties of Roy Atwell add many extra laughs to this suave offering.

Ben Bernie on the Blue Ribbon Malt program. There is only one



Why Women Don't "CLICK" on the Air

A Famous Medical Psychologist Explains Why There are so few Women Headliners on the Air

By Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

IN A recent issue of RADIOLAND six names were listed as heading the big money class on the ether waves—to-wit: Ed Wynn, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, George M. Cohan and Will Rogers; each drawing five thousand a week. Following came seventeen additional names with salaries grading down from four thousand to one thousand, these including bands and teams.

Undoubtedly the readers of this magazine have already recovered from the shock that big money like that can be garnered by so many these days.

But did you note that Kate Smith occupied tenth place on the list with three thousand, while Clara, Lu and Em (in combination) were placed still further down, at twenty-first place, only three from the bottom? Then Gracie Allen, a real novelty in nonsense! She and her partner, Burns, stood at fourteenth place!

What does this mean? Why only five women in a total of twenty-three headliners? Why also are they not among the "Golden Six"?

Not the same drawing power, of course—that is the only possible answer.

FEBRUARY, 1934

Illustration
by
Harley
Ennis
Stivers

Harley
Ennis
Stivers

After all, it is not ability as such, nor technique nor experience that counts on the air. In the last analysis, sponsors do not care whether a singer croaks like a frog or a comedian tells jokes with beards a foot long, provided there are enough people in these United States eager to listen to such a performer, this being the only means by which they, the advertisers, can get across the business message which they hope will make the listeners buy.

Popularity is what counts with the radio star and nothing else.

Is it not astonishing, however, that the sex which always has been heralded as the more attractive and which even makes greater hits not only in dramatic presentations and musical shows, but often in opera as well, should compel less attention on the air than men?

If these salaries are to be taken as true indicators of drawing power—and what else [Continued on page 65]

Back-Tracking With The Boswells



Vet Boswell during care-
less Hollywood days of
obscurity in 1929

*They had but Forty-five
Cents for a Birthday Party
in 1929—but Today All
Hollywood is Theirs*

By Florence Marks



Vet, Connie and Martha
before their harmony
brought them fame

IT WAS the spring of 1929, the year of the Great Prosperity. Only the three famous Boswell Sisters, down on their luck in Hollywood, hadn't heard about it. They weren't famous then at all. Practically the only people in Hollywood who knew there were three Boswell Sisters were the vaudeville and night club casting directors to whom they applied for work, in vain.

Slowly they watched their savings of \$500 dwindle to nothing. They didn't mind being poor. It was, in fact, all rather romantic. At least until Vet's birthday came along and they only had forty-five cents among them to give Vet a party. Then it became downright tragic. In all their happy, sheltered lives back in N' Orleans, they had never missed a birthday party. And they were determined not to miss one now if they could help it.

"I went around the corner from the down-at-the-heel hotel where we were staying to a grocery store run by a sleepy Chinaman," Martha recalled. "After due reflection I bought a twenty-cent can of spinach because that could be divided up most easily. I spent the remaining quarter for a pound cake and a small bit of candy, and our money was all gone. Then I got to thinking how dreary that spinach would look for a birthday celebration without any decoration and I wanted to cry. Suddenly my eye lit on a basket of eggs and I thought how nice sliced hard-boiled eggs would look on the

spinach. The Chinaman went into the back of the store for a moment and I stole those eggs! There was just room for them in the two small pockets of my dress. How I ran out of that store!"

The Boswells will never forget that birthday dinner cooked over a one burner electric plate without a cent in the world, nor the hungry days that followed.

At last a friend of theirs whom they had known at school introduced them to Jerry King, director of the Warner Brothers radio station in Hollywood. Just to be polite, King put them on a guest program. Their special way of harmonizing drew the fan mail and before long he had signed them to a contract. The money began to come in and they were safely started on the upward path.

HOW strange it seemed to hear about it all over the tea cups in the Boswells' attractive apartment on Central Park West!

They had just returned from a sentimental journey, a pilgrimage to the scene of their early struggles. There were many contrasts to bring alive the memories of those other days. For example:

Sid Grauman's Chinese Theatre. As much a part of the tradition of Hollywood as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. No wonder the Boswell Sisters hurried there the very first

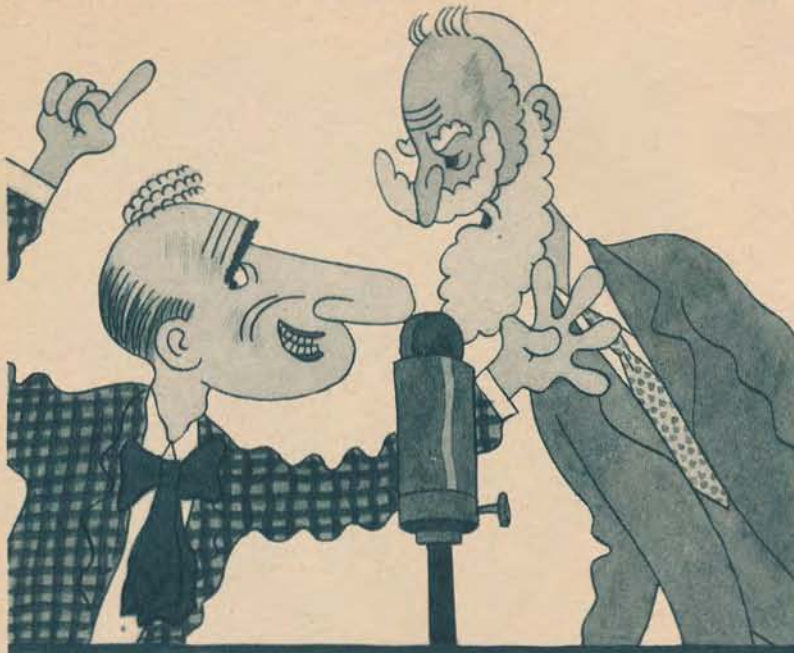
[Continued on
page 73]

The Boswells in *Moulin Rouge*. They were broke in Hollywood four years ago, but their recent visit was a triumphal return



Left to right,
Martha, Connie
and Vet. Martha
is the Boswell who
filched eggs to
round out a forty-
five cent birthday
dinner for Vet

RADIO-TABLOID



EXTRA !! DURANTE SILENCES PSHAW IN HOT RADIO DEBATE

Last night in a studio of an abandoned radio station, George (down-with-everything) Pshaw, after speaking for three hours, discovered that he had talked into Durante's schnozzle instead of the microphone. Schnozzle, when presented with a nose-gay by a grateful radio public, said simply, "Haaaa-cha, was I mortified!"



RADIO MAIL READERS BAFLED!

Oswald Q. Igglesnatch, chief fan mail reader of station G-A-W-K, spent three nights deciphering a letter in Chinese, only to find that it was an advertisement from the Hoo Yoo Foo Laundry in Shanghai!!



INTIMATE PORTRAIT of Loretta P. Squark, who plays little girl parts on the Ittsy-Bittsy Biscuit Hour. When interviewed, Miss Squark said, "Television is impossible, I hope!"



CLOSE-UP STUDY of Herkimer Zoroaster Filch, famous radio gag man in his Times Square office, hard at work on his new material

Rudy Vallée takes

the Witness Stand

Read Rudy's Revealing Answers to the Cross-Examination of RADIO-LAND'S Readers



Rudy at play near the old homestead, with the mountains of his native Maine in the background

IS THE curl in Rudy Vallée's hair natural? Is he engaged to be married? Does he prefer blondes or brunettes?

Well, folks, here's your chance to get all of those questions answered, and a lot more, besides. RADIO-LAND is starting a brand new feature.

Readers are constantly writing in to ask us personal questions about radio stars. From now on we are going to supply the answers! Each month we are going to select some outstanding radio star, collect all the questions about that star that we have received, and fire away.

The answers promise to be peppery and exciting. No decent question is barred, and the more questions you send us, the more we'll have to ask the star.

This month we start the series with Rudy Vallée. We extracted from our mails the questions most often asked about him and got the answers from Rudy Vallée in person.

The results are about to be given you. All right, Mr. Vallée, take the witness stand!

Do you believe your marriage was wrecked by too much publicity?

Decidedly not. Publicity had nothing whatever to do with it. If a woman really loves a man, or vice versa, all the publicity in the world cannot break up their union.

Have you ever lost faith in romance?

Never.

At the present time, are you engaged?

No—I'm married! You forget that there has been no divorce.

Is there any possibility of a reconciliation with Fay Webb Vallée?

As to that—who can say what the future might bring?

Do you think that marriage necessarily kills romance?

Not in the slightest. If conditions are right, mar-

riage can give romance its deepest and finest expression.

What do you notice first about a girl—her eyes, figure, face, feet, hair, or what?

I notice her eyes first. They take my attention most quickly. Then I look at her features, and then her form. I never bother about feet, and I don't think most men do, either.

Have you ever received proposals of marriage in your fan mail?

Never any out-and-out proposals. Sometimes a writer has suggested that she and I "would be ideally mated," or something of that kind. But I have never received outright proposals of marriage.

What is your fan mail like?

I don't care to discuss that point. I receive great numbers of friendly, encouraging letters, communications of thanks and good-will, but I never re-



Rudy at work—a candid camera picture snapped during a Fleischmann Hour rehearsal

veal their contents. I believe fan letters written to an artist, no matter how innocent or harmless they are, should be held just as confidential as communications to a lawyer, doctor, or priest.

Is it true that most of your feminine fans are middle-aged?

Emphatically not! Nor is it true that most of my fans are feminine. If you watch closely at a theatre, at a radio broadcast or at the night club where my band is playing now, you will notice that three out of five of those who cluster around the stand offering compliments, kidding and making wisecracks, or asking for autographs are men, and big husky men, at that. As a matter of fact, my appeal is not limited to any age, sex or type. My appeal extends to all classes, and the continuance of our popularity proves it.

Do you have any ambitions to become an actor on the legitimate stage?

Yes I do; and some day I may surprise the doubting Thomases with my achievements along that line.

Do you enjoy working in a night club?

I enjoy all my work. In a night club the hours are long and I am forced to meet and be pleasant to great numbers of people, but even so, I like it.

Are night-club chorus girls more hard than girls in other work?

I find very little difference between girls in a night club and girls in the regular theatre. They are human, just like the rest of us. If some old codger whom they don't like is willing to take them out and spend money on them, they go, but are less eager to go with him than with some young boy whom they really like, even though he can only take them to a skating rink.

Do you object to the word crooner?

Not if it is used in its proper sense. If it merely denotes a soft-voiced style of singing it is all right. But if anyone uses it slightly, meaning to imply that a crooner doesn't really sing, I resent it. "Crooning" is singing very softly, and in a style that is particularly well suited to radio.

Do you sing through your nose?

Certainly—and so does any other singer worthy of the name. I mean a certain percentage of the sound should be emitted through the nose. That is, individuals, especially those in the operatic field who sing entirely through the throat may produce a sound that fills the tremendous Metropolitan Opera Auditorium, and which may dramatically thrill for the moment, but which never goes to the heart. A note produced only in the throat, especially in a small room, is inclined to be irritating to the ear drums. The warm resonance that we enjoy so much in Negro singing is made possible by the Negro's broad nostrils. In the case of the Negro probably thirty per cent of his voice is going down through those broad nostrils. Just why this nasal resonance should be soothing and fascinating is worthy of much study, but it is a matter of fact, and I have experimented and observed very closely that nasal resonance [Continued on page 68]

What Questions Would You Like to ask the Boswell Sisters?

Questions and Answers Editor,
RADIOLAND Magazine,
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please ask the Boswell Sisters to answer the following questions:

.....

 My Name
 Address

(Mail coupon before January 20)

Here is a brand new RADIOLAND feature. Each month a radio star submits to cross-examination by readers. Send your questions to the magazine for the stars to answer



—Jackson

Jeanie Lang —The Girl on the Cover

TAKE a look at the beautiful young lady on the cover of this month's *RADIOLAND*, take another look at the two pictures of her which appear on this page, and you'll begin to understand why the effervescent personality of Jeanie Lang has registered so effectively over the radio that she has become an outstandingly popular air singer.

She's vibrant, vivacious, versatile and volatile. Her enthusiastically collegiate manner of speaking is ingratiating. Whenever Jeanie Lang likes anything—and with her irrepressible zest for living, she likes a lot of things—she gets a "big bang" out of it. She says so herself.

You should talk to her for a few minutes. You would be amazed at the number of "big bangs" she experiences during even so brief a period as a quarter hour. If Jeanie Lang's "big bangs" were collected for an entire day, the result would be a major explosion.

"Now doesn't that give you a bang?" giggles Jeanie.

Jeanie sings with a giggle, talks with a giggle, even looks on so profound a matter as life with a giggle. Once a studio gag-man called her just a giggle-o. But the next morning he disclaimed all responsibility, and since he had been working late nights with Joe Miller's *Joke Book*, all was forgiven.

She was born in St. Louis on December 17, 1911, which makes her twenty-two years old. She is so tiny that you marvel that

twenty-two years of growing could have produced so small a package. But the reason is obvious. Most of the vitamins from spinach and things Jeanie turned into sheer energy. She doesn't mind going through life under such diminutive nicknames as "Half Pint" and "Peanut."

Her first stage appearance was made as feminine foil for Brooke Johns, a six-footer. She actually fainted from excitement before the show went on, she was getting such a "big bang" out of it, but Johns solved the problem by carrying her on the stage under his arm, and the audience loved it! When she woke up before the footlights Johns was singing her song for her.

The Langs went to California for a visit and Jeanie went along. Visiting Universal studios, where Paul Whiteman was making *The King of Jazz*, Jeanie was spied by the portly leader and offered a screen and microphone test. They were so successful that she was given several numbers to do in the picture. Later she played a part in *Ballyhoo* in New York, returning to the coast to do radio work and movie shorts, until a wire came from Jack Denny offering her a job.

That's how radio listeners got the chance to hear Jeanie over the air.



The VOICE

Whose Face You'll Never See

Cheerio!

Here Are the Reasons why
Cheerio, Broadcaster of Cheer
to Millions, Conceals his Identity
Behind a Mask of Mystery

By Dora Albert



HAVE you ever listened in on the program of the man who calls himself Cheerio?

Every week-day at eight-thirty Eastern Standard time, his voice comes over the air, a warm, cheerful, friendly voice, which no radio listener could possibly mistake. His simple program, with some good music, some vocal solos, some bits of homely philosophy, a cheerful poem or two, has been broadcast over NBC for almost six years.

None of his listeners know who Cheerio is. His name has never been mentioned on the air. Members

of his cast, out of loyalty to him, would never dream of telling who he is.

Why all this anonymity? Why all this secrecy?

The real reason is so unusual that it is almost incredible.

Radio performers who conceal their identity are an old story in radio. Nearly always they do it to pique public interest.

When Cheerio's broadcast first went out over NBC on March 14, 1927, after a year on a West Coast station, people wondered who Cheerio [Continued on page 78]



Everybody on the Cheerio program is present in this picture, except Cheerio, who refuses to face a camera. From left to right are Wallace MacGill, Gerry Reiger, Lovinia Gilbert, Pat Kelly, and Harrison Isles. Dickie and Blue Boy are the canaries in their cages, who learn their melodies from phonograph records

How Radio Programs *are* Built

—the Cantor-Rubinoff Hour



It's Really the Chase and Sanborn Hour, but Cantor, Rubinoff and Wallington are Back in Harness Together to Dominate the Program. This Story Carries you Right Behind the Mike

By
Robert Eichberg



Jimmy Wallington and Eddie Cantor in an intimate moment before the mike. Their spontaneous dialogue is planned long in advance

"**E**DDIE CANTOR'S Program." That's what you naturally call the hour that Chase and Sanborn sponsor over a nationwide NBC network every Sunday night.

And Eddie Cantor's program it is—nearly 100 per cent Eddie Cantor's.

Eddie writes most of the scripts—and edits them when they've been completed. Not only is he author, but he often fulfills the rôle of production man, too, showing other members of the cast how to read their lines. Then, of course, Eddie stars in the show. He's not just a comic or just a singer—he's both.

Suppose you drop up to the NBC studio, where the act is rehearsing. Here's what you see.

This is Rubinoff's idea of the proper way of getting even with Cantor for all the ribbing he has to take

Studio view of the Chase and Sanborn hour going on the air, with Cantor, Rubinoff, and Wallington, the "big three" of the program, in action. This was the first program in which the announcer played a prominent part in comedy scenes and was a Cantor contribution to broadcasting art

There's a microphone in the center of the studio. Around it is a ring of camp chairs, on which are seated various members of the cast. Eddie, Jimmy Wallington, and a couple of other fellows are at the mike. They are rehearsing a comedy courtroom scene for their next broadcast. First Cantor reads a couple of lines, then Jimmy answers him.

Eddie isn't satisfied. "No, no, Jimmy!" he says. "Not like that. You don't sound as though you're really in court."

"But Eddie," Jimmy answers, "I've never been in court."

"Don't worry, Jimmy. You will be!" There's a general chuckle and the rehearsal proceeds, with Jimmy doing his stuff in a way that wins Eddie's approval.

Don't believe that Cantor is a hard task-master, though. His idea is to make everything as easy for his assistants as possible, while still building a perfect broadcast. As soon as one of the players has performed his part satisfactorily, he is permitted to go home until the next rehearsal.

DURING a rest period, Eddie got confidential. He isn't at all the cock-sure person his broadcasts would lead you to expect, and he's even more likable

than you'd imagine. He's a rather serious, though quick-witted chap. He expresses it this way.

"Radio is hard work, but I like it. I like it because it lets me get right into people's homes and, I hope, sometimes into their hearts.

"Entertaining them—making them laugh—isn't enough. I like people. I try to help them. Sometimes I succeed in some measure."

Incidentally, Mr. Cantor has succeeded in great measure. To cite only one instance, in a broadcast some months ago, Eddie mentioned a sign he had seen: "Drive Slow. We Love Our Children." That slogan has since been adopted by the National Safety Council and appears on billboards all over the United States.

"I don't know whether it really does any good," says Eddie modestly, "but if a few motorists take it to heart, they may think of their own children and drive just a little more carefully. If only one child's life is saved through all those posters—well, I'd say that the money spent in putting them up had been wisely invested."

It is largely upon his deep love and understanding of children that Eddie Cantor's overwhelming popularity has been built. His programs are planned, he says, to please the youngsters.

"If you can make the young folks laugh," says Eddie, "you've got their parents. That's why I always keep my programs so clean. People wouldn't tune me in if they were afraid to have their daughters listen to something I might say. I know; I have daughters of my own."

"Well, then, Mr. Cantor," we asked, "how do you know how to write for people's sons?"

He looked at us with those great big eyes and answered, "It's easy. Why, almost every man I know was somebody's son once. But to get back to the programs, I'm going in mostly for situation comedy. You know, funny little episodes, rather than just wise cracks."

"Speaking of wise cracks, Mr. Cantor, how about letting us have a couple for this article?"

"Wise cracks! Say, if I could think of any, I'd put 'em in my broadcast!"

"Is it so hard to keep getting new material? Doesn't it keep getting easier and easier as you get into the habit of preparing your show every week? Or do you find that you tend to run out of laughs?"

[Continued on page 63]

Editor Eddie Cantor, who works out and blue pencils his programs two and three weeks in advance of broadcast

The Romantic Life

Bing Crosby Literally Sang for his Supper Before Fate Smiled on Him, Bringing Radio and Movie Fame—and Romance

By Grace Mack

IN THE first installment of this fascinating life story, Bing Crosby's boyhood days were described, from his birth in Tacoma, Washington, on May 2, 1904, to his signing up with Paul Whiteman at \$200 a week—his first big break. His parents wanted him to become a lawyer, but music was in his veins and he and a friend set out to earn their living by song. In an old Ford which collapsed as they neared Hollywood, they set out on the road to fame, playing a portable piano in night clubs until Whiteman heard Bing sing and signed him up. Go on with the story from here.

WHEN Paul Whiteman came to Hollywood to make the *King of Jazz*, the Rhythm Boys came with him. It was then that Bing Crosby had his first disagreement with the band leader. Salary trouble was the cause. The outcome was that Bing sang his swan song to the band and stayed on in California. The golf and the fishing were swell and by this time he had had enough professional experience to think he would have no difficulty in landing a job.

He guessed wrong. Weeks, months went by and he couldn't connect with anything that even faintly re-



Bing Crosby, at kindergarten age, had a fan following among the fairer sex before he ever heard of a microphone. (P. S. The little beauty is his sister)

Story of BING CROSBY

sembled a job. His bank account wore so thin that it required a magnifying glass to detect it.

"It began to look as though my luck had played itself out," says Bing in telling about those precarious days. "I lost all my glorified ideas about salary. I was glad to sing for my supper."

And he did just that. Sang at clubs, at stags, at private parties . . . for a few dollars and his supper.

"One night I was asked to sing at a big party given by the Doheny's. Gus Arnheim and his band was there. Gus had been having difficulty too. He told me that he had a plan for organizing a new band and wanted to know if I'd come with him. I told him I'd do anything that had a salary attached to it. A few days later he called me up and told me he had sold the idea to Mr. Frank, manager of the Coconut Grove. He offered me \$150 a week. And was that sweet music in my ears!"

This gave Bing his first opportunity to sing on the air regularly. The Coconut Grove program was on the air two hours every night for a year. And you can't go into people's homes every night for a year without them getting acquainted with you. There was something unique about Bing's style of singing; that nonchalant way he had of humming and whistling. It sort of got under your skin.

The Brunswick people heard about him and signed him up to make records. They sold like the proverbial hot cakes. You could scarcely step on a motion picture set in Hollywood without hearing the voice of Crosby. Many of the stars have portable victrolas which they play during the long waits between scenes. Crosby records were—and still are—the favorites. Joan Crawford dried her hair to *I Surrender, Dear* and Jean Harlow did her morning setting up exercises to the strains of *When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day*. You could turn on the radio dial any hour in the day and the chances were ten to one that you would hear Bing Crosby . . . by electrical transcription. As one wag said, you could hardly pour a cup of coffee without getting Crosby. The bulk of Bing's fan mail, it goes without saying, came from women. And young girls.

But girls somehow had never played a very important part in Bing's life. There had been "interludes," of course, and a few transient romances. But none of them had affected his blood pressure to any perceptible extent. Until he saw Dixie Lee.

"There's a girl I could fall for," he confided to a chap he knew.

The Crosbys at home—Bing, the Mrs., and Gary Evan. Bing and Dixie separated seven times the first year—but try and keep them apart now!

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"I know her," the friend replied. "Would you like to meet her?"

A date was arranged and on the occasion of their very first meeting Bing went down for the count.

"Before I had talked to her five minutes," says Bing, "I knew that I was in love with her and that she was the one and only girl for me. I started right in giving her the big rush."

BUT the course of true love, as poets and sages have so often said, seldom runs on a free-wheeling basis. The romance of Bing and Dixie was no exception. They seemed to have a positive talent for quarreling. Dixie would swear that she never wanted to see him again. The next night when Bing [Continued on page 60]

Bing Crosby's Radio Romance

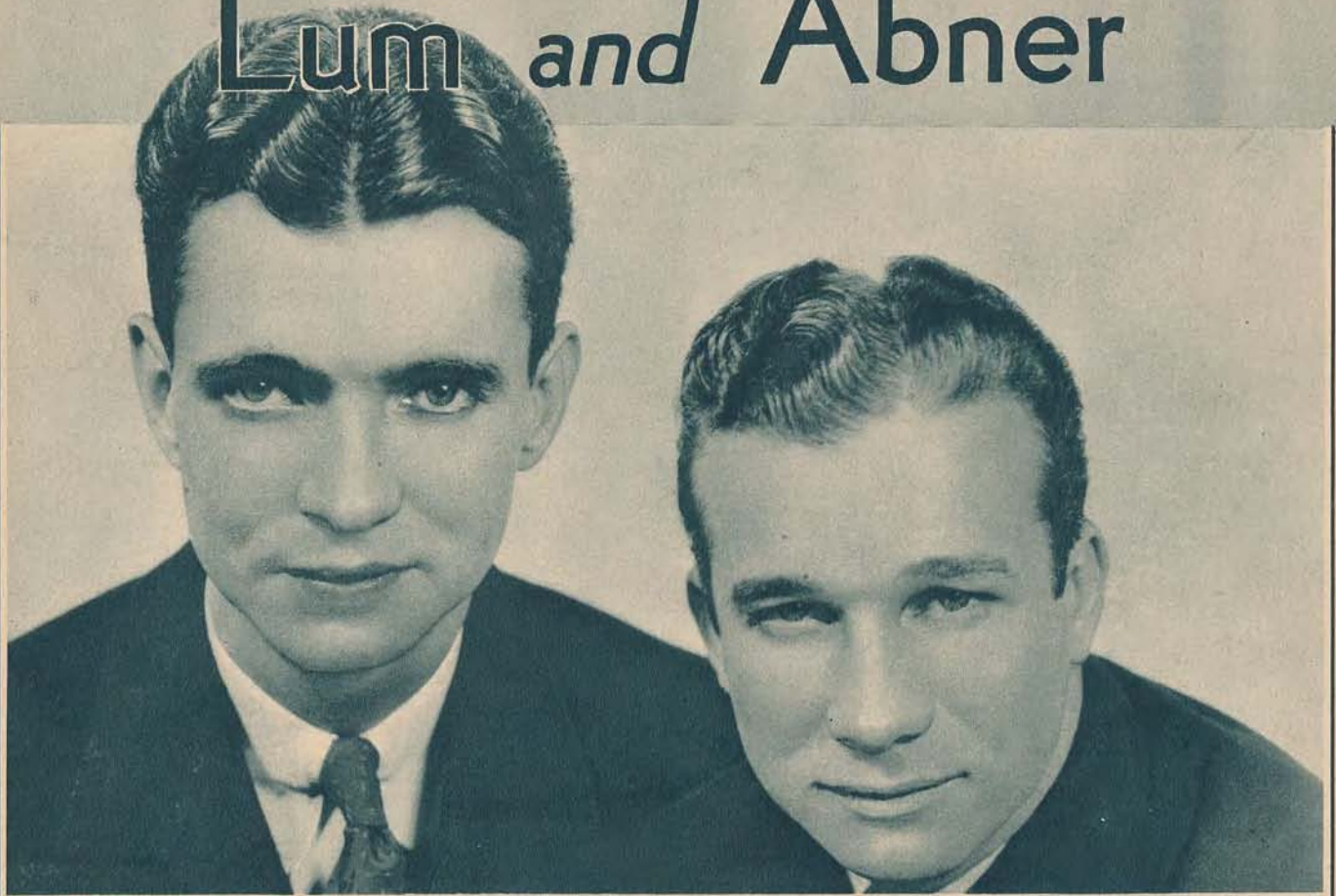
As Bing describes his courtship of Dixie Lee in this article, the story reads almost like fiction. Both Bing and Dixie are independent characters and the course of true love didn't run smoothly. So when quarrels developed and Dixie swore she wouldn't see him again, Bing would go on the air and sing for "Just One More Chance." And when Dixie remained adamant he would croon "I Surrender, Dear." Result: wedding bells. They were married in 1930.



Baseball is an old hobby with Bing Crosby. When five years old he could swing a bat, and he still likes to toss the ball around, as in this photo taken at Palm Springs



Lum and Abner



—Photos by Ray Lee Jackson

Lum and Abner, those popular Ford Dealers of the Air, take their own photographs in the top picture on this page—and look how the results turn out! Would you believe the two well-dressed lads below are the same Lum and Abner who are having so much fun with the little birdie? Lum, the tall one, is Chester Lauck, and Abner is Norris Goff. They grew up together in Arkansas.



—Ray Lee Jackson
Modern to the nth degree are NBC's new offices. Lighting fixtures are flush with ceiling to prevent interference with television

NBC's New

Lavishly Appointed, Equipped in the most Modern Manner, the New Home of NBC Studios in Radio City is the Latest Marvel of Radio

A DESCRIPTION of one flourish used to "set" the opening of the new home of the National Broadcasting Company in Radio City (alias Rockefeller Center) will do more to illustrate the spirit behind radio's most gigantic enterprise than could many columns of type.

Do you recall the opening?

If the program impressed you, you may recollect the stirring strains of the Star Spangled Banner, as played by the NBC Symphony Orchestra under the direction of Frank Black—the words of greeting from Merlin Hall Aylesworth—the marvelous singing of the Schola Cantorum Choir—the orchestra's rendition of *Unfold Ye Portals* from Gounod's *Redemption*, under the magic baton of Albert Stoessel—Jane Cowl's reading of the dedicatory poem—the medley by Jessica Dragonette, Frank Munn, Virginia Rea and the Revelers—the

orchestra's playing of the *Tannhauser March*, as directed by Dr. Walter Damrosch—the transatlantic telephone conversation between David Sarnoff, in London, and Owen D. Young, General James G. Harbord and Sir John Reith, director of the British Broadcasting Company in the NBC Studios—and finally the appearance at the microphone of John McCormack, Maria Jeritza, Will Rogers, Amos 'n' Andy, Rudy Vallée and Paul Whiteman.

Remember? I thought so! Then, perhaps you can bring back to mind the superb showmanship which was used to set the stage for this greatest radio event of 1933.

If so, you will remember a man's voice saying, "There is an airplane flying over the building." Then you heard the sound of the plane, and immediately thereafter the inaugural program continued. The whole airplane episode lasted slightly less than one minute.

As you listened, you probably thought it a sound effect—I know I did.

Yet a real airplane was used, and eleven members of the station were busy putting that single thrill onto the air. Atop the RCA building, at 30 Rockefeller Place, New York's youngest street, were William Burke Miller, who stages special events for the NBC networks, and a regular studio production man. Two announcers were with them, one to sign the station on, the other to describe the plane. Seven



The largest orchestra ever heard on the air broadcasts from the largest studio. Walter Damrosch leads 400 musicians

RADIOLAND

Palace of Marvels

By
Nelson Brown

engineers, in the studio and on the roof, took care of the technical part of the one-minute broadcast.

When the program was begun, one of the engineers telephoned the airport at Newark, N. J. Another man there radioed the plane. The pilot dived it at Central Park—and the thrilling zoom came to you over your loud speaker.

Radio City had been inaugurated with a grand gesture!

"**S**PARE no expense!" That is apparently the basic idea behind the new studios. Not a single detail that could add to the appearance or efficiency of the place has been omitted, save, perhaps, an individual map for each visitor. The studios and offices occupy just a few square feet less than nine acres of floor space, and what with numerous corridors, it's an easy place in which to lose your way.

But guides are provided. They serve a two-fold purpose. They will help pull you out of the rugs if you sink more than ankle-deep into the soft, warm wool. They also see that no hardy explorer who becomes separated from his party gets hopelessly lost in the maze of modern furniture, ribbon microphones, executive offices, silken drapes and so forth. The place is really much as one might imagine the palace of a Persian potentate, with all the luxury and grandeur usually associated with Rajahs, Shahs and Cecil B. De Mille's idea of an actress' drawing room.

So many people have besieged the guides provided to pilot folks through the building that the officials have had to make a slight charge for sightseers. About 500 people a day take the Grand Tour, and are escorted to various points of interest in groups of five or ten.

Let's join one of the parties and inspect radio's new palace of marvels.

You walk in the street door and find yourself in a large hall, constructed of polished stone. Don't get into those elevators; they'd whisk you to the seventieth story—836 feet in the air. We only want to go to the Clients' Lounge, on the second floor, where the expedition starts.

It is a large and luxurious room, with blue brocaded walls and a sand-colored carpet on the floor. A few

[Continued on page 71]



—Wide World Photo
Within these walls of the RCA Building, specially illuminated for dedication ceremonies, are the 35 brand new broadcasting studios and offices of the National Broadcasting Company, where national programs on the NBC network originate



Street entrance to the new NBC studios. The architectural style throughout the building, typified by the entrance, is modernistic

RECIPE FOR

HAPPINESS

Cora Smiley and T. Harrison Burton and the stout woman had troubles of their own. Strange how a recipe for apple pie affected their lives!

By Margaret E. Sangster

THE slender, chiffon-gowned girl who was Aunt Candace to the listening public stood in front of the mike and smacked her lips.

"This 'ere talkin' about corn bread 'n muffins 'n watermelon preserves is sho' playin' havoc with my figure—" she chuckled, and a myriad of fans, spread out across the country, chuckled with her and saw, in their mind's eye, a roly poly figure in checked gingham and a kerchief and a bandana turban.

"This 'ere gettin' letters from people, askin' fo' recipes," the girl went on, "is a-keepin' me busy, too! Most o' my cookin'," again the delicious chuckle, "is done by ear, not by th' book. Do you-all know," (who could have guessed that the slim girl had never been south of Newark, New Jersey?) "how many letters have done axed me—this 'ere very day—fo' a fool proof way t' make apple pie? Well, they's been close to a hundred! You'd suppose most anybody's know how t' put an apple pie together, now wouldn't you-all, but they's a trick to it! Sometimes I tell myself that a woman's got t' be in th' right frame o' mind to make an apple pie—"

ALMOST a thousand miles away from the broadcasting studio little Cora Smiley (only four weeks ago she'd been Cora Jones!) rubbed her pretty eyes with the corner of her bridey, pink and white ruffled apron. Her eyes looked like forget-me-nots under water, they were so very blue and moist. And her frame of mind—what was this Aunt Candace person saying?—was simply terrible!

Ted Smiley had been positively hateful that morning—more than hateful! He should realize that she was new at this housekeeping stuff, and it wasn't her fault if the toast had burned and the omelette had refused to puff!

"Better stick to corn flakes for breakfast," Ted had told her, "it's hard to ruin corn flakes, no matter how you try!"

Cora had answered back, and her voice had been spiteful and her face came nowhere near matching her new name.

"Why didn't you marry a professional cook," she questioned, "instead of a private secretary?"

Ted had said:

"Now, now, Baby, be your age! I didn't marry either a cook or a private secretary; I took on a blonde cutie with dimples. But even so, I can make toast without burning it—"

Cora had said, "Get your own breakfast after this!" and had marched militantly from the kitchen. She'd gone into the bedroom and shut the door and locked it, and—even though Ted banged on it and said, "Please, darlinest"—she had refused to open it. And then finally he'd stopped banging and she'd heard the front door close on his reluctant back.

It was the first morning since the wedding that he'd left for the office without kissing her—not once, but many, many times. According to all the rules of

romance, Cora told herself, tearfully, the honeymoon should last longer than four weeks!

AUNT CANDACE, a thousand miles away, smoothing down the ruffles of her chiffon frock with complacent fingers, said:

"Yo' young brides 'at are listen'—if yo've jus' had yo' first quarrel with yo'r husband, make him 'n apple pie t' come home t', this evenin'. Ain't any quicker way t' a man's heart than by th' stomach route—an' apple pie is sho' a short cut!"

Little Cora Smiley caught her breath in the middle of a sob and turned wondering eyes toward the brand new radio that was giving forth advice. Quite viciously she said, and she spoke aloud, "It's darn easy for you to talk, you big, fat mammy, but I don't know how to cook! I never [Continued on page 74]"

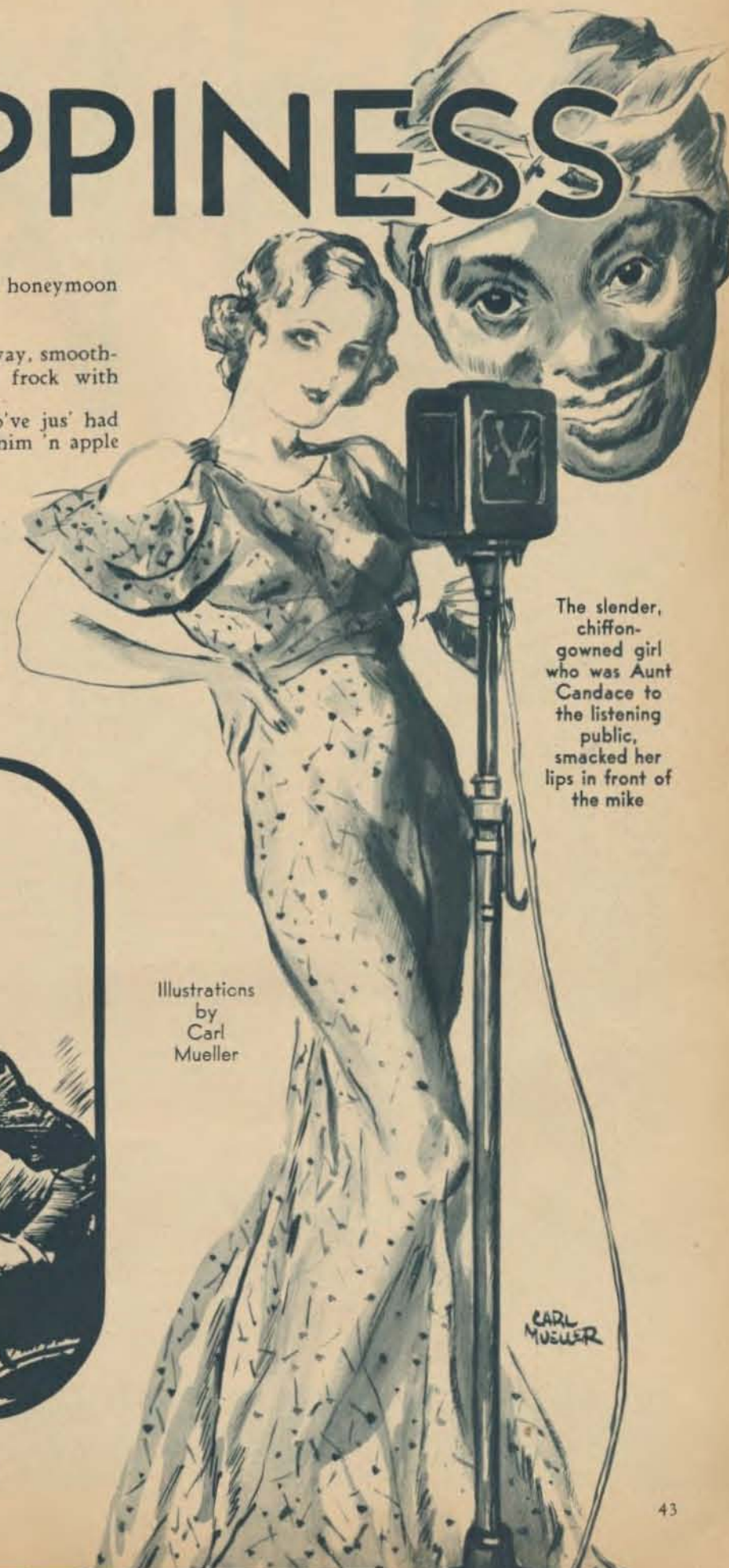


"I married a blonde cutie with dimples. But Cora had said, "Get your own breakfast after

even so, I can make toast without burning it—" this!" and marched militantly from the kitchen

RADIOLAND

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The slender, chiffon-gowned girl who was Aunt Candace to the listening public, smacked her lips in front of the mike

Illustrations by Carl Mueller

CARL MUELLER



Lowell Thomas

Ethel Shutta

Amos

Andy

ONCE upon a time a music arranger was a man nobody knew but orchestra leaders. They had to know a good arranger or their programs were—well, not exactly putrid nor so pleasant, either. Now, music magicians—for that's what these melody men are, the way they do tricks with another's composition—are coming into their own, emerging into the open and becoming conductors. And it is radio which has given these unsung and unknown heroes their great chance.

Today you are hearing on the air orchestras conducted by Ferde Grofe, Louis Katzman, Frank Black, William Merrigan Daly, Russell Bennett, Harold Sanford, Cesare Sodero, Victor Young, Will Vodery, Nat Shilkret, Donald Redman, Dave Rubinoff, Archie Bleyer, Frank Skinner, Arthur Lange and a host of others—all master musicians who have at last won their place in the sun.

For years their skill was concealed behind the glamour of the personalities of the maestros whom they served. It was their job to make orchestrations so that the tunes were played the way you liked to hear them. The big band men, however, took all the bows and you and I and a few million others didn't stop to think that their programs were grand because somebody slaving in the background made them so.

Most of those mentioned had a tedious time winning recognition. But when they did arrive—well, they certainly made folks know they were here. For instance, there's Frank Black, now general musical director for the National Broadcasting Company, and probably the busiest musician in or out of radio. He arranged countless classical-jazz programs before he got where he is. Ferde Grofe, after a long association with Paul Whiteman, first attracted public attention with his arrangement of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*. He composes originals, too, as witness his *Grand Canyon Suite*, among others. Louis Katzman, one of the

first to orchestrate music in the modern manner, is another very popular director now. Harold Sanford, for a quarter of a century, was Victor Herbert's chief arranger.

And parallel stories are to be found in the careers of all the men specified. Music, the backbone of broadcasting, has opened up so many places for directors that these geniuses need no longer hide their lights under bushels. But if it hadn't been for radio, the chances are most of them would still be unknown. Now they are themselves maestros and, developing in the hot-houses of Tin Pan Alley, is a brand new crop of conductors and composers.

LULU McCONNELL, whose delicious sense of humor is making millions merry on the air lanes, came back from Hollywood with an amazing repertoire of stories about the screen colony. But one anecdote she doesn't tell was relayed to me by a Coast scout (he's a good scout, too, although a long way removed from being a boy scout).

It seems Lulu drove her car onto a studio lot and parked it in a place exclusively reserved for one of movieland's mightiest moguls. This director arrived just as the comedienne was locking her car.

"Hey, there," shouted His Highness. "What do you mean parking your car in my space?"

Lulu assumed her sweetest smile. "Oh, I'm terribly sorry," she said. "I saw the preview of your picture last night, and I didn't think you were with the company any longer!"

DO YOU know who the Barnum of the Baton is? He is Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia orchestra, now presenting a series of fifteen minute symphonies on Columbia, an achievement

that has the musical world agasp. All done, too, in the interests of a ciggie concern at a reported weekly expense of \$20,000 which makes it the most costly commercial on the air. But big money naturally gravitates Stokowski's way for his salary as generalissimo of the Philadelphia Orchestra is \$96,000 a year—unless the depression has dented it some.

Blonde, dynamic, and every inch the maestro that fancy conjures in the mind, Stokowski is both a showman and a musician. Spectators thrill at his mere entrance upon the dais. But there is an amusing side to his theatricalism. One night in Philadelphia he was leading a modern composition that reproduced the sound of airplane propellers and other fearsome noises. At one place in the score, a steel chain was dropped with a terrific crash on an iron plate. Whereupon an eminent music critic groaned audibly and gnashed his teeth in distress.

But was Stokowski, well aware of the consternation in the audience, abashed? Not a bit of it. At the conclusion of the number, he calmly turned to face the spectators. Holding up his hand, he announced in his most accented manner:

"Vee will blay it again. Dose vich do not like it, may leef. Dose vot do like it, remain."

P. S.—The din was terrific but nobody left.

Studio pick-ups: Albert Spalding does his daily dozen every day as well as practicing pieces on his fiddle . . . The Revellers are rehearsing in a New York penthouse this winter. Last summer they rented the place to escape the heat. When the first of October came around they forgot to notify the landlord. He held them to the lease for a year . . . Conductor Al Goodman was a pioneer



Jack Pearl

Al Jolson

Bing Crosby

in the art of synchronizing music with motion pictures. Almost over night he has become one of the busiest and most popular conductors on the air . . . Bert Lahr writes this department inquiring if a tornado can be described as "a howling success."

DIALISTS who were moved to despair by frequent—all too frequent—renditions of *The Last Roundup* probably never thought of that number as a requiem. But it so served this winter in New York under circumstances that were extraordinary. Doc Lucas, a Texas cowboy, met death beneath the hoofs of a steer at a rodeo exhibition in Madison Square Garden. His ranger associates held funeral services in the darkened arena after the show, a cowboy quartette offering *The Last Roundup* as the first selection. After that, John Fogarty sang *Lead, Kindly Light* and other hymns appropriate to the occasion.

Done to death on the airwaves, *The Last Roundup* has had a remarkable history. It made famous one singer, Joe Morrison, of George Olsen's orchestra, a story well known. What isn't so well known are the circumstances under which it was introduced by Morrison. Olsen, searching for songs, found the Hill Billy opus lying neglected in a music publisher's office. He had it played on a piano and liked it. But when orchestrations were made and it was rehearsed, his musicians didn't fancy it.

Then Olsen and his band moved into one of New York's cinema cathedrals for a week's engagement. When it came time to go on, it was discovered that a whole sheaf of music scheduled for the program was missing. But among the orchestrations on hand was *The Last Roundup*; so, in the emergency, a spot was assigned it and Morrison picked to sing it. The audience embraced singer and song so cordially that it was repeated three times—something unparalleled in the history of the Paramount

theatre. What happened after that, the whole world knows.

How vast its vogue, even with real cowboys, was discovered by John White, NBC's Lonesome Cowboy of *Death Valley Days*, and once the Masked Tenor. White went West this winter seeking authentic ballads of the plains and everywhere he heard cowhands singing *The Last Roundup* with all the fervor at their command. White, by the way, corrects a misapprehension about a word in the song. It isn't "doggie" as so many suppose, but "dogie," meaning a calf and not a canine.

Strange people, these broadcasters: Conrad Thibault, baritone, suggests for a novelty program the chattering of teeth and knocking of knees from a Nudist camp . . . B. A. Rolfe has had to remove the initials from his car. Whenever he parked in a street, too many people stepped up and ordered drinks. The inscription on the door read "B. A. R." . . . One man asked Julius Tannen for his autograph so many times that the Chatterbox concluded he was studying to be a forger . . . Jack Parker, top tenor of "The Men About Town," is a handy man to have around. Harriet Lee, on the same program with him one night, lost a heel off her slipper. Parker glued it on in a jiffy.

AMOS and Andy anecdotes are legion, but here's one I don't believe you've heard. It was related to me by the boys themselves.

As you perhaps know, before they made their hit on the air Messrs. Gosden and Correll were "small time" vaudeville actors. In those days they weren't the adroit entertainers they are now. In fact, they were so crude that they frequently were can-

celled after one performance. In consequence, they were always prepared for the worst.

Well, one night in a certain mid-western town after their opening show an imperious rap sounded on their dressing room door. "I'm the manager," announced an authoritative voice.

"All right, we're packing," wearily replied Amos, resigned to fate.

"Packing?" repeated the puzzled manager. "Well, unpack then. I'm moving you into the headline spot on this bill—you're a riot!"

The boys assure me that was the turning point in their careers. They resolved after that experience to go to Chicago and conquer radio. Which they did—and how!

Bits about 'em: The secret ambition of "Big Freddy" Miller, Columbia baritone, is to manage a big league baseball team. He was a crack amateur player in his youth . . . Helen Morgan, later to become America's champion piano sitter-ner, earned her first money in a Chicago mail order house. She got \$5 per week, of course . . . Himan Brown, of "Little Italy," a graduate of the Brooklyn Law School, spends his days off visiting court-rooms . . . Busts of Jessica Dragonette, Rudy Vallee and Robert Simmons, made by Florence Malcolm Darnault, the noted sculptress, have been installed at the NBC headquarters in Radio City.

A RECENT addition to NBC's production staff is John B. Kennedy, associate editor of *Collier's*. Mr. Kennedy has been broadcasting comments for some time but just before the National Broadcasting Company moved to Radio City he extended his aerial activities. One of his extra tasks was to serve as master of ceremonies at the im-

What's Doing Around the Studios—by Nellie Revell

How Well Do You Know Your Radio Stars?

Back of the Scenes in the
Broadcasting Studios With
Nellie Revell

MIKE SAYS:

Intimate News of What
Loudspeaker Favorites are
Doing Along Radio Row



Bert Lahr relaxes with his favorite magazine during rehearsals of his movie short, *Henry the Ache*

routine for Mr. Kennedy to remark after his introduction to the air audience. "Thank you, Mr. Kurt Peterson."

The writer-broadcaster has two small daughters, Josephine and Constance. They were having a grand time in the nursery, defying the sandman, and Mrs. Kennedy couldn't persuade them it was time to retire. Finally she summoned her husband. Assuming his sternest paternal manner, he gave them a short, snappy talk and closed the door. Then he heard quite distinctly, uttered in unison and in childish simulation of his tones.

"Thank you, Mr. Kurt Peterson."

MAJOR EDWARD BOWES, daddy of the Capitol Theatre Family, who conducts services every Sabbath morning on an NBC network, is a real radio pioneer. He was the first theatrical manager to envision the future of the "wireless" and to harness it to his chariot. He and his wife, the former Margaret Illington, once a Frohman star, live in an apartment atop the Capitol theatre in New York, where they spend most of their time, despite a fine country home in Westchester county.

They are a devoted couple and a long time wedded. The first time I met them was in a Toronto theatre, where I had gone in pursuit of my duties as business manager of a New York Winter Garden company. Seated in the rear of the darkened auditorium watching a rehearsal, I espied a couple holding hands. Feeling *de trop*, I withdrew quietly and inquired at the box-office who the Romeo and Juliet might be.

"I dunno," answered the treasurer, "unless it is Major Bowes, the company manager, and Margaret Illington."

"Nonsense," I protested. "Major Bowes is Miss Illington's husband and she must be on the stage rehearsing."

At that moment, Mr. and Mrs. Bowes

appeared in the lobby and I was formally presented to the romantics.

Several years later I was seated in a loge at the Capitol theatre. In an adjoining section was a man and a woman whose hand-holding exercises intrigued my interest more than the picture. In the semi-darkness their features were indistinct but when the lights went up I recognized Major and Mrs. Bowes.

"Still at it," I observed.

"You bet," smiled the Major. "This thing has been going on for twenty years—and say, we haven't started yet."

AS LONG as Gladys Rice gives voice to song, she will insist on starting auditions, concerts and recitals with *Lover, Come Back to Me*. She regards it as her good luck "piece" . . . *Baby Rose Marie*, who has travelled extensively in vaudeville, was being given a lesson in geography by her private tutor. Pointing at a map, he said, "The St. Lawrence river flows up into the Atlantic ocean." Protested the little radio star: "Oh, no, it doesn't. I saw the St. Lawrence and it flows down. All rivers flow down." . . . An Evening in Paris, half-hour musical period, is the oldest sponsored program on Columbia.

Alexander Woollcott in his rôle as "The Town Crier" sounds a new note in radio. The incorrigible gossip brings to the kilocycles literary news and other doings of the intelligentsia, which he projects in his best Hotel Algonquin manner.

Some time when Mr. Woollcott thinks of it he may tell listeners of his experience years ago when he inadvertently referred to the late Wilton Lackaye, actor famous for his performance as Svengali in *Tribby* and for other notable achievements in the theatre, just that

way—as "the late Mr. Lackaye." The star, very much alive then, proved it by dispatching a telegram to Woollcott.

"You newspapermen sure get the news quick," wired Mr. Lackaye. "I may be a little tardy but I'm not late."

ED WYNN is plain Fire Chief again. When last heard on the air he had another title, much more impressive. It was President of the Amalgamated Broadcasting System. The ABS (if you have forgotten) was designed to become a national network in competition with the Columbia Broadcasting System and the National. It was going to be the New Deal in broadcasting—actors were to be given a chance to do their stuff unhampered and advertising blurbs were to be limited to ten words before and after a program.

Well, Ed went to Hollywood to make a picture and left the enterprise in the hands of associates. They lined up a half dozen one-lunged stations on the Atlantic seaboard and went into operation, failing to interest either sponsors or listeners. Then Wynn finished the cinema and returned to New York. The first thing he did was to withdraw from the ABS. That is, he withdrew everything except something like a quarter-million dollars he had invested in the enterprise.

But don't you worry about Ed; with his radio and picture contracts, and always the stage to return to, he'll soon Wynnsume of it back, if not all—and more.

BY THE time this RADIOLAND reaches the stands, Mae West should be on the air. If she isn't, some sponosot is overlooking America's best bet. And if the lady who admits she is no angel and done him wrong, is on the kilocycles, I hope she tells us who it was that posted that road sign

near her home in Hollywood. It read: "Slow Down—Dangerous Curves Ahead."

THROUGHOUT the world and in the Orient are many *Roxy* theatres. The name has been used everywhere and Samuel L. Rothafel, its owner and chief of *Roxy's Gang* on the air, has never objected to it. This fact led to an amusing incident in London a few months ago when *Roxy* was abroad for a short holiday. British broadcasting officials arranged a banquet at the Hotel Savoy in his honor. There was a large and brilliant list of guests. Among those assembled was a puzzled Englishman. "What's all this excitement about *Roxy*?" he inquired. "I've just come back from Siam and his theatre is a little movie house on the outskirts of Bangkok."

Eleven year old **Mary Small**, radio's latest prodigy heard on NBC, has a remarkable memory and learns lyrics at one lesson . . . Vinton Haworth, nee Jack Arnold of "Myrt and Marge," is now a film actor . . . Nino Martini came to America with a repertoire of thirty songs. Now he sings three hundred songs in French, Italian, Spanish and English . . . Bob Emery, back on the NBC networks after a two years' absence, originated the idea of radio spelling bees . . . John Sigmund Olsen is the right name of "Ole" Olsen, of Olsen and Johnson. "Chic" Johnson was christened Harold Ogden Johnson. A younger brother of John Olsen's is really "Ole" Olsen.

LOWELL THOMAS told me a cute story the other day about his eight-year-old son. They spent the week-end at Mr.



Myrt 'n' Marge, with Ray Hedge as Clarence Tiffintuffer, selling Marge on a costume for their new show

Thomas' country home in Dutchess County, New York, and the lad demurred about going to his room, some distance removed from the chamber of his parents. "Why, I'm surprised," exclaimed Mr. Thomas. "The idea of a big boy like you being afraid to sleep in the dark. . . . 'It's all right for you,'" retorted Junior, "you've got mother to look after you!"



Will Rogers and Irvin S. Cobb, ace-high radio entertainers, talk over a few tricks of the trade. They're both famous for homely philosophy



James Wallington, radio announcer, and Lawrence Tibbett win gold medals for good diction on stage and radio, presented by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler

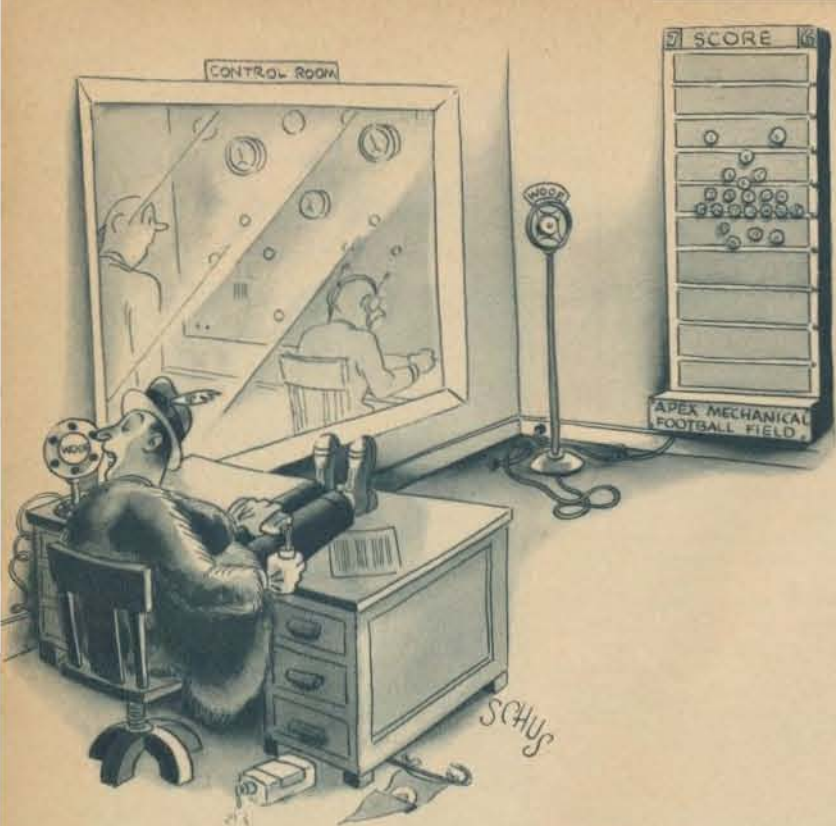


Repeal didn't catch that ole rascal Rubinooff napping. Nothing delights him more than shaking up a cocktail for his friends in his own private bar



What's this—Gracie Allen trying to think! She has decided not to bother erasing errors anyway, as she doesn't know whom she is writing to

—Photo by Kip Ross



"Sorry I missed that last play—the man in front of me just stood up!"



"If Mr. Joe Penner has any nice ducks left, I'll take one"

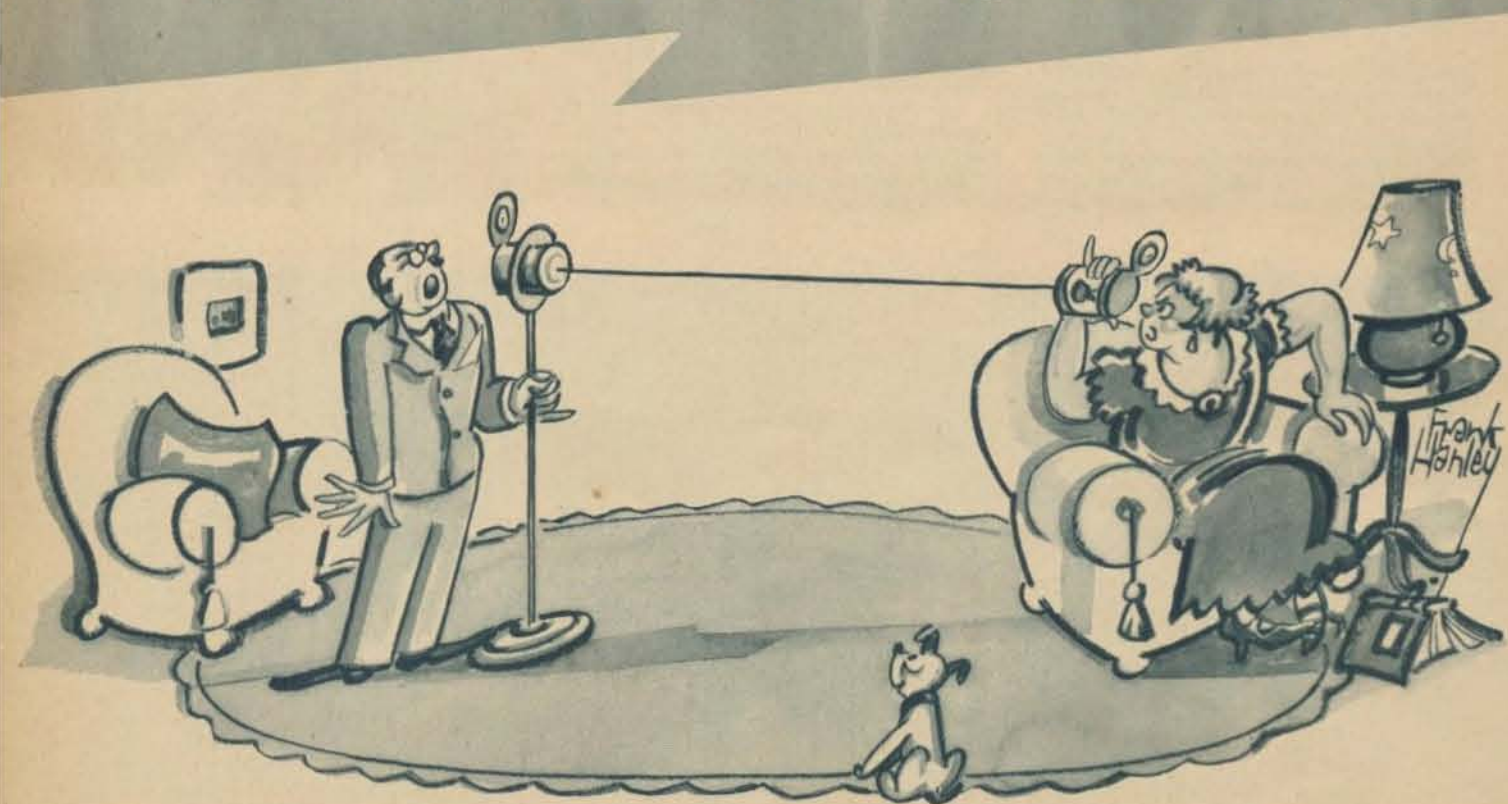


"Am I a bit too early, madame?"



"Ladies and gentlemen, Senator McCook will give his answer in just a moment!"

STABS of STATIC



"All right, your diction is better, but finish the audition and let's go to the movies"



"I was doing my setting up exercises, and there were two stations on the radio!"

She Can't Read MUSIC

But, like Bing Crosby and
Kate Smith, this hasn't
held up tiny Annette
Hanshaw's Career

By David O. Alber



That music on the piano is so much Greek to Annette Hanshaw. She can't read a note, but uses a special code consisting of a set of ciphers

THE song plugger bustled into the studio, spotted a pretty girl in blue leaning against the piano, strode boldly over, removed the cigar from his mouth, and said:

"You're Annette Hanshaw, aren't you?"

A dimpled smile and a nod were his answer.

"Miss Hanshaw, I got some swell new songs for yuh—they're sensational, I tell yuh. Just your style. Here—take a look at them."

Annette Hanshaw accepted the song sheet mechanically—and looked at the title.

"Here, I'll bang it out on the piano for yuh, and you can sing it and see for yourself. It's a beaut—a natural. You'll love it!"

Annette shook her head ruefully. "I'm sorry. You'll have to leave this with me for a few days. I couldn't read the music anyhow."

The song plugger was slightly dazed. Here was one of the leading singers on the air, featured on the Maxwell House Showboat, and she couldn't even read music!

It's true. Her musical education was sadly neglected. She scarcely knows a three-quarter note from a cadenza. Yet it hasn't handicapped her. In some ways it has been an asset.

Sounds like a paradox, doesn't it? Well, if you look into the careers of Kate Smith and Bing Crosby, you'll find that they never studied music either. And you'll grant they've done pretty well.

What is the secret of Annette Hanshaw's singing ability which makes college boys hearts palpitate and draws an enormous amount of fan mail?

Her story has an ironical twist. She has been singing since she was knee high to a sawed-off grasshopper. When she [Continued on page 80]



Annette Hanshaw thought singing was a relaxation, not a career. She studied art until a recording executive handed her a fat check for her first phonograph record

We Want Drama! say the Fans



Here's a dramatic moment from one of the most dramatic of all programs—the March of Time, which dramatizes news events so effectively that they have all the lure of a legitimate play

RADIO dramatic programs can hold their own with crooners, comedians, and news commentators, according to the decision of RADIOLAND'S readers. Read the prize-winning letters in the Radio Drama Contest, announced in our December issue, and you will find dozens of reasons for the popularity of dramatic programs.

First Prize (\$15)

"DO I LIKE RADIO DRAMAS?" And HOW! If you've never been settin' 7,600 feet atop of these Rockies when Winter's puttin' on her silent dramics, and it's so still you can hear the quietness, you can't understand what Radio Dramy means to a batchin' cow-hand.

Imagine night and thirty below, and the stars too cold to be friendly, and no sound but empty-bellied coyotes yelpin' their misery to a icy moon! Then's when Radio Dramics does their stuff!

Gives me a chance to herd with humans in a different class without them noticin' my brand's foreign! Brings me homes, kids, romancin'; things I've hankered for but never got. And after datin' up the same outfit every week, I get to lookin' forward to bein' in their round-up and hearin' what they got roped that's new. Laugh with 'em, and sometimes smear a tear! Ketch myself clappin' same as at a live show, and then first thing I know the evenin's spent! And I've been places and heard the best play-actors without havin' to ante a cent!

So, for Gosh Sakes, please keep airin' your Radio Dramy! Adios!

L. M. DOW,

P. O. Box 75, Parshall, Colorado.

Second Prize (\$10)

Drama on the air depicts life as we live it—I see your side of it and you see mine. Radio dramas must exist, for we all do not appreciate comedians, crooners and various other types of programs. Programs must differ just as you and I differ, as life would be a dull affair if this were not so.

The Mystery drama arouses the spark of adventure that lies in all mankind. Love dramas have shown us that financial reverses and every-day troubles are nothing,

so long as love of man for wife, boy for girl and friend for friend, flows richly on. After listening to a love drama broadcast one *does* feel more romantic, and, speaking for myself, I look upon my wife, not as mere wife, but as *sweetheart*.

My easy chair is a front-row seat for a thousand and one glamorous dramatic broadcasts, so let the show go on! Drama on the air holds an important place in the hearts of the listeners.

WALTER E. JOHNSON,

7414 Emerald Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Third Prize (\$5)

RADIO DRAMA? Positively! It is the "pleasant-to-take-concentrated-food-for-the-mind." It's appetizing . . . nutritious . . . essential . . . for everyone.

School folks dislike lessons (history for one); ROSES AND DRUMS transforms the subject into a movie-thriller. Grown folks can't or won't absorb worldly events; MARCH OF TIME does it for them, stimulating their jaded appetites for further knowledge.

RADIO DRAMA is the shortest cut to lucrative entertainment. Without stirring from our chairs, without any inconvenience, we are transported to all corners of the globe. We explore unknown regions . . . backstage . . . ancient temples . . . dungeons . . . We call regularly on various households, and become as intimate members. We relieve biographies of famous people; knowing them as otherwise we would not. Legitimate plays couldn't be performed as prolifically. Books couldn't be devoured as easily . . . as agreeably.

And such possibilities! I say—"Convert the universities into radio studios, and the professors into competent actors." Why . . . think what the RADIO DRAMA will become then! It will serve as the medium for AMERICA'S WHOLESALE HOUSE OF EDUCATION. Who wouldn't enroll in a dramatized course in learning . . . the a-b-c to national culture? Sounds interesting and not impossible to me. Eh—what? *Radio Drama?* Positively!

GEE KAYE,

75 Woodrow Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

What's the Matter with Radio?

If you have ideas for improving radio as it is today, RADIOLAND magazine gives you a chance to be heard. For the best letter of 200 words or less on the subject "What's the Matter with Radio" mailed before January 20, to RADIOLAND Contest Editor, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., RADIOLAND will pay \$15, for the second best \$10, and third best \$5. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

Presenting The First Nighter

He is Charlie Hughes and he
Created a New Radio Feature

By John Ames

“WHY didn't I think of it?” Many a radio producer has asked himself this question on hearing the First Nighter program over NBC, because it has been and is yet the most natural medium for presentation of radio drama on the air. What is more logical than a play in an imaginary theater of the air? Other programs approach as closely as copyright fences will allow, but the First Nighter was the originator of the theater setting, and is still the only one which follows the format of the legitimate stage.

Producer Charlie Hughes is the First Nighter himself. He invites you into his cab, takes you along Broadway (with sound effects) and ushers you into “the little Theater off Times Square.” Eric Sagerquist's orchestra strikes up the overture, Hughes tells the name of the play and describes the lowering of the house lights—and as a buzzer sounds, the show begins. The productions are all three act affairs, as com-

The First Nighter, Charlie Hughes, with his cast: June Meredith, Don Ameche (behind Hughes) and Cliff Sorber. Miss Meredith and Ameche are the romantic leads, Soubier plays everything from Chinese generals to Wall Street brokers



—Jackson
Charlie Hughes himself, top hat, cane and all, just as he appears at First Nighter broadcasts

plete and self-sufficient as the ordinary play since the entire show, setting and all, is brought to you through the dialogue without any aid whatsoever from the announcer.

At this writing, one hundred and thirty-seven new plays have been interpreted on the ethereal boards by the cast which for some time has been composed of June Meredith, Don Ameche and Cliff Soubier. Miss Meredith, who played with Richard Bennett in *He Who Gets Slapped*, was in Chicago and became the feminine star of the first production. Since then she has only missed one show in the entire series. This occurred when an operation forced her out of a comedy entitled *Little Cyclone* early this year. Don Ameche has long been the male lead with Cliff Soubier handling the character parts to perfection.

The First Nighter is, I believe, one of the greatest tests Radio has had as to
[Continued on page 81]

Making HOLLYWOOD STARS

Perform for the MIKE

The Man Who Makes
Movie Stars Talk Over
the Air Tells How He
Does It

By James M. Fidler

SO, YOU think it is fun to stand up there in front of a radio microphone and interview famous stars of the air, screen and stage?

Admitting that there is a thrill to jabbering into a six-inch box and knowing that millions are listening, let me be the first to declare that interviewing stars over the radio is



Charlotte Henry (Alice in Wonderland) being interviewed by Jimmie Fidler, the "Hollywood on the Air" Tattler



Jack Oakie told radio listeners he invented a saxophone without a mouth-piece for people who would rather play a zither



One of the hits of Fidler's Hollywood radio program was a Bing Crosby quip. Bing claimed that his young son, Gary Evan, could talk, though only six weeks old. When Fidler protested, Bing retorted with: "I only know that when I came home from the studio the other night, my little Gary Evan sat up in his crib and said: 'Daddy, will you give me my buh-buh-buh-bottle?'"

the most nerve-wracking task I've ever assumed—unless you count the time I told my mother-in-law she had prolonged her visit beyond normal limits.

Perhaps the most exciting moment of my life occurred the night I interviewed Bruce Cabot, the movie-star husky. Possibly you heard that program; it was one of my series of "Hollywood-on-the-Air" NBC interviews. If you heard it, you'll remember the moment when I ribbed Bruce until he took a punch at me.

Well, the ribbing and the punch were written into the script. I was supposed to duck the blow, of course. But either Bruce miscalculated his distance, or I forgot to duck—or, it

just now occurs to me, *maybe Cabot purposely failed to pull his punch*—at any rate, I received that left uppercut squarely on the button, and did I see stars! Cabot had to *ad lib* for half a minute until my brain, if I have one, ceased whirling. A slight bit harder, and that smash would have laid me out cold as a pup's nose.

Considerable preparation precedes each program. The public believes that I merely step in front of a microphone with a star, and commence to ask questions. On the contrary, the scripts are written and re-written with all the care that is given a motion picture scenario.

Before the program, copies of the script are pasted on small cardboards to prevent rustling of the paper as we read. Two copies are prepared that way—one for the star and one for me. A most amusing mixup of these scripts took place the night I interviewed Dick Powell, movie musical-comedy star. Through some error, Dick's cardboards became mixed with the script of a cooking [Continued on page 79]

Woman and Her Problems

By

Ida Bailey Allen

Introducing the Shellfish Family

Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen is known to millions of women through her radio talks on problems of the home, and through her famous cook books which have had a circulation of more than ten million copies. Her contributions to *RADIOLAND* come from her New York penthouse where a force of dietitians and home economics experts test out the latest wrinkles in home-making

WAY back in the days of ancient Rome when hearts were bold and the invasion of territory an everyday matter, Caligula, the Emperor, wrapped himself in his Kingly toga, set his crown upon his head, stepped into the royal yacht and with his faithful troopers set sail to conquer England. The great day came; the soldiers were massed on the shore; the trumpets sounded the charge when the King spied innumerable shell fish near the shore. Gluttony triumphed. The trumpeters were hushed; the soldiers ordered to gather the fish and back they sailed to Rome, conquerors of a new food.

A study of the literature of that period discloses the fact that the ancients knew, used and appreciated shell fish to the fullest extent. The greatest treat the soldiers could be given at the banquet which inevitably followed a victory was the conch—probably in the form of a stew made with pine almonds, parsley, oil, wine and a rich fish sauce called garum.

It is only recently that this fish has been made generally available in the form of bottled juice and canned

chowder—and in this case a scientific analysis of the product preceded the production. It was put on the market only after chemists had discovered that the conch was not only delicious, but that it exerted an alkaline reaction on the body and was especially rich in minerals—it contains calcium, iron, iodine, manganese and so much phosphorus that it shines as it swims in the water).

At present the easiest way to serve it is ice cold as a plain cocktail, or hot at night as a nightcap when retiring. For dinner the cocktail may be dolled up with a cube or so of alligator pear, a little minced parsley, green pepper or celery, or all three, or the liquid may be used to pour over a sea food [Continued on page 76]



—Courtesy Makers of KonKtail

The jellied conch salad above owes its tastiness to a member of the shellfish family. Conch, prawns, clams, mussels, oysters, crabs and scores of other foods originating along the seashore contain mineral elements invaluable in the diet

Eating in Holland

They Know How to Eat in Holland—and You'll Understand Why, When You Have Tried These Dutch Recipes

HOLLAND—the land of delicious, ample food, where thin figures are out of date, and curves are always in style. The land of butter and cream, of fresh fruit that is the envy of all Europe; the land to which the world turns for its finest cheeses—Holland, the epicure of the world.

There the cook reigns supreme. And in the better homes she has many assistants, for the dainty canapés and tid-bits that help to make up the Holland five meals a day are painstakingly made and elaborately garnished. Speed cooking would be declassé in Holland.

Breakfast, the first of the five meals, is, unlike most Continental breakfasts, a substantial affair, hospitable and colorful. The large dining table is covered with a white damask cloth; the dishes are gay and flowered. A big bowl of fresh fruit is placed in the center of the table, and at intervals are placed silver baskets of sliced fresh white and brown bread. Nearby are little fancy pats of butter in crystal cups, with saucers of tongue,

ham and beef, jars of various kinds of jam and a variety of cheeses. For an indispensable part of the Holland breakfast is the "bread and butter"—really an open sandwich—which each guest prepares for himself.

A Holland breakfast begins with coffee or chocolate, served in cups as large as bowls. There is always milk to drink as well. Next comes a choice of cereals; then eggs or ham, served from the buffet. After this every guest prepares as many "bread and butters" as he likes, and consumes as much time as he likes as he enjoys them with fresh fruit.

If entertaining at a late Sunday morning or holiday breakfast, an adaptation of this Holland breakfast would be most amusing, and at the same time easy to prepare and informal to serve. Only—I beg of you—buy some huge cups or bowls for the coffee or chocolate, and use urns if you own or can borrow them. The sight of big cups of coffee with unstinted quantities of cream the very first thing, is [Continued on page 69]



—Courtesy The H. J. Heinz Co.

A typical Dutch kitchen. Note the suspended brass kettle, cast iron fireback, and fireplace walls of tile

Learning to Cook

Both Boys and Girls Should be Taught to Cook, Mrs. Allen says—and she Shows you Just How to do it

TWENTY years ago I remember calling at the home of a neighbor about ten in the morning. She was a busy professional woman, prominent in club life, and her husband was an inventor, very busy at times, and at other times dreamily idle as inventors are. His wife was nowhere in sight. I was a little surprised to find him vigorously pushing about an old-fashioned hand suction vacuum cleaner. He smiled and paused to say in his courtly way, "Be seated, please. Marietta had an early class, so I am doing my share. *There is no sex in housework.*"

I have often thought of his remark this past year, for each week I have received many letters from depression husbands, who for one reason or another have been sharing the housework and cooking with their wives.

Along with these letters have come others from the young wives of formerly rich men, girls who for the first time had been forced—or should I say "privileged"—to do their own housework and cooking. "If only my mother had taught me something about it, I shouldn't be such a dub" one wrote. "Why wasn't I sent to a school where useful womanly things were taught" wailed another, "so I shouldn't seem so useless now."

And frankly, why wasn't she? And why is it that our so-called best private schools and colleges teach none of the useful arts of home-making?

I firmly believe that both boys and girls of ten years or more should be taught to cook simple foods, the principles of balanced meals and the planning of a food budget. And right now is the time to begin, when winter days are dark in the late afternoon and outdoor playtime is not so prized. Cooking, if rightly presented, can be as fascinating to a child as any other form of play.

Only a few accessories are needed; these include a good recipe, two accurate half-pint measuring cups, standard tablespoons and teaspoons, an oven thermometer or heat control when the time comes to learn about the oven, and an orderly kitchen.

In order to intrigue the child's interest the first lessons should include only foods that are really enjoyed and that will make possible the teaching of accurate measurements. The making of fudge is a good first lesson. Next might come apple sauce, scrambled eggs, creamed dried beef, bacon and eggs, cocoa, poached eggs—any selection of foods that do not take long to finish and that can be combined later on into complete meals. And do not let that proud day when the child prepares the first complete meal be long in coming.

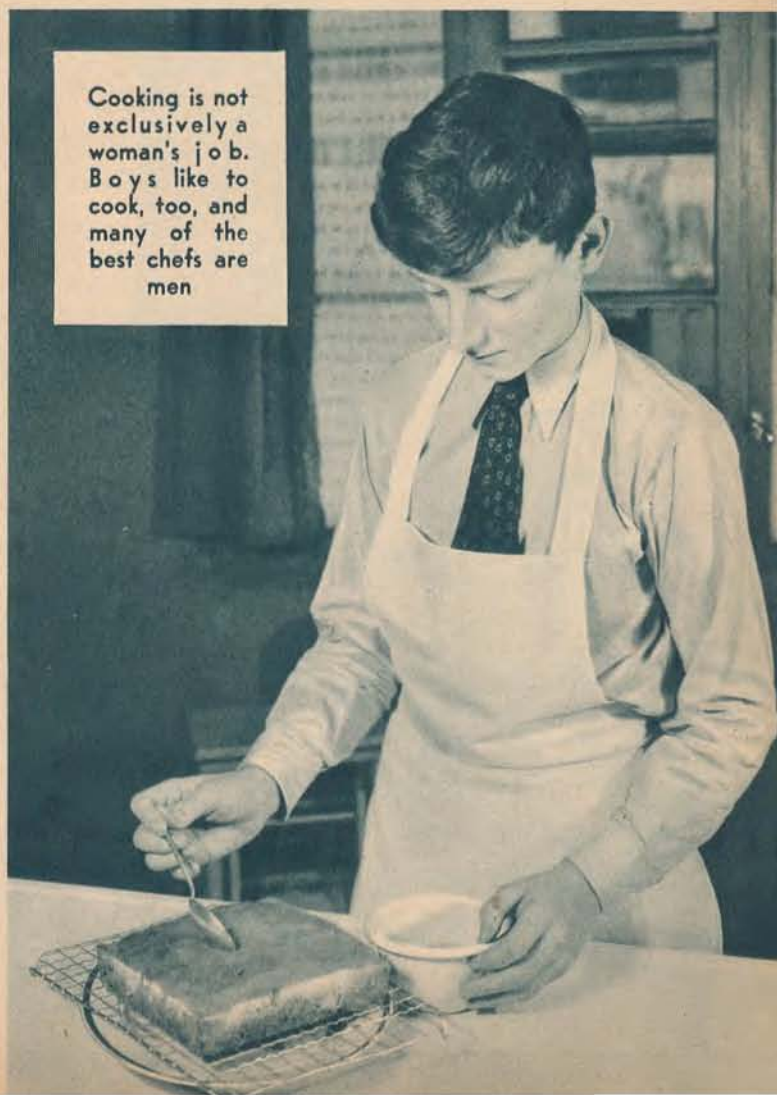
Here are the major steps to be followed in teaching a child to cook.

1. Thoroughly study the recipe.

2. Assemble all the supplies needed in one place.
3. Get out the utensils.
4. Put the food together, keeping the used utensils neatly piled together.
5. Cook the food.
6. Prepare the food for service.
7. Eat the food—if possible let it be prepared for the evening meal of the child or the admiring family.
8. Teach the child how to wash the cooking dishes and put them away.

The necessity for level measuring should be taught at the first lesson and reviewed until it becomes part of the accepted routine. [Continued on page 80]

Cooking is not exclusively a woman's job. Boys like to cook, too, and many of the best chefs are men



RADIOLAND'S PATTERN SERVICE

A Pair of Stunning Frocks from Babe Miller's Wardrobe



Tailored model No. L318 has a flattering collar, attractive drop shoulders, and tricky bodice seaming which does wonders for the figure



YOU'VE heard Babe Miller sing with Barney Rapp's orchestra—she's wonderful! Trust her, too, to know what is smart and up-to-the-minute in the world of fashion. From her large wardrobe we chose the two models on this page, and she graciously consented to let us copy them so that her admirers might have them, too. So we had patterns made, and they are all ready to send out to you. If you are an experienced sewer, you will enjoy the ease with which these patterns can be handled, and if you are an amateur you'll appreciate the large illustrated sewing lesson that accompanies each pattern—it tells you how to cut, sew and finish your frock.

We like the frock numbered L317 because of its utter simplicity, grace and youthfulness, and while Miss Miller's frock was fashioned of chiffon, we thought it would be equally lovely in georgette, soft taffeta or even a dainty sheer cotton for later in the season. The patterns are cut in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 8-inch ribbon. By the way, Babe's frock was a gorgeous Chinese red and the sash and artificial flower were black velvet.

The stunning little tailored model, L318, was made of faille silk in a ravishing prune shade—and really delightful in spite of prunes—and the flattering collar and group of flowers were fresh bengaline. Doesn't it sound adorable? The details are so attractive, especially the drop shoulders and the tricky bodice seaming—they do wonders for the figure—really! You might use black, brown, green or that new rose shade, and as for fabrics, we suggest sheer wool, rough crêpe or jersey. Pattern L318 may be ordered only in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 38. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 39-inch fabric and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting.

LET RADIOLAND help you plan a smart Spring wardrobe. If you will send today for the brand new Spring edition of RADIOLAND'S PATTERN BOOK you will find in it the styles that are going to make fashion news this coming season. Every type of frock you will need is illustrated in this book—dresses to wear under your coat for the first cool days and to make you outstandingly smart when it gets warm enough to discard your coat. The helpful guidance offered by this book is a money-saver and a time-saver. Why not take advantage of it?



No. L317 is a frock charming for its simplicity, grace, and youthfulness. Chiffon, georgette, soft taffeta, or sheer cotton are suitable fabrics

RADIOLAND Pattern Dept.,
529 South Seventh Street,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For the enclosed.....send me Pattern No. L317. Size.....
Pattern No. L318. Size..... and the Fall edition of the Pattern Book
(check if wanted).....

Name

Street

City State

Each Pattern 15c — Fashion Book 15c
One Pattern and Book 25c

THE RADIO PARADE

[Continued from page 10]

ning except Saturday and Sunday at 7:00 p. m. and at 11:00 p. m. for those west of Chicago.

LUM AND ABNER—The Ford dealers of the air relate the events in Pine Ridge. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. and a sociable on Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

THE GOLDBERGS—A family and their problems. Both amusing and touching. NBC-WEAF, every evening except Saturday and Sunday at 7:45 p. m.



Clara, Lu 'n Em

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—Montague Glass' popular characters—cloak and suiters by trade. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

ELMER EVERETT YESS—John Eldredge, Broadway star, is the major character in this breezy sketch. CBS, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:00 p. m.

FEATURED STARS

LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN—Has an interesting repertoire. CBS, Sundays at 1:30 p. m.

HELEN MORGAN—Star of screen and stage in songs that pull at the heartstrings; also, Jerry Freeman's Orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 2:00 p. m.

ABE LYMAN—And what a popular man he is. Featured in "The Big Hollywood Show" with "Accordiana." CBS, Sundays at 2:30 p. m.

"SMILING ED McCONNELL"—In songs particularly suited for the Sabbath. CBS, Sundays at 6:30 p. m.

WENDELL HALL and his ukulele. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

FRANCES ALDA—Grand opera soprano. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 7:45 p. m. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 6:00 p. m.

VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Lawrence Tibbett, Metropolitan baritone and screen star, and Richard Crooks, tenor, also of the Metropolitan will alternate in an irregular sequence. William Daly's orchestra furnishes the musical background. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

BING CROSBY—with Lennie Hayton's orchestra. **RADIOLAND'S Crooner Contest** proved Bing's great popularity. CBS, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT—Actor, writer and columnist speaks of plays, people and literature. CBS, Mondays and Wednesdays at 9:15 p. m.

MARCEL RODRIGO—Eminent Spanish baritone. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 10:00 p. m.

EVAN EVANS—Baritone, accompanied by Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 10:45 p. m.

JOHN ERSKINE—Novelist. Mondays on "As We Are"—a general view of the American scene;

Fridays, a review of the "Lively Arts." NBC-WEAF at 11:00 p. m.

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—Harmonize vocally. They are Connie, Martha and Vet. CBS, Mondays and Fridays at 11:15 p. m.

"BIG FREDDY" MILLER—Baritone, in more popular numbers. CBS, Tuesdays and Fridays at 11:15 a. m.

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—Songs—both new and old. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:15 p. m.

NINO MARTINI—The most romantic young tenor. And you who are fortunate will be able to see him as well as hear him—at the Metropolitan. CBS, Tuesdays at 10:00 p. m.

MEET THE ARTIST—Bob Taplinger presents your favorite radio stars in informal interviews. CBS, Saturdays at 6:00 p. m.

MILDRED BAILEY—The "Rockin' Chair Lady." Songs that penetrate. CBS, Saturdays at 6:15 p. m.

TITO GUIZAR—The Mexican tenor accompanies himself with the guitar. CBS, Saturdays at 6:45 p. m.

GEORGE JESSEL—In songs and patter; Vera Van, contralto and Freddie Rich's orchestra. CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 p. m.

DRAMATIC PROGRAMS

BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—Carson Robison, his Buckaroos and a talented cast in exciting episodes from ranch life. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 2:00 p. m.

LIONEL PROGRAM—Thrilling dramas of railroad life. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 4:45 p. m. and Wednesdays at 5:00 p. m.

ROSES AND DRUMS—These dramas based on American history are most interesting as well as educational. CBS, Sundays at 5:00 p. m.

TALKIE PICTURE TIME—Charles P. Hughes an authority on motion pictures directs this program starring June Meredith. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

GRAND HOTEL—Original radio sketches that are most interesting. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

RIN TIN TIN THRILLER—You dogey people will appreciate these sympathetic stories about dogs. CBS, Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD—Angelo Patri, educator and child expert, in a true-life drama. CBS, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

THE ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—Virginia Clark in the lead, supported by Karl Huebl, Lester Tremaine and Gene McGillen. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 2:15 p. m.

RADIO GUILD—Vernon Radeliffe directs these tabloids of famous dramas. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 3:00 p. m.

JUST PLAIN BILL—Just to let you city folks know that these ruralites have exciting experiences, too. Bill is a rural barber. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:15 p. m.

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—We probably won't live that long, but let's see if we would like to. CBS, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6:00 p. m.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—Some of these adventures are breath taking. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

RED DAVIS—An American youth and his adventures. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:45 p. m.

MARIE, THE LITTLE FRENCH PRINCESS—A noblewoman finds romance and happiness in the life of an every-day girl. Ruth Yorke and James Meighan co-starring. CBS, Tuesdays,

Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 1:00 p. m.

EASY ACES—Jane and Goodman Ace—and they take their bridge seriously. But don't we all? CBS, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m.

PAINTED DREAMS—In Mother Moynihan's boarding house. Bess Flynn in the lead assisted by Alice Hill, Mary Afflick and Kay Chase. CBS, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 1:45 p. m.

LITTLE ITALY—Life on the east side with the Marino family. The father, Hyman Brown; the wife, Ruth Yorke; the three children, Rose Keane, Ned Wever and Alfred Corn. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 6:45 p. m.

ENO CRIME CLUES—Let's turn out the lights and really enjoy these thrilling mysteries with Edward Reese and John MacBryde. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

THE CRUISE OF THE SETH PARKER—pickups from Phillips Lord's boat while on his cruise around the world. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:00 p. m.

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Romance and glamor in the South Seas with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

MYSTERY GUILD—Crime stories by contemporary writers. CBS, Thursdays at 9:45 p. m.

CIRCUS DAYS—Dramatizations of circus life by Courtney Riley Cooper. NBC-WEAF, Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 p. m.

MARCH OF TIME—Dramatic interpretations of recent world events. Directed by Fred Smith. CBS, Fridays at 8:30 p. m.

FIRST NIGHTER DRAMAS—Interesting first nights in a theatre. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 10:00 p. m.

MYRT AND MARGE—The adventures of these two chorus girls have proven to be most interesting to millions of listeners. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:00 p. m.



Myrt and Marge

NEWS COMMENTATORS

JOHN B. KENNEDY—Former associate editor of Collier's. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 2:30 p. m.; Tuesdays at 11:00 p. m. and Thursdays at 6:30 p. m.

H. V. KALTENBORN—The eminent international correspondent. CBS, Sundays at 6:45 p. m. and Fridays at 6:00 p. m.

WALTER WINCHELL—The Mirror's columnist reveals tomorrow's news. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

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GOLD MEDAL NEWS FLASHES—Two brief resumes of the events of the day. CBS, every day except Sunday at 12:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—Explorer, adventurer and writer discusses the highspots of the day. NBC-WJZ, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 6:45 p. m.

BOAK CARTER—In his Cambridge accent comments on the events of the day. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:45 p. m.

COLUMBIA NEWS SERVICE—Staff announcers report the news that was too late to catch the evening papers. CBS, daily except Sunday at 10:30 p. m.

EDWIN C. HILL—"The human side of the news." CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:15 p. m.

GEORGE R. HOLMES—Chief of the Washington Bureau of International News Service. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 6:30 p. m.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—In and about the Capitol. CBS, Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.

SPECIALTY PROGRAMS

CHURCH OF THE AIR—Eminent preachers offer Sunday sermons. CBS, Sundays at 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.

FATHER COUGHLIN—Crusades from the Shrine of the Little Flower. WOR, Sundays at 4:00 p. m.

CHEERIO—Brings a springlike air to the darkest day. NBC-WEAF, every day except Sundays at 8:30 a. m.

CONCLAVE OF NATIONS—Speakers from Washington's Diplomatic Corps pay weekly tribute to foreign nations with representative music directed by Channon Collinge. CBS, Sundays at 10:30 p. m.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE—M. Sayle Taylor offers advice to those who seek it—on any subject. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12 noon and Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m.

KITCHEN CLOSE-UPS—Mary Ellis Ames offers helpful hints to the housewife. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11:00 a. m.

TONY WONS—Selections from his famous scrap book. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:30 a. m.

THE MYSTERY CHEF—Helps to make one's menu more varied and interesting. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9:45 a. m. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:00 a. m.

MARY LEE TAYLOR—Specialist in home economics. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:00 a. m.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF THE AIR—History, geography, literature, music, science and current world affairs. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

FRANCES LEE BARTON—Help for the housewife. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 11:15 a. m.

MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD—If you have been envious of the beauty and grace of the cinema stars, here's your chance to get excellent tips from Hollywood's own advisor. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:30 p. m.

YOUR CHILD—And its problems. Valuable advice by Dr. Ella Oppenheimer of the Children's Bureau. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:45 a. m.

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—More intimate advice by Radioland's own authority on Woman and Her Problems. CBS, Thursdays at 10:15 a. m.

ACADEMY OF MEDICINE—Lectures on health and medicine by reputable physicians and scientists. CBS, Thursdays at 11:45 a. m.

MAGIC OF SPEECH—Lectures by Vida Ravencroft Sutton on speech habits. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 2:00 p. m.

LEADERS IN ACTION—Profiles of prominent figures in the government by H. V. Kaltenborn. CBS, Saturdays at 10:45 p. m.

The Life Story of Bing Crosby

[Continued from page 39]

went on the air he would plead for *Just One More Chance*. The following morning he would telephone her to find out whether the song "got over." Sometimes she would be in a forgiving mood and everything would be hotsy totsy. At other times, however, she would slam the receiver in his ear or inform him that she was definitely through with him unless he changed his ways. And bingo! Up would go the receiver. That night Bing would croon *I Surrender Dear*. He put his very heart into that song. And it broke down Dixie's resistance.

They were married in 1930. But wedding bells did not end their quarrels.

"Dixie and I can certainly vouch for the truth of that line about the first year of marriage is the hardest," says Bing. "The principal trouble was that we were both independent. Dixie was an only child and she'd always had things her own way. I'd done exactly as I pleased for so long that it was pretty difficult for me to adjust myself to the responsibility of marriage and having to take somebody else's wishes into consideration instead of doing just what I wanted to do. The result was plenty of stormy weather.

"During the first year of our marriage we separated at least seven times. But something—it must have been love—always brought us back together. Finally, we got wise to ourselves and decided that we were being fools to separate over some silly inconsequential thing that we ought to be smart enough to patch up with a little intelligent reasoning. So we made a pact that whenever we felt a quarrel coming on, instead of losing our heads, we would talk things over and each try to see the other's point of view. It was that decision that saved us. In fact, I believe that there are few marriage snags that cannot be hurdled, if the parties concerned are willing to meet each other half way."

Bing's engagement at the Cocoanut Grove ended abruptly. By request.

"It was nobody's fault but my own," says Bing. "You know how night clubs are. Somebody offers you a drink. You take it. And first thing you know you are taking too many. One night I forgot to show up at the Cocoanut Grove. Afterwards, I tried to alibi, but it didn't get over. I was fired."

FOR a time it looked as though he had nosedived back to the place he had started. But remember what I told you last month about all those *novenas* which the Sisters in the Convents in the northwest had said for Bing Crosby. They did not go unanswered.

First, Mack Sennett signed him up to make some comedy shorts. Then offers began to come from New York for radio work. The latter Bing did not take very seriously. He liked California. His golf was improving. The fishing at Catalina was swell. And he and Dixie were happier than they had ever been. So he just sort of ignored the radio bait. Whereupon the broadcasting company got the idea that perhaps they hadn't offered him enough money. So they raised the ante to \$1,500 per week.

The rest is radio history. He divided his time between broadcasting twice nightly on the *Crema* program, appearing five times daily on the stage at the Paramount theatre

in New York, making records and talking pictures.

Today Bing Crosby is at the peak. Few people, however, know that he lives with the knowledge that the voice which has brought him fame and fortune may leave him at any moment, without warning. In fact, on the eve of his first radio broadcast from New York that very thing happened. The program was arranged, the microphone ready to send his voice into a million homes from coast to coast—and Bing was unable to sing a note! He couldn't even speak above a whisper.

"It wouldn't frighten me so much now," he said in telling me of this nightmare experience, "because I'm prepared for it. But that night, facing my first big broadcast—well I'm telling you it had me in a lather. Of course everybody jumped to the conclusion that I'd been drinking. I hadn't. And it wasn't a case of stage fright either. Fortunately for me, my voice came back in time for me to go on the air.

"Since then I've found out what the trouble was. There is a small growth like a corn on my vocal chords. Singer's nodes, they call it. It's responsible for the huskiness in my voice and those funny slurs they call crooning. Without it, I'd be just another baritone. Sometimes these nodes become irritated and have to be removed. If that happens to me, my crooning days will be over."

BING isn't exactly crossing any bridges before he reaches them, but as a means of securing his financial future in case that million-dollar voice should leave him, he has had himself incorporated under the name of *Bing Crosby, Ltd.* He is the president and his brother Everett, who is also his manager, is secretary. Every cent Bing earns goes into the corporation.

Another step toward protecting his future is the charming new home which he has just built at Toluca Lake, a few miles from Hollywood. It is but a short distance from the home of Dick Arlen. Dick, as you doubtless know, is the unofficial Mayor of Toluca Lake.

Scarcely were the Crosbys settled in their new home when the Mayor paid them a visit. He arrived in a silk topper, striped trousers and tails, and a gardenia in his buttonhole. He carried a large black placard, welcoming Bing and Dixie and young Gary Evan to Toluca Lake. He also had an enormous key to the city. The key, he informed Bing, would be presented to him *after* he had paid his "protection money."

"And if you don't come across," he announced in his best racketeer manner, "don't expect any protection from me!"

Just an Arlen joke, of course; in the same category with the campaign which Dick and Bing started "to keep Jack Oakie out of Toluca Lake." In fact, when it comes to jokes and gags, Bing and Dick synchronize perfectly; so much so that their wives have labeled them "the Champion Liars of Toluca."

But if you could have seen them at the double christening ceremony for Gary Evan Crosby and Richard Ralston Arlen which took place recently you probably would have labeled them "just a couple of very proud parents." And you might have added—the sort that are really a credit to Hollywood.

Ed Wynn Succeeded by Ignoring Advice

[Continued from page 21]

associates considered my actions. And I have usually come out on the top.

"I firmly believe that people who use their own judgment in the beginning of their careers, against outside advice, are the only ones who succeed beyond the average."

Wynn's career certainly bears out his idea that one succeeds in the measure that other people's views are disregarded. He not only went on the stage against the advice of his family, but proceeded to follow his own judgment through the years, even when this ran counter to the counsel of friends and business associates.

Take the case of the famous Actor's Strike of 1919. It was this strike which was the turning point in Ed Wynn's life. Before it, he was just another high-salaried comedian. But during the strike he campaigned so vigorously for the actors, fighting the producers and managers, that he antagonized all the producers. His friends warned him he would be outlawed by the managers because of his efforts in behalf of the downtrodden actors. "You have nothing to gain and everything to lose," they pleaded. Ed Wynn refused to listen.

Eventually, the actors and managers made peace. But Ed Wynn found himself blacklisted from all theatres by the angry owners and producers. No one would hire him. As a result he had to put on his own show, write his own revues.

Wynn closeted himself in his Long Island home for six weeks and emerged with a sensational hit—*The Ed Wynn Carnival*. It ran in New York and on tour for 117 weeks. Then he wrote *The Perfect Fool* and *The Grab Bag*, all outstanding successes that put him in the near-millionaire class.

"Almost every show I have put on I have been advised against," he told me, "usually I come out on top when I pay no attention to what others say."

HIS entrance into radio was a direct result of his *The Laugh Parade*. Since pioneer radio days, Wynn had been approached. His friends advised him to go on the air. "Why, you will talk to more people in one night than you do in a lifetime in the theatre," they said. "Take anything you can get." They thought him crazy when he refused \$1,000, \$2,000 and \$3,000 for a broadcast.

Wynn thought differently. Making silly faces, cracking foolish jokes, wearing a crazy, different costume every few minutes got across where you could be seen. An invisible audience was something else. Before he would consent to broadcast, he'd have to be paid enough to make worth while gambling the reputation built up in thirty years.

"I was still dubious about radio as a medium for an art, and still conceited enough to consider myself an artist. When Voss, the Texaco official, approached me, I kept putting him off. Finally I said I'd sign up if I got \$5,000 for a half-hour broadcast. That was double what anyone else got. Imagine my surprise when Voss said, 'That's OK with us. Just sign here.'"

Wynn did not know that Voss was fairly sure of what he was getting—that Texaco was not taking a huge gamble. Voss had attended three performances of *The Laugh Parade*, sitting alone in a box, with his back turned away from the stage,

FEBRUARY, 1934



Photo by Ray Lee Jackson

Ed Wynn is always "good theater," even when he can't see his audience

so he could judge Wynn's humor without benefit of scenery props, facial grimaces and dizzy costumes. The radio audience would only have ears to judge with.

Wynn also did not know that the company had made a nationwide search for someone who would be received equally well by sophisticates and small town folk.

SINCE his entrance into radio a year ago, the foolish Fire Chief has installed a great many changes. He began the custom of dressing to fit the part for a radio broadcast. He changes costumes about eight times for a half-hour program, not because he wants to impress the studio audience, but because he feels that changing into the clothes of the character he is acting helps him live the part.

While Wynn changes his costumes for every number, he never changes one article of apparel—his shoes. He wears the most dilapidated pair of brogans I ever saw, with not a piece of the original leather in their patchwork surface. The pair has been half-soled fourteen times and Wynn has walked across more than 1,500 miles of stage front in them. They cost him \$3.50 twenty-six years ago; they are his good-luck charms that he has worn at every stage

and radio performance since. To date they have cost him \$1,400 to keep in repair.

It was Wynn who originated the practice of burlesquing opera as a vehicle for radio gags, of breaking up a skit with music. "I was afraid the radio audience would tire if I spoke longer than two minutes without having music break in." Now most comedians follow suit.

His recent trip to Hollywood to make a movie was a triumphal march, from which he has not recovered. Wherever the train stopped, thousands roared their greeting. In Albuquerque a half-holiday was declared and fifteen thousand school children, perched on fire ladders, greeted him with an extended *Sooooo-oooo*.

"To save me from getting swell-headed," he said, "there were two old ladies on the train. At each demonstration the other passengers would alight, and take part; they sat still. As we neared Hollywood, one approached me and asked why all the cheering mobs greeted us.

"I said it was because I was a radio performer, Ed Wynn, the comedian.

"How interesting," she answered. "You must tell me when you'll be on so my sister and I can listen in some time. We are such radio fans."

That Amazing Voice of Experience

[Continued from page 17]

rabbit punch. Had they arrived on the scene two minutes later, a different ending to Case No. 230 might have been written into the records.

TWO thousand letters a day! And every one of them from persons in perplexity or distress. Is it any wonder that every conceivable kind of heartache finds its way to that lighthouse of hope in the quiet offices above Times Square? And how is one to weigh the burden of grief? Who is to tell which hurts most, the end of all things or some trivial disappointment?

Many of the problems presented to the Voice of Experience by people in desperation seem well-nigh insoluble. There was, for example, the deserted mother, who had abandoned her six-weeks-old child on a Bronx doorstep twelve years before and had never heard of him since.

She had afterwards married again, she wrote. Her husband had recently become affluent. Her husband knew about the child and both were anxious to find him again and take him into his rightful home. Would the Voice of Experience please help her?

Dr. Taylor sent his investigators to the corner she mentioned, but no one knew of such a case. The memory of New York neighborhoods is short-lived. The trail seemed to end there. The next day he sent out his appeal over the air, and within twenty-four hours he had a phone call.

The man who called said he was the boy's foster-father. There could be no mistake because the date and the neighborhood coincided perfectly. They remembered the date because they had celebrated it as the boy's birthday, knowing no other. Now, it seemed, they had lost everything, were being evicted from their house, and were anxious to find a comfortable home for the boy, so they would be only too happy to return him to his own mother.

Sometimes in the letters that come in, tragedy lies so close to comedy it is difficult to distinguish the two. For instance, there was the letter from the man who had pawned his false teeth in Chicago and wanted the Voice of Experience to deliver them to him in New York.

The writer had gone west after a long period of unemployment hoping to find things better out there. Instead his fortunes declined even further until he was forced to pawn his only decent suit, and as a last measure, his false teeth on which he obtained a loan of seven dollars. Then he hitch-hiked back to New York but without his teeth or his good suit, found himself worse off than before. So he explained his predicament to the Voice of Experience.

"I'm always admonishing you men who are out of work to grit your teeth and go after jobs," the Voice of Experience told him, "but you can't very well grit 'em if you haven't got 'em. So I guess I'll have to get 'em for you."

The broadcast of that incident brought a storm of letters from doubting Thomases who said false teeth couldn't be pawned. Perhaps they forgot that there's sometimes "gold in them thar teeth." At any rate Dr. Taylor has all the records to prove it, as he has on every one of his cases, as well as the testimony of the man himself, who, properly equipped with his suit and his teeth, shortly went out and got himself a job.

THESE sequels, these "happy endings" when feet which have stumbled have found the way again, are seldom heard over the air. The brief period of time available is always crowded with urgent problems demanding immediate attention. But Dr. Taylor's private files are filled with them.

From these scattered cases it can be seen there is more to this Voice of Experience broadcast than appears on the surface.

The magnitude of the enterprise does not strike you with full force until you have glimpsed, as I did, the hum of activity going on in his busy office.

A staff of thirty-five men is required to operate the undertaking which has grown up around those fifteen minute broadcasts. You see them sitting in long rows, bent over their desks sorting, selecting, classifying, recording, so that as far as is humanly possible, no plea for help may go unheard.

The avalanche of letters, bundle upon bundle, is usually delivered early in the morning to the mail room. Here it is sorted into three main groups, requests for pamphlets, special problems, and appeals for financial aid.

The requests for pamphlets are routed straight through to be filled. During his years of field work, Dr. Taylor found that certain types of difficulties predominated. Gradually he worked out a series of eighty pamphlets to cover these, just little briefs of straightforward, common-sense friendly advice.

The stamps sent in for these pamphlets pay the entire cost of this department, printing, mailing and clerical help. When extra stamps are sent along, they are treated as unsolicited contributions and turned over to the charity fund. The use to which each donation is put is carefully tabulated, so that the donor of a three cent stamp or a few dimes may learn some day, perhaps much to his surprise, that he has been an anonymous benefactor, along with many others, in saving some poor unfortunate from the ignominy of Potter's Field or has had a part in salvaging a life through helping underwrite the cost of a necessary operation.

Special problem letters go direct to the readers. As many as possible of these are turned over to Dr. Taylor for his personal attention. From these he selects the material for his broadcasts.

MARITAL tangles, incompatibility, unfaithfulness, triangles, lead in the special problem mail. Next comes problems of romance, mostly from young people in love. A girl has had a fight with her boy friend. She wants to know what to do about it. A high school senior finds his sweetheart having dates with other boys. Should he object or say nothing about it?

Trouble with in-laws, with parents or other relatives ranks third. Others cover the range of the whole human quandry, asking aid in finding a lost relative, wanting to know how to cure an inferiority complex or how to make money on a farm—almost every request imagination can devise.

For those requests which he has not time to answer personally, the Voice of Experience works out a combination of the pamphlets which usually covers the subject.

Some of the queries are obviously im-

possible of fulfillment such as pleas for jobs. Dr. Taylor declared:

"We are not equipped to run an employment agency and I send out a letter to people who make such requests telling them so. Whenever I hear of an opening I try to place someone in it, but if I concentrated on that I would have time for nothing else."

For help in these cases, the Voice of Experience is now dependent upon such unsolicited donations as come into him and what he contributes out of his own pocket. How could he then, I wanted to know, give any appreciable aid in the face of so much privation and suffering?

"Naturally," he replied, "we cannot maintain very many people for long. We don't even try to do that. But we have found that in these times, especially, there often comes a crisis in a worthy person's life when twenty-five or fifty dollars, sometimes even six or eight, is a fortune. Get him past the crisis by paying for that operation, paying the overdue rent to forestall eviction, or perhaps only by buying him a new suit of clothes and he may be able to go on alone.

"When a person falls, he feels the hurt so badly that he is sure he can never walk again. It is our job to get him to take the first few steps and thus convince him that he can walk again.

"Very often, if the case is likely to be a prolonged one, we bring it to the attention of relief agencies and they carry on from where we leave off."

I was curious to know how this huge enterprise came into being.

"It just grew," Dr. Taylor smiled, "In the early days of radio when I was traveling around the country lecturing on children's problems, I used to get requests to speak over the air. After every broadcast the mail would pour in. I usually spoke in the afternoons, but women began writing in, asking me to speak in the evenings. Gradually, instead of giving advice in regard to children, I expanded my talks to include replies to queries on adult problems which had come in to me. Again the response was immediate, and by the time I went on WOR in Newark, I was confining myself largely to these because there was so little time for the juvenile material. I have maintained this policy since I went on the Columbia network. My listeners have made my broadcasts. I simply try to tell them what they want to know most. I don't condemn and I don't platitudinize. I try to put myself in their place and face the facts with them."

Why does he do it? Why does he work long hours, giving of his own money, maintaining this organization for the help of others? The answer is plain. He gets a great kick out of it.

"What greater satisfaction can there be in life than going to bed at night, knowing that through what little help we have been able to give some lost child has been restored to its parents, some family is resting secure in the knowledge that the rent has been paid for another month, some individual is facing his problems with greater courage and insight?"

Who wouldn't enjoy being able to do the same thing? Truly, he is to be envied, this Voice of Experience, who has been given the opportunity, through the magic of radio to play godfather to so many suffering souls.

How Radio Programs Are Built

[Continued from page 37]

"No, it doesn't get any harder or any easier. Even though I like radio, it's really hard work. You see, you're only as good as your last broadcast. Suppose I put on very funny programs for a few weeks. (Come on, use your imagination!) And then suppose I'm terrible the next Sunday. People would begin saying that Cantor put on awful programs. The only one they'd remember would be the one bad one."

HOW did this king of the comics, who was adjudged the most popular broadcaster in last year's Crosley contest, get into radio?

It was like this:

A few years ago, Rudy Vallée started introducing guest stars from the theater on his programs. Among them was a singing comic named Cantor, who broadcasted with him once or twice.

At the same time Standard Brands was advertising its Chase and Sanborn coffee by means of a straight musical program. They decided to try out a star with the band and engaged Maurice Chevalier. The great French actor, inimitable on the screen, could not, for some reason, project his personality with full force over the air. (There are those who say his lower lip got in the way of the microphone.)

So the radio officials of the sponsor and the J. Walter Thompson advertising agency determined to try something new. They would get a really major stage comedian and build the program around him. They chose Eddie Cantor, the first major comic to be featured regularly in a broadcast.

It was an immediate success, and dozens of other comedians have since followed his footsteps into the studio.

Eddie is justifiably proud of having pioneered. He still pioneers. He "gives 'em something different" in his broadcast.

One of the ideas he brought to radio is having the announcer take a prominent part in the broadcasting of comedy acts.

Jimmy Wallington, now one of the most famous announcers on the air, was just another announcer (though a good one) until Eddie Cantor came along. Eddie saw the spark of genius in Jimmy and developed it. He won't tell you how he has worked with Jimmy and coached him, helping him to become one of the best and most versatile of radio actors. Only Jimmy will tell you that. Eddie just says, "Jimmy had the talent. All I did was suggest that he use it."

Rubinoff is another radio personality whom Cantor has made famous, though Eddie is equally modest in this instance.

"Dave Rubinoff's an old friend of mine," he says. "I guess I must have known him for ten or twelve years. Why, he was on the air before I was."

"Yes, Mr. Cantor, but why are you always ribbing him?"

"Oh, there are some people you just naturally pick on, and I guess Dave's one of them. Seriously, though, he tells me I'm his best press agent."

And it's the truth. Nobody heard very much of Rubinoff, outstandingly excellent musician that he is, until Eddie began to plug his name over the air in every broadcast.

That, by the way, is another principle on which the Cantor programs are built. "Give the other fellow a break."

PERHAPS one reason that you like Eddie's programs so much is that they're built for the radio listeners and not to please the crowd in the studio or even the sponsors. Eddie knows that if he can keep you happy and amused, you'll like his act. And that's what the sponsors really want, after all.

And Cantor does get the laughs. The reason is that all of his programs are carefully worked out from two to three weeks in advance of each broadcast. Rubinoff has a couple of arrangers who work exclusively for him, figuring out novel instrumentations of popular songs. Rubinoff and the orchestra rehearse a great deal—far more than Eddie has to.

But the material which is spoken over the air isn't in final shape until just before the broadcast. Abbot K. Spencer, of the J. Walter Thompson radio staff, together with the Chase and Sanborn radio man, Eddie, and perhaps a couple of other writers get up the first draft, but Eddie changes it almost every day. He's never satisfied—always trying to make it just a little funnier—a little bit more appealing—than it is.

Not only does he work constantly over the script; he also interviews dozens of song publishers every week. They keep bringing him their newest numbers, begging him to introduce their selections in his program. They know that if he does, the song is sure to be a hit. He goes over these songs very critically, but occasionally chooses one he thinks will fit.

ALL in all, according to John Gourlie of the agency, there are three parts to a Cantor program. These are: (a) the music, which is built up by Rubinoff; (b) the dialogue, which is handled by Cantor; and (c) the advertising breaks, arranged by the agency.

The whole show is welded into a harmonious unit by means of a clever and carefully planned device which you will

never notice on the air unless you concentrate and analyze the program. Next time you tune-in, listen closely and you will find that the program comes to you as a continuous act because the comedy blends into the music through Cantor's witty references to Rubinoff, and into the straight talk through the by-play between Cantor and Wallington. That's one of the reasons why Wallington is such a valuable man in the programs—and why he gets paid extra for his efforts.

Spontaneous as the dialogue between Cantor and Wallington may seem, it's all planned out long in advance. Eddie Cantor is a great enough showman to realize that only constant polishing can make any entertainment perfect.

That's the reason he puts in so much work on his programs.

"I do about twenty hours of work on an hour's broadcast if you don't include thinking," says Eddie. "Thinking's the hardest part and I wish you could charge for it by the hour because how is your boss going to tell when you're thinking about your program and when you're thinking about the stock market? Except that maybe you don't look very happy when you're thinking about the market. If I was thinking about it you'd know it because you'd hear me moan. But you get the idea, don't you?"

"It takes an average of about twenty hours to write the script, together with my assistants, and later to go over it and edit it after we've got it written. Then, of course, there are the rehearsals. We don't do as much rehearsing as some of the other programs—only two to four hours—because we have a very capable cast. They catch on quickly. We never have any trouble with them.

"And we never have any trouble with the music, either. Rubinoff's one of the finest band leaders in the business.

"But for Heaven's sake, don't tell him I said so!"



"Our radio's busted so he's listening to theirs upstairs"

Beautifying Your Hair

By Wynne McKay

ABOUT the best thing that has happened to this country in recent months is the trend away from bleached hair. For a long time, practically every other woman became a pale blonde or even a platinum blonde regardless of the natural color of her hair. Although these shades are lovely on women of delicate coloring, and on those whose hair is naturally very light. They fail to enchant when the hair has to be bleached drastically to achieve it.

My advice to the woman dissatisfied with what she calls her "ugly" or "mousy" hair, is to stop complaining and make an effort to discover its latent beauty. Usually, women with drab hair do one of two things. They have it bleached or hennaed to shrieking, unnatural shades, or they just "let it go," giving it haphazard shampoos, neglecting to brush and rinse it properly. Neither of these extremes is advisable, because it is quite possible to give "ordinary" shades of hair a true beauty.

The first thing to do is to get out of the habit of giving yourself hasty, desultory shampoos, of using "just any old soap," of not rinsing the hair thoroughly.

The health and beauty of your hair depends entirely on the health and cleanliness of your scalp and for that reason a good shampoo should have not only a cleansing, but a tonic effect on the scalp. Each shampoo should be preceded by at least five minutes of vigorous massage to loosen dandruff scales adhering to the scalp, and to stimulate lazy circulation. Simply place your thumbs firmly in front of the ears and then rotate your



Illustration
by
Janice
Wathen

fingers in small circles all over the scalp. The secret of successful massage is to feel the scalp *move* under your manipulating fingers.

With the scalp tingling pleasantly from the massage, dampen your hair and then apply the shampoo solution. *Never* use cake soap, rubbing it on the hair. It remains embedded in the hair shaft, giving it a greyish, dull look and gradually makes the hair brittle and harsh in texture, the alkali residue removing the natural oil lubricant.

If you use a liquid soap shampoo, rather than one of the oil variety, which I shall discuss later, its lather should be abundant and each soap bubble should be small in size. This gives each bubble more penetrating and quicker cleansing power, chemists have found. After two thorough soapings, the scalp and hair should be clean and ready for clear water rinsings. If there is one bathroom accessory that is indispensable in giving a home shampoo, it is a shower, or, lacking that, [Continued on page 66]

Jean Colbert, widely known for her radio beauty talks, demonstrates the charm of beautiful hair

—Photo by
Ray Lee Jackson



Why Women Don't "Click" on the Air

[Continued from page 29]

can?—it proves that women are as popular in radio when compared to men as is the number 5 compared to 23. And this, if I remember my High School arithmetic, makes it only a little more than 21 per cent!

OUT of fairness to the ladies one must admit forthwith that all women suffer a tremendous handicap on the air.

The very thing that gives woman her greatest allure—her IT, shall I say—is reduced to the vanishing point when she stands before the microphone. What we know as feminine personality, and to which we are attracted instinctively, cannot be felt if we do not actually see the woman before our eyes.

It is true, of course, that when we hear a voice of charm on the air we often fashion images in our mind's eye as to what that woman actually looks like. We imagine her as tall or short; always with a comely figure and a pretty face. We may go so far as to believe she must have a certain color of the eyes and of the hair.

The point, however, is that the radio listener is compelled to draw upon his own visualization abilities in order to obtain as rich an impression as possible of the woman's personality. He does that irresistibly, often unconsciously.

A female radio star, therefore, no matter how beautiful she may be, no matter how great her drawing powers in the flesh may be, can get across to her hearers only a small fraction of the purely feminine assets she has to offer.

For a woman to make her debut before the public on the radio is therefore a hazardous business if she does this solely with the idea of stepping later upon the legitimate stage. Far better is it if she tries the other way around.

IN THE early days of radio women represented at least fifty per cent of the entertainers.

Did women lose out because the pace was too much for them, or did they give it up because it was too uncertain?

Neither of these reasons can be valid. Women work as hard as men, if not harder. At any rate, they are more conscientious and will devote infinitely more time and patience to the preparation of any program. And surely regular employment in the theatre as such, and in the movies, is equally as hazardous as radio.

The reason why women "fell from grace"—fell, in fact, from over fifty per cent to twenty-one or less—must be sought in the mechanics of the radio instrument itself.

In the beginning, when programs were first broadcast, sopranos were the vogue in popular fancy. But the voices of these ladies, voices that tended to thin out the higher they went, usually came through at the receiving end as something shrill, rasping and altogether unpleasant. Now, of course, modern loud speakers, as well as volume control boards, take care of this and even a high C may be made to sound as beautiful to you as if you were in the same room in which it is sung.

Nevertheless, this initial bad start which grew solely out of mechanical imperfections, relegated the ladies on the air to a place of secondary importance compared to men. And even Kate Smith, Ruth Etting,

and the rest of the popular singers have not yet been able to *regain* for women in general the popularity they once enjoyed.

Furthermore, it goes almost without saying that women have never won success as comedians as have the men, and comedy is an outstanding feature on the programs every night.

Where women have succeeded as comedians on the stage, their funny, unfeminine make-up and antics have largely been the attraction. Women make you laugh less by what they say than by the way they look. Marie Dressler is a case in point.

I will admit that some women can tell a "gag" as well as can a man. Mae West can do that. On the other hand Fannie Brice is helped by her Jewish accent and Gracie Allen by the very nature of the material she employs.

Gags, however, somehow don't fit women. First of all many jokes have a sex connotation which, coming from a woman, shock our sensibilities. What is more important still, and more comprehensive, is the fact that when a woman "clowns" she loses her femininity; a certain delicacy that we associate with things feminine goes by the board.

ANOTHER reason why women are not associated with radio as much as men also goes back to the earlier days.

A new venture is usually more of a parlor gossip affair than a strict business enterprise. Nor is it choosy about who assists it because it needs all the support it can possibly get. A woman can therefore make herself important, at the very outset, possibly even receive publicity, and thus overcome, for the time being at least, her fundamental convictions of inferiority. Men, on the other hand, always want to wait and see how a thing is going to turn out before taking a chance.

So we find that in the beginning women actually were *managers* of radio stations and in goodly numbers.

But when this enormous enterprise, that we now know collectively as radio, began to take shape and when it had to be conducted unemotionally, impartially and with a keen and practiced eye to the main chance, then women managers gradually fell by the wayside. Today woman's influence in radio administration is negligible.

Well, if women have not done so well as performers and managers in radio, why have they not done well as announcers? So far as I know none of the stations regularly employs a woman to introduce programs, not even to say those now familiar words "This is the National Broadcasting Company" and the like. No woman has achieved fame like Graham McNamee, Milton Cross, James Wallington and the rest.

Once more, in seeking an explanation we find that women suffer an insurmountable handicap and in this instance it is their speaking voice.

The usual speaking voice of the feminine gender is not sonorous, deep and vibrating when transmitted over the air. Often it sounds like the voice of a child. In fact, it is likely to take on an unpleasant quality. And the strange part of it is that even if a woman's natural voice is attractive and musical, that in itself is no guarantee that it will register effectively over the ether waves.

Although it would seem that I have painted rather a sorry picture of women's success in radio I believe the future will tell a different story.

Radio is now entering a new phase and this phase is *drama*.

Surely here is opportunity aplenty for all actresses.

Anyway, one fine day—and it may be sooner than expected—television will descend down upon us and probably with a swoop. Then our present radio programs as well as sets will be scrapped as quickly and completely as when the talkies thrust the silent pictures into the ash can.



"Listen, I know garbage and I tell you that company's program is nothing else but"

TATTOO YOUR LIPS



...and select your proper color by actual test on your own skin

TATTOO . . . is the new, entirely pasteless lip color that keeps lips evenly and excitingly red, invitingly smooth and seductively soft from dinner at eight 'till morn. And you can buy it by actual test, instead of by guess! In fact, the better cosmetic counters everywhere feature the TATTOO COLOR SELECTOR, illustrated above, and invite you to try all four shades of TATTOO on your own skin. Just apply it to your wrist as you would to your lips. Put it on...let it set...rub it off...only the COLOR stays! \$1 everywhere.



TATTOO, CHICAGO

- No. 1 is an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes. It is called "CORAL."
- No. 2 is an exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it. It is called "EXOTIC."
- No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."
- No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."



TATTOO

THE NEW *Transparent* COLOR FOR SHAPELY LIPS

Beautifying Your Hair

[Continued from page 64]

a hand spray. No amount of rinsing in bowls of clear water can remove soap and residue as completely as a forced stream of water.

Before I go on to discuss the value of special rinses, a word about corrective shampoos for dandruff, over-oily hair or brittle, lifeless hair. Dandruff of all kinds has been found to respond to oil treatments, and so a new oil shampoo has been developed which takes the place of a hot oil scalp treatment and cleanses the hair and scalp as well. Made of pure olive oil chemically treated so that it is soluble in water, this shampoo corrects the most stubborn cases of dandruff. Women accustomed to the thick lather of soap shampoos are always sceptical on first using this oil shampoo . . . It feels so like ordinary oil and is so completely latherless that they cannot believe it will clean the hair and scalp and then rinse away in clear water. But after the shampoo is finished and their hair dried, they are no longer incredulous, for this preparation leaves the hair radiantly clean and gleaming, with the scalp immaculate. Better still, it retards the appearance of dandruff and gradually checks it completely, when it is used regularly once a week. If you are interested, I shall be glad to give you the trade name of this shampoo, which is sold for \$1 a bottle.

Oily hair and dry hair, those two exasperating conditions that cause us so much discomfort, have been combated by one famous manufacturer who has a liquid pine-tar shampoo for oily hair and a non-alkali olive oil shampoo for dry hair. Each of these liquids is mild and beneficial in its action, the pine tar tending to normalize the output of the over-active oil glands and the olive oil liquid replacing the missing natural oil in dry hair. The manufacturer, realizing that most cases of dry and oily hair require other treatment than a weekly shampoo, also has a scalp tonic that should be massaged into the scalp daily. This tonic, which is pleasantly stimulating to the scalp, comes with a sealed ampule of refined oil. If your hair is extremely dry, you empty the contents of the ampule into the tonic to make it more beneficial to your hair. If, however, your hair is oily, you discard the ampule of oil. These three preparations are on sale at most drug and department store toiletry counters for 50 cents each.

To return to the subject of rinses—my earnest advice, no matter what shade your hair, is to use a commercial rinse in addition to clear water rinsing. There is one combination shampoo-rinse that gives any shade of hair golden highlights and sheen galore. This preparation consists of a glassine packet of powdered soap (which you dissolve in a glass of water) and another packet of rinse powder. After shampooing the hair and rinsing it in clear water, dissolve the rinse powder in hot water and pour this over your hair. The lighter in shade your hair is, the more water you should use to dissolve the powder. After you have used this rinse you can never conscientiously call your hair dull or "mousy." It costs 25 cents at all toiletry counters. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring you the name, if you like.

Now that practically everyone has finger-waves, much of the beauty and healthy lustre of the hair depends on the type of wave-setting lotion used week after week.

A few years ago, heavy, glutinous preparations that dried in dandruff-like flakes were the only kind available, but today the better lotions are thin and non-flaking. There is a comparatively new one on the market that is almost water-like in its consistency and yet it holds waves firmly in the thickest, straightest hair. For thin hair inclined to be wavy and needing little coaxing, it can be diluted with water so that it can be actually sprayed on the hair with an atomizer—an excellent method of distributing it evenly without waste. Colorless, it does not darken light shades of hair nor stain the scalp as do some of the rainbow-tinted lotions. A large bottle costs 50 cents, I believe.

For hair that readily loses its well-groomed neatness and lustre between shampoos, something quite unique has been evolved. It is a stick of greaseless pomade in a convenient black and orange metal case that can be carried about in the purse like a lipstick. Dab it on dull, stubborn hair, smooth the hair into place, and it will remain that way all day, with a shimmering, heightened gloss. Much superior to water as a means of keeping one's wave in place, this stick is quite harmless to the hair and scalp. Fifty cents a stick only.

I have devoted so much space to hair preparations that there is room left for only one other toiletry; and I know what it is to be . . . The unusual new skin cleanser that is neither soap nor cream! It seems, destined to appeal to the not inconsequential number of women dissatisfied with these usual mediums of cleansing. Termed a "wash" by the manufacturers, it is an emulsion containing minute mineral granules, cleansing liquids and a vegetable extract. Because of the action of the granules, apparently, this wash leaves your skin cleaner than you would believe possible. It gradually dissolves blackheads, tightens the pores and checks oiliness . . . To apply, you wet your skin with hot water, then rub a few drops of the wash over the skin with the fingertips, massaging it gently. After a minute or two rinse it off with clear water, and then dash cold water on the face. Simple? One or two bottles used regularly give the sallowest blemished skin a fresh glow. For pronounced cases of acne or eczema, the wash should be supplemented by a medicated balm, a greaseless, milky liquid that gently heals eruptions. If you will write to me, I shall be glad to send you the address of the manufacturer so that you can write direct for the wash or balm. The wash is \$1 a bottle, the balm \$1.50.

BEAUTY SERVICE FOR READERS

Wynne McKay, RADIOLAND'S beauty editor, will be glad to give readers the names of the various preparations mentioned in her monthly department, or to answer other questions. Address Wynne McKay, RADIOLAND Magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.—and be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope!



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YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS



■ This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

... writes Miss Jean Healy

■ "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll.... "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley.... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian... "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble... "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.



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E WANT YOU TO TRY the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

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Rudy Takes the Witness Stand

[Continued from page 33]



LORETTA YOUNG and SPENCER TRACY in a scene from the Columbia picture "A Man's Castle"

NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion CAN BE YOURS

WHEN people look at you, what do they see? A clear, smooth, vibrant skin? Or a skin that's dull and muddy, marred perhaps by ugly spots and blemishes?

New skin beauty can be yours! A remarkable corrective food is helping thousands to get and keep the charm of a lovely skin.

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or a run-down nervous state. Both of these common ailments are frequently caused by the shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage you need a food super-rich in these essential elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are nothing but pure, scientifically pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes go. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is again smooth and lovable.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

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FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
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City.....State.....

to the proper degree in voice production is extremely desirable. A singer such as Lawrence Tibbett or Everett Marshall when singing in the Italian *bella voce* style may use as little as two or three per cent of nasal tone. A singer such as Paul Robeson uses possibly twenty-two per cent. I use around forty or forty-five per cent of nasal tone.

Does it annoy you when people imitate you?

Not in the slightest. I enjoy doing impersonations myself.

Who is your favorite movie star?

Joan Crawford. Her eyes and lips fascinate me, and I enjoy so much watching her as a person that I don't pay much attention to her acting; although she is, of course, a most capable actress.

Who is your favorite radio star?

Bing Crosby is my favorite singer on the radio; Fred Allen is my favorite comedian, and Hal Kemp's is my favorite orchestra.

How long do you think your present popularity will last?

If I can get the proper kind of new and fresh material, who can say? I don't think anyone will deny that in my own particular field of presenting entertainment and singing popular songs I have tasted of unusual success. Then if Kreisler, Chaplin, Paderewski, Babe Ruth, Tilden, John McCormack—each a leader in his own line—can keep going indefinitely, in my simple field of popular music in song why shouldn't I? So long as the basic conditions do not change, so long as I retain the basic appeal that first caught the public's attention and have fresh material to present, I feel that I should hold some popularity.

Were you popular with girls when you were in college?

I have never attracted women from a distance; they have never made overtures to meet me. I have been the pursuer. But they have seemed to like me better after they have come to know me.

Could you love a girl who was charming and friendly, but who had no great sex appeal?

I couldn't be very happy with her. After all, I believe I am very human. I'm nervous and high-strung, and these qualities together with some ardor and fire possibly account for my success. I'd want a girl to match those qualities, and I couldn't be happy with her unless she stirred me strongly.

Do you think that modern abbreviated bathing suits add to or detract from a girl's romantic appeal?

They add to it—but you can very easily overdo that line of reasoning. The French, especially, appreciate the subtlety of mystery and covering. A girl's romantic appeal depends upon her setting, the perfume she uses, the general atmosphere she creates—and

not upon how much of her body you can see. Most men tell me that nudity kills appeal.

Which do you prefer, blondes or brunettes?

I usually gravitate toward the darker type, although I have known many blondes who attracted me greatly.

Is the curl in your hair natural?

Good heavens, yes! That hair has been a problem since childhood. My mother had wavy hair, and apparently I inherited it from her. When I am very tired, my hair gets especially tangled and curly. As a matter of fact, if I had my choice, I'd prefer to have straight hair.

Do you intend to marry again?

I wouldn't care to answer that. However, I will say that I want a wife if she can be what I've always wanted.

Do you want children?

According to my present outlook on life, I'd say no. If I had a child I'd probably go crazy over it and want to devote all my time to it. I'm in the midst of so many activities now that I couldn't possibly do that. Later on, my situation might change, or I might forsee a possible loneliness in old age, and I might want children. Just now, I feel too youthful myself to want children.

What are your plans for the future?

One thing is certain—I shall never retire. I want to die in harness. If for any reason I should ever withdraw from my present activities, I should like to be a Will Hays or a Thalberg in the movies or an Aylesworth in radio. I like executive work, and believe I have a flair for it. I like radio work especially.

Do you have any interesting projects for this winter?

I am about to leave for Hollywood to appear in a motion picture version of George White's Scandals, which has been more or less built around me. I have every hope that the results may be a pleasant surprise to the movie world. In my first picture, *Vagabond Lover*, I received no direction whatever from the director, Marshall Neilan. I was playing a very simple part, and I made it appear exactly that way on the screen. It is possible that I portrayed a bad part too well.

What is the most romantic spot you ever visited?

Miami, Florida.

Does it bother you when people recognize you in public places?

No, I don't mind, except when people crudely stare and point at me.

Do you think American women are starved for romance?

No, I don't think they are starved for it, but they want it, just as anyone does. American women, being a composite of many national strains, are more romantic, for instance, than English women; and less romantic than French women.

Eating in Holland

[Continued from page 56]

enough to warm the cockles of the heart on a cold winter's morning. Here is a modified menu for a Holland breakfast that will make the occasion a success—if you allow it to be as gay and informal as it should.

A Holland Breakfast

Tea Coffee or Chocolate
Broiled Ham with Cream Sauce or
Eggs Hollandaise
or
Fresh Rye, Whole Wheat and White
Bread with Pats of Butter
Sliced Beef
Cherry Preserves and Assorted Cheese

Here is a recipe for the only unfamiliar dish suggested:

EGGS HOLLANDAISE

9 hot hard-cooked eggs
Buttered toast
Hollandaise sauce
Minced parsley

Cut the eggs in quarters; and arrange symmetrically on the toast. Pour the Hollandaise sauce over; and garnish with the parsley.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
4 egg yolks
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup boiling water

Cream the butter in the top of a small double boiler and work in gradually the egg yolks, one at a time. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the butter melts and is partly thickened by the eggs; then stir in the lemon juice, seasonings and the boiling water, and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens like a soft custard.

The assorted cheeses mentioned in this breakfast include of course the delicious Edam, that semi-hard cheese, molded in large balls, which is mild and slightly salty in taste. Then too, there is the Holland Gouda which is similar in shape and flavor to Edam and perfect to serve as an accompaniment to fruit or with the assorted breads so enjoyed by the people of the Netherlands.

At eleven o'clock, everyone in Holland, including the servants, has coffee.

Luncheon is at one, and usually starts with a salad-appetizer made without lettuce. A substantial dish follows—for example, creamed chicken pies, fillet of sole, or a big platter of eggs fried in butter. Then come the inevitable "bread and butters" served and prepared as at breakfast. The dessert always consists of fruits, plain or in some combination, and coffee and milk finish the meal.

Dinner, at seven, is the time par excellence, for entertaining. And such dinners! They last for hours—each course more delicious than the preceding; elaborate *hors d'oeuvres* that take hours of preparation, a clear soup, an entree, a meat and vegetable course, a fish course, a rich whipped cream dessert, various cheeses with Holland rusks and coffee. By the way, neither bread nor salad are used for dinner.

FEBRUARY, 1934



ART

is a Vital Part of Modern Business

THIS is the day of the artist. His skill is sought wherever design and color are important factors in the sale of merchandise.

Furniture, rugs, wall hangings, household utensils, wearing apparel, jewelry, art gifts, lamps, automobiles,—nearly everything sold today depends on design and color to attract the eye of the purchaser. Drawings for advertisements in newspapers, magazines, catalogs, folders, posters, display cards and many other media call for the skill of the modern artist. Consider the number of drawings in this magazine alone! Art is a necessity in modern business.

If you like to draw, train this talent of yours and put it to work in a field offering rich reward. You can learn Commercial Art at home in your spare time. Many leading artists have contributed exclusive illustrated lessons to our course.

Many of our students and graduates are capable of earning \$2500.00 to \$5000.00 a year, some even more.

Send For Our Free Art Test

It brings out your sense of proportion, design and color. Our instructors will give you frank advice as to your talent and probable chance of success. It costs you nothing. Just fill in and mail us the coupon below and we will send you this test together with our book "Your Future," outlining possibilities and showing examples of our students' work.

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Please send me free Art Test and book "YOUR FUTURE"

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Age..... Occupation.....

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A NEW DRESS



Ann Harding and
Clive Brook in
GALLANT LADY

At Last! A magazine that catches the flaming vibrancy of your favorite movie stars and tells the stories of their current plays. Printed in sleek rotogravure throughout, this issue will thrill your emotions and imagination with beautiful illustrations and cleverly written stories.

See and read about your favorite movie stars as they appear during the actual filming of the story.

FEBRUARY

Romantic **MOVIE** STORIES

Ann Harding is indeed a **GALLANT LADY** in her newest film release—her usual loveable self, she will leap from the pages into your heart—you will feel her stirring emotions as *Romantic Movie Stories* unfolds her latest hit.

Other vivid portrayals of screen plays:

MANDALAY—featuring Kay Francis

SHADOWS OF SING SING—with Bruce Cabot and Mary Brian

EIGHT GIRLS—with Dorothy Wilson, Kay Johnson and Douglas Montgomery

MADAME SPY—featuring Fay Wray and Nils Asther

GET YOUR COPY TODAY

• If your newsdealer is sold out, send 15c (in stamps or coin) to **ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES**, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the February issue will be mailed to you.



15c

Behind the Scenes with Father Coughlin

[Continued from page 15]

the Federal Reserve Bank because of the increased value of gold held there; the formation of a "solid phalanx" of labor, comprised of the 40,000,000 workers now unorganized and the 2,800,000 that are union members.

Referring to the leagues of farmers, with their protests, Father Coughlin said, in that first disturbing sermon:

"Not since 1776, and including that date, has there been such a renunciation of the Treasury policy and agricultural policy in these United States. The farmers are not petitioning for doles of loaned money. The farmers are a God-fearing people who want to work themselves out of debt with honest dollars."

Paying his respect to bankers in such words as these:

"The bond is the bankers' graft and gold mine. You work and slave and sell at a loss to pay his interest. For 15 years we have been doing this thing. No bonuses for the soldiers, but plenty of bonuses for the Federal Reserve banksters and international bank racketeers.

"The President," said the radio priest, "is about to remonetize silver. I make this statement after serious deliberation of all it entails.

"Silver was demonetized fraudulently, not to help Americans but to enrich foreigners. Those who oppose its restoration today are motivated by the same urge.

"The same powers of the Morgans, the Kuhn-Loebs, the Rothschilds, the Wall Street international tyrants, tomorrow will try to obstruct Mr. Roosevelt's plans—but this time in vain. The sands of intrigue and the evil machinations have filtered through the hour glass of their control."

Father Coughlin avoids the deep technicalities of finance in his discussions, but makes simple assertions which none of his hearers can mistake.

The new silver standard, as foretold by Father Coughlin will, in his belief, be "the forerunner to an unprecedented industrial activity at home as well as the channels of trade to and from the silver trading nations become thronged with ships."

Father Coughlin's following of radio listeners is phenomenal. He has appealed to millions as a man to lead them on to a better age. Over in Newark they are even equipping their taxis with radios to lure more patrons by advertising that Father Coughlin can be heard while riding.

We are living in stirring times. There are millions who disagree with Father Coughlin, just as heartily as his adherents support him. Essentially he is a phenomenon of radio, a Voice which brings problems of finance and economics into the home and within the ken of the ordinary man. No one can predict his effect on the future policies of this country, but one thing is certain: through the radio he is gaining a vast army of followers who constitute a tremendous factor in the course of empire.

Next Month—

read the beginning of the first complete life story of

Father Coughlin

in **RADIOLAND**, on sale everywhere Jan. 26th

RADIOLAND

NBC's New Palace of Marvels

[Continued from page 41]

pieces of harmonizing furniture are placed tastefully about, and on them sit a number of thrilled and happy visitors.

Soon the guide rises and asks for your attention. He makes a little speech of welcome, telling you how proud all the members of the NBC are of their new home, and expressing the wish that you will understand why after you have seen it.

Then Mr. Sexton (he was the guide on our visit) led his charges into the hall and buzzed for an elevator. Soon one came, but the explorers were fended off. It seems that only two of NBC's dozen elevators are permitted to carry the visitors. As the Nice Old Lady who was a member of the party remarked, "Reminds me of the war. 'You can't stand there, Soldier!'"

After the minor details attending any major expedition have been straightened out, you are whisked to the tenth floor, where the air conditioning plant is located. Let's listen closely while the guide tells us about it.

Those sixty-four big dials, arranged in two horizontal rows on that tremendous instrument board, enable the operator to keep a constant check on the temperature and air pressure in the studios and offices. Take a good look at him; he is monitoring the largest air conditioning plant in the entire world!

He then takes us over to a corner of the room where there is a small, cross-section model of the way in which the new studios are built. Each studio is really a room within a room. Its walls are held away from the outer room's walls by soundproof padding; its floor is held away from the outer floor by heavy springs and rubber sound absorbers.

OUR guide leads us down to the next floor. He opens one of the building's 296 soundproof doors and admits us to the balcony of the Guild Studio, where radio dramas are staged. The balcony seats about 40 people, and looks down into the studio proper, where there are some 250 more regulation theatre chairs for a further audience. Facing the main audience is a stage, equipped with not only the usual cloth curtain, but with one made of plate glass as well.

The television studio, on the same floor, is not completed as yet, but we go there anyway.

There is a circular central room which will be the control room when visual broadcasts are started. Around it are four small studios with large glass windows facing the control room. It contains a floor built in the form of a turn-table, so that the television "cameras", when they shall have been installed, can be swung rapidly from one studio to the next, to avoid delays when scenes are changed or when one program is over and another begins.

The guide calls your attention to the windows. They are made of three layers of plate glass, about three inches apart. An air duct keeps the temperature and pressure between the glass the same as that in the studios and control room. If there were any appreciable difference, the windows would be immediately blown out.

Now, says the guide, we will go to the fifth floor for a look at the main Control Room.

Look into the Power Room, where a

bank of motor-generators turn the City's A. C. lighting current to D. C. and feed it to storage batteries. Enough batteries are kept constantly charged to run the station for a full week if New York's electricity should be cut off for that long.

Next to it is the Main Power Control Room, filled with monitoring equipment, automatic fuses and mammoth switches that are as impressive as they are incomprehensible.

And beside that is a telephone switchboard that looks like Central's idea of heaven. It enables the operators to hook up lines with the transmitters, various remote control points, network stations and so forth. But skip over that and come along to the studio monitor, with its many-colored lights.

There sits a man whose duty it is to regulate which microphones shall be "live" and which "dead"—which studios shall have programs going to the Red (or WEA) Network and which to the Blue (or WJZ)—which shall broadcast only locally, and which shall be feeding programs only into their own control rooms or into rehearsal halls.

AND now we go to the fourth floor and are ushered into one of the studios. Our guide tells us to face the wall, and we begin to wonder whether we are about to be shot as spies. But no! He signals a man in the control room and panels in the wall slide back in a manner suggestive of a good, snappy mystery play dealing with Chinatown.

Behind the walls are other walls. The ones which are disclosed are of soft, sound absorbing material, while the panels have hard, sound reflecting surfaces. The operators and production men are thus enabled to make this studio as resonant or as "dead" as they please, simply by sliding some of the panels open various distances. At one end of the room is the control room, and directly above this is a private room where the program's sponsor, surrounded by none but his most intimate friends, may sit in isolation and splendor. Opposite him, however, is a balcony for visitors.

And that, says our guide, is that. If we like, he will turn us over to Mr. Kelly, who will show us the various types of microphones, tubes and other historic equipment which is kept on exhibition on the Mezzanine.

Regretfully we leave the Nice Old Lady with Mr. Kelly, as we sneak back to the Big Studio, which is now empty. And if you have kept the faith and stuck with us up to here, you can come along, too.

The main studio, 78 by 132 feet, is a gorgeous place, seating approximately a thousand people on the main floor and about a quarter as many more in the balcony. At one end there is an enormous stage—well, you'll have to look at the picture to appreciate it. If you like high ceilings you'll get truly enthusiastic; this one is three stories tall.

And here, by the way, is a secret for you. Remember those sponsor's rooms over the control rooms? Well, when television gets here it's quite likely that the sponsors will be moved out, and the visual broadcasting apparatus will be installed in those rooms.

The NBC executives aren't saying very much about it but—Well, just wait and see.



"Maiden's Prayer"
...a soft smooth skin

● Maiden's prayer—matron's prayer, too, for that matter: "To have and to hold a soft, smooth skin."

Day in and day out—you *must* protect your skin against blemishes and ageing. And day in and day out, Campana's Italian Balm will *guarantee* you skin beauty that men will adore and women will envy.

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Italian Balm spreads widely—lasts long. Every package—35c, 60c and \$1.00 bottle, and 25c tube—bears the Good Housekeeping seal of approval.



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Her

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Dull, coarse complexions invariably repel men. He was no different. She knew it—and suddenly transformed her ugly, rough skin to a luscious creamy whiteness a new way. Captured him. Amazed her friends. You, too, can gain new complexion loveliness.

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LET Golden Peacock Bleach Cream remove the beauty-marring effects of age, wind and sun—amazingly. Perfected by 30 great specialists, this truly wonderful discovery is guaranteed to whiten your skin one shade a night—or money back. Just smooth this cool, fragrant cream over your skin tonight. Tomorrow, what a delightful surprise—your complexion more divinely fair, clearer, more alluring. And, as it whitens, this natural aid smoothes and refines the skin—banishes muddiness, freckles, pimples, blotches, safely. Try it. See for yourself that Golden Peacock Bleach Cream is the gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that work. And note how little you use because it works so fast (certain rare ingredients, the reason)—therefore more economical. Over half a million women have experienced the seeming magic of it. Get your jar TODAY. Prove the results—at our risk. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

Golden Peacock BLEACH CREAM

Try This Exquisite FACE POWDER

Marvelously fine in texture, Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder clings smoothly for hours. Certain imported ingredients make it actually a skin tonic—effective in correcting coarse pores, blemishes. At all toilet goods counters. New Golden Peacock face powder—with all the properties exclusive to Golden Peacock—already a sensation! Introductory size package at ten cent counters.



From Kitchen to Kilocycles

[Continued from page 22]

She aimed for nothing better. This was the work of all Darktown. The four dollars a week she earned more than supported her—it helped out at home. At night, she went out dancing with Darktown's gay young blades.

HALLOWE'EN night, 1915, was Ethel's fifteenth birthday. Her gang decided to celebrate. They took her to a negro cabaret, the first cabaret she had been in. She thrilled at the entertainers who again were actually being paid for enjoying themselves! An amateur contest was announced by the management. Before Ethel knew it, her buddies had pushed her onto the stage and announced she would sing *The St. Louis Blues*.

"I was so nervous and quivery," she told me, "that I prayed aloud before I sang my song. (Even now Miss Waters prays before each performance. I couldn't stand up and sing . . . my legs trembled so. Someone kindly pushed a chair under me and then I sang."

The audience liked her so much that the club owners got her some vaudeville engagements. She made her debut at the Lincoln Theatre in Baltimore, singing her mascot.

That was fifteen years ago. For several years she toured colored vaudeville houses, improving her technique, gaining experience and constantly rising in rank among performers. Being colored was of course, a handicap. She sang in nightclubs, in cabarets. She did phonograph recordings, startling the world with her pathetically beautiful *Down Home Blues*, her melancholy rendition of *Dinah*, which has remained a best seller for eight years.

Dinah was written especially for Miss Waters. She introduced it at the Plantation Club in New York.

She appeared in a series of colored musical comedies, among them *Lew Leslie's Rhapsody in Black*, and *Blackbirds of 1932*. The former toured the country four years ago, when the depression had already worked havoc with the theatre. Yet it ran successfully for two years. "It was the first clever bit of business I ever did," Miss Waters said. "Leslie offered me a choice between a fair salary or a percentage of the profits. Because of business conditions, he was dubious about how long it would last. I chose a percentage of the profits, and averaged \$2,000 a week for its entire run."

THEN came her Cotton Club engagement, where she introduced the now world-famous *Stormy Weather*, also composed especially for her talents. This was responsible for her entry into radio, into which she was thrust against her desire.

"I never wanted to go on the air," she told me seriously. "I was content to remain a night club performer. After all, my tastes are simple and I was making enough to satisfy them. It was my manager, and my husband, who also handles part of my business affairs, who got me on the air. Someone has always pushed me on and up."

"I have never been overly ambitious. Years before, I was perfectly content at housework. I never dreamed of fame. Somehow, I am always a little afraid to tackle the next job. My managers feel differently—they keep pushing me ahead

and ahead. Why, when I achieved success making phonograph recordings I achieved the goal to which I aspired. I would have been perfectly willing to keep on doing this."

It seems the Cotton Club broadcast several times when Miss Waters sang *Stormy Weather*. Each broadcast brought thousands of fan letters, which the National Broadcasting Company forwarded to her managers. The company offered her \$500 a week for two programs—which is a great deal of money when the company itself, and not a commercial sponsor, pays the bill.

For three weeks she sang on the air. Then came the opening of Irving Berlin's current hit, *As Thousands Cheer*, in which she is co-starred with three white actresses. She found she could not do justice to both radio and stage work. Since she was under contract to Berlin, she just up and walked out of her radio programs. However, the broadcasting company extracted a promise that she would come back when the show was well under way.

Which Miss Waters did. Within two weeks after her return the sponsors of *The American Review* put in a bid for her services, at \$1,500 a week for a half-hour weekly broadcast.

TODAY we have her singing out her heart, tugging at ours with her wails of the forgotten girl, with songs of sadness and gladness and heartbreak. Some of the religious fervor of the highly emotional negro is heard in her songs. If she feels blue, her plaintive tones can break your heart; if she feels gay, her barbaric tempo startles you, excites you. You can almost hear the rhythmic beat of tom-toms, see a group of crouching natives. You are never indifferent to her plea—you can't be.

Strangely enough, the woman who can stir us so deeply by singing of heart-throbs doesn't care particularly about men and romance. She never did. She is married to one of her business managers, Clyde Mathews. This is her only marriage and certainly was no swift, passionate affair. It was eight years before she gave Clyde a tumble.

Ethel and her husband live in a huge Harlem apartment, which is a haven to all folks in trouble. They have no children of their own, but Ethel is "Mummy" to all the pickaninnies of Harlem. They adore her—with reason. There is nothing high-hat or pompous about Ethel Waters' household; everyone is welcome.

At the present time Miss Waters is god-mother to twelve children, whom she supports. Three of them and their mothers are "visiting" with her till the mothers gain courage and strength to fight their way back into the world. "Everytime a woman who has no wedding ring has a baby she comes to me," Ethel says simply.

In spite of her huge salary, I doubt if she has more than \$20 left at the end of a week. It costs quite a lot to feed her hungry troop of unfortunates.

She spends very little for clothes, wearing simple, dark fabrics. She wears low shoes for comfort. The reason she likes her part in *As Thousands Cheer*, she confided to me, is "because I wear rags and tatters in all except one scene, just as I do at home. I can be natural."

RADIOLAND

Back-Tracking With The Boswells

[Continued from page 30]

night they arrived in the cinema center. Standing in the lobby while their manager, Harry Leedy, purchased tickets, a gentleman rushed over and greeted the Boswells affectionately. It was Sid Grauman, himself, ushering them to seats.

Leedy and the girls were quietly watching the show, when a halt was called and announcements emanated from the public address speaker at the side of the stage.

The announcer was describing the first night—four years ago—that found the Boswells in Hollywood. They had been induced to appear at a midnight show at the Chinese Theatre. They were scared to death—unrehearsed and unknown, nevertheless they swallowed hard and entertained with some special Boswell harmony.

This time, no build-up was necessary. When the voice in the speaker died away, the audience started to cheer and the Boswells had to take endless bows that found them bobbing up and down like floating corks.

NOW, after the first pilgrimage back to the scene of their early struggles, the real story behind the fame and popularity of the singing Boswell Sisters can be told. Although, in the last year, the newspapers of the country always knew what the girls were going to do before they themselves found out, the story of their past was never completely told. There has always been, until now, a large vacant spot between their childhood in New Orleans and stardom on the arteries of the Columbia chain.

It was early summer of 1929 when three very young sisters pulled up short in the midst of a small-time vaudeville tour. After covering the middle west as a vocal and instrumental trio for several months, they decided to end their days of troubadouring and see about getting a bit of the caviar for themselves.

Hollywood, the golden center of the entertainment world, seemed like the best spot for fortune-hunting. Unknown, and with only \$500 which their father had given them when they left home, Connie, Martha and Vet Boswell steered for California.

One evening in early May, their "rain pulled into the station in Hollywood. The Boswells had been forearmed. They directed a cab driver to a hotel recommended by some fellow performers in the last theatre they played. It was cheap and too run-down to have a name instead of a number.

The room was a small affair on a court. From there they could hear the reverberations of many family fights, the rehearsals of Hawaiian orchestras and the midnight serenade of the few cats that were locked out of the lobby. The room contained one double bed that folded up against the wall in the closet, two chairs in dire need of upholstery, an upright piano in dire need of tuning, and some cooking utensils.

THEY concealed their address and told a few friends from back home that they had come out to California just for a vacation. Nonchalantly, they brushed aside suggestions for work. While waiting for a good connection, the girls thought the best procedure was not to look too anxious. Under the crafty guise of holidaying, they presented a perfect picture of three sisters ready to attack the social whirl of the west

coast. They didn't look much like debutantes when they rushed out during the afternoon to buy three evening frocks and three pairs of fancy slippers after accepting a dinner invitation in the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. Nor a few days later, when they were again invited out—this time for luncheon—and had to buy three afternoon dresses and as many hats. Their five hundred dollars blew up seriously.

Then they got their break and their vacation came to an end. Followed days of endless rehearsals, punctuated by numberless performances, and constrained by a stern Boswell organization. Connie was detailed to interview all business people and make all business arrangements. Martha took charge of the finances and the cooking; while Vet attended to the shopping and sewing, the interior decorating and the washing.

The money started to roll in. From harmony programs every afternoon, accompanied by a young violinist—Russ Columbo—whose voice, not his violin, was destined to bring him future success. Instrumental programs three times a week. A vocal single for Connie several times a week. Martha, putting on a Negro character act for another local station. A recording contract from Okey. And last, but not least, "side-miking." This work was done for the picture companies. They stood alongside the set and sang, while their voices were recorded for a picture that never saw their faces.

A private auto was at the Boswells' disposal during the past summer, but four years ago they took an apartment in the none too fashionable Pueblo Court around the corner from the Warners' station in order to save on cab fares. The many jobs they did brought their weekly earnings up to the \$300 mark almost over night, but never made them forget the hungry days that followed Vet's birthday party. They guarded the exchequer carefully. The rent was paid with the money Martha got for her character act, the bank received the money from their afternoon commercial programs, their electrical transcriptions, records and "side-miking," and they lived on the proceeds from their evening sustaining programs. And nobody was allowed to break the rules.

Soon after their luck had changed and the Boswells were busy as singers-of-all-work and no recognition, they began to formulate a plan and a goal for their ever-active ambitions. New York—and Big Time Radio—was the only end they had in view. They marked time once more and tucked their money away on the shelf for almost a year of incessant work. Then along came Harry Leedy to guide them out of the Hollywoods.

After a lot of persuasive conversation, Leedy talked the girls into dropping all their odd jobs and concentrating solely on radio. With their goal still New York, they left Hollywood and signed for a West Coast Camel program, to be put on in San Francisco. They made only half as much money as before, but considered it a step nearer the fulfilment of all their plans. How right they were! Today they're riding the crest of the air-waves. And when birthday dinners come around they can buy eggs—or caviar or artichokes or truffles, or any delicacy they may desire.

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"



This 97-lb. Weakling Became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered Dynamic-Tension. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

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No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I'll PROVE that Dynamic-Tension—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 107-B, 133 E. 23rd St., N. Y. C.

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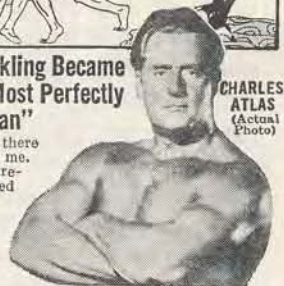
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Have lovely lashes safely and simply with Maybelline mascara. Black for Brunettes, Brown for Blondes. 75¢.



SOLD BY REPUTABLE TOILET GOODS DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Recipe for Happiness

[Continued from page 43]

had a chance to learn—I've been working at a desk ever since I was old enough to walk, let alone cook! How'd I ever get to know anything about making apple pie?"

Incredibly a warm, throaty, responsive chuckle came from over the miles of distance. "It don't make no difference," said the voice that accompanied the chuckle, "if you-all ain't experts at cookin'. You-all don't need nothing but to get some paper and a pencil and write down these 'ere directions after me. An' if you follow 'em, an' don't bake an apple pie what is an apple pie, my name ain't Candace!"

Suddenly Cora Smiley was running over to the Governor Winthrop desk that was as brand new as the radio. She jerked down the lid of it and hunted feverishly for paper and pencil. As the directions for making apple pie came smoothly over the radio, she recorded them in shorthand.

After all, nobody could complain of her shorthand; she'd been the best private secretary in the company, bar none!

Well, she'd show Ted—she'd show him that she could be a cook, too, if she set her mind to it.

She'd prove to him that cooking wasn't any harder than typing if a girl had brains and could apply herself!

T. HARRISON BURTON sat in his luxurious office and listened to the voice on the radio. He made it a point to listen, periodically, to the radio—it took his mind away from his work. He needed relaxation every so often—even a Negro mammy, talking about food, was a certain relief from the strain of big business.

T. Harrison Burton told himself that he was the busiest and most important person in the world—and he believed it. His very clothes spoke of success. His suit had been tailored in Bond Street, and his tie had obviously come from Sulka's, in Paris. And yet, as he listened to the rich, throaty voice that was gurgling over the radio, his face was the wistful face of a small boy.

"My Gosh," he said, in the emptiness of his vast office, "I've gone a long way from the farm; it's been centuries. I hadn't realized!"

The girl who was Aunt Candace said into the microphone—

"If you-all can get country apples they're best, of course. Buy country apples I mean them that you' can pick, yo'self, in the orchard, often an old tree that's gnarled an' twisted an' homey-like. O' course, city boughten apples are nice in pie, too, and that's lucky—'cause some of us folks cain't never get out of the city. But country apples—big, juicy apples—like those you' used to pick up when you-all was a kid—"

T. Harrison Burton sighed. He could remember back to the time when he had gone bare footed through the orchard grass on his way to school. The apples had lain in that grass like great jewels—shiny and red and luscious. Sometimes he'd taken one of them to school for the teacher. Usually he'd taken two or more to school for himself. Gosh, it was an eternity since he'd set his teeth into a big, juicy apple! Life was pretty much made up of caviar, now, and clear turtle soup, and the variety of varnished desserts that come on a French pastry tray.

"Apple pie," went on the voice of Aunt Candace, "an' I don't mean th' sort o' pie you' get in a French restaurant, I mean th'

kind yo' mother used t' make! Think back t' how she looked, standin' at th' kitchen table, rollin' out the crust? I bet she made it with the same brand o' flour I'm telling you 'bout. It's been th' best fer nigh onto half a century—"

T. Harrison Burton said: "So it's a flour account! But the woman's there—she's putting it over!" As he spoke, you see, he was seeing a mental picture of his own mother—jolly, chubby, with arms coming plumply out of her short sleeved house dress, and curly gray hair twisted into a knot on the very top of her head. Apple pie—oh, what pie she had made—what thick, crusty, mouth-melting honest-to-goodness pie!

"I believe," said T. Harrison Burton to himself, "that I'll run out to the farm for a vacation—I'm getting stale. I believe I'll take a train on Friday—that'll give me a weekend and maybe a trifle over."

THE stout woman said to the Swedish girl who was massaging her where it would do the most good: "How much have I lost, do you think?"

The Swedish girl grunted and prodded, and the woman sighed, "Well, that's that!" she said. "No, Hulda, not quite so hard, please. This sanitarium has done wonders for some friends of mine—maybe I'll lose ten or twelve pounds a week if I keep after it. What's the most anybody's ever lost here in a week?"

Hulda answered: "Six pounds is enough for a person to lose. If you get rid of two a week you'll be lucky."

The woman sighed again. "Well," she said, "I used to be a perfect thirty-six. Hulda—believe it or not—and maybe I can be it again if I try. I'm only fifty-two pounds overweight."

"That's more'n enough," said Hulda, and picked up a vicious rolling pin with knobs on it.

The woman said: "Ouch! Hulda, I just can't stand it."

The Swedish girl said: "You've got to."

The door of the room opened and a slim, white gowned young person stood on the threshold. She was the lady who ran the reducing sanitarium and her figure was nobody's business.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Atkinson?" she asked. "Your chart says you're losing weight, so you should be happy."

The woman who was being massaged said, "No, I'm not happy, I'm having a beastly time. I'm just one ache, and I'm tired to death and I've never been so hungry in my life."

The young person in the doorway said brightly: "Well, you be a brave girl and let Hulda give you a fine, heavy massage. And as soon as she's through I'll send some food up from the diet kitchen."

The woman who was being massaged said "Ouch!" again. She said it more loudly. She muttered, "If only something would kind of make me forget how it hurts; if I could read a good book, for instance, maybe this rolling wouldn't—"

The young person in the doorway stepped into the room and crossed over to a white cabinet that might have held medicinal things, but didn't.

"Why, Mrs. Atkinson," she said, "why didn't you speak of it, before? We have a radio in every room—this is a really modern place, you know! I'll tune in on a

RADIOLAND

lively station and it'll take your mind away from—" she laughed brightly. "your troubles!" As she spoke she was adjusting a knob. When the machine in the cabinet had started whirring, she turned to go. "Well," she said, "it was a half pound last week, Mrs. Atkinson—but we'll do better this week, won't we?"

The Swedish girl laid down the rolling pin and took up a utensil that looked like a miniature vacuum cleaner, as a voice issued from the cabinet.

"You-all," said the voice, speaking with a thick, though synthetic, accent, "know what apple pie smells like when it comes hot from th' oven—you-all know th' spicy fragrance that rises up out of the little holes that're cut in the top crust. I allus use an old-fashioned kitchen fork to punch these 'ere holes. I likes to poke it through th' rich buttery crust an' hear it go plop, and I likes to feel the fork go crunching down inter th' apples. I use th' same fork t' crimp th' edges o' th' pie, too. When th' edges are done baked crisp and crumbly and golden brown, they'll melt in you-all's mouth. You-all see if they don't—"

The woman who was being massaged said: "My Gosh, what is she talking like that for? Who is she?"

The girl named Hulda answered: "It's a cooking expert that they call Aunt Candace. She's doing a sort of advertising stunt for a food company. She talks about cakes and apple pies and beaten biscuit and crullers. She gave nine of the swellest recipes, last week! There was a sweet chocolate waffle—"

"Shut up!" snarled the woman who was being massaged.

There was a chuckle from the cabinet, and the voice said: "Myself, I think apple pie's best when it's served simple-like, wit' jus' a gen'rous square o' yellow store cheese. You-all know the kind o' cheese I mean—th' grocer cuts it offen a big slab. But there's some folks that likes apple pie better when it's sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon an' served with a pitcher of rich cream—"

The woman who was being massaged sobbed out loud and the Swedish girl said: "Don't take it so hard, Mrs. Atkinson; you'll get used to this treatment before long. Rome wasn't built in a day—"

The woman said: "Shut off that radio, Hulda—I can't stand it! It bothers me worse than that horrible thing you're running up and down my back."

And so the Swedish girl wiped her hands on a towel, and sauntered to the cabinet and switched off the current.

There was silence for a space of perhaps five minutes—silence save for the steady smack, smack of the Swedish girl's powerful hands upon the woman's large, soft body.

And then the door opened again and a trim maid in a taffeta uniform—the reducing sanitarium was run along ultra efficient lines—entered. The maid carried a silver tray and on the silver tray was a shallow cup.

"I've brought some clam broth for Mrs. Atkinson," said the maid. "Is she ready? But she can't have any saltines with it, this week."

The woman who was being massaged rolled over on the table and looked balefully at the maid.

"You can take that nasty stuff right out of here," she said. "And you or somebody else can go get me my clothes. I'm through! Do you understand—I'm through! I'm going home. And on the way home I'm going to stop at the first restaurant I see!"

FEBRUARY, 1934

To those who think Learning Music is hard-

PERHAPS you think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

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You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

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The lessons come to you by mail from the famous U. S. School of Music. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You're never in hot water. First you are told how a thing is done. Then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way — and found it easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. No matter which instrument you

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name
Address
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--When Things Go Wrong--

The President's
Hobbies
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Introducing

cocktail for a formal dinner—a very smart dish indeed.

SEA FOOD COCKTAIL

For each person allow two small raw oysters, two small raw scallops and two Little Neck clams. Combine with any good fish cocktail sauce; barely cover with conch juice; chill and serve very cold in four-ounce glasses buried in crushed ice. Garnish with sprigs of watercress and an eighth of a lemon cut lengthwise.

JELLIED CONCH

Soak two tablespoons of plain gelatin for five minutes in one cup of cold water; heat three sixteen-ounce bottles of conch juice to boiling point; add the gelatin and one-half teaspoon of meat sauce, or a tablespoon of chili sauce, and cool. When the mixture is the consistency of an egg-white stir in three-fourths of a cup of diced alligator pear, one small tomato, peeled and cut in cubes, two tablespoons finely minced parsley and two tablespoons minced green pepper. Transfer to one large or to six small moulds, chill and when firm unmould in nests of lettuce or shredded cabbage, or onto a thin slice of tomato surrounded with shredded lettuce. Serve with Russian dressing.

Regarding The Oyster

Ever since man began to appreciate food-flavor the oyster has been a favorite shell fish. Doctors and dietitians discovered some years ago that it was one of the most easily digested of all protein foods, containing as it does, the elements needed for its own digestion. And within the last few months science has announced that it contains Vitamin D in addition. All of which is good news for the oyster lover.

Have you ever tried serving a creamy oyster stew at an after-theatre party? It's easy to make, digestible, unusual, and lends itself to both kitchenette and chafing dish cooking.

CREAMY OYSTER STEW

Order a quart of medium-sized oysters. Strain the juice to remove any bits of shell and wash each oyster separately. Put the oysters in a sieve. Set this over a pan containing a pint of boiling water. Cover and steam until the edges of the oysters curl. In the meantime scald three cups of milk mixed with one cup of light cream. Heat a soup tureen and put in it two and one-half tablespoons of butter, one-fourth teaspoon pepper and three-fourths teaspoon salt. Pour the scalded milk into the tureen, add the oysters and the water over which they have been steamed.

An easy way to prepare oysters for service as the first course at dinner is as follows:

OYSTERS A LA CASINO

For each person order six oysters on the half shell. Place them in a dripping pan. Dust the oysters with a little paprika; sprinkle sparingly with a trace of lemon juice, and lay a bit of bacon on each oyster. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. till the edges of the oysters curl and the bacon is crisp. Serve six to a person, arranged on a plate with a thick slice of lemon in the center decorated half with minced pimiento, half with minced green pepper or olives.

the Shellfish Family

[Continued from page 55]

The Clam Family

There are two varieties of clams, hard and soft. The latter you have often seen in the fish market, strung on cords holding about twenty-five clams apiece; they can also be bought by the quart and are used for making chowders, bisques and other soups. Hard clams include the tiny little-necks, cherry stones and the medium and large hard shell varieties. The hard portions must be removed before cooking or eating.

CLAM BISQUE

Wash a pint of clams, discarding the hard portions and chopping the soft parts fine—or use soft clams. Add a pint of cold water and simmer two minutes, skimming if necessary. Scald a diced stalk of celery with a pint of milk and thicken this with three tablespoons of butter, three tablespoons flour, one-eighth teaspoon mace, one-half teaspoon salt and an eighth teaspoon pepper, creamed together. Stir until the sauce is thick and creamy; then pour it into a beaten egg yolk. Add it to the clams, replace over the heat and stir for a moment to cook the egg, but do not let the soup boil. Serve with crisp crackers.

Last week I received a startling looking letter from one of my radio listeners. The envelope was large, fat and very greasy; and inside it was a clam fritter and a letter asking whether it had been made right! Here is the recipe I sent back:

CLAM FRITTERS, BOSTON FASHION

Thoroughly wash a pint of clams; if hard clams are used remove the hard portions. Cut the clams in half-inch pieces; mix together two and two-thirds cups flour, one-fourth teaspoon salt, two well-beaten eggs and three teaspoons baking powder. Stir in the clams. Drop by half-tablespoonfuls in deep fat, hot enough to brown a cube of bread in a minute, 375 degrees F. When golden brown, drain on crumpled paper and serve at once.

Do You Know The Mussel?

One of the most delicious of the smaller shell fish is little known in this country, although it is a favorite in England, France and Italy. I am speaking of the dainty, meaty mussel. I hope you will get your fishman to order some for you and that you will serve them as the first course at your next dinner party, cooked in this way:

DEVILLED MUSSELS

Thoroughly wash two quarts of mussels for six people and place them in a kettle containing boiling water to the depth of one-half inch. Place over a slow heat, cover and steam until the shells open. Then add a devilled sauce. Allow the two to heat together for a moment and serve.

DEVILLED SAUCE

Combine one teaspoon English mustard with one teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and two drops of tabasco. Stir in three tablespoons tomato ketchup and four tablespoons of melted butter. Serve in deep soup plates.

By the way, mussels can be used interchangeably with clams or oysters in the preparation of any dish.

FEBRUARY, 1934

The First Lobster

I have always wondered who was venturesome enough to eat the first lobster, and how it all happened, but history is not so kind to us with regard to this as with the story of roast pig. The lobster is such a delicacy that lovers of good food the world over have vied to outdo each other in discovering unusual ways to use it. With the exception of broiled live lobsters, this fish must always be cooked before it is used.

TO BOIL LOBSTER

Fill a good-sized kettle with water and add three tablespoons of salt to each four quarts used; bring to boiling point; drop in the lobster; let it boil hard for five minutes, then more gently for twenty minutes when the shell will have turned bright red.

The man who discovered the recipe for lobster Newburg, so the story goes, was one Herr Wenburg. He was so modest that in naming it he spelled the first syllable of his name backwards!

LOBSTER NEWBURG

Coarsely dice enough lobster meat to make three cupfuls (one and a half pounds of canned lobster or the meat from two medium-sized lobsters will yield this amount); next melt four tablespoons butter, add the lobster and cook together for three minutes, stirring constantly. Then add a tablespoon of flour and cook a minute. Stir in a cup of light cream, bring to boiling point and place over hot water. Beat the yolks of three eggs light; add one-half cup of cream and stir into the lobster mixture. Season with three-fourths teaspoon salt, a few grains cayenne pepper, a teaspoon of lemon juice and sherry according to taste—about two tablespoonfuls is the usual amount. Serve at once on crisp toast or crackers.

Plain lobster sauté is delicious. I often serve it as an alternate dish with creamy scrambled eggs at a company breakfast.

LOBSTER SAUTE

Melt two tablespoons butter in a heavy frying pan. Add a teaspoon of meat sauce and the juice of half a lemon and stir in a pound of fresh or canned lobster meat cut coarse. Cook gently for five minutes and serve plain or with a sprinkling of parsley.

The Sidling Crab

The crab—as far as flavor and texture goes—is first cousin to the lobster. Crab meat is obtained from hardshell crabs that have been boiled. To do this plunge them into boiling water containing a tablespoon of salt and a half tablespoon of vinegar to each two quarts. Boil gently for fifteen minutes or until they turn red.

SOUTHERN CRAB SALAD

In a bowl combine one pound fresh or canned crab meat from which all bone has been removed, one medium sized alligator pear diced small, three-fourths cup finely diced celery and one-half cup French dressing. Chill; add mayonnaise to blend and serve garnished with lettuce, extra mayonnaise and stuffed olives.



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The Secret: A Skillful Make-up

Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular. A skillful make-up will do wonders for you. Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new



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Turn to Page 52 for **RADIOLAND'S** Contest
"What's the Matter With Radio?"

Tint away the
STREAKS
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(Test Bottle FREE)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Merely combing clear liquid through hair brings desired color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Gray goes—streaks disappear. No fear of washing or rubbing off on garments. Hair stays soft, fluffy. Takes wave or curl. Ask druggist for full-sized bottle on money-back guarantee.

Insist on **Mary T. Goldman's**. Or test it Free.

FREE TEST—We send complete test package Free. Snip off a lock of hair... Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

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Name.....
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City..... State.....
Color of your hair?.....

Leave it here
Jones!



ONE slice of Decker's Vacuum-cooked Ham just naturally invites another. There's an extrarichness about the flavor of this good ham—it is cured slowly and naturally, and then smoked over genuine hickory. An ideal dish to have in reserve when unexpected guests drop in. In its vacuum-sealed container it keeps indefinitely under refrigeration. Three sizes—whole, half and quarter.

And there are many other Decker delicacies to tempt you:—Vacuum-cooked Luncheon Meats, Melosweet oven-browned Ham, Iowa Bacon, Canadian Bacon, genuine German Braunschweiger Sausage. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct, giving dealer's name. Or mail the coupon below!

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Kindly send me illustrated folders checked:
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The Voice Whose Face You'll Never See

[Continued from page 35]

was. They thought that surely, sooner or later, he would reveal his identity. As the years rolled by, other anonymous performers have unmasked themselves, but Cheerio has never given his consent to having his identity revealed.

He has a reason and a good one.

He believes he can do more good over the air as Cheerio, a friendly voice, than as any particular individual, as Joe Smith or John Brown. And thousands of letters pouring in from listeners have told him he is right. His listeners do not ask to know who he is. Most of them would rather not know.

The proof of Cheerio's good faith in withholding his identity is this: he has never, through all these years, accepted one cent of pay for his broadcasts. That, I think, is the most remarkable fact of all about the man who calls himself Cheerio. Other members of his program are paid by NBC. Cheerio alone, by his own wish, goes his way without compensation, without fame or personal glory.

To understand it, you have to know something of the beginnings of Cheerio's broadcasts.

About eight years ago there lived in San Francisco a man who was in business in that city. On his way to the office he stopped to visit a friend of his who was ill. He sat and talked with him a few minutes. As he talked, he could see that his friend grew brighter and more cheerful.

The thought came to him that there must be thousands of shut-ins and invalids who would be cheered up by such a visit. Obviously it was impossible for one man personally to visit all those who were ill and in trouble. But he thought he saw a way. For years he had realized that the radio was one of the most marvelous methods of reaching people. Over the air you could broadcast not merely words and thoughts but a spirit of friendly understanding.

He carried his idea to two of his friends who had been classmates of his at Stanford University, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Stanford, and Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. Both men saw the vast possibilities of such a broadcast.

And so it has proved. A study of Cheerio's mail has shown that only ten per cent of his listeners are shut-ins, and that the rest who are not shut-ins derive a mental and moral stimulant from the program that is as valuable to them as physical exercises.

AT FIRST Cheerio's mental and spiritual setting-up exercises were broadcast over just one station, KGO in San Francisco. But there were people who realized that Cheerio had something to give that ought not to be limited to just one station on the West Coast.

Cheerio came and explained his program to high executives at NBC. He told them that he wanted no pay, no personal publicity. All he asked was fifteen minutes a day over the air each morning, in order to bring his message of cheer and good-will to listeners.

Cheerio's program, which was at first heard over only one station, WEAJ, for fifteen minutes a day, is now heard over

about thirty-six radio stations for a half hour each morning except Sunday.

Anyone who has ever tried to interview Cheerio could tell you how well the National Broadcasting Company has kept its promise to keep Cheerio's identity anonymous.

In all these years Cheerio has never been interviewed.

Cheerio is not trying to be inaccessible or mysterious. Yet no one except the members of his cast are allowed to visit the room in which he broadcasts. When his program goes on, a curtain goes down, hiding the performers from anyone who would like to look in on the program.

"Why shouldn't he withhold his name and identity?" Russell Gilbert, a member of the Cheerio cast, asked me. "Suppose a man felt that he could do more good by going round to the back entrance of a home where some poor people lived, and leaving them a basket of food, without revealing that he is the donor, wouldn't he have a perfect right to do so?"

There are a great many amazing stories of the good that Cheerio is doing. Listeners who love the program, without ever having been requested to do so, have sent in money, to carry on its good work. With that money the Cheerio staff has established a radio fund. Radios are bought at a discount and lent to shut-ins unable to buy their own. Through volunteer workers, radios have been placed in the homes of hundreds of people who otherwise would be almost shut out from the outside world.

The members of the Cheerio Exchange, who listen in regularly on his programs, realize that the man who calls himself Cheerio does not want his identity revealed.

Even the members of Cheerio's family, as the group which broadcasts with him is called, have sometimes wondered about the wisdom of his refusing to make any money out of his program. They have pointed out that other people have apparently done just as much good over the air, even though they were paid for doing it.

But Cheerio only smiles.

"I'll make my money in some other way," he says.

There are many other human interest stories about the Cheerio program, however. For instance, listeners often ask whether canaries heard on the program are tin whistles or real birds. The canaries are real and sing under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Freeman, the Bird Lady, who teaches them to follow melodies by playing phonograph records. She brings the birds to and from the studio every morning.

At various times the National Broadcasting Company has had very real demonstrations of how much the Cheerio program means in the life of its listeners. Back in 1929, it was mentioned over the air that the Cheerio broadcast might be discontinued. Within two weeks truckloads of mail were delivered to the studio begging that the program go on. In those two weeks more than 51,000 letters were received, all written straight out of the hearts of the listeners.

That is the only kind of reward that Cheerio has ever received for his work. For him, that is enough.

RADIOLAND

Making Hollywood Stars Perform

[Continued from page 54]

school expert who had preceded our program.

So, when Powell and I faced the mike, and I asked, "What is the secret of your success, Sir Richard?" he turned to the next of his cardboards—and stopped short, aghast. I glanced hastily over his shoulder and read:

"I take the whites of two eggs and add half a cup of flour."

Powell had the recipe for a layer cake in his hand!

Fortunately, Dick had been on the air before, so he took the reins in his hand and *ad libbed*. When he stopped talking, I took up the dialogue on the next page, Powell found his place, and we continued as if nothing had happened to mar our routine.

I SEEK timely, human interest topics upon which to base every interview. For instance, when Bing Crosby was my guest star, we talked about his baby, and about the double christening of his own and Richard Arlen's young son, which was scheduled for the day following our air-interview.

Too, in Crosby's case, I happened across one of those "naturals"—the greatest natural I have ever heard. For those who failed to listen in on the Crosby chat, I'll repeat the yarn:

I said to Bing: "All I hear from you now is baby talk."

Crosby snapped his answer: "Gee, that reminds me. Have I told you that my little Gary Evan has learned to talk?"

Fidler: "Now wait a minute, Bing! You don't think I'm *that* dumb, do you? *Never mind; don't answer!* How can your baby talk; it's only six weeks old?"

Crosby: "I don't care about all that. I only know that when I came home from the studio the other night, my little Gary Evan sat up in his crib and said: 'Daddy, will you give me my buh-buh-buh-bottle?'"

That one brought the house down. It

was all over town within twenty-four hours. It's a funny story any old time; it is ten times funnier when Bing tells it.

Later, during the same interview, I said to the crooner: "Why has Dick Arlen waited so long to christen his baby?"

And again Crosby rollicked the crowd with: "Oh, you know how Dick is; he wants to be certain. After all, Jimmie—you know how often they change titles in Hollywood!"

Nothing is more appalling than a radio joke that goes flat. There seems to be no sure method of advance-figuring a story's reception. I remember that when I interviewed Jack Oakie, there was one paragraph that sounded most amusing in rehearsal. This is the sequence:

Fidler: "Tell me, Poison Oakie, what is all this rumor about your being an inventor? What have you invented?"

Oakie: "Several things, Off-key Fidler. For instance, I invented a saxophone without a mouthpiece for people who would rather play the zither. * Then there is my bicycle without handle-bars for riders without arms. Latest, but not least, is my automatic *slusher*. You wind it and put it beside you at the dinner table—and it makes the proper noises for people who don't eat soup."

Funny enough on paper, but after we sprang it for the mike, the broadcasting-room audience was as quiet as that pre-Christmas mouse. But when Oakie *ad libbed*: "Maybe they don't understand," the crowd roared.

On recent programs, I have invited listeners to write in and request interviews with their favorite stars. The response has been amazing, so I'm inviting the stars as rapidly as I can get to them. It will require months to interview all who have already been requested. What we're doing now is selecting the stars for whom we receive the *most* requests.

Listen in—er, I mean, buy this magazine and read.

Tune in on ED WYNN



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ONCE a party like that—with a big meal—would have given me heartburn, probably lasting for hours, spoiling my whole day. But not now! For I am one of the millions who have learned about Tums. I just eat three or four of those delightful candy-like mints after meals or whenever sour stomach, heartburn, gas, threaten to make me uncomfortable. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Only 10c at any drug store.

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New!

Fashion insists that your new hair dress include those flattering ringlets and soft curls so smartly feminine. And they're not at all difficult with these new Sta-Rite pins. Only an inch and a half long, they're the tiniest, most truly invisible pins you've ever used. Do try them—they make ordinary bob pins seem needlessly clumsy. Ten cents at your favorite store or beauty shop—in black, brown, blonde or gray. Or send 10 cents for trial package. (State Color).

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Give your skin a chance to be lovely; get a jar of Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream today, or send this advertisement and ten cents to Krank, Beauty Park, Saint Paul, Minnesota, for a generous trial jar.

kränk (cleansing)
LEMON CREAM

Learning to Cook

[Continued from page 57]

This is the best way to teach it. On a tray place a heaping bowlful of flour. Beside it put a standard half-pint measuring cup, tablespoon and teaspoon. First fill the tablespoon heaping full of flour and turn this into a small bowl. Then using this flour, fill the tablespoon as many times as possible, scraping the flour off level with a flat bladed kitchen knife. It will usually be found that the heaping tablespoon of flour really contains three level tablespoons.

Next have the child practice measuring by the cupful. In this case fill a cup heaping full of flour and then level it off with a knife. As the cup is divided by plain marks into halves, quarters and thirds, the fractions called for in many recipes can easily be estimated. In measuring a tablespoonful of butter, margarine or other fat, or of any dry ingredient, the spoon should be heaped, and the ingredient should be packed down and leveled off. A half tablespoon or teaspoonful of an ingredient is measured lengthwise.

After the child has learned how to measure, to follow a recipe and handle the cooking utensils, the preparation of a very simple complete meal can be taught.

A suitable supper or luncheon menu might be:

Cream of Potato Soup Crackers
Lettuce and Tomato Salad with Mayonnaise
Baked Custards Tea

First the menu should be studied and then the recipes read to ascertain which food takes the longest to cook. In this case it is the baked custards. These should then be started first. The next food will prove to be the soup. While the soup and custards are cooking, the child can prepare

the lettuce and tomato salad, but should not be expected to make the mayonnaise. A table-setting lesson can then be given.

All recipes for the use of a child should be extremely specific, such as the following for the custards in this meal.

Baked Custards

- 3 eggs
- 6 tablespoons sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 3 cups milk
- 1/8 teaspoon salt.

First measure the milk into the top of a double boiler. Place it over hot water. Put it on the stove and cook it until a slight scum forms on the top. It is then scalded. Then start the electric or gas oven so it will be hot in time. While this is being done, beat the eggs until they are well-mixed, with a wheel egg beater. Then add the sugar, the salt and the nutmeg. When the milk is scalded, pour it into the egg-and-sugar mixture. Then arrange in a baking pan six medium-sized custard cups. Place this on the edge of the oven and pour in enough very hot water to half-fill the pan. Then push the custards in the oven. This should register 375 degrees by the oven thermometer. Bake the custards for thirty minutes, when they should be a golden brown in appearance. To find out if they are done, stick a paring knife in the center of each one. If it comes out without looking milky, the custards are done. Remove them at once from the hot water, for as long as they stand in it they continue to cook. Cool them as quickly as possible.

She Can't Read Music

[Continued from page 51]

was a tot of sixteen months, she could warble the choruses of several popular ditties. She thinks she was able to sing before she could walk!

Endowed with perfect white teeth, baby blue eyes, a pert little nose, and ravishing dimples, Annette was a popular young debutante, and never wanted for party dates. She used to favor boys with straight black hair and bow ties.

Usually, at these affairs, she was asked to sing. You wouldn't have to ask her twice.

Came the inevitable evening when one of these gatherings was attended by a prominent recording executive. Annette sang a few numbers and then called a recess while she reached over for another piece of cake.

The executive stepped over to her and asked if she had done any professional vocalizing.

"No," mumbled Annette through a mouthful of chocolate layer, "I wanna be an artist."

"You are an artist," he exclaimed. "You sing very well."

"You wouldn't kid me, mister?"

"Not for the world. I want you to come up to my office for a voice test tomorrow."

So Annette went—just for a lark. It was still a lark when they gave her a voice test. She was having LOADS of fun. Soon they put her in front of an orchestra

and she sang while the wax disc whirled.

It was so much fun, she almost was ashamed to accept the check. That was six years ago. Since that time she has sold upwards of four million records and has no qualms about accepting checks.

SHE couldn't read a note of music. Every song had to be thoroughly re-arranged and cued. Despite this musical illiteracy, she forged ahead rapidly.

But here is the big secret. Instead of reading musical notes, Annette has devised her own code, which consists of a set of ciphers.

This is how it's done. She will sit down at the piano with an arranger. The song will be played note by note while Annette toys with the melody, shaping its sequences, twisting its phraseology until sometimes it bears only a faint resemblance to the original.

At last the song is ready for delivery on the Maxwell House Showboat hour. Captain Henry presents her with a flourish, she steps daintily to the microphone, and, looking at a little scrap of paper bearing heiroglyphics legible only to her, starts singing and swaying in rhythm with the music. If she lost that scrap of paper, it would be just too bad. But she hasn't lost it yet, so why bring that up?

RADIOLAND

Public Speaking - Has Its Rewards

If you are interested—

—to develop the ability to speak effectively in public or in everyday conversation—to forge ahead twice as fast as you are now doing, read *How to Work Wonders With Words* now sent free.

This new booklet, recently published, points the road that thousands have followed to increase quickly their earning power and popularity.

It also explains how you can, by a new, easy home study method, become an outstanding speaker and conquer stage fright, timidity and fear. To read this booklet will prove to be an evening well spent.

Simply send name and address and this valuable free booklet will be sent at once. No obligation.

NORTH AMERICAN INSTITUTE
3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 2022, Chicago, Illinois

NEW OPPORTUNITY IN ACCOUNTING

—and how you can take advantage of it

Never before, has there been as great an opportunity as now faces the accounting profession. Depression has taught executives the vital urgency of knowing all the facts about their business. Then our new governmental policy forces the keeping of better and more complete records in every office and plant. It is not a matter of choice—it is necessity. Authorities tell us the demand for competent accountants will probably soon exceed the supply. This spells real opportunity—for those already in accounting, and for capable men who will start training immediately. The man who is wise will investigate promptly—he will write for free booklet and full information.



LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
The Institution That Has Trained Over 1,200 C. P. A.'s
Dept. 2326-14 CHICAGO

Own this Radio for less than 4 cents a day NOW on 30-DAY TRIAL Deal Direct Save 1/3 to 1/2

New, FREE catalog shows how you can enjoy this new, 1934 Goldentone in your own home for 30 days FREE. Operates anywhere: home, car, boat, camp & from 6 or 32 volts without "B" batteries. Long & Short Wave models. Thousands of satisfied owners. User reports:

MAKE MONEY as our agent. No experience needed. REAL COMMISSIONS. Actual sample FREE. Write today.



More proof in free catalog. One year guarantee. RCA licensed. Retail \$25. Your price \$8.95 less tubes.

FREE Mail postcard or coupon. Ask for FREE, New catalog.
GOLDENTONE RADIO MFG. CO.
Dept. 2, 1702 Livernois Ave., Detroit, Mich.
[Send me FREE catalog & agent's proposition (this is not an order).]
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

REDUCE

3 LBS. A WEEK OR NO COST!

No pills or tablets, no starvation diets, no strenuous exercising, no salts. Send for free trial of Dain Tea. Just drink it with your meals. Watch ugly unhealthy fat disappear. Your request for free trial brings trial supply by return mail and full \$1.00 treatment which you may try under our 10 day refund guarantee. Try Dain Tea at our risk. **DAIN TEA CO., Dept. 15, BALTIMORE, MD.**

MAKE MONEY At Home!

EARN steady income each week, working at home, coloring photos and miniatures in oil. Learn famous "Koehne Method" in few weeks. Work done by this method in big demand. No experience nor art talent needed. Many become independent this way. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home."

NATIONAL ART SCHOOL, Inc.
3601 Michigan Avenue, Dept. 2022, Chicago, Illinois

GET YOUR SHARE OF RADIOLAND'S CONTEST MONEY
See page 52 of this issue for full announcement

Presenting the First Nighter

[Continued from page 53]

the selling value of a program. Originally Charlie Hughes planned the show as a vehicle for forty word announcements of ten advertisers a program. He contracted for nine concerns and was talking to a local druggist about his search for a tenth. The druggist brought forth a bottle of Italian Balm and said that the manufacturers, the Campana corporation of Batavia, Illinois, might consider advertising since they did none whatever.

Hughes contacted the head of the firm, Ernest Oswald, and gave him a free of charge courtesy announcement on a Saturday night, and by Monday the Campana Company was busy contracting not only for time on the air, but the entire program to itself! Mr. Oswald gambled \$50,000 and the program was given a basic network of twelve cities. During the first thirteen weeks, without any other advertising, five million bottles of the product were sold! Each time a supplementary group of stations was added, sales followed in the wake.

IT IS estimated that between eight and twelve million people listen to the show, which last November completed its third year. The original plays are of all types: melodrama, drama, costume shows, historical plays, romances, adventure shows and comedy. A few writers provide the majority of the material, but the market is wide open. All told, nearly a hundred shows are submitted every week, out of which one must be chosen. Each play is read and synopsis by Florence Ward, a well known novelist. The best plays are then "miked" by the cast for the jury made up of representatives of Campana, the advertising agency, and Mr. Hughes. Broadway shows are not given a much sterner test.

The idea for the First Nighter occurred to Charlie Hughes when he was secretary to the Illinois Theatre in Chicago years ago. He answered a blind ad in a paper which called for "a secretary for a loop theatre—please write your experience and qualifications to Box X." Afraid to lose the twenty dollar a week job by following instructions, Hughes went from theatre to theatre until he found the one which had advertised. He worked one full day, free of charge, following the manager around and doing helpful things—and he got the job. There he observed the glamour of many a first night in the days when shows had gala openings and remained open for some time thereafter. But even then he knew that millions of people never had seen a first night, and with the development of radio, he planned to give them this thrill in his imaginary theatre of the air.

Of course the idea was a natural, and success was bound to follow. This program originated the idea of real theatre applause by having each performance an open house. Now five hundred people are present at every broadcast, thus giving a genuine audience reaction. Requests for tickets reach months in advance, which is a joy to any box-office in the world. While no scenery is used, the show is dramatically presented. Charlie Hughes, in evening clothes, with an opera cloak, cane, and a silk top hat, sits in an elaborate box and views his own productions, as the First Nighter in person.

Make me PROVE that it is Easy to learn at home to fill a GOOD JOB in RADIO

GET MY FREE SAMPLE LESSON
Mail Coupon



Broadcasting Stations
Employ managers, engineers, operators, installation and maintenance men for jobs paying up to \$5,000 a year.



Aircraft Radio
Radio is making flying safer. Radio operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,800 a year.



Set Servicing
Spare-time set servicing pays many N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year. Full-time men make as much as \$40, \$60 and \$75 a week.



Television
Television is the coming field. You can get ready for it through N. R. I. training.

Clip the coupon and mail it. I'm so sure I can train you at home in your spare time for a good job in Radio that I'll send you a sample lesson free. Examine it, read it, see how clear and easy it is to understand. Then you will know why many men with less than a grammar school education and no technical experience have become Radio Experts and are earning two or three times their former pay as a result of my training.

Many Radio Experts Make \$40, \$60 \$75 a Week

It's hard to find a field with more opportunity awaiting the trained man. Why in 1931—right in the middle of the depression—the Radio Industry sold \$300,000,000 worth of sets and parts! Manufacturers alone employed over 100,000 people! 300,000 people worked in the industry. 15,000,000 sets in operation that need servicing from time to time! Over 600 great broadcasting stations. There's opportunity for you in Radio. Its future is certain. Television, short wave, police Radio, automobile Radio, loud speaker systems, aircraft Radio—in every branch, developments and improvements are taking place. Send me the coupon now. Read how easy and interesting I make it for you at home. Read the letters from graduates who are earning real money in this fascinating industry. Read how I trained them in a few hours spare time each week.

Many Make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week Extra in Spare Time Almost at Once

My book also tells how many of my students made \$5, \$10 and \$15 a week extra in spare time, soon after they enrolled. I give you plans and ideas that have made good spare-time money—\$200 to \$1,000 a year—for hundreds of fellows. My Course is famous as "the one that pays for itself."

Act Now—Mail Coupon Today

My offer of a free sample lesson, plus my 64-page school catalog, is open to any ambitious fellow over 15 years old. Find out what Radio offers YOU without the slightest obligation. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE,
Dept. 4BBB Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President, National Radio Institute, Dept. 4BBB, Washington, D. C.

I want to take advantage of your offer. Send me your Free Sample Lesson and your book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this request does not obligate me. (Please print plainly)

Name Age.....

Address

City State R.....



What a THRILL

when you play your first tune, in one week's time, on your P-A Sax'. Then rapid progress; warm admirers; get what you want. In 3 months, a soft job with big pay; a chance for radio fame. Bigger opportunities now than ever before. Go see the new model P-A Sax', Trumpet, Trombone, Clarinet, at your local P-A Dealer's. Try one. See how easy to play. A few simple lessons start you right off. Write for beautifully illustrated free catalog. No obligation. Easy terms. Mail postal today sure.

SONS start your right off. Write for beautifully illustrated free catalog. No obligation. Easy terms. Mail postal today sure.

PAN-AMERICAN

242 PAN-AMERICAN BLDG., ELKHART, INDIANA

Moderate Price

Take Ugly HAIR from FACE pleasantly

Simply apply gentle, fragrant DeWans—wait 3 minutes—then wash off. Facial hair will be entirely gone. Your skin will be a thrill to see... and a greater thrill to touch! No smarting. No reddening. Why, it doesn't even "pink" the skin! Being mild enough for facial use, DeWans is, of course, safe for use on arms and legs as well. And its new low price makes such use perfectly economical. DeWans is \$1, at the best department and drug stores.

DeWANS Special FACIAL HAIR REMOVER

HOW'D FREE LESSONS! YOU LIKE to Play This Instrument?

YOU CAN PLAY THE XYLOMBA

No reason why you shouldn't. Easy Lessons show you how. 5 days' free trial in your own home. A year to pay.

The whole world seems different when you learn to play and now you can play the most spectacular of all instruments—the Deagan Xyloimba. No long waiting. No finger or lip exercises. No tiresome practice. Start to play very first day even if you can't read a note of music right now. Soon you'll be the "hit" of every party. Maybe, like the Musical Hailmans (Reading, Pa.) you'll make \$65 a week spare time.

Our Big FREE Book tells all about the free trial offer, the easy lessons, the wonderful payment plan. No cost or obligation—send in coupon today.

J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. 7112, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago

Send me, without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy-payment plan of the Deagan Xyloimba.

Name.....

Address.....

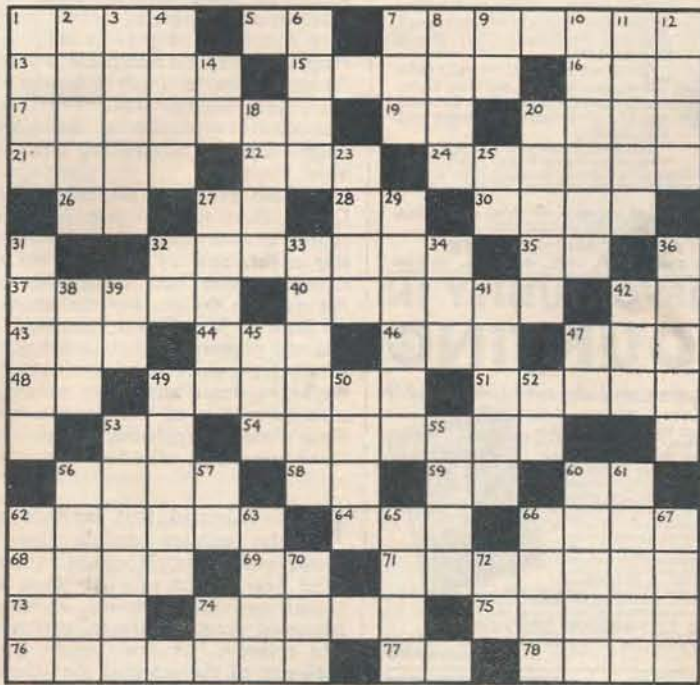
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Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*, and full particulars.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. 2022 3601 Michigan Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

F. GREGORY HARTSWICK, known as the country's most famous crossword puzzle expert, contributes another brain-teaser to this issue of RADIOLAND. The better you know your radio, the easier you will find it to follow out the clues in the puzzle.



ACROSS

- 1 What we do to get a particular program
- 5 On the inner side
- 7 This P. M.
- 13 Growing out
- 15 Orchestra leader (WJZ, 4:45 Thursdays)
- 16 We need this to listen to the radio
- 17 Go forward
- 19 From (Latin)
- 20 What a good radio program never does
- 21 Breakfast, dinner, or supper
- 22 High voice, soprano or tenor
- 24 We can enjoy this now that repeal is here
- 26 Believe-it-or-not Ripley's initials
- 27 Mister (Abbr.)
- 28 New England State (Abbr.)
- 30 Wild party
- 32 Selecting the persons for a radio sketch
- 35 Goddess of earth
- 37 A bad program can move us to this
- 40 Ginger, Buck, and Will
- 42 Initials of orchestra leader heard on WABC, 12:30
- 43 Two-person singing act
- 44 Gay (French)
- 46 Greek E
- 47 Measure of wire-diameter
- 48 The thing
- 49 American Ambassador to Cuba
- 51 Amos often gets this way with Andy, and who can blame him?
- 53 Singer's initials (WOR, Thursday, 3:30)
- 54 Parts of typewriters
- 56 To come to 212° Fahrenheit
- 58 Initials of bass singer on WABC at 8:15
- 59 City where Radio City is located (Abbr.)
- 60 Greek M
- 62 Winchell himself
- 64 Chinese religion
- 66 Radio station operated by the NY Journal
- 68 American Indian
- 69 Initials of popular orchestra-leader, WABC 11:30
- 71 "I wonder where my _____ is tonight?"
- 73 Aerial (Abbr.)
- 74 To grudge a supply of something
- 75 Many a close shave comes from this
- 76 Collection of radio acts
- 77 Exists
- 78 Money paid as punishment

- 18 Automobiles
- 20 Floating ice-masses
- 23 Three singers or instrumentalists
- 25 Exclamation of surprise
- 27 Myrt's side-kick
- 29 Take into the body
- 31 What this puzzle is all about
- 32 Carium (Chem. symbol)
- 33 Musicians produce these by wiggling the fingers
- 34 What we try to do with a favorite program
- 36 The dumbest Gracie in the world
- 38 Component of the cuckoo hour
- 39 Initials of Ethel Shutta's husband
- 41 On nights that are this way, stay at home and listen to the radio
- 42 Small river island
- 45 High mountain
- 47 Mother
- 49 Jack _____
- 50 Orient
- 52 Recording Secretary (Abbr.)
- 53 Composition by Ravel, often heard on the air
- 55 Enough (Scotch)
- 56 More uncovered
- 57 French "the"
- 60 Just a little Green girl
- 61 Joining
- 62 Radio station at Asbury Park, N. J.
- 63 "Rio _____"; remember this song?
- 65 Kind of Italian wine
- 66 One of the NBC's New York stations
- 67 Withered _____
- 70 "Sunny _____"
- 72 Syllable expressing hesitation
- 74 Senlor (Abbr.)

Solution to January Puzzle



DOWN

- 1 Amos 'n' Andy; Kath'rine 'n' Calliope; Burns and Allen; any two-person act
- 2 Below
- 3 Pertaining to the sea
- 4 "And others" (Latin abbr.)
- 6 Listen for this carol on Christmas Eve
- 7 Nickname of popular sports announcer whose initials are T. H.
- 8 Units
- 9 Canadian Province (Abbr.)
- 10 Gershwin will look around if you shout this
- 11 Gershwin will look around if you shout this
- 12 Three-spot
- 14 Initials of popular junior radio baritone

"AFTER THIS I'M LEAVING MY CAR HOME ...
GREYHOUND REACHES EVERY TOWN IN MY
TERRITORY!"

"IT'S ONLY COMMON SENSE TO TRAVEL THIS WAY
WHEN YOU CUT DOLLARS FROM EVERY TRIP"

"I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH CAREFUL DRIVERS
... AND THEY WERE SO CONSIDERATE!"

"I DIDN'T THINK THESE
BUSES COULD BE SO
COMFORTABLE ... AND
YOU SEE SO MUCH MORE!"



"I CAME ALL
THE WAY
ALONE ... BUT
THE DRIVERS
TOOK GOOD
CARE OF ME!"

"WE CHANGED OUR MINDS ... about bus trips"

Information Offices

CLEVELAND, OHIO E. 9th & Superior
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Broad St. Station
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. 9 Main St.
NEW YORK CITY Nelson Tower
CHICAGO, ILL. 12th & Wabash
KANSAS CITY, MO. 917 McGee St.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 509 6th Ave., N.
SAN ANTONIO, TEX. Pecan & Navarro
CHARLESTON, W. VA. 601 Virginia St.
LEXINGTON, KY. 801 N. Limestone
CINCINNATI, OHIO 109 East 7th St.
MEMPHIS, TENN. 146 Union Ave.
RICHMOND, VA. 412 East Broad St.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 400 N. Rampart St.
WINDSOR, ONT. 1004 Security Bldg.

SAVE DOLLARS ON YOUR WINTER TRIP

Mail this coupon to nearest office listed above, for information on trips to Florida , California , or Gulf Coast . (Check which one.) Ask for any other information desired.

Name _____
Address _____
FWG-2

So have millions of others, after traveling by Greyhound

OF COURSE there are still a few sceptics on the subject of bus travel. This method of transportation is not many years old, and every new improvement has its quota of doubters. The Greyhound system is converting these sceptical ones at the rate of millions each year!

The five travelers pictured above are typical of the throngs who have found Greyhound trips less costly, more comfortable and scenic . . . who have found schedules more frequent, terminals more convenient. How else could one transportation system grow steadily until it serves more cities, more miles of highway, than any other in the world? How else could it continue to attract millions of new passengers, while holding all its old friends?

We invite you to find out for yourself . . . by taking your next trip over Greyhound lines. That's the best and fairest way!

GREYHOUND Lines

— about Cigarettes

Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

Another thing—cigarettes are about the most convenient smoke. All you have to do is strike a match.

Everything that money can buy and everything that Science knows about is used to make Chesterfields. The tobaccos are blended and cross-blended the right way—the cigarettes are made right—the paper is right.

There are other good cigarettes, of course, but Chesterfield is

the cigarette that's

MILDER

the cigarette that

TASTES BETTER

—we ask you to try them

An illustration of a lit Chesterfield cigarette in a light-colored ashtray, with smoke rising from it. In the foreground, a pack of Chesterfield Cigarettes is shown, partially open, revealing several cigarettes. The pack is white with gold and red accents and features the Chesterfield logo and the text 'CHESTERFIELD CIGARETTES' and 'LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.'. The background is dark with a blue light effect.

Chesterfield

They Satisfy

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