

RADIOLAND

July



10c

15c In Canada

**"RUDY
VALLEE
Made Me
A Star"
Says
Alice Faye**

**Why Isn't
KATE SMITH
On The Air?**

Alice Faye



HERE'S YOUR BLUE RIBBON



SHE'S a Blue Ribbon girl, vital and vibrant, smart and spirited—a winner on every count. She deserves the best of everything, and she gets the best of beers in Pabst Blue Ribbon. Because Pabst Blue Ribbon is also superlative by every test. It's the nation's standing order because it stands for Blue Ribbon excellence in beer character and quality.



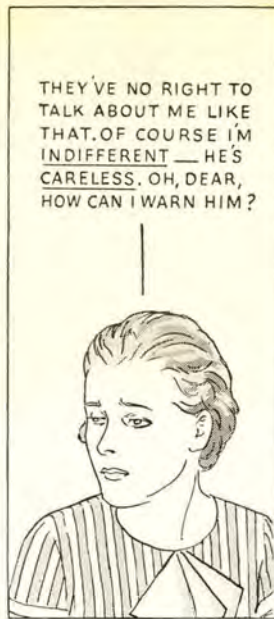
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

© 1934, Premier-Pabst Corp.

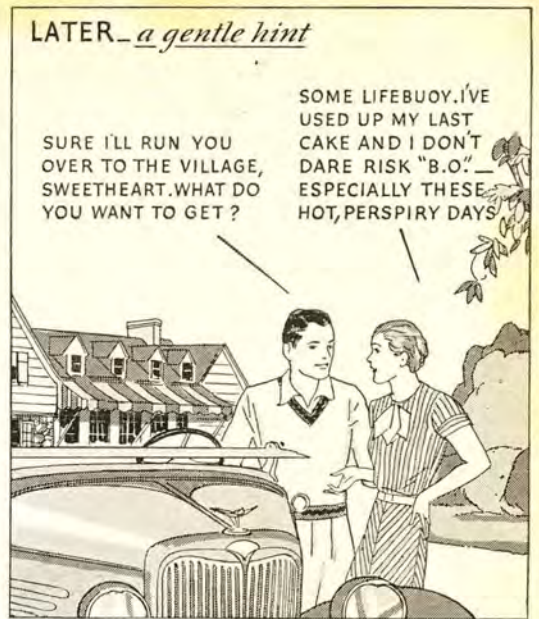




MY DEAR, HAVE YOU WATCHED THAT ENGAGED COUPLE? POSITIVELY SCANDALOUS THE WAY SHE TREATS HIM — SO COLD, INDIFFERENT



THEY'VE NO RIGHT TO TALK ABOUT ME LIKE THAT. OF COURSE I'M INDIFFERENT — HE'S CARELESS. OH, DEAR, HOW CAN I WARN HIM?



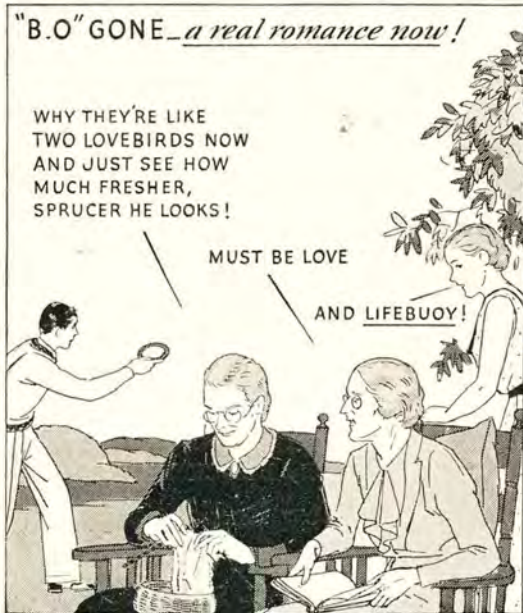
LATER... *a gentle hint*

SURE I'LL RUN YOU OVER TO THE VILLAGE, SWEETHEART. WHAT DO YOU WANT TO GET?

SOME LIFEBOUY. I'VE USED UP MY LAST CAKE AND I DON'T DARE RISK "B.O." — ESPECIALLY THESE HOT, PERSPIRY DAYS



QUEER LOOK SHE GAVE ME THEN. CAN'T BELIEVE I OFFEND — BUT I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY ANYWAY



"B.O." GONE... *a real romance now!*

WHY THEY'RE LIKE TWO LOVEBIRDS NOW AND JUST SEE HOW MUCH FRESHER, SPRUCER HE LOOKS!

MUST BE LOVE AND LIFEBOUY!



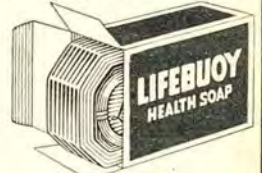
SIS SAYS SHE JUST LIVES IN THE TUB THESE HOT DAYS — THANKS HER LUCKY STARS FOR LIFEBOUY — SO REFRESHING!

LIFEBOUY has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and purifies pores — leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your *mind's* at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Complexions need its mildness
Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather.

Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT ...



GOOD MORNING! THERE'S SUCH A NICE BREEZE TODAY — MY WASH IS DRY ALREADY

HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'RE ALWAYS THROUGH HOURS AHEAD OF ME. I'VE BEEN SCRUBBING AND BOILING ALL THE MORNING



WHY, I NEVER SCRUB OR BOIL MY CLOTHES. I JUST SOAK THEM IN RINSO SUDS. IT FLOATS THE DIRT AWAY

AND YOUR WASH IS THE WHITEST I'VE EVER SEEN! I MUST TRY RINSO, TOO



ONE WEEK LATER

YOU'RE LOOKING MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF, JESSIE. WHAT'S UP?

I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAVE A NEW LEASE ON LIFE, DEAR! I'M WASHING CLOTHES A NEW WAY — WITH RINSO. NOT A BIT OF HARD WORK, AND LOOK! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

AND HONEY, I'M GOING TO SAVE LOTS OF MONEY NOW! I'LL TELL YOU HOW...



YOU see, Rinso soaks out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too — and for all cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — even in hardest water. Try Rinso!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



RADIOLAND

JULY, 1934



VOL. II

NO. 5

ROSCOE FAWCETT, *Editor*

DONALD G. COOLEY, *Executive Editor*

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Next Month—What's Happening to Radio Comedians?

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ADORABLE MADCAP
OF WHEELER AND WOOLSEY COMEDIES

★
★
Dorothy Lee

FINDS THAT BREAD HELPS HER
KEEP "ON HER TOES"

With her enchanting elfin grace, and blithe charm, Dorothy Lee is dancing her way to stardom. She's "on her toes" . . . alert, twinkling with vivacity, radiant. Bread helps her keep the pace . . . as she explains in this letter to Betty Crocker, expert on meal planning.

Dear Betty Crocker:

I'm sure no one could succeed in film work without plenty of vitality. We have to do our best and look our best for long hours at a time. I've always been told bread is an excellent food for energy. I like bread--all kinds--and eat it three times a day.

Dorothy Lee

SMART NEW WAYS TO SERVE BREAD!
BY BETTY CROCKER, MENU EXPERT

Free! This fascinating new book . . . "Vitality Demands Energy (109 Smart New Ways to Serve Bread, Our Outstanding Energy Food)." Clever new menus by Betty Crocker, noted cooking authority. New ideas for combining bread with other foods to make tempting, well balanced meals. Intriguing sandwiches, canapés, hors d'oeuvres, soup and salad accompaniments. New uses for the delicious breads and other baked wheat products baked for you fresh, every day, in appetizing variety, by your baker. Include breads in every meal! Products

Control Department of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

SEND FOR BETTY CROCKER'S FREE BOOK
Offer good only within continental limits of U. S. A.
Betty Crocker, Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me your valuable new free book on bread "Vitality Demands Energy" in which science states facts about bread and you suggest 109 delightful new ways to use it.

Name.....

St. or R.F.D. No.....

City.....

State.....

Copyright, 1934, General Mills, Inc., Paw. 7.34



Dorothy Lee is more captivating than ever as she whirls through the latest Wheeler and Woolsey RKO-Radio comedy hit, "Cockeyed Cavaliers."

SCIENCE REVEALS WHY BREAD IS
OUR OUTSTANDING ENERGY FOOD

Proves that Bread:

- 1 Supplies energy efficiently. Abundantly provided with carbohydrates, which furnish endurance energy (largest need of diet). Important in proper combination of foods necessary for a complete diet.
- 2 Builds, repairs. Contains also proteins, used for building muscle and helping daily repair of body tissues. Thus bread, and other baked wheat products, used freely for essential energy needs, do not unbalance diet in respect to proteins as do large amounts of energy foods lacking other essential nutrients.
- 3 Is one of the most easily digested foods. 96% assimilated.

These three statements have been accepted by the noted authorities on diet and nutrition who comprise the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association, largest and most important association of medical men in the world.



Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!



LETTERS from the STARS



Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson take time out to answer fan letters

Editor of RADIOLAND,
52 Vanderbilt Avenue,
New York City.
Gentlemen:

We started out to say that the editor had asked us to write these few words for the magazine, but we're going to change that and say that we asked the editor if we *could*. There's so darned much satisfaction in having it look as though we had submitted something and had it accepted. Oh, well. Life is like that. We have already sent our check to the editor.



Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle and Budd

The story in a recent issue about us was written by Ralph Daigh, and is authentic as we would want it. Ralph is a very nice young man, unassuming, quiet, and reminds you somewhat of our good friend Lowell Thomas. We hear that his name originally was "Day," but he added the extra letters to make it harder to pronounce, except that you pronounce it the same now as you did before he changed it. Well, maybe things are supposed to be that waigh.

Nobody asked us, but things are going just fine, thank you. It is peachy being on the same program with Connie Boswell and the Casa Loma boys. The waigh Connie plays the band and the waigh Casa Gray sings that song is a treat to beat your feet on the Mississippi mud. Well, anywaigh, we've practically come to the end of our rope. That fellow Daigh has us all mixed up. Go waigh, Daigh.

Stoopnocratically yours,
COL. STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD.

The waigh you boys plaigh with words has us dizzy! The check you mention must have been lost in the mails. Better check up, or else—

Editor of RADIOLAND,
Dear Sir:

I am a consistent reader of RADIOLAND for pleasure as well as for business reasons. Naturally I am deeply appreciative of the nice things that RADIOLAND has done for me, but aside from this I find interesting reading on almost every page. The feature stories, with their exclusive sidelights on my friends in radio, are most entertaining; the picture layouts rank with those of magazines costing five times as much; and the breezy comments in the various departments are as diverting as a sophisticated Broadway comedy. For light reading, pertinent news and enjoyable fiction, I enthusiastically recommend RADIOLAND.
RUTH ETTING.

Congratulations on your fine literary taste, Ruth. If there is anything we like to feel as sophisticated as, it's that Broadway comedy you mention. People are still writing to us about that nice RADIOLAND cover you posed for last fall.

Editor of RADIOLAND,
Dear Sir:

Mr. Melton wanted me to ask you if you would be kind enough to have your secretary get out the several pictures you have of us, and of our boat. As it happens, these are the only prints we have of the two of us on the boat and so we value them.

Mr. Melton liked the article you had in the June issue about him and thought it attractively set up. We always read RADIOLAND and enjoy it very much.

Yours sincerely,
MARJORIE M. MELTON.
(Mrs. James)

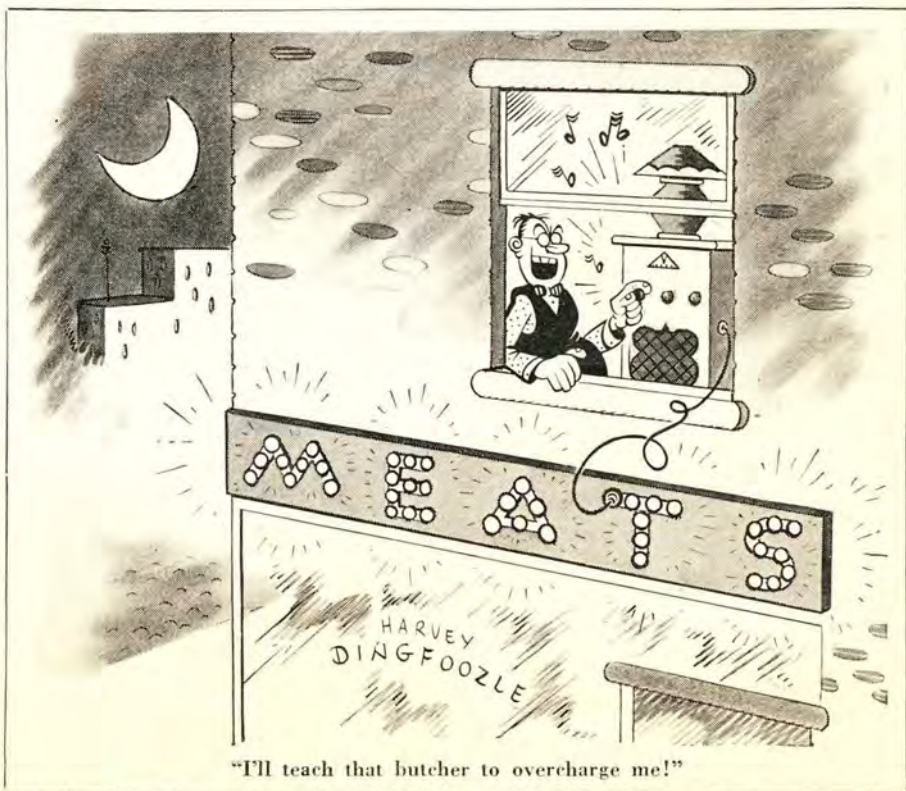
Our layout man, to whom we passed along your compliment, is blushing furiously in his swollen pride and we pass along his stammered thanks to you. We now reveal the secret of why we ran that story on Jimmy Melton's yacht: we thought we could bribe him into inviting us for a cruise, so we could brag about it to the folks back home. But maybe we would have been seasick anyway.

Dear Mr. Cooley:

I don't know just who is responsible for the grand surprise I got last week when I saw "Me" on the cover of your May issue. I dropped Mr. Fawcett a line—and to make sure, I want to thank you a million times, too. Honestly, I was thrilled to death. A million thanks.
Sincerely,

BABS RYAN.

It was just a plot to sell magazines, Babs; we figured your picture on the cover ought to boost circulation—and it did! (P. S.—Mr. Fawcett has just gone out. Just between us, Babs, I deserve all the credit for picking you as a cover subject.—D. G. C.)



MISCELLANY

EX-MAYOR JIMMY WALKER of New York, now self-exiled in Europe, said to be planning a return to the United States to accept a theatrical and radio engagement. Jimmy began his career as a writer of popular songs . . . Block and Sully, guest stars on numerous radio programs, have a part in Eddie Cantor's new picture . . . Dramatic programs slated to suffer heavy mortality during the summer . . . Ed Wynn claims the title of the most-sued man in radio; has 138 cases against him pending at the present time . . . Singin' Sam has just got himself married and is coming back to the air for a beer company this summer . . . *Let's Fall in Love* and *The Old Spinning Wheel* were the two song hits played most during the first quarter of the year. *Love Thy Neighbor* and *Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day* seem current competitors for the honor, but you never can tell. . . .

Program Notes

Jimmie Durante must have brought his fellow-players to a near state of nervous collapse on his first few programs on the coffee hour—or didn't you notice? On one occasion it was glaringly evident that the carefree Jimmie wound up his program about two minutes before the hour, and the sounds of studio bustle which ensued until the windup announcement were rather baffling to the listener. Jimmie, an ad-libber from way back, is a hard man to confine to routine. . . . Those child prodigy programs seem worse the more you hear 'em. Not that the kid singers don't do well, but the way the youngsters strain for effect is nothing less than excruciating to the ears of the music-wise who wonder what will remain of their voices in three or four years.

Comings and Goings

RUTH ETTING to Hollywood to make more movies. Hope they don't leave most of her songs on the floor of the cutting room, as unfortunately happened in *Roman Scandals*—where she sang but the chorus of one song, though her name was starred! . . . Jessica Dragonette also snared by the movies, finally. Scheduled to appear in singing shorts and will head Pacificward soon . . . Burns and Allen in Europe, where Gracie is looking for her brother . . . Glen Gray's Casa Loma band slides into a summer engagement at the Glen Island Casino, deserting the Essex House until fall. . . .

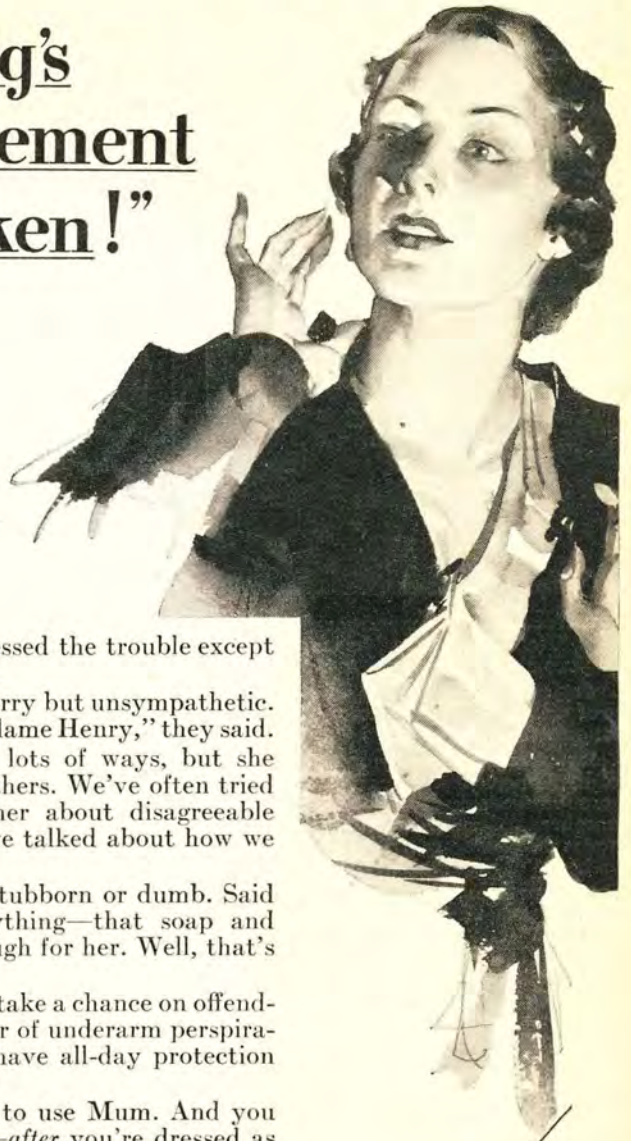
Back of the Scenes

Babe Ruth has a stand-in who travels with him ready to jump into the broadcasting breach in case the Babe can't make it. . . . Seth Parker may be heard on a new program if auditions mean anything. . . . Now that business is breaking better for the networks, you can expect a gradual return to higher standards, with laxative and patent medicine ads being weeded out one by one.

JULY, 1934

"GATHER ROUND, GIRLS"

**"Peg's
engagement
is broken!"**



EVERYBODY guessed the trouble except poor Peg herself.

Her friends were sorry but unsympathetic. "After all, you can't blame Henry," they said.

"Peg is a dear in lots of ways, but she certainly is slow in others. We've often tried to ease it over to her about disagreeable underarm odor. We've talked about how we all use Mum.

"But she's either stubborn or dumb. Said she didn't need anything—that soap and water were good enough for her. Well, that's Peg's mistake."

How foolish it is to take a chance on offending with the ugly odor of underarm perspiration, when you can have all-day protection in just *half a minute!*

That's all it takes to use Mum. And you can use it any time—*after* you're dressed as well as before. For it's harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *immediately.*

Count on Mum to keep you safe from odor *without* preventing the perspiration itself. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

USE MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Mum is wonderful to use as a deodorant on sanitary napkins. Enjoy its protection in this way.



"HELLO
Dirty Face"



Use FREE Coupon Below

● When you were young, and your Dad called to you, "Hello Dirty Face," he was referring to surface dirt—"clean dirt," actually.

Today, of course, you avoid dirt on the surface of your skin—but are you sure about the dirt under the surface?

Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

Send for a FREE Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new skin-cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin: (1) Dampen a dab of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton. If it is dirty—heed the warning! Don't take chances with enlarged pores—skin blemishes!

DRESKIN removes hidden dirt—neutralizes alkali—reduces the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.



Campana

Dreskin



THE
ORIGINAL
SKIN
INVIGORATOR



CAMPANA DRESKIN,
2927 Lincoln Highway,
Batavia, Illinois

Gentlemen: Please send me
FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of
DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator
—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

Free

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., P.G.-7 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.



—Wide World

Father Coughlin addressing Senate Silver Bloc, giving views on silver legislation

Coughlin Off Air

DELIVERING a few final jabs at the stock market and Wall Street money manipulators, Father Charles E. Coughlin has made his concluding radio address of the season and retired from the networks until next fall. During the year he chalked up the astounding achievement of getting more first-page newspaper headlines than any other radio personality outside of the President himself. Looking backward over the year, it is obvious that Father Coughlin's interests have been predominantly economic. His beguiling voice has argued for inflation in various forms and he has driven home many lusty blows at the nation's financial structure. Starting as a staunch supporter of the Roosevelt administration, he is currently finding it too conservative for his tastes and is veering over to the left. What cause he will crusade for next year is conjectural, but you'll learn the inside facts about his plans through RADIO-LAND magazine.

Coffee to Toothpaste

POSITIVELY cataclysmic to loyal coffee drinkers is the news that Eddie Cantor isn't going to live with Chase & Sanborn any more. After his contract



Eddie Cantor lands in Hollywood with his two eldest daughters, Marjorie, left, and Natalie, right

expires next winter he is scheduled to take over the program of a toothpaste company, and as accurately as can be predicted at the present writing, he'll carry his whole company with him. Joe Penner, who is "the" discovery of the present season, having 'em all rolling in the aisles—to no one's greater consternation than his own—will take Eddie's place on the coffee hour. So get yourself emotionally prepared for a shower of dated toothpaste tubes and ducks popping out of coffee cans. Nothing can amaze us any more. We expect to hear any minute that Ed Wynn is giving up gasoline to advertise a face powder.

Hoch der Hat!

UNDER the classification of news must come the fact that Ed Wynn is very, very proud of the fire hat which has just been presented to him. It's a genuine antique, with a painting of a be-wigged colonial gentleman on the front, and a quaint cherub sitting on top of a superstructure resembling a wedding cake, blowing a horn. The hat bears the inscription "Presented to James Quinn by members of the Hancock Engine Company No. 10, May 3, 1847"—which prompted a certain Ed Wynnophobe, who is just an old meanie anyhow, to remark that that makes the hat contemporaneous with Ed's jokes.



Under the gingerbread, Ed Wynn

Hoss-Racing to the Fore

PERSONAL nomination for the most interesting sports broadcast of the month: the Kentucky Derby, pronounced *darby* if you have an Etonian bias, or to rhyme with *blurbly* if you take your English as she is spelled.

RADIOLAND

The Bigger They Are—

BABE RUTH may inspire terror in the hearts of opposing pitchers on the diamond, but stand him up in front of a microphone and he's just a quivering bambino. The Babe was as nervous as a dinner guest of Dr. Wirt when he made his first broadcast on his recent series. Glimpse the furrowed frown, the piteous pleading in his eyes, the harried line of his mouth as caught by RADIOLAND'S photographer just before the broadcast. They had to seat the Babe at a table to still the rattle of his knees, hiding the microphone behind a collection of water pitchers and lily cups. But the Bambino proved that he could take it, and give it, too, for his program is registering effectively and he probably can stand up to the mike like a veteran by this time.



The Babe—his knees rattled

Silver-Standard Downey

ADD this to your collection of facts that don't seem to matter: Morton Downey, once billed as the "golden-voiced tenor," is now press-agented as the "silver-voiced tenor"—all because the country has gone off the gold standard! This induces us to reflect soberly on the political dexterity of publicity men, and rouses a certain wonder as to what the vocal disparity between gold and silver may be.

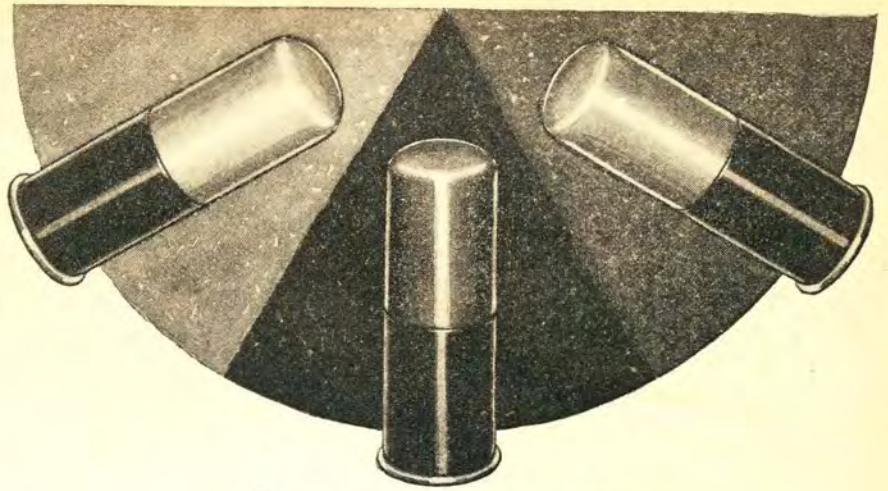
"Lupe Velez" On-Off Air

AMONG the several screen luminaries impersonated by Arlene Frances in the "Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood" broadcast is Lupe Velez, and we herewith reproduce Arlene's idea of a costume characteristic of the lively Mexican star. This matter of radio impersonations is important at the moment because of the item, duly recorded in this column last month, that cinema-actress Ginger Rogers has sued NBC for an allegedly unauthorized representation of herself on the airwaves. So you can be sure when you hear some celebrity impersonated on the ether that he has okayed it.



Arlene Frances impersonating Lupe Velez

JULY, 1934



Spend 10¢ and
receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value
to acquaint you with the marvelous
LINIT BEAUTY BATH

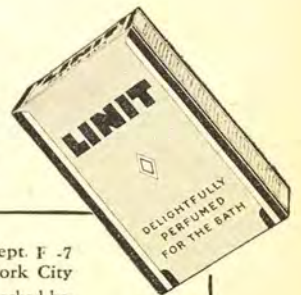
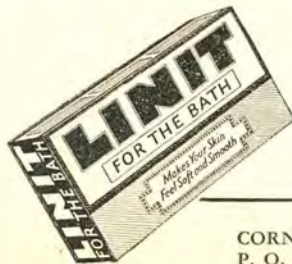
ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.

LINIT is sold by
grocers and
department stores.

THIS OFFER good in U. S. A.
only and expires Sept. 1, 1934



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. F-7
P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City
Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

Light Medium Dark

Name

Address

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





Like having dinner with THESE HOLLYWOOD NOTABLES!

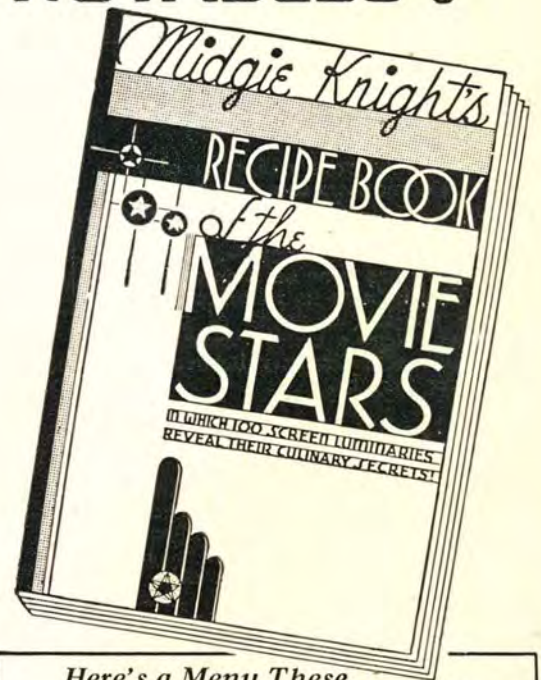
The finest chefs in the world strive to outdo themselves when they're serving such famous stars as Ruth Chatterton, Fredric March and Jean Harlow; But the dishes these stars love best are the ones that anyone can prepare. But what a meal you'd enjoy—fit for a king!—if you served a dinner to meet the tastes of these eight stars shown above! You could do it easily—and you can delight your friends by serving these culinary creations of Hollywood.

Enjoy Their Favorite Dishes! MIDGIE KNIGHT'S HOLLYWOOD COOK- BOOK SHOWS YOU HOW TO PREPARE THEM ALL

From Joan Blondell's famous recipe for onion soup—which is the ideal way to start a perfect meal—to Warren William's favorite mousse freeze—they're all here. 100 of the finest recipes ever assembled; and they've passed the test of Hollywood's most exacting palates.

Yet Midgie Knight has made every one of these tempting dishes so marvellously easy to prepare! You'll make your everlasting reputation as an artist among cooks, when you serve your friends Lobster a la Granada with Bebe Daniels' recipe; they'll wonder

how you learned those famous French salad secrets when your salads are garnished with the racy delight of Ann Harding's Hollywood Salad dressing. Yet anybody can make them, with Midgie Knight's cookbook as a guide. Send today for Midgie Knight's new handbook of fine eating—it's a special edition for Screen Book, Screen Play, Hollywood, True Confessions, Radioland, readers—and it's only 25 cents a copy, for a group of priceless recipes. Write for it now—send either stamps or coin; and don't delay, for the edition is limited.



Here's a Menu These Stars Would Recommend

Ruth Chatterton: Orange-Grape Cocktail	Warren William: Mousse Freeze
Joan Blondell: Onion Soup	Ramon Novarro: Asparagus Italian Style
Fredric March: Roast Ham with Cider Sauce	Jean Harlow: Hot Rolls
Paul Lukas: Devilled Tomatoes	Ann Harding: Hollywood Salad Dressing

100 RECIPES OF FAVORITE STARS
Star's Picture With Each Recipe **25^c**

100 RECIPES OF FAVORITE STARS 25c
Star's Picture With Each Recipe

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.,
531 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

RADIOLAND

July, 1934

The Editor's Opinion

The Fair Goes Radio-Conscious

ALL the signs indicate infallibly that summer is here—radio celebrities are heading for Hollywood to make pictures, the grass is green, and the Chicago World's Fair is opening up again. Concessionaires along the Fair's Midway are emitting cries of pain because of the inroads radio technique is making in this year's version of the Exposition. It is estimated that seventy-five per cent of the entertainment offered at the Fair this year will be free, thanks to the lessons taught by radio program sponsors who have established the fact that advertising can be put over effectively by giving the public free entertainment in which the ballyhoo message is deftly blended. All very nice for the public, but not so good for the pay-as-you-enter sideshows, who fear that Fair visitors will not unnaturally prefer the free shows to their own. Fundamentally this is simply an extension of radio advertising methods, and it's going to be interesting to see how it works out for all parties concerned.

* * * * *

Wonder how Max Baer reacts to the information that a cheese company will broadcast the round-by-round version of his fight with Carnera this month? . . . Probably the most interesting broadcasts of the month were those in which a Congressional committee quizzed Dr. Wirt on his famous charge that revolutionists plan to depose Roosevelt after he has served his purpose as a figurehead. Classes in civics should not be permitted to listen to such broadcasts; the bickerings of Congressmen do little to inspire one with a consuming faith in the integrity of the parliamentary order.

* * * * *

What! No Split Infinitives?

PITY the poor Britisher who has to take his English straight or not at all. Captain Roget H. Eckersley, director of all the entertainment programs originated by the British Broadcasting Corporation, arrived in New York the other day to study American radio methods, and in passing shed a bit of light on methods of his own. It seems that before a performer can appear on a British program, he has to present himself before a committee which decides whether or not he is "good form." And if he speaks any other brand of English than the king's own, he is turned down coldly and goes off mumbling to himself. Thus are the British protected from the subversive accents of an English Durante, the boisterousness of a Penner, the mad locutions, dialects, and solecisms which make American radio what it sometimes is. Young England is thus assured of conformity in its

speech, which furnished manna for the mentalities in charge of broadcasting in the United States. The "aint's" and the "dese's" and "dose's" should be banished to the limbo of the steerage, along with the nasal twangs that bring such annoyance to cultured ears. Program vitality may suffer slightly but in the final analysis radio will be better off and in higher repute.

* * * * *

You folks who have yearned to travel to the romantic South Seas can get an accurate earful of the musical background of those isles of cocoanuts and sunshine by tuning in on Elder Michaux's theme song, *Happy Am I*. To this writer's ears the nasal rendition and the rhythm of the tune is highly reminiscent of the *himenes* sung by the natives in far-off Tahiti.

* * * * *

Success Story

JOE PENNER is the latest radio headliner whose departure from the airwaves is scheduled for early summer. Like the Cantors, the Burns and Allenses, and a half dozen others, it's likely that he will make a movie in Hollywood. One of the leading producers had Joe make a series of two-reelers many months ago. They were put on a shelf and forgotten until Penner flared into radio eminence a few weeks since. The movie moguls spotted one of his old comedies in a neighborhood theater—and the gate receipts quadrupled! The whole batch of two-reelers was dusted off and they have been luring more cash customers into the house than the feature picture.

* * * * *

Does it pay to be a radio executive? William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting System, would probably answer in the affirmative. His income this year will be around \$275,000. This includes a split of profits in addition to his \$40,000 salary.

* * * * *

Libel On The Air

THE *March of Time* is the latest program to be sued for damages because of statements broadcast on the air. No one has yet established, legally, whether a radio sponsor should be sued for slander or libel. Ordinarily libel consists of derogatory statements which have been printed; slander, of statements of the same sort repeated by word of mouth. *March of Time* is being sued on both counts and perhaps a legal precedent will be established. The plaintiff is the chief of police of Kansas City, who alleges that he was libeled by an actor in the *March of Time* program who inferred he was an ex-convict.



—Wide World

Irene Rich, perched on the roof of the NBC studios, points toward RADIOLAND magazine's office building, right in the heart of the nation's broadcasting center

Why Isn't KATE SMITH on the AIR?

By
FRANKLIN L. BOWERS

HERE'S a question that has been asked again and again. It has confronted the Columbia network in the form of thousands of letters from listeners who have missed Kate Smith's golden voice and cheery "Hello, everybody." The telephone switchboards at its radio stations throughout the country have buzzed with this query from local listeners. The radio press also has found that many people would like to know the same thing. In the past few months RADIOLAND's mail has been bursting with the same question and the magazine appointed me to get down to the bottom of the matter and find out just why Kate Smith isn't on the air.

Kate Smith's absence from the air-waves is one of radio's strangest paradoxes—and it has many. Here is a girl singer, blessed with a rich natural voice that is not limited by any type of song, who became one of the most important air and stage stars without the usual accompanying ballyhoo or so-called sex-appeal. She has a voice-made audience of millions, which, it seems, should prove a delight to any sponsor.

True, she is high-salaried (but so are a lot of others on the air) and her microphone services are probably worth her weight in gold—and I say this well aware of Kate's avoirdupois. Everything she does is news. Since her rise to stardom, no other singer of songs—with the exception of Bing Crosby, who followed soon afterward—has acquired such national importance. She missed only one broadcast in more than seven hundred scheduled appearances, the exception occurring when she traveled to Norfolk, Virginia, for the Admiral Byrd farewell program last fall.

Yet, notwithstanding all this and many other points, Kate Smith isn't on the radio, and I wanted to know why.

I've talked with everybody whom I thought could shed any light on the subject. I approached radio station officials, her former sponsor, and potential ones. Then I spoke with Kate Smith herself, and her astute manager, Ted Collins—the one person in whom she has implicit confidence and the one person who, she says, is more responsible for her rise from comparative obscurity than even she or anyone else.

There isn't one answer, I learned, but many, some of them throwing revealing light on the strange business of radio as it is run—some of them leading one to wonder if radio is a business after all, or a queer instrument of caprice.

Radio's strangest paradox—Kate Smith, with a ready-made audience of millions, can't find a suitable radio sponsor! Read the revealing reasons for this strange radio set-up



BUT first of all, Kate Smith's meteoric radio career needs a bit of retracing if we are to understand the circumstances of her absence from the networks.

In January, 1931, under Collins' guidance, she made her debut as a regular radio singer, broadcasting several times weekly over an NBC network.

Her voice, every bit as good then as it is today, didn't seem to attract the attention that Collins had anticipated. Her affiliation with the NBC chain was terminated suddenly. A few weeks elapsed before it was announced in a CBS news release that "Kate Smith, portly singer of songs, will begin a daily series over the WABC-Columbia network, beginning Sunday, May 1." She clicked immediately, and a month later she was given the coveted "seven o'clock spot" (New York time), previously occupied so nicely by Morton Downey. Kate didn't croon, lilt coyly, or vocalize. She "just sang" in a hearty, sure-toned manner that won an increasingly huge and devoted audience.

Later that month she was booked for a single week at the Capitol Theater on Broadway where she had made her bow four years before. The seven days lengthened out to nine consecutive weeks, resulting in an all-time record for any appearance in the theater's history. In September, 1931, she was signed to sing under the banner of La Palina cigars four times weekly at a net salary of \$2700 per week. During the same month, she inaugurated an engagement at the Palace Theater, then the Valhalla of vaudeville. Two months later, she still was

playing to capacity audiences at the Palace, shattering to smithereens all long-run records with her eleven week marathon. Eddie Cantor, on behalf of RKO, presented her with a huge loving cup for that accomplishment.

Ever since, Kate Smith has continued to pile one achievement atop the other. She won countless popularity contests. Her fan mail reached enormous proportions. By official count, she has averaged 1900 unsolicited cards or letters weekly, in two and one-half years.

Her La Palina commercial ran uninterrupted for two years. And she found time to perform innumerable acts of kindness for others, giving freely of her time, money, and services. She played as many as three benefits nightly, before Collins realized that this was becoming almost physically impossible and limited her "free" appearances to the charity functions that they thought most deserving. But she did not let down

on appearances in public institutions, hospitals, veterans' homes, and the like.

SHE has been censured by a certain few writers for the publicity attendant upon her charitable activities. This has hurt her, but publicity was not her aim. It so happens that the reason the committees of these affairs ask the stars to entertain is to draw cash customers, or to make the institution's welfare better known—as the case may be. Naturally, the more advance publicity the event derives from the star's appearance, the better it succeeds in its purpose. So of course she could hardly refuse to cooperate in having photos and tie-ups, for such is part of the bargain.

At the start of her vaudeville tour last November, I understand, she did well [Continued on page 64]

Sponsor trouble—money—studio politics? Why can't millions of Kate Smith fans lure her away from her vaudeville dressing room back to the air?



This might be called the Kate Smith Corporation—Kate, at right, seated with her manager Ted Collins (whom she credits with her success) and Mrs. Collins



Radio as It is Run

MANAGERIAL wisdom responsible for yanking a star off the air after he has been appearing regularly, in order to stimulate public eagerness for his return? This article points out the interesting case of Bing Crosby, who swept into new popularity after a lengthy absence from the air. Then there is Morton Downey's case—an interesting parallel to Kate Smith's. Both have made extended vaudeville tours after failing to find sponsors to buy the ready-made audiences they had created. Nobody in particular seems to blame for their air vacations—it's just radiol!

At Home—And Glad of It!



—Photos by Rehnquist



FRED ALLEN is a busy man, what with writing his own scripts and then tearing them apart again so that he can get in his unique g-o-o-d n-i-gh-t before the gong rings down the curtain on the *Hour of Smiles*. But he's never too busy to stop, look and listen when Portland Hoffa, who is not a station on the Union Pacific but his charming wife, demands an audition. In their own parlor, bedlam and bath they are as domestic as you and you, or even you.

Being a literary chap, Mr. Allen even cuts bread with a paper cutter, probably filing the crust away carefully to use when he wants to ask his sponsors for a raise.

RADIOLAND



Rudy and Alice, at left, as they appear in the *Scandals*, the movie musical in which Alice steps to stardom. "It was Rudy who put the bee in George White's bonnet to ask me to sing a number in the *Scandals*," Alice says

Left, Alice as Rudy's guest star

"Rudy Vallee Made Me a STAR"

Says ALICE FAYE

IS ALICE FAYE in love with Rudy? Well—when you know the inside story you wouldn't blame her if she was. There's plenty of reason why she might be. Is Alice just Rudy's good friend? Well—when you know the inside story you wouldn't blame her if she is. There's plenty of reason for that too.

"I owe my radio career, my picture career, everything I am, to Rudy Vallée," Alice says. "I'd be pretty much of an ingrate if I didn't feel grateful down to the tips of my shoes.

"He took me out of small time vaudeville and the chorus line and boosted me up the ladder. He's responsible for every bit of my success.

"Don't people ever think of that?" You probably know the story of how Rudy discovered Alice. But let Rudy tell it in his own words. We asked him to, for you.

"A voice is a curious thing," he says. "Sometimes it fools you—and then again often you can, merely through listening to an unknown person's voice, get a definite idea of a personality which will later check perfectly with the actual personality when you meet the individual in question. I have been fooled in this, like everybody else connected with radio. But, the night I heard Alice's voice singing in the *Scandals* I felt instantly that

this was one of the times when I could be sure. Every note betrayed a strong personality. I was sure that this unknown girl had a future ahead of her, then and there."

Rudy went to Alice and offered her a chance. He didn't have to. There were plenty of other girls around with good voices. Why take a chance on an unknown? But he did it—going out of his way to give a strange kid a break. It's things like that that make you respect Rudy, when you get to know him.

"Then," Alice takes up the story, "he trained me. He taught me everything I know about microphone technique—where to place my voice, just where to stand for a loud note, just how to come closer when I was singing softly."

Rudy is a busy man. He's practically a one-man industry. He has to keep a regular office, secretary and all, just as though he were a business executive—as, in fact, he is. Alice herself says, "He's one of the best business men I've ever met. That's why he's where he is today." He works like a fiend. He puts on the toughest rehearsals of anybody in radio, going [Continued on page 46]

This is the rôle Rudy played when Alice was his guest star on a recent program

by
JACK JAMISON
Alice Faye attributes her radio and movie success to Rudy Vallee, but Rudy says he merely recognized talent when he saw it. Who is right?

The PRIVATE LIVES

of Myrt and Marge



Does Mrs. Kretsinger (Marge to you!) take to domestic life — and does new hubby Gene? Here's your answer from a truthful camera

RECENT months have brought to Myrtle Vail and Donna (Marge) Damerel real heart-break and happiness more poignant than anything they have ever acted before the microphone in their famous *Myrt and Marge* drama. The heart-break was Myrt's, the happiness for Marge; but so close are these two—this extraordinary mother and her equally extraordinary daughter—that what hurts one hurts the other and what gives one pleasure is the other's joy.

When fifteen-year-old Myrtle Vail tucked up her hem, let down her hair and ran away from home some twenty years ago to have what she imagined would be a brief interlude on the stage before her irate parents could locate her, she walked straight into a romance and her life's career. That romance ended just the other day when she divorced George Damerel who had been, so long ago, the leading tenor of the

musical show in which she made her debut as a raw chorine. The career which started in the back line at the old LaSalle Theater in Chicago, is prospering in a big way with *Myrt and Marge*, one of radio's ace acts.

But while Myrtle saw her happiness crumbling, love came to Marge in the person of Gene Kretsinger of the CBS *Gene and Charlie* team. Gene has healed the heart wounds left by her first disastrous encounter with Cupid when she met and married Jack Griffiths and divorced him after two hectic years.

Gene and Marge look to the future with ecstatic confidence; lonely Myrt with a bit of foreboding. Both Myrt and Marge hope to retire soon but for far different reasons; Marge because she wants a quiet life on a ranch in California, far from the tension of the broadcasting game, where she can preserve the bliss she has found; Myrt because she is so tired. She says, "I'd like to grow a front big enough to fold my arms on, wear a rusty black dress and just sit and rock."

But that was probably merely a fleeting desire induced by weariness of body and soul, for in the next breath she was voicing her yearning to have more time to give to her writing so that she might finish her book. I'd be less surprised to hear she had fulfilled her desire to fly and had secured a pilot's license than I would to see her settle down to "just sit and rock."

Myrt simply doesn't know the meaning of idleness. She has run the full gamut of experiences offered by the musical comedy and vaudeville stages; even her romance and marriage were the sort novelists and movie directors simply revel in—and Myrt is too receptive, has too many means of

By ANN MCKAY

expression to ignore the knowledge of life she has gained.

"I guess it was a case of fools rushing in—" Myrt recently confessed with an expressive sigh and a lift of her humorous dark eyes. "But I wouldn't trade any of the time I've spent on the stage for any other kind of life I could imagine. No, not even the drab days, and there were plenty—but then, what life was ever lived in that profession without its share of dark hours?"

Myrt's first surprise came when her family gave in to what they possibly believed was just an impetuous whim. Then again they may have realized that a "whim" seldom furnishes sufficient impetus to make even a determined young girl leave a comfortable home for a musty, cheap room and day after day of chorus rehearsing on an empty stomach.

"I guess I would have passed out on the stage," reminisced Myrt, "if some of the 'broilers'—that's what we called chorus girls in those days—hadn't noticed my pallor and pooled a fund with which to feed me until pay-day arrived."

As soon as the high-kicks and routines were familiar enough to cease demanding attention, Myrt became very much aware of the tenor lead. Months were danced by before the unsuspecting recipient of her affections responded. After that, things were pretty much as she had dreamed, and in 1907, less than a year from the time she left home, Myrt married George Damerel and was wedded no less surely to a professional career. A few seasons later, when the young husband was in New York playing the prince in that very popular Franz Lehar operetta, *The Merry Widow*, Myrt returned to Chicago for the birth of Donna.

For more than a year Myrt continued to delight in her maternal rôle. Then came the chance for her to join the first road company of *The Merry* [Continued on page 62]



Myrt and Marge (Donna Damerel) head straight from their broadcast to the kitchen icebox for a little snack

At Home With the Kretsinger Family



There's nothing like a good book, says Gene—unless it's a good radio program, Marge retorts

Gene may have only ordinary ability at strumming a uke, but it seems to register with Marge

Heartbreak and happiness are not mere words in a radio script to Myrt and Marge, nor are their broadcasts of the stage synthetic imaginings. When you have read this story you will understand the reason why

Put Your Radio Favorite to the Acid Test



Terrible!

Penner, Gertrude Niesen, Cantor and Gracie Allen—some critics say they're terrible. But look across the page, where—



Great!

—you find the same star entertainers, lauded to the skies by a much larger percentage of critics. Who's right?

HERE'S a little game which can be either a harmless parlor pastime or a radio tornado, depending on whether you have anchored the bridge table and fireplace tongs to the floor, or left them carelessly lying around.

In going over the fan mail which pours in on RADIOLAND, the editor discovered the radio law of the Teeter-Totter, and promulgates it herewith: For each letter which violently asserts that Joe Penner is terrible, there appears a compensating missive which says that Joe is convulsingly funny, great, stupendous and colossal! We use Joe as an example because he can't very well duck, but it applies to all radio celebrities equally. Usually there are more boosts than knocks, but the knocks seem to have a higher specific gravity and keep the teeter tottering pretty well.

Criticism of radio programs has been a favorite parlor game for so long that we have decided to elevate it on this page to a spot of mathematical dignity, with percentages and everything. If you can't imagine how two normal people can respectively assert that the same radio star is Great and Terrible, put them through the acid test of the score chart and you'll begin to glean things.

If you want to give your particular favorite a score of 167%, or send your pet radio peeve to the doghouse with a tally of -63%, you can't do it. It isn't arithmetic, or cricket either, for that matter. Top score in this radio game is 100% and 0 is absolutely the bottom.

And here's a way to do something about it all, if you feel strongly enough about it. Fill out the coupon below or make one like it for yourself, send it to RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, and we will see that it goes directly to the hands of the artist you have analyzed. Sign it or not, as you choose. Radio stars welcome honest criticism.

Try This Radio Parlor Game

Here's a handy table for analyzing the talents of your favorite radio star. Only singers and comedians are listed, because their program elements lend themselves most favorably to scoring. Fill out the blanks with your idea of the score your favorite star deserves, based on the percentages given for a perfect program. Then have a group of friends score the same star, without looking at your results, of course—and stand back while the air swells with battle-cries as each man leaps to the defense or attack of the radio star. You'll begin to understand why one man's radio meat is another man's radio poison, and why critics habitually travel through deserted alleys.

Perfect Score		Your Score
50%	COMEDIANS Freshness and quality of jokes..... (Take off 5% for every gag you've heard before, up to 50%—no fair deducting more!)	_____
25%	Delivery style	_____
15%	Voice Personality	_____
10%	Handling of Advertising.....	_____
	SINGERS	
40%	Musical quality of voice.....	_____
30%	Personality in voice..... (This includes tricks of delivery such as the Vallee croon and the Crosby bobolo)	_____
15%	Choice of songs.....	_____
15%	Enunciation—can you understand 'em?	_____



O. K. KAY!

No mike fright for lovely Kay Francis, one of the Hollywood stars who brings beauty to the microphone in Louella Parsons' interesting series

Echoes from the Ether
Radioland's photographers present Big Shots of Big Shots



LOVELY LIEUTENANT

Adele Ronson, who is the heroic Lieutenant Wilma Deering in the *Buck Rogers in the 25th Century* program, stops commuting between planets long enough to captivate an earthly cameraman. She doesn't care for that old quip, "See you in the funny papers"



Ray Jackson

A REAL HONEY

There's some sense to calling a girl a personality singer when she looks like this and sings like Honey Dean does with the Hudson Vocalians, in that grand program which also boasts Conrad Thibault and Lois Bennett and Harry Salter's orchestra. There's something about gals who really come from down South and are named Honey—yes, suh!



Ray Lee Jackson

That instrument of Fate, the telephone, is presided over in the *Grand Hotel* program by Betty Winkler



Marion Hopkins impersonates movie stars in 45 Minutes in Hollywood and on odd Fridays she's been Mrs. Roosevelt in *The March of Time*



McElliot Photo

In the movies it's Baby Wampas stars; in radio it's a girl like Sylvia Froos, who's been singing ever since she could walk. She sang her way into movies and back to networks via *Stand Up and Cheer*



—Ray Jackson

Kay Wells is the young lady with the oh-so-nice voice who bursts in on Baron Von Pearl's tall stories to sing with Peter Van Steeden's orchestra



FAITHFUL LOVER

John Griggs as Confederate Captain Randy Claymore has been courting Elizabeth Love as Betty Graham in *Roses and Drums* ever since that popular program started

Kostelanetz Brews a New Radio Formula

By HERBERT WESTEN

Unmarried, thirty-two, Kostelanetz is a master musician who defends American popular music



Vital elements in the Kostelanetz chemical retort—Grete Stueckgold, and at right, Rosa Ponselle, noted opera singers

A truly fascinating story about a warmly human personality who is one of radio's real geniuses—Andre Kostelanetz, whose scientific hobby of chemistry helped him concoct the brand new Chesterfield radio formula

The name—Andre Kostelanetz, a pint-sized Russian, who has, for the past six years, been working right under the noses of the executives, and who has won as his own especial prize the Chesterfield program. What he is doing with it now is revolutionizing radio programs and flattering him with a host of imitators. It is difficult to describe Kostelanetz' formula because it is still simmering in the development stage. His choral arrangements, for instance, defy every law of musical precedent. Not even the Greeks had a word for it.

He calls it, for want of a better term, "harmonic sophistication." What skillful artists do with colors, and poets and writers with words, Kostelanetz is doing with his radio program—but with a modern, scientific twist. A small, competent man who, despite his size, commands the respect of the executives and assistants who work with him, and the love of the artists, he is almost the perfect balance between the European artist, the American business man, and the scientist. You'll find him listed as a musical conductor, but in private life he is a chemist.

At the moment—on the Chesterfield hour—he has taken a forty-piece orchestra, a chorus of sixteen voices which he uses as an actual instrument of the orchestra, and three operatic stars, Rosa Ponselle and Nino Martini of the Metropolitan, and Grete Stueckgold of the Statische Opera of Berlin and the Metropolitan, and formulated musical magic, not with high-brow concert numbers, but with plain American music of the street. It was dynamite to start with—this departure—but he is getting away with it with a daring which is more American than European.

TO UNDERSTAND the man and his achievement better, let's take a look at his background.

He was born in Petrograd, December 21, 1901—which makes him a prodigy at the age of thirty-two. For three generations

his family had formed the most important real estate firm in that ancient city—that makes him almost American! And they all thought little Andre should carry on the family tradition. He chuckles when he tells it. "But I saw a piano first, and then all was over. . . ."

As a matter of fact it wasn't. It had only started. For right then he began to concoct and invent things. His ideas were revolutionary even at that tender age.

"At the age of four," he confesses, "when I commenced to take piano lessons, I decided that the system was all wrong. I looked at the scales, and at those funny little notes on the lines, above the lines and in between the lines, and then and there I hated them—I still hate them! So, when the teacher left the room, I took a pencil and numbered the keys of the piano—one, two, three, four, like that! The teacher was wild! He was so mad that I had to run and hide."

Andre's education began from then on. The Kostelanetz elders insisted, however, that he have a general schooling. With his brothers and sisters, he studied

languages—German, French, English, Italian, Spanish and Finnish—and he did this dutifully, but, in the spirit of his age, he turned to science, and chemistry captivated him. His ambition, to this day, is to concoct some strange new drug which will relieve humanity of its ills.

But, that he mastered his music is attested by the fact that, at the age of sixteen, he was assistant director of the world-famous Petrograd Grand Opera Company. [Continued on page 56]



Broadcasting the Chesterfield program, with Kostelanetz directing and Ponselle singing

WANTED: A new formula for radio programs. Apply to any network executive. And don't bother to knock; walk right in! You'll find the Scotch and cigars in that cabinet in the corner. (Adv.)

WELL, sir, nobody came! The executives continued to grow grayer as they signed staggering checks to lure stage, screen and operatic stars to the microphone, but the programs were all the same!

As the Editor of **RADIOLAND** pointed out only a few weeks ago in an appeal for new formulas: "It's too sadly obvious that radio programs are easily classifiable. . . . You can name the present formulas for yourself. One of them goes like this—: To two parts of orchestra, add a dash of blues singing, two jiggers of gag comedian, and flavor to suit with soprano or tenor. A pretty problem in radio chemistry is involved here. . . ."

A pretty problem in radio chemistry indeed! He could not have known how prophetically he was speaking.

Now comes an actual chemist—of all things!

Al Jolson Can't Let

IF YOU had made the stage what it is, and it seemed to have forgotten you—

If you had "made" talking pictures, and they turned their back on you—

If you worked an entire week to prepare a radio broadcast, and then the studio audience laughed in the wrong places, and spoiled your jokes—

And if, in addition, your young wife's star was rising while yours was setting—how would you feel?

That, in short, is the predicament facing Al Jolson. Idol of the American stage for a quarter of a century; father of sound and talkies; husband of the adorable Ruby Keeler; radio star of the Kraft-Phenix Thursday night hour, Al is having pretty tough sledding now. He is bewildered, doesn't know what to do about it.

A famous flop when he first hit the air, Al Jolson packs a few hefty punches for a radio comeback, now that he feels the talkies have done him wrong

By MARY JACOBS

He left radio early last winter to act in the moving picture, *Wonder Bar*. He understood he was to be starred. Recently, the picture was released in New York. And Al, the Great Jolson, was billed under Kay Francis and Dick Powell. Unless you are of the theatre, and have known what top billing means, you can't appreciate how Al feels. He made the talkies;

now his name is being blotted out by names of youngsters who weren't born when he was a full-fledged star. He is still the same old Al Jolson—yet this has happened to him.

No wonder Al is hurt. He is desperate, fighting for his place in the sun. It is not for money that he is back on the air; he told me he has plenty packed away to take care of himself and Ruby. It is his pride that is hurt. How will his young wife regard him, if he can not keep pace with her success? He still has almost a year's radio work contracted for, though at the moment he is making another movie. But the critics have been none too kind, although they have begun to praise his latest efforts.

If you ask him what he intends to do he says, "Maybe I'll stay on the air. Maybe I'll find a good show; I'm looking for one already. Maybe Ruby and

RADIO Lick Him!

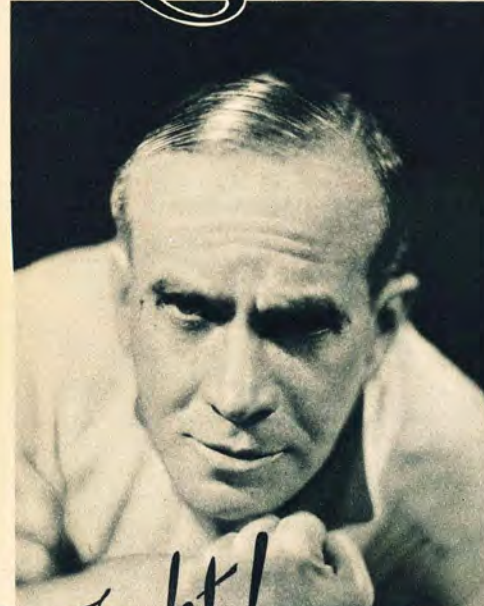
I will travel. It's too early to say. Though I've been on the air before, this is the first time my contract permits me to do just as I please," he said. "I'm doing what I think the people like—giving them a cocktail. A little bit of humor, a little bit of drama, a few bits of song. I'm trying to give them something fine, plays like *The Man Without a Country* and *The Man Who Knew Abraham Lincoln*."

JOLSON has been trying as never before to please his radio audience. He realizes that to a great extent, his future as an entertainer rests in their hands. He'll go to any length not to disappoint us. No matter how ill he may be, he never skips a broadcast. I saw him just before his broadcast one night; he had a terrible cold, fever, and a temperature of 102 degrees, yet on the air he went.

When Al Jolson first came to the air, he was a flop. The stage suited him, his style of entertainment, not radio. He had become accustomed to the glamour of the theater, to the applause of the audience, to the spontaneity he got into each day's work by changing his part constantly, by ad libbing. He could wisecrack with the audience. He could sing and dance and gesticulate to his heart's content. His motions helped a good deal in putting across that old mammy-singing Al.

But in radio, it is different. You only have your voice to help you put yourself over; and the mike is a jealous God. You must remain close to it; forget gesticulations that help you live the part. The mike is boss; there is no comeback.

And especially Jolson hated the [Continued on page 71]



Proof that Jolson Can Still Clown

ARE radio comedians funny when they're not on the air? Take Al Jolson, for instance, who was asked a number of questions on his background, to be used in magazine and newspaper articles. Here are the questions and answers, just as he gave them:

"What's your real name, Mr. Jolson?"

"Asa Yoelson."

"Who is your personal press agent—and his telephone number?"

"Mahatma Gandhi. Sheet 1—0000."

"What is your talent? That is, what do you do in radio?"

"Get paid every week."

"Please tell me something about your professional background."

"La Scalia (the spelling is Mr. Jolson's) Opera Co., Milan, Italy, Hecshker Opera Co., Herschker Theater (again it is Mr. Jolson's spelling—both ways), New York. Buenos Aires Opera Co., South America. Minsky's Burlesque."

"What is your educational background?"

"Yale; Harvard; Princeton; Vassar; Ossining twice." (Ossining, for the benefit of our virtuous readers, is where Sing Sing, one of our most popular penitentiaries, is located.—Ed.)

"What were your school activities?"

"....." (Censored. ED.)

"Degrees?"

"Third degree and Fahrenheit."

"Fraternity or sorority?"

"B'nai Brith. They were also sore at me."

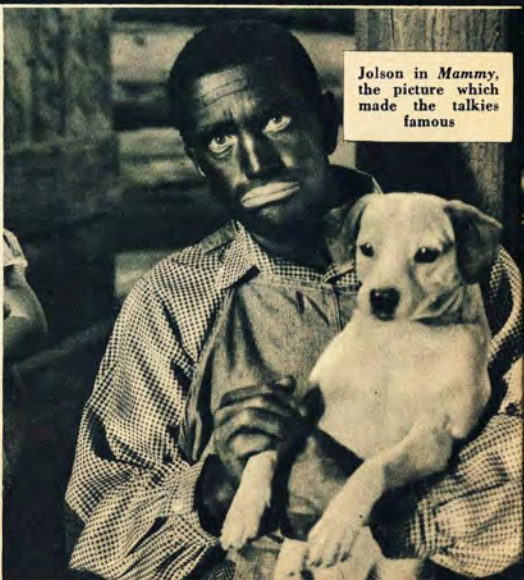
"To what lodges or clubs do you belong?"

"Ancient Order of Hibernians. Knights of the Road. Knights of Columbus." (We have been unable to trace Mr. Jolson's Irish ancestry, but maybe that's because we haven't tried. ED.)

"Do you live in the city or country—and why?"

"That's what I want to know."

Jolson needs Praise to do his Best, but—



Jolson in *Mammy*, the picture which made the talkies famous

Radio Critics Have Not Been Kind

This is not just a picture pose by Al Jolson—he's fighting with all the stuff he has for his place in the radio sun. Money doesn't matter to him—it's pride!



Ruby Keeler with husband Al. Is her star rising while his is setting? Read what Jolson thinks!



Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan Opera mezzo-soprano, and John Barclay, in *The Vagabond King*



Lovely Miss Swarthout in a moment of relaxation



They Bring You Operettas

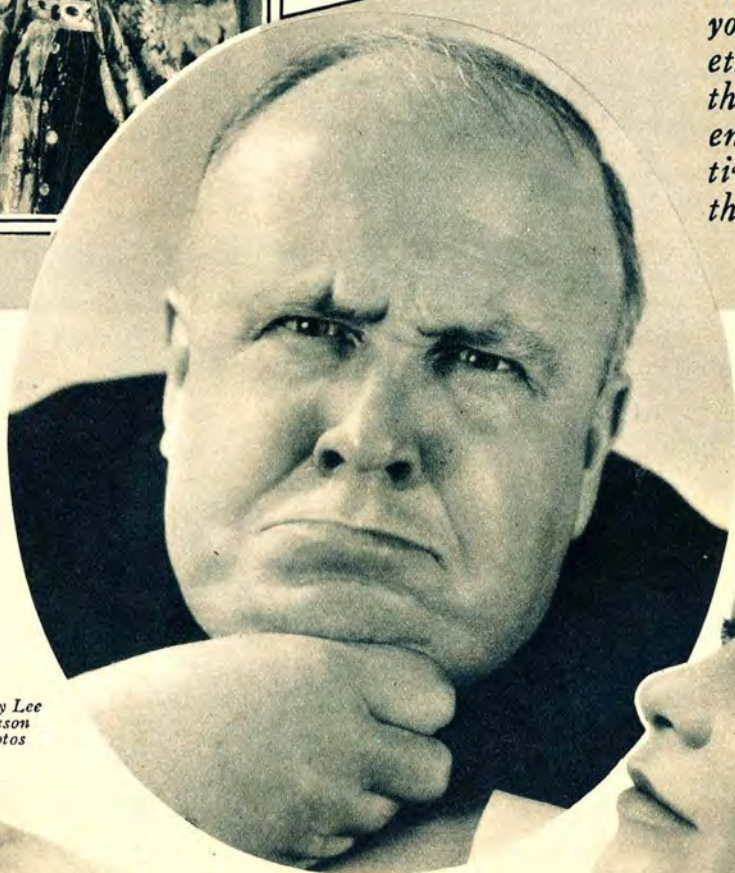
When you hear the romantic strains of your favorite operetta music, these are the people who are emoting to the attentive microphone in the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater

Georgia Backus, below, lends her dramatic talents to the Beauty Box Theater



—Ray Lee Jackson Photos

Peggy Allenby, below, enacts dramatic parts



Frank McIntyre, musical comedy star, erstwhile news commentator and announcer supplies large quantities of comedy relief in his dramatic rôles



RADIO—*The Modern* Medicine Man

By

NELLIE REVELL

who is heard on the NBC network in her own program. You'll enjoy this salty article of hers on radio as she sees it

lands the Medicine Man, with his traveling show and his cure-alls, guaranteed to cure anything from dandruff to diabetes.

In those days Doc Fixit drove into a village about dusk and set up shop right on the most prominent corner in a town. He sold his Kickapoo compounds from the tailboard of a wagon.

"The Doctor" was an impressive, well-fed looking fellow with a wide-brimmed Stetson, a handle-bar mustache, and an enormous watch-chain strung across an ornate waistcoat.

Usually Doc had five companions—two bald-headed Indians, a grinning cowboy with an off-pitch banjo, a spieler (Profes-

BACK in the "good old days" B. C. (before crooners), when gasoline torches were still a novelty, we had medicine shows. There wound over dusty trails into the hinter-

land (Professor U. Tellum)—a slim, Blackie Daw type, smooth as a fresh shave, and so volubly convincing that he could sell canceled stamps to the Postmaster General; and most always a palmist—Princess Zallafake, a peroxide Pollyanna, "a great seeress who tells your business affairs, family affairs and your love affairs"—provided, of course, that her palm was crossed with silver.

If the gullible customer were a farmer, Princess Zallafake always told him his crops would exceed his fondest dreams; the farmer's wife was told that her son would become president, and if she had no son, then her grandson surely would be; and the pretty country girl was always assured that her Prince Charming would be a rich and handsome city chap.

They were what Doc Fixit optimistically called "entertainers." The Professor would start the proceedings with a short spiel about the marvelous properties of the Kickapoo products. They were, he revealed, a discovery of the medicine men of the Kickapoo tribe. Their many merits were not only amazing but also astounding—those were the spieler's very words. "Why," exclaimed the elixir [Continued on page 58]



All the tricks of the Medicine Show have been taken over lock, stock and barrel by Radio, says Nellie Revell—and she backs up her thesis with pungent conviction

George Vos, the man behind the scenes at all Ed Wynn broadcasts, carved a statuette from a piece of soap, designed a funny red fire hat, took it backstage in a Broadway theater—



Ed Wynn modestly accepts the bust of himself sculpted by George Vos

The talent of George Vos as a sculptor played an important part in the creation of the Fire Chief program



And So-o-o We Have Fire Chief WYNN

By BROCK YATES

IN THE years to come, when the grandchildren of George W. Vos climb up onto his knee and ask, "Grandpa, what did you do in the dark years of the depression?" he can reply with pardonable pride, "I started America laughing by giving it Fire Chief Ed Wynn."

Not that he would say this, for George Vos is a modest man. He would give all the credit to Wynn, whom he has come to admire greatly. If a fire engine, for instance, happened to be passing his door, with its siren shrieking, while he was talking to his grandchildren, he probably would say: "Hear that? That's only a fire. You ought to have heard Ed Wynn!"

Despite this modesty, however, the fact remains that George Vos is the father of one of the most unique programs on the air today, and behind its birth lies a story as curious and dramatic as ever came out of Radioland. It never has been disclosed before, because Vos was the only one who knew the story, and he didn't want to talk—until now.

This is surprising, because Vos is an advertising man—probably one of the twelve highest paid executives of his kind in America. He is the advertising manager for the Texaco Company, sponsors of the Wynn program.

Picture George Vos then, a quiet, intelligent, unhurried man in his forties, a lover of good music and literature, and an amateur sculptor, seated in his office in the Chrysler Building in New York, surrounded by books and pictures, and by busts he himself did of Ed Wynn as the Fire Chief. Not at all the kind of an advertising man you would expect to meet.

Yet his job is to sell gasoline. There is nothing romantic about gasoline, and probably as tough an assignment as an advertising man could get came to Vos in March of 1932, when he was ordered to put over the new high-proof gas Texaco had developed.

"I had to get a name first," he said, "and that was not easy. Finally I hit upon Fire Chief."

Thereupon Sculptor Vos retired to his home studio in New Rochelle and sculpted a bust of a fire chief. It was a conventional bust and didn't look any more like Ed Wynn than the Fire Chief of your own city, for Wynn hadn't been thought

of as yet. To the Board of Directors of the Texaco Company he came bearing the bust and it was decided that this would be the trade mark.

But how about advertising it? "We had never been on the air before," Vos relates, "and we didn't know quite what we wanted to do. All that we did know was that we must hit with the right type of show, but what would that be? What we were after was something different, novel, with a strong mass appeal—for people outside of the large cities, unhindered by garage costs, spend more for gas than any other single item.

"I was all for comedy. I felt that a serious artist would make himself and Texaco look ridiculous by advertising gasoline. Various comedians were suggested. None of them seemed to fill the bill. A few suggested Ed Wynn. But he had never been on the air before and there was a good deal of doubt

During a broadcast Wynn does his level best to "break Graham down," as he calls it—for a reason explained in this article. He never broadcasts without a hat

as to whether he wasn't funnier to see than to hear. "I organized a committee from among the Board of Directors and took them to see Wynn's show, *The Laugh Parade*, then playing on Broadway. I must admit that I had a hunch that Wynn was the man we were looking for and was predisposed in his favor. I made the committee turn their backs on him and listen to his jokes.

"After the performance I went backstage. I had with me one of those funny red fire hats which I had designed. As you know, if you've seen Wynn on the stage or in the movies, he depends a good deal on the ridiculous hats he wears for his comedy effects. In fact, as I came to know later, hats are a fetish with him. He is very, very superstitious. Once, after he started broadcasting, he took a red fez he was wearing and playfully put it on my head. [Continued on page 72]

The Inside Story of How Ed Wynn's Program was Born

This article explains the strange part played by an amateur sculptor in conceiving the Fire Chief program—why Wynn wanted a stooge who would make mistakes—Wynn's answer to the "stale joke" charge—how Wynn's "ad libbing" drives his program timers into a frenzy—why Wynn "kidd" his product in a manner that has influenced all radio advertising technique.



The Fire Chief program conference reacts enthusiastically to a Wynn quip—left to right, George Vos, McNamee, Edith Hophan, Wynn, Thomas Buchanan, Louis A. Witten, Don Voorhees

With "So-o-o" its only address, Ed Wynn received this letter without delay

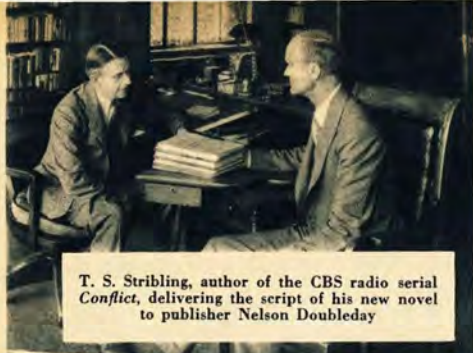




—Bert Lawson
Killer Kane (William Shelley) and Ardala Valmar (Elaine Melchior) pursue their villainous ways in the Buck Rogers broadcast



Ferde Grofe, who runs an orchestra of his own, takes orders from a young maestro at home



T. S. Stribling, author of the CBS radio serial *Conflict*, delivering the script of his new novel to publisher Nelson Doubleday



—Wide World
Jane, Patti, and Helen Pickens rise behind the rose which won first prize in the New York Flower Show

MIKE SAYS

By
ARTHUR
J.
KELLAR

RADIO ROW is rejoicing this summer. Prosperity has returned to the networks and more artists are working on full salaries than any summer in recent years. Usually this is the period when sponsors in groups fade from the airplanes until the fall. That action was predicated on the theory that summer diversions materially reduced the number of loudspeaker listeners. But this year conditions are different. Now, not only automobiles but motor boats, yachts and other craft are equipped with receivers and vacationists on land or water need never get beyond sound of a set. Other holiday seekers take with them to the mountains and the seashore portables, now so improved that they operate on either current and on batteries or electric connections. According to John Royal, vice president of the National Broadcasting Company, who arrives at the conclusion from surveys made by that network and advertising agencies, the result is that more people are listening to their radios this summer than ever before.

Just how prosperous things are with the chain broadcasters is proved by the figures. For the first quarter of 1934, NBC grossed in time sales to advertisers \$7,044,620 as compared to \$5,610,132 for the same period in 1933. Columbia collected \$4,318,675 for the first quarter of 1934 against receipts of \$2,842,544 for the same months in 1933. This is an increase of 51.9%, which

should convince those statisticians who like to determine things by percentages that prosperity has surely turned the corner in Radioland.

AND that isn't all the good news this department has encountered in the air castles. Only last month we recorded the fear of some sponsors that mounting sales of short wave sets meant fans were tuning to foreign stations to the neglect of native programs. Well, that worry has been removed. Which statement is made on the authority of a man who should know, John Reber, the executive of the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency who collaborates with Rudy Vallee in framing up those swell Fleischmann variety hours. Mr. Reber says advertisers have found that listening to broadcasts from abroad inspires in American dialists greater respect and admiration for our own programs, the contrast in entertainment values being so great. So, with this bugaboo gone, the seasonal decline in listener interest definitely checked, and the time sales running way ahead of 1933, you can understand why Radio Row is enjoying a very pleasant summer, indeed.

Lee Wiley likes to tell the story about a nouveau riche matron acquaintance of hers. It seems this lady ordered a Louis the Fourteenth bed from an antique dealer but sent it back because it was too short for her husband. She demanded that it be replaced with the next larger size—Louis the Fifteenth!

TO THE list of millionaire maestros on the radio and Roger Wolfe Kahn. By the death of his father, Otto H. Kahn, the financier and patron of the arts, Roger became one of the wealthiest young men in the country. But music, not money, is his interest in life; he leaves the handling of the huge estate to financial advisers while he worries about piccolo players and such. With the addition of young Kahn, there are now four millionaires performing on the kilocycles. Meyer Davis, Isham Jones and Rudy Vallee are the other three. Unlike young Kahn, who inherited his money, they made their own fortunes. Sunday School teachers may be interested to know that Davis, Jones and Vallee never played a game of cards in their lives and shun all forms of gambling.

If you don't think the world is cockeyed listen to this: Two men who were once their sponsors now work for Bandmen Freddy Martin and Ozzie Nelson as their managers! Fred Mayer performs that service for Martin and Milton Roemer for Nelson. Mayer was dealing in cosmetics when he hired Martin to boost his wares by concerts on the air. Later he sold out his business to join the orchestra man's organization. Roemer, then a furniture dealer, gave Nelson his first chance as a broadcaster—and, like Mayer, finally gave up his own business to manage the affairs of his former employee.

BITS about broadcasters: Composer Irving Berlin jumped into the big money class in radio by collecting \$3,500 per broadcast . . . Lee Sims and Ilomay Bailey own a pedigreed Great Dane valued at \$5,000 . . . Vincent Lopez

has dieted away twenty pounds . . . The name of Baby Rosemarie has been filed in the United States Patent Office at Washington to make it harder for imitators . . . The first virtuoso to play a violin solo on the air was Eugene Ormandy, now conductor of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. It happened in 1922 on the occasion of the first Radio World's Fair at the Grand Central Palace, New York . . . Dick Humber, the maestro, is a clever amateur magician much in demand at private parties . . . Fred Allen has the right idea. He says a code should be devised for "The Old Spinning Wheel"—because it is being worked overtime.

Usually very patient with parents demanding that their children be put on the air, there are times when Madge Tucker, director of NBC's Children Hour, breaks a little under the strain. Such an occasion occurred the other day when a proud mamma took exception to Miss Tucker's suggestion that her daughter's talents didn't fit into the scheme of things for *The Lady Next Door* program. "Why, no child in your company is as gifted as my Clara," declared the mother. "Only eight, already she has learned German, French, Spanish and algebra." . . . "Indeed," exclaimed Miss Tucker. "I should just love to hear Clara sing in algebra!"

Notwithstanding the big fees collected these days by noted musicians and popular comedians, Sir Harry Lauder is still the highest paid artist ever heard on the air. He got \$17 per second several years ago.

PAPPY, Ezra, Zeke and Elton, self-styled Ozark mountaineers, were scheduled to be interviewed by Nellie

Revell recently. But they weren't. Irene Rich was substituted at the last moment and thereby hangs a tale.

In full regalia, which consists of red flannel shirts, blue denims tucked into boot-tops and the patriarch-appearing member of the troupe, Pappy, much bewhiskered, they stomped into Miss Revell's hotel apartment for a preliminary examination. When the hillbillies couldn't recall the name of the railroad nearest Marshall, Arkansas, their "native hill," Miss Revell, a former circus trouper who prides herself on her knowledge of geography, got suspicious.

Peering closely into the tangled whiskers of Pappy, she decided he bore a remarkable resemblance to one Tom Murray, former repertoire actor. Ezra then came under scrutiny and Miss Revell seemed to detect a curious tendency to intermingle terms strictly collegiate with phrases palpably dialectic. Of the remaining two she concluded one at least had originated in the remote Ozarks, but suspicion of his comrades wouldn't be dismissed.

"The broadcast is off," suddenly announced Miss Revell.

"How come?" naturally queried Pappy. "Because you hillbillies are as synthetic as drug store cowboys," declared the lady, "and I won't be a party to perpetrating any fraud on my radio audience."

After that, Pappy, Ezra, Zeke and Elton withdrew from the Revell presence with all the dignity to be expected of hillbillies, real or otherwise, under such circumstances.

The magnificent Radio City studios of NBC with their sumptuous appointments

continue to inspire the jesters. Ray Perkins says he went into what he thought was a studio and found that he was in a pigeon-hole in President Merlin H. Aylesworth's desk!

A controversy is raging as to who started song dramas on the air. Partisans are claiming the honor for Jimmy Kemper, Lee Wiley, Al Jolson et al. Such arguments usually get nowhere. To this day it has never been settled who was the first crooner. But survivors of the home-made crystal set era will tell you the first crooner wasn't a man but a woman—Vaughn de Leath. Singing when she reigned as Queen of the wonderful wireless had to be sotto voce: if vocalists exercised their lungs as they do today the innards would have been blown out of the contraption that passed for a microphone in those days.

Miscellany: Radio Row hears that the new network being promoted by George McClelland, former general manager of NBC, will be financed by motion picture rivals of RKO, which is related to NBC by common RCA parentage . . . "Oo-goo" is George Burns' pet name for Gracie Allen . . . Billy Rose, the song writer, husband of Fannie Brice and operator of New York's Casino de Patee, is suing Columbia for \$25,000 damages for banning his "Frosted Chocolate" number . . . Margaret Livingston remembered Paul Whiteman's birthday with a flashy 12-cylinder car . . . Tony Wons said something when he declared the hardest thing to lift is a mortgage . . . Dave Pitts, violinist in Freddy Martin's orchestra is a brother

Intimate News of Radio Personalities Gathered from Behind

the Scenes at the Studios by RADIOLAND'S News Sleuth



—Bert Lawson

The Eton Boys spell it Eatin' while they rehearse at CBS studios. Reading the coffee cups from left to right we have Art Gentry, Earl Smith, Charlie and Flippy Day of the quartet, and their arranger Ray Block at the piano

of ZaSu Pitts, the movie maid . . . "There's nothing new under a radio comedian's hair" cracks a newspaper paragraph. Not even the dandruff?

Johnny Green, M. A. That's the way the conductor's name now appears on the roster of Columbia's executives. The M. A. means, Musical Adviser, a newly created post in the program department. Johnny started doing things in a musical way when he was a junior at Harvard. At that time he became an arranger for Guy Lombardo. Since then he has composed such popular melodies as Body and Soul and I Cover the Waterfront. He also wrote the ambitious symphonic poem, Night Club Suite.

Sidelight on the personality of the First Lady of the Land: Mrs. Roosevelt has made so many trips to Radio City to broadcast that she has learned the names of many employees, including even the elevator operators and page boys. (Of course, Mrs. Roosevelt's acquaintance with NBC attaches began at the old headquarters at 711 Fifth when she went on the air for a commercial and devoted the money thus earned to pet charities.) Her memory is excellent and she delights in addressing by name those she contacts about the studios. The delight, of course, is mutual.

GUY LOMBARDO has discovered what Walter Winchell has long known—that Ben Bernie is a dangerous foe when it comes to the clashing of wits. Guy, just finishing his picture work on the Paramount lot in California as Bernie arrived, sought to play a joke on the old maestro. He sent a memorandum to a studio executive suggesting that as he tired easily wouldn't it be a good idea to use Bernie as his stand-in, meaning the menial who substitutes for a star while the lights are being adjusted and the cameras focussed. It so happened that the note reached the official while he was conferring with Bernie and



—Ray Lee Jackson

Barnaclé Bill, the Sailor—behind the whiskers is Cliff Soubrier, also heard on Grand Hotel and The First Nighter

to him he showed the memo. Imagine Lombardo's chagrin shortly afterwards when a neatly typed slip was handed him reading: "As there is no resemblance between you and Bernie and it is necessary to use a stand-in who is an exact double in every respect we have arranged for that service to be performed by Duke Ellington." Of course, Bernie dictated the note—who but the old maestro would think of turning the tables that way? Reports indicate Ben is scoring a hit in his new movie.

Colonel Stoopnagle's recent attack of illness is reported to have been caused by worry over his inability to invent a machine to dot the "T's" used in alphabet soup.

MIKE SAYS



Maj. Edward Bowes

Major Edward Bowes, managing director of the Capitol Theater, New York, recently went on an inspection tour of his cinema cathedral. In the basement he heard a voice raised in song in the ushers' locker room. Inquiry developed that its owner was one Gene Lester, a 19-year-old lad who ushered by day and studied music by night. The Major invited him up to the studio for an audition and was so pleased with the result that Lester was added to the Capitol Family program the following Sabbath morning. That's one answer to the question of where radio gets its talent—sometimes in places where its existence is least suspected.

Last month this department sounded a hosanna to the Marx Brothers for excluding studio audiences. Since then they turned renegades, apparently under pressure from their sponsor, and now they project their programs from the Columbia Playhouse of the Air before 1,400 or so spectators. Long a devoted admirer of the Marxmen, this writer reluctantly certifies to his inability to find Groucho and Chico funny on the air, either with or without an audience. Indeed, the only laugh they have evoked so far in this listener was their gag that they would broadcast without a claque.

STUDIO pick-ups: According to the calculations of Columbia researchers, there are 18,000,000 radio sets in this country . . . Visitors to Vera Van's apartment are invited to write their autographs on a section of the wall in her studio reserved for that purpose . . . And Ted Fiorito has a miniature white piano where autographs are inscribed. It already has the signatures of over two thousand friends and acquaintances . . . The dialect of Dave Rubinoff is much publicized but a musician of even stronger accents is Harry Horlick, the A. & P. Gypsy Chieftain . . . Horlick, by the way, directs the longest sponsored program on the air, the Gypsies being in their eleventh year . . . Marion Hopkinson, who impersonates Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt in The March of Time broadcasts, is a direct descendant of Francis Hopkinson, signer of the Declaration of Independence . . . Last summer Will Osborne saved a 300-pound man from drowning at Jones Beach, Long Island, but the experience was so trying that he is carefully avoiding any beaches this summer for fear that history will repeat itself. . . . New York networks plan to fight the city's demand that studios pay \$500 theater license fees.



Marie Dressler

News flashes: Marie Dressler turned down a reputed offer of \$10,000 a week for a series of broadcasts. Reason: She is none too robust and felt air appearances on top of her movie work would be too great a drain on her vitality. . . . Franklyn Baur, the tenor, is back on the kilocycles after an absence of two years. He was abroad studying vocal culture. . . . Jimmy Durante is being sued for \$100,000 by Alfred Kreymborg, a free verse poet, for alleged pilfering of a poem used by the comic in air performances. "Where does that guy get off to call his stuff free verse," protests Jimmy, "when he's trying to collect a hundred grand for it?" . . . Vaughn de Leath, the original radio girl, is back on the air. She is singing from WMCA, one of New York's independent stations . . . Rudy Vallée may star in the fall in a dramatic piece fashioned to his talents by Adela Rogers St. Johns, who is reported to be doing his biography.

USUALLY four writers contribute the material used by Joe Penner in his broadcasts. One of them is known to listeners as Hal Rainer, who about a year ago was heard on an NBC-WJZ hook-up in a comedy act. Rainer's real name, however, is the Rev. Henry Rubel and he is pastor of an Episcopal church at Atlantic Highlands, N. J. So far as known he is the only clergyman writing comedy for the radio. Gag writers commanding the prices they do these days for their product, the Rev. Mr. Rubel certainly has hit upon a very profitable as well as pleasant sideline.

OUT in Hollywood, stories are legion as to how temperamental John Barrymore can get. Radio got a sample of it when the star appeared as a guest on a recent Sunday night program. Shortly before the broadcast the sponsor got the idea that a scene from Hamlet, which Barrymore was programmed to do, wouldn't appeal to his audience. From New York he got Barrymore on the phone in California to urge the substitution of a less serious dramatic bit. As result of that long distance conversation, Barrymore went on and played—yes, you guessed it, the scene from Hamlet. But still ringing in the sponsor's ears are the actor's words denouncing folks who have no appreciation of Shakespeare.

Jimmy Durante's personal stationery bears a caricature of himself, featuring of course his "Schnozzle," which word is spelled out in scraggly hair atop his high dome.



So you thought there was only one Rubinoff, eh? There are actually four brothers—in the usual order, Phil (Dave's manager), Dave himself, Charles, a Detroit attorney, and Herman, Pittsburgh business man

The Frank Merriwell scripts are written by the original author of the boys' series, Gilbert Patton, whose pen name is Burt L. Standish. He is now 70 years old and still a most prolific writer. When this paragraph was typed he had ready for radio presentation over seventy episodes of the serial. This beats the record of Gertrude Berg, creator of the Goldbergs. Mrs. Berg usually has a four-weeks' supply of her scripts on hand.

At Katz and his orchestra after two years of touring are now back on the air waves. Every time the compiler of this department has to write Katz he is reminded of Phil Baker's old gag. "Who



—Bert Lawson

June Joy is the charming singer with Sam Robbins' orchestra whom you hear over the Columbia networks

would sleep with cats?" Phil would ask. Then he would answer his own inquiry. "Why, Mrs. Katz, of course." It always was silly—but funny.

As might be expected, Gracie Allen has her own peculiar slant on nudists. She told George Burns she was thinking of joining the cult. "Why?" he demanded. "Because it's a great opportunity for a girl like me to get a few things off her chest," explained Gracie.

Take it from Johnny Marvin, the Oklahoma singer who should know, daytime listeners are more critical than those tuning in after dark. The reason, Marvin argues, is because housewives have fewer distractions when the kids are away to school; therefore, they are most attentive to what is coming through their loud-speaker.

WHEN a feller needs a friend note: Ilomay Bailey and Lee Sims, the piano and singing team, making personal appearances in vaudeville and motion picture houses, were halted on the Canadian border by United States Customs. Mr. Sims had just identified himself and wife as the radio artists when the receiver in their car broke out with a program featuring Bailey and Sims! Of course, it was an electrical transcription but it took a lot of explaining to convince the inspectors that they hadn't caught red-handed a couple of impostors and therefore likely smugglers.

This month's loving cup for sponsors goes to Henry and Edsel Ford, who have decided to give Fred Waring a free hand in presenting his fine programs, a policy more sponsors could follow to advantage. Ford's elimination of the Waring novelties caused the hour to drop in popularity.



Babe Ruth had mike fright so badly at his first broadcast that they had to improvise a desk so he might sit down instead of break down



This melancholy young blade is James Thurber of *New Yorker* fame, the newest and drollest of ether commentators

New Radio Aces



Gene and Glenn set their alarm clocks later these days now that they're on a new network



Loretta Lee, a little girl with Spanish in her eyes, has graduated from being a "band girl" with George Hall, and is now personally featured Coast to Coast



DURANTE

Confesses

All

Jimmy breaks down and reveals a song-writing skeleton in his closet. What's worse, he involves those two famous columnists, Walter Winchell and Sidney Skolsky

By AL SHERMAN

PAGLIACCI laughed while his heart was breaking; Samuel Johnson waxed satirical to hide his bad manners; but Jimmy Durante—ah, Jimmy Durante writes music to prove his Art.

Yes, indeed! The gentleman with the parrot beak who whispers hoarse ditties or insane gags into the microphone, the zany we all know as Jimmy Durante has his Serious Moments. Take Durante away from the microphone and what do we have? We have, ladies and gentlemen, none other than the serious, the thoughtful, the ambitious and art-filled Mr. James Durante, composer of soulful songs and writer of lovelorn and passion-swept lyrics.

Durante's musical past aroused my curiosity when the haunting strains of *Inka-Dinka-Doo* first burst upon my astounded ear drums. I didn't realize then that Durante had had, as collaborators, such masters of the pen as Walter Winchell and Sidney Skolsky.

I had known that Jimmy was responsible, in great measure, for the curious tunes that became as much a Durante trademark as that far-famed and copyrighted Cyranoesque schnozzle which adorns the Durante physiognomy. But it was *Inka-Dinka-Doo*, as lunatic as its author's wisecracks, that prompted me [Continued on page 66]



Durante's genius makes him a man of moods, but he seems moodiest of all when composing a tune like *Inka Dinka Doo*, as in the photo below—it's all he can do to keep from tearing the piano apart in his creative ecstasy



NINA WILCOX PUTNAM'S

Radio Love Song



Chick Allen and Dolph Rose, one-time speakeasy song team, climbed the ladder of radio fame with sensational ease. But fame changes some people; and pretty Sally Blaine, who was "Aunt Hattie," domestic expert, to her fans, watched handsome Chick become the crooner, the pampered orchestra leader, with worried eyes. He was sought after, spoiled, by thousands of women, while modest Dolph wrote his arrangements and remained devoted to his stamp collection—and Sally. Both Dolph and Joe Raymond, the boys' manager, tried to make Sally forget Chick, urged her to become a radio songbird herself, to challenge his success. But she was sure he would come to his senses. Raymond persuaded Peter Van Schuyler, the strange little man responsible for the huge Van Schuyler Radio Foundation, to book Chick and his band for the big opening broadcast, in spite of his dislike for the crooner. At Palm Beach, Chick met and was conquered by glamorous Gay D'Arcey. Though warned that he was treading on thin ice, since the millionaire provided Gay with ermines and orchids, Chick disregarded advice. He trod the heights and took the bows while Dolph wrote the music for his songs and Lew Steinberg, an adopted son of Dixie, wrote the lyrics. *Now go on with the story:*

IN THE very heart of Manhattan the Van Schuyler Radio Foundation, reaching for the moon in snowy shafts and terraced towers, seemed to express an utter disdain for the brownstone dwellings clustered at its feet. Tall and vast and white, the group of buildings of which an enormous broadcasting station was the central feature, flouted Broadway and put to shame obsolete skyscrapers farther East on the river's edge. Many months in the building, the enterprise was finished at last. Strange electrical displays flashed from its roof, promising an early opening.

In the main studio an ant-like group of busy people fought and worked, laughed and struggled through sleepless nights and hectic days, preparing the main attraction of the opening program, a musical jamboree, *Broadway Parade*, presented by the Midvale Oil Company, with a story by six of the city's leading wits, music and lyrics by Allen and Rose, featuring Chick Allen and his orchestra.

Never in the history of radio had such a collection of talent been gathered together on a single program. Stars whose names spelled real money, singers, comedians, specialties, all had been put at Chick's command. With this rich supply of material, a magic pattern was being woven, prophesied even by the skeptical, hard-boiled Corky to be the most sparkling broadcast ever offered on the air.

One sultry afternoon Chick was trying out a fancy of his: On a specially constructed stage a pony-ballet were tap-dancing

on a cork floor, their sturdy little feet showered in metal coins so that the rhythm of their steps were repeated in the jingle of money. The jingle of the coins went on for a broken beat or two—then a voice took the melody up:

*"Short change!
That's what you're always giving me—
Just short change!
Why can't you play fair? . . ."*

"Phooey!" said the third assistant sound man in disgust. "They don't need those girls! They could get a better coin effect with a machine!"

His companion shrugged indifferent shoulders. "Old Man Cochran okeyed it just before he left for Chicago with Van Schuyler last night," said he. "Chick told Corky it would look good to see those dames opening night, when the high-hat mob is here, and the chief finally yessed him. That Allen thinks he's the Trinity around here!"

"He's wrong," commented the other third string succinctly. "Pull, politics and pezoozies—that's the trinity that runs any broadcasting station."

AT THE far end of the line of dancers, Mary-Lou Tuttle, stepping away for dear life in her gingham shorts, kept a set smile turned determinedly in the direction of the imaginary audience, refusing so much as a glance in the direction of her synthetic Southern sweetheart, Lew Steinberg, who was leaning against a piano at her left.

"Hi, sugar!" he finally said. "How are things goin'?"

"Fine, honey," Mary-Lou breathed, still dancing.

"Is Chick around?"

"No, honey," said Mary-Lou while her feet pattered away. "He was heah, but he's not gone yet."

With that marvelous understanding which exists between lovers, Lew interpreted this tangled reply, then eased himself away in the direction of the orchestra and the group which sat around it in easy chairs.

Here, among others, was Corky, staring gloomily at the stage, all but oblivious to the young man at his side who was explaining the bundle of silken materials he held in his lap. Terry Ballentine loved silks and satins; the blend of silver and blue he held up for Corky's approval thrilled him, he admitted, right down to his elbows.

"I'm using these in the ladies' dressing rooms," he breathed into Corky's deaf ear. "See how they'll catch the highlights from the crystal chandeliers?"

"Terrible!" said Corky, absorbedly looking at the dancers.

"Why, Mr. Cochran!" exclaimed Terry reproachfully.

"Too ragged," mumbled the promoter critically.



Chick finds the air of the radio stratosphere a little chilling. Has he gone so high he cannot come down? Dolph and Sally wait, not too patiently



**Illustration by
Harley Ennis Stivers**

Gay's smile was tender. "It's only that you are so wonderful," she said gently. "I hate to see you held back by someone who doesn't really add to your creative ability"

"No such thing," snapped Terry. "They're brand new!"

"Eh? What's that?" exclaimed Corky, coming out of his coma. "Oh! Window curtains! Run along and do your sewing, Terry. I've got to kill this number!"

Ten paces away, Chick had sunk into an arm-chair, and with Gay D'Arcey leaning closely against his shoulder, sat in wrapt contemplation of the dancing. Joe Raymond, his arms resting on the backs of their seats, also stared in glowing satisfaction. Chick turned and winked at his manager.

"And you told me not to go to Palm Beach!" he said with a laugh. "I promised you one song—and I deliver the biggest thing the air can offer!"

"Yeah," admitted Joe grudgingly, "—with a very trick option clause in the contract."

"Aw, don't let that worry you!" Chick dismissed the idea airily. "This show is going to be so darned good, the option will work automatically."

"Hm!" Joe was eager to believe the best. "I guess Van Schuyler merely had it put in to protect himself in case the thing flopped. But I must admit it looks good."

"Well," said Chick cockily, "it's got me in it, you know, and with my personality—"

"Don't let that 'personality' stuff oversell you," Raymond growled. "It's the songs you write that makes your stuff important, big boy, and don't you ever forget it. Lots of fellows have as much 'personality' and can sing as well as you do. If you had to go on your voice and *Little Annie Rooney*, you'd starve to death."

"You're screwy!" retorted Chick in a superior tone. "I can put a song over—any song—as good or better than anybody in this business. [Continued on page 50]



RADIOLAND'S HALL OF FAME

By
DOROTHY ANN BLANK & HENRI WEINER



RUTH ETTING



She can turn a glad song into a sad song;
She can turn a torch song into a prayer.
She has a magic voice, poignantly
tragic voice—
She can make a tough guy CARE!

If you've a love song that needs forgetting
Turn your dial away from a witch
named Etting.

FRED ALLEN



As tragic as a Duse or Sten,
Fred Allen, funniest of men,
Behind the mike looks vaguely sore,
Though we may roll upon the floor.
To him his jokes are not so hot.
Comedians are a solemn lot.

ED WYNN



Dear Fire Chief: When you're on the air
I sometimes think I'm hexed.
You so-o-o-o me into stitches.
Please help me out. Perplexed.

My dear Perplexed: I understand—
You mean you feel hemmed in.
Why don't you quip the stitches?
Yours truly, Fire Chief Wynn.

KATE SMITH



There is a young lady named Kate
Whose voice we have not heard, of late.
To the powers that exist
We wish to insist
This is a deplorable state!

LAWRENCE TIBBETT



For all romantic, gallant tenors
We are consistent, eager yenners,
It's baritones who knock us cold,
We keep it pretty well controlled,
But it's no use, we can't inhibit
The way we go for Lawrence Tibbett!



The cast of the Beatrice Fairfax dramas, which come to you on the air every Saturday evening



Billy Blankenbaker and Warren Hull come to the happy ending in one of Miss Fairfax' love dramas

"I LOVE HIM-How Can I Win Him?"

By

Beatrice Fairfax

World-Famous "Advice to The Lovelorn" Counsellor

EDITOR'S

Note: Recently a survey made of women in a cross-section of the small towns and large cities of the United States showed that Beatrice Fairfax, adviser to the lovelorn, was the best-known and most widely read writer in this country. Shortly afterward she went on the air. She is heard every Saturday night at 9:30 p. m. Eastern Standard Time over the networks. Not only does she give her personal advice on the problems that come up in the lives of almost every one of us; but each Saturday night she also presents two dramas of love and life based on real cases and covering almost every type of problem about which she has been asked in the course of her work. In the following article she tells some tangled dramas where she was asked for advice.

Beatrice Fairfax, famous adviser to love-troubled souls, tells how she treats heart-throbs over the radio—and reveals interesting facts about tangled problems she has solved

RUTH was twenty-seven. She had been working since she was fourteen, and she had been so intent upon her work that she had made no contacts. Now she was gnawing her heart out with loneliness. Where were the gay times, the many friends, the enchanted circle of adoration in which other girls lived? When she went to bed at night her pillow was wet with tears. Loneliness . . . the oldest, the most poignant cry of the human heart! One day she felt as if she could bear it no longer. She came to me, bewildered, unhappy.

"I know you've tried to solve other people's problems for

them," she said to me, "but mine seems beyond solution. I have practically no friends. I want a little fun, a little gaiety, someone I can love and who will love me before life passes me by altogether. But it all seems so hopeless. The only people I meet are the ones in my office. My boss—well, I guess he's about sixty. Then there's John, who works there, and he's middle-aged, and has two or three children." She went on, enumerating all the people who worked in her office, checking them off one by one. And there was not a single one of them who was anywhere near her age.

"Well," I asked, "is there anyone in your office who seems to be lonelier than yourself?"

"Why, yes," she said, "Mrs. Jones. I don't believe she has any real friends."

"Then why don't you take her out to lunch?" I suggested. "The way to combat loneliness is by seeking out someone lonelier than yourself and giving them a helping hand along the way."

"But you don't understand, Miss Fairfax. Mrs. Jones is middle-aged. What I want is gay, young friends."

"That doesn't matter," I told her. "Why don't you just try it? Take her out to lunch and see what happens."

A few days later my phone rang. It was Ruth. Her voice was slightly reproachful. "Oh, what a mess you've got me into," she said. "I took your advice and asked Mrs. Jones out to lunch. She was delighted, poor soul. But before the lunch was over, she said to me, 'Why don't you come and have your Christmas dinner with me, child? I'll have to eat it all alone otherwise.' I couldn't refuse her, but I never intended anything like this to happen."

A few more days passed. Again [Continued on page 67]



—Ray Lee Jackson

The talkies "dared" Irene Rich into radio. Now she has a long-term contract with Welch's Grape Juice

SHE TOOK A DARE

IRENE RICH went into radio on a dare. She did—and more than made good. If you don't believe it, ask her sponsor. Mounting figures on the sales-chart are the reason why these gentlemen think Miss Rich deserves one of the few long-term contracts in radio. You will remember having seen Miss Rich on the silver screen, and the odd part of her successful radio debut is that the coming of the talkies practically dared her into the network!

But the best way to tell the story is to let Miss Rich talk it over with you. So here goes:

"I was fairly successful on the silent screen," explained Miss Rich. "I had just signed a new contract with Warner Brothers—this was five or six years ago, of course—and everything looked just too lovely. Well, along came the talkies—and words failed me. But please don't accuse me of punning. Immediately, the producers started looking for theatrical talent. Your ability as an actress in silent pictures didn't mean a thing. When the time came for my option to be renewed, it wasn't. And there I was, with a mother and two growing daughters to support. The world seemed knocked out from under me. I just didn't know what to do.

"I never had been on a stage before in my life. I had come from extrarad to whatever film success I did achieve. I studied a skit, prepared it for vaudeville and went out on the road, where I learned to appreciate the value of radio. I was invited to address women's clubs and literary gatherings, and suddenly I found I was broadcasting over local stations.

"This interested me. I knew that if I had a good microphone voice, I need never worry about screen work. I began to study the microphone and its technique. I felt that if movie producers were going to dare me to learn how to speak, as they did, I'd learn through actual experience. "Experience, both on the stage and the air, has been invaluable. It taught me how to adapt myself, in acting and voice, to the new limitations imposed on the camera. The result has been fairly consistent work in motion pictures. And this, mind you, in spite of the fact that I never appeared on the stage in my life until the talkies dared me to try my luck on the air and in vaudeville!"

—AL SHERMAN.

A BIG LITTLE GIRL

ONE summer day in Atlantic City, a little girl was playing on the beach with her friends. She said, "Let's play show and I'll be it." That little girl was Rosemarie Curley. Without knowing it she had spoken a parable.

Today, at the age of nine she is known as Baby Rosemarie from Coast to Coast, having spent two-thirds of her life singing over radio. Robert Ripley wrote, "Believe it or not, Baby Rosemarie Curley, age four years, knows the words to seventy-two songs." The attention she has received would spoil most people three times her age. Arthur Brisbane has mentioned her in his column; she has had an audience with three United States Presidents. Manufacturers name dolls, hair ribbons and hats for her. But being "it" has not spoiled Rosemarie.

Her clothes are simple and suitable for a little girl of her age. She attends the Children's Professional School in New York City, is in the fourth grade. Her home life is as normal as any other child's and her favorite color is pink.

A four year old brother, Frank Joseph, also sings and is a born comedian, but he is too busy playing with his tricycle to have made any public appearances. Rosemarie's father, once a trouper with George M. Cohan, is now his daughter's manager.

Shopping in the five and ten is Rosemarie's idea of a big time. She considers herself wealthy if given a quarter to spend. At the tender age of nine she already has "a way" with men and is sincerely in love with four. The National Broadcasting Company's program manager comes first. The affair is absolutely mutual. Jackie Cooper and Mitzi Green are pals of hers; she met them while in Hollywood appearing in a moving picture.

Singing is only one of her accomplishments. Dancing and playing the piano are two of the things that she likes to do best. She has composed a piece of music. When she played it for me it brought back vivid memories of a familiar old folk song—but didn't seem well known music writer compose a song just after the war that could have been sung to one of Chopin's Preludes without making a single change in the tune?

—ANNETTE McLEAN.



Effervescent with health and vitality, Baby Rosemarie is literally a walking advertisement of Tasty Yeast

RADIOLAND

FUNNY MEN'S WIVES

NEW YORK? I may as well be perfectly honorable and say I don't like it as well as Chicago or Kansas City where we come from. Here in New York, Mr. Ace thought we ought to live near other radio people, so we have a nice apartment on Central Park South right near where my friend Mary Livingston, Jack Benny's wife, and Gracie Allen and George Burns live. Portland Hoffa and her husband Fred Allen live nearby too. We girls have a lot of fun during the day, shopping and all.

But at night the husbands keep trotting in and out talking gags, gags, gags till I think I'll go mad. You would too, if you had to entertain all those men—George Burns, Fred Allen, Jack Benny and others too humorous to mention. It's a regular baffle of wits. If our husbands would pay some attention to us I wouldn't mind, but I think it's abdominal the way they neglect us—well, anyway it's not below the belt!

When I try to be suggestive about us all going out somewhere they don't even listen. So we girls play Russian Bank. But we can't even do that in peace. Every minute some husband will interrupt our game to tell us a new gag. I don't see why they go to so much trouble about gags—it's making a mountain out of a mole-skin.

I hope no one will jump at convulsions and think I don't like our friends. The whole thing in a shell-hole is that I'm tired of gags. Of course they're our guests, and I try my best to offer them our hostility but at times it's quite impossible. In words of one cylinder, a gag used to be something that kept a person quiet but now it's something that keeps them talking all the time. Mr. Ace made a resolution not to talk gags this year but I guess New Year's resolutions go in one year and out the other.

I know a wife should take the bitter with the better but I'm getting pretty tired of it all. That's why I want to take a world cruise. Mr. Ace says we can go some cold day in July and after all, July's not so far off; so I guess I'll just have to try to be patient. But am I seasick! I'll say the world!

I'll be secretive this once and tell you that funny wives of funny men don't have such a good time being the funny wives of funny men. Mr. Ace will probably be very angry at me for writing this but that's the way I feel. I'll say the world!

—JANE ACE.



—Bert Lawson

Vera Van is glad people like to hear her sing over the air; but she's pretty firm about this dancing business

DANCING IS HER CAREER

NINE radio celebrities out of ten are quite content with the kudos and cash that come with ether prominence. The tenth will yearn for something else. Vera Van is the tenth in this story. Despite a brand-new broadcasting contract now reposing gently in her safe-deposit box, Vera doesn't care so much about radio. Singing ditties over the air is just a stepping stone to the blonde and beautiful Vera. She really wants to be a famous dancer. She told me so.

Several days before, I had seen Vera on the stage of a Broadway theater dancing with all the grace of a terpsichorean expert. I had gone to see Vera Van in person and to hear her sing. The dancing was somewhat of a surprise. Thanks I to myself: "Musical comedy is suffering from a dearth of talent. And here's Vera Van, who sings beautifully, dances better, hiding that face and figure behind a microphone. What's wrong with theatrical producers, anyway?"

I decided to find out, and discovered that Broadway producers aren't the astigmatic lads I thought them. Vera told me she had signed with the Shuberts and that, next fall, she would appear on Broadway in a musical comedy.

"But," I butted, "why didn't you tell us you could dance so well?" "I did," replied Vera, "but no one would believe me. Everyone keeps thinking of me as a radio singer. I'm glad everyone likes me on the air—but I want to be a famous dancer."

There's a particular reason why Vera wants to be a famous dancer. She started to study dancing when she was seven years old in Marion, Ohio. When she was ten, she appeared at a civic function in that Ohio town. The chairman of the gathering was the publisher of the town newspaper. When Vera finished, the publisher predicted a great career for the young dancer. He was the late Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Vera looks tall—but really isn't. Likes sports and drives a car with every assurance that one telegraph pole will be dented before she reaches her destination. She's an authentic blonde. Likes sports and loves going to the movies. And she has one secret ambition. She wants to play opposite Bing Crosby in the movies! Who doesn't!

But first and foremost is her desire to be a great dancer.

—AL SHERMAN.



Jane Ace, of "Easy Aces," says her husband, Goodman Ace, is a card, she'll say the world!

JULY, 1934



Bing Crosby

Now I'll Tell One!

Favorite jokes of favorite radio stars—read them and judge for yourself whether or not broadcasters have a sense of humor!

BING CROSBY'S favorite joke relates to a magician and you can always be sure of getting on with Bing if you give an attentive ear to it.

"This magician was on the stage of a vaudeville theater about to do the trick known as 'Sawing a Woman in Half,'" says Bing. "Beside him was a very, very beautiful girl wearing tights. She was the one on whom the experiment was to be performed. And let me repeat—she was gorgeous.

The magician went into his patter.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "you will notice I have nothing up my sleeve. It's a great pity gentlemen, but shortly I am going to perform the illusion of sawing a woman in two. This lovely young thing will get into this box. I will then pick up that saw and proceed to saw completely through her. I will throw that beautiful head in the ashcan, her slim, white body I will throw to the dogs, and—"

"Here a deep voice from the audience interrupted him. It said, 'Bow wow!'"



"I LIKE the one about the two Irishmen," says John White, the Lonesome Cowboy, "who went out hunting with only one gun. They were walking through the woods when Pat, who was carrying the weapon, suddenly spied a grouse. Immediately he snapped the gun to his shoulder.

"Mike grabbed him by the arm and cried, 'Don't shoot, Pat. I just remembered the gun ain't loaded.'

"'Begorra,'" says Pat, 'I have to shoot now. The bird won't wait!'"



Frank Crumit

"I GET my best laugh," says Frank Crumit, "from a story they tell about Gillian Strickland.

"Gil, it seems, was to speak at some affair or other, and when he got to the speaker's table there was no water pitcher on it. So Gil turned to the toastmaster and asked that a glass of water be brought—you know how dry one's mouth gets after orating for a few minutes. Well, there was no waiter nearby, so the speaker told Strick to go ahead and talk—that he couldn't understand why he demanded water anyway. But Gil refused to speak until the water was there, having learned by experience that he would certainly need it before his talk was over.

"The toastmaster became annoyed at his insistence. 'I can't see why you insist on having a glass of water,' he snapped. 'What's the idea?'"

"'Because,'" explained Gil patiently, 'in the middle of my speech I'm going to do a high dive!'"



ARTHUR Bagley, who gives you those early morning exercises, finds that a joke about radio gym classes tickles him the most—quite understandably, since he's one of the most famous ether exercise conductors.

But let Art tell it. "It's a bit of dialogue," he says, "between two women.

"'My husband gets up in time for the radio exercises every morning,' says the first woman.

"'Well, well,'" said the second. 'To look him over you'd never think that he took the exercises.'

"'Oh,'" said the first, 'he doesn't—but the girl who lives in the apartment directly across the court from us, does!'"



Arthur Bagley



Helen Pickens

IT'S A rather touching little tale that has won the heart of Adelina Thomason (Mrs. Pennyfeather, to you). "Lucy," says Mrs. Pennyfeather, "was a very sweet little girl. She would never think of pulling a cat's tail or stepping on a spider. One day Lucy was sitting on her front lawn, eating a bowl of crackers and milk, when a fly lighted on the edge of the dish. Gentle Lucy did not swat the fly, children. No! She politely allowed him to go into the milk and drink his fill, while she sweetly sang:

"'Drink away, dear little Fly;
You are thirsty, same as I.'

"There! Isn't that a pretty thought? But the sequel to it, also in verse, is even more touching. This is it:

"Her ways were pleasing to the Lord
And Lucy had her just reward.
An angel from the Typhoid Squad
Came and took her home to God."



IT'S A pathetic little tale that always wins a giggle from Helen Pickens. Helen, you'll remember, is one of the famous Pickens sister trio heard over NBC networks. She's the one who arranges the team's musical numbers and of course does her share of singing, too.

"There is a man," she says, "who was serving a life sentence in Ohio State Penitentiary. One day he fell in love with a young woman who was visiting the prison. He asked if he might write to her, and she agreed. And when he did so, the poor fellow always signed his letters, 'Yours—and Ohio's.'"



Songs You'll SING

The New Song Hits Analyzed

by
RUDY VALLEE

I MAY seem unduly enthusiastic about *The Beat o' My Heart* when I compare it to the *Maine Stein Song*, but while I do not honestly feel that it will approach the *Stein Song* in sales or popularity, it undoubtedly suggests a similarity in movement of lyric and melody. This is particularly true when it is played brightly. As for the lyric, with its hodge-podge of syllables, it keeps a vocalist busy to get it all in. The pleasing melody flowed from the pens of two boys who are striving to prove to Tin Pan Alley that they mean business—Messrs. Spina and Burke, who are undeniably headed for the high spots of popular song composition. Irving Berlin, Inc., the publishers, may find that it is not such a good dance tune; but it is a grand tune to hear over the air.

Messrs. Gordon and Revel have provided Bing Crosby with an excellent score in his new picture, *We're Not Dressing*. While none of the tunes is another *Tea for Two*, at least three or four will be in the minds of music lovers for the next two or three months. Remember how Bing popularized the scores of *The Big Broadcast*, *College Humor*, *Too Much Harmony* and *Going Hollywood?* Now, through his unusual style of singing, I believe these three will be exceedingly popular: *She Reminds Me of You*, *May I* and *Love Thy Neighbor*. The other three songs are good numbers, though not outstanding. *She Reminds Me of You* has a most unusual idea in its lyric.

Walter Donaldson, playing his golf on the West Coast and writing mainly for M-G-M, provided the Lombardos while they were on the West Coast with an unusually fine song to wind up most of their broadcasts—a colorful picturization of *A Thousand Good Nights*, with all the starlight, moonlight and romance that goes with these things—a song such as only Walter

These are the tunes you'll be whistling and hearing on the air all summer, described by one of your favorite bandmasters, who really knows his music



A couple of "noted" figures in radio—Fred Allen, comedian de luxe, greets Rudy Vallée

Donaldson could write. The last time Johnny Green came up to play a composition for me I was in my old office in Steinway Hall, and the composition was *I Cover the Waterfront*. While it is my humble opinion that his *Easy Come Easy Go* has not the swinginess of melody of *Waterfront*, it is one of those tragic, poignant torch songs which cannot help but grow on the listener. There is a great analogy between the melodies of Johnny Green and

George Gershwin; they both have a depth of class and quality that takes several repetitions before they really impress themselves on your consciousness. Eddie Heyman, as usual, has done an unusually good job on the lyric.

SOMETHING new has really come to Broadway! Though I have never seen the *Garrick Gaieties*, and several people have told me that this revue of *New Faces* resembles the *Gaieties*, I feel that this is perhaps the most radical departure Broadway has ever seen in the way of a revue. Princeton, Harvard or any of the universities which have exceptionally fine shows staged by the undergraduate body, will recognize that this show resembles their own productions more than it does the typical Broadway formula; certainly it could not have come from the mind of a Carroll, a White, [Continued on page 55]



Rudy Vallée's bachelor apartment—his comfort shows what he thinks of *Home Sweet Home*



Commentator Carter
BOAKE CARTER

If Boake Carter has what is called a burr in his voice, we like burrs in voices. We like the intimate, conversational way he comes into the parlor at 7:45 and gives you a couple of quick ones out of the day's news. Funny how you always forget he's going to spike the punch at intervals with some good stiff jolts of Philco advertising. Darned clever, these men with burrs in their speech.



Prankster Ray Knight
WHEATENVILLE

The most adult of the cereal programs, which generally have a sort of gruelly consistency. Raymond Knight as writer of the script and as that nice "Billy Batchelor" deserves a dish of his own favorite cereal for this, whether it's Wheatena or not. It isn't always exciting, but it is never offensive, and the Batchelor twins are engaging youngsters—in fact, they're almost like real children.



Violin Maestro Spalding
SPALDING-THIBAUT

A thoroughly dependable program, either for Aunt Minnie who's visiting from Grand Rapids or the kids. America's own beloved violinist, Albert Spalding, and the romantic voice of Conrad Thibault, backgrounded with Don Voorhees' excellent orchestra, produce music particularly well chosen, without too many "Trees" or "Roses of Picardy." Four stars and a tiger for this one!



Wayne (Waltz) King
LADY ESTHER

Wayne King's dreamy music is a pleasant brand of musical intoxication that flows out of your loud speaker and creeps up on you like an aphrodisiac. We can visualize an attendant tiptoeing around the studio waking up members of the orchestra as they doze off occasionally. You can dance to it if you can stay awake long enough. We once saw Lady Esther and she's a very pretty lady.



Mario Braggiotti—
Jacques Fray
FRAY-BRAGGIOTTI

If you're a piano addict, you know there are pianos and pianos tinkling over the air, but none to better effect than the two grand pianos on which Messrs. Fray and Braggiotti perform. They can really play, but don't insist on both doing it all over at the same time. They produce an altogether pleasing collection of sound which we endorse highly, although we "hate" people who can play the piano well.



Gertrude Berg
GOLDBERGS

This perennial favorite is well acted and well written all-way, though it has plenty of continuity and suspense you can tune in any time and enjoy it. It's built on a sound foundation of human interest and good character, rather than on a flimsy plot, and that's where it has it all over so many dramatic programs. One of the few programs, by the way, conceived and written by a woman.



Johnny Green,
Musical Meteor
OLDSMOBILE

Ruth Etting is the big star of this show, which isn't to minimize the effectiveness of Johnny Green's music. We just happen to like that voice of hers, choking back sobs night after night—it gives us such a swell opportunity to feel protectively sympathetic with a grand girl like Ruth. Ted Husing is among those present, but does little besides lending his name to the program.



Chef Behind
the Biscuits
MYSTERY CHEF

Don't know why this chap is so mysterious unless he plans on breaking out as the Masked Marvel of the Ovens, for his recipes are so palatable he needn't fear identifying himself with them. The one trouble with his program is that he talks too rapidly for the average woman listener to jot down the ingredients without leaving out the white of an egg or dash of cinnamon.

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



Don Bestor and Daughter
BESTOR-BENNY

That smoothie Jack Benny fits snugly into his new spot and continues in his adroit way to put over a type of humor several degrees above that of most airwave comedians. He continues the sponsor-kidding which he used so effectively on his old spot, and Don Bestor succeeds to the spot of his orchestral stooge. Bestor's band deserves the nice break it's getting.



Everett Marshall
BI-SO-DOL

The new edition of Broadway Melodies brings Everett Marshall in place of Helen Morgan. Marshall is on the way up as a radio personality and we predict that you'll hear more of him in the months to come. At the moment he is one of the stars of the Ziegfeld "Follies" and he has been a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company.



The "Schnoz"
DURANTE

Ch-ch-ch-ch! Durante is back again and there is nothing you can do about it even if you feel that way, which we don't personally. Jimmy is faintly reminiscent of an overheated steam boiler making up its mind how to burst in all directions at the same time. His program material shows such improvement that the touch of a fresh hand can be suspected.



The Gypsy Violinist
EMERY DEUTSCH

A gypsy violin is the other half of this program, Emery Deutsch being the manipulator thereof. The gypsy strain is alluring at this time of year, and Deutsch does a nice job in producing sweet sounds from his vagabond instrument. As why shouldn't he, since he is a network orchestra conductor and a veteran of several excellent programs heard by daytime listeners.



Music Teacher Damrosch
DAMROSCH

An impressive number of millions of American school children know Walter Damrosch as their musical guide and mentor. Now he continues his expert task of making America musical on a sponsored program. Secure in his deanship, his program appeals to the critical musical intelligence as well as to that larger audience, the "man in the street."



Downey Back Again
DOWNEY

Morton was Downey but never out—excuse it, Graham; we just tuned in on Ed Wynn. What we mean to say is that the great Downey, after an interlude of personal appearances in theaters, is back again on the networks where he belongs. His golden voice dominates his new program spots, which is quite as it should be. We predict the speedy luring of a sponsor.



Ethel Shutta and Sons
NESTLES

We've just been listening to Walter O'Keefe radio romancing with Ethel Shutta, and are glad to report that it's a gag and Ethel really thinks only of George Olsen and their two young sons. The real kick of this hour comes from situations and nice vocal numbers, though the program for the most part never gets far away from an established formula.



Billy Halop as Bobby
BOBBY BENSON

One of the best pullers among children's hours, which has the younger set coming back for more, is Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. The elements of cowboy adventure are practically sure-fire in their appeal to the young imagination. Billy Halop, who plays the radio part of Bobby, is seen in the photograph above as he recently rode with the circus Rough Riders.



"Personality is the greatest gift of life," says Rudy—and Alice Faye has plenty of it!

into furies and cussing out the boys in his orchestra—they know he doesn't mean anything by it—and sweating until everything is perfect. . . . Yet, with all this on his mind, Rudy took the time to coach Alice for the mike, working with her patiently until she, too, was letter-perfect.

Then Rudy took time out to make a picture in Hollywood. . . . And, the first thing Alice knew, she got a wire to follow him.

"I know just as well as I know my own name that it was Rudy who put the bee in George White's bonnet to ask me to go out to the Coast and sing a number in the *Scandals* picture," Alice says. "They asked me just to sing the one number. But they gave me a screen test and when they saw the rushes of the test the next day they offered me a five-year contract. Of course I was thrilled to tears, but just the same—"

SHE was thrilled but, just the same, she was scared. There she was, three thousand miles from home. "After all, I was born in New York," she says. "Out there I didn't have a single friend, I didn't know a soul." Should she stay, or should she turn down the chance of a picture career and go back to New York? Again it was Rudy who stepped in and advised her. Rudy has tremendous sympathy for other people's problems and worries. Anybody who knows him will tell you that. You would have thought it was his own career that was involved. He and Alice talked it over for hours on end, taking all the factors into consideration.

Finally he said, "Don't be silly. It's a marvelous break—maybe the best you'll ever have, you can't tell. Take it."

He gave her that last little push over the boundary line of decision, bolstering up her nerve with his friendly encouragement. That he was right in his judgment is shown by what has happened since. Alice today is regarded as one of

"Rudy Vallee Made Me A Star"

—Says Alice Faye

[Continued from page 15]

the best bets in pictures, and it is sure that the option on her picture contract will be renewed.

"It was certainly no surprise to me when Alice came out to Hollywood to sing the one number for a picture and made such an instant hit in her first screen test that she was offered a contract," Rudy says. "Personality, pure and simple, is the answer. If you have it you have it, that's all—and it will show as plainly on the screen, visually, as it will show audibly over the radio."

"Now that I'm used to them I'm even finding pictures easier than radio," Alice smiles. "In pictures, if you make a mistake they just call for a retake. But on the air, if you make a mistake it's made."

Alice happens to be a stunning girl, so the rumors of romance run their usual rounds. The fact is, Rudy has done things like this for many other people. You just don't hear about them, that's all.

I sat with Alice not long ago in the rehearsal hall in the NBC studios in New York. That evening she was to go on the air with the Connecticut Yankees—her first appearance over the air since she had gone to Hollywood.

The Yankees, up on the stage, were trying to get a "hot" passage hot enough, with Rudy yelling at them, "Hear it? You bet I want to hear it!" His collar was open, and his face showed the terrific pressure under which he was working. He turned and looked down at the rows of silver chairs on which we were sitting.

"Alice—"
"Coming."

Not even taking off her furs, she stood before the microphone. The orchestra started again. Gone was her "scare." A

veteran, poised and competent, she stood there and poured out her smooth, easy notes. The orchestra, during the breaks, filled in perfectly. Halfway between Alice and his boys stood Rudy, keeping an eye on both, directing. It was like watching a well-trained football squad—perfect teamwork!

Alice and Rudy respect and admire each other as artists. They have worked together so much that each knows just how to fit in with the other. Working together, being together so much on account of their work, they have blended into a perfect team. That they are good pals, friends who like each other and enjoy being with each other, you can see in an instant.

I can understand that Rudy, thinking of her, should say: "We all know that personality is the greatest gift of life. It is the thing, of all things, which determines success in any line, whether it be art, salesmanship, whatever. It follows that anybody with a strongly marked individuality, plus inherent ability, is bound to succeed."

Which is just a nice way of paying Alice a compliment and at the same time saying, "She did it all herself. I didn't help her a bit."

And I—for one, anyhow—am willing to take their own word for it that they're just good friends.

You'll just have to name your own poison. But here's a hint. "Friends can stand being apart. People in love can't," are Alice's own words. She's going to be out in Hollywood, now, and Rudy's going to be in the East. Just keep your eye on them and remember Alice's remark.

If they can bear to stay apart—they're just friends.



"Warden, may I keep this instrument when we're through broadcasting?"

Woman and Her - PROBLEMS



—Courtesy Best Foods, Inc.

Doesn't this swanky picnic lunch give you that outdoor urge? The lady is making minced ham and green pepper sandwiches disguised as a jelly roll

By
IDA BAILEY ALLEN

Noted Home Economics Expert
heard regularly on the air



Rudy Vallée and dainty Alice Faye, in a scene from George White's *Scandals*, also make you feel like jumping in the car and having your Sunday dinner in green pastures

It's PICNIC TIME!

THE fresh scent of pines . . . crested waves splashing on the beach . . . the still depths of a lake where pond lilies float—a perfect invitation to a picnic. Not the old-fashioned kind that took weeks to plan and days to prepare, but the new-fashioned kind, when guests are invited by telephone, lunches made ready in an hour, thanks to modernized foods, and picnic grounds quickly reached by motor or bus.

True devotees of the picnic—may their tribe increase—have worked picnic comfort down to a science. In the garage, or some other convenient spot, is stored a picnic trunk, containing heavy blankets to spread on the ground, sofa pillows, and various things for amusement, such as soft balls, bean bags, playing cards, tennis racquets, quoits, camera and films, etc. One family I know always takes along a croquet set—it's such fun to play the game on the hard sand of the beach. Bathing suits and towels should be tucked in the trunk, and—as a safeguard—sunburn lotion, a roll of bandage and an antiseptic (if you do not carry a first-aid kit in the car).

If you are fortunate enough to own one of the new motor kits, the packing of lunch will prove a simple matter. These kits consist of handsome cases with a double tray, fitted with

knives, forks and spoons, and with beetleware plates, cups and glasses. Thermos bottles, a bottle opener and metal boxes for sandwiches, salads and other picnic foods slip into niches made to fit. But a successful lunch does not depend on such elaborate equipment. Any kind of a hamper, large basket or stout pasteboard box made into compartments with boxes saved for the purpose will serve admirably, if lined with fresh shelf paper. The equipment may be completed with paper cups, plates, spoons and napkins, waxed paper; an aluminum container with a tight fitting cover for salads; paraffined pasteboard containers for soft or liquid foods such as cottage cheese, lemonade syrup, mayonnaise and the like; thermos jugs for iced water and thermos bottles for hot coffee, tea or soup.

Every family that owns a car or has easy access to the country should enjoy at least one picnic a week from now up to the first of October. There is no better way to relax and forget the everlasting clock by which our days are ruled. The luncheon may be quickly prepared if a picnic corner is installed in the pantry. In this one place should be assembled the necessary dishes, tableware, salt, pepper and sugar shakers (with sliding tops), paper napkins [Continued on page 59]

Woman and Her - PROBLEMS



By IDA BAILEY ALLEN

A FEW months ago I gave a talk over the radio on "Cutting the Meat Bill," featuring the use of inexpensive cuts of meat. A flood of letters and questions followed, so for the benefit of **RADIOLAND'S** readers I am going to undertake answering with this article.

There is a definite reason why cheaper cuts of meat are cheap—there are thousands of pounds more than of the choicer cuts. The latter come from the center of the animal, where there is little muscular action to make the meat tough, while the cheaper cuts come from the forequarter and hindquarter, where there is continual action, and consequently sinewy tissue, which explains the difference both in cost and texture.

It takes some time to become really acquainted with the various cuts of meat through marketing. In the meantime, however:

Prime Beef should be heavy, the fat white and firm, the lean part bright red, interlaced with fat. When touched it should feel elastic and firm. Second grade beef, has a yellow, oily fat and the lean looks dark red without much fat interlacing.

Veal. The fat of veal should be firm, white and not very plentiful. The lean should be pale pink, with a softer texture than beef.

Lamb and Mutton. The fat of lamb is hard and white. Lean lamb is lighter in color than that of mutton.

Pork. The fat of the best pork is white, and more oily than that of either beef or mutton. The lean is slightly pink and sparingly interlaced with fat.

GIVEN meat of good quality, there is, in addition to proper cooking, a second method that can be used to make it tender—one which has been in use in foreign countries for many years. This is the use of the marinade, a mixture of oil, seasonings and acid such as vinegar, wine lemon juice, etc., used in one of three ways. 1. Rubbed into the meat before cooking. 2. As a dressing in which the meat is allowed to stand. 3. Added to the cooking meat.

Just what takes place when tough meat is treated with a tart marinade? The fibers are softened.

The reason that inexpensive meats so often prove tough is because there is much more connective tis-

sue between the fibres than with the more costly cuts. When the meat is heated this hardens and is converted into gelatine. However, this connective tissue is soluble when it comes in contact with acid. For this reason, meat may be made more tender when acid and oil are used in preparing it. French dressing or mustard rubbed into round steak is a good example. The Russians discovered that sour cream had a similar happy result; the French and Germans found that by letting meat stand in pickling vinegar from one to three days, the texture was improved, while Americans discovered that tomato juice, cider, grape juice, or even apples added to cooking ham and pork made it more tender.

Cooks of every nation agree that the preparation of the tougher cuts of meat *must be slow*, for a high heat cooks the connective tissue too fast, causing the meat to be dry and sinewy, while slow cooking breaks it down and develops juicy tenderness. Five major methods are used for cooking inexpensive cuts of meat.

Boiling. The meat should be plunged into enough boiling water to almost submerge it, in order to seal in the juices. It should be covered closely, placed over a low heat and allowed to merely simmer until tender. Unless vegetables are put in with the meat, seasoning is added when the boiling is half finished.

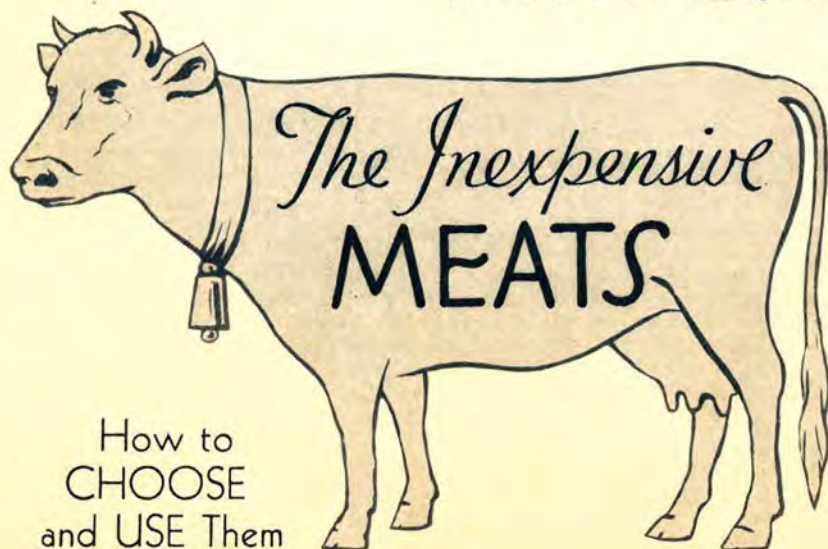
Stewing. Stewed meat and boiled meat are prepared differently. Boiled meat is usually cooked in one large piece, while stewed meat is cut into small pieces. As the liquid in which stewed meat is cooked is usually served as a sauce or gravy, the meat is often put into cold water, covered and brought slowly to the boiling point, to extract the juices and flavor the gravy. It is then allowed to simmer until partly done, when the vegetables and seasonings are added.

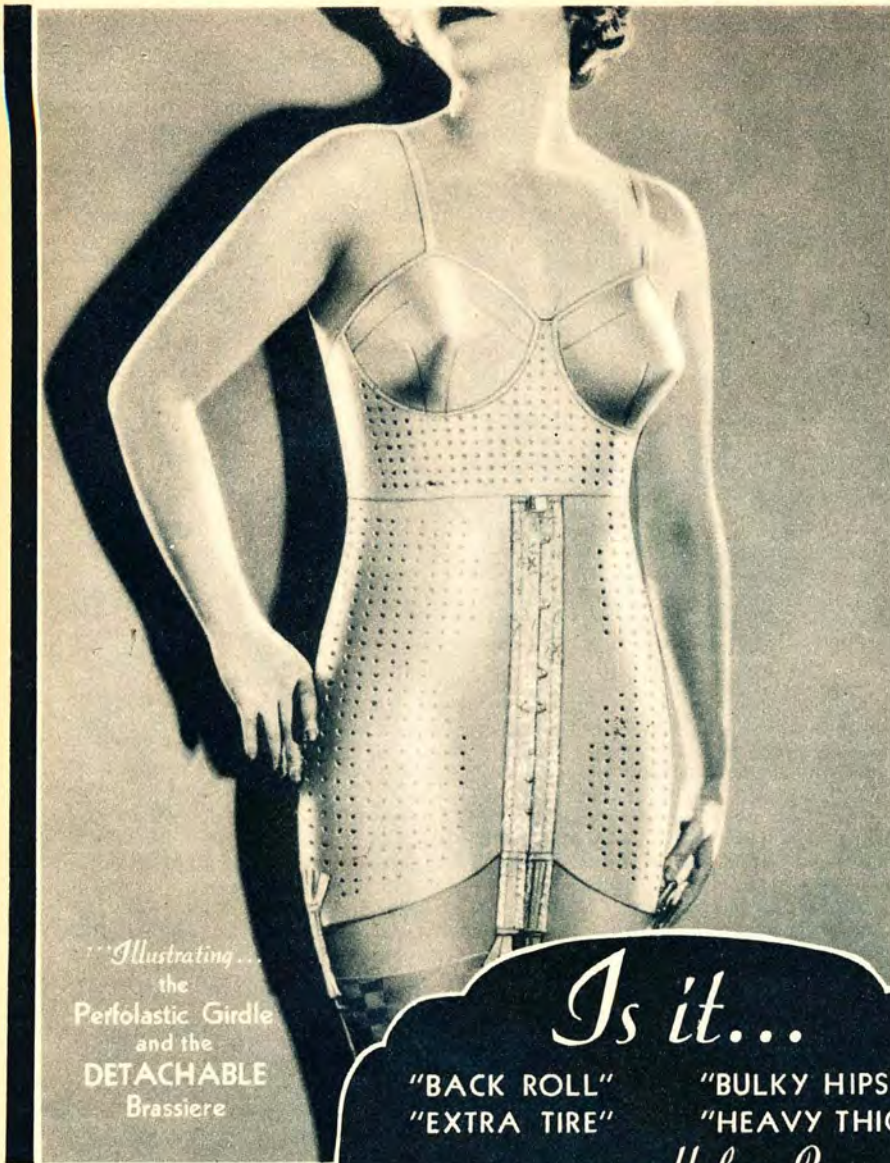
Pot-Roasting. When meat is pot-roasted, it is seared or browned all over in drippings, then placed in a deep kettle

containing the accompanying vegetables, seasonings and water to one-third cover. The utensil should be very closely covered. The cooking must be very slow.

Braising. Braising is an intermediary process between pot-roasting and roasting. Either large or small pieces of meat may be used. The meat is first browned in hot drippings, then placed on a thick bed of vegetables in a kettle containing

[Continued on page 61]





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the
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and the
DETACHABLE
Brassiere



"Double
Quick"

REDUCTION
DURING THE SUMMER

with the

PERFOLASTIC
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"BACK ROLL"

"BULKY HIPS"

"EXTRA TIRE"

"HEAVY THIGHS"

...or all four?

PERFOLASTIC WILL QUICKLY
REDUCE YOUR SURPLUS FAT!

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

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES
QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

IN 10 SHORT DAYS YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER
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■ "I reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy... "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley... "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian... "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

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■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

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Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Use Coupon or Send Address on Penny Post Card

**REDUCE
WAIST and HIPS**
3 INCHES IN **10** DAYS
OR
it will cost you nothing!

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 37]

There's something in my voice that makes women's hearts—"

"Nuts!" said Joe rudely. "Don't kid yourself, Chick—some people could sing the alphabet and wring tears from a glass eye, but that's because they've got something you haven't—*sympathy*! Life hasn't taught you that, and until it does you'll need your new song a month, your smart lyrics, to get you by!"

"And we'll have 'em!" Chick promised. "I got more smart ideas than Webster has words!"

GAY glanced at her jewelled wrist-watch, adjusted the expensive furs about her neck. "Come on, darling," she said. "You've done enough work for today and I promised Ethel we wouldn't be late for her cocktail party."

"But gee, Gay," Chick protested, "this is important. You can't always be dragging me off the job every afternoon."

"Aw, sweetie," said she, pouting, "I'm important, too! Come on, I want my poor tired boy to have a nice little drinkie!"

"Well," said Chick, giving in, "maybe I can get Dolph to take over for me. Where is he, anyway?"

A look of dislike swept Gay's face at mention of Dolph's name. "Is he your nursemaid?" she asked. "Tell him, don't ask him. It burns me up the way you spoil that dumb-bell!"

Chick thrust her aside and went to look for his partner, whom he discovered on the now vacant orchestra platform, fishing with one arm in the depths of the open piano.

"Hey, stupid!" Chick called to him. "What are you looking for?"

"Come over here and help me, will you, partner?" Dolph called back. "I dropped a swell Cuban stamp down here in the wires." Dolph's face wore its customary cheery smile as he spoke, but when Chick joined him, the smile vanished.

"Say, Chick," he spoke in a low voice, "I know it ain't none of my business, but lay off that dame—she ain't Kosher!"

"The first part of that crack was right," retorted the other with a frown. "It certainly is none of your business!"

"You can't see a dame like Gay the way I do," his partner continued with unusual persistence. "I see her—well, kinda detached-like, see? She'd never give me a tumble, so I ain't involved. But she's bad business for you, Chick."

"How do you mean, bad business?" Chick's frown turned to a scowl.

"Well," said Dolph hesitantly, "who's backing this program, anyway? We're taking Van Schuyler's money, ain't we?"

"Aw, nuts!" retorted Chick angrily. The two glared at each other for a long moment, but further argument was interrupted by the arrival of Lew Steinberg, who came up radiating his usual aura of assurance.

"Hello, Mammy!" said Chick, relieved at the interruption. "What can I do for you?" Steinberg grabbed Chick by the lapels in a frenzy of enthusiasm.

"Look, Cheek!" he breathed excitedly. "I ain't knockin' the broadcast, but what you need is a finale—and have I got a

finale for you! Oy, oy, put yourself in a mood!"

"Is it good, Lew?" asked Chick with a wink at Dolph.

"*Is it good?*" exclaimed Lew. "Does a duck like water? Does Walter Winchell like a keyhole? Look here!" Mr. Steinberg rolled back his cuffs and went into a dramatic exposition of his idea, hands spread in expressive gestures.

"Look," he went on, "it's a Southland number. First we hear it a steamboat on the Mississippi, with side-paddles flapping the water—Little Eva coming to visit Uncle Tom in de kebin. We do the whole story in rhythm—*kerplunk, kerplunk, kerplunk!* Can you hear the whip motif? We build it up around a song I just wrote—Uncle Tom sings it.

*"Vite, dusta road
Vith a black man walkin'
All day long
Beneath the sun . . ."*

"Very good," said Chick, interrupting. "Very good indeed, Lew! . . . Take it over and sell it to Jolson," he suggested, false amiability veiling his growing resentment at Steinberg's recent success. The little drummer was getting altogether too much attention; it was high time he was put in his place.

Before the astounded trap-drummer could voice his indignation, a page from the front office broke into the scene. "Mr. Allen or Mr. Rose!" the page announced. "One of you two gents on the 'phone, please!"

"You take it, Dolph," said Chick. "I got to get back to Gay. By the way, we're leaving here in a minute—look after things, will you? I've got a date with a cocktail."

Nodding dumbly, his brown eyes

clouding, Dolph accepted his assignments and made his way to the telephone. As he had anticipated, it was Sally. This was the fifth time today that she had tried to reach Chick.

"Sorry, Sally," he said, glancing over his shoulder at Gay and Chick. They were laughing carelessly at some private joke of their own as she clung to his arm. "I can't disturb him—he's right in the middle of rehearsing a number . . . yeah, he's working like a dog. How about a little dinner with me tonight? You will? Aw, gee, that's swell, Sally!"

His face beaming, Dolph hung up the receiver and went briskly back to take up his partner's work.

AT HER end of the telephone, Sally turned to meet the inquiring eyes of Doris, her secretary, who sat with pencil poised over pad, anxiously awaiting the result of the call.

"I'm dining with Dolph again tonight," Sally answered the girl's unspoken question quietly, but her lips trembled ever so slightly.

"I don't see," Doris shorted indignantly. "I honestly don't see how you stand it!"

"Chick's busy," Sally retorted briefly, knowing that Doris was no more deceived than she was. Doris' only reply was to take the active gum from her mouth, look at it critically as if to determine why it did not move faster, and pop it back into her mouth.

For once, Sally was working at home. A soft spring shower pattered down outside, doing its best to make the sitting-room seem cozy, but though there were vases of yellow daffodils, gleaming bookshelves, and a real fire upon the hearth, the atmosphere in the room was melancholy.

Despite her transfer six months ago to a nationally important station, Sally's flat was little changed. There were crisp new curtains at the windows and a grand piano in one corner bore a stack of sheet music—mostly hit numbers by



Allen and Rose. Otherwise, the room looked exactly as it had that night more than a year and a half ago when the boys had brought her as an offering of gratitude the dinner they had purchased with their first radio salary. The only other significant item in the room was the advertising matter which lay on the desk: clippings from newspapers, from humble one-line announcements in the program news to grocery handbills, advising customers to "Tune in on Aunt Hattie's Household Hints Every Thursday" and elegant displays in national magazines which, in connection with a portrayed likeness of Golden Bloom Butter, announced that Aunt Hattie, The Nation's Household Counselor, would speak each Saturday over the National Blue Network. Prosperity and a country-wide reputation had left little "Aunt Hattie" unspoiled and unaltered; but lately there was a tired look in her eyes.

"If a guy treated me like that," Doris continued, "I'd leave him go. You teach yourself to cook, you get up a nice dinner for him; he accepts your invitation and then all he does is dump you onto that dumb partner of his. Why don't you go out and get yourself a real man? You ain't bad-looking, Sally!"

"Thanks," said Sally dryly. "But I can't see myself bothering. I'm old-fashioned, I guess. Look at my job—crooning recipes to a lot of housewives all day! How could I expect one of the most popular men in the world to be interested in me?"

"He'd be darned comfortable with you," Doris pointed out sagely.

"Men don't really like comfort," said Sally. "They only say they do. What they really like is adventure, excitement. Men only like nice sensible girls in books."

"Chick hasn't acted the same," said Doris thoughtfully, "since he came back from Florida. Maybe he's gone high-hat."

"Can you blame him if he has?" Sally flashed back defensively. "He's invited everywhere. What have I to offer him?"

"Something his five thousand bucks a week can't buy," Doris was savage now. "I mean the fool kind of loyal love you've got for him."

"I suppose," Sally countered with a wry smile, "none of the thousands of women who write to him every day, or see him in the theater, or at that new roof-garden place, could give him the same thing?"

Doris considered this for a moment and then shook her head. "You'd be surprised," she insisted, "how few of 'em really would. They like to brag about knowing him—lot of old maids, widows and dames, who've lost their taste for their husbands—think they're nuts about him, sure! But they don't know him, see? Knowing a person—really knowing 'em—has to come first, or it ain't real love."

"Why, Doris!" Sally was genuinely surprised. "I didn't know you'd ever been in love!"

"Oh, I ain't always been so wise," the girl admitted. "I've been a sap, myself—and I was good at it, too!"

"I'll tell you one thing I'm good at," Sally volunteered rather forlornly. "Waiting. Nobody can stop me from doing that. Everything comes to him who waits." Sally quoted the old saying with a stubborn note in her voice.

[Continued on page 52]

SKINNY?

HEY SKINNY



PUT ON 5 to 15 POUNDS Quick — NEW EASY WAY

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

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

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from special 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 marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, 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 instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely 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 are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 287, Atlanta, Ga.

YOU'D NEVER THINK THEY
ONCE CALLED ME SKINNY



Posed by professional models

If I could only find bob pins which can't be seen



You can, LADY, you can! ... Just use HOLD-BOBS

The new HOLD-BOBS are quite inconspicuous in your hair... thanks to the new harmonizing colors, which match all shades of hair—Brunette, Brown, Auburn, Blonde and Gray or Platinum Blonde.

TRY HOLD-BOBS AT OUR EXPENSE

Fill out the coupon—check your shade and send for your gift card NOW—and prove how easy HOLD-BOBS slide in; how fast they hold; how inconspicuous they are. Only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; non-scratching points; and flexible tapered legs, one side crimped to hold fast.

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Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-74, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere... made in all sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept. F-74, Chicago, Ill. I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair exactly. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

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

Gray and Platinum Blonde Brown

Auburn Brunette

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 51]

But Doris threw back her head and laughed shrilly.

"To him!" she snickered. "You said it, Sally. Guys have sat down and waited to be waited on for years, but with girls it's different. Where do you get this modest-maiden stuff, anyways?"

"Do you consider calling a man up five times in one day acting backward?" from Sally.

"Oh, nuts to Chick!" Doris was losing her patience. "I mean you ought to do like he does—circulate, meet other fellers—some live wires. But I'm telling you," she added with a wise air, "you've got to go after 'em, these days."

"There's no use going after some man you don't love," retorted Sally. "Listen, Doris: I'm old-fashioned in my ideas, I grant you, but that doesn't mean I'm wrong. I love Chick—you know that; but I wonder if you know what that means in my particular case?"

"It means you're screwy!" Doris remarked briefly.

"It means believing in the good a man has in him," Sally said softly. "Believing so hard, that it has to come out in him. Chicks' got it, I know. How could he write those lovely songs unless he has beauty and goodness inside him? ... Besides, he never does anything really wrong."

"Oh, no," snapped Doris. "Just leaves you flat and doesn't give a darn, after rushing you for over a year!"

"I tell you, he's busy!" Sally flashed back.

"I'll bet he is!" Doris agreed with a grim laugh. "Busy with some dizzy dame!"

Suddenly Sally burst into tears. Doris was beside her in an instant.

"Selfish beasts!" she cried. "Oh, Sally, don't cry! I know—Chick really is just lovely!"

AN HOUR later, Sally, composed, and looking charming in pearl gray, was facing the planked steak which was Dolph's idea of perfect hospitality. But more nourishing than the substantial meal he ordered for her was the spiritual comfort he offered. His florid face always took on a strange veil of spirituality as he discussed his partner, and Sally luxuriated in his praise of the man she loved. Here, she thought, was a true, sensitive understanding which reached beneath Chick's hard, bright surface and groped toward the hidden sweetness which she knew existed.

"I tell you honestly, Sally," Dolph assured her. "I'd probably have stayed right in that dump of Kelly's if it hadn't been for Chick. I may do a little work on the music for the orchestra now and then, and help out with our songs—but it's Chick who winds me up and gets me going."

"I know," she said. "One just can't be lazy when he's around."

"Regular ball of fire!" Dolph agreed. "Say, he sent me over some rare Albanian stamps yesterday. Saw them in a window and took the trouble to go in and get 'em although he was in a hell of a rush."

"He can be thoughtful," Sally agreed, "and when he is, there's no one like him."

"Sure!" said Dolph. "And the peculiar part of it is, I was thinking about those Albanian stamps the very day he bought 'em! Never said a word about 'em to a soul, and here Chick walks in and dumps 'em in my lap. It's like that with Chick and me, one sorta feeling what the other's thinking."

"That's why you write so well together," Sally commented.

"I guess so," Dolph agreed. He hesitated, swallowed a large mushroom and plunged into deeper confidence. "Don't laugh at me, Sally," he begged, "but d'you know, sometimes I feel as if Chick was a part of me. It's great to have a friend like him!"

Sally nodded brightly in agreement. "I wish he could have come along tonight," she said, sadly. "Nowadays, he's almost like a stranger."

"Don't say that, Sally!" Dolph exclaimed quickly. "If you could see the way that poor kid works! That Corky is a regular slave-driver—can't do a thing without Chick. Oh, honey, will you be proud of him when you hear the new program!"

"I wonder!" said Sally with a suspicion of a sigh.

MEANWHILE, the cocktail party to which Chick and Gay had taken themselves had grown successively mellow, friendly, informal, intimate, and then stretched itself into one of those casual evening meals which pass for dinner when people have been drinking. The guests, busy with their newly-discovered quarrels or loves, stayed on. They were, for the most part, members of the half world: smart, chic, dubious but highly presentable; among them moved well known men, cosmopolitan women and successful Bohemians. The background was a penthouse on Park Avenue; the French windows were open behind the couch on which Gay and Chick sat. Mingled with street noises



from below, the crashing chords of a piano *concerto*, played in masterly style, filled the wide living-room, hushing the crowd. The man at the keyboard, tall, lean, elegantly dressed, looked more like some modernized saint than like a composer; the music he played spoke of tall shafts of masonry, colossal machines, of the moon laughing at Broadway and all the *melange* of madness and magic which is modern civilization.

Chick, a little drunk both with wine and music, sat with bowed head, listening, the empty champagne glass between his sensitive fingers spinning idly. As the music swelled and died away, the society circus sprang into inane chatter. Chick stirred slowly, as if awakening from a dream. He turned to Gay with a little smile.

"I've never heard that kind of harmony, or quite such chords before," he said humbly. "Gosh, he's wonderful!"

"Of course," said Gay softly. "That's Bottsworth—America's foremost composer: the great modernist."

"Listen!" said Chick. "I could see what he was playing! If only I could write lyrics with a guy like that!"

This was what Gay had been waiting for, knowing that one day Fate would play into her hands. Here at last was something Chick really wanted, something only she could give. It was her chance to bind him to her with a tie more lasting than her mere physical spell.

"I could fix that for you easily," she said. "I know him well."

"It's a sweet idea," said Chick, "but I wonder if he'd go for me? Besides," he added, his enthusiasm waning and a cloud coming over his face, "I guess it would never do."

"And why not?" Gay demanded. "You're as well known in your line as he is in his. Your lyrics are the most brilliant part of your songs, and with music by Bottsworth—well, need I say more?"

"Whiteman stepped up out of the class I'm in right now," Chick replied thoughtfully, still deeply intrigued by the idea. "And it didn't lose him any money, either."

"Bottsworth is a big money-maker right now," said Gay, whose information on such a subject was generally pretty correct. "And when you get to know him, I'll bet he'll fall for you, easy."

"Nope!" said Chick. "I couldn't do it."

"Why not, for heaven's sake?" she cried. "What a funny kid you are, Chick. There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't write with him."

"Oh, yes, there's a reason," said Chick quickly, a note of finality in his voice. "There's Dolph."

"Oh!" she said with a contemptuous laugh, "are you going to let *that* stand in your way?"

"Listen, honey!" Chick's voice was earnest as he leaned toward her, an old affection in his eyes. "Listen! Dolph and I—why, we've been partners for years. We came up from a beer joint together. We mean a lot to each other. Why, sometimes I feel as if Dolph were a part of me!"

"But," protested the woman, "you've often told me that you really do all the work—that it's you who make up the melodies—that you have to fight with him to get some originality into the harmonies."

[Continued on page 54]

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TATTOO

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 53]

"Sure, that's so," admitted Chick. "But he's been a big help on the technical side, when I'm too busy to attend to it. Dolph deserves a lot of credit."

"But there are hundreds of men," she cried impatiently, "who can do that."

"There aren't hundreds of Dolphs," he grinned. "Say, cut it short, Gay, old girl. You seem to forget you're cracking at my pal." Perceiving she was on dangerous ground, Gay changed her tactics. Her smile was tender, intimate, as she tuned in on another mood.

"I don't mean to crack at anybody," she said gently. "Don't misunderstand me, dear. It's only that you are so wonderful, I hate to see you held back by a boy who, no matter how sweet and fine he may be, is after all merely a paid member of your orchestra who could be fired any time and who doesn't really add to your creative ability."

"I told you, Gay"—he interrupted crossly; but Gay would not allow him to go on.

"Wait a minute, sweetness!" she begged. "All I wanted to say was that it's a shame a fine boy like Dolph hasn't got Bottsworth talent. Because you've got the real thing, dear. With Bottsworth it might mean the very top of the ladder—even that great All-American jazz opera that's sure to come along some day."

"It's a swell pipe-dream, anyhow!" he admitted, the tell-tale light of ambition flaring up again in his eager eyes.

"Well, let's go over and talk to Bottsworth, anyhow," she suggested.

As Chick got to his feet and followed her to the piano, a strange sense of foreboding clutched at his heart, dampening the simple enjoyment of the gay party. And though his talk with the great composer, who proved surprisingly simple and sympathetic, wiped out this depression for the moment, it returned forcibly when the interview was over, and lasted even after he had left Gay at her flat.

Nor would his conscience have been easier had he been able to overhear the scene which took place early next morning in Gay's luxurious apartment. Van Schuyler, returned unexpectedly from Chicago, stretched comfortably in an easy chair near an impeccably set little breakfast table, wrapped his grotesque little body more comfortably in his magnificent dressing-gown, and allowed Gay to pour him coffee. . . . Gay looked like a gentlewoman, and her rooms looked like the rooms of one, he reflected with satisfaction. But the pride he felt was one of personal achievement, not in any innate good taste on the girl's part. He had educated her beyond belief, the lovely savage; he'd finally moulded her into a convincing copy of his world's standards, on the surface. Underneath? Who could tell?

But whatever her secret nature, she had the rare knack of looking beautiful

in the morning. Her negligee was a froth of turquoise blue, and her hair tousled with deliberate cunning. Ordinarily, she was a pleasant breakfast companion; but this morning the conversation had taken an uncomfortable trend.

"But why can't you take me to the opening?" she was insisting.

"It can't be done." He was going to be firm, in spite of the sullen pout which she was preparing for his benefit. Van Schuyler turned the page of his newspaper, pretended absorption in the financial sheet; but he knew she was conscious he would attend carefully to her every word.

"BUT you'll have to take me. I've been counting on it!" Gay persisted. "After all, we're seen together almost everywhere else. Why the sudden secrecy?"

"What you ask is impossible," he said, finally. "Mrs. Van Schuyler gets in from Europe that day."

"Oh!" said Gay in a flat voice. There was a pause while she twisted the ring he had brought her from Chicago—a huge, square-cut emerald—on her long white finger. Slowly she looked up and, finding Van Schuyler still buried behind his newspaper, made a face at it, then spoke in a submissive voice.

"Then I don't suppose you'll come back here after the show, either," she murmured tenderly. "Oh, darling! I can hardly bear it."

She got up and put her arms around his neck, rubbing her smooth cheek on his. But Van Schuyler was only mildly responsive. He had been through many tender scenes with Gay during the past five years, and had found them, as a rule, rather costly in the end.

"It can't be helped, dear!" he said. "I'll have her on my hands."

"How thrilling!" said Gay sarcastically.

"A man," said Van Schuyler briefly, "has certain obligations."

"And what am I supposed to do?" Gay asked pathetically. "Go there and wander about the building all alone?"

"You won't be alone," he replied with a slight touch of grimness. "You never are!"

"Well," said Gay with a sigh, "I suppose I'll have to get Chick Allen to take me! He could at least find me a seat, and maybe someone to talk to before he goes on the air."

"I understand," said the man slowly, "that he takes you around a good deal—perhaps too much."

On the instant, Gay flared up. Towering above him, her beauty completely swaying the little millionaire, she presented a convincing picture of outraged gentility.

"What do you mean?" she demanded. "Please, darling. If I were going to deceive you, it certainly wouldn't be with a cheap Broadway type like Chick Allen!"

Danger ahead! The radio romeo finds that fame has involved him in a whirlpool of trouble in the next installment of this story, in August Radioland

RADIOLAND

Songs You'll Sing

[Continued from page 43]

a Ziegfeld, or even a Max Gordon. The atmosphere that pervades the production is probably the result of the mind of Leonard Sillman, who conceived and directed the entire production. He himself is starred in it, and the lyrics and melodies are all from the pens of the young performers themselves. There is not one veteran among the cast—none of the faces one has been accustomed to seeing in musical revues.

The songs, like the black-outs, are good, yet none of them are particularly great. There is none of the lavishness of a Ziegfeld, yet the production is more than satisfactory.

THESE two songs, *Music In My Heart* and *You're My Relaxation* are ably presented and well performed. *Relaxation* will make a grand tune for society's dance music. The other comes the closest to being a typical popular song, yet its unusual melodic changes in the middle will make it quite difficult to either hum or whistle, as its range is high and the changes very difficult.

Swinging back again to a song typical of Tin Pan Alley, I found *Do Me A Favor* the best composition since *You Oughta Be In Pictures* for yours truly to do backed up by a female trio . . . *Play To Me, Gypsy* is one of these compositions an American publisher has taken from a foreign one, using as ballyhoo the claim that the composition is the most popular song hit in Europe during the last twenty years. To me the composition is only fair, but I am more than curious to see what the result of the unusual claims made for its European success will have on the American public. Though personally we have enjoyed playing it, I don't feel that Irving Berlin, Inc., are going to be as enthusiastic about it as they first were.

I Ain't Lazy—I'm Just Dreaming is what the publishers term a "summer song." As spring and summer approach, publishers believe songs should be garbed with a title and lyric and melody befitting the season. It was written by a young man whom I have come to know well, who has played piano for many outstanding Broadway celebrities. As a writer of special material he is an ace. By "special material" I mean unusual types of songs only of value to the performer in question. Here, however, Dave Franklin has gone "lazy-bones," and given us a song which should be very popular all summer.

Little Dutch Mill has caused a lot of talk on the West Coast, particularly since it is a song Bing Crosby features. It was written by Ralph Freed and Harry Barris, who gave him *I Surrender, Dear*. The composition is all about a little Dutch mill, and people don't talk about songs unless there is a certain intrinsic value in them. It is published by the Select Music Co., which is probably Mr. Crosby himself!

Two waltzes should be included in this month's list. One is *Unless*, a hit tune from England, which savors somewhat of portions of *My Hero*, though it may be a bit too beautiful to become really popular. The other, hillybilly tune which has unquestionably by this time either impressed itself or failed to do so upon your minds is *Prairie Lullaby*.

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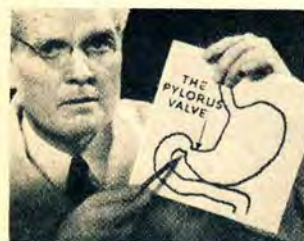
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A New Radio Formula

[Continued from page 23]

He still remembers Petrograd as a city of gaiety and royal glamour under the Czarist regime and where, at the age of five, he and his teacher gave a concert before the Czar. He wasn't frightened by the Czar himself, he relates; but he was tremendously awed by a portrait of Nicholas which stared down at him from above the piano.

Then, at sixteen, came the amazing rise to the assistant directorship of the Petrograd Grand Opera.

"Our music never stopped all during the revolution," he relates. "It wasn't until June in 1920 that we had to close down. Fuel was scarce and we couldn't heat the huge theater."

Kostelanetz decided to come to America, where he had relatives

FOR several years he led a varied musical career; as an accompanist to several Metropolitan and Chicago Opera stars, including Julia Claussen, Marie Kurenko and Helen Stanley; as a musician with the German Opera Company, and as a conductor of master classes in music in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Denver and New Orleans.

Like most European artists, brought up in the old tradition, he shied from radio. In fact, he never gave it a thought until he appeared experimentally and briefly as an unknown accompanist on the Atwater-Kent hour in 1924. But it wasn't until 1928 that he embraced the field for good.

"It was on November 4th," he relates, "the day Herbert Hoover was elected President. I remember it well . . . poor Herbert," he adds.

His first post was that of supervisor of commercial programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System—and he has been with them ever since.

"I was, what you call it?—a jackass of all trades. I booked artists, I coached, I composed, I arranged, I played accompaniments, I directed—fifty-five jobs in one!"

But he learned radio from the ground up—or the air down. Then began the long pull.

Kostelanetz did not find America to be, as so many European immigrants believed, the land of quick opportunity. It might have been that way once, but—

"In Europe," he informs you seriously, "if you are an artist and have the goods, you get a trial right away. Here, there is priority, and it is slow—very slow."

IT wasn't until 1929 that he began conducting regularly, appearing on such programs as Snowdrift Melodies, Threads of Happiness, Pontiac, Buick and, "Andre Kostelanetz presents—" Finally, a few weeks ago, there came the prize—the Chesterfield hour.

All the while he was experimenting and building. One of his early programs was the Weed Tire Chains hour, and he relates, with deprecating humor, his experience: "That was sad! We had such a lovely winter. The sponsor came in one night and said, 'Mr. Kostelanetz, the music is all right, but it hasn't snowed!'"

It was on the Pontiac program that Kostelanetz reached out tentatively with his new ideas. It was the first time a chorus had been elevated to such a key-position and woven in with the music of the orchestra. If you will listen in carefully on your musical programs you will understand the influence of this step. The imitators number among them some of the brightest stars of radioland.

His whole theory of radio programs is that of the chemist. Take your graduat-



The man who went to bed every time he heard "Good night" over the radio

ing glass and pour in the proper quantity of master-musician and you have his secret.

"If I hadn't been a musician," he says, "I would have been a chemist—and a good one. At one time I thought I would make it my life work. Now, it is only a hobby—my relaxation. Lately I haven't had much of an opportunity to experiment with test tubes in a laboratory, so, subconsciously, I guess you would call it, I have taken it out in radio."

Kostelanetz is definite about what he wants, and his attitude, especially his championing of American popular music, is amazing for a European with his classical background.

It is his belief that the folk music of any people consists of those melodies which have an intimate relationship to our daily life—melodies sung by the people as conscious expressions of their changing moods. He likes, for instance, such popular successes as *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*, *My Moonlight Madonna*, and *Easter Parade*.

American popular music, Kostelanetz maintains, needs only the brilliant instrumentation and finely trained voices, brought almost invariably to the performance of the opera, to demonstrate its comparable values. America, he says, has been unduly awed by the pretentious arias of many oft-sung operas.

Quite logically, he points out, opera music is nothing more than native street songs and folk melodies of the Europeans, dressed up with the tinsel of operatic arrangement, presented with a great fanfare, and hallowed with a reputed which discourages honest criticism.

AND how Kostelanetz hates the fanfare!

It's his principal objection to the conventional radio program—that blast which usually introduces the program.

He believes that radio should be a gracious accompaniment to the Good Life in America. He doesn't want listeners-in to start out of their seats, whether they are eating, playing bridge or sitting around talking. A radio program should ease their day, he believes, and his own radio formula is built on this idea. He works as a chemist, drawing on his own musical background, mixing, testing, trying sincerely to get something that will be native to American life.

Kostelanetz himself is tireless. "I can't relax by doing nothing," he tells you. The least exerting recreation he allows himself is motoring. He is, incidentally, unmarried.

The chorus, of course, is his pet. He has broken cleanly with tradition and uses it, not as choruses in the past have been used, as a background or complement, but as something to be woven in and out through the entire instrumentation. It's an eerie effect and its success has been conceded by some of the foremost musicians of our day.

Add to that his constant restlessness to experiment and change old musical formulas and you are close to the Kostelanetz secret of success.

His devotion to American popular music, with its close human appeal, has, of course, proven the foundation upon which the itinerant European artist, with his classical musical background, built his achievement.

It was a game which Musician-Chemist Kostelanetz won—High, Low, Jack, Fame.

JULY, 1934

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Radio—the Modern Medicine Man

[Continued from page 27]

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enthusiast: "it will grow hair on a billiard ball." The crowd would roar at that.

After the Indians had whooped in counter tenor voices, the sad-eyed cowboy made a musical request that his bones, when they were bones, be discreetly interred on the lone prairie.

At this point the Doc would suddenly halt the program to make a sales talk, the burden of his remarks being that the show wouldn't continue until a few bottles of his boon to mankind had been disposed of.

Then they called them medicine shows, but today we snap on a button, twirl a wheel, and call it radio—or "raddio," according to one's politics.

TODAY, too, we have cure-alls—for minds, muscles and molars. The market place may have shifted from the countryside to air castles; Doc Fixit, or rather his descendants, sell their cure-alls from million dollar radio stations, but the methods of the medicine men haven't changed in any particular.

They are still selling their panaceas by the same formula. Only now, of course, the customers don't have to stand shivering on a street corner to watch the medicine show. It comes right into their homes via the loudspeaker, while they sit squirming in their favorite arm chairs.

The testimonials to the marvelous, magic powers of these cure-alls have been supplanted on radio by fan mail, and the "fellow sufferers" of medicine show days are "the dear peepul of the radio audience" today.

Even the gifts so generously offered over the loud speaker today are a throwback to the medicine show. In those days the spieler gave away, free with every bottle, a book of jokes and conundrums. They are *still* using the same jokes on the air. Now they ask us to send the label off our shaving

cream or baking-powder can, and they offer to send us a jigsaw puzzle or a cook book.

Doc Fixit is now known as the sponsor—he manufactures the product, owns the show, selects the talent and the territory. The spieler has been glorified by the title of "announcer."

The palmist who predicted such rosy futures for everybody has given way to Cheerio and Tony Wons, who assure us "everything is going to be all right."

The entertainment, too, has improved—some. The Indians and the cowboys have yielded to comedians and the world's finest musicians. But Doc Fixit's original plan of presentation remains the accepted procedure—sales talks plentifully distributed through the entertainment, which is retained as a come-on for the customers.

INSTEAD of the cowboy and his off-pitch banjo, we now have Leopold Stokowski, whose leonine head once thrilled the spinsters of Philadelphia and way stations. As he dips into Stravinsky, he will pause and chatter into a microphone. He will not be able to out-dialect Daddy Damrosch. But he may go in for more direct merchandizing.

In the old days the showmen called the territory they invaded "the sticks." The inhabitants were referred to as "saps" or "gills." Now, under radio's refining influence, it is known as "the hinterlands," and the natives as "morons."

And while the sponsor wouldn't think of having the announcer say: "If you'll buy another bottle, the cowboy will sing another song," they now saw another symphony if they sell another carload of cartons.

Now, as in those days, it is the "moron" in the towns way out where the grass is so tall that the sun has to back in, who are the real purchasing power for the Modern Medicine Man.



"Henry, you turn that Hawaiian music right off!"

It's Picnic Time!

[Continued from page 47]

and tablecloths of linen, oilcloth or paper. The new paper dishes are quite different from the rough, unpleasant affairs of a year or so ago; their new finish is highly waxed and they come in attractive designs. Even the handled cups are agreeable to drink from.

THE kind of lunch to take on a motor picnic is determined by the type of guests, the amount of time and money to be spent on it, and whether or not it is to be ready-to-eat, or to be prepared partly on the picnic grounds.

Most middle-aged adults prefer a ready-made meal, although one sometimes meets an out-doors picnic addict who delights in making broiled steak sandwiches and coffee for the crowd. Young people, from scout age up, like to make cannibal sandwiches, toast "weenies" and marshmallows, roast corn and potatoes, and eat watermelon with their ears!

If the lunch is to be ready-prepared, I would suggest one of the following menus:

1. Sliced ham and mayonnaise tartare sandwiches; peanut butter Creole sandwiches; stuffed tomato salads; potato chips; sweet pickles; individual fruit pies; cheese; hot or iced coffee; beer or ginger ale.

The tomatoes should be stuffed with a finely minced chopped egg and mayonnaise mixture. The tomatoes should not be peeled and the salads should be separately wrapped. Fruit pies may be slipped onto small paper plates and packed with a second paper plate over the top of each, the two being stuck together with gummed labels.

2. Jellied veal loaf; potato salad; fresh buttered rolls; olives and radishes; fresh fruit; chocolate-covered cup cakes; hot or iced coffee; beer or fruitade.

The veal loaf should be jellied in a long, narrow pan, then wrapped securely, first in a cloth, then in plenty of damp paper to keep it cold. The potato salad should be made without the addition of any vegetables except a little onion. Celery seed will give a delicious flavor.

3. Cold fried chicken; potato chips; fresh vegetable salad; pinwheel sandwiches; ice cream sandwiches; hot or iced coffee; beer or any soft drink.

AS TO the sandwiches which quite rightly form the basis of most picnic lunches—they should not be too dainty; the crusts should be left on; the bread should be fresh, and the filling should not only be generous but spread to the extreme outer edge of the bread, otherwise the sandwiches become dry. If minced meat is being used, it may be mixed with a very rich cream sauce as originated by Delmonico. The proportionate ingredients are: One-third cup melted butter, one-fourth cup flour and one cup rich milk, with salt and pepper to taste. When it is made, two cups of minced meat are added to the sauce, it is allowed to become cold and is then spread on the bread. No butter is needed.

Remember to put at the bottom of the food basket the foods to be eaten last. Be sure all foods are daintily and securely wrapped in waxed paper and so packed that they will not be crushed.

JULY, 1934

RADIO ANN—She Gets Her Man!



WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. Ali druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

FREE INTRODUCTORY PACKAGE

NORTHWESTERN YEAST COMPANY FG7
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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

Why BE FAT?



"You can reduce the same way I did... without all of your strenuous exercising and dieting... with Snyder Anti-Fat Tablets. They're marvelous. Try them."

Get rid of unwanted fat, without teas, dope, chemicals, dangerous drugs, strenuous exercise or starvation diet. These new pleasant double action ANTI-FAT TABLETS are designed to make the fat disappear. 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.

SNYDER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 350-B, 1434 N. Wells St., Chicago, Illinois.

REDUCE

With Our Newly Discovered Secret

As Much as 5 Pounds a Week



Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



As told to Florence Vondelle by
MYRNA LOY

HOLLYWOOD'S charm discovery is a new kind of make-up, created originally by Max Factor, make-up genius of filmland. It is color harmony make-up . . . face powder, rouge and lipstick harmonized to blend with individual complexion colorings. Magic? Yes! . . . as you must realize, for every picture released from Hollywood reveals the perfection of Max Factor's make-up.

Powder Rouge Lipstick

● For perfect color harmony with my complexion colorings... fair skin, grey eyes, light-brown hair... I choose Max Factor's *Rachelle* Powder. . . . Just right in texture and weight, it creates a satin-smooth make-up upon for hours.

● Rouges should be like a glow of natural color and should harmonize with your colorings and powder. . . . Max Factor's *Blonden* Rouge is my correct shade. When applied it feels as soft and lovely as finest skin-texture; and clings beautifully too.

● We give lip make-up a severe test in Hollywood. It must last for hours; it must be permanent and uniform in color; it must keep lips always smooth, lovely; it must be moisture-proof. So, Max Factor's *Super-Indelible* Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up.

And now you may know what a difference there really can be in make-up. The luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius, is now available to you. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured at all leading stores.

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

FILL in and mail coupon to Max Factor, Hollywood, for Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart, also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Bruin <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Other <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		If Hair Grey, check type above and here.

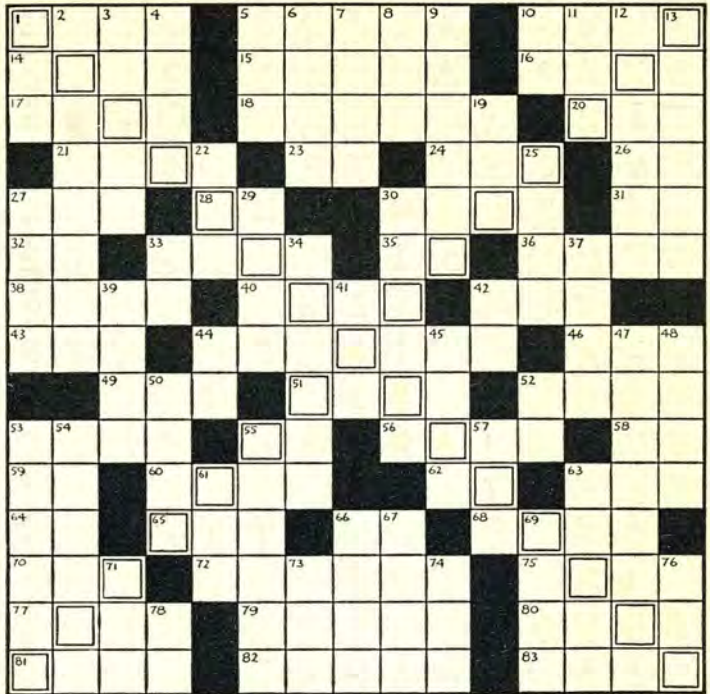
★ NOTE: For Purse-Size Box of Powder and Lipstick Color Sampler, in four shades, enclose 10 cents for the extra postage and handling. 5-7-78

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Max Factor Hollywood
SOCIETY MAKE-UP
Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick in Color Harmony

Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

IF YOU know your radio, it will be much easier to solve this double-crosser. When you've finished, read the two messages which appear from corner to corner diagonally. They explain radio's popularity. The maestro of the crossword puzzle profession, F. Gregory Hartwick, designed this.



ACROSS

- 1 Performances
- 5 Did you ever see this walking?
- 10 A city in Pa., a canal in N. Y.
- 14 May you never feel this, through many songs are it
- 15 Lariat
- 16 Body-cavities
- 17 Snake-like fishes
- 18 Profound scholar
- 20 Clear profit
- 21 In addition
- 23 Concerning
- 24 Anger
- 26 Myself
- 27 Exist
- 28 Initials of the Ivory stamp-club spy-story-teller
- 30 Three of a kind beat two of these
- 31 French land-measure
- 32 French article
- 33 Pierce
- 35 London Postal district
- 36 Sisters
- 38 Famous Italian wine.
- 40 Wraths
- 42 Encountered
- 43 Pig-pen
- 44 English farmer
- 46 Highest card
- 49 Rodent
- 51 Norse deity, killed by Loki in form of an otter
- 52 Wounded by a bullet
- 53 Good old 3:2
- 55 Initials of radio's most famous Helen
- 56 Ever listen to this on the roof?
- 58 The Show-me State (abbr.)
- 59 Not out
- 60 James _____, American patriot and orator
- 62 Highway (abbr.)
- 63 Japanese coin
- 64 Initials of the man who wants you to give his regards to Broadway
- 65 Humor
- 66 Right (abbr.)
- 68 Asked for
- 70 To court
- 72 What we sit on
- 75 Neat and precise
- 77 Persia
- 79 Bar legally
- 80 Above
- 81 Bacillus
- 82 High-pitched and piping
- 83 Suffix, quality of being

DOWN

- 12 He fills your refrigerator
- 13 Compound ethers
- 19 Prefix, three
- 22 Hard-hitting N. Y. Giant outfielder
- 25 Sea eagle
- 27 Exclamation of sorrow
- 29 Natural head-covering
- 30 Tease, amny
- 33 Spanish for yes
- 34 Sweepers
- 37 Western State
- 39 Ancient Mediterranean city
- 41 Newt
- 42 Title of respect (abbr.)
- 44 New England State (abbr.)
- 45 Historic periods
- 47 Amusing radio sketches
- 48 Famous English school
- 50 In line
- 52 Chemical symbol for tin
- 53 Colloquial name for any high official
- 54 Do it again!
- 55 To this place
- 57 Possessive pronoun
- 61 Nervous twitching
- 63 To deliver the first ball in tennis
- 66 Formal ceremony
- 67 Stepped
- 69 Above and touching
- 71 Scandinavian coin
- 73 Peer Gynt's mother
- 74 Secret agent
- 76 Title of respect, the complement of 42 down
- 78 Western State (abbr.)

Solution to June Puzzle



The Inexpensive Meats

[Continued from page 48]

just enough water to keep them from sticking. The kettle is covered closely and simmered on the stove or in the oven until tender.

Casseroling. Cooking meat *en casserole* is a combination of stewing and braising. The meat is usually browned, then put into a casserole with the other ingredients. Water or soup stock is added, the casserole is covered, and the meat is cooked in a slow oven until tender, 325 to 350 degrees F. It should not be allowed to boil.

The recipes given below show how low priced meats can be utilized.

BOILED BRISKET WITH VEGETABLES

- 4 pounds brisket of beef (not too fat)
- 1 bunch leeks
- 6 medium sized carrots
- 6 small turnips
- 6 medium-sized potatoes
- 1 bay leaf
- 1 teaspoon pickle spice
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 2½ teaspoons salt
- Boiling water to cover

Wash leeks, cut in inch lengths. Peel turnips, scrape or peel the carrots and cut in quarters lengthwise. Peel the potatoes. Place the meat in a deep kettle, adding bay leaf and pickle spice tied in cheese cloth, for easy removal. Add salt and sugar, and barely cover with boiling water. Cover and let simmer for an hour and a half, then add the vegetables and a little more boiling water. Cover and simmer for an hour longer. Remove the pickle spice; then remove the beef and potatoes, keeping them hot. Serve the remaining broth and vegetables in soup plates with crisp Swedish rye bread. The boiled brisket, sliced, covered with horse-radish sauce and surrounded with potatoes, acts as a main course.

FRENCH VEAL STEW

- 4 pounds knuckle of veal (including the bone)
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- 1 medium sized onion
- 1 quart boiling water or soup stock
- 3 tablespoons flour
- Grated rind and juice ½ lemon
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon pepper
- 3 tablespoons butter
- 1 cup undiluted evaporated milk
- ½ pint small oysters (optional)
- Boiled rice

Cut the veal in inch cubes. Put sugar and onion together in a small, heavy kettle and melt the sugar. Stir until the onion is well coated, then add meat and butter and brown slowly. Add boiling water, lemon juices and rind and seasonings. Cover closely and simmer on top of stove or in oven about two hours, or until tender. Then stir the flour smooth in a quarter cup of evaporated milk, add remaining milk and stir, bringing to a boil. If oysters are to be used, add them at this point, cooking merely till their edges ruffle. Serve directly on rice.

LOOK-Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano . . .

Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town.

Eileen was thrilled—yet so frightened. Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look adorable," he told her proudly. Eileen wondered how the others would feel about her. She soon found out.

It was while they were playing bridge. "Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper. "I never saw her before," came the reply. "Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess."

Eileen blushed. She'd show that snoot crowd a thing or two! Soon the bridge tables were pushed away. "Where's Jim Blake tonight?" someone asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. Summoning all her courage she said, "I can play a little."

There was a moment of silence. Hesitantly Eileen played a few chords—then broke into the strains of "The Cuban Love Song." Her listeners sat spellbound—never had she played so well. It was almost an hour before she rose from the piano . . . later Eileen told Bill a surprising story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher.

I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However, I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. Why, I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. No grinding practice sessions—no tedious finger scales.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

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



It was just as simple as A-B-C. And do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

This story is so true-to-life that we want you to send for our Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson at once. They prove just how anyone can easily learn to play by note, for a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. Select your favorite instrument. The U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Mail the coupon today. U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 367 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
367 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 Instrument?.....

\$1 Pays For \$3000 Life Protection

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



\$1 Brings Big Check to Mrs. Boyd
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 this 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 to any person for ten days FREE inspection. You do not have to spend 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—just a postal card or letter stating your name, age, and name of beneficiary, to National Security Life Association, 204 South Hamilton Drive, Department D-185, Beverly Hills, California. (Member N.R.A.)

Let me put you in the Movies

3,500 athletes in pictures! Physical Culture training won me a Movie Contract. Studios searching for men with athletic bodies, I offer you a chance to win a

FREE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD
Free Screen and Talkie Test thru my home-study Physical Culture Course. What training has done for me and many other picture stars it can do for YOU. Send NOW for FREE booklet. Give name, age and address for particulars. Joe Bonomo, 220-V Bonomo Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.

Lighten Your Hair Without Peroxide
... to ANY shade you desire
... SAFELY in 5 to 15 minutes

Careful! Fastidious women avoid the use of peroxide because peroxide makes hair brittle. Lechler's Instantaneous Hair Lightener inates "straw" look. Beneficial to permanent waves and bleached hair. Lightens blonde hair grown dark. This is the only preparation that also lightens the scalp. No more dark roots. Used over 20 years by famous beauties, stage and screen stars and children. Harmless. Guaranteed. Mail complete with brush for application. . . .

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FREE 21 page booklet "The Art of Lightening Hair Without Peroxide" Free with your first order.
ERWIN F. LECHLER, Hair Beauty Specialist
567 W. 181st St., New York, N. Y.

WHY BE FAT?



Get rid of fat and you too can enjoy sports and the friendship of others.

WEIGHED 175 LBS. NOW 112!

She Lost 63 Pounds
Amazing...but TRUE!

● "I am only 23 years old, too young to be so much overweight," this Nevada lady wrote. Beauty and youth were hers, yet she was denied the happiness others enjoyed because she was too fat!

Today, after trying RE-DUCE-OIDS, she writes: "I tried a lot of methods to reduce yet nothing worked. I was desperate. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS. My weight was 175 lbs. . . . now it is 112! I feel better, look better! RE-DUCE-OIDS helped me and I know they will help others." — Mrs. Aldina Wood, 448 F Street, Sparks, Nevada.

This lady, like thousands of happy women, found RE-DUCE-OIDS SAFE, easy to take, and effective. This scientific preparation contains only ingredients endorsed by staff physicians. RE-DUCE-OIDS get results or they cost you nothing, because they are designed to correct the common causes of fat, without diets, weakening baths, or exercises.

FAT GOES—OR YOU PAY NOTHING!

● RE-DUCE-OIDS will do all we claim, or you can get your money back! Our word and the used package are all we require. Start now before fat gets another day's headway. Your druggist has RE-DUCE-OIDS or can get it quickly. If he is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages (currency, money order or stamps) direct to us—or sent C.O.D. In plain wrapper.

FREE! Valuable Booklet
"HOW TO REDUCE"
in plain envelope. Clip the Coupon

RE-DUCE-OIDS
TRADE MARK REG.

In Easy-to-Use
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746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
Send me.....packages of RE-DUCE-OIDS.

Currency, Money Order or Stamps enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

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

The Private Lives of Myrt and Marge

[Continued from page 17]

Widow, and with it the opportunity for the family to be together. So, with infant and trained nurse in tow, Myrt set out.

After *Heartbreakers*, their next vehicle, the Damerels bade good-bye to the legitimate stage and decided to try a bit of pioneering in the form of introducing forty-five minute musical sketches to vaudeville. Their first attempt, *The Knight Of The Air* by Lehar, was such a success that a second production, *Ordered Home*, was staged.

While presenting *The Sixth Reel* by Jack Lait, Myrt decided to have a try at authoring their own sketches. It was necessary to reduce overhead, and she was confident that her ideas would be as successful as those they were buying.

After the close of that skit came another year of temporary retirement during which George, Jr., made his appearance. Myrt devoted every spare moment to brushing a pretty decent writing technique into shape and arranging acts for their next season's work. Then, with Donna in private school and the baby under a nurse's care, the Damerels were back on the two-a-day with Myrt's own work ready for presentation. The next several years were ones of hard work rewarded by an agreeable amount of success, which brought closer retirement and a normal home life.

DURING all this time letters to Donna were designed to make life on the stage seem as dreary as possible. The plan appeared to be successful—at least until she was fifteen! Then, with typical suddenness of decision, she announced to her parents that she had made up her mind to join their act.

Of course it was something of a surprise. Myrt says, "We talked it over and instructed her to await our arrival in Chicago. Once we were together I was able to recognize the symptoms as

being somewhat acute, and when they're inclined that way try and stop 'em! I know! So into the act she went and there she stayed until two years later when we deserted the stage to open a real estate office in a Chicago suburb.

"And was home life ever grand after all those years of trouping! No more rehearsals, no more worrying over train time, no more hotels. I thrived on it."

But to Donna their departure from the stage was nothing short of tragedy. The time she had spent with her parents had served merely to sharpen her interest in treading the boards. When she got a chance to go into the chorus of the Rainbow Gardens, she managed to persuade Myrt to allow her to resume work. After two seasons as a chorine, she climbed to the position of specialty dancer with a Balaban & Katz unit, and toured the northern Illinois circuit.

Learning of a stock company which was forming in Kansas City, Donna determined to try her luck in that field.

Arrived in Kansas City, the company appeared to be a thorough wash-out—so much so that she was all for calling her trip a wild goose chase. Then, to her amazement, she was selected as leading lady of the troupe, and after a few utterly inadequate rehearsals the company set out on tour. In Lexington, Kentucky, she married the leading man. He had been a very persuasive suitor—and even after so short a time as three weeks Donna was greatly in need of someone to whom she could turn for sympathy and understanding.

It was obvious that joining the tour had been a great mistake. When the leads announced their marriage, the manager tried to put into practice that quaint old maxim that two can live as cheaply as one by cutting their food allowance to a dollar a day—to be shared!

Finally, after travelling thirteen hun-



"To think, Harvey, when I was a kid I wanted to be a carpenter!"

dred miles in the draughty, rattling company bus, the climax was reached in Alva, Oklahoma. Following the Christmas Eve performance, the manager announced that the show was broke and that they, as individuals, could go anywhere they pleased, but that as a company they would go no farther. As for pay, there just wouldn't be any. On Christmas Night, in desperation, Donna's Jack paid an informal call on their erstwhile manager and persuaded him by means of a couple of sharp jabs to the jaw that they really needed train fare. He got \$25 a jab!

This was just enough to get them from Kansas City to Chicago. It was a much chastened daughter whom Myrt met at the station that blustery New Year's day.

Before her anticipated rest was complete, it became apparent that Donna wasn't going to offer any competition to the then current crop of chorus girls. She was conspiring with nature to make the vivacious Myrt a grandmother! The baby, born late in 1930, was named Charles. Following his birth, his parents parted five times in less than a year before their separation became permanent.

"There didn't seem to be any other way," Donna told me. "We were divorced in November of 1932. It was mostly a case of getting off on the wrong foot, I guess."

DONNA, on tour, had scarcely realized there has been such a thing as a stock market crash; but to Myrt in her nice new subdivision, the fact could not be ignored. There were lots—lots of lots; bright, impressive signs galore and a simply swell sales talk. Everything, in fact, but customers.

Myrt turned again to writing and drafted the plot for a novel of the show business which she titled *Yellow Woman*. This work was interrupted when she conceived the idea for an air sketch. Again show business was the natural choice of subject. She had always felt that the happenings behind the asbestos curtain were just as teeming with drama as the plays themselves. This was the idea she strove to develop; her enthusiasm became intense and *Myrt and Marge* were born.

Their contracts provide for the show being off the air from spring to early fall, but that doesn't mean that these versatile ladies take a vacation. Last year when it closed they went to Hollywood and made a picture, *Myrt and Marge*. That finished, Donna signed to appear in a Fanchon & Marco summer revue and went singing and dancing her way across the stages of the West Coast's principal theaters. Meantime Myrt was combining business with pleasure in the form of a trip to South America (at her sponsor's expense) to gather material for the *Myrt and Marge* episodes which have just finished being etherized.

This summer she wants to return to South America and complete her travels of the country with a boat trip up the Amazon.

Donna hasn't any definite plans for the immediate future. She's too happy in her life of the moment really to need the joys of anticipation. Of course there is that California ranch that she and Gene are to find, but until they do locate "just the place," their very modern Sheridan Road apartment is a happy substitute.

JULY, 1934

Now.. RELIEVE ACID-INDIGESTION *New Way*

..AS MILLIONS ARE DOING

PEOPLE everywhere are thanking their lucky stars for this new "Tums" way to quick relief from acid indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, gas. For it works utterly without soda or strong, caustic alkalies. Just delightful, candy-like mints, containing a soothing, antacid compound, soluble only in the presence of acid. When the acid condition is corrected, the remainder passes on undissolved and inert. No over-alkalizing the stomach. No irritation!

Prove all this for yourself—without risking a penny. Just go to your nearest druggist's and ask for the new 3-roll Tums Carrier Package. Only costs 30c. It offers you a special "Guarantee Test," for attached to the package is a test supply of Tums. When you feel distressed, first use this test supply. If it doesn't convince you that Tums gives quickest, safest relief, just return the unopened Carrier Package. Your druggist will refund your money. That's fair! This Carrier Package also contains a handsome gift for you—a metal carrier that keeps a Tums roll freshly intact in pocket or purse. This "no risk" offer is SPECIAL—so act TODAY.

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THIS TEST PACKET ATTACHED MUST GIVE YOU QUICK RELIEF OR YOUR MONEY BACK!



Special

Beautiful Satin Finished Metal Pocket Carrier Included FREE! Test Packet Comes Attached to New Tums Carrier Package, Which Contains 3 Rolls of Tums.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY



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James Louis Smith, MANAGER

LaSalle Street at Madison

HOTEL LASALLE CHICAGO

Why Isn't Kate Smith On the Air?

[Continued from page 13]

not only for herself, but for others. At the time, some cities were in the midst of their concerted drive for community chests. In Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and other communities, she made personal pleas for funds, and in addition, staged special one-hour radio programs over local stations to raise donations. More than \$40,000 was obtained directly through her efforts.

Yet with all these accomplishments to her credit, testifying to her audience appeal, Kate Smith isn't on the radio. Strange, isn't it? Now, let's find out what it's all about.

When La Palina Cigar found the cost of a radio program too much a burden at the time, and left the ether on September 17, Kate Smith continued as a sustaining feature. That meant just this: instead of the cigar firm paying Kate \$2700 weekly, she shifted to the Columbia network's payroll at less than a fourth of this amount. Yet, even this is a likely sum, for she was the highest paid "sustaining" artist. The radio company itself regarded her as a popular attraction, warranting the expense.

BUT if the network held her in such high esteem, why didn't other advertisers rush in and sign her for themselves? Was it because the bright lights carrying her name were losing their wattage? Let's look at the facts.

In April, 1933—a few months before her La Palina contract expired—an independent research organization conducted a telephone survey for Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, a large New York advertising agency handling the account. They wanted to know what percentage of the radio audience actually listened to Kate Smith. How many on Tuesday? On Wednesday? On Thursday? The investigators were particular. They did not want to know how many persons remembered hearing Kate Smith the night before, but what percentage were actually listening at the time of the broadcast.

Here, in brief, is the upshot of the telephone survey in ten cities: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Cincinnati, Cleveland, St. Louis, Buffalo, Syracuse, and Minneapolis.

31%	were listening to	Kate Smith
18%	"	" Rudy Vallée
13%	"	" Wayne King's Orchestra
5%	"	" The Shadow
4%	"	" Dr. Bundesen
3%	"	" Rin Tin Tin
2%	"	" Tastyest
16%	"	" other programs
8%	"	no answer

One would imagine the same 385 Kate Smith Clubs, with a total membership of 24,165 members—an average of 62 persons per club—76% men and 24% women—would be indicative of sponsor value.

One agency suggested that its client was anxious to present her on the radio last fall, but because of her long-time identification with a program sponsored by a cigar firm, her appeal was limited to a masculine audience. Later, by coincidence, on a sustaining broadcast she

casually mentioned an offer of a recipe for a chocolate cake. Only a cake recipe, but in fifteen days—September 26 to October 10, 1933—79,987 women wrote in for it. And I'll wager not one of them was a cigar smoker.

ONCE, a large cigarette advertiser passed up an attractive opportunity to secure Jack Benny's quips for its program, saying that he was too much identified with a ginger ale product on whose series he broadcast for some time. Evidently the tobacco outfit didn't appreciate such an advantage as a ready-made audience. But Jack Benny went on for automobiles soon afterwards, and became even more popular than before. Since then he has taken unto himself another product.

So it was with Kate Smith. One firm was afraid that Kate was too much identified with cigars, although Ted Collins made it certain during the entire two years that Kate didn't give a commercial announcement or even mention the trade-name of the product. He let down the bars only on the final broadcast when she gave a brief but gracious "Thank you" to her sponsor.

Last October, however, a cigarette tobacco company was very much bent on having Kate Smith as its principal artist. But Collins turned this down. He honestly believed it would be hypocritical to go from cigars to cigarettes in a few weeks. He felt that she would lose some of her prestige with the fans. A brewery firm's offer was also refused, as he didn't believe that performing on a brewery program was in keeping with Kate's personality.

Then there were rumors that she would be presented by an association of insurance companies. They planned to have a commercial without a commercial—that is, there was to be no sales talk. Instead, it was to be a campaign to warn the public to avoid accidents—always to be mindful of "Safety First." Kate and Collins liked the idea. It seemed to be the ideal program, enhanced by a good cause. But while most of the insurance companies were willing to defray their share of the expense, several felt unequal to the proportionment. More than forty firms were involved. The first group didn't relish the idea of paying out for something that would benefit the non-supporters. The negotiations were choked off with red tape.

AT PRESENT, Kate Smith is winding up a successful vaudeville tour on the West Coast. With her Swanee River Revue, she has played engagements in more than twenty-five cities on a transcontinental trek that has zig-zagged from Boston to Washington, out to Cleveland, as far west as Omaha, then to Los Angeles, followed by dates along the Pacific Coastline.

This year the theaters have experimented with the drawing power of road shows headed by "big names." Radio seems to have been able to supply such stellar attractions as Joe Penner, Morton Downey, Fred Waring, Guy Lombardo, and Kate Smith, who are able to draw large crowds into houses formerly patronized by depressingly few. In Cedar

RADIOLAND

Rapids, Iowa, big Kate surpassed the high mark held by, of all things, *Little Women*. To date, she has shattered twelve boxoffice records at theaters she has played.

Kate receives \$6500 to \$7000 weekly from the theaters. Although she pays her company, musicians, a stage manager, electrician and other items, the net fees remain a highly remunerative amount for each seven days' work—even though it calls for four and five shows daily. Split weeks or one-night engagements average even more lucrative returns. Altogether, these vaudeville appearances total nearly twice as much as her weekly radio stipends—high as the latter may seem. This may be chalked up as one sensible reason Kate isn't on the air at the moment.

Naturally, vaudeville is much more arduous work and it has its disadvantages compared to singing before a microphone in a comfortable radio studio. But Kate's enjoying her travels. They are giving her invaluable new viewpoints on audience reactions, and she is learning who the people are and what they like best. In future continuities she can speak with authority on names and places the country over. She is building up a strong personal following that will be invaluable when she returns to the airwaves.

The fact that she has danced away twenty-three pounds on her present tour may partly account for her propensity towards vaudeville. For although she never makes it a point to reduce, she nevertheless is pleased when the pounds melt away.

IF IT were logically possible to broadcast from the different localities, Collins might consider it. But the long and strenuous routines on the stages and the frightfully expensive line charges prohibit pick-ups. No sponsor would care to defray such costs and it wouldn't warrant the Smith-Collins combination paying the amount from their own pockets.

Before hot weather terminates the tour, Kate will have supported a company of forty people through difficult months of show business. She is proud of her ability to do this—and why not? Interestingly enough, the prosperity among the troupe's personnel hastened the marriages of two musicians and an entertainer, each of whom telegraphed for their future brides to leave Manhattan and join them on the road and in matrimony.

As far as her future radio activities are concerned, Collins plans to bring her back on the air by fall—perhaps even sooner. I think her respite from the studios has been of benefit to her. While she was broadcasting almost nightly for thirty months, listeners came to accept her as a matter of fact. It was a case of too many apples spoiling the persons' appetite. When she left, she became better appreciated, and more so with the passing of time. It was the same with Bing Crosby, and will be with Kate. When Bing was brought back to the radio after a lengthy vacation he was more popular than ever. Kate still has to be equaled as a singing entertainer by any other member of her sex. As she once told a newspaper man, "I'm big and I'm fat and I'm not a prize beauty, but I have a voice, and when I sing, boy, I sing all over."



**WHO
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GREATEST
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Read articles and stories by such famed writers as SIDNEY SKOLSKY, JIM TULLY, and ACHMED ABDULLAH. And don't miss the first installment of "Madge Evans Tells How to Get Into the Movies." Your dealer now has a July issue for you.

SCREEN PLAY 10c



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WHAT are your figure faults? Do you lack shapeliness of form? Do you need added development in spots, to accentuate your feminine contours? Do you need slenderizing of waist, arms, ankles? Let me show you how to mould your body to exquisite symmetry and rhythmic curves through

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Free "a Beautiful Form"



Illustrated brochure explains this easy way to a shapely feminine form. SPECIAL. Send only \$1.00 for your instructions in MIRACLE Dynamics with large container of Miracle Cream and free brochure. Money-back Guarantee. Mail coupon or write to NANCY LEE INSTITUTE, 816 Broadway, Dept. 47, New York, N. Y.

Nancy Lee Institute, Dept. 47, 816 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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Durante Confesses All

[Continued from page 35]

to get to the musical skeleton in the Durante closet.

So, the other day, after Durante held a radio audience spell-bound with his wit, his *savoir-faire* (pronounced, according to James, as "savwar-fairy,") and his debonair charm, I tackled our hero.

"JIMMY," I said, "I've come to talk to you about a most serious subject. I know that everything that ever has been said about an actor, a wit and a scholar, has been said about you. But nobody, nobody at all, has ever pointed you out as a man who out-Gershwin Gershwin, who is making Irving Berlin look to his laurels and who is the pride and joy of Tin Pan Alley. What, if anything, is behind all this?"

"Well, Al," replied Jimmy in that dialect that is the pride of Durante and the despair of all writers, "I kin see dat de disa and data of me song-writing ability has come to light.

"After all, what's da use of all dis? (And the Durante gesture took in the crowded studio audience, awaiting another opportunity to revel in Durantian humor.) It's trivial, I calls it, just trivial! Fer me, songs win foist place. Dey arouses me primordial instink. Dey stirs me. Ah, da thrill of it!

"Dat's why I'm glad ya spoke to me about dis, Al. Because, seriously, I like ta write songs. And me greatest thrill was when me foist song went to the publishers. Dis was twelve years ago and I wrote more dan toity-five songs in dat time. But, honestly, dere was no kick dat hit me so hard as when me foist song hit de public eye. It was called *Daddy, Your Mammy Is Lonesome for You* and Chris Smith, who still is a good song writer, wrote de lyrics.

"I was woiking in de Alamo Club in them days—you know, pounding the piano and gettin' me three squares a day plus tips and a mediocre salary. But I didn't want to be a ivory-tickler all me life. I yoined fer bigger and better things.

"And so I wrote de song. Joe Davis, of de Triangle Music Company, was de publisher. I got nothing for de song, but I was supposed to share in de royalties. But I wasn't moicenary in dem days. Me, I had artistic principles!

"SO I gits me genius to woiking. An' before ya can say or do anything about it, I gets another masterpiece out of me system. This one is called *I Got My Habits On* and Chris Smith also did some woik on it. Goodman and Rose published it and dis time de public loined to appreciate me art.

"Miss Patricola, one of the big headliners of vaudeville, sang it in de Palace in New Yawk and helped make it a hit. And de foist think I knew, I got enough royalties to take me foist vacation—wit' pay—since I was a kid.

"Dis was some eleven years ago. And den, a year later, de oige to express me fine instinks got de better of me. I grabbed me old pen, sat down in me study and dere, after hours of labor, I toined out another epic of de ages. I called it *I Ain't Never Had Nobody Crazy Over Me* and Jack Roth was the guy who woiked wid me on it. And just ta show ya how fame gets to ya, it was Nora Bayes, sweet,

lovely Nora Bayes, who took de song and made it famous.

"But me art had its difficulties. Me life seemed to be bound up in me woik in de cafes. De serious look in me eye didn't get anything but a laugh. Dey howled when I told dem of me yoinnings to be a composer. Dey all told me to stick to piano-playing and forgit song-writing.

"So I gets to Walter Winchell. Him and me's like dis. Or maybe it's like dat. But anyway I gets to him and we both collaborates. I writes de music and he indites de lyrics. And we calls dis outboist *She's Not a Dame, She's a Cow!* It was a soulful ditty and, take it from me, we milked it dry. Boy, dat's a hot one—milked it dry! Get it? Oh, well, never mind!

"And den I realizes dat de power of de press is something woith while. So I looks around for more woilds to conquer. And I picks on Sidney Skolsky, foist because he ain't so big, and second because he then was a bright and up-and-coming kid who could toss a lyric about in just me style.

"So Sid and me got together and we woiked over one of me best-known songs, de one dat made me a hit at all benefits. We calls it *It's a Fake, It's a Phony, But It's My Street!* And, baby, does dat one click!

"FER a long time I whispered dat passionate tale of me-love fer Broadway everywhere I gets de opportunity. And buhlieve me I gets de opportunity offen. Den I writes another song, *I Know Darn Well I Can Do Without Broadway, But Can Broadway Do Without Me?* I was different in dose days.

"All in all, I managed to give me art full expression. I wrote more dan toity-five songs. But it wasn't until I wrote *Inka-Dinka-Doo* dat I came into me own. And dere was a masterpiece, a colloseal, stupendous piece of musical litrachoor.

"No sooner did I have it done, den it became de rage of de nation. It swept from town to town, from village to village and from omelette to omelette! It was a SUCCESS! Durante was made!

"I applied meself to me woik. I knew dat I was heading fer fame, fer great fame. And den in me next pikchur, *Strictly Dynamite*, I got me grand opportunity. Fer Durante de lover, Durante de Don Juan, de Casanova of de lots, asserts himself. I wrote a song, *I'm Just Putty In Your Hands* and I sang it, wid me usual gusto and feeling, to Lupe Velez. And did I slay her, did I have her expostulatin' wid emotion? Did I? Ask Garbo, ask Dietrich, ask Kate Smith!

"Of course, bein' on de air is grand stuff. It gives me a chance to express me emotions to so many and me songs get dere airing at de hands of a master. It's magniloquent, dat's what! Wait till I sings me latest dity, *As de Nose Blooes*. And you'll loin.

"But writin' songs is a tough racket. I woiked hard to git me start—but I got it. It takes a lot of pluggin' to get across—and I mean dat in more ways dan one. I'd take me songs and play dem in cafes and in all de night spots just to see dem get a chance to be hoild. After all, it ain't no fun bein' an artist, unless ya gets some attention!"



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heed this warning!

THERE'S a lot of "come hither" in sparkling, real golden blonde hair! But watch the danger line at the part, around the forehead—hair darkening at the roots. It ruins a blonde's attractiveness. Whether it's due to hair growing in darker or imperfect care, all you need is **BLONDEX**, the unusual shampoo designed to keep blonde hair always beautiful. Blondex is not a harsh dye. Simply a fine powder bubbling instantly into a beneficial, frothy lather. *Naturally* brings out all the dazzling charm, the golden sheen and lustre that makes blonde hair so fascinating. Get the inexpensive 25c package, or the economical \$1 size, at any drug or department store. **NEW: Have you tried Blondex Wave Set? Doesn't darken light hair—not sticky or flaky.**

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Beatrice Fairfax

[Continued from page 39]

the 'phone rang, and again it was Ruth. "Don't laugh at me," she begged (as if I would have dreamed of doing so), "but I'm doing the thing up brown. I've had my hair waved, my nails manicured for that Christmas dinner, and I'm taking Mrs. Jones a beautiful blouse and a dozen American beauties. Don't you think she'll love them?"

"I'm sure she will. Bless you."

It was Christmas night. Ruth walked timidly in to Mrs. Jones' apartment and caught her breath suddenly. There at the table sat the handsomest man she had ever seen. He was Mrs. Jones' son, who had returned only a few days ago from South America. Mrs. Jones had never mentioned this son of hers in South America. Now she proudly introduced them; Roland, her boy, and this girl who had been so courteous and considerate of an older woman. In one swift glance their eyes met, and it was the beginning of the old, old story. But it was an enchanting new story to Ruth. She had never known love like this before. Nor had Roland known a girl like her. Within a year they were married, and they all went to South America.

I AM telling this story because loneliness—bitter, heart-eating loneliness—is the subject of thousands of letters.

There are inexpensive clubs you can join, churches and night schools where you can meet people, hikes on which you can go, if you, too, have known what it means to be lonely. One consolation is that everyone has known the same problem, at one time or another.

There were two sisters I knew once who were living in an apartment hotel. One was forty-two, the other forty-five. The one who was forty-two was really eighty-two in her outlook. She was sure life had passed her by and was bitter and harsh about it. The sister who was forty-five was a gay, jovial sort of woman who loved life and wanted to get all she could out of it. Neither sister had ever been married.

One day the gay, jolly one said, "I think I'll give myself a fling and go on a cruise."

In a few days she was on her way to Canada, where she met an Englishman who thought she was the grandest person he had ever met. They were married and are very happy. But the woman who was sour in her outlook on life is still lonely and unhappy because she never opened her heart and soul to adventure and romance.

True, our dreams are not always realized; yet life has a way of rewarding the dreamer. When I was a girl, I wanted to write poetry or be a milliner. Even then I loved people more than anything in the world, and the only way I could think of which would bring me in contact with them was making hats for them. I didn't dream then that some day I was to be a feature writer on the *New York Evening Journal*: that one day I would be given a column to write that would be of far more service to people than just making hats for them.

It came about in this way.

[Continued on page 70]



To the FAIR

At the FAIR

and home again

THE new Chicago World's Fair is even more thrilling and spectacular than in 1933. Don't miss it . . . and to save dollars for extra fun, extra days in Chicago, make the trip by Greyhound bus. More to see and enjoy, more routes to choose from, more daily schedules . . . and surprising comfort. Greyhound's Exposition coaches are the only motorized transportation within the grounds . . . biggest dime's worth at the Fair!

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- FORT WORTH, TEXAS 8th & Commerce Streets
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- CHARLESTON, W. VA. 601 Virginia Street
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- RICHMOND, VIRGINIA 412 East Broad Street
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in Universal's
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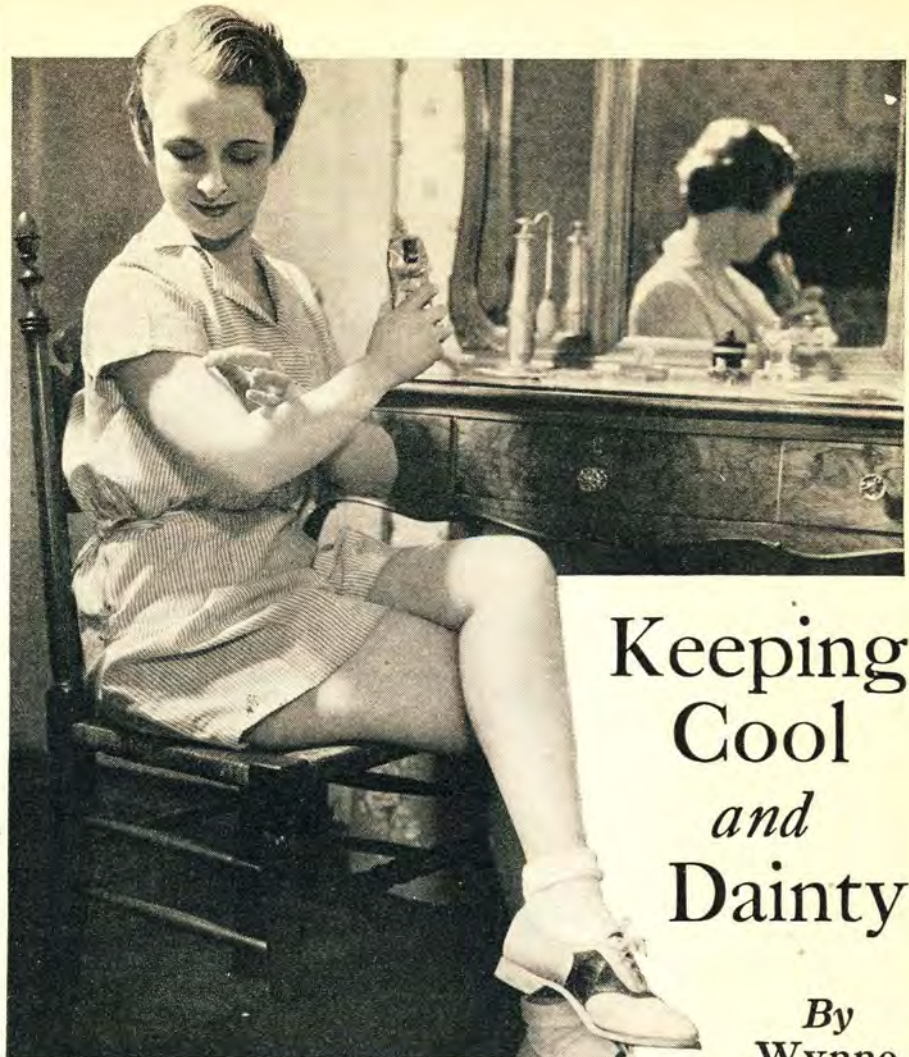
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Keeping Cool and Dainty

By Wynne McKay

Virginia Clark, the lead in *The Romance of Helen Trent*, applies waterproof make-up to arms and legs to insure velvety smoothness in shorts

WITH broiling days and hot, sticky nights just around the corner, it's about time to consider ways of keeping dainty and cool—thereby retaining both our feminine charm and our sweet dispositions.

The foremost aid to personal daintiness is, of course, the daily or twice-a-day bath. But it must not be of the "swish-and-run" variety. Remember, there are between two and three million sweat glands in your body, and these glands excrete more than two pints a day! Now you'll give yourself more than a cursory cold water shower. To remove this waste completely, as well as accumulated dirt and body oil, it is necessary to bathe in warm water and to use plenty of lathery soap. For a particularly soapy scrubbing, dump a few handfuls of mild soap flakes in the water. If you need any inducement to linger in your tub, try perfumed bath crystals or tablets. They come in grand scents and make your bath a relaxing as well as a cleansing agent.

After your bath, pat a deodorant bath powder all over your body, to prolong the refreshing and deodorizing effects of the bath. Some people begin to perspire almost as soon as they have hopped out

of the tub. These individuals will find a deodorizing bath powder especially helpful. Of course, not all bath powders have deodorizing qualities, so if you want to be sure, drop me a line, and I'll send you the trade name of a good one.

But you and I both know that bath powder, no matter how lavishly applied, isn't going to take care of that delicate matter of under-arm perspiration. Here, as well as on the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, the perspiration problem is more acute. In these areas a good, effective anti-perspirant and deodorant is needed to check perspiration and remove the odor.

Incidentally, I hope that any men reading this (and judging from my mail I have a number of male readers) will take the advice to heart. Men are as subject to perspiration as women—more so, in most cases, because they are more active—but most of them refuse to use a deodorant on the grounds that it's "sissy." Please, gentlemen, be just as careful in this important matter as you are about washing your neck!

There are numerous effective anti-perspirants and deodorants on the market. Some are very mild and afford protection for only a day, while others have a

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prolonged effect. The success of any of these preparations depends largely upon how closely you follow the directions. Many good perspiration correctives have been wrongly termed ineffective because the user insisted on applying them in haphazard fashion.

A few years ago, liquid anti-perspirants and deodorants were applied in an awkward fashion with cotton, but gradually, manufacturers have improved the method of application until it is now very easy. The most convenient liquid deodorant I have ever encountered has just been put on the market. It is sprayed on the skin and comes in a smart-looking atomizer that you can operate with one hand—a boon to the busy woman! The formula is new and extremely effective. The price of 50 cents makes this the best summer buy imaginable.

THERE is no time when a woman becomes so acutely conscious of hair on her arms and legs as when she dons a bathing suit or a pair of the brief new sport shorts that are having such a vogue. There are two reliable ways to deal with this unwanted hair. It is fine and downy but very dark, you can bleach it so that it is quite invisible. But if it is coarse and wiry, the best procedure is to remove it with a safe commercial depilatory.

There is a comparatively new one, a white powder that is mixed with water to form a paste, which was originally marketed exclusively as a facial hair remover because it is so mild and non-irritating in its action. Now, however, it is reduced in price to 50 cents, so that it becomes an ideal depilatory for arms and legs as well. It is exceptionally pleasant to use because it hasn't that overpowering odor. You should acquire the habit of giving your arms and legs a depilatory treatment as regularly as you pluck your eyebrows or shampoo your hair.

If you don't like chemical hair removers, you may be interested in the new abrasive pad by means of which you simply erase hair. You rub the pad over the hairs with a circular motion, until the friction gradually rubs them off. This method is much superior to the razor for it does not leave that ugly stubble.

Most women even after conscientiously banishing superfluous hair find that their arms and legs look rough and pebbly and sometimes freckled and blotchy. This is not, of course, the fault of depilatories. It's a chronic condition which can usually be improved by frequent scrubbings with soap and water and a stiff-bristled brush and frequent applications of tissue cream. But the promise of future improvement does not suffice when you want to wear your new sport shorts right away. The answer is arm and leg make-up that conceals surface imperfections and blemishes and give the skin a smooth, velvety appearance. One of the better brands of leg and arm make-up comes in two summertime shades—light and dark tan. This finish is really waterproof and refuses to rub off on your clothes. If you like, I'll send you the trade name. The price is \$1.

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30c

Beatrice Fairfax

[Continued from page 67]

One day I was sent out on the story of a boy who was an excellent swimmer and who had drowned a few feet from shore. I went to see his mother. With unhappiness in her eyes and heartbreak in her voice, she confessed that the boy had committed suicide, and that it was her fault. He had been in love with a girl she disapproved of, and she had insisted that he give the girl up. Somehow I couldn't sit down and write that story. Her voice and her eyes haunted me.

"No story," I said to the city editor.

I suppose he suspected me, and checked up. One day he called me into his office. His voice was stern but his eyes were kind.

"You'll never make a good reporter," he said. "You don't want to go on trying to write sob stories. What you really should be doing is giving advice to those who need it, trying to prevent sob stories from happening."

THAT'S what I've been trying to do ever since.

In love, as in everything else, it's necessary to allow the other person elbow room. You can't find happiness by trying to steal some other woman's happiness. When women write to me, "I'm madly in love with another woman's husband, and I feel I have every right to happiness, so I am going to ask her to divorce him," I tell them how futile it is to stake your happiness on a man whose affections are so unstable that he can be stolen from the woman he promised to love forever.

People have often asked me what subject in my writing brought in the greatest mail. The answer may surprise you: a column on immortality. You see, I myself had suffered a great loss. When my mother passed on, it seemed to me as if all happiness had passed out of life. For six long months I could find no consolation. Then one day as I passed through a park, I saw a forsythia bush just turning yellow.

Suddenly a glad emotion surged through my heart. "This is life," something sang in me. "Last spring the flowers bloomed, and in fall and winter they withered and died. It seemed as if spring would never come back, yet it is spring again. The flowers that withered last year are blooming again. If a bush blooms again, can it be that a human soul that is fine and noble passes away forever?"

I went to the office that day and wrote a column into which I put all my own awakening hope, the thought that had brought me consolation. Letters began pouring in. It seemed as if every mother who had lost a daughter, every father who had lost a son, every husband who had lost a wife, wrote to me.

To a great many people advice to the lovers is something to scoff about. Yet, if you were to stop the first hundred people you met on the street and ask them what subject interested them most, I dare say ninety-nine out of a hundred would tell you of some personal problem of adjustment. Helping just a few people to find the answers has made me very happy.

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30x5.00-20	2.85 1.05	33x4 1/2	3.45 1.15
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29x5.25-19	2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35
30x5.25-20	2.95 1.15	33x5	3.75 1.45
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Al Jolson Can't Let Radio Lick Him!

[Continued from page 25]

studio audiences. He still does. "I begged the Chevrolet people to ban them when I broadcast for Chevrolet in 1932; I've begged the Kraft-Phenix people to do away with them; it does no good. You see," he continued, "I don't play up to the 1,500 who come to listen to each broadcast, nor do I blacken my face or put on fantastic costumes for them. I'm playing to the millions who are listening in. The radio program is for their benefit, not for that of people who can afford to pay for seeing a show."

When Jolson originally signed his contract with the Kraft-Phenix people last year, it called for 52 broadcasts at \$5,000 each. Al planned to make the film, *Wonder Bar*, at that time; his contract had a clause permitting him a leave of absence.

The time came for him to return to radio. *Wonder Bar* was completed. Al didn't want to go back to the air. He was in Hollywood with Ruby; he couldn't tear himself away from her. He was considering making another picture. The prospect of being tied down for almost a year longer, on his radio contract, appalled him. "I'd like to work at something where I wouldn't be tied down for more than twelve or fifteen weeks at the most," he explained wistfully. But the sponsor was adamant. Al must come back and finish his entire contract, which has several months to run. So back Al came.

MORE than anyone I know, Jolson needs praise and adulation. At heart he is a simple, generous, unassuming man. But praise he must have. When he gets it, the world seems a very, very, good place to live in. When he doesn't, he is blue as blue can be. That's why not being tops in *Wonder Bar* hurt him so.

And that's why he constantly says he is through with the stage, through with radio work, through with movies. If things don't go well, he is done with them. As soon as he regains his perspective, as soon as the public clamors for him, back he goes. Johnny-on-the-spot, to try once again. He has always been the same, has Al.

When he went on the air for Chevrolet, in 1932, he quit them cold, too. In fact, he walked out on the radio moguls three times before he finally decided to stay. He gave various excuses—his work was being tampered with; sponsors who knew nothing of showmanship were dictating to him; the script he was being given was poor; or he just didn't like radio.

Before he signed up for his present sponsor he was given the guarantee that he could try anything he wanted on his programs. "I've always felt," Al told me, "that you can't go wrong if you touch people's hearts. We've all got 'em, and sentiment and romance and laughter and tears move the little boy in Squidunk and the blasé millionaire in New York, alike.

"A mixture of them all is what I'm trying to give the radio customers. How well I am succeeding, whether I'll stick to the air, all depends on you. I'm doing my best. The rest is up to you folk. It all depends on how you all like me."

JULY, 1934

This humility is natural to Al. He is the soul of sincerity. He'll proudly show you a scrawled slip of paper from some fan in a tiny hamlet, and get as much pleasure from the praise it contains as from the deafening handclaps that greet his every word.

IT'S been that way with Al since his first days on Broadway. Born Asa Yoelson, the son of a Washington cantor, and trained to follow in his father's footsteps, the young man decided against the career his family had chosen for him. He ran away to New York, determined to make a place for himself on the stage.

He slept on park benches, sold newspapers, worked as a singing waiter in cafés, went into vaudeville. Here he introduced the informal style of singing that made him famous on Broadway: standing on a piano, talking verses, kneeling for sad songs, living and acting emotional bits. One day, while trouping in vaudeville, an old Negro dresser who had watched his act, said, "Mistah Jolson, why don't you try singin' dem songs in blackface?" He did.

For years the movies made him offers. He refused them, for he felt the same timidity and nervousness he felt about tackling radio work. Finally he accepted the offer to star in *The Jazz Singer*, an epoch-making film that opened the era of successful sound pictures. *Say it with Songs*, and *Mammy* followed; in them he sang many of his own compositions.

About five years ago Jolson tired of the free and easy, open house, easy-come-easy-go existence he was leading. He met Ruby Keeler, a young chorus girl, and married her after a whirlwind courtship. She is 24; he is 47. To him, Ruby and their home are the most important things in life. He lives, breathes, talks Ruby.

He is glad she has become the star she is in pictures; but he feels that he'd like a little more home life, and a few babies. "Ruby and I," he assured me, "would very much like to have a baby. If we don't have one soon, we are going to adopt a couple of boys."

The business of commuting back and forth between Hollywood and New York has palled upon him; he'd like to stay put for awhile in Scarsdale; he'd like more leisure to indulge in golf, in wrestling, in baseball, to live quietly and raise a family. The Jolsons have a seven-room love nest in Scarsdale, with a garden and all, "ideal for bringing up little Al," Jolson says.

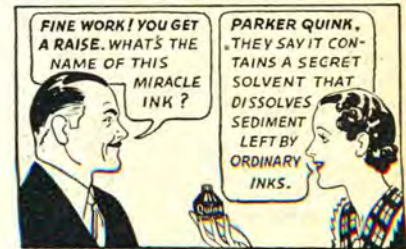
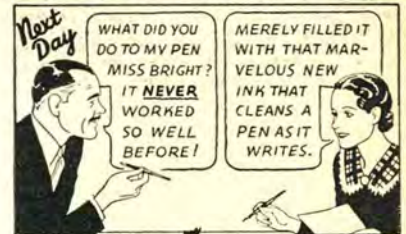
Rumor has it that Ruby doesn't want to quit the movies. Her success means too much to her. While Al's star appears to be setting, hers is rising, and she finds the applause of the public as enervating as he did.

Whether his star rises still higher or sets depends to a good extent on how well you and I like him on the air. Many people feel he is a has-been, that his type of humor, of tear-ringing pathos is obsolete. That he has lived his day.

I for one, don't. I like Al. I enjoy his radio programs immensely.

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Fire Chief Wynn

[Continued from page 14]

"That's a lucky hat, Ed," I told him jokingly. He laughed like a child and agreed with me, and since then he has insisted that I wear it at every broadcast. He wouldn't go on if I didn't.

"I confronted Wynn in his dressing room and told him what we were considering. As soon as I showed him the fire helmet, he took it, put it on his head, nodded, and said, 'I can do things with this.'

"We talked for a while and I went back to my committee and reported:

"This clown is good! He will get the people.'

"It was decided on the following day to place Wynn under contract.

"Our next problem was to determine the kind of a program we were going to broadcast.

"First, we wanted a program with a lot of masculinity to carry out the Fire Chief idea of power-in-an-emergency. Also, we wanted virile music. We agreed on a regular thirty-six piece orchestra, with a little more brass than usual. Next we added a group of male singers.

THEN, we had to have a partner, or 'straight man,' for Wynn. What we wanted was noise and bustle and naturalness. So we decided, that in order to keep up the excitement of the program, a good radio sports or news announcer would be preferable to a polished man of the theater.

"Whoever it is, I hope he makes plenty of mistakes," Wynn said shrewdly.

"I didn't know what he meant at the time, but I found out later.

"We picked Graham McNamee.

"What Wynn meant came out when McNamee unwittingly coined the now famous word, 'gasoloon,' which went all over the country. It was a slip of the tongue—pure accident.

"Another comedian, a less able one than Wynn, would have hurried to cover Graham up. Instead, Wynn watched the audience in the studio shrewdly to see if they were going to laugh at McNamee or with him. They laughed with him.

"The following day we began to get telegrams from our dealers asking permission to change the name 'service station' to 'gasoloon.' Customers driving up would ask, 'Is this a gasoloon?'

"It took us eight weeks to prepare our program. Finally, we went on the air. And was Wynn frightened! He was scared to death! Although he has faced the microphone every week since April, 1932, with the exception of the period when he was in Hollywood making his motion picture, he never entirely has gotten over his fear."

Vos traces Wynn's popularity to his universality and bases it on what he points out as "The Perfect Fool's" twofold advantage over the majority of the comedians of the air today.

First, he is the one comedian who writes his own material. Second, he has the advantage of the theater in which to try out material before he puts it on the air. While on the road with *The Laugh Parade*, Wynn tried out as many as five new jokes a performance to

FACE WASH

Mrs. Bradley's famous preparation removes moth, tan, freckles, pimples... gives you new, soft, white skin, free from oiliness. Over 40 years of growing patronage. 1 pkg. 25c. 3 for 50c; by mail. Money-back guarantee. Agents Wanted.

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Women, girls, men 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 "dye" 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.**

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RADIOLAND



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SPIES!
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The complete story of *Operator 13* is just one feature to be found in the new, big, July ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES at your favorite newsdealer's today. You'll get plenty of enjoyment out of the full-length fictionization of

- STINGAREE**, starring Richard Dix and Irene Dunne.
- SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY**, with Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll and Heather Angel.
- THE BLACK CAT**, featuring Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, David Manners and Jacqueline Wells.

These are just a few of the great stories to be found in the July ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES. Also many personality stories of the stars, told in a way that will intrigue you and hold your interest to the end.

And Romantic
Movie Stories
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Newsstands 10c



**Romantic
MOVIE
STORIES**

JULY, 1934

learn if the response warranted their use over the radio.

"He has been accused of using stale jokes," Vos continued. "His answer to that is: 'What do you call a stale joke? It's something our fathers laughed at, and it may be a classic.'"

THE Fire Chief broadcast is more like a first night on Broadway than anything else. The studio is packed and an air of expectancy hangs over the audience.

McNamee strolls in while the orchestra is rehearsing. Wynn and McNamee get along well together. Graham almost chokes over Wynn's gags. He thinks Wynn is funny. And this, of course, makes Ed very, very happy.

On the other hand, Wynn takes a fiendish delight, during the broadcast, in trying to—"break Graham down," as stage people call it. That's how "gasaloon" was coined.

There is a hush. Everyone looks to the left at the clock over the glass-enclosed control room. It is 9:30.

"WEAF," comes the announcement. The siren sounds shrilly. Whoo-o-o-ooo-eee!

Wynn gallops out in costume—the perfect fool, giggling and laughing and working his fingers, followed by McNamee in evening dress. The audience applauds and the broadcast is on.

Wynn works feverishly, but he never gets so carried away by the script that he can't turn and kid McNamee and try to upset him. What would broadcasting be if you couldn't get some fun out of it?

And that brings up an important point.

"Ed Wynn," says Vos, "has revolutionized radio advertising. There are many people who still are shocked by the way Wynn kids our product. But they shouldn't be. We should be.

"On the other hand, as you know, one of the hardest things to do on a commercial program is to put over the commercial sales talk. There have been so many of them, especially bad ones, that people are fed up with them and shun commercial programs, unless the entertainment is so good they cannot afford to miss it.

"To have someone break in and try to sell you something just as you are enjoying yourself, spoils your entertainment and antagonizes you. It takes art, ingenuity and courage to blend the two, giving both the listener and the sponsor, who pays for the program, a break.

"We decided, frankly, to let Wynn kid Texaco and Fire Chief gasoline. It was daring, but it was honest. Our returns would be in the appreciation of what we were trying to do, and the mention of our product.

"But we have found that it has succeeded through its honesty and comedy effect.

"There are no strings tied to Wynn. He can interrupt McNamee during his commercial talk as much as he wants to—and he does plenty!—more than any other star of radio.

"We have only one taboo, which we think is fair.

"Mr. Wynn can say anything, except—'Nuts!'"

What is in store for radio's comedians? Read the startling answer in August **RADIOLAND**.

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29x4 50-21	1	.85	.85
30x4 50-21	1	.85	.85
28x4 75-19	1	.95	.95
29x4 75-20	1	.95	.95
29x5 00-19	1	1.05	1.05
30x5 00-20	1	1.05	1.05
28x5 25-18	1	1.15	1.15
29x5 25-19	1	1.15	1.15
30x5 25-20	1	1.15	1.15
31x5 25-21	1	1.15	1.15
28x5 50-18	1	1.15	1.15
29x5 50-19	1	1.15	1.15
30x5 00-18	1	1.15	1.15
31x6 00-19	1	1.15	1.15
32x6 00-20	1	1.25	1.25
33x6 00-21	1	1.25	1.25
32x6 50-20	1	1.35	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3 1/2	\$2.30	.75
31x4	.85	.85
32x4	.85	.85
33x4	.85	.85
34x4	.85	.85
32x4 1/2	1.15	1.15
33x4 1/2	1.15	1.15
34x4 1/2	1.15	1.15
30x5	1.35	1.35
31x5	1.45	1.45
32x5	1.55	1.55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5 Truck	\$4.25	2.00
34x5 Truck	4.00	2.00
32x6 8 ply. Tr.	6.00	2.75
32x6 10 ply. Tr.	7.00	2.75
36x6 Truck	8.00	3.95
34x7 Truck	8.00	3.25
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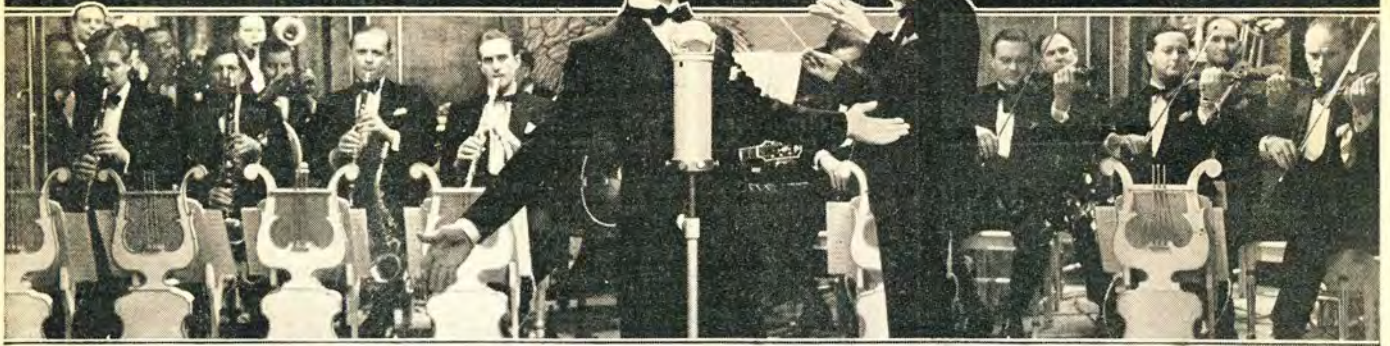
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QUESTIONS *and* ANSWERS



Dick Powell singing to the mike. A fan's question about Dick is answered, among others, on this page

Please tell me how old Buddy Rogers is and describe him.—*M. Enright, Chicago.*

Ans.—Buddy will be thirty next August 13th. He is six feet tall, has black curly hair and brown eyes. He is t. d. h.—an answer to a maiden's prayer.

When and where was Eddie Duchin born? Where can I write him?—*S. Kahan, Caretta, W. Va.*



Eddie Duchin

Ans.—Eddie Duchin was born in Boston twenty-five years ago. His mailing address is the National Broadcasting Co.'s Studios, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

Please give me the real names of the easy Aces. Do they play on any other program?—*D. Smith, New York City.*

Ans.—They are Jane and Goodman Ace and they broadcast every Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evening as the Easy Aces at 8:15 p. m.

Kindly answer the following about Jimmy Durante. Age? Where born? Nationality? Has he any children?—*M. Bruno, New York City.*



Jimmy Durante

Ans. — Jimmy first saw the light of day on February 18, 1893 in New York City. He is of Irish-Italian parentage, has been married for a number of years but hasn't any offspring.

Will you please tell me where Wendall Hall was born and how old he is. Is he married?—*M. W. Osgood, Richmond, Maine.*

Ans. — The Red Headed Music Maker should have been a native of Decatur, Illinois, but made his debut in St. George, Kansas, while his mother was visiting there in the year

1896. He is married and there are two little Halls.

Will you please tell me if Al Jolson is off the Kraft Program and if he is, what program is he heard on now.—*A. Hall, Nebraska.*

Ans.—Al is vacationing with wife Ruby Keeler at present. His plans for the future are to make a picture for Warner Bros. and to return to the ether waves in the Fall on the Kraft program.

Please tell me how old Frank Prince, tenor on Ben Bernie's program, is and if he is married.—*L. V. G., Buffalo.*

Ans.—Frank Prince is twenty-six and married.

Will you please answer the following questions. How many are there in Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians? Where is his business office?—*S. J. Fetko, New York City.*

Ans.—This band is known as Waring's Band of Many Brothers and Sisters. There are seventeen in all

and practically everyone is related to somebody else. Their office is at 1697 Broadway, New York City.

Will you please let me know the name of Andre Kostelanetz's theme song on the Chesterfield program?—*C. P. Montclair, N. J.*

Ans.—Mr. Kostelanetz composed this number himself but has not yet found a suitable title.

Does one man do all the singing and talking on the Lazy Dan program and who is he?—*M. V., New York City.*



Irving Kaufman

Ans.—This is a one man show and the man is Irving Kaufman.

Is Lady Esther Wayne King's wife? What has become of Singing Sam?—*T. Champion, Arkansas.*

Ans.—Wayne King is married to Dorothy Janis whom you may have seen in pictures. Lady Esther is the sponsor of his broadcasts. Singing Sam has retired from the networks but it is rumored he will be back in the fall.

Will you please answer these questions about my favorite radio star, Miss Loretta Lee, who sings with George Hall's Orchestra. Is she married? What does she look like? How old is she?—*L. Zannelli, Mt. Vernon.*



Loretta Lee

Ans. — Loretta is single and twenty-one! She is a pretty Southern gal of medium height and has brown eyes and hair. Did you miss her picture on page 69 of June RADIOLAND?

How old is Dick Powell? Does he really play the piano?—*B. Helms, Miami, Florida.*

Ans.—Dick will be thirty next November. He plays the piano as well as the banjo and a number of other instruments.



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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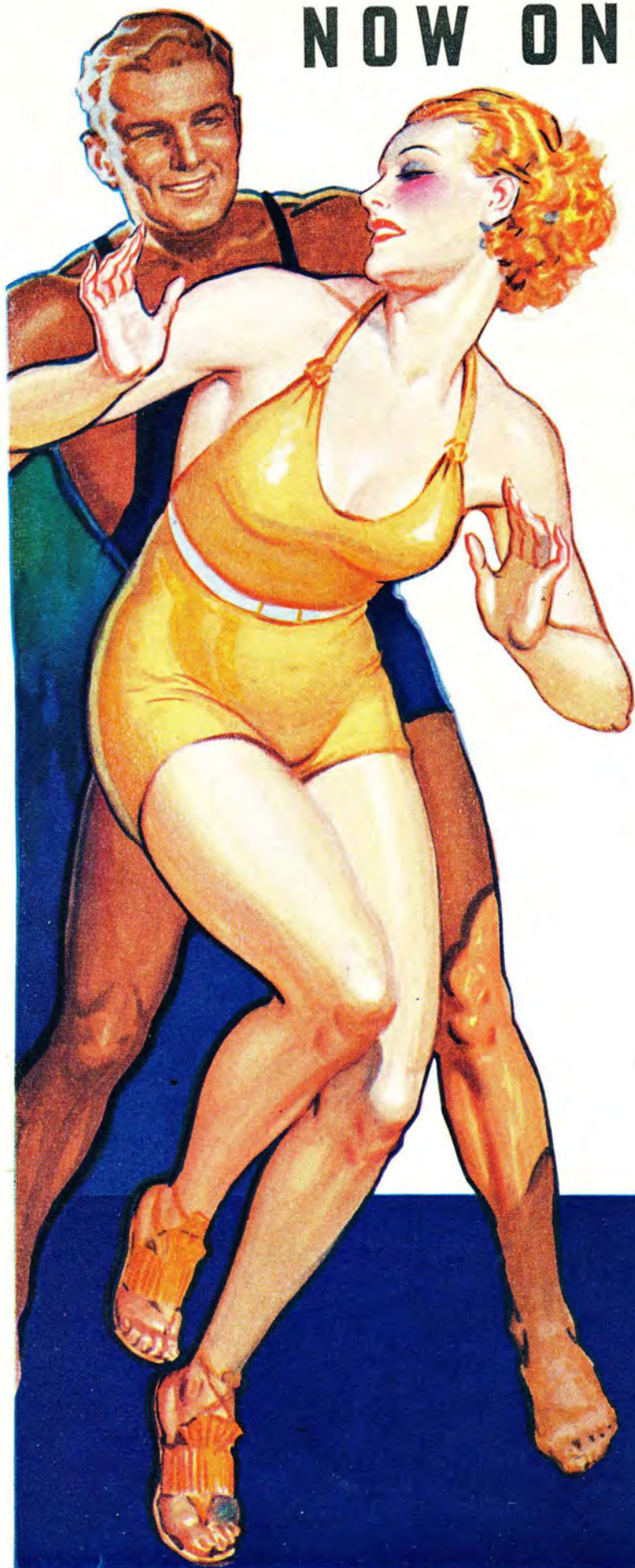
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