

# RADIOLAND

June



10c

15c In Canada

Harriet Hilliard

**WALTER  
WINCHELL'S**  
RADIO ORCHIDS  
and SCALLIONS

**THE LOWDOWN  
ON BING CROSBY**  
By His Brother



**All Greyhound Routes Lead to**

# CHICAGO WORLD'S FAIR!

**Greater than ever  
in 1934**

If you missed A Century of Progress Exposition last year, now's your chance to see it, at amazingly low trip cost. If you were there in 1933, remember that this year it is even more brilliant, more thrilling, with new buildings, new foreign concessions, new entertainment . . . and by all means, go again!

Even while you read, blue-and-white Greyhound buses from every part of America . . . from nearly all the 48 states . . . are rolling toward Chicago. There will be one leaving *your* home city for the World's Fair on the day and hour that best fits your plans. At the Exposition, Greyhound All-Expense Tours will save your dollars and time, assure excellent hotel reservations in crowded Chicago.

Greyhound fares are *double* value this year. They have stayed down, while other prices have shot upward. More than a hundred cents are packed into this travel dollar!

★ At the Fair, note that Greyhound sightseeing buses serve the millions of visitors promptly, efficiently, at low cost. They offer a complete circle tour of the grounds, or prompt local service.

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## **Send For World's Fair Booklet, Information**

We have an interesting, fully illustrated booklet for you, with World's Fair information, map of grounds, facts on Greyhound travel and All-Expense Tours. It's free . . . Just mail this coupon to the nearest Greyhound office listed above.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

FWG-6







# Isn't it a Shame?

Bright girl... good company... but her teeth are dull... her gums tender!



*Don't let*  
**"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**  
**ROB YOU OF YOUR CHARM**

**S**HE has the kind of personality that *clicks!* She has the spark. But the dingy shadow of neglected teeth dims all the rest of her charm.

It's a case of people not seeing the personality for the teeth.

Yes—it is a shame. But it is more than that—it is a warning. The "pink" which appears so often upon her tooth brush should tell her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Her tender, bleeding gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, or even pyorrhea may not be far off.

Her flabby, sensitive gums must be restored to health.

### The Answer Is IPANA

It is so easy to have sparkling teeth, healthy gums—to have your charm *shining through*, unhampered by teeth that can't pass muster. Eat the tempting modern foods, too soft to keep the gums firm. But—clean your teeth and *massage your gums* with Ipana, and these soft, modern foods won't harm your smile.

A daily gentle massaging of the gums with an extra bit of Ipana



gives the teeth the lustre of health, and helps keep "pink tooth brush" at bay. Start with Ipana today!

### DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

*A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.*

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

**I P A N A**  
**TOOTH PASTE**



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M-64  
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





ROSCOE FAWCETT, *Editor*

DONALD G. COOLEY, *Executive Editor*



Rudy Vallée



Budd—Stoopnagle



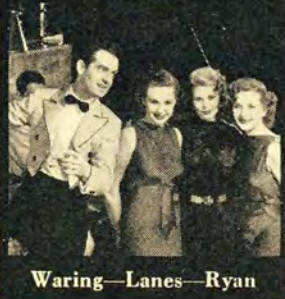
Harriet Hilliard



Roxy—Richman



Tom Dorsey



Waring—Lanes—Ryan

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# Famous Recipes of the HOLLYWOOD STARS



MARLENE DIETRICH



JEAN HARLOW



JOHN BARRYMORE



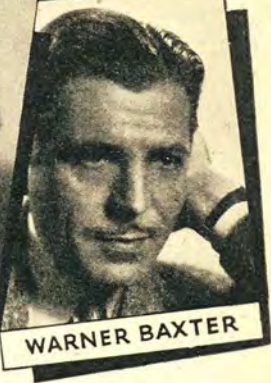
WALLACE BEERY



KAY FRANCIS



MARY PICKFORD



WARNER BAXTER

## Try To Guess Your Favorite Star's Pet Dish!

**H**OLLYWOOD stars are connoisseurs of good food—and here's proof, in Midgie Knight's Personal Cookbook of Hollywood's notables, with 100 of Hollywood's most famous recipes—each recipe accompanied by a picture of the star who sponsors it.

For instance—maybe you wouldn't think of Clark Gable as the kind of chap whose favorite food is angel-food cake—but it is; and he has a recipe that's a wonder. It's one of the simplest and most nearly "failure-proof" angel-food recipes ever devised, too!

You'll have your friends fighting for invitations when you serve Edmund Lowe's

favorite lamb curry, or onion soup made with Joan Blondell's recipe! And there are a hundred of these favorite dishes altogether.

Midgie Knight's cookbook is unlike anything you've ever seen—both in the sources of the recipes and in the range of dishes. And the beauty of it is, every recipe is one which any cook can prepare easily and at little cost. Your kitchen needs it, to give that extra swank and flair to your menus. Mail the coupon now, with 25c in coin or stamps—and regale your friends with Hollywood's best-loved dishes. Act now—the edition is limited.

### Here are a few Dishes the Stars suggest you try:

- Jean Harlow—Hot Rolls
- Paul Lukas—Deviled Tomatoes
- Bebe Daniels—Lobster la Granada
- Lionel Barrymore—Stuffed Peppers
- Kay Francis—Chicory Salad
- Warner Baxter—Favorita Salad
- Clark Gable—Angel Food Cake
- Maurice Chevalier—Welsh Rarebit
- Douglas Fairbanks—Gnocckis a la Romaine
- Mitzi Green—Fudge

# Now-25¢

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, Inc.  
529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c ( ) coin—( ) stamps—for which please send me, by return mail, Midgie Knight's Recipe Book of The Movie Stars.

Name .....

Address .....

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



# I wish

somebody  
would  
tell  
her!



"ISN'T it a shame? There's a girl who has 'come hither' if I ever saw one. But it becomes 'go thither' after a minute in her presence. Why doesn't some kind girl friend put her wise?"

The surprising thing is that there still are girls and women—attractive ones, too—who need to be told that soap and water cannot keep their underarms free from that ugly odor of perspiration which refined people hate.


Smart girls who prize their popularity know that the *quick*, the *easy*, the *sure* way to keep their underarms always fresh and odorless, is with Mum.

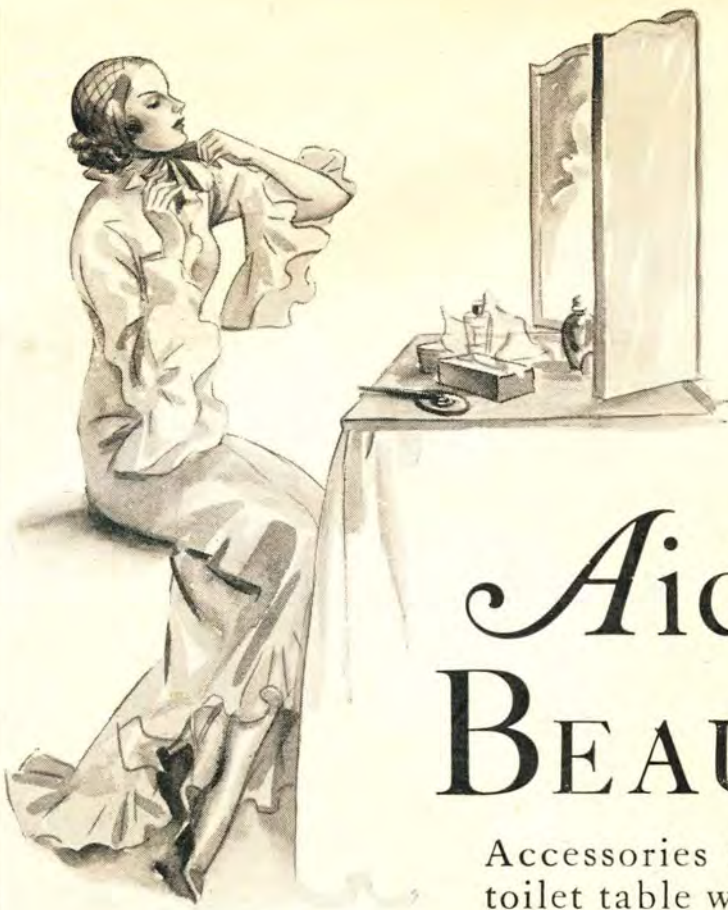
It takes just half a minute to use Mum. Then you're safe for *all day*.

Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can shave your underarms and use Mum immediately.

Don't ever let anybody say you are careless about underarm odor. Use Mum regularly and you'll be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.  Mum is also a wonderful deodorant for this use—guarantees protection from unpleasantness.



The grandest gadget for keeping your hair off your forehead and cheeks while applying make-up is one of those net caps which tie under the chin coyly. Also good for keeping cherished finger-wave intact

## Aids to BEAUTY

Accessories for your toilet table which are really essentials and will make a joy of making up

By WYNNE MCKAY

I HAVE preached scrupulous daily care of the skin and close attention to make-up for a long time now. But it has just occurred to me that I have devoted not a single word to the numerous gadgets and accessories that make skin care and application of make-up so much easier than they were several years ago.

"Accessories" is what they are called but they would be more aptly termed "essentials;" for I could no more imagine making up without plenty of disposable tissues and cotton, for example, than without face powder itself! These two items—tissues and cotton—serve a hundred purposes. First, in removing cleansing cream and grime, later for patting dry lotions and astringents, for wiping excess powder away from around mouth, eyes and hairline, and finally for toning down too-heavy applications of rouge and lipstick.

I never realized lipstick could be so satin smooth until I learned the trick of pressing rouged lips firmly together over a scrap of tissue. The "gooiness" of the lipstick is absorbed by the tissue, leaving pure color. You could never achieve this trick with a coarse-textured towel. Besides being a thousand times more sanitary than towels, tissues are so fine-

textured that they are ideally suited for use on a delicate skin, never irritating or roughening it. Of course, there are tissues *and* tissues . . . it pays to buy a reputable, nationally advertised brand when it is to be used on your skin a dozen times a day.

"Hunks" of cotton are just as indispensable as tissues. It is impossible to apply skin tonics, astringents or liquid powder bases without them. Otherwise they insist on spilling. I am also opposed to powder puffs and in favor of substituting little balls of cotton which can be chucked into the waste-basket once they are used. It is my opinion that a large proportion of women's large pores, blackheads and pimples are caused by grimy powder puffs. Somehow, the daintiest women *will* cling to limp, germ-carrying puffs for weeks or even months. If you once acquire the habit of using cotton for applying powder and dry rouge, you will never want to return to the unsanitary puff.

A cotton dispenser is the handiest and cleanest way of keeping cotton on your dressing table. The only dispenser I am familiar with is a prettily finished cardboard cylinder, with a tuft of cotton sticking out of the top. Depending on the energy [Continued on page 10]

RADIOLAND



# A ~~CROSLLEY~~ RADIO

## IS LIKE THAT...

*TRUE DISTINCTION  
ENTRANCING BEAUTY  
DELIGHTFUL COMPANY*

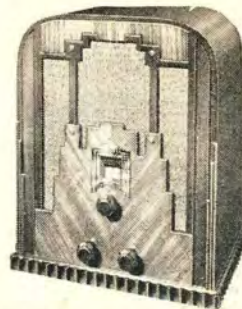


A happy combination! Charming and vivacious Mary Alcott—featured star of WLW—and the new Crosley Dual Seventy Lowboy . . . a luxurious seven tube superheterodyne for only \$59.50

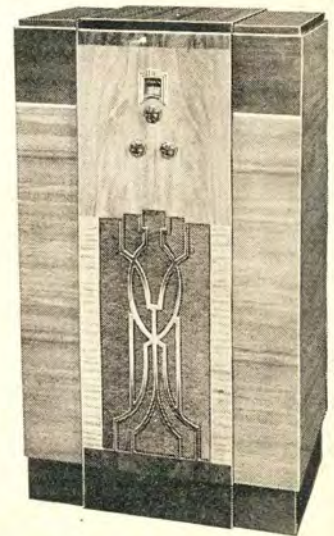
America is fascinated with the new Crosley Ultra-Moderne Radios. Their designs are free from the bizarre. They are so fresh and graceful that they have established a new standard of radio beauty. Just listen to a Crosley . . . You will thrill to superlative reception of police, amateur and aviation broadcasts, in addition to the standard programs.



WHAT EVER HAPPENS—  
YOU'RE THERE WITH A  
**-CROSLLEY-**



**CROSLLEY DUAL FIVER**  
An expressive example of the simplicity that gives character and beauty. A five tube superheterodyne, completely stabilized with dual range, illuminated dial, and full floating moving coil electro-dynamic speaker.  
Complete with tubes . . . . . **\$2600**  
Western Price Slightly Higher



**CROSLLEY DUAL FIVER LOWBOY**—Here is artistry in design and color that harmonizes with furniture of any period. The entire cabinet is finished in Nyssa wood, highlighted with overlays of rosewood and satinwood. Chassis is same as Dual Fiver.  
Complete With Tubes . . . . . **\$3950**  
Western Price Slightly Higher

**THE CROSLLEY RADIO CORPORATION**

Powel Crosley, Jr., President

Home of WLW, "The Nation's Station"

**CINCINNATI, OHIO**



# Hear "THE SINGING STRANGER"

WITH  
WADE BOOTH and DOROTHY DAY!  
IN THE NEW BLUE-JAY  
RADIO PROGRAM!



Broadway Stars!

Music!



Drama!

**WADE BOOTH**  
Star of many Broadway hits! He's the "Singing Stranger" — wait 'til you hear him sing!

**DOROTHY DAY** — Star of Counsellor at Law and other Broadway successes!

• Also a glorious musical ensemble! Be sure to tune in for "The Singing Stranger." Over NBC (38 stations, Coast to Coast) 4:15 Eastern Standard Time.

AND HERE'S HOW TO REMOVE CORNS—safely, scientifically



1 Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.



2 Apply Blue-Jay centering pad directly over corn.



3 After 3 days the corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

- a is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
- b is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once.
- c is strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.

**BLUE-JAY**  
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC  
CORN REMOVER

## With the Cartoonist in RADIOLAND



"Pull over to the curb, you—I wanna hear the Rudy Vallée Hour!"



"We had to buy his meal—he's an after-dinner speaker"



# FLASHES from the NEWS

## Ginger Sues

LEGAL fireworks which have the radio boys dodging to get out of the way have been set off by that cute little film star, Ginger Rogers, who wants \$100,000 from the National Broadcasting Company, Madame Sylvia, and the manufacturers of a health bread for invading her privacy in a network broadcast a few weeks ago.

It seems that Miss Rogers was impersonated on the air without her knowledge or consent, that Madame Sylvia faked an interview with her, and that a director in the broadcast story told her, in effect, that she would always be n.g. as a dramatic actress and should confine herself to musical comedy rôles. Maybe you tuned in on the program in question and these facts will recall it to your mind. Anyhow, Miss Rogers' lawyers claim that this unauthorized broadcast damaged her \$100,000 worth by tending to lessen her popularity with fans.

The immediate upshot of the matter is that sponsors in general are treading warily, shying away from programs which might prove to be dynamite. Suits of this sort are very rare in radio, as most programs are okayed by a dozen executives before they hit the ether.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lanny Ross' first movie, *Melody in Spring*, has just been generally released and radio fans will get a chance to see what a popular network star looks like. This isn't a department of dramatic criticism—we leave that to the Radio Rounder—but we think Lanny has the makings of a star if he soft-pedals his smile, which was rather glaringly overdone in the picture. Or so we thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Vallee to Columbia

RUDY VALLEE has been an NBC network favorite for so long that the news that he is shifting over to a sustaining spot on the Columbia chain during the summer comes as something of a surprise. His NBC management contract expires next month and there is even a possibility that his Fleischmann hour will shift to a Columbia spot. During the summer Vallee and his band will broadcast from the Pavilion Royale in Valley Stream, Long Island.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most of the top-notch air comedians got together not long ago in one of New York's hotels and over the dinner table argued out the question of whether studio audiences were a help or a hindrance to their art. The net result was inconclusive, with half for and half ag'in. But the boys had a grand time and recognized the ethics of the union by laughing at each other's gags.

**GEORGE BURNS**  
and  
**GRACIE ALLEN**  
win a new listener  
—and get a tip on  
real radio enjoyment

### 1 AT REHEARSAL

OH GEORGE—GEORGE. THE STRANGEST THING HAPPENED TO ME JUST NOW.

SOMEBODY TOLD YOU HE ADMIRE YOUR BRAINS, I SUPPOSE.

### 2

OF COURSE NOT, SILLY. HE SAID HE COULDN'T HEAR ME ON THE RADIO, BECAUSE I WILTED SO.

YOU WILTED? NOW GRACIE, DON'T TELL ME HE THINKS YOU'RE A LITTLE VIOLET. YOU FADED, YOU MEAN.

### 3

FADED—WILTED . . . WILTED—FADED . . . WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? I THINK THE MAN'S JUST CRAZY, ANYWAY.

FOR ONCE, GRACIE, YOU'RE RIGHT. HE'S CRAZY TO SAY THAT YOUR VOICE FADES. I'LL BET IT'S HIS RADIO TUBES.

### 4 NEXT REHEARSAL

OH GEORGE, I'M SO NERVOUS. I MAY WILT—FADE, I MEAN—THE WAY THE MAN SAID. OOOH, LOOK . . . HERE HE IS NOW.

PARDON ME, IS THIS THE BURNS AND ALLEN REHEARSAL? I WANT TO APOLOGIZE TO GRACIE FOR SAYING HER VOICE FADED.

### 5

IT WASN'T YOUR VOICE—IT WAS MY OLD TUBES. I JUST GOT A WHOLE NEW SET OF RCA MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES. NOW I HEAR EVERYTHING.

OOH, GOODY—NOW IT WON'T SOUND AS IF I FILT—WADE, I MEAN.

## FOR BETTER RADIO TONE —NEW TUBES BY RCA

NOW you can get more real pleasure out of radio! These new Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes bring 5 great improvements to your set. Replace worn tubes with these amazing new ones—only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc. Have your dealer test your tubes today.



### MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES GIVE YOU 5 IMPROVEMENTS

- 1 Quicker Start
- 2 Quieter Operation
- 3 Uniform Volume
- 4 Uniform Performance
- 5 Every Tube is Matched

**RCA** **Lunningham** **RADIO TUBES**  
**Radiotron**



# Beautiful Waves....

## ARE FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVES

I'M SO SICK AND TIRED OF A MESSY LOOKING COIFFURE... BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND A PLACE THAT KNOWS HOW TO PERMANENT WAVE MY HAIR PROPERLY.

THAT'S MY TROUBLE TOO. I'D GIVE A LOT TO HAVE A BEAUTIFUL WAVE LIKE YOURS!

YOU CAN... DO AS I DO. PATRONIZE AN AUTHORIZED FREDERICS SHOP. THE FREDERICS FRANCHISE CERTIFICATE IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF PERMANENT PERFECTION.



Helen  
Vinson

says:

"Every woman's hair can be soft, lustrous, and wavy. Your hair can be lovely looking too, if you do as I do, have it permanently waved with Frederics Vita Tonic Process."

DO YOU want to transform your hair into a thrilling symphony of "naturally-curly" loveliness? Then follow the advice of that beautiful and charming screen star, Helen Vinson... Get a Frederics Permanent Wave.

Screen stars know that nothing so adorns a woman as a symphony of soft, lustrous, undulating waves. That is why they depend on Frederics Permanent Waves to keep their hair flawlessly beautiful, glamorous, and alluring.

But not all permanent waves are Frederics Permanent Waves. To be sure of getting a Frederics Permanent Wave, patronize an authorized Frederics shop. Look for the Frederics Franchise Certificate which guarantees the use of a Frederics machine. Examine all the Frederics wrappers used on your hair... make sure no harmful imitations are used. Ask your hairdresser for Frederics FREE Gift Receipt.

**frederics**  
VITA-TONIC AND VITRON  
*Permanent Waves*

E. FREDERICS, Inc., 235-247 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Dept. 192

Please send me FREE booklet on Frederics Permanent Waves—A FREE Frederics Wrapper, and a list of the Authorized Frederics Permanent Wavers in my neighborhood.

Name.....Address.....

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

## Aids to Beauty

[Continued from page 6]

with which you pull, you can remove a tiny bit of cotton for wrapping the end of your orange stick, or a large gob for applying powder. When the dispenser is not in use, a black lid covers it tightly to prevent dust from collecting on the tuft of cotton. This gadget is available in several pastel shades, to match your boudoir color scheme, and costs only 25 cents. Want the trade name?

ANOTHER gadget that is a big help in making up is a tiny eyebrow brush. In a split second, it removes powder from brows and lashes, or it can be used to apply vaseline to brows and lashes when they are scanty. Brushing is invaluable for training an upward tilt in lashes, for stimulating their growth and also for training unruly brows to grow the way you want them to.

A make-up mirror is an essential part of make-up equipment. You can be pretty sure, when you see a woman with more rouge on one cheek than the other, that she applied it without the aid of a good mirror. Some of the better mirrors come equipped with lights so that every inch of your face is thrown into clear relief. One has a magnifying mirror attached that is helpful when you are plucking eyebrows or applying mascara.

Have you ever wished for some quick and easy method of keeping your hair off your forehead and cheeks while you are applying make-up? I have—and at last I've found it. Those little metal curl clips that are used in beauty shops to hold flat curls in place while the hair is drying. They are light weight, open with a single swift movement, and stay put. Just slip them over your waves or curls, push them back of the hair line and there you are, with your hair out of the way and yet not disarranged.

OR, IF you prefer, you can substitute one of the convenient and not unbecoming net caps or bands that are ordinarily used as nightcaps for keeping cherished fingerwaves intact. They tie under the chin very cooly and the bands are wound around the head, turban fashion. If you once use one of these convenient caps, you'll never be without one. They cost 25 and 50 cents each.

There's not much space left, but I must tell you about a bargain sachet I received recently. It is made by a famous English house and scented with the heavenly lavender which is their trade mark. The bag is in a rich cream tone, with edges stitched in mandarin colored silk, and at the top is a loop so that you can hang the sachet in a closet or on a dress hanger. Each sachet costs 25 cents, an amazingly low price to pay for keeping your clothes closet or dresser drawer fragrant as a flower garden.

With the smart new off-the-face hats it is very important to have your hair smoothly sleek around the face. There must be no loose curls or straggling ends to mar the backward sweep of hat and hair. To anchor stray locks, you must use the best bob pins available, and so far as I have been able to determine, the ones that answer this exacting description are a brand characterized by their small, invisible heads, flexible "legs" and unrelenting grip. The price, five cents a card, is really very reasonable.





# RADIOLAND

JUNE, 1934

## The Editor's Opinion

### What's New In Sets

**D**ESIGNS for the new radio sets which will be sprung on the public next fall have been just about completed by engineers. It is practically certain that these new sets will feature what is called "high fidelity" reproduction—that is, the range of the receiver will be considerably broadened to pick up bass notes of the cello and high notes of the piccolo with true-to-life tone. The difference between an actual opera production and the way it is picked up by the receiver will, therefore, be so slight in the new sets that it is expected a much more critically appreciative audience will be enlisted. The "high fidelity" set will cost more than present types and is the manufacturer's answer to the low-priced midgets and cigar-box sets which have upset the profit angle of the industry.

\* \* \* \* \*

Things which may not matter to you—but are true, nevertheless: Fred Waring has been in the generous habit of giving the audience which attends his broadcasts a twenty-minute selection of request numbers following his ether program. But the big bad union has stepped in and demanded an extra fourteen dollars for each of the twenty-six musicians who participate in these impromptu affairs, which constitutes a pretty big monkey wrench in the machinery . . . Fred Allen chews gum while broadcasting and on occasion talks into a milk bottle when he wants to throw his voice into a tricky disguise . . . Amos 'n' Andy's radio story has recently progressed along lines which have encouraged a few million radi-auditors to believe that the two colored boys are due to fall into a lot of money. But we can tip you off confidentially that as long as Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll are running the show—and inasmuch as they are Amos 'n' Andy, as everybody knows, they will continue to run it for many moons to come—Amos 'n' Andy will always be broke. Gosden and Correll figure, very shrewdly, that wealth would spoil the two taxi partners and destroy those simple human elements which have made them such lovable characters.

\* \* \* \* \*

### Independent News Broadcasts

**I**NDEPENDENT radio stations who turned up their noses at the news broadcasting agreement recently entered into by newspapers and the chains, would seem to be enjoying the last laugh on their big brothers of the networks. The agreement, as you may recall, restricts stations to two news broadcasts a day, of five minutes each, and limits items to thirty words. Independent stations, getting their dander up and refusing to submit to what they regard as newspaper dictation, have in many sections organized their own news-gathering services and have been putting on a quality of spot news broadcasting which makes the emasculated items of their network brothers sound quite anemic in comparison. Particularly in New England, the Middle West, and the Pacific Coast, the

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smaller stations have been doing proudly by their news programs. All of which leads us to an off-the-record prediction that the whole news broadcast problem will one of these days bounce back into the laps of the boys who thought they had it all neatly tied up and stored away on a shelf.

\* \* \* \* \*

Most recent radio craze is the popularity of short wave reception. Sponsors of broadcast programs aren't pleased, for there's no commercial hookup on the abbreviated wave-lengths.

Probably the fad will run its course in a few months when the initial thrill of tuning in on mysterious police calls and amateur conversations will have died away . . . Bing Crosby may soon be living up to his nickname, bestowed on him during his tender youth because of his zeal in banging away with an imaginary gun at imaginary redskins. He recently got a permit to carry a pistol, following receipt of threats to kidnap his baby son . . . S. L. Rothafel (Roxy), one of the earliest radio impresarios, plans to build a 6,000-seat theater near London's far-famed Piccadilly Circus, which isn't a circus at all, in case you don't know.

\* \* \* \* \*

### At Last—Button-Voting!

**F**ANTASTIC, but apparently soundly scientific, is the invention by Dr. Nevil Monroe Hopkins of New York University of a radio-voting system. Radio listeners will be able, he says, to register their likes and dislikes, when tuned in on a program, by simply pressing a button. The button-pushing causes an increased consumption of current which, in some profoundly electrical way, enables the power house to measure how many buttons were depressed. There could be no arguing about results, and a 20,000,000-button crooner would presumably get twice as large a salary as a 10,000,000-button man. A smarter man than we are remarked that turning on an electric toaster would consume enough current to register as several thousand votes. So maybe it's just a plot on the part of the public utilities to get radio celebrities to make it an electrical Christmas by distributing electric heaters, fans, percolators, and other current consumers to their listening publics.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few days ago the Associated Press carried a story to the effect that Dr. John R. ("Goat Gland") Brinkley was going to run off to sea with his broadcasting station, now that Mexico won't let him live there any more. Two months ago *Radioland* carried the exclusive story predicting such a move. We do hate editors who are always bragging about how good they are . . . Ben Bernie estimates his "Yowsah!" is worth \$52,000 a year to him, crediting the expression with one-fifth of the \$5,000 weekly revenue from his radio sponsors. It has been copyrighted by the sponsor.



No dough . . . never



\$14 times 26



Out of a bottle



# Walter Winchell's Radio

Walter Winchell says: Orchids are rare and precious . . . it takes ten years for the plant to blossom . . . therefore I award them only on rare and precious occasions



**TOSCANINI**—for his superb conducting. One orchid's not enough. Give him orchids before and after each program.

**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT**—the only radio speaker who writes his own stuff and bats 100% every broadcast.

**PRODUCTION MEN**—the lads who do the work of a stage manager—at an usher's salary. They ought to get more money—then radio might entice some of the best directors away from the stage and movies.

**RUBINOFF'S GIRL FRIEND**—Eddie Cantor ought to talk about her. She's much more interesting than the Russian Rhythmster—and far, far prettier.

**CROONING**—as done by Rudy Vallee and Bing Crosby—from the viewpoint of an unmarried woman over thirty.

**COMMENTATORS**—like Lowell Thomas and Edwin C. Hill. But why aren't there more like them?

**RUTH ETTING and GERTRUDE NIESEN**—they ought to be forced to broadcast every night.

**NOVELTY BANDS**—real Hawaiian ones, or hillbilly jug-and-washboard combinations. But why don't they give us a Havana street orchestra some time—with its drum-sticking that sounds like a kid at Christmas—but is none the less ear-tickling?

**WILL ROGERS' swell squelch**—He tells complaining listeners that he has "no sympathy with people who are too lazy to turn a dial!"

**GOOD PROGRAMS**—They're not dead after a single broadcast. So why not repeat them for the benefit of the people who didn't hear them—who only heard about them?

**ADVERTISERS WITH SENSE**—enough to realize that long-winded blurbs don't sell goods. They merely interrupt programs and irk listeners.

YOU couldn't be any more incorrect about the sort of fellow Walter Winchell is if you tried, for nearly everything you've ever seen or heard about him is totally wrong. Why, even the people at NBC don't know him!

His salary isn't as big as you've been told—yet he banks more each week. He isn't something new—something foreign to the newspaper business; he's simply a super-scoop reporter. He isn't upstage or unapproachable. He doesn't love to blast reputations. People don't try to hide their secrets from him. He doesn't employ scouts or spies. And his name isn't anything Polish or Russian (though it has been rumored to be Wczsklvsky, or something like that). His name is Walter Winchell, and he'll take you down to City Hall, and pull out the birth certificates for 1897 to prove it.

Perhaps the best way I can show how different he is from what you've heard is to tell you about the first time I met him. Frankly, I was scared, for he was said to be very brusque and hard to talk to.

But RADIOLAND had to have its story, so I telephoned the Department of Press Relations and asked them to arrange an appointment with Winchell.

"I'm sorry," said the press relations man, "but Mr. Winchell never makes appointments. You can come up to the office, though, and we'll try to slip you in to see him for five minutes before he goes on the air."

So the following Sunday night I went up, prepared to be ushered into the august presence. But it was apparently not to be. The press agent led me up to a studio door and whispered, "You wait out here in the hall, while I go in and see if he'll see you. You'll probably have to wait until after he comes out, because he wouldn't want anybody in the studio

## Walter Winchell On Broadway

(Trade Mark Registered) Copyright, 1934, by Daily Mirror, Inc.

### Man About Town.

Lord Revelstroke (Rupert Baring), whose father recently willed him several million £, is the one being breach-of-promised by Angela Joyce, British actress, now in H'wood. His uncle is the Earl of Craven, Lord Chamberlain to the King. . . Helene (Casino de Paree) Standish, and Hartley Caldwell of L. A. . . today at the Lil' Church Around the Corner. . . Harrison . . . which gave all to Kitty, his brother, Hugo, who . . . The Bar Ass'n and . . . shyster lawyer? It's Claire had a mouthful because Ina startled . . . I don't get it. . . ere taken thru the . . . of it than tho

Are the . . . in the homes . . . cinemas, who i . . . adv. mgr. of F . . . Prichard of V . . . Tailer and Fr . . . the Italian Embassy . . . How to go out of . . . and having a movie officia . . . whose heart is Jeanne Howaru . . . is on the spot. A group of gazettes . . . on up on him any mont

That chatter about Adela Rogers St. John and Rudy Valle . . . nasty. Adela is collaborating on a book with him. . . Donald and Nitzza Vernille of the Palais Royal are sighing in unison . . . Olive Hill of Washington and George Yushmanic (Bullitt's bethrothed. . . Either Gen. Van Horn Mosley or Gen. H. D . . . succeeded Gen. Douglas MacArthur as chief of staff of the Orchids to Manny Cohn, a manufacturer, who anged . . . a new show, the profits of which go to various ch . . . The new Broadway weekly is due March . . . The new Cotton Club opera be . . . George Jean . . . and—loos



# Orchids *and* Scallions

Broadway's best known columnist here presents his personal bouquets of orchids and scallions to radio celebrities—and to round out the story we give you a revealing article on Winchell as a radio broadcaster

By ROBERT EICHBERG

while he's on the air and there isn't much time now, before he starts."

The press agent entered the studio, leaving me to nibble my hat in the corridor, wondering whether I'd have to tell the editor that it was impossible to get to Winchell.

But in about thirty seconds the studio door burst open and a dapper, wiry young man with a sun-browned face and prematurely white hair dashed out.

He grabbed me by the arm and towed me into the studio. "Come on in. Just going on. Awfully busy right now. Have you got time to sit through my spiel? Hope so. I can give you a couple of hours after I get through. I'll be lousy to-night. I'm hoarse as hell. Listen. [Continued on page 60]



—Wide World

While Winchell pokes his head approvingly through his column on the adjoining page, Ruth Hilliard presents Walter's old feudist, Ben Bernie, with a choice bunch of scallions as he arrives in Hollywood to make a picture

Scallions—worth a nickel a bunch. Smell terrible and make you cry. I give them to annoying people . . . and hope they use them for boutonnieres



- BABYTALKERS**—they ought to be forced to wear dummies with the safety pins open!
- EXECUTIVES**—those who think listeners have "12-year-old minds"—who say, "Don't use that line; the morons won't understand it."—They can't realize that the audience is as intelligent as the show!
- SPONSORS**—who try to run the broadcast. They don't understand that the sponsor is not omnipotent—and the audience is!
- ANNOUNCERS**—the ones who, though born in New York, talk in what they believe to be Oxford dialect. They ought to get the diction award—just to shame 'em.
- DIRECTORS**—who can't comprehend that a pause is often more dramatic than a dozen lines.
- WRITERS**—who write with their typewriters—instead of their brains!
- TERROR TALES**—especially when broadcast at Baby's bedtime. The microphone should be set up in a cage full of unpleasant lions, tigers, leopards and pumas.
- IMITATORS**—with half the ability they need. They should be forced to imitate Judge Crater, who disappeared years ago—and has never returned!
- COMEDIANS**—who use old jokes. They should be paid off in coins which were current when their jokes were. But the coins might be valuable antiques—and the jokes aren't!
- HITLER**—not that anybody in this country listens to him. But the air that carries his voice—is the air we have to breathe!
- THOSE COY BOYS**—the grown-up men who sound like a salesgirl waiting on Gary Cooper.
- CENSORS**—even the best of them ought to pay a visit to the butcher shop—to buy at least an ounce of brains.
- CHILD SINGERS**—who feature torch, love and double meaning ditties. They're not cute—they're just poor imitations of something not worth imitating!









# That Old Showboater Captain Henry

**I**F YOU have ever heard Captain Henry's cheerful, hearty greeting over the air, you ought to be able to picture him perfectly.

He looks like a cross between a middle-aged Cupid and the captain of a real showboat. Round-faced and jovial he is, with a mass of snowy white hair. He chews gum, wears spectacles when he reads, and has two chins.

His real name is Charles Winninger, and I doubt if there is a person on the Showboat hour as popular as he is with all the other members of the troupe.

He's a man rich in experience, filled with the joy of life.

Since he has been a real trouper ever since he was a boy of six or seven, he knows all about the stage and is an encyclopedia of theatrical lore. In addition, he was once an entertainer on a real showboat, and when Bill Bacher, the curly-headed writer of the Showboat script, gets stuck on some technical point, it's always Charles Winninger whom he consults. And from Winninger's wise lips, drip bits of theatrical wisdom and jargon.

Do you remember the Showboat hour when a scene from Romeo and Juliet was travestied? I heard Bill Bacher talking about that scene with Charles Winninger.

"A travesty," said Winninger

"should never be played as a travesty. We ought to play it seriously in order to make it seem funny."

But when I asked him about all this, Winninger said laughingly, "I'm just an old piece of theatrical dictionary."

Charles Winninger was steeped in the atmosphere of the theatre from his early youth. His parents were Austrians, and both were musicians. His father came to the United States in the late 70's to play with a symphony orchestra. He was a first violinist. The mother was a singer.

They fell upon hard times. Franz Winninger, Charles' father, often had to walk fourteen miles to play the violin at some country dance.

Then back he would trudge, carrying fifty pounds of flour for his family.

There were six children, five boys and a girl. Charles was the youngest. He was born in a log cabin at Black Creek, Wisconsin on May 26, 1884.

Charles' parents rather hoped that their youngest boy would become a priest. He did become an altar boy with the Franciscan fathers in Ashland, Wisconsin when he was about five years old. But that was as far as his training for the ministry ever went.

A year later he joined up with his parents, his four brothers and his sister in an act called the Winninger Family Novelties. [Continued on page 72]

Radio's Showboat is  
skipped by Captain  
Henry, who in real  
life is exactly like the  
genial soul you have  
pictured him to be

By DORA ALBERT







Joe Penner, Ozzie Nelson, Monk Purcell, and Harriet Hilliard snapped in action on their Bakers Broadcast



# Penner Wise

By Goo-Goo  
(Joe Penner's Duck)

as reported by Ralph Daigh

Here is Goo-Goo in person with her boss, Joe Penner. She attributes most of Joe's success to herself in this autobiographical article—her first venture as an author

**QUACK! Quack! Do you wanna buy Joe Penner?** It is only fair that I offer him to the highest bidder—but I don't really mean it.

Joe has tried to sell me so many times I actually waddle away and hide when he lights a match. I'm that afraid he will scorch my tail feathers and try a fire sale next.

Before we go any further with this exposé of my boss I must make it clear that I am Joe Penner's duck, the most famous duck in all history—with the possible exception of the one William Tell's son did not make. Wouldn't William have looked foolish if my boss Joe had been there to shout "Duck" just as the old boy shot that famous arrow?

Maybe I am an ungrateful duck. I am some jealous of Joe and his success. When he gets up there in front of the mike every Sunday night at 7:30 with the beautiful Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson's tuneful orchestra for the Bakers Broadcast, I ask myself, "Does he deserve it?" Also, "Why is it that persons all over the world write letters calling him 'America's premier duck salesman'—yet he has never sold a duck!"

It is a radio riddle. The answer is, of course, that he is funny, so funny he makes me, a perfectly normal, white, and right-living duck, laugh like a coo-coo. When a duck laughs like a coo-coo something has to be funny!

Joe is married. His wife is Eleanor Mae Vogt of the Greenwich Village Follies. We have no spats, Eleanor and I. She keeps to her part of the house, which is every part but the bathroom, and I keep to mine, which is the bathroom. Give me plenty of water in the tub and a few soda crackers to dive for between broadcasts and she can do whatever pleases her.

Many people have written in asking for my name, but it is only very recently that Joe has released it. My name is Goo-Goo and I am a lady duck. This is the first time my name has appeared in print.

Joe and I worked theatres all over the United States and did broadcasts for local stations until last year. It was then that we first went on the national hook-up. Our first appear-

ance was with Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees on the Fleischmann Yeast program. Joe is a smart man and has a way about him. That is why I say, "Penner wise, sounds foolish." He doesn't write all his own jokes, but those he doesn't write he usually re-writes.

It wasn't long after that first broadcast that he signed us for seventy-nine weeks, the longest contract ever signed for radio by a comedian. It takes more than a joke to get a contract like that.

JOE has no secrets as far as I am concerned, nor do I have any with which he is not familiar. We don't believe in having secrets from each other. I wasn't with him during the early years of his life, yet he has told me the story often as we huddled together in some wind-swept depot while waiting for a train to take us to the next night's stand.

"Goo-Goo," he would say to me, "you would love Hungary where I was born. Nadybeck Hereck was the city and it was beside a marshy plain which was fairly alive with frogs and water snakes, to say nothing of leeches; I say nothing of leeches because they are not polite, on account of the fact that they are used to take the swelling from black eyes among rowdy people." "Quack, quack," was my reply. "Nothing would please me more than a nice baby frog or a fat leech."

Joe was christened Joseph



Mrs. Joe Penner—the former Eleanor Mae Vogt  
RADIOLAND



To left and to right we have Harriet Hilliard, whose talents as an entertainer embrace singing, dancing, and—with particular emphasis—looking beautiful

—Photos by Ray Lee Jackson

# -Sounds Foolish?

*That statement about Penner's wisdom sounded rather foolish to us, too, but his duck, Goo-Goo, makes out a pretty fair case in proving how smart her master is*

Pinta. He was born November 11, 1904 and came to Detroit to join his parents when he was nine years old. Joe has always lisped and when his kindergarten teacher—he had to start in kindergarten because he didn't know the language—asked his name he replied, "Joe Penna," being unable to sound the "T" in Pinta. From then on he was called Penner. I have noticed that citizens always blow whistles and ring bells on his birthday, November 11, and that the papers call it Armistice day. I asked Joe why they do this.

"It is an international agreement," was his reply. "All the people of all the nations have agreed there will never be another Joe Penner born on November 11, so now everyone is very happy indeed and they blow whistles for that reason—Hee-ya! Hee-ya!"

I wonder if Joe isn't part duck himself. His very earliest boyhood was spent helping his uncle gather frogs, leeches and water snakes for the market in Hungary. From a duck's standpoint that is an ideal occupation. I've even wondered if the lip isn't due to a frog in his throat.

Joe's uncle was not a wealthy man and Joe often tells of an adventure that befell them both. They had just returned from a frog-hunting expedition and were walking through the city on their way to market the catch when Joe noticed the side entrance to a motion picture theatre was open. Closer and closer the two frog-hunters edged in the hope that they might see part of the feature, a comedy starring Max Linder, sometimes called the Charlie Chaplin of Europe. There was no guard at the door so the two of them slipped in and found seats. Joe tightly grasping a burlap sack containing two hundred very large and jumpy frogs. Soon the two were engrossed in the picture and laughing uproariously. So interested did Joe become that he released his clutch on the top of the sack. Events happened fast.

An old woman directly ahead let out a whoop. A young lady seated beside Joe stood up on the theatre seat and yelled: "Snake!"

[Continued on page 64]



Ozzie Nelson discovered Harriet Hilliard as an entertainer in the Hollywood Restaurant, New York, and immediately proved what a smart orchestra director he is by signing her up for his band



THEY call Harriet Hilliard "Snyder" because that is her name—she was christened Peggy Lou Snyder back in Des Moines, Iowa. Her father was a stage director and her mother an actress, so it was practically inevitable that she should have made her first stage appearance in a cradle at the age of six weeks. She captained the basketball and swimming teams at a Kansas City Academy and got in a little study on the side. Her studies included ballet dancing, under Chester Hale, and at the age of fifteen she was in vaudeville, supporting Bert Lahr, Ken Murray and others. She lacks a quarter inch of being five feet five, has a light complexion and very blonde hair, as you can see from the cover of this month's RADIOLAND, and she thinks Joe Penner is the funniest man she ever worked with



# The YACHT that "Jack" Built

*Radio "jack," if you'll permit us the slang term, built Jimmy Melton his dream boat*

Jimmy Melton and the Mrs. at the wheel of the *Melody*. He proposed to her by singing a piece from *Romeo and Juliet*

You can't mistake the pride in Jimmy's brown eyes as he skippers his dream boat

Here you see Jimmy Melton's life ambition, finally achieved—his 60-foot twin screw express cruiser, appropriately named *Melody* in token of the radio success which bought it

**H**AVE you a cherished dream that haunts you? Have you an ambition which is always at the back of your mind, no matter what you are doing? A pet hope, saved up for the day when your "ship comes in?" Jimmy Melton had, literally, and radio has made it come true.

Some day somehow, he would have a boat of his own, a real honest-to-goodness yacht, big enough to hold his whole gang of friends. He would be the captain, and they would sail off for long trips. As a boy, in Silver Springs, Florida, he was always hanging around the docks. He spent many an afternoon sailing along in the glass-bottomed boats they have there, through which he never tired of watching the ever-changing panorama of sea life.

When Jimmy was nine, he felt he couldn't wait any longer. He had to have a boat. So he began collecting scraps of lumber from his father's lumberyard. He and his friends spent all their spare time sawing the beams down to the proper size,

**By ETHEL CAREY**

planing them carefully and putting them together. They gave it several coats of paint

and named it *La Reve*, which means the dream.

One lovely spring day, they christened the boat. They drew lots to see which two would get the first ride. Jimmy and his pal Pete won. Proudly they climbed aboard and pushed off. Their joy was short-lived. The boat began to leak. Despite their efforts to bail it out, it filled with water and sank. The two boys had to swim back to shore.

That didn't dampen Jimmy's ardor about boats. When he went to college, he studied engineering; took all the navigation courses that were offered. He cut many a lecture to help the mechanics repair the boats at the docks.

The likelihood of his achieving his ambition seemed remote, but it persisted. Through the years at college when he was working his way, by playing the saxophone; through the weary years of studying voice; through the months of discouragement when he was trying to break into musical comedy. Even when he finally made the grade in radio, his great desire was to own a yacht. Two years ago, he purchased a sixty-foot, twin-screw express cruiser, the *Melody*. It was the answer to his dreams; it was

[Continued on page 56]

Kelly





Tom Shirley is the genial mikerman who announces that famous Myrt and Marge program from Chicago

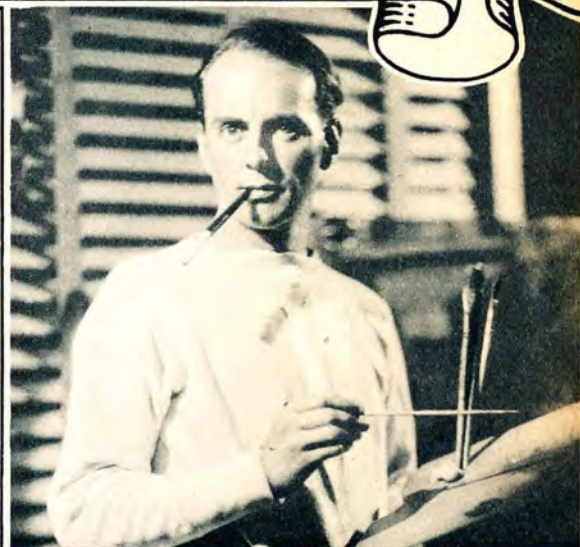


Probably you know Harry von Zell best as the Voice of Time in the radio news digest, The March of Time

# Voices Behind *the* Program



SAVE a kind thought for the forgotten announcer, the man who tells you what your favorite program is all about, and whose job it is to make advertising sound as luring as the low C of a blues singer. He has to subdue tongue-twisting combinations of consonants, from Rimski-Korsakoff to Scheherazade, without arousing the derision of those who know the right answer. He has to make it sound like part of the program when the fiddler's bow breaks or the star fails to appear. His reward, sometimes, is a gold medal for good diction. We cast our vote in favor of these voices behind the programs.



Howard Clancy is many things besides a radio announcer—a painter of professional skill, a collector of first editions and a photographer



Milton J. Cross is an NBC veteran with a mellow voice who announces many classical musical programs



John S. Young, an old-timer with WJZ, has several times been voted the country's most popular announcer



# "It's Like Playing

That's how radio-acting strikes George M. Cohan. One of the shrewdest showmen of all time gives some startling observations on radio and the show business



—Culver

This sartorial ensemble was the last word in masculine smartness back at the turn of the century when dapper young George M. Cohan wore it in *The Yankee Prince*, an early success

"SURE, I was scared, the first time I went up against the mike!" George M. Cohan paused in the midst of his finnan haddie to give me that same characteristic sidelong glance that he gives his stage family nightly up at the Guild Theatre, where he is playing the lead in Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* to standing room, in the only personal performance of a good season that has won the unanimous praise of the wary, chary critics.

For George M. Cohan was having his breakfast—and I was having my lunch—together. He never rises before noon. Lazy? George M. Cohan throughout the forty years of active life in the theatre, has been the hardest-working showman we know. At 55, he is still the snappiest song-writer we have. All of us who listen in on his Sunday night program of Gulf Oil are still humming his topical songs about the N. R. A. and F. D. R. Patter and gags, words and music, arrangement and orchestration—all by George M. Cohan. Every word, line and note filled with pep, energy and speed. He was that way many years ago when I first saw and heard him, he is that way today on the air—and he is the same snappy George as you now meet him with me, at breakfast.

"I'll tell you why I was scared, son," continued America's leading comedian who had never before turned a hair in his whole stage career. "To me, it was just like playing with the curtain down. Standing out there and playing with all you've got—to an audience of millions of people, so they told me—and yet, I couldn't see them or feel them, get them or have them get me! It was like baying at the moon to me! All my life I've been playing with my audiences,



The microphone is a pretty poor substitute for an audience in stimulating an actor, Mr. Cohan thinks—and he says radio won't find itself until its executives begin to realize it is just a new slant on the grand old show business

# with the CURTAIN DOWN"

By  
**HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS**  
Veteran Critic and author and intimate friend of  
Broadway's greatest stars

if you get what I mean, and they've been playing with me! We've been sailing together. Way back from my first appearance on any stage, as a boy prodigy fiddle player of 12, when for the first two minutes I tried to kid them with some classic stuff—which I knew I couldn't play at all. It wouldn't go. You can never fool an audience. So I gave them some 'original words and music'. I got hell for smashing the classical ambition of my family, but I got a hand from my audience."

Part of this had been vigorously pantomimed—for George M. Cohan must set everything to words, music or action, the serving maid standing by, enthralled but out of reach, with her tray of Brussels-sprouts and Saratoga chips. "See how I hold 'em?" he said giving me a wink and taking a liberal second-helping. "Big appetite for a little guy, I hear you saying. I do it to keep in step with the family tradition of mealtime. You should see me wrestling with a roast goose breakfast at their noonday dinner Sundays!" He was doing his stuff again; this time pausing to laugh with that good-natured wheeze that always brings down the house. Not that he was acting now; rather he was himself, of which you see and hear glimmers and echoes all through his stage and radio appearances.

"As I was saying — if I was?"



—Wide World

Theater is in the blood of all the Cohans. George M. was born into a well-known theatrical family, and his own children are carrying on the tradition. Here he adds his congratulations to those his daughter Helen received after her debut in his play *Friendship*



In the circle—George M. Cohan in the first play he ever appeared in, *The Governor's Son*, which opened February 25, 1901 on Broadway, of course

Coming before the lonely mike was like coming up against a blank wall. But I kept repeating to myself, "Well, here's a new one in showmanship. Go to it, kid!"

AS WE plunged into our pie and strong coffee, I asked him if he didn't consider as an audience the group they let into the studio to see him perform in person.

"I never did fall for parlor entertainments," he grinned. "No, I've got to have the footlights between me and any audience before I even know they're there. They're all right, I suppose, as long as they behave themselves. But they tell me that a lot of the real parlor entertainers play so hard to these little 'seen' audiences, that somehow they don't get across to their big audiences waiting out there on the air."

We adjourned to the Cohan study, George M. taking a hitch in his maroon dressing gown that looked very Christmassy, below which his blue pajamas half-covered his red Morocco slippers and bare ankles. "Have a trick cigaret?" he said, offering a Spud. "It must be easy—writing these musical skits and patter? What do you mean?" He gave me a challenging look, just touching the corner of his mouth in that characteristic manner with the tip [Continued on page 66]



Genial, kindly, shrewd—Cohan as he currently appears in Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness!* What bothers him about radio is that air shows are one-stand performances; you can't repeat even if your show is a smash hit





## JOHN CHARLES THOMAS

**F**RESH from triumphs on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera Company, John Charles Thomas brings to radio what many critics have called the grandest baritone voice in America. His Pagliacci clown costume is a particular favorite of his. It seems he wore it at a San Francisco children's hospital, where he sang nursery rhymes, turned cartwheels, and cut capers for two solid hours. He hails from Pennsylvania. For the past eight years he has divided his time between concerts and grand opera. Although featured by many European opera companies, he is sturdily American by birth, tradition, and preference. Originally he planned to study medicine, but a scholarship started him off on a musical career. He literally stopped the show when he received a fifteen-minute ovation on the occasion of his debut with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

—Ray Lee Jackson



## NICK LUCAS

**N**ICK LUCAS, the crooning troubador, probably has as good a right as any, providing he wanted to lay claim to it, to the title of First Crooner. Nick started his crooning back in 1921 in the old crystal set days when radio was literally the cat's whiskers. He crooned, accompanying himself on the guitar, when the orchestra was resting; he crooned when other artists failed to arrive at the studio; he crooned for extended periods that would have dropped a less hardy performer in his tracks. The upshot of it was that he got pretty sick of crooning and went into vaudeville, where he has been doing very well for himself for these many years. But sleeper jumps finally palled on Nick and he has reentered the radio lists as a CBS star. You've probably been tuning in on his peculiarly dreamy style of singing. Nick doesn't froth at the mouth when called a crooner. He thinks crooning is a perfectly legitimate musical form and is proud to have introduced it.



# PEOPLE of the MIKE

Here are some of the people whose voices have been guests of honor in your home



—Ray Lee Jackson

This intriguing smile belongs to Portland Huffa, who in turn belongs to Fred Allen, since she is Mrs. Fred Allen in private life. You hear them both on the new Hour of Smiles, with Portland as her husband's favorite stooge

Donald Novis, the mellow-voiced tenor star of the Colgate House Party which keeps people home listening to the radio instead of going out on Saturday nights, and his charming wife, on a recent ocean voyage



The Westerners, who sing real American folk music and make little dogies git along at a great rate on the popular WLS National Barn Dance, an eleven-year-old program, are from New Mexico and gather the material at its source



—Burt Lawson

Conrad Thibault, whose romantic baritone is heard with Albert Spalding on Wednesday nights and who also thrills Mary Lou and others in the Showboat Hour



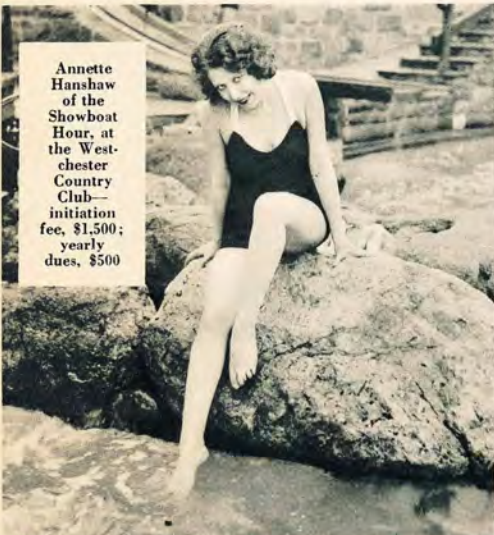
—Wide World

Amos 'n' Andy, disguised as Mr. Correll and Mr. Gosden, on a recent winter vacation in Florida



# WHERE Do

# Those Huge RADIO



Annette Hanshaw of the Showboat Hour, at the Westchester Country Club—initiation fee, \$1,500; yearly dues, \$500

## Budget of a \$5,000 a Week Radio Star

BUSINESS EXPENSES		PERSONAL EXPENSES	
Office rent .....	\$60	Apt. rent—10 room pent house	\$250
Light and Phone, Telegrams	125	Servants	185
Stationery, photos, stamps	300	Wife's maid; house maid; cook; butler; governess; wife's sec'y	185
for fan mail .....	250	Food and Laundry including entertainment of guests .....	150
Publicity and entertainment	500 plus	Gas, Electricity, Phone .....	25
Manager's Fee .....	500 plus	Wife's car and chauffeur .....	75
Attorney's Fee .....	100	Star's car .....	40
Office Employees	235	Private day school .....	40
Manager, sec'y, 2 stenos, clerk and office boy .....	235	Family doctor's and dentist's fees .....	50
Personal Improvement	40	Charities, organized and otherwise, loans .....	100
Lessons in voice culture, diction, languages .....	25	Recreation and club dues .....	200
Auditing books .....	40	Wife's allowance, including child's .....	75
Office insurance and sundries .....	300	Clothes for family, including himself .....	150
Orchestrations or skits .....	300	Furniture Insurance; sundries .....	25
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$1935</b>	<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$1365</b>
Personal insurance .....	1160	\$3095 plus \$1365=	\$4,460
<b>\$3095</b>			

The \$540 remaining from the star's \$5,000 weekly salary is to pay for the family's summer vacation, for investment and saving



Guy Lombardo's \$45,000 yacht takes a lot of his cash



This view from Rudy Vallée's country place in Maine costs him about \$10,000 a year



Frank Parker, the radio tenor, goes in for that most costly of diversions, polo

# SALARIES GO?

By MARY JACOBS

*Pity the poor radio star, who is lucky to have 10% of his \$5,000 a week salary left for himself!*

**H**ARDLY a day passes that you don't read about the fabulous salaries of the radio stars. \$5,000 a week to Eddie Cantor for his one-hour broadcast; \$7,500 to Ed Wynn; \$5,000 to Al Jolson! \$4,500 to Paul Whiteman; \$4,000 to Lawrence Tibbett . . . and so it goes.

You sit back in envy. "Imagine making so much money with so little effort," you say. "Those people must be rolling in wealth. Bet they can put aside most of their paychecks for a rainy day." It isn't so.

What we all overlook is the tremendous overhead a star has; the huge array of expenses he must meet, undreamed of by you and me. A business man who earns \$1,000 a week can deduct half of this for office and living expenses, and have \$500 as net profit.

Should some radio stars begin to deduct the expenses of carrying on their businesses, of living in the style which their position demands, there'd be practically nothing left. A star has glory aplenty, but unless he is careful he'll find himself with empty pockets at the end of the year. Once he has achieved success the grab game is on; the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker all collect theirs. The doctor and dentist triple their charges. Uncle Sam nicks a good portion of his earnings in the form of income tax. Before the artist knows it, half his salary has disappeared into thin air, the other half is quickly following suit.

Let's see just where it goes. We will start with a weekly salary of \$5,000 a week, which is a lot of money even for a big star.

Each star has a manager. Off goes 10% of the \$5,000 already. Quite often the manager doesn't manage anything at all—yet he gets his 10%. Sometimes the star has more than one manager. They are all on hand to collect on pay day.

The manager is a remnant of his early, struggling days. A young singer just graduated from a conservatory knows nothing about how to make a living from his voice. He goes to a manager. The manager auditions him, likes his voice, agrees to accept him as a client.

The manager will try to get him radio work, night club assignments, vaudeville contracts. There is no reason why he can't be a second Bing Crosby, properly exploited. But there is a slight formality to be gone through. Before he

introduces the young artist to prospective employers, a contract must be signed. Perhaps it is for a year, for three, for five. During that time the manager is to sell the singer's services; his commission is anywhere from 10 to 33 1/2%, depending upon the terms of the agreement.

Perhaps after the young artist (he can be a singer, an actor, a comedian, a musician—the procedure is much the same) has made the contract he finds it more profitable to be booked through the Columbia or National Broadcasting Company Artists Bureau, or through another agent. They collect their 10%; the old agent collects his.

Bing Crosby, for example, is booked through Columbia Artists Service Bureau; his brother, Everett, manages Bing and gets a substantial salary; an old agent, who helped Bing get started out west, also collects his commission. Bing is perfectly willing to pay this huge slice out of his salary; he feels that those who have helped him make the grade deserve their share of his wages.

**L**ET us assume our artist has arrived. He can't expect people to be interested in him unless he is kept in the limelight; he must have publicity. So he hires a publicity agent for \$50 a week (that's about the standard now in radio) and depends upon him to make the public conscious of how he thinks, feels and talks; what he wears, eats and when he sleeps.

Publicity is a jealous god. It is not the original cost that hurts, but the upkeep. Fans begin to write in to request photographs. The star buys these in 10,000 lots, at 10c apiece. He hires a few secretaries to help read and answer fan mail. It usually costs him \$300 a week to provide postage, photos, stationery. Since fan mail is the best barometer of his popularity, it is well worth the expense.

There is another side to publicity and fan reaction. A public figure is the easiest target for blackmail, for fake suits of all kinds. Many of them have been sued for everything from breach of promise and plagiarism to divorce. The public is always eager to believe the worst of performers. Once some disastrous publicity leaks out about one, he is in a pretty bad way, as witness Arthur Tracy since his marital mixup.

The radio star has no comeback. He is the invited guest into the fan's home; with the turn of the dial we can annihilate him completely. He must be doubly cautious about his conduct. One famous announcer told me, "I can't even walk into a hotel in the evening with my sister or my cousin. I wouldn't dare be seen in public with a woman [Continued on page 64]



Phil Dues spent \$50,000 for a home in Larchmont, and \$20,000 on furnishings



Three-fourths of Jessica Dragonette's income goes back into the business of being a singer



The false Mr. and Mrs. Rubinoff—Ted Bergman and Frances Arms



No Rubinoff genuine without this face—demand it with every solo



Rubinoff's radio Uncle is Patsy Flick, who disclaims all blood relationship to the genuine Rubinoff



—Ray Lee Jackson Photos

# Rubinoff-JEKYLL *and* Rubinoff-HYDE

*You think you've heard Rubinoff talk on the air? Then prepare yourself for a shock on reading this article!*

**By RAYMOND DELOYE**

"Boys," interposed the lady of the group, a stately woman wearing the costume of a Bowery queen of the mauve decade, "if you must fight, I know where you can get paid for it. Dave, was I a good 'Mrs.' Rubinoff tonight?"

The young man with the nervous fingers, Rubinoff, radio's famous violinist and one of its best conductors, smiled and said gallantly, "I couldn't have picked a better one myself."

She waved goodbye. The fellow with the artistic bow-tie called after her, "Miss Arms, haven't you a kiss for your radio husband?"

"Certainly," she called back, "a radio kiss for a radio husband, Mr. Bergman." Stepping to a dead mike she smacked her lips, threw back a smile and departed.

**H**AD you been fortunate enough to witness this little by-play, you would have met at one stroke a good portion of the Rubinoffs, the Jekyll and Hyde family of radio.

For a Jekyll and Hyde family it is. There is the Rubinoff family that a few friends and intimates know, eminently respectable, music loving, well educated. And there is the Rubinoff family of the radio, a comic grotesquerie of the original, a Hyde-ish creation from [Continued on page 71]

The real Rubinoff with the only genuine Mrs. Rubinoff—his mother. She and Rubinoff's father live in a house in Pittsburgh which was a gift from their famous son



**A**NOTHER Chase and Sanborn broadcast was over. Eddie Cantor, behind a tall, black screen was shedding his costume and getting into street clothes. People stood about in groups preparing to leave.

Off in one corner a heated discussion was raging. "By what oversight," demanded the conductor of the orchestra, a man with piercing dark eyes and long nervous fingers, "by what oversight is the name of Antoni Stradivari omitted when the giants of the Renaissance are mentioned, da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Plutarch and Dante? He came after these people in time, it is true—"

"But his contribution to humanity was limited," answered a chap with the frame of a wrestler but with make-up on his face and a ribbon for a tie. "He only made musical instruments—"



# Radio Personalities



—McElliott Photo  
Though she's what we used to call a "vamp" as Ardala Valmar in *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century*, Elaine Melchior is just an old softie in real life, especially when it comes to stray cats and dogs



Ethel "Eadie Was a Lady" Merman, lady with two careers—radio and movies. In *We're Not Dressing*, with Bing Crosby, she takes a fling at blues in high society



—Ray Lee Jackson

Look at this charming lazybones—none other than Mary Howard, leading lady of Radio Guild productions, the Red Davis sketches and many another series of radio dramas





—Ray Lee Jackson  
A hundred pounds of vocal dynamite—petite Frances Langford, heard with the Spartan Triolians and Colgate House Party



Clara, Lu 'n' Em, back-fence gossips. Politics or world affairs hold no fear for them; they don't know much about either, but know what they like



—McElliott Photo  
It takes Jacks or better to hold Jeanie Lang, whose famous giggle punctuates the Marvelous Melodies program. The Jacks are Whiting (baritone) and Denny (band leader)



—Bert Lawson  
Vivacious vocalizing is Connie Gates' specialty. She's from Cleveland and she sings over Columbia's airwaves Tuesdays, Thursdays and Mondays



Key Carrington, who thrilled Broadway in *Face the Music* and *Music in the Air*, lends her lovely voice to the *Evening in Paris* program



—Ray Lee Jackson  
This intriguing little person has the intriguing name of Peg La Contra. A clever dramatic actress, her repertoire embraces a wide variety of characterizations



Joe Morrison, whose sweet, melancholy rendition of *The Last Round-up* plugged that song into the hearts of all America and himself into overnight fame



Maestro Glen "Casa Loma" Gray flanked on either side by Kenneth Sargeant and Walter "Pee-Wee" Hunt



Does Lanny Ross always smile that way? The movies have lured him—see him in *Melody in Spring*



—Ray Lee Jackson  
Alice Rinehardt has v. a. (voice appeal), besides being very lovely to look at. You've heard her in the Red Davis sketches





Jane Froman

# Mike Says



Phil Harris

## INTIMATE NEWS and STUDIO GOSSIP

NOTHING has happened in months to emphasize the evil of studio audiences like the unfortunate experience of Will Rogers. The Sunday that word was flashed to the world of the tragic end of the beloved King Albert of Belgium, Rogers entered a coast studio to do his regular broadcast. Assembled was the usual crowd of Hollywood spectators, all prepared to revel in the witticisms and wisecracks of the cowboy humorist.

Rogers, visibly upset by the sad news from abroad, began to eulogize the dead monarch. Something he said, a quaint inflection in his voice, started that audience to giggling and finally to guffawing. They had come, not to mourn but to make merry, and it didn't take much to kindle their mirth. Rogers, reacting to their emotions, suddenly changed his mood and went on to feed their demand for humor with totally irrelevant and comic comments about mountain climbing. Speaking impromptu and disregarding any material he may have prepared in advance, he did what any comedian would have done under the same circumstances—played up to his audience.

The reaction of the loudspeaker audience was entirely different. Thousands of miles removed from the scene, they were startled and stunned at Rogers' inexplicable levity. Editorial writers took up the cudgels and thoroughly, and properly, lambasted the Oklahoma sage for something he didn't intentionally do.

And which he would never have done if it hadn't been for that studio audience working its strange and subtle alchemy.

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Two weeks later Rogers, again deeply moved, this time by the crack-up of an airliner that claimed several lives, took no chances of being swayed from his purpose by spectators. He spoke from the privacy of a small studio unattended by anybody but the announcer, the production manager and the control room engineer—three officials essential to the broadcast. And as he spoke tears coursed down his cheeks, attesting to the sincerity and fervor of his emotion, for fine friends had perished in that fatal crash. This time he poured out his true sentiments, proving to the world that Rogers is one of the few funny men capable of striking a genuine note of sympathy without affectation.

The contrast in the two broadcasts is the greatest argument for the elimination of studio audiences yet made.

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But any fan who hopes soon to hear about the abolition of audiences had better hope for something more likely to happen. The networks are extending their facilities for spectators instead of curtailing them. The magnificent new studios of the National Broadcasting Company in Radio City were built with plenty of accommodations for visitors. Columbia, catering to the demands of advertisers that their

broadcasts be witnessed by the public, leased the historic Hudson theatre in West 44th street and converted it into the Columbia Playhouse of the Air. And, finding even this structure unable to meet requirements, continues to use Carnegie Hall to project other programs. Roses and Drums and An Evening in Paris originate from Carnegie because of the congestion at the Playhouse of the Air.

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Prophet without profit in his home town note: George Gershwin, accompanied by an orchestra and James Melton, went on a concert tour, covering twenty-eight cities in twenty-eight days. The highest receipts, approximately \$5,000, in each city, were scored in St. Paul, Toronto and Boston. The final concert of the series was given in Gershwin's home town, Brooklyn, N. Y., where the box office take was the lowest—\$900.

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WHILE stage stars crave audience reaction it must be significant of something that the stars of strictly radio origin get along better without them. For instance, there is Amos 'n' Andy—and they're pretty good, too—who have projected nearly 1,500 broadcasts without being inspired by a single observer. The Goldbergs, too, have been doing nobly for some time without benefit of a studio claque. They have given something like 750 broadcasts during which less than fifty people have

## from RADIO ROW

By ARTHUR J. KELLAR

ever seen them in action; and these in small groups, mostly a couple at a time, have been shunted into a corner with strict injunctions not to so much as peep under penalty of instant ejection. The Cities Service program, with Jessica Dragonette and Rosario Bourdon's splendid orchestra, admit visitors, but they are permitted no part in the performance. Eno Crime Clues, oldest detective story on the air, and Harry Horlick's A & P Gypsies allow audiences, but only on condition that they remain silent. These are but a few standard programs which have attained distinction without the aid of outsiders being admitted to the sacred precincts.

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Trend of the times (or something) note: Doris Duke, world's wealthiest heiress, sold her yacht because it cost too much to maintain. The new owner is Harry Richman, night club entertainer and whilom broadcaster.

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Rudy Vallee holds his trousers up with suspenders—or braces, if you prefer the British for pants supporters. He lost all confidence in belts two years ago while performing on the stage of a New York theatre. The belt slipped a clutch, or something, and the trousers almost slipped their moorings. Terror-stricken (for the *Vagabond Lover* is a modest man), Rudy finished his act holding the megaphone in one hand and his britches with the other.

As soon as he could reach the sanctity of the wings, he sent his valet galloping out into the night for galluses. He hasn't worn a belt since.

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Miscellany: Don't you believe those stories of jealousy between Tony Wons and the Voice of Experience. They're great friends . . . Eddie Albert, of the NBC team of Grace and Eddie Albert, used to be a parachute jumper . . . Alice Faye, Rudy Vallee's protege now definitely set in pictures, has more suitors than Peggy Joyce has had husbands, if Hollywood rumors mean anything . . . The Mystery Chef and his wife, who live on the thirteenth floor of a New York apartment building, recently observed their thirteenth wedding anniversary . . . Irene Beasley is writing a book about a blues singer . . . And Connie Boswell, ambitious to become an author, writes short stories in her leisure . . . Eugene Ormandy, director of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, is radio's champion ping pong player.

THEY sound so nonchalant on the air you wouldn't suspect that comes have to be treated for their nerves. Or then again, considering the antiquity of their jests, perhaps you hold just the contrary belief and wonder what they do to maintain such a monumental nerve. Whichever your trend of thought, the fact is that one New York specialist

has as regular patients Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl, Phil Baker, Fred Allen and Jack Benny. Among the few notable jesters not among his customers are Jimmy Durante, Joe Penner, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, and Burns and Allen, but the doctor says he'll have them eventually. The funsters find broadcasting the most exacting of mediums and the worry of getting up a brand new program each week is what sends them regularly to the doctor's.

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And with the way the fans are going in for short-wave receivers it won't be long now before sponsors will be seeking nerve specialists, too. In the New York metropolitan area alone there are 500,000 all-wave sets in operation. Their owners, listening to foreign broadcasts, police calls and airplane conversations, divert attention from the regular commercial programs and that is what is causing headaches to the advertisers.

Still, there's a bright side to the broadcasts from remote regions. Wamp Carlson, of the NBC Jesters, tells of a girl friend who is much impressed by the marvels performed by the short-wavers. Wamp told her about getting Java and Hamburg on his set. "Isn't that just divine," she exclaimed. "Just think, now we can get groceries on the radio!"

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Graham McNamee is the enigma of Radio Row. Not so long ago he was



Panzo the Chimpanzee says Gracie Allen is slow at crossword puzzles, but a willing student



The Powder Box Revue in action—maestro Jack Denny, Jeanie Lang, and Jack Whiting, in lower corner



Crowds swarmed around Edwin C. Hill for autographed copies of his book, *The Human Side of the News*



Edgar A. Guest reciting one of his poems to the mike on the Household Musical Memories program



Stoopnagle and Budd got encouraging pats on the back from a fellow actor you've seen in many movies



Fred Waring and helpers discover that the famous foghorn in Poley McClintock's voice was a stuffed penguin!



thought on the toboggan as an announcer. Then he became Ed Wynn's stooge and stages a snappy come-back. Today he is greater even than he was five or six years ago when broadcasting was young and McNamee's was the best known voice on the air. And he is the one celebrity in the country known only by his first name, the Graham having been dinged into public consciousness by Ed Wynn. McNamee's outstanding accomplishment is his intense enthusiasm and his ability to convey his excitement to eavesdroppers. There is still nobody to equal him in reading a prosaic press dispatch, a wizard with words, he makes those brief bulletins throb with life and importance.

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**TEDDY BERGMAN** is one of radio's newer comedians who is coming along nicely. (He is the dialectician who impersonates Rubinoff on the Cantor coffee hour and who has a program of his own on WOR.) Bergman likes to tilt lances with newspapermen. The other day a New York columnist took a gibe at him and Bergman went right back at him. He told a story of a reporter who died and went to Heaven and was assigned to the *Angelic Argus*. One day St. Peter asked him what he thought of the paper. "It's well printed and illustrated," criticized the journalist, "but the news columns are lousy." St. Peter shook his head in sad acquiescence. "You're right," he said. "The trouble is we never get any good reporters up here!"

Here's a strange thing. Seventy-five per cent of the audience mail received by Mrs. Gertrude Berg, author of and the Molly of "The Goldbergs," a story of a Jewish family, is from listeners of Irish, German and Scandinavian descent.

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**JACK BENNY** in a broadcast not long ago remarked that Frank Black couldn't hit Kate Smith with a football.



William S. Paley, president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, out for a carriage ride during a recent vacation in sunny Bermuda

It was in a duel scene when Benny and Black were supposed to be settling an affair of honor in a graveyard—the ideal setting for a duel, incidentally. Several pistol shots had been heard when Benny made the crack about Kate's bulk and, apropos, it got a big laugh.

Benny would never have used that line if he had known its reaction on Kate Smith. For the throaty contralto who has labored so valiantly to bring the moon over the mountain has become super-sensitive about her size and is hurt when quips are made about her avoirdupois.

In her heyday (and Kate certainly made hay while the sun as well as the moon were coming over for her, for between radio, motion picture, night club and theatre engagements she amassed a half million dollars) she was the target for many a gag. There wasn't a vaudeville or air comic in the country who didn't spring the jest about making a non-stop flight around Kate Smith. The lady herself was not above making pointed references to her physique, such as, for example, when posing for photographs it was her wont to inquire facetiously, "Do you think you can get all of me on one plate?"



—Wide World

Will Rogers does other things besides talking to the radio and writing pieces at the papers. Here he is enjoying a six-day bike race

But those were other days and constant repetition of the theme now causes Miss Smith to squirm instead of smile at such sallies. An episode illustrating her altered attitude may be told of a

recent visit to a motion picture theatre on the outskirts of New York City. In company with Ted Collins, her manager, and his wife, Kate slipped into the movie without the identity of the party becoming known to the management or the performers on the stage. A grotesquely fat midget performed a dance and the master of ceremonies stepped to the footlights. "Wasn't Fatty Phil fine, folks?" he gagged. "I suppose you're all wondering how he got that way. Well, the day before he was born his mother got a good look at Kate Smith."

The crack cut Kate to the quick. She shuddered in her seat and when the picture went on a few seconds later Mr. and Mrs. Collins escorted her from the theatre. Some people wonder why Kate Smith so seldom appears these days in public places and this is the explanation—she doesn't like having her feelings hurt.



Ruth Etting rests by the old well on her farm at David City, Nebraska, probably waiting for the harvest moon to rise

*A New Deal is being dealt to aspiring amateurs. NBC has set aside Friday each week at 2:30 o'clock for promising performers to do their stuff in public on an WEAF hook-up.*

Previously they are approved by the audition board, sitting in private, as worthy of that opportunity. Ernest Cutting, an addition executive and former bandmaster, has organized a special orchestra to accompany the aspirants. The period is called "Air Breaks"—and it's just that for a lot of potential talent.

**More miscellany:** Ward Wilson, the former radio engineer who became an impersonator and who is now announcing the Jack Pearl program, is instructing the Landt Trio and White in the art of mimicry. . . Charles Carlile has seriously turned his attention to aviation. . . Jane Froman, who is proud of her culinary skill, has a recipe for fricassee alligator which Joe Penner pronounces perfectly ducky. . . Mary Small, 11-year-old singing prodigy, never took a singing lesson. . . Conrad Thibault, of French parentage (born in Northbridge, Mass.) speaks French fluently and through study has mastered Spanish,



—Wide World

Vera Van, for reasons unknown to us, starts reducing on a grapefruit juice diet. Helping her weigh in are Vincent Lopez, Jack Whiting and Jack Denny

Italian and German. . . Freddie Rich, composer of *Penthouse*, has completed another suite. . . Lennie Hayton, the maestro, and Billy Hillpot, of Trade and Mark, share a Manhattan penthouse, which they call "The Mousetrap"—because so many of their friends beat a path to it. . . Dick Powell can play almost any instrument in a band. . . Nellie Revell, the radio raconteur, on returning to NBC, received a telegram of congratulation from the Postal Telegraph Company big enough to paper the side of a room. . . which reminds that the telegraph instrument heard in Walter Winchell's broadcasts automatically spells out "Flash" in dots and dashes.

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**THOSE** Civil War dramas, *Roses and Drums*, are created on a mantel-piece under the inspiration of beer, cheese and

crackers. Their author is James Glover, a tall, thin man who works in his shirt-sleeves and slipped ease while standing in front of a portable typewriter perilously poised on a shoulder-high



Harry Revel and Mack Gordon, who wrote *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking* and many other song hits, discuss a new tune with Bing Crosby

"Really," replied the girl with a superior smile. "Why, he's the young aviator of so much poetic promise who was killed in France during the war!"

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**Book note:** Alexander Woollcott, Columbia's Town Crier, has made a compilation of his most gossipy magazine articles and issued them in book form under the title, *While Rome Burns*.



The collection contains some of Mr. Woollcott's best Hotel Algonquinades, but an outstanding section is that revealing his decline (and one is tempted to add, his fall) as a newspaper reader. The cherubic commentator unabashedly confesses he confines his perusal of the papers mostly to Walter Lippmann and Walter Winchell. Woollcott explains that he finds out all he wants to know about what is going on, to quote his own words, "by faithfully absorbing the wisdom of the two Walters." After this orchid, the least Winchell might do is to use his influence to find a sponsor for the adoring Woollcott. For months now Columbia hasn't been able to lure an advertiser to the dotted line and the delay must be disconcerting even to a Woollcott of Winchell's accomplishments.

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**AMONG** radio maestros none is in greater demand by big stage stars than Al Goodman.

He is a native of Russia. When he was twelve he won a scholarship in the Peabody Conservatory at Baltimore by singing a difficult aria from *Faust*. A fellow pupil was John Charles Thomas, destined to become one of the world's greatest baritones.

John Charles Thomas, by the way, began his professional singing career as a chorus boy with the *Shuberts*. The baritone has succeeded to the period occupied by John McCormack on the air waves, while the Irish tenor is on a concert tour of Africa.





Exotic Dorothy Day, Broadway actress and magazine writer, who provides the feminine allure in *The Singing Stranger*

# The Singing Stranger



Wade Booth has been just enough of a soldier of fortune to make his adventures as a vagabond bard authentic

By  
**ESTHER PRYOR**

**T**HE idea of roving over English countrysides, cycling about France and putting on the brakes for an *aperitif* at a Parisian café, and idly kissing the hand of beautiful Spanish señoritas, never loses its romantic appeal. I suppose that's because so many of us are chained to our old office chairs and couldn't get very far on a bicycle in a two weeks' vacation.

*The Singing Stranger*, heard over the air every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 4:15 E.S.T., is a program specially designed to meet this need. All tired business men should immediately install radios and instigate the custom of four o'clock teas in their offices for the express purpose of listening to Wade Booth's robust baritone and pungent philosophy.

Since this program was designed especially to fit Wade Booth's talents and personality, it is not surprising that he is in real life a romantic figure. *The Singing Stranger* supposedly wanders from country to country, meeting with romance and adventure, philosophizing as he goes. There is enough taken from his own career to make each adventure of the vagabond bard authentic as well as glamorous. He calls himself a soldier of fortune—"but," he adds, "what actor isn't?"

He has adventured on Broadway, having scored hits in three of George White's *Scandals*, two Ziegfeld *Follies* and *Make It Snappy*, with Eddie Cantor. He has met with adventure at sea; when he was fifteen, he ran away from home, in sedate old Philadelphia. His parents, he explains, were Irish Quakers. "A good stern Quaker is reason enough, but when you get an Irish Quaker—well, you can imagine." His youthful nautical education didn't last long, since his parents promised he wouldn't have to go to Quaker meetings if he returned. But he knows what the lure of the sea means, and considers himself a pal to all sailors.

He has had college adventure (he attended the University of Virginia.) He knows the adventure of war, having spent two years in the trenches. He has known Paris in the spring, when he studied music abroad. He has, amazingly enough, more [Continued on page 68]



When you hear Oriental philosophy propounded by Wade Booth picture him in far-off corners of the world



There's something insidiously romantic about a bicycle tour through Germany—ask *The Singing Stranger*





The "Waltz King" wants no press agent to pave the way for him. He prefers to live or die by the type of music he favors—soft, flowing, insinuatingly sweet.

# No "Hot-cha" for Wayne King

By  
DARRELL WARE



HERE is a man who never thought of music as a profession until he found himself in it on the largest scale; a man with the unique record of three national hook-ups a week on radio; a man who flies his own aeroplane; who, when practically unknown, turned down two commercial radio programs with thousands of dollars involved; who refuses to be interviewed and honestly hates publicity; who does not answer his fan mail and yet plays to literally thousands of dancers every night, and numbers his radio audience in the tens of thousands for each broadcast.

Wayne King is a deep thinker, a philosopher. I'll wager that no musical aggregation in the country is so definitely controlled and developed by the power of one man's mind. He knows how to remain aloof and yet be friendly to his musicians; he knows instinctively what people want in the way of music; he knows where success lies and where failure lies, and he is cold-bloodedly practical about it. It's *his* band and he runs it *his* way—no one else counts. His entire career as a band leader has been run in "the most beautiful ballroom in the world," the Aragon on Chicago's north side, because the management has from the first had perfect faith in Wayne and allowed him full control of his band.

Do you know the sort of music he plays? Have you heard him in his NBC broadcasts for Lady Esther? It's sweet music, soft, flowing, unspectacular but beautiful. He plays more classical numbers than any two or three bands combined, because there are not enough new melodies written which conform to his style. He repeats old numbers—he will go to any extreme rather than play the "hot-cha" stuff that is generally current. He is known as the "Waltz King" because dreamy three-four numbers predominate in the programs he sets forth.

Wayne King wants to live or die by the type of music he favors, and he doesn't want any press agent to pave the way for him. There has never been a widely circulated picture of his

A deep thinker, a philosopher, no band in the country is so definitely controlled and developed by the power of one man's mind as Wayne King's aggregation

band. His one superstition is that each time such a picture has been taken, he has lost a good man. Until a year ago, no pictures of him were available. He works constantly on the band platform—and in the light of this I consider myself singularly lucky to have had an hour and a half's talk with Wayne King for RADIOLAND while his band played on without him—the only similar talk he has ever granted.

Wayne has never wavered from his conviction that the best music is sweet music. When almost unknown, he refused two big radio contracts just because the sponsors wanted plenty of "hot" tunes. This stubbornness and self-reliance grew during the years when he trod as lonely a road as any orphan. His mother died while he was young and, although Wayne did not say this, I understand that he and his father were never close. He went to school at his birthplace, Savanna, Illinois, and later was an automobile mechanic in Oklahoma and Texas. He tried the banking business in Iowa, and later the insurance business. During one of these early periods he lived at a YMCA and became interested in the saxophone. Because his roommates objected to his efforts Wayne learned to play the instrument with the horn buried in pillows. He didn't develop much tone this way, but he was little concerned because he had no idea of making music his profession.

The need of money and a job eventually brought him up for an audition at Chicago's Tivoli Theatre, where the conductor, Al Short, quickly decided that he was no wizard at the saxophone. Al, now music head for NBC in New York, liked the young man however, and signed him. Wayne developed rapidly under the tutelage of Short [Continued on page 63]

He doesn't care if his listeners go to sleep—at least they've dropped off into slumber thinking about him!



Allen and Rose take a fling at Palm Beach society, and a siren smiles while Chick sings . . .

# RADIO Love SONG

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



The advertising man turned to Van Schuyler earnestly. "I've had my eye on those boys for a long time," he said. "I could build a great show for you with them"



Something long schooled to forgetfulness stirred irresistibly in Gay as she leaned forward, Chick still holding her hand. "I could think of lots of worse ideas," she said

Illustration by

Harley Ennis Stivers

Allen and Rose, speakeasy song team, clicked on a radio audition. At Station WOX they met pretty Sally Blaine, domestic expert—"Aunt Hattie" to her fans. With her help they started up the ladder of fame; handsome Chick Allen grew away from her but quiet Dolph, pianist and arranger, still adored her. Loyal to Chick, however, Dolph consoled himself with his stamp collection. Auditioning for an important sponsor, Chick encountered a little man who had taken a violent dislike to him in the old speakeasy days. The man was Peter Van Schuyler, who could make or break radio artists. But Van Schuyler remained silent, and through the boys' manager, Joe Raymond, Chick became orchestra leader, crooner, and idol of thousands of women. Raymond, also interested in Sally, suggested that she forsake household broadcasts and go on the air as a songbird, to keep her eye on Chick; but Sally refused, although she knew she was losing him. Dolph went on working quietly at arrangements and original songs, while Chick kept his blond head in the spotlight of overnight radio fame. *Now go on with the story:*

THE miracles of the air are varied and wonderful, but none of them more startling than the success which a year can bring. Five thousand dollars a week. Motor cars, penthouses. Royalties on songs and records. Twenty-five thousand hot cash for a month at the Century of Progress. "An' I tella you what!" exclaimed Angelo, the chef at Tony

Kelly's. "Pretty soon that Cheek, he's commencing to holler he's broke—the mora they get, the mora they spenda!"

"And to think," Tony Kelly would groan on the occasion of such discussions, "that I could of signed 'em on a personal contract, easy!"

But it was Joe Raymond who had taken the risk of signing Allen and Rose, and who now was reaping his reward. Now his desk was of chromium and glass, his office the ethereal white tower of a huge modernistic building, on the face of which had been superimposed a giant music clef in black mosaic, zooming down to encircle the entrance door of 41st Street, over which were the words, "Joe Raymond, Inc., Music." As all the world knew, the music referred to was principally the product of the famous radio team, Allen and Rose, authors of *The Door of My Heart*, and countless other sensational song hits.

On the twentieth floor were rehearsal rooms for Chick Allen and his band, recording rooms, filing rooms, dressing rooms, audition rooms, stenographic rooms, the cashier's office—a business unit as complex as if the proprietor were manufacturing hardware instead of entertainment. The moaning of saxophones, the wailing of fiddles, the rickety-rax of typewriters and the sobbing of a snatch of *Moon Song* mingled in a subdued babble as doors opened and closed.

On the twenty-first floor, Raymond's personal headquarters presented a discreet elegance of front. There was a wide, gracious reception room done in pearly grey. The visitor's

foot sank deeply into thick monotone carpet, and through a sound-proof door marked "Private," one reached a suite of luxurious offices. The first of the doors was marked with simple dignity, "Mr. Raymond." The largest of the remaining private offices were those allotted to Mr. Allen and Mr. Rose, while at the end of the corridor, the famous singing drummer of the band was announced to the world succinctly as Mr. Lew Steinberg.

OUTSIDE Mr. Steinberg's windows this December day, snow fell with persistent bitterness, clogging traffic, disrupting the life of the city and being commented on with the surprised resentment with which Broadway always greets the first heavy snow. But inside, the warm breath of the Southland pervaded the atmosphere. On one wall a Covarrubias print of an exaggerated negro subject occupied a conspicuous position. On Mr. Steinberg's desk a South African carving reared a grotesque head; a large bust of Lincoln decorated the grand piano, and an oil painting of a cotton field hung opposite the snow-flecked windows. But the dominant feature of the room was a large tinted map of the United States which occupied an entire wall. The Southern states had been encircled with a red line and pin-flags, such are used on survey maps, marked the towns, rivers and bayous which Mr. Steinberg had to date immortalized in song. For Mr. Steinberg not only was the undisputed traps-artist of his day, but the composer of many a Southland melody in the modern

manner. To complete the atmosphere, Miss Mary Lou Tuttle, product of Birmingham, Alabama, and a mighty pretty product, too, sat on an arm of the sofa, the little feet which earned her a living in a pony ballet dangling rhythmically in front of her, her blue eyes fixed with adoration on Lew Steinberg, a small, dark, intense young man who was playing his latest composition for her express benefit.

"White, dusta road  
Vith a black man walkin'  
All day long  
Beneath the sun . . .  
Listen to his song  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Singing, singing, in the sun!"

It was a curiously syncopated dirge, which came to an end with a crescendo of minor chords. The little man looked up. "Well, sugar, how's about it?" he asked.

"Honey, yoah sho' wonderful," said Mary Lou rapturously. "Ah don't see how yo'all do it!"

"Seemle, Sugar—seemle!" said Lew, rising from the piano and coming over for a kiss. "All you got to have is imagination. When Chick hears this, he'll play it big—you wait and see!"

"Yo' sho' got the spirit of the South in yoah heath," said Sugar.

"That's right, Sugar!" Lew

[Continued on page 50]

*The Romance of a Radio Romeo*

*A Story of the Broadcast Studios*





Rudy judges talent as unerringly as he does music. His protégé Alice Faye, shown here with him on the set of George White's *Scandals*, is skyrocketing to movie fame

# Judge Vallee *Presides*

*One of the shrewdest judges of popular music passes sentence on today's toe-tickling tunes and tear-wringing ballads*

By RUDY VALLEE

sisters, who appeared recently on our Fleischmann broadcast, sing a number called *I've Got The Jitters*, which is one of the peppiest and liveliest tunes extant. Needless to say the song has assaulted your ears via your loudspeaker many times, but you might be interested in knowing that it was more or less created for the Casino de Patee, by Messrs. Loeb, Webster and Billy Rose. Its popularity has so increased that Billy no longer restricts its performance to those who are able to patronize his lively establishment.

Though not intimately acquainted with *There Goes My Heart*, except for a very hurried rendition, the tune left with me the impression that it was reminiscent of a dozen of its type. But now I am inclined to think Benny Davis and Abner Silver have a popular tune on their hands, as we find it one of the most frequently requested numbers. Benny Davis will be remembered as the young Gus Edwards of our day, whose protégés are fast becoming stars in radio and theatrical fields. Abner Silver has been writing songs for a long time, and I am glad to see these two well-liked boys landing a real hit.

FROM time to time I receive records and sheet music from London, sent me by friends who are working over there, and a great many of them are quite uninteresting. In England as well as America the pressure exerted on songwriters today does not make for quality; only about one out of five compositions really has a melodic value—in other words, proof that the writer was not merely writing exercises, but had an inspiration for a thread of melody. *Without That Certain Thing* was one of the few records that really impressed me—a very fine lyric and a beautiful, swiny melody. It was written by Max and Harry Nesbit, evidently two English boys.

The young pianist who at Whiteman concerts has been featured playing her *Jazz Nocturne* and other compositions, Miss Dana Suesse, who also gave us in the popular field *Whistling In the Dark*, and later with Ed Heyman, *Ho Hum*, has fitted a melody to one of Heyman's lyrical developments, which has to do with Hollywood and motion pictures—*You Oughta Be in Pictures*. The song is a bright and swiny one, and a mighty good dance melody. [Continued on page 73]

IT WAS hoped that *Wagon Wheels* would create the same furor in the new *Ziegfeld Follies* when sung by Everett Marshall, as the *That's Why Darkies Were Born* created in George White's *Scandals of 1391*. But many people have voiced the opinion that *Wagon Wheels* is not really adapted to the robust strength of Everett Marshall's voice. The song does not take a great deal of virility in its rendition; rather does it demand a tremendous range and a complete sympathetic voicing of the story, which is simply that the darkey does not envy the rest of the world with its automobiles and airplanes; for him, his old wagon and his mule more than suffice.

Billy Rose, one of Broadway's best producers and songwriters and the husband of Fannie Brice, came to the Hollywood one morning about three and suggested that we have a bite of food. We ended up at Reuben's at about six o'clock. We talked about songs, and about radio; but not a word was mentioned on his part of any contemplated restaurant venture. Hence I was somewhat surprised when I heard later that he was going to take over the old New Yorker Theatre and bring to us the atmosphere of a Continental restaurant. He called his venture the Casino de Patee, and started off with an elaborate revue and two dance orchestras. The place is most festive and has been doing a landslide business. Sunday nights Master Lou Holtz holds forth. The place is jammed and the Continental atmosphere is there. During the course of the revue Gertrude Niesen does a grand job of three or four numbers, her exotic charm adding greatly to the festivities. The two Saxon

See  
how your taste  
in music stacks up with  
Rudy's—compare  
your reaction to  
popular tunes  
with his.



# She Wanted to Type-

*but they  
made her  
Sing!*



Vivien Ruth's ambition to become a Big Business Woman flopped when her two-finger attack on a typewriter proved a total failure

By  
**JOSEPHINE  
LESUEUR**

*Kelly*

**W**HAT business girl wouldn't jump at the chance to change places with Vivien Ruth, the slim-and-dark-eyed singer who—to earn her weekly pay check—has only to go on the air three evenings a week in the Happy Wonder Bakers program of old and new love songs?

And yet Vivien Ruth, who has been singing ever since she learned to talk, once believed that the most glamorous thing in the world would be to go to an office every day, to take part in the exciting daily rush of business life. To this day she sometimes dreams of being a secretary, rather than a singer.

Her mother is a talented musician. From the time Vivien was five she sang for their friends and at entertainments as a matter of course. But as she grew up and went to school and high school she never once thought of singing as a career. Just as a little girl who had always helped Mother with the dusting and the dishwashing naturally wouldn't aspire to be a housemaid when she grew up, so Vivien never thought of becoming a professional singer.

But she did want to be a Big Business Woman.

She thought of the world of Wall Street as one of glamor and drama. In her world, which had to do with her own and other people's music lessons, with concerts and the friends who played in them, nothing seemed tremendously important. She wanted to be part of an existence where million-dollar deals were the order of the day, where Arrow-collar men with slick haircuts and smartly tailored clothes changed the destinies of nations by a few crisp words dictated to a secretary or spoken over a telephone. She saw herself as one of these secretaries, always beautifully dressed, business-like and efficient. She would sit in at important conferences, learn the ways of high finance. Eventually she would probably become an executive herself!

When Vivien was eighteen and a half she finished high school in Passaic, New Jersey, where she lived with her

mother and her grandfather. Her father had died when she was a tiny girl. There followed a summer of swimming and dancing and grand fun with the boys and girls she had always known.

In the fall most of these friends went off to one college or another. Vivien decided she's had enough of school and would now pursue her secret ambition to get a job and work in an office. Unfortunately she had never taken a business course, but she didn't let that stand in her way. She is a young lady with a great deal of determination and a firm belief that she can do whatever she wants to.

For a few weeks she practiced, off and on, on the family typewriter while she went the rounds of the agencies. Her mother, wisely,

*[Continued on  
page 58]*

—Walter Siegal  
Vivien Ruth comes from a talented musical family—perhaps that's why her dreams were directed toward a commercial career





# Here's *The* LOWDOWN on

# Bing CROSBY *by his brother* LARRY CROSBY



Always athletic, Bing collected many swimming medals, and his mother was his greatest coach. Bing is shown in the briny, with his brother Bob in the arms of Mary Sholderer, a neighbor, soprano soloist in the Spokane church where all the Crosbys have sung

*Crosby Secrets!*

What Bing did when school kids called his sister "fatty"—Bing was his mother's favorite, even though he was practically useless at filling wood-boxes—how Bing and his mother were out gathering swimming medals while the rest of the family did the chores—Bing's choice of the toughest spots on the baseball and football teams—his lost voice and fear that he would have to abandon a radio career.



Bob Crosby is starting on a singing career. Like Bing, he has a vocal peculiarity—in Bob's case, a double palate. Bing was a husky specimen at the age of 12—as at left, above—and "handy with his dukes," as brother Larry reminisces

a sort of love idol, based on a thrilling voice and the class of songs Bing features. With the question comes a scrutinizing stare, and I am immediately conscious of my thinning hair and lost teeth. At such times, it feels quite embarrassing to be a crooner's brother. I am ten years Bing's senior, the oldest of seven Crosby brothers and sisters.

With men I feel differently. It is a source of great pride to see Bing succeed—to know he is a source of enjoyment to millions. Then I can throw my chest out, lunge into a technical discourse on how to improve radio and motion pictures, and wind up with the declaration that I am the guy who gave Bing his start.

At least, when Bing took to the footlight trail I lost all my best socks and ties. And I hasten to add, they have all been returned. In addition, I was the first of the gang to warble publicly—at college football rallies and political meetings with a "barbershop" quartet.

The next question is very apt to be: "Why didn't you take up crooning? There's more money in it than writing ads and publicity." I stop them on this one with the reply: "Because I lost my hair and my teeth before crooning became popular. And I gave up after the political quartet helped elect Harding."

Personally, I have some very deep feelings about Bing which to date I have kept to myself. I haven't seen much of him since he became famous. My best memories are of an all-around boy, good natured, able to take

Everett -  
I'm not good enough for radio. It's way over my head and it's all a mistake. Cancel all the contracts and we'll go back home.  
- Bing

Bing was nearly lost to radio, as the note above reveals. As a romantic seafaring lad, Bing puts love to music opposite Carole Lombard in his newest picture, *We're Not Dressing*



Three Crosby brothers together—Bob, the "kid brother," is soloist with an orchestra; Bing, in center, does well for himself on the radio. Everett, bottom, is Bing's manager and oil well operator



Bing's outstanding characteristic, according to his brother, is his sense of humor, and Larry predicts he will make his greatest picture success when they let him cut up in a comedy

Dad takes care of his press clippings and fan mail, and Mother still takes pleasure in worrying about his general good health.

Probably Bing's outstanding characteristic is his sense of humor. I claim that when the producers take him off the pedestal and let him cut up in a comedy he will make his greatest picture success. But there was one time when his sense of humor failed him. He had a girl named Gladys Lemon, and that is a bad handicap to take down to table in a family of nine wisecrackers. I got no farther than a pass about "lemon-squeezer" when Dad intervened just in time to prevent my being crowned queen of the May with a leg of lamb—and I dropped the subject forthwith.

Of the five boys and two girls in our family, each is married and has a child except the youngest, Bob. Bing and I have one thing in common—we are the only two who have a boy, the rest have girls, and I am one up on the lot with a boy and a girl.

Bing, Catherine and I are said to resemble each other. We are light, while Everett, Mary Rose, Ted and Bob are dark complexioned.

I have one advantage over Bing, and this is my first opportunity to spring it on him. When I visited Hollywood a year ago, he made the mistake of permitting me to take his wife, Dixie, and a crowd to Agua Caliente. She liked my dancing, and told him I had more rhythm than he did!

[Continued on page 68]

FOLKS are always saying:—"You have heard of Bing Crosby. Well, this is his brother, Larry."

That's the way I am introduced daily. And about two formalities and a brace of sheepish grins (on my part) later, this question is sure to pop up:

"How does it feel to be a famous crooner's brother?" After years of stammering around, attempting to think up a smart answer, I am trying to collect my thoughts, put them down in writing, and have a press proof on my hip to answer my inquisitors, thereafter.

To date my best stock answer has been: "Because Bing is a great singer that doesn't make me captain of a rowboat."

But this doesn't satisfy the crooner fans, most of whom are young ladies. I have a feeling they have built up for themselves

*Larry Crosby, ten years older than his famous crooning brother, watched Bing grow up from an athletic, humor-loving youngster to one of radio's biggest drawing cards—and he contributes here some illuminating sidelights on Bing's career*



# Sure He Steals Your Heart Away



His eyes are as Irish as his soft melting tenor. . . . In Ireland they'd call Morton Downey "a broth of a boy"

The inimitable Downey tenor is once more a guest in your home—let there be dancing on the divans!

By  
**CEDRIC ADAMS**



In Sioux City, Iowa, the Winnebago tribe thought he'd be a good Indian. "How!" said they. "And how!" returned Morton, politely

**S**EAN MORTON DOWNEY'S jump from a railroad news butcher to winner of seventeen national radio popularity polls comes close to establishing a world's record in the well-known leap from obscurity to international fame. It doesn't take an Einstein mind to figure that the distance from the job of walking up and down a day coach peddling candy bars and magazines to the business of autographing 30,000 photographs a week for admirers is a pretty long haul.

Born in Wallingford, Connecticut thirty-two years ago, young Downey started to whistle before he could talk. Before he was five years old he made his first public appearance singing *Redwing* and *Emalina* at a smoker for the Wallingford fire department. He left high school as a sophomore and got his first real job in a silver factory at a stamping machine. He got paid by piece-work. The first week he collected \$2.41.

It wasn't enough, he figured, so he quit. In the next year and a half he sold phonograph records, worked in a lunch-room, a furniture store and a meat market, and finally wound up as news butcher on a railroad. All the time he'd been picking up a little side money by singing at parties and smokers. He took a singing engagement at Hartford, missed a day on the railroad and lost that job.

Mort had an aunt and an uncle who lived in Brooklyn. The uncle was a figure in politics. Mort left his home town for Brooklyn at the age of [Continued on page 59]

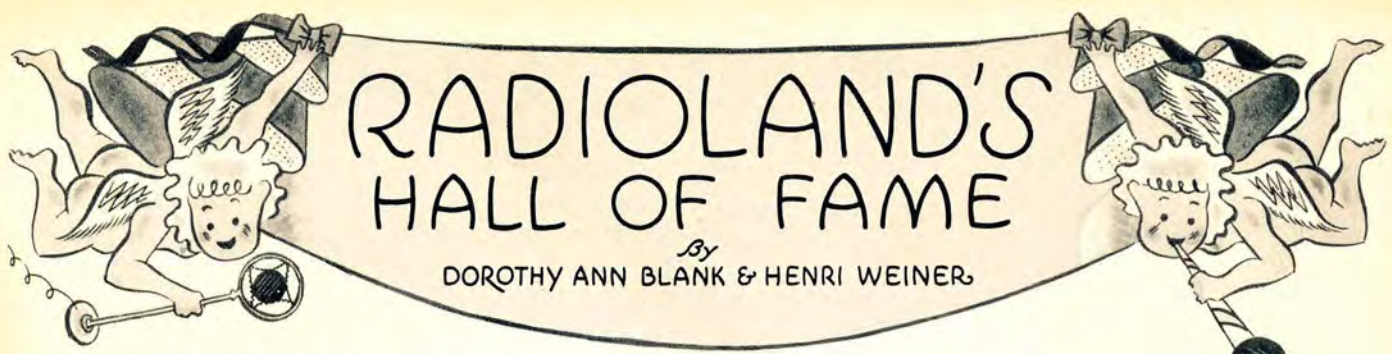


Once a vendor of magazines on trains himself, Downey now steps up and purchases a copy of his favorite radio magazine



*I'll Always Be in Love with You*, the theme song of the picture in which Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett met, melted and married, seems also to be the *motif* of their wedded life





# RADIOLAND'S HALL OF FAME

By  
DOROTHY ANN BLANK & HENRI WEINER

**RUDY VALLEE**

**EDDIE CANTOR**



**ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT**



Although in public life he's shown  
He's king when with his saxophone,  
His private life is filled with strife.  
Yet, now that he's without a wife,  
Unhappy, wistful, still he croons  
Of perfect love!

The very highest type of thinkers  
And unremitting coffee drinkers  
Have sat enthralled by Cantor's blinkers . . .  
And folks with names like "Gould" and  
"Biddle"  
Go nuts o'er Rubinoff et fiddle.

**GROUCHO MARX**

**LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI**



Ding dong bell!  
The bell doth toll  
But all is well,  
There is no funeral or fire  
'Tis but the bell of the  
blithe Town Crier.  
With quip and BON MOT  
apt and neat  
He transports Broadway  
to Main Street—  
That's why we think he  
is the wheat.  
Ding dong bell!



FLASH! He's reporting the joys and disasters  
Of various guys.  
Glamour and glitter and chatter and jitter . . .  
Stocks' fall and rise. . .  
But all the time there is FLESH! in the pan of him—  
Look at those eyes!

He is the man who can make you like Wagner,  
Beethoven and Brahms,  
Even though you are the type who would normally  
Think they are hams.  
And if you've frequently sneered at Tchaikowsky,  
Get a load of him as played by Stokowski!



# Random REVIEWS of Popular PROGRAMS

Wherein the Radio Rouser Expresses a Few Highly Personal Opinions on Various Radio Programs He Has Been Tuning In On



Donald Novis

## COLGATE HOUSE PARTY

Petite Frances Langford, who looks like a mantelpiece edition of Irene Bordoni and sings with an altogether pleasing contralto voice, shares the star spot on this program with Donald Novis, and both of them do very well, thank you. It's a thoroughly well-rounded show with Arthur Boran supplying comedy relief and Don Voorhees batonning his competent orchestra.



Ann Seymour, Don Ameche

## GRAND HOTEL

Oddly enough, the program which has the same name as Vicki Baum's novel and noted play uses the same devices of flashes and snatches of conversation to "fix" the atmosphere. The story, in which Anne Seymour and Don Ameche have leading roles, is excellent, and makes one wonder why the same sponsor is content with inferior plays in their current air feature, "The First Nighter."

## F. W. WILE

For the past eleven years Frederic William Wile, veteran journalist and radio news analyst, has been reporting weekly on political activities in the national capital and doing a bang-up job of it. His interpretation of the Washington scene has won him a huge following, and his personal acquaintance with leading political figures gives his statements the ring of authority.



Frederic William Wile

## VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

Heart throbs and human interest which the Voice of Experience packs into his quarter-hour program made him last year's phenomenon of the air waves. He doesn't like to be thought of as an advice to the lovelorn counselor, but it's the same sort of appeal which gives him his tremendous following. For troubled souls who feel they have to write about it all to someone, he is a handy outlet.



Voice of Experience



Robert Armbruster

## CUCKOOS

One can go quite pleasantly mad trying to distill some sense out of the fast-paced nitwitery of the Cuckoo program, with Ray Knight as head madman. Folks who can't help realizing that life is real and earnest may derive nothing comprehensible from the dialogue of the program, but they will find the music of Robert Armbruster's orchestra injecting a tinge of sanity into the hour.



Chico and Groucho Marx

## MARX BROTHERS

This ear-to-the-groundwire dept. never expected to see the day when Groucho Marx ran out of gags, but the quips in his current news-flash broadcast are strangely reminiscent. However, the Marx delivery deludes one into thinking this isn't important; we have decided to worry no more about what the next generation of dead-pun comedians is going to do for fuel.

## BYRD PROGRAM

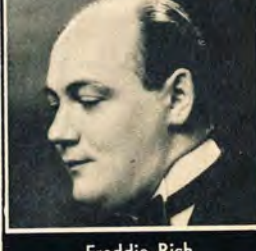
Handicapped occasionally by poor reception, the broadcasts from the Byrd Antarctic Expedition continue to be avidly followed because of their appeal to the imagination. It is the first time an isolated exploring party has been able to speak to the folks back home. The broadcast problem isn't thoroughly licked, but Byrd is adding his bit to the technical annals of radio.



Admiral Byrd

## FREDDIE RICH

If someone were to give this well-known conductor a tag line, it might well be "the helping hand." He has recently selected ten works of young American composers for introduction to the radio public. His exposition of the newest musical trends, exclusive of jazz, are unfailingly interesting. Special arrangements are made for the new works his orchestra introduces.



Freddie Rich



Mac McCloud

## SINCLAIR MINSTRELS

There is something about a minstrel that is fine, fine, fine—or at least this seems to be the reaction of the radio audience. A minstrel program is reasonably sure-fire and the gag-man doesn't have to do too much original thinking. Too bad the minstrel's appeal is so strongly to the eye. The Sinclair show is well done, with Mac McCloud, "Mama's Little Red Hot," scoring heavily.



Freckles and Ben Bernie

## BEN BERNIE

While he doesn't go in for belly-laughs and some question his brand of humor, at least the "bon mots" which emerge from the old Maestro's lips are his own. And never has there been an orchestra leader (including our pal Rudy) who has been more gracious in giving "all of the lads" credit where credit is due. It is a one-man program simply because Ben happens to be an outstanding personality.

## LAZY DAN

Irving Kaufman is radio's most prolific alias-hider-uderer. For some time his two characters, known as Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man, and Mr. Jim, have been enlivening the Sunday afternoon airwaves with minstrel songs and repartee. Irving Kaufman is both of them and he also portrays any other characters that may wander into the script. Which we call versatility.



Irving Kaufman

## PRINCESS MARIE

Marie, the Little French Princess, is one of those script acts that goes on and on—among the most interesting of the afternoon shows. Within the somewhat fantastic framework of the story, in which Marie's royal blood seems to be a "coise" in democratic America, Hiram Brown, author and director, has fashioned a series replete with drama and good old-fashioned "hoke."



Princess Marie



Lennie Hayton

## HOUR OF SMILES

Rather a novel departure in which two half-hour shows, advertising separate products, are combined in one. The humor of Fred Allen and his stooges is the stuff which holds this show together; personally we'd rather hear more Allen and less music—though Lennie Hayton does a fair enough conducting job, and the vocal solos and group numbers are pleasingly done.



June Meredith, John Stamford

## TALKIE PICTURE TIME

A bit synthetic we call this dramatic half-hour, in which the listener is snatched to California, here we come, to the tune of a soprano with too much "vibrato," and shown the workings of a Hollywood studio making a picture. This is all scenery for a two-act play, but the plays are pretty sad and altogether when it's over you're sort of glad this night can't go on forever.

## LITTLE JACK LITTLE

The "whispering baritone" was christened John James Leonard when born in London 33 years ago, but he teamed up with another diminutive vaudeville actor and they billed themselves as Little and Small. The name stuck. After building up a radio audience as a song and piano man, with an intimate type of delivery, he now has an orchestra featured on several CBS periods.



Little Jack Little

## BEAUTY BOX THEATRE

A medley of operatic stars bring an extensive series of familiar light operas to the air. The stunt has been tried before with indifferent success (perhaps because we're accustomed to lavish stage settings when witnessing stage performances) but with Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan Opera star, heading the cast, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra, this series is clicking with a big bang.



Gladys Swarthout



# Woman and Her - PROBLEMS

Edited by  
IDA BAILEY  
ALLEN  
Famous Radio Cooking and  
Home-Making Expert



## New England Strawberry Shortcake

3 cups cake flour	3 teaspoons baking powder
6 tablespoons shortening	2 eggs
1/2 cup sugar	1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt	

Sift the dry ingredients together and rub in the shortening with the back and edge of a spoon. Beat the eggs light; add the milk and stir into the first mixture. Spread in two oiled layer cake pans, making the mixture higher at the edges than in the center and bake for twenty-five minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. Spread the cakes with butter and put together and top with plenty of sweetened sliced strawberries. Serve with or without whipped or plain cream.

**NOTE.** To prepare the strawberries, wash and hull them. Slice the berries, and to one quart add one cup of granulated sugar. Let stand in a slightly warm place, as the back of the range or on top of the oven, for fifteen or twenty minutes until blended and juicy. **DO NOT ADD ANY WATER.** Use as quickly as possible.

It's  
Strawberry  
Time!

That favorite American delicacy,  
the strawberry, finds itself put  
to delicious uses in these fresh  
recipes by Mrs. Allen

IT IS the moon of strawberries of Hiawatha, the lovely month of June when the fresh and fragrant clusters of berries scent the soft air, the first fruit that the season brought to America's first inhabitants, the American Indians. Can't you imagine the Indian women and the little Indian children gathering strawberries that they might bake them in the cornbread which they buried in the ashes, for that was their favorite method of using berries?

The love of all nations for the strawberry has been justified by science. Rich in vitamins and minerals, replete with the cooling acids needed in the spring, it is nature's own contribution to the spring diet.

In 1621, when the Colonists suffered through the long winter, they must have looked forward with eager anticipation to the spring when wild strawberries would be ripe, for they were a much-loved fruit in England. The settlers found their hopes fully realized in the "Moon of Strawberries," as the American Indian called the strawberry season, and before many years had passed, had adapted their most treasured ways of preparing them to the limited supplies of food stuff in this country.

It is a real pleasure to pick strawberries and to peer under wet leaves in the hope of finding one just a little bigger and redder than the others. Incidentally, it is an excellent way of stirring up an appetite for breakfast too. We used to set the table on the porch, and while we were busy hulling the berries the short cakes were baking and coffee was steaming away on the kitchen stove.

At this point I should like to answer a question I am often asked about strawberries: "Should they be hulled or washed

first?" And "should they be served ice cold or at room temperature?" They should be *washed* first, then hulled, for if hulled first, the juices seep out into the water. By the way, a strawberry huller only costs a dime and will prevent the red stain that is so hard to remove from the hands. There is a right way, too, to wash strawberries. They should be placed in a large sieve or strainer and dipped in and out of cold water several times. On no account should they be allowed to soak or stand in the water, as this causes loss of flavor and sogginess. As to the correct temperature, strawberries should not be ice-cold. If you have ever eaten them, sun-kissed, direct from the patch, you know how warmth brings up the flavor.

THE recipe for the genuine New England short cake I enjoyed so long ago is one of my treasured possessions. I have printed it at the head of this article.

In old England strawberries were served with short bread made with sour milk and soda, the forerunner of our American biscuit shortcake.

## American Biscuit Shortcake

Biscuit shortcake mixture, homemade or prepared	Plain or whipped cream Sweetened strawberries
If using prepared biscuit mixture,	[Continued on page 58]



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YOUR WAIST AND HIPS  
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**IN 10 DAYS**  
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# Woman and Her - PROBLEMS



—Courtesy Armstrong Linoleum Co.  
Aren't these rooms pleasantly "summery?" Mrs. Allen gives a few pointers on achieving similar effects with simple little touches that make the home more livable in warm weather

## Getting the House Ready

By IDA BAILEY  
ALLEN

## for SUMMER

**W**HAT makes your house look and feel hot in summer? The furnishings, is it not? Let's make a tour, room by room, to see just what can be done to create an atmosphere of actual and illusionary coolness.

First the front hall. How about the heavy rugs that will soon look stuffy and out of place and which the summer dust and sand will cut and ruin. And surely the heavy portières that lead into the living room should be taken down. Why not put a grass mat in the hall and hang portières of simple hand-blocked linen in a harmonizing color combination? Clear the hall table of all ornaments, and replace them with a tray of glasses and a big pitcher of iced water—or use an old-fashioned swinging silver pitcher if you own one. The very sight of a cool drink is refreshing—and between you and me this ice water service will save many a trip to the kitchen refrigerator.

The living room undoubtedly looks cluttered, for even the most attractive pictures and ornaments lose interest in the summer heat. I would suggest packing at least half of them away until fall. Walls and mantels that are almost unadorned lend an atmosphere of airy spaciousness. The windows should

be considered next. Expensive, heavy draperies that shut out sunlight and air and that are likely to fade should be cleaned and packed away and replaced by simple drapes coming only to the sill. These can be made of figured material if the walls are plain and conversely of plain material if they are figured.

If the room is large enough to stand repetition of design they can be made of material to match the furniture covers if it happens to be of suitable texture as chintz or blocked linen. But if the room is small this repetition gives a heavy appearance. So a better plan is to make the draperies of plain marquisette, voile or net, with a narrow valance of the chintz or a piping of it at the top of the hem.

**S**LIP covers may be used to cover and protect any type of furniture but the material chosen should be suited to the room period—old-fashioned chintz, cretonne or gingham for early American and provincial rooms, modernistic linen for modern rooms, suave mercerized or rayon materials of more formal type for formal rooms. If there are not more than three pieces of upholstered [Continued on page 57]





# 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.

## Broadcasting Needs New Talent

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 \$35,000,000, 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.

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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 Andys, Graham McNamees, Kate Smiths, and Floyd Gibbonses and their future earnings will be enormous.

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# Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 37]

admitted. "Even if I never been further South than South Brooklyn, in mine heart is growing cotton with water-melons with pickaninnies and every-thing!"

"That reminds me, honey," said Mary-Lou, taking a letter from her red patent-leather purse.

"Deah daughtah," read Mary-Lou, "Mother is enjoying poah health. Aunt Abbie is poahly, too. We'ah expectin' yoah Uncle Jeff and the boys from Augusta—"

"Wait!" interrupted Lew. "What did you say the name from that town was—Augusta?" He was staring at her with glazed eyes. Suddenly he started to sing:

*"Although I'm tired and dusta  
I'll come tremping to Augusta,  
Put a light in the cabin,  
In the cotton!"*

"Big boy, keep the road, keep the road! I started out to get there, and I musta To the spot that I never have forgotten!"

At this point his eye fell upon the map of the Southern states. Picking up a pin he rushed toward it, stuck the flag in place and drew a long sigh of satisfaction. "Another hit!" he said. "In the bag!" Then he addressed the map:

*"Although I'm tired and dusta, I'll come tremping to Augusta—"*

THE song rang loud and clear this time, penetrating the supposedly sound-proof wall which separated his studio from that of Mr. Chick Allen and Mr. Dolph Rose, who were busily engaged in *not* working. Chick was smoking a cigarette and reading over a travel folder on Florida, while Dolph divided his attention between a stamp catalogue and the telephone.

"There goes Uncle Tom again!" Chick grunted. "Somebody ought to throw that guy a watermelon!" But Dolph was oblivious. He had got his number.

"Hello, Mr. Goosenberg!" he began. "This is Dolph Rose again. I hate to bother you, but are you sure you can't find that inverted airmail stamp for me? . . . No? Well," he drew a long sigh of disappointment, "remember I'll go as high as two hundred and fifty bucks. . . . Good-by."

"Gee, Dolph," Chick was exasperated. "How can you expect a guy with a name like Goosenberg to find you anything? Here, look at this. Palm trees! Beaches! Panama hats in December, beautiful women—Paradise!"

"Why spend all that dough?" the thrifty Dolph protested. "How about a week in Atlantic City instead?"

"No class!" Chick gave the verdict without hesitation. "What's the use of making money if you don't elevate yourself?"

Before Dolph could formulate further protest, the door opened to admit Joe Raymond, a dapper figure. At this moment, Raymond, as Chick's manager, exclusive booking agent and publisher of the Allen and Rose songs, was, as he himself put it, "sitting mighty pretty."

"Hello, fellows!" said Joe, coming to the point at once. "Do you know the first of the year is just around the corner?"

"Happy New Year!" Chick retorted smartly. Raymond seated himself on a corner of the desk and made a deter-

mined effort to assert his authority. "Well," he went on, "how about the new song? What have you done on it?"

"Don't worry about that, Joe," said Chick airily. "I've got a hit up my sleeve and I'll mail it to you before the first!"

"You'll *what*?" gulped the astounded Raymond. "Where the devil do you think you're going?"

"Palm trees!" Chick chanted. "Panama hats in December, beautiful women—Paradise!"

"I don't like the lyric!" said Joe. He turned to Dolph, questioningly.

"Palm Beach," the latter explained. "We're *goin'* there!"

"Look here, Chick!" shouted Raymond angrily. "You can't do this to me! Not in the spot I'm in! I've stood a lot from you, but I won't stand for you walking out on me with no song ready."

"I never put you on a spot in my life," Chick retorted coolly. "I'll go where I please. You'll get your song in time."

"Sure, you'll get it, Mr. Raymond," Dolph echoed placatingly.

Raymond got to his feet and strode angrily to the door. "Well," he said, "I suppose this is what happens when prosperity hits some guys—it knocks them cuckoo. But remember—you don't let me down, or *else*!"

OBVIOUS of Raymond's look of distaste, Chick followed his manager and the door banged noisily behind them. Dolph sat for a moment, a troubled look on his face; then, realizing he was free to do as he pleased for the moment, he grasped the telephone and again entered into deep discussion with Mr. Goosenberg. As he hung up he noticed Sally had entered the room while he was talking.

"Haven't you found that inverted airmail stamp yet?" she queried. "Good-

ness, it's nearly three years you've been looking for it!"

"Yeah. . . . I guess it's kinda hopeless," he admitted with a sheepish laugh. "Funny, ain't it, how a person gets their heart set on a dumb thing like that? My, but you look nice, Sally."

Sally *did* look nice, her cheeks flushed with the cold, a few snowflakes still clinging to her smart little black fur turban and bright hair. Also she was full of excitement.

"Where's Chick?" she asked. "Why," said Dolph casually, "he just stepped out for a cup of coffee. Sit down, Sally." She settled herself cozily in his big chair and smiled up at him.

"Dolph, I've a swell idea for the lay-off!" she said. "I've arranged to get mine at the same time! How would you boys like to spend a couple of glorious weeks in the Adirondacks?"

"Gosh!" said Dolph with genuine distress. "That would be swell—but we can't."

"Why not?" "Well, you see," he began helplessly, "palm trees, Panama hats in December—we're going to Palm Beach."

"Oh!" said she disappointedly. "I suppose that was Chick's idea?"

Dolph noted the tone of disapproval and automatically hastened to Chick's defense. "Yeah, it *was* Chick's idea," he replied. "But he's got a good reason for going to that particular place. You see, Sally, I'm just a dub and he wants to elevate me."

"Oh, I *see*!" Sally almost snorted. "Well, you don't need elevating, Dolph. I think you're wonderful just the way you are." Dolph swallowed audibly.

"Do you think," he asked humbly, "that I'm good enough to ask a real swell girl to be engaged to me and—finally marry me?"

[Continued on page 52]



"She says she made it from a radio pattern—but that maybe she missed a couple of broadcasts"



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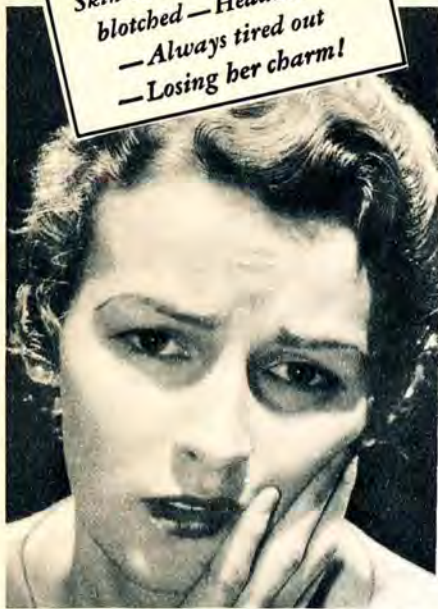
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## Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 50]

Sally looked at him amazed, the surprise on her face turning to swift contrition. "Oh, Dolph," she said contritely, "you don't mean *me*?"

"Sure," said he. But the hope was gone from his face as he turned away from her. "I get it," he added after a moment. "There's one thing, though, I'd like to ask you, Sally: Is there another guy?"

"Yes, Dolph." She said it reluctantly.

"Chick?"

"Yes," said Sally. There were tears in her eyes now.

"And he ain't said anything? All this while? One time last year I kinda thought—"

Sally shook her head and walked to the window, staring out at the snow which somehow was now only bleak and chill, all the winter merriment gone.

"After all you've done for us," Dolph said quietly, "I don't see how he could help it."

"He doesn't even suspect," she said.

**T**HE Surf-Board Club at Palm Beach had become more hospitable to strangers as the depression thinned its legitimate membership, and Mr. Allen and Mr. Rose found no difficulty in stretching their manly forms, clad in bathing costumes of no uncertain stripes, upon its exclusive sands. Although Dolph's eyes had blazed protest when Chick, planking down a crisp new hundred dollar bill and extracting a duplicate from his partner, had bought this right of entry.

"It's almost enough," grumbled Dolph, "to buy that missing inverted airmail stamp, if a person could only find it."

"This," retorted Chick, "is buyin' us the stamp of social approval, which is a lot more important right now if we're going to chisel in on the fun down here." And swift on the heels of this, Chick had commanded that Dolph forget stamps while they were at Palm Beach. Stamps were a dumb egg's dope.

Chick broke the silence. "So this," he said, "is the country of Uncle Tom Steinberg! Why don't Raymond arrange for us to broadcast from down here? Florida is a hot spot, if you ask me!"

"Hot!" said Dolph, wiping the perspiration from his face. "I'll say it's hot. Maybe it would of been better if we'd gone with Sally to the Adirondacks!"

"When I get my second million," Chick volunteered, ignoring the reference to Sally, "I'll buy a little shack down here—just sixty rooms or so."

"I wonder what Sally would say to that!" Dolph chuckled. "You with a sixty-room house! What for?"

"To entertain dames in, of course!"

"You know, Chick," said Dolph, "I don't see how you can have a lot of women on your mind with a swell dame like Sally right under your nose!"

"What are you driving at?" said Chick with a suspicious glance at his partner. "Always dragging Sally in—why?"

Dolph swallowed. It wasn't easy to try and sell the girl he loved to his best friend; to Dolph's simple mind, it came under the heading of duty. "Why, I ain't driving at anything," said he, clumsily. "But you know when a guy starts coming up in the world, the right

kind of a wife can help him a lot. A girl like Sally, for instance."

"Sally!" snorted Chick, in amusement, forgetting he had once looked into her eyes and talked about the moon. "Why, Sally's one of *us*. She knows too much about me, anyway. Besides, marriage is for nine o'clock guys."

This seemed to dismiss the subject. But the tone in which Dolph's suggestion had been made stirred an uneasy spot in Chick's conscience. He didn't like to be reminded of women he'd led on.

**C**LOSE by a group of people, headed by Terry Ballentine, Palm Beach's arbiter of interior decoration and admittedly the most original young man who ever graced a dowager's dinner table, were engaged in burying an enormous cocktail shaker in the sand. It was Terry's idea to do this; also it was his amusing notion that the entire crowd lie on their stomachs in a circle around the shaker and drink out of it simultaneously through straws. Beth Evans, out of breath from sucking on her straw, shot a query at the dapper leader of this innovation.

"Who's coming to your party tonight, Terry?"

"Oh, the usual Royalty." Ballentine's tone was that of a man whose every utterance is accepted as wit. "All the imported title crop of the season, and the lovely but wicked D'Argy. She's bringing her boy friend—some filthy rich chap, I believe."

"Oh, Terry, you're impossible!" said Beth.

"Awful people!" said another young man around his straw. "Must you do this, old man?"

"There are worse coming," Terry went on, oblivious. "Corky, the advertising chap. Matter of fact, I intend to worm a job out of him. Some sort of enormous building he's connected with in New York."

"Is this going to be a business conference," another girl asked sharply, "or a party?"

"Sounds beastly dull to me!" announced Beth. She raised herself languidly on one elbow and, catching sight of Chick and Dolph, only a few feet away, raised herself still further and pointed them out to Terry. "Since you're asking all the rank outsiders," she added, "why not ask some who might be amusing?" Terry followed the direction of her gaze.

"You mean the zebras?" he asked, noting the striped bathing suits.

"Well, at least they know how to play a piano," the girl drawled. "I heard them at Mrs. Huston's last summer." Terry got to his knees and registered interest. Mrs. Huston knew her stuff.

"You know perfectly well who they are," Beth continued. "That's Chick Allen, the crooner."

Terry sprang to his feet. "Splendid!" he exclaimed. "I adore talent if I don't have to pay for it. I'll run right over and invite them."

Dolph, absorbed in his book, looked up in surprise as Terry flopped down on the sand at his side.

"Say, Chick, here's your Columbus!" said Dolph. Chick moved closer.



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and  
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**"GOOD DAME"**  
B. F. Schulberg Production  
Max Factor's Make-Up  
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"I'm Allen!" he said quickly, then, indicating Dolph with a nod, "and this is Mr. Rose."

"Not Allen and Rose!" Terry exclaimed with perfectly measured enthusiasm. "Not the famous radio team! This is indeed a pleasure!"

"Same here!" said Chick. "Same here!"

"I thought you two chaps looked rather onely," Terry explained, "and as I'm an old-timer here, I came over to see if you'd care to join a party I'm giving tonight. If I'd known who you were, I confess I'd have hardly dared."

"That's all right, pally," Chick hastened to reassure the little man.

THE moon shone grandly over the colorful scene in Terry Ballentine's patio that evening. But to make sure, Terry had installed two artificial moons. He had also added discreetly colored lanterns, and injected a rare and seductive perfume into the gently splashing fountain. A subdued rhumba, played by a native Guatemalan orchestra, furnished a background for the hum of voices and the tinkle of glasses. The patio was full of small, crowded tables around a tiny dance floor.

But in a far corner, lonely and ill at ease, Chick and Dolph watched the colorful picture before them, as little a part of it as though it had been on the screen of a motion picture theatre. The only real thing about the whole affair to Dolph was the fact that his collar was killing him.

"I told you it was strictly 'bring your banjo' as far as we were concerned!" he told Chick. But Chick had suddenly caught sight of a familiar face in the crowd.

"Well, we'd better get that banjo tuned up!" he exclaimed, pointing. "Look who's here!"

Dolph's jaw dropped in astonishment. "It can't be!" he managed.

"It is!" said Chick, for an instant becoming again the breathless, naive boy, grateful for his amazing good luck.

"It's Corky, himself—the president of the Unit Advertising Agency—the bird Raymond has been trying to hook us for the last six months! And we're going to get a chance to do our stuff!"

"Well," said Dolph nervously, "he can't get up and leave. It wouldn't be polite. This is society." Suddenly his ace went pale. "Look who's joining him!" he croaked hoarsely. "Old Man Bad Luck himself! Now who and the hell do you suppose had to invite Mr. Peter Van Schuyler?" Chick's face aled as he saw the little man.

"Peter Van Schuyler!" he breathed. He would be here. But watch out, boy—this time we're going to show him!"

The smooth individual whom Allen had recognized with so much joy was indeed the famous advertising king whose name spelled success to any radio enterprise he patronized. Corkland Cochran, known to his particular world as "Corky", took a distant table and presently was deep in conference with Peter Van Schuyler. The famous little millionaire, grave, dignified, hunched into the depths of his chair, listened attentively to the promoter's earnest talk, while one long nervous hand—that which bore the enormous ring of carved emerald—toyed with his champagne glass. A lovely red-headed woman, sleek in white satin and pearls, came in

[Continued on page 54]



# The Appeal of LOVELY BEAUTY invites Romance

COLOR has an emotional appeal. Psychologists know that certain color tones and color harmonies attract, actually create desire.

In Hollywood, we have proved this . . . and to give beauty a secret attraction, Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, created color harmony make-up to emphasize the allure of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.



★  
**Powder**

*Creating a satin-smooth make-up that will cling for hours, Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder blends in color harmony with Sylvia Sidney's brownette coloring. Perfect under any close-up test.*

★  
**Rouge**

*Harmonizing with the color tone of the powder, Max Factor's Carmine Rouge imparts a soft, lifelike glow of color to the cheeks... Smooth, like finest skin texture . . . it always blends evenly.*

★  
**Lipstick**

*Accenting the color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Carmine Lipstick completes the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof . . . the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.*

Now the luxury of color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge, lipstick in harmonized shades . . . created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, is available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

## Max Factor ★ Hollywood

**NOW FREE... YOUR COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP CHART**

FILL in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for your Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. illus. Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."  
NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades, I enclose 10c for postage and handling.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR	SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE	★ Face Powder, ★ Rouge, ★ Lipstick in COLOR HARMONY
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES: Color	REDHEAD	
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check	
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type above and here.	



# ELEANOR HOLM



*motion  
picture  
player,  
says...*



**"GANTNER  
Banda-WIKIES  
are perfect for the  
All-American Girl!"**

Eleanor Holm, stage and screen star, recognized All American Girl, for amazing accomplishments, charm and beauty . . . selects her swim suit for glamour and smart swim freedom.

Photographed, in Gantner Banda-WIKIES with high slim WIKIES trunks, silver buttons, rope-and-anchor belt, and adjustable, beautifully knit striped bandana that bares her back to the sun.

In Olympic blue, black, Alger red, Tipperary green, or brown (a high fashion!) \$3.95. At smart shops everywhere, or write us giving bust measure and weight. (Style book upon request.)

**GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F.**  
San Francisco or 1410 Broadway, New York  
Makers of Official Olympic Swim Suits NRA

**\* GANTNER KNIT TOFIT \*  
Banda-WIKIES**

## Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 53]

presently and took the chair between Van Schuyler and the great advertiser.

Gay D'Argey, once of the Follies, looking like a duchess and maintaining the resemblance until trapped into conversation, sat in silence, looking bored and a trifle sulky. She was there to be beautiful, to be the object of envy, and above all, to be so well-conducted in her behavior that no definite charge could be brought against him concerning their relationship. The outer fringes of Palm Beach society accepted D'Argey as they accepted Van Schuyler's motor car, his emerald ring, his vast financial power. For five years she had been an ornamental fixture to the millionaire.

"I tell you, Mr. Van Schuyler," Corky was saying vigorously, "opera is as dead as King Tut. And after all, Mr. Van Schuyler, you must remember that in starting this enterprise which bears your name, you are practically becoming the radio voice of America. For this opening we must have something new, sparkling, original—above all, something American!"

Van Schuyler was visibly impressed. "What do you consider typically American?" he inquired. "Opera went very well on our last series for the Midvale Oil."

"Oh, the people like opera, of course," admitted Corky, "but the opening of the Van Schuyler Foundation calls for something more universal. It seems to me, Mr. Van Schuyler, that since the radio station's your own, and your own personal enterprise, the Midvale Oil, will be on the first program broadcast, you can't be too exacting. The appeal must be a popular one, something everybody can enjoy—something snappy and modern."

"Perhaps you're right," the millionaire assented. "The first episode of a super-musical which could be carried on over a six-months' period if successful, might be the thing. . . . But nothing cheap, mind you!"

THE sudden cessation of the dance music, followed by Terry's voice as he addressed the crowd from the orchestra platform, was a heaven-sent interruption at a perfect moment. To Gay D'Argey, it was a release from almost intolerable boredom. Anything was a relief from this endless business talk, even the antics of that absurd little decorator, Ballentine! She turned her large, dangerous eyes in his direction and smiled faintly at his frantic efforts to gain attention.

"Boys and girls!" he begged. "You know you never come here without getting a surprise. Tonight I have found two charming young men—Chick Allen, the great crooner, and his accompanist. For Gawd's sake, stop talking so we can hear what they do!"

The orchestra had left the platform during Terry's speech and Chick and Dolph had taken possession of the piano, and Terry backed himself off gracefully. Gay D'Argey reared her long, supple figure as she saw Chick—so lean, so blonde, so attractive with his magnetic smile and blue eyes. Something long schooled to forgetfulness stirred in her irresistibly as she leaned forward to listen.

Chick, bolstered by more than a year of prodigious success, faced Van Schuyler without fear—indeed it was the other man at the millionaire's table who was his target. "Well, folks," he announced with a debonaire gesture, "here's a little number we beat out on the train on our way to this beautiful spot. Let's go!"

It was a clever, modern song; but when Chick began singing, he tried in vain to catch Corky's eye. Cochran gazed persistently, abstractedly at the ceiling. So Chick, who always needed a specific listener, sang to Beth Evans, but she turned out to be of little help. Her cool young gaze seemed to say, "You are not a gentleman. You don't belong here unless you make good as a professional entertainer." Chick turned his eyes away, chilled.

And then he saw Gay D'Argey; saw her leaning forward eagerly, caught the magnetic look in her eyes; and an age-old wordless message flashed between them, clicking suddenly and violently. Suddenly Chick forgot all about Corky and sang his best, unaware that Van Schuyler was grasping Gay's hand in his own so tightly that the great emerald ring cut into her soft flesh. But Gay, herself oblivious, listened with amazed delight at finding that a man who attracted her was also clever.

*"They made hey! hey!  
In Mother's day  
But little Mother did it in her own  
sweet way.  
Her fear of propositions  
Expressed her inhibitions,  
Her necking  
Was like pecking,  
So I've heard Pa say.  
Yet despite suppressed desires  
And her smothered Freudian fires  
Mama went a long, long way!"*

THERE were laughter and applause, encores; and when the entertainers had exhausted as much of their repertoire as Chick thought expedient to offer, Corky pounded the table more enthusiastically than anyone and turned to Van Schuyler with earnest determination.

"That's what I mean!" he cried. "Typically American! Clever—and clean enough! Those boys have a big reputation behind them. I could build a real show with them—something new, fresh I've had my eye on their work for a long time."

"Perhaps you're right," Van Schuyler admitted. "But I hate that Allen worse than poison!"

"But why?" protested Corky in all innocence. "He's the most popular here on the air right now!"

"I know," growled the millionaire "but I have my reasons."

"Personal?" persisted Corky.

"Personal," the other admitted, "but to tell the truth, it was all pretty absurd."

"Then forget it!" Corky advised promptly. "This is strictly a business proposition. He's valuable to us right now, or rather, can easily be made so."

Van Schuyler puffed on his cigar thoughtfully for an instant, then smiled. "I guess I can forget it," he allowed.



"After all, it was he who made the jackass of himself. Giving him a break now would be rather amusing, in fact."

"Then I can take it up with him?"

"No harm to get both those boys over to the hotel tomorrow," Van Schuyler said cautiously. "You might have a talk with them, anyway."

Gay had gently disengaged her hand at the beginning of this conversation and now, with a murmured excuse, left the table and made her way toward the corner where Chick was receiving congratulations, Dolph, in the background as usual, mopped his brow and absorbed ginger ale, hot and unnoticed. Chick saw her coming and cleverly engineered it so that he and Gay met in comparative privacy.

"I want to thank you," said Gay. "You see, I'm sort of hostess for Terry tonight, and I want to tell you how nice it was of you to make an otherwise dull evening amusing."

"Thanks!" said Chick, his eyes on hers. "By the way, I didn't get the name."

"I'm Gay D'Argey."

Chick could not bring himself to let go of her hand immediately, nor did she resist him. He looked at her appraisingly.

"Swell dame!" said Chick frankly. "You know you're the first one around here who seems to know what it's all about!"

"Well," said she, "I appreciate talents—of all kinds."

"I'm here to tell you, I've got plenty," Chick informed her slyly. "D'you know, Gay, I lie around the Surf-Board Club a lot; how about you and I lazing around together?"

"I could think of a lot of worse ideas," she smiled back at him. "Until tomorrow, then!"

Still smiling, she floated away in her sheath of white satin and pearls, while Chick watched her, full of a strangely disturbing sense of triumph. Suddenly, a hand rested on his shoulder; he turned to realize that Terry Ballentine had been standing there during the whole interlude.

"Naughty, naughty!" said Terry warningly. "I wouldn't do that if I were you. That happens to be Van Schuyler's private property with a big 'No Trespassing' sign painted all over it."

"Sorry, buddy," said Chick, grinning, "but I can't read."

"Not even a warning of 'Danger Ahead'?" smirked Terry.

"Women ain't dangerous."

"But Van Schuyler is," Terry retorted. "I'd hate to have him take a dislike to me!"

"I suppose he'd ruin the interior decorating business," said Chick, "just to get you."

"He could ruin or make pretty nearly anything in this country," replied Terry quietly. "He probably has more power than any banker in America; he has money—and more money. Take my advice and read that 'No Trespassing' notice."

"I told you," said Chick, scowling angrily, "I can't read!"

Will Chick run headlong through the danger signals? Continue the radio romeo's story in the July issue of *Radioland*.

THEY'LL NEVER CALL ME  
**SKINNY** ANY MORE

**QUICK,  
NEW WAY**

to get **LOVELY  
CURVES FAST**

*Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks!*

YOU don't any longer have to be "skinny" and ashamed of your figure, unable to attract and keep friends. Thousands can tell you this new easy treatment has given them solid pounds, enticing curves—in just a few weeks!

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

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation, new pep.

#### Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, new health come, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

#### Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

#### Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.

BUST  
35 IN.

WAIST  
27 IN.

HIPS  
38 IN.

THIGH  
23 IN.

CALF  
14 IN.

Posed by  
professional  
model

#### 10 lbs. in 1 Month

"I was rundown, skinny as a rail just a few weeks ago when I started Ironized Yeast. In about a month I gained 10 lbs. and look wonderful."—Mrs. G. R. Nyquist, Harvey, N. Dak.



# Only Peach Bloom on the Blonde . . .



## BUT TOO BAD ON the Brunette

DARK hair on face and arms doesn't get by! Everyone sees it. Men think it undainty, unfeminine. Nature protects the blonde. But the only completely satisfactory protection the brunette has, is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Marchand's makes the unsightly hair pale and UNNOTICEABLE. After one or two applications of Marchand's face and arms become dainty and smooth. Marchand's enables the brunette to do for herself what nature has done for the blonde.

Takes only 20 minutes—avoids the dangers of shaving—does not encourage coarse re-growth or make the skin hard.

### Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Smartly, Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of lights and glints to the dullest hair. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical. Be sure you get genuine

## MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask your druggist or get by mail. For a regular size bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps).

C. MARCHAND CO., F. G. 634  
 251 W. 19th St., New York City.  
 45c enclosed. Please send me Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.  
 Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_  
 State \_\_\_\_\_

# The Yacht that "Jack" Built

[Continued from page 18]

literally the yacht that radio "jack" built.

Big, handsome Jimmy Melton, six feet two, is just as crazy about that boat today as a child about his favorite toy.

**B**UT that's a little ahead of the story. Let's go back to young Jimmy at college, looking forward to the day when he would command a ship. His changing to a musical career was quite by accident. It happened like this: Jimmie was singing in the Glee Club at the University of Florida. Each morning the boys would sing for chapel exercises. One day, directly after chapel, he received a summons from President Murphree, to come to his office at once.

But instead of being suspended for overcutting, as he feared, Melton was complimented on his voice and advised to cultivate it.

He met the usual rebuffs at the directors' offices. He was just one of a horde of ambitious young musicians; they would have none of him. Jimmie tried the producers of musical comedy next. Again no success. Finally he decided Roxy's would be his best bet.

Again there were the usual evasions. "Mr. Rothafel is out of town," he was told.

"Mr. Rothafel is out of town, eh!" he exclaimed. "Well, I'm going to yodel out here in the hall until he gets back. And if you think that I can't yodel, just listen." Soon the corridors reverberated with his songs. Roxy, himself, rushed out to see who the young Caruso was. And hired him on the spot. In this novel manner, Melton got his first audition.

**I**T WAS through Melton's radio work that he met his fate. A group of NBC singers who were on the Seiberling Program, were giving a concert at their sponsor's home, at Akron, Ohio. There Jimmy met dainty, blonde Marjorie McClure, who was on a college vacation. It was love at first sight.

A whirlwind courtship followed. A

week later, the young couple attended a costume ball attired as Romeo and Juliet. A feature of the evening was his singing the tenor aria from the opera beneath her balcony. Into his song, he poured all the rapture of his young heart. He offered himself to his beloved as he sang. Marjorie understood. That was his proposal. A few weeks later they were married.

Through all the years of heartbreak and victory, Jimmie clung to his hope of owning a yacht. One day, when he was first breaking into radio, he happened to walk along 57th Street. There is a huge display of ACF cruisers in one of the show rooms on the block. The boats held him spellbound. One in particular caught his fancy—a little 30-foot cruiser, painted a trim green. He knew he couldn't afford to buy it; nevertheless every day found him in front of the window. For two weeks, he resisted her lure. Then he could hold out no longer; he went in and paid a deposit on her.

A few months later, he sold it. He realized that it was foolish to buy a boat unless he could afford it.

**M**ELTON still haunted the boat yards. Two years ago, he saw a yacht which made his heart beat faster. It had been built eighteen months before, for a wealthy yachting enthusiast, who died just after its completion.

Immediately he got in touch with the executors of the estate, out West, and soon he had bought her. Now he had enough money, thanks to radio, to have her put into shape by experts.

Jimmy calls her the *Melody*. No wonder he is so proud of her—she is a beauty. Painted white from top to bottom, with touches of green and red. The decks are buff, and the furnishings varnished mahogany. On one side is a sun deck; on the other, a lounging cock pit.

His early dream of commanding a boat has really come true, because Melton holds navigation papers as pilot of his yacht.



"Hello, mamma—I'll be right home"

RADIOLAND



## Getting the House Ready for Summer

[Continued from page 48]

furniture in the room, the covers may match—or two pieces should match and the third be of a harmonizing or contrasting color. If there are more than three pieces, two types of covers should always be used to avoid monotony.

It is quite the last word to make covers today of two kinds of material that contrast yet harmonize—as green and rust plaid gingham combined with plain green, or flowered chintz with plain. And plain slip covers are often piped or ruffled with contrasting figured material. Cotton ball or plain fringe in plain or contrasting color is also good form as a finish. Cushions covered with left-over contrasting material can be used as an added color note in big chairs and on sofas. If a summer cover is used on a studio couch, two or three pillows are usually stood up against the wall to form a comfortable surface to lean upon. These should be fitted with covers cut in envelope fashion and fastened on with snaps.

The floors in the living room, dining room and hall may be divested entirely of rugs and carpets; these may be cleaned, moth-proofed and stored away, and grass, hooked, linen or rag scatter rugs may be used.

Next, in our tour of the house, the dining room needs consideration. Put away the ornamental silver, first covering it with whiting, then wrapping it in blue paper with some camphor gum to prevent tarnish. Take down the pictures and replace heavy draperies with those that are cool and airy looking. By all means pack away heavy tablecloths and all formal linens and instead use runners, doilies and grass mats throughout the summer. The floor can be entirely bare.

**B**OTH the dining and living rooms look more livable if indoor or outdoor window boxes are planned, especially if one is gardenless. If planted early in the season, trailing nasturtiums are lovely; or petunias can be used with sweet alyssum for an edge. If potted plants are bought, I would suggest begonias and ivy, or dwarf marigolds and wandering jew.

The bedrooms should be made as comfortable as possible for sleeping. Narrow airy curtains that do not obstruct the air currents, with suitable fixtures to hold them back so they will not flap in the breeze will prove practical. Frequently bed spreads can match, but in both cases, be careful to avoid materials that crush (like dotted Swiss) and that cause frequent pressing or laundering. Use simple dresser scarves, or better, none at all; pack away the boudoir pillows; cover the chaise longue and chairs with ruffled chintz slip covers in a summery pattern and the bedrooms will present an invitingly restful appearance.

A few electric fans—well placed to insure good cross ventilation (not drafts) will insure real comfort. If you are forced to spend most of the summer in a city apartment, I would suggest that you investigate the new electrical room cooling units. They are both effective and surprisingly inexpensive—quite the latest move toward summer-time comfort and efficiency.

# HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE



## HEXIN STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE

**N**OW there is no need to avoid a difficult situation when you feel "below par"—no need to break important engagements on account of ordinary aches and pains.

"2 HEXIN with water" is a magic phrase to people in pain. It means relief in record time and—above all—SAFE relief.

HEXIN was originally developed for children. It could not and does

not contain any habit-forming drugs.

HEXIN eases pain SAFELY by relaxing tenseness and nervous strain—by removing the pressure on sensitive nerve ends.

Buy HEXIN from your druggist in convenient tins containing 12 tablets or economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets.

Send coupon below for FREE trial size package.



## HEXIN, Inc.

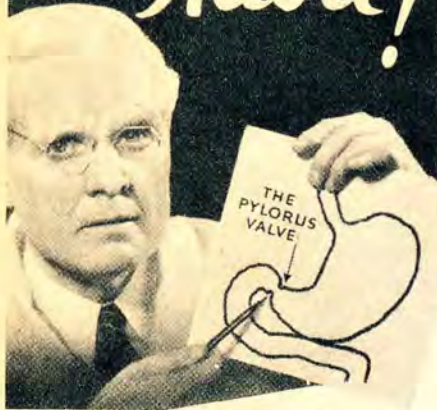
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HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. E-7654  
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.

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



# Stop that Laxative Habit!



Medicine-laxatives—no matter how pleasant tasting—can often do untold harm. For most of them work by irritating the delicate membranes of the digestive tract. Soon they lose their force—compel you to take more and more.

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine-laxative but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces)—large bottles (3 times the quantity). At all druggists.



**PLUTO WATER**  
America's Laxative Mineral Water

## It's Strawberry Time!

[Continued from page 46]

work a tablespoonful of extra shortening in for each two cups of prepared flour. In any case, shape the dough into good-sized biscuits about three inches in diameter and a half inch thick. Bake in a very hot oven, 400 degrees F., for fifteen minutes. Split at once; butter generously and put together and top with the strawberries, prepared as in the recipe for New England strawberry short cake, reversing the top part of each biscuit so the berries won't slide off. Serve with the cream.

In contrast, our most modern form of strawberry short cake is known by this name:

### Strawberry Toast Cake

Prepare crisp toast at the table, allowing two slices cut a quarter of an inch thick, for each person. Spread with softened butter and put together with strawberries prepared as in the recipe for New England short cake. Serve at once with a topping of whipped or plain cream.

We think of gelatin desserts as comparatively recent, but they are in reality, one of our oldest sweets. Here is a strawberry sponge that found favor in the great Russian Court of the Czars.

### Strawberry Sponge Russe

2 cups sifted fresh strawberries and their juice  
1½ cups powdered sugar  
2 cups heavy cream  
¼ teaspoon salt  
1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin  
¼ cup cold water

Let the gelatin stand five minutes in the cold water, then dissolve over the steam of the tea kettle. Add to the strawberry and set aside in a cold place until it begins to congeal. Then whip the cream, slowly and steadily beating in the sugar. Add the salt. Combine the mixtures, folding the cream into the

berries, and transfer to individual moulds or one large mould rinsed with cold water. Place in the refrigerator for a few hours; when firm un mould and serve garnished with whole strawberries rolled in sugar, with more whipped cream or with shredded, slightly sweetened oranges.

In France one of the favorite ways to use strawberries is in the form of a cream tart—always made with a sweet crust, if you please.

### Sweet Pastry

2 cups cake flour  
½ cup powdered sugar  
¼ teaspoon salt  
Grated rind ½ lemon  
1 teaspoon lemon juice  
2 egg yolks  
¾ cup shortening

Combine the dry ingredients in a bowl; in the center put the egg yolks, the lemon rind and juice, and the shortening. With two knives, mix until the shortening is distributed evenly throughout the mixture in coarse flakes. Then slowly add six tablespoons of cold water and roll out and use as usual.

### Strawberry Cream Tart

Sweet pastry  
1¼ cups cooked cream filling  
1 pint sliced slightly sweetened strawberries  
Whipped cream

Prepare the pastry and bake it over inverted muffin pans to form pastry shells. In the meantime, make a plain cooked cream cake filling that is quite thick. (A vanilla flavored prepared pudding powder and thinned with a little extra milk may be used). When the pastry shells are cold, put two tablespoons of the cream filling in each, top with the berries and garnish with sweetened whipped cream.

## She Wanted to Type

[Continued from page 39]

let her do as she wished. Perhaps she realized that girls of eighteen and a half must learn a few things by finding them out for themselves.

FINALLY Vivien got her job. A man who was head of a large automobile salesroom in a city several miles from Passaic liked her appearance and her personality.

Vivien was thrilled. She rushed back to Passaic to tell the exciting news to Mother and Grandfather. But her wonderful, beautiful career in the business world lasted just three weeks!

She didn't quit and she wasn't fired. There was just a sort of mutual understanding that Vivien Ruth wasn't cut out for business.

A few evenings later, on Thanksgiving night, Vivien and a group of friends went to a night club, the Lido Venice, in Paterson, New Jersey. Toward midnight everything was gay and informal. There

was a good orchestra and several featured singers were presented. Then the people with Vivien asked her to sing.

This was nothing unusual. She was used to singing, anytime, anywhere. And with her sunny obliging nature she never had to be coaxed.

After the party had turned its attention back to food and chatter, a stranger strolled over to the table. He introduced himself as the manager of a Paterson local radio station, WODA, and he invited Miss Ruth to come in for an audition in a day or so.

In December, therefore, Vivien made her radio debut from the Paterson station. After her third broadcast she was invited to appear in New York as guest singer on the RKO hour, a Friday night program. She accepted the invitation, and the next day she signed a contract with Columbia Broadcasting System.

Today, at twenty-one, Vivien Ruth is an established singer.



## Sure He Steals Your Heart Away

[Continued from page 42]

seventeen; the influential uncle landed him a series of singing engagements at parties and various political rallies.

For the next year or so he filled scattered engagements in night clubs in Manhattan, doing his own accompanying. In 1919, Paul Whiteman's manager heard him and invited him down for an audition before Whiteman. Whiteman booked Downey at the *Palais Royal*. A short time later Whiteman was organizing the S. S. Leviathan band and gave Mort a place as combination singer and "saxophone player".

From 1927 to 1929 he really became an international figure. His appearances included cafés and night clubs in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna and St. Moritz. In 1927 he opened his own *Club Casanova* in New York City and while singing there was signed for his first motion picture, *Syncopation*, the first big motion picture musical, which since has grossed over two million dollars. The gross, however, isn't the important thing about the picture to Downey. It was through his rôle in the film that he met Barbara Bennett, who played the lead. The first time on the set they fell in love and were married three weeks later.

His radio start came in 1928. In London, he met an official of the British Broadcasting Company, who invited him to sing over the radio. The tune he picked was *I'll Always Be in Love With You*, the theme song of the picture he and Barbara had appeared in together. It got him a contract for three broadcasts a week at \$250 a broadcast. At the end of the first week he had become one of the most popular of British radio stars.

If this could be done in England, he reasoned, he could do the same thing in America and make more money. He returned in 1929 and was immediately given a sustaining program by Columbia. Not long after he was singing six nights a week on the Camel program. In a week Downey's program had the biggest fan mail pulling power of any Columbia feature.

WITH the exception of a single special broadcast, he was off the air for nine months before his recent return to the networks. He now has a three-nights-a-week appearance as a sustaining feature, with a commercial program in the offing. Some time this summer he will begin work in *Sweet Adeline*, Helen Morgan's stage success to be filmed by Universal.

His constant attention now is given to the matter of reducing. Since September he has reduced from 222 to 178 pounds. He still wants it lower, and does most of it with a diet of pineapple sodas. Sometimes he eats as many as fifteen a day.

The autograph seekers are after him perpetually. Mort and Guy and Carmen Lombardo were seated one night at a table in a New York night club. A tall, very beautiful young lady in a white satin dress made her way unsteadily toward the group. She reached down, picked up the hem of her dress, spread the entire skirt out over the table and requested that Morton Downey autograph the garment. He did, too.

JUNE, 1934

# Ready for You..

## Come this summer!



## BREEZY POINT LODGE

**Exclusive North Woods Resort  
Offering Every Summer Sport  
New Low Guest Rates!**

ON June 20th, one of the most delightful resorts of the cool North Woods will open for a season of summer fun. Breezy Point main lodge and rustic cabins, out on a green promontory in Big Pelican Lake, are smart, exclusive, envied.. yet this year, guest rates are so low they'll fit the most moderate budget.

You will find country club luxury, north woods coolness and freedom.. with the kind of congenial guests you are proud to know.

### ONLY A FEW HOURS BY NORTH COAST LIMITED

Leave Chicago . . . . . 10:30 P. M.  
Arrive St. Paul . . . . . 8:20 A. M.  
Leave St. Paul . . . . . 8:35 A. M.  
Arrive Staples . . . . . 12:05 P. M.  
BREEZY POINT BUS MEETS TRAIN



**You'll find all these  
at Breezy Point:**

EXCELLENT FISHING  
A FINE GOLF COURSE  
BOATING...CANOEING  
SWIMMING (clean, sandy  
beach, pier and diving  
platform)

• • • ARCHERY • • •  
HORSEBACK RIDING  
DANCE PAVILION  
• • • TENNIS • • •  
TRAP SHOOTING

### THIS COUPON BRINGS PICTORIAL FOLDER, RATES, INFORMATION

Get ready for a great summer outing . . . mail this coupon today for pictorial booklet showing all the vacation pleasures of Breezy Point, with interesting photographs, rates, information. Mail to: Captain W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot, Minnesota.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

FWG 6



# Walter Winchell's Radio Orchids

[Continued from page 13]



## "BLONDE HAIR MADE LIGHTER AND LOVELIER"

Says Mrs. J. W. T.

"I WAS so discouraged by my muddy-looking hair. It added years to my appearance. Then a friend told me about BLONDEX. The very first time I shampooed with Blondex my hair actually showed new life and color, looked shades lighter and brighter!" Use BLONDEX is good advice for blondes whose hair is darkening, losing its golden charm. Blondex, the fine rich-lathering powder shampoo (not a dye), helps bring back the youthful gleam of radiant gold, alluring softness and sheen to dull, faded, stringy light hair. Try it today. BLONDEX comes in two sizes—the economical \$1.00 and inexpensive 25c package. At any good drug or department store. NEW: Have you tried Blondex Wave-Set? Doesn't darken light hair—only 35c.

SEE WITHOUT GLASSES

**THE NATURAL EYESIGHT SYSTEM Gives Your Eyes a New Deal**

If you wear glasses, or think you should, our **FOUR MONTHS' TRIAL OFFER**—containing the inspiring story of glasses discarded for Nearsight, Farsight, Astigmatism, Old Age Sight, Eyestrain, Weak Eyes, Eye Muscle Trouble, Etc., as told by USERS AT HOME of this Revolutionary System—will be mailed **FREE** upon request.

**NATURAL EYESIGHT INSTITUTE, Inc.**  
Dept. 46-C Santa Monica, Cal.



4

**Perfumes**

- 1) *Hollywood Bouquet*
- 2) *Black Velvet*
- 3) *Mystic Night*
- 4) *Monte Carlo*

**Redwood Treasure Chest:** Contains 4—50c bottles of these High Grade Perfumes. Chest 6 in. by 3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency. (Regular Value \$2.00). Money back if not greatly pleased.

**Paul Rieger, 237 1st Street, San Francisco**

How do I sound? Got a cold. Pretty hoarse. Think anybody'll be able to understand me? Hope so."

This rather breathless young man was Walter Winchell. The same Walter Winchell who people said was hard to see—unapproachable—cocksure. "Up-stage," eh? Not by a long shot!

THE studio was like that of no other program you've ever heard about. It had all the atmosphere of the busy City Room in a great metropolitan newspaper. Even the telegraph key and sounder—the ringing telephones—were there. The only things lacking were the rattle of typewriters and the clanking of the giant rotary presses.

Adding to the City Room atmosphere were a number of people busily engaged in sending the latest edition of radio's extra to press. There was Winchell's "Girl Friday", the highly efficient and decorative Ruth Cambridge, an announcer, a production man, a control man and a couple of unidentified "leg men" who dashed in and out with last minute news flashes.

Over the whole scene was the spirit of Winchell, just as the whirring of machinery dominates the atmosphere of a factory. The orderly bustle of activity continued until the very instant the program took the air, for Winchell kept right on rewriting, editing and revising his material up to the "deadline", pausing only to remark that he bet he'd be terrible and that he wished he had some good cough syrup.

Finally he got the signal. Coatless, but wearing a rakish grey felt hat, he sat at his microphone desk, tapping away at his key. Then came the familiar call—"Flash!"—and the program was under way.

Item after item—each about some famous celebrity—each some new and hitherto unpublished fact—cracked from the lips of this human dynamo.

All too soon, his fifteen minutes were over. He shoved his hat onto the back of his head, put his coat on and asked everybody in general, "How was it? Did I sound very bad? Was that Vallee item too hot? Was my voice okay?"

There was a chorus of reassurances and Walter, still skeptical as to whether or not he had given a creditable performance, sank into a chair facing me.

"Go ahead," he said. "Ask me anything you want. Take all the time you need. I haven't a thing to do for the next two hours."

THIS, mind you, was the same Walter Winchell—the man who people said would not talk to anybody. He certainly seemed regular, so I decided to put him to the supreme test. If he didn't throw me out for the question I was going to ask him—well, then I'd know that his critics were all wrong. I didn't expect him to answer it. The best I hoped for was a courteous, "I'm sorry, but that is a secret I cannot disclose."

"Mr. Winchell, would you tell me how you get all the exclusive items you use in your column and your broadcast?" I asked, and waited for an explosion of righteous wrath.

It didn't come. Instead Winchell re-

plied, "Sure. It's easy. I have a lot of friends who call me up and tell me things. Then, of course, I get around a bit and meet people who tell me other things. That's all there is to it."

"It must cost a lot of money to keep all those people on your pay-roll, Mr. Winchell."

"Doesn't cost a nickel. I said they were my friends. Say, it's all I can do to make them let me have the telephone charges reversed when they phone me—and some of them call from Hollywood, Canada, Miami and even Europe."

"They get their reports in to you pretty fast, don't they, Mr. Winchell?"

"Call me Walter. Fast? You bet! They keep calling until the minute I begin to broadcast. Here's one for you. Remember when Larry Fay, the big-time racketeer, got shot? I had that killing on the air five minutes after the bullet left the gun. One of my friends happened to be walking past the night club where the shooting took place and called me up, here in the studio."

"Well, what do you do with your evenings?"

"Oh, work on the column, or write movie scenarios, or visit some friends' homes—or stay home with the wife and kid."

THE keen grey eyes grew wistful, for Walter Winchell is one of the fondest parents that ever happened. His voice takes on an entirely new quality when he talks about his family. The human dynamo stops. Instead, Winchell becomes very much the proud poppa, bursting to tell you about the latest



"Here comes—"



—Walter Winchell!"

RADIOLAND



bright remark made by little Walda, his seven-year-old daughter.

"She's growing up now—getting to be a real big girl now. I just bought her a ballet costume. Getting real sensible, too. Listens to all my broadcasts and tells me how she likes 'em. I always get the truth from her—it's a big help.

"A couple of years ago you couldn't get her to listen. She felt sorry for me because she thought I was shut up in the radio set when she heard my voice coming out of it. And, say, let me tell you the cutest thing. I send her and the wife out of town when the weather's unpleasant, and Walda writes me fan letters. She always used to sign 'em, 'Amen, Walda.' She thought that was the way to end them because that was the way her mother taught her to finish her prayers."

It was easy to see that talking about his adored daughter is one of the "hard-boiled" Winchell's favorite pastimes. I wondered what his others might be.

"Say, Walter, what are your hobbies?" "My hobbies are being allowed to write and say whatever I think—and beating the other fellows to the big stories."

Let it be said that he indulges in these two hobbies frequently and regularly.

He hasn't much to say about the various columnists who have tried to imitate his column in content, but have succeeded only in copying its appearance. It's a great annoyance to him, for he is often accused of publishing things which really appeared in some other column.

"Why, three times this week," he said, "I had to talk my way out of fights with fellows who had clippings that other columnists had run."

"SPEAKING of fights, Walter, what- ever got you and Ben Bernie tearing at each other's throats? Why do you fellows hate each other so?"

"That's one on you! You don't think I'd pay that much attention to anybody I didn't like, do you? Here's how it began. When I started writing for the papers, another columnist and I began kidding each other in type. Lots of readers wrote to us about it, so we figured they found it interesting and kept it up. When I went on the air, I started kidding out loud instead of on the typewriter, and I picked Ben because he was clever and could kid back and keep it interesting."

The publicity value of that mythical feud was clearly demonstrated when Winchell and Bernie played a vaudeville engagement and packed \$43,600 worth of cash customers into the theater in a single week, as audiences to the war of words.

And now do you understand him a little better? A man supposed to have no friends, but whose success is built on the loyalty his hundreds of friends give him. Who is supposed to be hard to see, yet who is willing to give up a couple of hours of his time to do a stranger a favor. Who is said to be upstage, but who calls you by your first name half an hour after he meets you.

If I have succeeded in giving you an accurate impression of Walter Winchell, you know him a lot better than do many of the people with whom he works. And you realize that he is every bit as human and kindly as he is keen and energetic.

JUNE, 1934

## Does This Picture Look Like a Woman of 60?

**Edna Wallace Hopper, Who at Past Sixty Has the Skin of a Girl, Tells How She Does It. Coupon Brings Tube Free.**

Look at my picture. Do I look like a woman past 60? People can't believe it, but I am. Boys scarcely above college age often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I still enjoy the thrills of youth.

Now, let me tell you how I do it. Then accept, Free, as a gift, a trial tube of the method I use. Follow it and I promise if you're 50, you'll look 40. If you're 40, you'll look 30. If you're 30, you'll gain back the skin of eighteen. Women I've given it to call it a miracle—say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 minutes!

It is the discovery of a Famous French Scientist, who startled the cosmetic world by discovering that the Oils of Youth could be artificially re-supplied to the skin of fading women. He found that after 25 most women were deficient in certain youth oils. Oils that kept the skin free of age lines and wrinkles. And then, by a notable scientific discovery, he found a way to re-supply the skin daily with these oils.

This method puts those oils back in your skin every day. Without them you are old. With them you are young—alluring, charming.

All you do is spread it on your face like a cold cream. But, don't rub it off. Let it stay on. Then watch! Your skin will absorb every bit of it—literally drink in the youth oils it contains. It's one of the most amazing demonstrations in scientific youth restoration known. You look years younger the first treatment. Youth and allure come back. Look at me. At over 60—I am living proof.

The method is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. You can get it at any drug or department store. Or mail coupon for free trial tube.



Edna Wallace Hopper

Try it. It may give your life a new meaning.

### MAIL FOR FREE TUBE

Edna Wallace Hopper FG-6  
4316 North Kilpatrick Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me, FREE, a trial tube of Edna Wallace Hopper's Restorative Cream

Name .....

Address .....

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

## \$1 Pays For \$3000 Life Protection

**Even If Past 55, And Without Medical Examination, Accept 10-Day FREE Inspection Offer of This Amazing New Protection**



**\$1 Brings Big Check to Mrs. Boyd**

The National Security Life Association now offers, WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION, a new Life Insurance Certificate to men, women and children from ten to seventy-five years of age, which pays up to \$1500.00 for death from any cause—natural death, death from sickness or old age—and up to \$3000.00 for accidental death.

The company issuing this amazing policy is the largest of its kind in California, having over thirty thousand members, who carry over \$25,000,000.00 life insurance protection. It is subject to periodic examinations by the Insurance Department of this state.

A typical case of the low cost protection offered is that of Mrs. S. Boyd, 6315 S. Halsted, Chicago, who writes: "Just received your check in full payment of claim for my mother's policy and it was a godsend. And just to think that my mother paid only \$1.00!"

The National Security Life Association offers,

for a limited time, to mail a copy of this new Life Insurance Certificate fully made out in your name to any person for ten days FREE inspection. You do not have to send a single penny and NO AGENT WILL CALL.

Study your policy over carefully in your home. Take it to your banker or lawyer if you wish. Then if you decide it is the lowest cost life insurance protection you ever heard of, send only \$1.00 to place it in force for at least forty-five days. Thereafter the cost is about 3c a day. If not satisfied you owe nothing. The National Security plan of life protection is sold only by mail, saving you all agents' commissions, medical fees and costly agency organization expense.

**SEND NO MONEY— Accept 10-Day**  
Just mail the coupon below. Offer is limited **FREE**  
so write at once. **Inspection Offer**

**NATIONAL SECURITY LIFE ASSOCIATION**  
204 So. Hamilton Drive,  
Dept. C-185, Beverly Hills, Cal.

Rush me Life Certificate for 10-days FREE Inspection, without obligating me in any way.

Your name .....Age .....

Name of Beneficiary .....

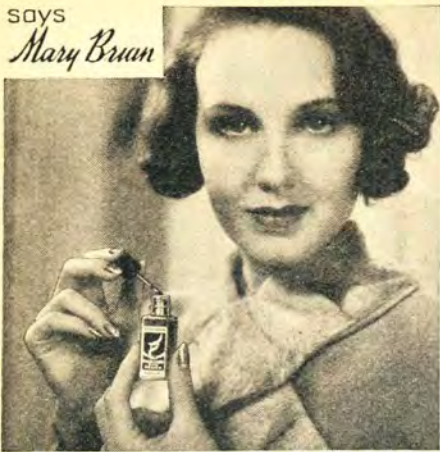
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City.....State.....



"Here is the **SECRET**"

says  
*Mary Brian*



**MOON GLOW**

NAIL POLISH

*Beautifies Your Hands*

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the six MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl, Carmine and Coral.

If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than Hollywood's own MOON GLOW—the new favorite everywhere. Ask your 10c store for the 10c size or your drug store for the 25c size of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in all shades. If they cannot supply you, mail the coupon today.

**Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.**  
Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
St. and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ FG-A6

**FADED GRAY HAIR**

Women, men, girls with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—**"SHAMPO-KOLOR"**. No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with **"SHAMPO-KOLOR"**. No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or permanent waving. **Free Booklet.** Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

**"Now I Can Keep My Real Age A Secret"**

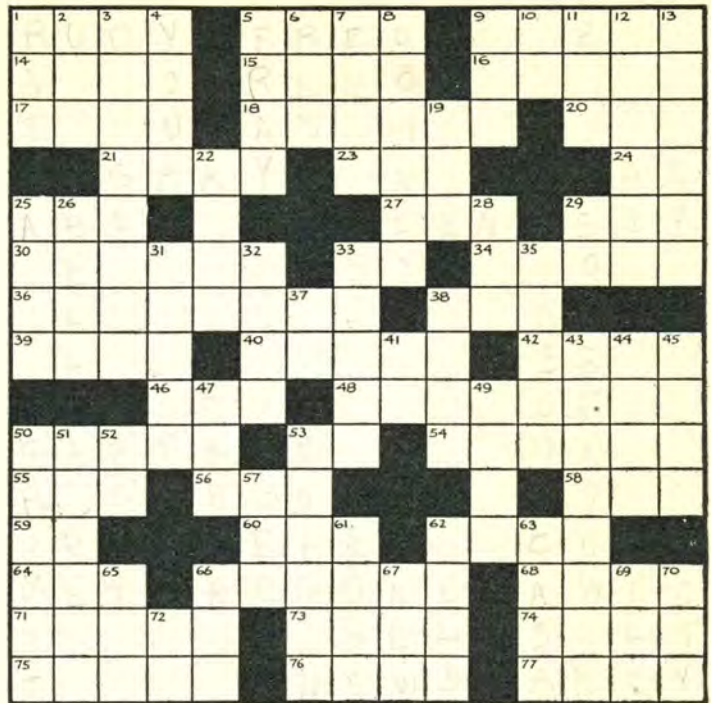
**NO LONGER AM I TROUBLED WITH GRAY HAIR**

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

**Radioland's Crossword Puzzle**

DO YOU know your radio? The better you know the stars and the technical terms, the easier this brain-teaser will be to solve. The country's foremost crossword puzzle expert, F. Gregory Hartswick, contributes this puzzle to RADIO-LAND to test your verbal dexterity and knowledge of the radio world.



**ACROSS**

- 1 Considered by many the Greatest Crooner
- 5 Stone, Waring, Astaire, and others
- 9 He wins in a Cantor
- 14 Discount on bills of exchange
- 15 Where stars are separated
- 16 What Stokowski does to the Queen's taste
- 17 You
- 18 Passionate declaration
- 20 Hoped-for response to the above
- 21 A color; also an orchestra leader whose first name is Glen
- 23 Handle of a scythe
- 24 Cooled lava of Hawaii; initials of lengthy best-seller
- 25 His last name is Lyman
- 27 Poetic for "even"
- 29 Cunning
- 30 What we apprehend with
- 33 Sez you! (Abbr.)
- 34 Irritated; also, the Governor of Connecticut
- 36 Act of choosing
- 38 Hawaiian food
- 39 And then some
- 40 Swap
- 42 Well-known firm of film-manufacturers
- 46 Fish-eggs
- 48 What many of our radio comedians are nothing but
- 50 Comedians often cut these
- 53 Manuscript (Abbr.)
- 54 Extra tires
- 55 Initials of British Army medical corps
- 56 The self
- 58 To place
- 59 When you push the "Down" button, the elevator that stops is always going—
- 60 Mistake
- 62 Draw on a metal plate with acid
- 64 Encountered
- 66 Command to depart
- 68 Pills with reverential fear
- 71 Sarcasm
- 73 Cain's brother
- 74 Earth deposited by water
- 75 Tight-drawn
- 76 Broadcast by Lowell Thomas
- 77 Half of Radio's best-known team

- 25 On the ocean
- 26 You ring this
- 28 Sergeant or corporal (Abbr.)
- 29 Ed Wynn's trade-mark expression
- 31 Twenty
- 32 Location
- 33 Fasteners
- 35 Lariat
- 37 Either
- 38 Things to write with or keep pigs in
- 41 German "thou"
- 43 Modern composer of blue rhapsodies
- 44 Without cost
- 45 Assistant (Abbr.)
- 47 Native metal
- 49 Stain, mark on a dog; place
- 50 Julia's partner
- 51 Unit of electrical volume
- 52 Initials of the author of "Skippy"
- 53 Famous Helen
- 57 Command to a horse; exclamation of wonder
- 61 Garment
- 62 Lampreys
- 63 ——— Loma Orchestra
- 65 Unit of weight
- 66 Unplayed hole at the end of a golf-match
- 67 Novel
- 69 Old time in poetry
- 70 Pig-pen
- 72 Canadian Province (Abbr.)

**DOWN**

- 1 Rodent
- 2 Expression of contempt
- 3 He hunted for an honest man
- 4 Belonging to you
- 5 Half of famous piano-team
- 6 Short for revolution and minister
- 7 Son of Seth
- 8 His first name is Morton
- 9 Old cloth-measure
- 10 French "of"
- 11 Period of time
- 12 Standards of perfection
- 13 Treatises
- 19 Affirmative vote
- 22 Assist

**Solution to April Puzzle**





## Wayne King

[Continued from page 35]

and later of the famous composer and arranger, J. Boldwald Lampe. His solo work attracted the attention of the Music Corporation of America, with whom he is still associated, and when various noted bands failed to pull crowds into the spacious new Aragon, the management took a wild gamble and asked Wayne to form his own orchestra. He has played this one engagement for seven years and has a contract for two more years. When the two years are up, he will want to remain in the same place, or retire. And, because he saves his money, he can do that at any time.

NO OTHER bandleader takes his broadcasting as seriously as Wayne. He willingly hands radio the credit for his present national popularity, and during a broadcast he is tense and his men are tense. Wayne claims he can tell when the band is clicking through that microphone and when it is not.

"My men play for me," he said flatly. "There's no romance about it when they work for a pay-check, of course; but I'm sparing with compliments and they work to get them. When I drop a word of praise the man has earned it. So they play for me—and I play for an invisible cloud of faces which I seem to see centered in the microphone. Those are my radio listeners. I want to enter their homes but I don't want to demand their attention with wild gymnastics. Let them read their paper or play bridge—or even go to sleep. If they go to sleep, I'm a success. At least they drifted off into slumber thinking about me."

This man, who played for practically all the debutante parties in Chicago society last year, said an astounding thing. "I play for the masses. The classes will take what the masses accept, not vice versa. I'm proud of pleasing the masses. I don't want to ever do anything else."

As his band has progressed, Wayne has found it necessary to release a man now and then who has gone as far as he can go in music. Realization of this drives his men on to a continued study of music. "And I study, too," Wayne said seriously. "I take three lessons a week to keep the band from getting beyond me. The lesson the boys get for two dollars costs me ten, but it's worth it."

Because he won't push new numbers, Wayne is not well liked by music publishers and song pluggers. He breaks rules at the radio station by not submitting his program far in advance. This he will not do principally because he doesn't want any other band to play the program before he has a chance to. He also feels that the weather should have something to do with the choice of numbers, as well as the day's headlines.

"If I play *Tannhauser* on a sweltering night, what happens? People turn off their radios and mutter, 'Lord, it's hot.' So I give them something light and save my heavy stuff for winter. If a national catastrophe has occurred, I don't want to jar people's feelings. When Rockne died, the type of dancer I play to was honestly affected. So I took slightly melancholic themes, because that was their mood."

JUNE, 1934

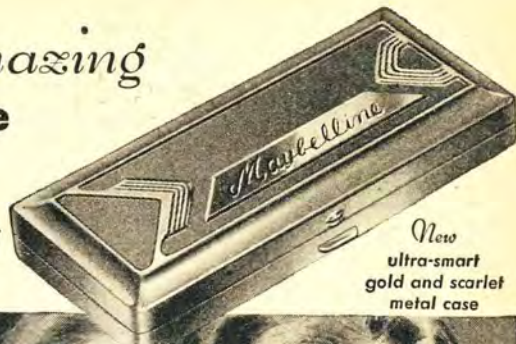
# What an amazing difference

## Maybelline does make!

Stylists and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes. . . lashes that transform eyes into brilliant pools of irresistible fascination. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the picture at right?

But how can pale, scanty lashes acquire this magic charm? Easily. Maybelline will lend it to them instantly. Just a touch of this delightful cosmetic, swiftly applied with the dainty Maybelline brush, and the amazing result is achieved. Anyone can do it—and with perfect safety if genuine Maybelline is used.

Maybelline has been proved utterly harmless throughout sixteen years of daily use by millions of women. It is accepted by the highest authorities. It contains no dye, yet is perfectly tearproof. And it is absolutely



non-smarting. For beauty's sake, and for safety's sake, obtain genuine Maybelline in the new, ultra-smart gold and scarlet metal case at all reputable cosmetic dealers. Black Maybelline for brunettes . . . Brown Maybelline for blondes. 75c.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

# Maybelline



the Approved

## M A S C A R A

# 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!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over with.

You have no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now!

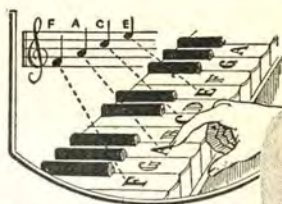
For, through a method that removes the boredom and extravagance from music lessons, you can now learn to play your favorite instrument entirely at home—without a private teacher—in half the usual time—at a fraction of the usual cost.

### Easy As Can Be

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



choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day.

Send for Our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

If you really do want to play your favorite instrument fill out and mail the coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. U. S. School of Music, 366 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 366 Brunswick Bldg., New York City. 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 .....  
Instrument..... Have you this Inst. ? .....

### LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin  
Guitar Saxophone  
Organ Ukulele  
Tenor Banjo  
Hawaiian Guitar  
Piano Accordion  
Or Any Other Instrument



# BE A DESIGNER OF HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS

EARN \$25.00 to \$50.00  
A WEEK

Have your own Style Shop, design smart gowns for the best dressed women, mingle with the elite, win financial independence as the Hollywood Fashion Expert of your community.

## DRESS LIKE SCREEN STARS AT LITTLE COST

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With the cooperation of leading Fashion Creators of Motion Picture Studios, and Screen Stars themselves, this 50-year-old college, in the new style center of the world, will teach you Professional Costume Designing in your spare time at home by its easy-to-learn method—and prepare you for a high-salaried position. Free placement service for our students; graduates in demand. Woodbury College, Hollywood, Calif.



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New occupation. Pays big money at once without investment. Introduce a new national new line of 10c necessities to stores. Self sellers. Permanent repeat business. *c.a.s.f.* Experience unnecessary. Start free. Write.  
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We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.

Every sufferer with a weakened, injured, diseased or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate. Doctors recommend it. Price within reach of all.

### Send For Information

Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.  
134-6 Odd Fellows Temple  
JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK



# Where Do Those Radio Salaries Go?

[Continued from page 25]

other than my wife. A scandal monger would immediately call me up and threaten to give the story of my supposed philandering to a newspaper columnist. What comeback have I against a little squib saying 'What was Tom X—, XYZ announcer, doing last night in the ——— Hotel with a gorgeous red head?'

**IT COSTS** Rudy Vallee from \$20,000 to \$40,000 a year for attorney fees, he told me. "The difference in amount depends upon how many matters come up for my attorneys to attend to, how much time they consume, how much travelling must be done and the expense incurred."

The average radio star, though, feels that if he puts aside \$5,000 a year for attorney's fees, it is sufficient.

Another large drain upon a star's income is charity, organized and otherwise. At least one-tenth of a star's earnings usually goes to charity. "I never realized how many poor relatives I had, how many people knew me on my way up the ladder of fame," one star laughed good-humoredly. "My family of dependents constantly grows."

Jimmie Wallington had an unusual experience recently. One night, very late, he was told a young lady wished to see him; her name was familiar. She was a girl who had worked with him in Buffalo, years before. She was desperate, in tears. She and her husband had come down by car from Buffalo to attend a formal affair at the Waldorf-Astoria

Hotel. They were in evening clothes; their street clothes were in a traveling case in their car. They expected to remain at a hotel over night, and drive back the next day.

When they came out from the dance, they discovered their car had been stolen, traveling case and all; their money had also been in the car. "I gave them money for clothes, for hotel accommodations, and bought their return tickets to Buffalo. Then we all went to breakfast," Wallington told me. "They promised to return the money I had spent on them. Of course, I've never heard from them since."

**ORGANIZED** charity gets a good deal more of a star's salary than it realizes. Every charity puts in a bid for funds. If a star pays only a nominal sum to each, eyebrows are immediately raised. He must give, and give plenty, to all.

There is another expense the star encounters, which we never stop to consider. The average fan thinks the moment stardom has been achieved, the star stops developing his talent. He usually goes right on taking lessons. Phil Ducey spends \$1,300 a year on vocal lessons; Jessica Dragonette, Lanny Ross all spend plenty. The comedians have a slightly different item of expense: they must pay gag writers to keep them supplied with fresh material, week in and week out.

Now let's see how much our \$5,000 a week man has left after he has deducted

# Penner Wise—Sounds Foolish?

[Continued from page 17]

One look was all Joe needed. Two hundred frogs were erupting from the open mouth of the sack and jumping in all directions.

"It was the world's largest game of leap-frog," says Joe. "The score was two hundred to two against my uncle and me—*oh-h-h-h* it was *v-e-r-y* embarrassing!"

**JOE** sold newspapers while going to school in Detroit. He had to sell his wares there. It wasn't like this duck selling business. Just think, if he sold me he would have to go out of business or get another duck—and would I peck the hussy's eyes out!

Joe quit high school to go to work. First he was a Western Union messenger; then, in rapid succession, an apprentice lens grinder for an optical company, a sign painter for the Detroit United Railways, an electrician, a salesman for pianos and phonographs and the manager of an A. & P. store. All these jobs were in Detroit and he continued his appearances at entertainments and amateur nights. His next job was as an office boy at the Ford plant, from which he soon rose to a desk in the purchasing department. Then, as Joe tells it, there came a balmy Spring morning—and a summons from the purchasing manager.

It seems that Joe had sent a carload of nuts to St. Paul which was intended for Los Angeles.

Joe then went on the road selling

magazine subscriptions. He made good to the extent that he was given a crew of his own, but he left the job when he had the opportunity to go as a property man with Rex, the mind-reader, in a traveling variety show. Comedy had always been Joe's ambition and one night the comedian of the show got temperamental and refused to go on. This was Joe's big chance. He had watched the comic perform and felt certain he could go through the patter. He asked for permission to try, and was accepted.

From that night on he was a comedian in his own right.

**IT WAS** in 1926 that I accidentally became a part of the act. Joe had been working with a "straight" man, a fellow whose chatter Joe would interrupt with "Wanna buy a wagon?" or "Wanna buy an ash-can?" or some such piece of foolishness. One night he happened to ask "Wanna buy a duck?"

Naturally it brought the house down. Joe's famous laugh was an accidental discovery. He was on the variety stage and using a very nasal laugh, one requiring a deep breath, then a great forcing of air from the chest. He forgot to take the deep breath one night and the laugh you hear over the radio and on the stage was the result. It stopped the show and has been used ever since.

*Do you wanna buy my boss—and waddl you give?*

RADIOLAND



the cost of carrying on his business. If he's really important, he needs an office, like Rudy Vallee, Dave Rubinoff, Morton Downey. It has to be sufficiently grand to impress visitors and prospective sponsors; it has to be in the right neighborhood.

Rudy estimates that for his radio work, his weekly expenses are as follows: \$60 for rent for his office; \$125 for light and phone; \$250 for fan mail; \$60 for two librarians to care for the music library; a mail secretary at \$65; a personal secretary, \$75; an office manager, \$100. Orchestrations for each week's broadcast amount to \$300; entertaining business friends, \$250; auditing books, \$60 weekly. At Christmas, he buys gifts for his business associates that amount to about \$5,000, or \$100 a week. Attorney fees, about \$500 a week.

In round figures, Rudy spends about \$2,000 a week for business overhead. Most stars pay more to their employees than business men do, for their organization's chief aim is to create good will, and unless the employees are highly competent, a star's career can be ruined.

Deduct the \$2,000 a week it costs to maintain the business end of stardom from the \$5,000 a week income, and the celebrity has \$3,000 left, or about \$150,000 a year. Uncle Sam comes along and takes about \$58,000 of it as an income tax. That leaves about \$92,000 to be allotted to personal expenses, investments and saving. In other words, a \$5,000 a week man in radio has a little less than \$2,000 a week to apportion.

STARS are fundamentally people like you and me. They all have hobbies, pet diversions to fill their leisure hours. And like you and me again, the more money they make, the more expensive their hobbies. Lowell Thomas has a fur farm; Muriel Wilson a rustic camp in Westchester. Phil Ducey belongs to the exclusive Bonnie Brier Country Club in Westchester. Its initiation fee is \$2,500, the yearly expenses, \$500. Both Phil Ducey and Phil Baker have gorgeous libraries; George Jessel and Guy Lombardo go in for \$45,000 yachts; Bing Crosby for golf.

Paul Whiteman, it is estimated, spends about \$50,000 a year on automobiles, he just can't resist a new one. Buddy Rogers buys an entirely new set of musical instruments every two months, and as he plays ten, it sets him about \$800 six times a year. Mary Livingstone and Gracie Allen spend plenty for clothes. Mary told me that every once in a while an exclusive gown she has paid \$300 for she sees in a shop window for \$18.50! Frank Parker has a string of polo ponies; they cost enough to support a good-sized family.

The rest of their salaries—and often it is darn little—is invested in stocks, in bonds, in real estate, or is put in the bank. The stars, being just as fallible as we, have often lost plenty in their investments. Jessica Dragonette had most of her savings in the Harriman National Bank, which went under. Eddie Cantor and Ben Bernie were wiped out in the stock crash.

Our economics teachers insist we should put aside ten per cent of our earnings for investment. A lot of the stars would be mighty surprised if they had that much left to invest. Perhaps they are poor little rich stars after all. Nevertheless, who wouldn't change places with them?

# WHY BE FAT?

So needless to be fat and unpopular!



# 35\* Pounds of FAT Gone!

## this Safe, Easy Way

• Why let fat rob you of happiness and popularity? Why experiment, when for 20 years, thousands of other women have been getting the delightful results you want! Let RE-DUCE-OIDS, the time-proved method of "slimming," help you to have a lovely alluring figure—just as it has helped them.

\*TO PROVE IT: "Finished another package of RE-DUCE-OIDS today," writes a lady from Ohio; "now weigh 35 pounds less than when I started. Needless to tell you how much better I feel! My husband says I am 12 inches smaller around the hips, and according to my clothes I am 6 inches smaller around the bust. There is quite a difference in my arms, too." (Name and address on request.)

SAFE—PLEASANT: Doctors prescribe the same safe ingredients which RE-DUCE-OIDS combine for you in easy-to-take capsule form. People write that their results are permanent—this is be-

cause RE-DUCE-OIDS are designed to correct the condition that causes fat... Say goodbye to overweight, without weakening diets, harmful baths, or dangerous exercises.

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RE-DUCE OIDS are certified to do for you all we claim of them—or you can get your money back! Your word and the used package is all we require, you risk no money! Start now, before fat gets one more day's headway. Your druggist has RE-DUCE-OIDS, or can get it quickly. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package, or \$5.00 for 3 packages to Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.—or, sent C. O. D. in plain wrapper.

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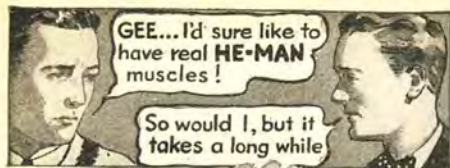
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—says  
Charles Atlas



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Body like Mine!**

No other Physical Instructor in the  
World has ever DARED to makesuch  
an Offer!

**D**ON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles! Don't think you need dumbbells, springs or any other contraptions! Both these ideas are all bunk—and I have PROVED it. All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you! And I don't need any apparatus either. In fact, I don't believe in artificial methods that may strain your vital organs for life!

**NATURAL Methods  
Are All I Need**

Above you see an actual photo of how I look today.

No muscles have been "painted on". This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secret of Dynamic Tension can do for YOURS!

A few years ago, I was a physical wreck, a 97-pound weakling—flat-chested, arms and legs like pipestems. I was worried. I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up. A way that was simple, natural, quick and sure! "Dynamic Tension" is what I called it. In a short time I had the body that has twice won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

**This Secret Has Helped Thousands**

Thousands of others now know from their own personal experience what Dynamic Tension has done for them. They were just as frail and puny as I once was. Now they are life-sized examples of what a man can and ought to be. My interesting booklet, filled with pictures, tells my story—and theirs.

**Get My Free Book**

This little coupon brings you my free book, which tells all about it. No cost or obligation.

I just want to give you proof that I can do for you what I have done for so many others: give you broad, powerful shoulders, biceps that bulge with smashing strength, a chest which stands out solid, and muscular, and an evenly developed body that will make others look like dwarfs next to you.



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Gamble a stamp today. Mail coupon for free copy of my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It shows you from actual photos how I have developed my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. Where shall I send your copy?

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## "It's Like Playing with the Curtain Down"

[Continued from page 21]

of his little finger. "Carrying the hod seems easy, I suppose, after you've seen people doing it all their lives. It's my job—I suppose that's the answer. I don't know how to do much of anything else but the theatre." And, now, to get back on the air for a minute.

It seemed a delicate question, but all the while I had been wondering how it was humanly possible for a man to play six nights and two matinees in the theatre and Sunday nights on the radio—and rise daily at noon.

"Think I'm leading a double life, do you, son?" He took a peep into the drawing room where his fifteen-year-old daughter sat reading. "Hello!" he said to her, with a smile that warmed the listener. "My favorite time, all my life long, for composing, has been all the rest of the world's snoozing hours—usually about 4 a. m. My usual bedtime is a couple of hours later. Yet, I never had any trouble until we moved into this dump." He craned his neck way around to see if his implication had escaped the ears of the family. The "dump," by the way, is a whole floor in one of the swankiest apartment houses on upper Fifth Avenue where George M. Cohan lives a quiet family life.

"Well, it was all right the first few weeks and then the superintendent of the house—a nice guy!—came up one day and informed me that the lady downstairs was having a hard time getting her beauty sleep with my piano tricks going on just over her head. Beauty is just as important as radio, I suppose, so something had to be done about it. So I says to the super, 'Oh, is that so? Well, I'll make a bargain with you, young feller. Now, there's a party over my head who takes her beauty standing-up—jumping rope to be encyclopedic—just when I'm hitting the hay the hardest. Now you put the hobble on that dame and I'll lay off troubling the one downstairs.' Which made me give up the habit of a lifetime and do my work at 4 p. m. instead of 4 a. m."

**W**HILE he was out answering the telephone, I entertained myself by tenderly thumbing over a score of original manuscript copies of his plays that had been bound up uniformly and now filled two shelves of one of the many bookcases. "My first production," was written in lead pencil in George's school-boy hand at the top of Vol. I. *The Governor's Son*—opened with the four Cohans at the Savoy Theatre, New York, February 25, 1901. Then there was *Little Johnny Jones*, that included the song-hits, *Give My Regards to Broadway* and *I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy*. *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*, with Fay Templeton singing *Mary's a Grand Old Name*—which she recently repeated on the air. *The Yankee Prince*, *The Man Who Owns Broadway*, *Broadway Jones*, *Seven Keys to Baldpate*, *The Tavern*, *The Song and Dance Man*, *Pigeons and People*.

I had just turned to *Over There*—in a volume of many hundreds of pages of his original songs with music—and was thrilling in the memories of stirring scenes of wartime gatherings, marching soldiers on Fifth Avenue and elsewhere, band after band playing, millions of frenzied people singing that song-hit of

the World War when George M. Cohan re-entered with that Yankee Doodle swagger that has been imitated by every vaudeville comedian.

"Oh, that?" He frowned as he always did when he got cornered and was in danger of having to say something flattering about himself. "Well, that tune's given me plenty of trouble on the air. My fan mail has been full of razzes about it. Not long ago, I stirred up a song about the N. R. A. and I sang it to the tune of *Over There*—you know, how you'll do those things? You'd think I was parodying *The Star Spangled Banner*! Some of my correspondents said I could go ahead and sing *Over There*, but not to smear it with politics. But there were a lot of others—who had either forgot, or were too young to know, that I had a hand in putting it on the map—who forbade me to sing it at all! That's a hot one."

"Now, just how did that song come to be written?" I asked, seeing an opening to clear up several legends that have grown up around *Over There*.

"The tune, you mean?" He held his head on one side looking at me a moment like a suspicious terrier. "Just a bugle call; that's all. Somebody had just told me that we had declared War, and I went all numb over it. Then I heard a bugle blowing somewhere. It took up the very thought that was in mind and roused it, set it to music: 'Over there! Over there!' it seemed to shout. Just one of those things. I went driving up Broadway in a taxi, I remember. Before I got to wherever I was going, I had the chorus. The rest of it just came along by itself. Forty-eight hours later dear old Nora Bayes was singing it in her show. The first time I ever sang it was down at Fort Meyers. Some of us people of the theatre had gone there to give some young officers a big send-off to the front. They learned it and we all sang it together. It was a jolly party. Not one of them ever came back, so they tell me."

"That song must have made a fortune. How much did you make, by the way?" I asked innocently.

"Me?" He lowered his head and looked at me as though over his glasses in *Ah, Wilderness*. "Do you think that I would touch a nickel of that money—made under such circumstances? It became popular because of our dough boys, not me. I turned every cent of it back into the Red Cross. Something around \$150,000, I think."

**W**E WERE interrupted by Makino, George M.'s Japanese valet, entering with a note, saying, "He wait down steps."

A cloud crossed the comedian's face as he read it and he stepped into the hallway with his valet, saying, "The usual thing, Mike."

I guessed what it was. They say George M. Cohan has always had more pensioners than anyone in the show business. I remembered how in several of his shows he wrote in one-line parts, so that unemployed old-timers could once again walk down the Rialto with their heads up because they were back on the job and were getting full pay for it.

"If you ask me—did you?" He looked



at me comically and I nodded. "As I look at this radio, it strikes me that every day it is coming more and more to just one thing—and that's the show business. And, oh, what a business the show business is, son! After forty years of it, I can only tell somebody else a little bit about it. And don't get the idea that I am standing out front in the props of a burial artist either. Radio is just a new slant to the show business, that's all—but it is the show business. The powers that be don't quite understand that yet; when they do, they will run it like the show business, or get people who know the show business to run it for them. But the audience is wise. Most programs are put on like a medicine show—and I know a lot about medicine shows after a lifetime on the road. They bring the artists out as a bait—like the tattooed man, the bearded lady or the sword-swallower. Just as the audience has got a good taste of them sometimes—they put on the medicine spiel. Some people won't swallow the medicine.

"BUT that isn't the only nut to crack. Take my own weekly broadcast on the Gulf Oil Program, if you like. Look at this." He picked up a thick pile of music sheets and let them trickle through his fingers. "172 pages of orchestrations before we get the show complete and ready for one broadcast! 50 hours' work on my part. I can name shows into which I haven't put so much more than 50 hours after the idea got me. These radio broadcast shows just a half-hour with me on just 13 minutes!

"Of course, it isn't exactly that, but you get the idea? I wouldn't do 26 weeks in a row. I couldn't. Of course, my problem and all the other fellows' are not exactly the same. Putting on a one-man show—that is, both plan and writing, stage-managing and doing my own stuff—makes it a little different. I'm not putting my vitals, maybe my biggest ideas, into nursing some other guy's reputation as many free lance writers are doing. For, let me tell you, kid, it takes about the best anybody can do—to keep the fans on their toes week after week. Now, let's suppose it was the best thing a fellow ever did. Let him think so, anyway. Just put it on the air once—and it is cold turkey!

"Where are we going to get the material for all the years to come—original stuff, done in an original way, I mean? That's the nut to crack. It might be even O. K. if big advertisers did not have a half-dozen clever competitors. Already in the very infancy of the game, they've got each other worked up to circus pitch. Not a three-ringed circus, but a dozen rings neatly boxed up in your commode or period side-board—head-liners from every branch of the high-brow and the low-brow entertainment world. Not piking, but doing their \$4.40 best. The joker is, that they've got to change their show or their act, every time they give it!

"That's what we are all up against. And I can see but one way of giving writers, composers and artists a break, and a breathing spell. That is, by breaking up the networks, and covering only very small sections of listeners at a time—But that's the show business for you—always crowded with problems you think you'll never be able to solve—and then do."

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I don't need your money—I need your help. Rush me your name so I can lay all the facts before you and then you can decide for yourself. You don't need experience. You don't have to take a long, tedious training course. You take no risk. I furnish everything including brand-new Ford Sedans to producers as a bonus. Costs nothing to investigate. You can't lose. Send name on coupon or penny postcard. Do it today—right now!

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These Food Routes pay you best because you supply household necessities—Coffee, Tea, Spices, Extracts, Baking Powder—things people need to live. You simply take care of a regular route in your locality, calling on your customers once a week and supplying them with the things they need. You handle the money and keep a big share of every dollar you take in. You don't divide up with anyone. No experience necessary. Complete, simple instructions furnished—nothing difficult or complicated. It is actually "ready-made" for you.

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Get rid of unwanted fat, without teas, dope, chemicals, dangerous drugs, strenuous exercise or starvation diet. These pleasant ANTI-FAT TABLETS are designed to just melt the fat away. Guaranteed to reduce when directions are followed. Have succeeded where other attempts had failed. Quick, safe, and harmless. Made from secret herbal plant extracts. Tried and tested by untold numbers with miraculous, amazing results... Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just mail \$1.00 for one month's supply. Trial supply 25c. Fat is dangerous to the heart and health. REDUCE NOW. Don't delay.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.  
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# Here's the Lowdown on Bing Crosby

[Continued from page 41]

**New LOW PRICES**  
**GOOD YEAR**  
**Firestone-Goodrich**  
**U.S. AND OTHER TIRES**

Why pay high prices for tires? Save money on all standard brands, recommended by the special Adamite scientific process. Adams tires are fully guaranteed to give the best of service under severest road conditions for 12 full months and are backed by the vast financial resources of this well-known company.

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29x4-40-21	2.40	81x4	2.95
29x4-40-21	2.45	82x4	2.95
29x4-40-21	2.50	83x4	2.95
29x5-00-19	2.85	84x4	3.25
29x5-00-20	2.85	84x4 1/2	3.45
29x5-00-19	2.90	1.15	3.45
29x5-25-19	2.95	1.15	3.45
29x5-25-20	2.95	1.15	3.45
31x6-25-21	3.25	1.15	3.75
32x6-50-18	3.35	1.15	3.95
32x6-50-19	3.40	1.15	3.95
31x6-00-19	3.40	1.15	3.95
32x6-00-20	3.45	1.25	3.95
32x6-00-21	3.65	1.25	3.95
32x6-50-20	3.75	1.35	3.95

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83x4	2.95	0.85
84x4	3.25	0.85
84x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
84x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
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BING came by his singing ability naturally—he developed it naturally—and he has earned his success in a natural manner without aid of ballyhoo or propaganda.

Everyone in the family, as far back as we can remember, was musical excepting Bing's manager, our brother Everett. Ev can't carry a tune in a basket, and Mother always knew when he had been up to something if he came home whistling a weird tune way off scale about nothing at all. But he has done fine as a manager.

Grandpa Harrigan, on Mother's side, could shout *Old Dan Tucker* all evening with seven kids sitting on his knee tugging at his whiskers. Uncle George Harrigan has long been a fixture at Washington's capitol, Olympia, as no third house session is complete without his booming *Harrigan, That's Me*.

Northwest pioneers will never forget Uncle Sam Woodruff, of the Crosby clan, and his Koko and other successes of Gilbert and Sullivan type in amateur musicals.

Mother was a Tacoma choir leader, and Dad was a slicker with the guitar and mandolin long before the radio made mountain music popular. We always had a piano in the house, although none of us could play it. But when friends gathered a pianist was always found so we could entertain with *In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*, *Down Where the Wurtzburger Flows*, and other rollicking choruses.

So Bing was a singer before he could walk.

But while the rest of us sang for the fun of it, Bing went further with his natural ability to entertain. He was a "natural" in college minstrels, not only in song but for his ability to put over jokes—he enjoyed them so much himself that he generally brought the house down when he stopped himself half way through a story with laughter.

Always easy going, I know that much of his success has been for his natural way of entertaining. With Paul Whiteman, his work was just play. He was serious only when they lined him up for his first national broadcast, alone, told him there were twenty million listeners on the other side of the mike, and union bands were forbidden to play for him because he had jumped a unilateral contract in Los Angeles to grab his biggest opportunity. That sudden realization caused him to lose even his speaking voice for three days.

FURTHER proof of this naturalness and that the Crosbys are a singing family is indicated by the possibility that the lightning bolt of vocal success may again light in the same spot.

Bob, nine years Bing's junior, is showing strong possibilities of meeting with similar success. At nineteen he is soloist with Anson Week's orchestra at the Hotel Mark Hopkins in San Francisco, and doing a very fine job of it.

And far from being an aid, as one may suspect, the name built up by Bing will be more of a handicap to Bob. Because Bob does not plan on being a carbon copy of the original, although their voices are very similar, especially in the low ranges. Both have vocal pe-

cularities, Bing a growth in his throat and Bob a double palate. And neither is going to do anything about it—removal might change the quality of their voice.

Nor does Bob intend to muscle in, or divert any of Bing's popularity. I give him great credit for his ambition to develop a style of his own. If he succeeds it will show resourcefulness and ability.

Bob is taller, and dark. His style naturally is more youthful. He now favors fast numbers with trick endings, but he can croon a slow ballad to win considerable approval when he can find one not already featured by Bing. He will not sing Bing's songs.

When Bing's voice failed him on that first big broadcast, he decided to give it all up. He left a note to Everett, which I saw a year ago, saying in effect: "I'm not good enough for this. It's way over my head, and it's all a mistake. Cancel all the contracts, and we'll go back home." And with that he went out to forget, feeling he had been a failure.

Luckily, Everett had other ideas. He had faith that Bing was a natural born entertainer. He stalled the radio officials off, filled them with promises, and made good by getting Bing back on the job which brought him to the top.

With very little musical training, Bing has improved his voice mainly by his own efforts. He couldn't sidestep the fact he was a singer, but his success is almost a mystery to him.

And that note I have mentioned is the only contract between Bing and Everett. They will never need any additional working basis.

## The Singing Stranger

[Continued from page 34]

than seven hundred songs in his repertoire, and sings in seven languages, an ability which adds to the illusion of the revving program.

But first of all he is an actor, his first experience being a juvenile part in a stock company. He is one of the many stage stars who are turning to radio because its flexibility appeals to them.

While he has traveled extensively, his travel while working consists of walks through Chicago's parks with his dog, looking (not hunting) for strange birds. We trust he confines his search to strange birds that fly.

Especially fortunate is Mr. Booth ("but I always was lucky") in having for the feminine allure of the program Dorothy Day, a lovely and competent young woman, also fresh from Broadway. For two years she played in *Counsellor at Law*; she is an experienced newspaper woman, and helps in the writing of continuity for *The Singing Stranger*. Not long ago three articles there were published in *Liberty Magazine* under the title "A Chorus Girl Lectures on Etiquette," a sparkingly satirical feature which was so convincing she can't tell her best friends that they were not autobiographical.

At the piano Mildred Davis accompanies Booth's songs, and special musical backgrounds are furnished by the Bluejay Ensemble, directed by Keith Beecher.

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L325

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L326

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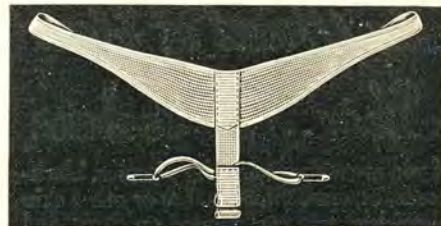
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## Lonely Phil Baker

[Continued from page 14]

would knock at the door, pop in an anxious head, make some eager remark, and pop right out again.

Peggy (Phil's best friend and severest critic—you know, the wife) was seated on the chaise lounge bragging about their infant, Margot Elinor—or "Miss Muffet" to the baby's friends. And baby must have a lot of friends, for everyone who popped in or out inquired after "Miss Muffet."

**B**UT Phil admitted, plaintively, that he had few friends indeed.

"In all the years, I've been on the stage, I've made but two friends," said Phil. (Which puts him one up on a lot of people we know.—Ed.) "True, I have other friends but they're not on the stage.

"But what I'm really driving at is this:

"Here in show business, in radio and on the stage, we have such outstanding personalities as Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Harry Richman, Georgie Price, George Jessel, Ben Bernie, Jack Benny, Ed Wynn or Lou Holtz. And, perhaps, a half-dozen more of equal importance—and I'm not slighting them by not going into greater detail.

"Yet none of us really knows the other chap. We're all so wrapped up in our work and in our ambitions that we give little heed to the friendship that should exist between us.

"Oh, we know each other. We say 'Hello' and kibitz and act like great pals. Yet we're not. And I think we should be. We should form a club, we should get together, work over each other's problems, help each other out.

"About a year or so ago, I left the stage. I needed a rest and I decided to keep away from Broadway and the theater. That rest gave me a new perspective on life. I learned that such simple things as friendship mean more than all the back-slapping ever handed out by self-seeking sycophants.

"I can remember when I was playing in *A Night in Spain* on the coast. Al Jolson then was making *The Jazz Singer* for Warners. Al used to come to the theater each evening to watch the show. One night I asked him to take a bow.

"Al came on the stage, instead. He told a few gags, and then, with the pent-up enthusiasm of seven or eight months' enforced retirement to spur him on, sang one of his favorite songs as only Jolson can sing it.

"Do you know, Al would come to the theater four or five nights a week and go on each night. He never got a cent for it. In fact, if the Shuberts had asked Jolson to appear in the show, Al would have asked \$10,000 for his services—and gotten it.

"That's what I mean when I say we have something in common, something so fine and beautiful that it should make us all great friends, instead of comparative strangers. We have that feeling for the theater that has made us endure all sorts of hardships. That, alone, should make true friends of us."

Well, mebbe so, mebbe so. But I'm willing to bet a latest model radio against a crystal set that Baker has a lot of friends—even if he doesn't think so. A guy who can talk like that deserves real companions.



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## Rubinoff-Jekyll

[Continued from page 26]

the brain of Eddie Cantor. Meet first the Rubinoffs you have heard over the air.

The part of the maestro is played by Teddy Bergman. Teddy wears long side-burns, and a black ribbon for a tie, and thinks he could teach Yehudi Menuhin. "Mrs." Rubinoff is portrayed by Frances Arms. "Uncle" Rubinoff is Patsy Flick.

The entire country, as was to be expected, took the new "Mrs. Rubinoff" very seriously, and wrote thousands of letters to the famous soloist asking what she looked like, what was her name, where did she come from, when did he marry her, and so on *ad infinitum*.

If bringing "Mrs. Rubinoff" into the picture was an innovation, it was no less startling than the introduction of "Rubinoff" himself. There are hundreds of thousands of people today who believe that Rubinoff really talks in the highly accented gibberish which they hear. These good people actually believe that the violinist speaks into the microphone.

The truth of the matter is that Rubinoff, in three years of broadcasting, has never spoken over a national network, and in all probability never will.

The real Rubinoff is no more like the caricature than Eddie Cantor is like Mae West. At the age of fourteen Rubinoff was a child prodigy and had won scholarships to conservatories of music at Warsaw, Berlin and Vienna. In this country at fifteen, Rubinoff was conducting orchestras in motion picture houses in Pittsburgh while still wearing knee pants.

That, we would say, is Rubinoff-Jekyll, the real Rubinoff. Rubinoff-Hyde is Teddy Bergman.

The impersonation of Rubinoff has won Bergman greatest fame. In addition to the Russian dialect he uses on the Chase and Sanborn Hour, Bergman numbers among his dialects replicas of Jewish, Irish, Negro, Italian, French, Spanish, German, Swedish, Indian, Chinese, Scotch, Japanese, and a variety of British accents.

FRANCES ARMS, veteran of the vaudeville and musical comedy stage, is "Mrs." Rubinoff. She is an excellent dialectician and character actress.

There is no real Mrs. David Rubinoff. The subject of this sketch is one of radio's most eligible bachelors.

Most entitled to the name Mrs. Rubinoff is Dave's mother, a gentle, kindly soul if there ever was one.

Not content with giving Rubinoff a wife, Cantor dug up an uncle for the popular conductor. And what an uncle! He, too, butchered the English language, was a cut-throat and every manner of rascal to boot. Patsy Flick carried the impersonation.

Patsy was a pioneer at the business of Greek dialect which has since become a popular presentation in various fields. In addition, he is master of almost every dialect known to civilized people. His latest accomplishment is Arabian, a dialect rarely if ever heard. Patsy is aching to use it and no doubt will introduce it on the radio some day when the listening public least expects it.

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Size	Rim	Tubes	Tubes
29x4.40-20	20	\$2.15	\$0.85
29x4.50-20	20	2.15	.85
30x4.50-21	21	2.15	.85
28x4.75-19	19	2.15	.85
29x4.75-20	20	2.15	.85
29x5.00-19	19	2.15	1.00
30x5.00-20	20	2.15	1.00
28x5.25-18	18	2.15	1.15
29x5.25-19	19	2.15	1.15
30x5.25-20	20	2.15	1.15
31x5.25-21	21	2.15	1.15
28x5.50-18	18	2.15	1.15
29x5.50-19	19	2.15	1.15
30x6.00-18	18	2.15	1.15
31x6.00-19	19	2.15	1.15
32x6.00-20	20	2.15	1.25
33x6.00-21	21	2.15	1.25
32x6.50-20	20	2.15	1.35

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32x4	2.35	.85
33x4	2.35	.85
34x4	2.35	.85
32x4 1/2	2.35	1.15
33x4 1/2	2.35	1.15
34x4 1/2	2.35	1.15
30x5	2.35	1.35
33x5	2.35	1.45
35x5	2.35	1.55

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JUNE

## Romantic MOVIE STORIES

• Also in this issue: The first cinema version of George White's *Scandals* with a galaxy of stars including Jimmy Durante, Rudy Vallée and Alice Faye. Hilarious Lee Tracy as an ace reporter in *I'll Tell the World*. *He Was Her Man* co-starring Joan Blondell and Jimmy Cagney. Warner Baxter and Rosemary Ames in *Too Many Women*. *Come On Marines* featuring Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino. Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell in *The Personality Kid* and Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong in *Manhattan Love Song*.

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## Captain Henry *[Continued from page 15]*

With this act they toured small towns in the middle-west. Charles himself was an admirable boy soprano as well as a trap drummer. But for all that, the act did not meet with immediate success.

DURING their travels Franz Winger discovered Harry Houdini, the magician, doing handcuff tricks and a box mystery in the Kohl and Middleton's Museum in Chicago. For a few weeks he added Houdini to his act, and then Houdini went on to higher and better things. There is a legend current in radio circles that the Winger troupe got into plenty of hot water when Houdini opened a jail in Appleton, Wisconsin. But Winger says that the legend is the bunk. Houdini switched prisoners from one cell to another as a publicity stunt, but it was all with the connivance and approval of the authorities.

When Charles was about twelve or thirteen years old, he decided he was a full-fledged actor and he quit school. He was then in the sixth or seventh grade.

One day he read an advertisement in a theatrical journal for a performer on a showboat, Captain Adams' *Cotton Blossom*, which made its way along the Mississippi. Here Charles Winger got his original showboat experience.

"Most people," he told me, "have the wrong idea about a showboat. It's just a theatre built on a scow. A steamboat hooks on behind with paddle wheels and acts as the pilot boat. The captain of a showboat in reality knows very little about navigation. He is simply the manager of the theatrical troupe. In addition to the captain, there is always a pilot, who knows how to steer the boat."

His greatest hit was made when he played Captain Andy in Ziegfeld's *Show Boat* for two years. It was the second time in his career that he was a hit on a showboat. The first time was the real McCoy, of course.

When an agency hit upon the idea of a Showboat hour and Bill Bacher started to write the continuity, it was to Charles Winger he turned for information about the atmosphere of a showboat. And Charles, in his bluff, hearty fashion, told him everything he wanted to know.

FOR the most part, the imaginary showboat of the air is run like a real showboat. But occasionally Captain Henry receives complaints. One woman wrote that she missed the two toots that are always heard when a showboat lands. It would take too long to give all the regular landing signals, Winger explains. When the showboat comes down the river, you hear the calliope, then Tiny Ruffner announcing the showboat and finally Captain Henry's hale, hearty voice crying out, "Howdy folks, howdy, howdy." Most people are satisfied.

Charles Winger isn't at all ashamed of the fact that he's no infant, according to the calendar. He frankly admits his age, tells you that he's had forty-two years of theatrical tramping, and says that the fan letter he liked best of all those he has received read, "Like wine, you improve with age."

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# Judge Vallee Presides

[Continued from page 38]

I believe it was our privilege to introduce it, and our recording of it will be enjoyed by those who like this type of number.

Nothing But The Best is a clear-cut example of a Broadway popular song, written by a typical Broadwayite, a Canadian, and a boy from Detroit, respectively, Charles Tobias, Carmen Lombardo and Gerald Marks. The Lombardo influence is clearly felt in its construction, as it is the type of song well adapted to the particular rhythm the Lombardos employ in nearly all their fox trots. The song is one of the most played on the air.

Love Locked Out is another example of a lovely tune, perhaps too lovely, too beautiful. From the pen of Ray Noble and Max Kester, the Ray Noble part of it guaranteeing that it has something, as Noble is an ace picker of compositions and an ace writer. His recordings are perhaps the most excellently done of all contemporary wax work. Certainly his English Victor record, also released in America, of Love Locked Out, is exquisite. In contrast with the overdone and extremely heavy work of most of our dance orchestras, it should be enjoyed by those who appreciate artistry in arrangement and dance orchestra direction. Yet the song will probably not be a money maker for the publisher, because there are tricky spots in it, and it has possibly too much depth and beauty for the average person to appreciate.

Everybody Loves My Marguerite is another tune from jolly old England which yours truly was permitted to o.k. in its American version. Its composer is Harry Woods, American writer of so many hits, notably When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain, and Just an Echo in the Valley. He is such a wanderer that I am not able to keep track of him, but during one of his trips to London he must have spent days writing with Jimmy Campbell and Reg Connelly, because from time to time compositions float back from English shores written by this trio. It has been a long time since a song based on a girl's name has been at all popular.

THREE boys born and bred to Broadway—one an Italian, another of the Hebraic faith, and a third nationally unknown to me—Jimmy Monaco, Maurice Sigler, and Herb Magidson respectively—are to be congratulated on having injected some of the Stephen Foster quality into Ole Mammy Ain't Gonna Sing No More. It is a tune that those of us who direct dance orchestras welcome most cordially to our folios, as it really smacks of the quality that has made Stephen Foster America's greatest writer of Southern songs.

Lyricaly I know Christmas Night in Harlem little or not at all; musically it is one of the greatest band tunes a rhythmic band could look for. The first night the Connecticut Yankees played it, immediately following our floor show at the Hollywood, I found myself neglecting the guests at whose table I was sitting, and listening—sure proof of the fact that the song must be outstandingly interesting.

The Yankees are very enthusiastic about it, which is an even better sign!

# Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Use Successful Prescription to Clean out Acids and Purify Blood— Beware Drastic Drugs

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your kidneys, which may be endangered by drastic drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry and exposure. Be careful. Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, frequent night risings, itching, smarting, burning, painful joints, rheumatic pains, headaches and a generally run down exhausted body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects a frequent cause of such conditions (Kidney or Bladder dysfunctions). It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract and in freeing the blood of retained toxins." If you suffer from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders don't waste a minute. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Gently soothes and cleans raw, irritated membranes. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose. At all drug stores.



Dr. W. R. George



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# QUESTIONS

## and Answers

Where does Rudy Vallée broadcast from on Thursday nights for the Fleischmann Yeast Program? Where can a letter reach him?—*F. Hill, Medford, Mass.*

**Ans.**—This program comes to you from the National Broadcasting Company's studios in Rockefeller Center, New York City. Also forward all mail for NBC artists to this same address.



Ruth Etting

Who is Ruth Etting's husband? What is the name of the picture Lanny Ross is making? Is Jane Froman married? When is Mae West going to start broadcasting?—*H. B. T., Potsdam, N. Y.*

**Ans.**—Ruth is the wife of a Colonel and the name is Gimpe. Lanny has finished making *Melody in Spring* and is back in New York with the Maxwell House Showboat. Jane Froman is Mrs. Don Ross in private life. Mae West has decided to devote her time to movies and writing, passing up the thousands offered to her for radio broadcasting.

Why doesn't Kate Smith sing any more and why isn't Singing Sam on the radio? Does Arthur Jarret sing over the radio?—*J. Cadmus, Newark, N. J.*

**Ans.**—Kate Smith will be back on the ether waves sometime in the early summer when she finishes her vaudeville tour. Singing Sam wanted a vacation and he's spending it making personal appearances. Arthur Jarret is in Hollywood making pictures.



Rosemary and Priscilla Lane

Will you please give age, whether married or single, height, weight, color of eyes and hair of Fred Waring, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane? Will you also tell me where they broadcast from?—*C. Cicero, New York.*

**Ans.**—Fred is thirty, tall, dark and handsome—just an answer to a maiden's prayer but he probably heard that prayer for he took the vows just a short time ago. He has black curly hair, grey eyes, weighs about 160 and is five feet, ten inches tall. The Lane

sisters are very much alike in size and coloring. They are five feet, four inches, weigh 110 pounds each, have blue eyes and light brown hair and are in their late teens. No orange blossoms for them yet but it won't be long before some lucky fellows win these prize beauties. They broadcast from the new Columbia Playhouse in New York.

Is Bing Crosby making another picture and what will it be?—*J. Moranto, Shreveport, La.*

**Ans.**—Bing has just finished with his starring rôle in *We're Not Dressing* and is preparing for his part in that grand comedy hit *She Loves Me Not*.



Al Jolson

Did Al Jolson sing *Sonny Boy* in the picture of the same name? If not, what picture did he sing it in?

**Ans.**—The name of that picture was the *Jazz Singer*.

Where is Cab Calloway and his orchestra? Can he be heard

on the air? If not, when will we be able to hear him again? When and over what stations may Russ Columbo be heard?—*R. A. Malik, Minneapolis.*

**Ans.**—Cab Calloway and his orchestra are in London where they are meeting with great success so their return is a little indefinite just now. Russ Columbo is devoting himself to the movies.

I would like to know if Gertrude Niesen is married to Freddie Rich or to whom she is married.—*L. R. A., New York.*



Gertrude Niesen

**Ans.**—Gertrude Says it isn't Freddie Rich or any other man cause she isn't married.

Is Phil Regan his real name and when is his birthday?—*L. O. K., Sheridan, Mont.*

**Ans.**—A Mr. and Mrs. Regan of Brooklyn, New York, had a little son born to them on May 28, 1908 and they called him Phil. This little boy grew up and is now known as Phil Regan, "The Singing Cop."

Approximately what compensation does Eddie Cantor get for his hour with Chase & Sanborn? Also, Ed Wynn and Rudy Vallée for their broadcasts?—*J. R. McDonald, Detroit Lakes.*

**Ans.**—All three are in the big money class drawing five thousand or more for each broadcast.

Was Joe Penner ever in the movies? If so, what did he play in?—*T. Y., Denver, Colorado.*

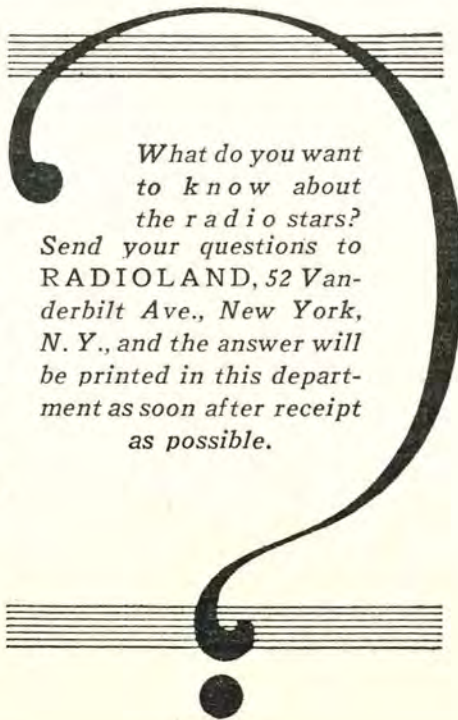


Joe Penner

**Ans.**—Joe Penner has made a number of "shorts" for Vitaphone. *Here Prince and Where Men are Men* are two of the later ones.

Is Frank Parker Italian? Is he married? How old is he and where was he born?—*R. Potente, Mt. Vernon.*

**Ans.**—Frank Parker is an American of Italian parentage. He was born in New York City, April 29, 1906.



What do you want to know about the radio stars? Send your questions to RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., and the answer will be printed in this department as soon after receipt as possible.



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