

BYRD EXPEDITION'S MESSAGE TO RADIOLAND READERS

RADIOLAND

August

10c

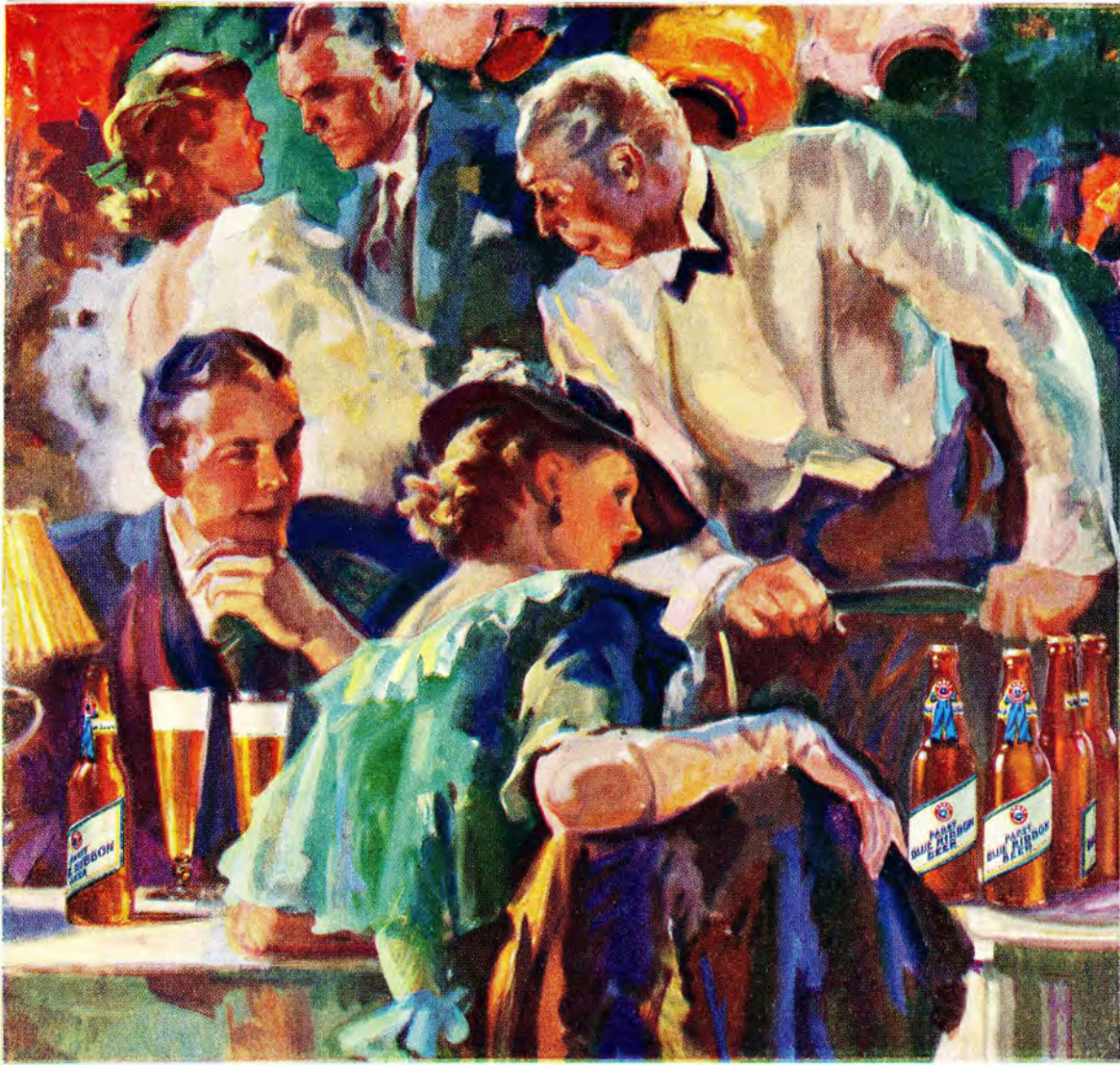
15c In Canada



Comedians on the Carpet

What's Happening to
Cantor - Wynn - Penner
Allen and Pearl?

Annette Hanshaw
Co-star of
Showboat Hour



THE GARDEN PARTY BEER

WHEN the party is young and smart, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When hearts are gay and laughter fills the air, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When good taste and good fellowship are in order, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's the vital and vivacious beer, the sturdy and stimulating beer—the beer of truly superlative quality.



PABST BLUE RIBBON

BEER



Isn't It A Shame!



SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for clean teeth.

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

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Bldg. No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.



AUG., 1934



VOL. II

NO. 6

ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

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Next Month—Will Frank Buck Outshine Amos and Andy?

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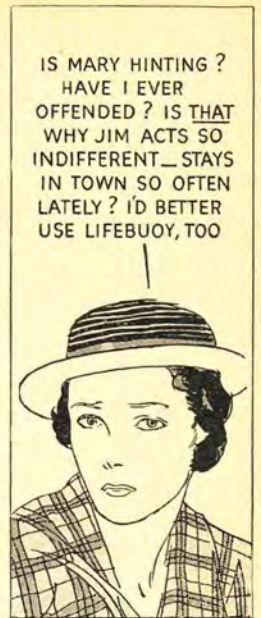


HELLO, MARY, DARLING. JIM'S WORKING LATE SO I DROPPED IN FOR A CHAT

SPLendid...BUT MIND IF I HOP IN THE TUB FIRST? I'M MEETING MY HUSBAND IN TOWN FOR DINNER AND I'M LATE NOW



CAN'T MISS MY LIFEBOUY BATH THOUGH. SO REFRESHING THESE HOT, STICKY DAYS — AND IT KEEPS ONE SAFE. NOTHING KILLS ROMANCE QUICKER THAN "B.O."



IS MARY HINTING? HAVE I EVER OFFENDED? IS THAT WHY JIM ACTS SO INDIFFERENT... STAYS IN TOWN SO OFTEN LATELY? I'D BETTER USE LIFEBOUY, TOO



LATER

HOW FRESH AND CLEAN I ALWAYS FEEL AFTER MY LIFEBOUY BATH! NO FEAR OF "B.O." NOW EVEN ON THE HOTTEST DAY



NO "B.O." NOW — *good times for all*

YES, I'M CALLING FOR JIM AT HIS OFFICE. WE'RE DINING IN TOWN

SO ARE WE! LET'S MAKE IT A FOURSOME



HONEY, YOUR LIFEBOUY KEEPS MY SKIN MUCH CLEARER

I CAN SEE THE DIFFERENCE. IT CERTAINLY DID WONDERS FOR MINE, TOO

MEN and women everywhere find Lifebuoy a truly remarkable complexion soap. It *deep-cleanses* pores. Gently searches out impurities that cloud the skin. Adopt Lifebuoy and *see!* A lovelier complexion is yours for the taking!

Brisk cold showers, lazy warm tub baths — whichever you choose for summer, Lifebuoy *always* gives thick, creamy lather. Lather which refreshes, *protects!* Stops "B.O." (*body odor*), so common in hot weather. Lifebuoy's fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by
Good Housekeeping Bureau



NO MORE *HOT* WASHDAYS FOR HER



HEAT, STEAM, SCRUB, BOIL! IT'S KILLING ME. ISN'T THERE SOME EASIER WAY TO GET CLOTHES WHITE?

OF COURSE THERE IS



OH, TELL ME!

SOAK THE CLOTHES IN RINSO SUDS — INSTEAD OF SCRUBBING THEM. RINSO LOOSENS EVERY SPECK OF DIRT



NEXT WASHDAY

SO I TRIED RINSO AND LOOK! 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER WITHOUT BOILING

OR SCRUBBING? FINE! OUR CLOTHES WILL LAST MUCH LONGER NOW



HURRAH! WE'LL SAVE LOTS OF MONEY!

SOME women have saved up to \$100— just by changing to Rinso. For Rinso *soaks* out dirt—saves clothes from being

scrubbed threadbare. It is safe for your finest cottons and linens—white or colors. Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Gives rich, lasting suds—even in *hardest water*. Wonderful for dishes and all cleaning—easy on hands! At your grocer's.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.





WHERE RADIO STARS AND FANS GET TOGETHER

• "Mary Lou" Talks



Does this snapshot fit your idea of Showboat's Mary Lou? In real life, Rosaline Greene

Dear Sir:

It may sound bromidic—but it's true—your new letter department is most interesting. It is, indeed, flattering to know that you would like to receive a letter from me for inclusion in this column.

I hardly know what to write about (and then she went on for three or four pages!) unless it is to acquaint you with my plans for the coming season. I, naturally, hope to continue my work as "Mary Lou" on the Maxwell House Showboat Hour and on other programs, which are now in course of preparation.

My dad has a very delightful home in Bayshore, Long Island and the Clan Greene makes their annual hegira there about the first part of June. Commuting to New York, for the weekly stint at NBC, is a very simple matter and then, it's yocks and away! for the return trek to Bayshore. And Bayshore, as you know, is right on Great South Bay and we are ardent boating fans!

At the present time I am readying a playlet—a sort of protean thing—for presentation in the vaudeville and de luxe picture houses. Don't expect to start this new work before late summer or early fall but will "double in brass"

and continue my broadcasting at the same time.

Thanks again for your interest. With kindest regards and salaams to RADIOLAND, I am,

Yours sincerely,
ROSALINE GREENE.

Congratulations on your theatrical engagement, Miss Greene. You might have explained, for the benefit of some of our readers who may not know it, that you are the "talking" Mary Lou of the *Showboat*, while Muriel Wilson takes the singing rôle.

• Children's Programs

RADIOLAND Magazine,
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York.
Gentlemen:

Since certain publications have evidently given the impression that some children's programs have harmful effects on the young mind, I would like to take this opportunity of explaining the aims of the "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" Program which is broadcast over a WABC-Columbia network. It is our purpose to provide constructive stimulation for the child imagination rather than anything which might inspire fear or suggest justification of even the least juvenile delinquency. Wholehearted approval, of both parents and Parent-Teacher Associations, leads us to believe that we have achieved our purpose. School boys who visit the studio during our broadcasts frequently bring us gifts of model rocket ships they have made as a result of close attention to our programs describing the planes and other devices of the 25th Century.

I hope that this statement will clarify the opinion regarding at least one series designed to entertain boys and girls.

Yours very truly,
E. R. JOHNSTONE,

Author and director of the "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century" Program.

Unquestionably Mr. Johnstone has touched on a problem which concerns thousands of parents. The *Buck Rogers* program succeeds unusually well in giving a constructive slant to active young imaginations, but there are still too many "blood and thunder" children's hours whose hectic continuities follow the old bang-bang-heroine-on-the-buzz-saw formula. What do you parents have to say about it?

Welcome to *Radioland's* open forum! Here's where radio stars, program executives, sponsors and fans have a chance to speak their minds on any topic involving radio. Join in the fun, don't pull your punches, and keep your letters brief! Address the Fan Mailbag, *Radioland Magazine*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

• Rooter For Rudy

Dear Sir:

A thousand cheers should be given Rudy Vallée for his unselfishness throughout his many broadcasts. He is always willing to step behind and give the other fellow the limelight on his programs. This seems such an unusual move in the entertainment world where everyone seems to try his darndest to keep to the fore.

He has "made" many of our present day favorites—thus opening the road to many in the movie world. He evidently maintains the policy "There is always someone better than myself."

P. E. VOYTEK,
52 Howe Street, New Haven, Ct.

Your sentiments about Rudy are shared by his fellow-workers in radioland, Mr. Voytek. Rudy is a superb showman whose philosophy is "the show's the thing."

• Tabloid Critique

Dear Sir:

I saw Lanny Ross in *Melody in Spring* and I was thrilled by his lovely voice and handsome appearance. I saw *Melody in Spring* five times, and Lanny is adorable. Who is the lady he is in love with and what does she look like? Has he a brother or sister and does he live with his father and mother?

I detest Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallée, and Frank Munn's voice is too old-fashioned and sounds like an old man. I like Conrad Thibault, at times, but I think Lanny is the best.

MARGARET,
Montreal, Canada.

Well, that's hitting straight from the shoulder! What do you have to say to that, you Vallée and Crosby fans? Lanny hints that he mourns a lost love in Sweden, but he hasn't described her for us. He lives alone in New York; no brothers or sisters.

FLASHES from the NEWS

Fred Allen, Ten Feet Tall



DID you know that Fred Allen is ten feet tall, that his eyes, lips and limbs are driven by electric motors, and that his voice is a phonograph record? This happens to be the strict truth, though the Fred Allen referred to is not the smooth radio comedian but a mechanical man whose robot face and voice were carefully built to simulate Mr. Allen's. Even though his suit doesn't fit any too well, Portland Hoffa, who in real life is actually Mrs. Fred Allen, sees in the mechanical man sufficient resemblance to her husband to flirt with him a bit, as our photo demonstrates. The Allens have signed a new contract on their *Hour of Smiles* which assures their being heard through the summer.

* * * * *

Eddie Cantor's new radio program will overlap his old coffee hour on the Sunday evening radio log, and it is no secret that his old sponsors are spending money lavishly to secure the cream of broadcasting talent to compete with their former star. . . . Amos and Andy will be off the air this summer while they enjoy a long-planned jaunt to Europe. With an income of around \$500,000 a year, the boys ought to be able to finance the tour if they watch their pennies.

[Continued on page 8]

AUGUST, 1934

"How can she be so dumb when she's so smart?"



*"He's swell!
But is he human?
He never looks at me!"*

HE: "It isn't as if she were stupid. She's really downright smart. Attractive to look at, too. That's what 'gets' me—how can she be so dumb about herself? Well, guess it's another secretary or a dictaphone for me."

SHE: "He certainly is grand—but is he an icicle! Here I sit and I'm not so hard to look at. But apparently I'm only something to dictate to. You'd think I was fifty and a fright!"

The smartest girl is stupid when she does not live up to her looks—when she allows

the ugly odor of underarm perspiration make her unpleasant to be near.

It's so excusable when it takes just half a minute to keep your underarms fresh, odorless *all day long*. With Mum!

Use Mum any time, before dressing or after. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's so soothing to the skin you can use it right after shaving your underarms. It does not prevent perspiration itself, just the ugly odor.

Mum has saved many a girl her job, as well as her self-respect. Try it; all toilet counters have Mum. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



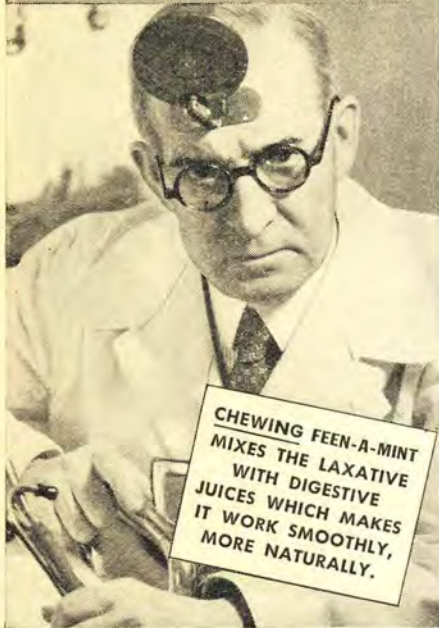
**TAKES THE
ODOR OUT OF
PERSPIRATION**

TRY MUM FOR THIS, TOO. On sanitary napkins Mum acts as a sure deodorant which saves worry and fear of this kind of unpleasantness.



**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**

CONSTIPATION
SUFFERERS FIND
**CHEWING GUM IS THE IDEAL
FORM FOR A LAXATIVE—
CLINICAL TESTS SHOW**



The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, because you chew it, the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea. That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, too, will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.

IT'S FEEN-A-MINT FOR ME...I LIKE THE TASTE AND THE CHEWING CERTAINLY MAKES THE LAXATIVE WORK MORE THOROUGHLY.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Burns And Allen Pay A Visit



IN DEFERENCE to the custom of handing the keys of the city to visiting celebrities, George Burns and Gracie Allen were presented with the key to Central Park when they stopped off in New York to make a few broadcasts before leaving for Europe. The photograph shows them wondering how to fit the thing into George's pocket or Gracie's purse, with Gracie wondering why they don't make collapsible keys which you can blow up when you want to use them, like toy balloons.

Burns and Allen had many things to say to *RADIOLAND* readers through the magazine's reporter. They had just finished making *Many Happy Returns*, a picture for Paramount, and Gracie was enthusiastic over the cleverness of a chimpanzee (not the director) who worked with them on the set.

George was more serious. He has a good many theories about radio, most of which he has proved in practice. He says that fundamentally radio isn't much but noise, and this explains why Joe Penner has scored such a smashing hit with his gurgling delivery full of foolish sounds. George doesn't like studio audiences and he bars them as far as he and Gracie are concerned.

"People like to think Gracie is nuts, that she doesn't know what she's doing," George explained. "Believe me, she knows what she's doing! Audiences would soon find out how smart she is and bang would go the illusion, so it's thumbs down on them."

George's most touching story deals with the time when he figured he would strike his sponsor for a raise. He decided the best way to get it was to prove the extent of his radio audience, so he capably suggested to the sponsor that he offer to send out a little book on some interesting topic, absolutely free to all who requested it. Which they did. Back came orders for half a million copies or so—they had printed 20,000—and the next day the banks closed and the company couldn't even get enough money for postage! George didn't get his raise—that time.

* * * * *

Have you noticed the number of big programs which are originating in Hollywood this summer? It all springs from an old radio habit of sending ether stars to the coast to make movies during the hot weeks. Jimmy Durante has been coast-casting for some weeks and Joe Cook is the latest of the big stars to do his talking from Hollywood.

If you hear a greater number of sponsored programs on the air this summer than you expected to, here's the reason: a number of sponsors would have liked to take the usual summer radio holiday, but the networks could not guarantee them the same hours in the fall if some other buyer of time chose to step in and snap up the spot. So, in order to be assured of their usual hours when business booms again this autumn, they're running their programs through what radio is accustomed to think of as its dull months.

* * * * *

IF YOU have ever written a fan letter to a radio station, you are entitled to resent the intrusion of professionalism into the field. In New York there are agencies which, for a fee, will send any specified number of letters to network headquarters—all mailed from scattered towns throughout the country—containing fulsome praise of a certain radio star or program. Can you guess who pays the agency fee for this synthetic fan mail? The star or his agent, you say? You're at the head of the class!

* * * * *

When they chose members for the Byrd Expedition, whose message to *RADIOLAND* readers appears in this issue, the boys were hand-picked for their hardy constitutions capable of surviving the rigors of 70-below zero temperatures—and now see what's happened! In the middle of the Antarctic winter, the temperature rose to the phenomenally high level of 25 degrees above zero. It didn't last long. Ocean winds brought about the heat wave.

* * * * *

Opening



RADIO stars turn out in force when one of them has a big opening night at a new entertainment spot. *RADIOLAND*'s candid cameraman snapped this picture during the opening of Reggie Child's orchestra at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York. How good are you at identifying radio faces? Gertrude Niesen is in the center, of course. At the left is Neil Conklen and the chap with the white tie is none other than Johnny Green, the musical meteor.

Puppets Of The Stars



PUPPET shows are the latest fad to engage the attention of radio stars. Irene Beasley, the songstress, has taken up the marionette art pretty seriously, and now we have Charley Winninger—better known as Captain Henry of the Showboat—dangling a puppet presentation of himself on his knee. Striking likeness, don't you think? Mr. Winninger doesn't have time to play around with puppet shows himself—the model is the work of Sue Hastings, famous puppeteer, and has been exhibited in various shows in the East.

* * * * *

In the Middle West, where drought has been so serious, radio stations have noted an alarming falling-off in fan mail. The natural explanation is that anxious farmers have been so concerned with watching their crops wither before their eyes that they have had no inclination to sit down and write letters. Another theory advanced is that many folks in the drought area have the idea that radio in some way interferes with the electrical order of things, preventing rain clouds from forming. Unscientific and superstitious as the notion is, the myth has gained such wide credence that efforts have been made to "unsell" believers in the idea.

* * * * *

Scoop!

IN ANOTHER section of this month's **RADIOLAND** the network broadcast of the Chicago stockyards fire is discussed as a fine example of radio news reporting. An aftermath of the broadcast finds the NBC chain smarting under the fact that the Columbia Broadcasting System beat them to the mike by some three hours, scoring the biggest scoop in recent history.

There are innumerable complicating factors, however, which may delay a station in getting on the air with emergency news, through no fault of its own. The most important obstacle is that radio is a commercial institution and as such supports itself by selling time to program advertisers, and cannot arbitrarily force a sponsored hour off the air to make room for a news story, regardless of its importance. To do so would involve a breach of contract and would very likely result in suits and legal unpleasantness—not to mention strained relations with the advertiser.

AUGUST, 1934



"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company ...and sent for FREE folder".



"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial".



"The massage-like action did-it... the fat seemed to have melted away".



"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds".

TEST the...

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

For 10 Days at Our Expense!

"I have reduced my hips Nine Inches" writes Miss Healy!

REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

● The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. You do nothing, take no drugs, eat all you wish, yet, with every move the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle gently massages away the surplus fat, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

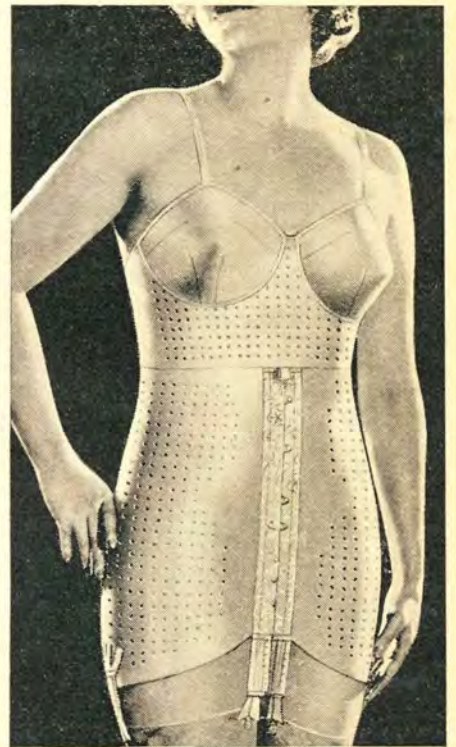
Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! 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. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today!

● 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.

"You can be YOUR SLIMMER SELF without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!"



This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the NEW Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 78, 41 EAST 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

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.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Cap'n Henry pilots Mary Lou to finer radio reception



Charles Winninger as Cap'n Henry

—AND CHARTS A COURSE FOR EVERY RADIO LISTENER



Rubinoff Gets The Bird



MUSIC hath charms to soothe the savage, etc. It will even charm an African crane, when it's Rubinoff supplying the music from his fiddle. The African crane in our picture is the one-legged bird in the foreground with the electrified toupee. Rubinoff is the fiddler on the bridge who tracked the creature to its lair in the Catalina Island Bird Park. The latest news flash reports that Rubinoff will not be heard on his present coffee hour when his contract expires. This will make a clean sweep of all the stars in the famous old Eddie Cantor program, which will start out from scratch with brand new talent in a couple of months.

* * * * *

News commentators have established themselves so firmly in the affections of radio fans that the movie newsreel companies have belatedly awakened to the fact that their product can be vitalized by hiring the voices of these trained narrators. Lowell Thomas and Edwin C. Hill have signed contracts with two leading newsreel producers.

* * * * *

More Educational Stations?

PASSAGE of the Dill communications control bill, which provides for a new five-man commission to take federal charge of radio, may portend radical changes in station set-ups. While an amendment to the bill providing for assignment of 25% of all radio wave lengths to educational and religious stations was voted down, due to the opposition of present commercial stations which control 98% of the wave lengths, it is known that the administration is friendly toward granting air-bands to small stations of a non-profit nature whose fundamental purposes are educational rather than commercial. It is no secret that the industry was thrown into a near panic by the possibility that passage of the amendment would deprive 25% of existing commercial stations of their right to choice broadcast bands.

RADIOLAND

FOR THE REAL JOY OF RADIO PUT IN NEW RCA MICRO-SENSITIVE RADIO TUBES

FOR true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you will find such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your RCA Radio Tube agent test your tubes

today. Replace worn tubes only with radio tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 big improvements: **1** Quicker Start. **2** Quieter Operation. **3** Uniform Volume. **4** Uniform Performance. **5** Every Tube is Matched.



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

RADIOLAND

August, 1934

The Editor's Opinion



Mrs. Roosevelt—\$500 Per Minute!

A CONSCIENTIOUS radio fan, considerably upset over reports that Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was paid \$3,000 each for her recent broadcasts with Floyd Gibbons on his new program, sat himself down and wrote a letter to the First Lady, inquiring with some asperity if she actually thought she had *earned* this sum, which amounted to something like \$500 a minute. With her usual graciousness, Mrs. Roosevelt replied to the peppery gentleman that she had no illusions as to her abilities as a radio performer, that she realized she was paid such a large fee only

because she is the President's wife, but that she had not hesitated to accept the money because she immediately turned it over to a children's charity in which she is interested. Some hypersensitive political purists have taken Mrs. Roosevelt to task, charging her with a lack of proper dignity in lending her presence to a commercial radio program, but their critical energies seem to us sadly misspent. If a radio sponsor wants to pay the President's wife \$3,000 for speaking on the air, that's not political bribery but a piece of good fortune for people who like to listen to her—and good business on the part of the sponsor whose primary purpose is to get folks to tune in on his program. And it's not such a tough break for the orphaned youngsters who get the full benefit of the \$3,000.

* * * * *

It seems probable that RADIOLAND will be forced to inaugurate a department of dramatic criticism in order to record properly the activities of radio celebrities, many of whom seem to have suppressed desires to appear on the legitimate stage. In the case of Joe Penner and Jack Benny, the urge has burst all restrictive bounds and each of them is scheduled to appear in a Broadway play. Benny's vehicle will be called *Bring on the Girls*, a farce to be written by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind.

* * * * *

That Elusive Television Corner

SUMMER rumors that television is just around the corner are beginning to crop up once more in the conversation of secretive enthusiasts. Having patiently given ear to such predictions at annual intervals during the past five years, we would cautiously advise restraint on the part of those who are ready to toss their radios out of the window to make room for television sets. Television remains the great unknown of radio, and you may as well resign yourself to waiting another five or ten years for a satisfactory home set. It isn't so much the technical aspect which remains to be conquered as other formidable elements. W. R. G. Baker of the RCA-Victor company cites the enormous expense entailed as one very important

obstacle to television. Entirely aside from the cost of receiving sets at \$300 per unit, some \$80,000,000 would be required to set up network broadcasting facilities, and \$60,000,000 a year for operation costs. Advertisers could not be expected to assume much of this burden until assured of wide coverage. Suitable program material would be another problem, for all the motion pictures produced in a year would fill but a small percentage of the station's operating time. No such simple procedure as playing phonograph records for a television station which would require scenery and stage properties for its visual background!

* * * * *

Biggest Broadcast Thriller

FOR sheer melodrama and powerful narrative suspense, the running account of the Chicago stockyards fire unquestionably marked the high spot of the year in radio news broadcasting. It was by long odds the biggest scoop scored on the newspapers by radio in recent months. Listeners were given ringside seats at the \$10,000,000 spectacle—the sullen roar of the flames, the clipped, terse comment of the announcer, gave the radio audience a tense feeling of being on the spot contemporaneously with the events described, which no printed account can quite duplicate. But the broadcast, if it proved radio's importance as a dispenser of news, also revealed its weaknesses and emphasized the essential stupidity of the jealousy between radio and the daily press. Radio *did* show you the fire through the eyes of an announcer, in the hectic, exciting, and sometimes repetitious word pictures to which the medium is limited; but it did not, working under pressure as it was, present the comprehensive story of the fire from all the angles covered by trained newspaper reporters, nor could it give actual photographs as the press associations do. For its ability to go to bat quickly, however, radio remains unbeatable.



Announcer Harold Isbell of the Columbia Broadcasting System giving his thrilling broadcast of the Chicago fire

The BYRD Expedition's

Message to Radioland Readers



What's going on at the South Pole this summer? RADIO-LAND went directly to the Byrd Expedition to find out, and we present here the story of what is happening in the strangest broadcasting station in the world, just as the facts were radioed to the magazine from Little America

—Wide World
Admiral Byrd as he appeared during his last broadcast from New York. He is now isolated in a cabin on the ice to study the effects of solitude on the human mind and body



—Copyright, Wide World Photos

THERE'S nothing like a nice, cool iceberg these days. Especially to sit on! So you can turn off the electric fan and we'll go down to the South Pole for the summer. It's a little trip of 10,000 miles, but you won't mind that.

Through the Columbia Broadcasting System, RADIO-LAND established contact with the Byrd Expedition at Station KFZ, Little America, last week and learned all about summer vacations.

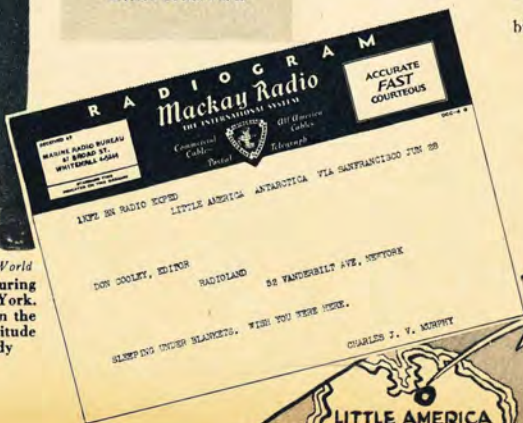
It's seventy degrees below zero down there; it's winter, and it's night all the time! Charles J. V. Murphy of the Columbia staff, and manager of KFZ, radioed as one of the expedition's messages to RADIO-LAND readers:

"One advantage of living here is the fact that at this time of the year we don't have to worry where we're going to spend our summer vacation."

Page Mr. Cantor, Mr. Wynn, Mr. Pearl, Mr. Penner, et al!

The Knights of the Gray Underwear, as the radio entertainers with the Byrd expedition have dubbed themselves, are sleeping in them. And under blankets too! (Pity the plight of the radio stars in New York, in Chicago and in Hollywood who don't know which it is going to be this year—the mountains or the seashore.)

Mr. Murphy, who is Columbia's special representative with



At left, one of the Byrd Expedition's radiograms to RADIO-LAND, signed by Charles J. V. Murphy, manager of KFZ, the radio station at Little America



the Byrd party, is a poet, and his description of life in the shadow of the South Pole, as he expressed himself to RADIO-LAND, should result in a lot of people moving south next summer. His is the voice, incidentally, you hear announcing the programs and concluding the broadcasts with, "We now return you to civilization." There's irony in that!

By HERBERT WESTEN

FIRST, however, let's go back to the beginning. There's a story of how the Byrd broadcasts originated which never has been told.

It was the idea of the Columbia executives in the first place. But they were puzzled. How were they going to put it over? Who wanted to hear a lot of talking from the South Pole? One or two broadcasts would be interesting, but what would be needed in the long run was entertainment—song, music.

So they looked around and selected a former newspaperman (somebody is always doing that!), Jack Roach of the Columbia Exploitation Department, to go to Boston where the expedition was being outfitted, cock an alert ear and discover whether there was any singing going on.

He snooped around the *Bear of Oakland*, Admiral Byrd's supply ship, discovered a piano and collapsible organ in the cabin, and was drawn to the galley by the sound of someone playing masterfully on the harmonica. It was Sergeant Al Carbone, cook of the expedition and ex-Marine.

Mr. Roach and Mr. Carbone immediately went into conference.

The chef revealed that a Dr. Charles G. Morgan, geologist and geophysicist, played not only the piano but the collapsible organ, and that Captain Alan Innes-Taylor, head dog-driver, headed a mean quartet of malemute mushers.

That was all that Mr. Roach needed to know.

He beat it back to New York, reported and the Byrd program was born.

The initial broadcast from Little America was put on under dramatic circumstances. In the first place, they could not move the piano over the ice (besides who wants to move a piano over ice?), so that's why you get the collapsible organ instead. The transmitting equipment was in a tent atop the snows covering Little America. The power generating plant was in the open with boxes piled around it to screen it from the wind, and the studio was the old mess hall of the first expedition, still deeply buried under the snows of six years.

"At noon on Monday," Murphy reports, "KFZ was nothing but a pile of crates, boxes, and loose gear on the deck of the SS *Jacob Ruppert*. Thursday night it was in communication with New York for a test, and Saturday it was broadcasting."

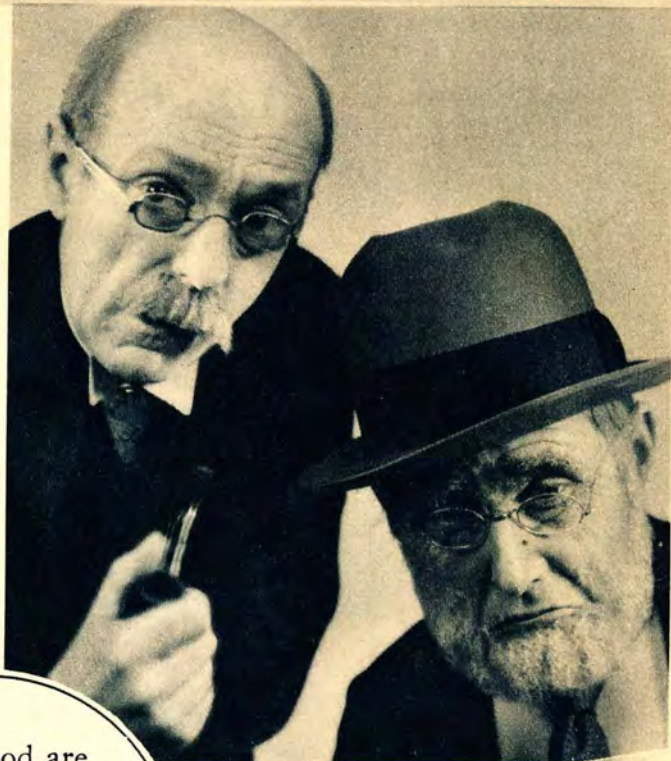
THIS is the way he describes the achievement for RADIO-LAND readers:

"At noon on Monday Admiral Byrd, Captain Vergleger of the *Ruppert*, Captain English of the *Bear* and myself left the *Ruppert* for Little America. We traveled over the ice flooring of the Bay of Whales on a Citroen tractor, with the equipment loaded on a sledge behind. It took us an hour to reach the old camp. [Continued on page 53]

The map shows how the radiograms carrying the Byrd Expedition's story of its recent adventures to RADIO-LAND readers arrived at the offices of the magazine. They were radioed from Little America's station, KFZ, received at San Francisco, and wirelessly across the country to New York. The story of the first broadcast from KFZ is an epic in itself, as described in this article from messages sent to RADIO-LAND by the Expedition. The broadcasts themselves are routed to New York via Buenos Aires.



Do YOU *Know* THEM?



How good are you at matching faces with voices? How good are we at describing people? Check your guesses with answers below

—Joseph Melvin McElliott

Television holds no fear for this young lady, who is charming as herself but equally good in her impersonations of screen stars in *Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood* on Saturday nights

—Ray Lee Jackson

Noted for their skill with way daown east dialect, these two old-time radio favorites won fame as the Stebbins brothers and now star in character sketches on the *Soconyland Sketches* hour on Monday evenings



—Ray Lee Jackson

Veteran announcer who has introduced Amos and Andy to you five nights a week ever since 1923, following them from station to station, from one scrape into another. "Here they are," he says

Conductor of the Yeast Foamers Orchestra heard Sunday afternoons, noted for his smile, which unfortunately can't be transmitted over radio. His orchestra is rated as one of the most popular broadcasting out of Chicago

RADIOLAND

Left to right, top, Betty Day; Arthur Allen and Parker Fennelly. Bottom, Bill Hay, Jan Garber



Laughter at the success of his trick water-squirting ring almost disrupted Maxie's first radio broadcast

The He-Man of the ring and screen delivers a few uppercuts to the microphone—with engaging results

By ROBERT EICHBERG

Can the MIKE take it from MAX BAER?



WHEN Max Baer, the Al Harper of NBC's "Taxi" sketches, took his two fists—and chin—into the ring with Primo the Alp, more than a mere heavyweight title (valuable though it is) was at stake. Maxie was also fighting for a healthy boost of \$2,500 a week in his radio wages and, it has been rumored, the favor of Jean Harlow, twenty-two-year-old blonde bombshell.

Any one career, such as radio, fighting, acting in the movies or acquiring Miss Harlow, would be a full time job for the average man. Not so for Mr. Baer.

Baer was born in Omaha, Nebraska, on February 11, 1909, and in the twenty-five years which have since elapsed he has grown to be a stalwart lad of six feet two and a half inches: 203 pounds of bone, muscle and excess animal spirits.

Take the time when he was preparing to go on the air for the first of his present series. "Hey, Ancil," called Max to his manager, Ancil Hoffman, "come on over to the mike. I want to hear how you sound."

Ancil obliged, and when he opened his mouth, Max squirted it full of water from a trick ring he was wearing. That happened about a half hour before the program was due to start, but Max was still laughing so hard that when the time came he could scarcely go on the air.

In his series on the air, Max takes the part of Al Harper, a taxi driver. He has heard that there's really a taxi-driver in New York whose name is Max Baer. Max the fighter wants

to buy Max the hackie a dinner, but doesn't know how to get in touch with him. He'd ask the police to find him, but he's afraid that would scare his namesake to death. However, if Taxi-driver Max Baer reads this, let him find Pugilist Max Baer and go collect that free meal.

IT REMAINS to be seen whether the mike can take it from Max Baer in the same fashion that the movies and other pugilists have taken it—i. e., right on the chin. The odds are all in favor of the mike's being bowled over with that typical Baer technique which has wowed 'em on the screen, in the ring and on the stage. The first few broadcasts of his "Taxi" series have demonstrated that his personality registers over the air almost as effectively as on the screen—and when Maxie's personality registers in any medium, he can score up a new success for himself. It almost seems that the NRA should put a stop to it, as the Baer one-man show [Continued on page 56]

COMEDIANS *on the* CARPET!

What's going to happen to STOOP-
NAGLE AND BUDD—CANTOR
—WYNN—PEARL—PENNER—
JOE COOK—DURANTE—FRED
ALLEN—BURNS AND ALLEN?

Comedians have been yanked up on the carpet of radio popularity and some of them are being forced to undergo a complete overhauling to forestall the suspicion that air comedy is fading in popularity. What it's all likely to lead to is explained

By GEORGE RIGGS

sponsors want gags in abundance. They must come from somewhere, but where? There are said to be just seven original jokes in the world. Those seven are hard put to supply twenty or thirty comedians with enough material to keep audiences laughing for half an hour apiece each week.

The picture looks pretty black and it would be so if gags were the only form of humor. Luckily, they are not. Incongruity is not always a matter of puns, plays on words, twists of speech, and surprise statements. It also applies to situations; and there are as many situations as there are people in the world multiplied by days in the year. Many of them are incongruous enough to be funny. A few of them are hilarious. Many of them can be put on the air. And situation comedy is undoubtedly the White Hope of the radio comedians.

Stoopnagle and Budd have known this since the beginning. They are probably the best, if not the only comedians developed entirely by radio, without a background of vaudeville-gag tradition. They use few, if any, jokes. They take everyday life and burlesque it. They exaggerate [Continued on page 51]

Cantor's Feud with the Critics

When Eddie Cantor left New York for Hollywood recently, he blazed out of town on a bitter blast of wrath directed at Gotham's radio critics who cover activities along Radio Row. Cantor published an article stating that metropolitan radio critics, with one unnamed exception, were lacking in honesty of purpose. Reeling from this jolt to the solar plexus, two of the critics have sued Cantor for libel in the sum of half a million dollars. Some of the editors considered Cantor's charges as a clever publicity stunt on his part. Bitterness between

Cantor and the critics is of long duration, and this is not the first newspaper squabble they have broken into, though it is the most serious. The interesting angle of the case is the fact that it is extremely difficult to get any critic around New York to admit he likes Cantor's radio stuff, and yet Eddie continues to hold down one of radio's choicest contracts—his shift to a new toothpaste account brings him \$10,000 per broadcast. At the moment the critics seem to be down for the count, but they may be up again at the sound of the bell.



On the carpet, from left to right, we have Joe Penner, Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, Budd, Gracie Allen, George Burns, Jack Pearl, Fred Allen, Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn

CURRENT UPSETS in RADIO COMEDY

When this article went to press numerous upsets were taking place which portend sensational changes in the field of radio comedy. Many long favored comedians are off the air with no new sponsors located; many others are changing their types of material, and even those currently on top of the heap are panicky wondering how long they're going to stay there. This article interprets these significant facts in relation to next season's comedy programs

ARE radio comedians fading in popularity? Is it impossible for a comedian to remain at the peak of favor longer than a few weeks? Will comedians have to turn to situation comedy rather than gags to restore themselves to favor? Many of the signs point to it—and before you start throwing things in defense of your radio favorite, consider the following facts:

Ed Wynn is off the air and when he returns for his sponsor in the fall, he admits he will inaugurate a change in the style of his entire program. Eddie Cantor has shifted from his coffee hour and next season will go on for a toothpaste company. It is true that he will get \$10,000 per broadcast on his new program—but it is also obvious, reading between the lines, that if his brew had not begun to taste a little stale to his coffee audience, his original sponsors would not have hesitated to meet any salary offer.

The signs indicate that Joe Penner, whose rise to fame last winter was meteoric, has been carried past the peak of popularity by the revolution of the wheel of Fate, and is starting a return trip downward—though still, at the moment, a prime favorite. Jack Pearl could tell a revealing story of how that wheel revolves—it carried Jack to the top, a year or so ago, and now has deposited him a few rungs further down the ladder.

If Penner is slipping, Joe Cook is decidedly on the way up. The probability is that Cook will find himself at the very peak within a few weeks. Groucho and Chico Marx, however, did

a quick floppo on the air. Those magnificent comedians, Stoopnagle and Budd have wound up their cigarette series and are seeking a new sponsor. Jimmy Durante, doing his effusive and ungrammatical best with second-rate material, isn't clicking to any startling degree.

There remain Burns and Allen, Jack Benny, and Fred Allen, whose consistent performances seem to have assured them of loyal audiences. It is significant that all of these four, to a greater or lesser degree, go in for situation comedy—but more of that later.

IF YOU ever heard a comedian make an impromptu speech without benefit of prepared material, you will realize the importance of his writer—the Man Behind the Fun. If the comedian is his own writer and has not had time to consult his imagination or his gag-books, the chances are that his speech will either be flat or else studded with old gags which he has used so many times that he knows they will get a laugh. In either case, the speech is apt to be about as amusing as those you hear after a heavy public dinner, beginning. "It seems there were two Irishmen . . ."

Of course material alone does not make a comedian. If two men tell the same joke, word for word, the first may call forth a hearty belly-laugh, the second a smothered groan. A comedian's individual way of telling a story—his delivery—is his chief stock in trade. Ed Wynn can put over an ancient gag which would stir a Boy Scout Troop to righteous indignation if told by an amateur. And that is because Ed Wynn has an absurd form of delivery combined with an infectious laugh which makes the most of slight material.

But there are limits to the slightness of material which can be put over, even with the most effective delivery. And it is growing slighter and thinner every day. Why? Because much of it is old material, used over and over until it has become threadbare; by next fall it will be full of holes.

Why should the sight of a chair collapsing under a fat woman be funny—certainly it isn't to her. Because it is incongruous—the chair isn't normally intended to collapse, and when it does so it surprises and amuses us. Why should Joe Penner's silly voice and cackling laugh tickle us, no matter what he says? Because no normal person is intended to behave in a half-witted way, and the sound of someone doing so is a surprise. Penner owes his success to his delivery, for his gags are generally poor, but it is a grave question for Penner whether his popularity can last after the surprise of his delivery has worn off as it is bound to do.

Radio shortens the length of a comedian's popularity if he depends on his delivery too much. We might never tire of a comedian of this sort if we saw him only once a year on the stage, or three or four times a year in the movies. That is why comedians must have good material to make listeners tune in on them regularly, look forward to their programs, and support them with fan mail. When Jack Pearl's gags began to grow weak, so did his popularity, in spite of the fact that The Baron's personality is loved by thousands of listeners, and always will be.

ALL of which leads us to ask another question—why don't the comedians get new and better gags? The answer is simple: there aren't any. The jokes which have been used on the air since broadcasting began are by and large old vaudeville bits, items from humorous magazines and old, reliable joke-books. They have been changed, padded, remodeled, twisted and varnished until by now they have appeared in nearly every possible form.

But this is not the fault of the gag-writers. It is just the old law of supply and demand. Comedians and

The Old MAESTRO

writes a letter to

BEN BERNIE



EDITOR'S NOTE: Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro, has recently been in Hollywood where he played a leading rôle in *Shoot The Works*, a Paramount film. Tradition has it that Hollywood is the one place that can get you "talking to yourself". But Ben, just to be a bit different, got to "writing to himself". RADIOLAND heard about this letter and we asked Ben if we might publish it; we also mentioned our deadline. Ben wired us, "Sending letter but I always thought dead lines were something you found only in Winchell's column."

By *Ben Bernie*

Hollywood didn't get Ben Bernie talking to himself—it went one better and got him *writing* to himself! Winchell stooging behind the chair

DEAR Ben:
No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me. But, so 'elp me, today I got to thinking about you and fell into a bit of a reverie.

After all, there's nothing like a good old reverie to call to mind both the things one wishes to remember and the things one wishes to forget. (Fo'give the Old Maestro while he remembers to forget Winchell!)

Let's see! It was along about 1922 that you and I first got together. You'll remember that occasion—we had just started to play over that new contraption they called the radio, from the Hotel Roosevelt Grill in New York, when I started to call myself the *young* Maestro. Folks kidded me about the "young" part so, by request and by popular demand—besides that, the people wanted it—I acquiesced and changed it to *old* Maestro. I always did believe in acquiescing! (Heah! heah! Maestro, cut out those two dollar words or people will *really* think you did go to Harvard!)

Yes! That's how you came to know me as the *old* Maestro. But I knew you long before that away back in Bayonne, New Jersey, when you were Bernard Ancel. Your father was a blacksmith and those were the good old days when you used to get paid to lead the horses instead of paying to follow them. That was when you thought a bookmaker was a fellow that owned a printing press . . . but you know better, now!

I remember that your dad wanted you to be an engineer, a high-class blacksmith. But you gazed fondly at your then huge mop of hair and decided to be a violinist. Time certainly changes things! I often wonder now, which you miss most—your hair, or being a violinist? Then you became Bernard Berni. You went into small-time vaudeville. You were billed as "The Boy Wonder." But the real WONDER of it all was that it took several years before they finally got wise to you!

They did get wise! In a small Virginia town, an old pappy chewing tobacco in the theater balcony didn't like the act. He squirted a cascade of tobacco juice right smack on your fiddle (I believe you referred to it as a violin, then). You had never said a word on a stage before, but this time you had something to say. You piped, "Well! At least there's one critic in the audience!" The gag brought down the house! You kept the gag in the act! You added more gags! You learned that ad lib meant less being at liberty.

IT GENERALLY takes years of study and practice to make a finished violinist. It took only one gag to make you a "finished" violinist! After that you talked more and played less and less. You even got yourself a vaudeville partner so you could be sure that there'd be at least one person to listen to you.

The first thing you knew you had "talked" yourself right out of vaudeville into a Master of Ceremonies' job. It was at the old Reisenwebers in New York, the place where such stars as Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor and Harry Richman began their careers long before they ever thought of becoming cheese, coffee and oil salesmen.

Then you teamed with Phil Baker, a swell accordion player. (I always did think Baker knew how to pick a good ham—didn't he pick you, Bernie?) Vaudeville again—still telling gags—still getting laughs! Sometimes, even your salary was a laugh!

Hectic days of the World War period and the team was split. An old injury kept you out of active service so you went around on your own accord spying on the German acrobats in vaudeville . . . still telling gags.

Suddenly out of the west came Whiteman—and out of Whiteman came jazz! You listened to [Continued on page 61]

NOTES by the Music Master RUDY VALLEE

*I'll String Along With You—
Fair and Warmer*

MESSRS. DUBIN and WARREN have done it again. Not since *Forty-second Street* have these two habitués of Tin Pan Alley contributed so excellent a score to a picture. They started off with a bang with *Shuffle Off To Buffalo*, *You're Getting To Be A Habit With Me*, *Forty-second Street* and *Keep Young and Healthy*. They achieved less glory and quality in *Gold Diggers of 1933* and *Footlight Parade*. With the exception of *Shadow Waltz* none of the songs for these films compared with the score for *Forty-second Street*. But now with young Dick Powell's glorious voice as a means of inspiration, they certainly turned out at least two unusually fine songs in the picture *Twenty Million Sweethearts*. Incidentally, this is one of the few talkies that has treated life in a radio studio with accuracy and fidelity, albeit theatrically. These two songs are greatly responsible for the sure success of the picture.

One is the theme song, which recurs in several spots. It might just as well have been titled *You May Not Be An Angel*, but has been called *I'll String Along With You*. Certainly Harry Warren felt some degree of inspiration when he wrote the melody for this song, and Dick Powell's face should certainly have lighted up when they brought the tunes in to him. I would certainly be more than happy to have a similar score to warble in a future picture.

In *Fair and Warmer* they provided Dick with a song which lilts along and gives him a chance to inject several "glissandos." This is one of the few songs that should essentially be played and sung in a high key. I dropped it last week several tones lower than it should have been played, which took all the brilliancy entirely out of it. *String Along* should be played quite slowly, in ad lib ballad style. *Fair and Warmer* may be played quite brightly with plenty of lilt, rhythm and pep. Both are published by Witmark.

Reunion In April

No less a personage than Tom Waring who, as brother of Fred Waring, was one of the originators of "Waring's Pennsylvanians," and who still appears with them, will occasionally

AUGUST, 1934

Rudy Vallee, against a musical background, discusses tunes of today and tomorrow exclusively for RADIOLAND'S readers

dash off a ballad of some sentimental nature. With Al Lewis of the team of Sherman and Lewis, Tom for some unknown reason decided to call the tune *Reunion In April* instead of *Reunion In Vienna*. It is one of the loveliest of the extremely deep and thoughtful type of melodies that I have played in a long time. The boys were really inspired when they wrote it; it takes a spark of real inspiration and a touch of the muse to cause a song to recur constantly after a single hearing as this does. It is published by T. B. Harms, Inc., and we play it quite slowly, stressing the strings and the celeste to convey all that April itself conveys—a month of change, soft breezes, light winds, light showers, romance, and the beginning of springtime anew in the hearts of lovers throughout the world.

Riptide

Riptide was probably a last minute thought to provide an occasional musical background for the picture of the same name. Peculiarly enough, it was assigned to Walter Donaldson and Gus Kahn. I say "peculiarly enough," because Walter Donaldson is usually best known for light, individualistic songs such as *Yes Sir, That's My Baby* and *You're Driving Me Crazy*—songs typical of the slangy quality of Tin Pan Alley. For him to write a song with the thought and quality of this, to my way of thinking was in a certain sense wasting the talents of the great [Continued on page 57]

Radio Waves

the Red Flag
by W. N. JAMES O

Propaganda! That sinister word has taken on a new significance now that the vogue for short-wave radio sets has opened up a new channel for international intrigue. Read the amazing facts presented in this article, and the pungent comments on the propaganda menace by Edwin C. Hill, radio's favorite news analyst

FEW people realize just how important a part radio plays in the overthrow of governments; in the perpetual political warfare of countries all over the world, and in the overnight change of ruling power among various nations. Not so long ago, the press was filled with reports of Cuban chaos. Revolution followed revolution so quickly that the different presidential choices were treading on each other's heels entering the Palace. Never had the world seen such lightning changes in government. Heretofore, a certain amount of time has been necessary for campaign work, but now it has been proven that this is unnecessary.

Why? When the smoke of the last Cuban revolution cleared off (that is, the last one up to the writing of this article) it was discovered that radio had done most of the work involved. Any number of broadcasting stations were unearthed which covered the little island like a huge spider web. Short-wave propaganda broadcast reasons why the temporary occupant of the Presidential chair should be thrown out. The continued spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction is being kept burning right now by the same method. Communistic groups control a number of stations which are used for the sole purpose of encouraging revolt against President Mendieta.

But Cuba is a very small section of the world at large. The recent May Day celebration in Paris produced an incident which reveals the esteem in which radio is held by propagandists, and the potential purposes to which it can be put. An organization of Communist celebrators broke into a French radio station, seized control from the regular employes, and poured thousands of words of propaganda into the microphones before they were overcome by police. The sequel to the story is that a quick-witted announcer slashed electric cables which kept the words from actually reaching the air, but this was merely a fortunate accident. French newspapers, headlining the story, bore down emphatically on the serious possibilities of the incident.

"HEIL HITLER!" On that same May Day, these words were sent from every radio station in Germany. They opened the program describing the celebration in which over two million took part. The broadcast coming over the short wave to all parts of the world, was a wildly enthusiastic demonstration for the Nazi government. Never before had such fervor for a

leader been heard on the air. Hitler was described as something near a new Christ who would put his Fatherland in the position it was maintained she deserved: i. e., the first and greatest country in the world. The propaganda was strangely reminiscent of the same old *Deutschland Uber Alles* war-cry of 1914. But this time, instead of the Kaiser, Herr Hitler was to lead his people into the sun.

So effective was the result of this and other short-wave broadcasts considered by the German government, that just recently it has decided to entertain short-wave fans by a new method all over the world. In addition to the already large number of "directional" short-wave stations existing in Germany today, four new ones have been erected just outside Berlin. And the Shortwave Broadcasting Company has developed a twenty-four hour program which contacts the United States, Mexico, South America, China, Japan, and other countries during the evening hours so that the largest number of people may be reached at the proper time.

Every day brings further evidence that the short wave is being used for highly inflammatory propaganda purposes. The fans who have listened in to programs being sent from abroad are more or less bewildered by the avalanche of political talk. They know that the short-wave fad which started out to be a harmless thrill, is taking on a new and serious aspect. Leading European countries are all strangely jealous of their short-wave lengths, and seem to be doing all kinds of things to attract the American listener. Most of the propaganda is handed out like bad medicine coated with sugar. All of the programs are being arranged so that the English-speaking race can understand perfectly everything that is being said.

A good many of the broadcasts are similar in arrangement. The speaker starts off with some local news item. Then he introduces the real subject of his discourse, and the question of Communism, or Hitler's greatness, or British economy, or the problem of armament in France, is taken up and discussed with an impassioned eloquence which covers the subject with world-importance. Sometimes, the short-wave fan gets a good musical program! But in most cases, he finds himself getting a lot of information about European politics.

THIS new short-wave craze has other angles to its popularity. Up until quite recently, one of the big thrills to the short-wave fan was listening in on police calls. "A man is murdering his wife!" "The unidentified body of a blonde—age about eighteen—has just been picked up." "There's a fight going on in a café on Third Avenue." "Child kidnaped from 244 Broad Street!" These comments given in a sepulchral monotone always furnished goose-pimples for the listener. There were so many who liked having goose-pimples, that the old order had to be changed. Now instead of a juicy tid-bit describing a bank robbery or a hold-up or murder, one can only hear "Code Thirty-one"—"Code Thirty-two"—"Code Thirty-three," which, as all short-wave fans admit, is somewhat flat and stale.

One of the reasons for the new national craze which has swept all the old-timers like cross-word puzzles, [Continued on page 62]



—Wide World

The recent May Day celebration in Red Square, Moscow, was the biggest lute day of the year in Soviet Russia. In the circle, Josef Stalin, Soviet dictator. Russia is so thoroughly "sold" on short-wave radio that its engineers have been working on new stations for some time. One has just been completed in Moscow. It is rumored to be the world's most powerful, but extreme secrecy surrounds it. Many European governments are in a mad race to build stations, counting on radio as their most important weapon in the next war which may break out at any time



—Wide World

Short-wave radio constitutes a vital unit in the new Germany's plans. Upper photo shows crowds saluting the Nazi flag on May Day; lower picture, Adolph Hitler speaking into the microphone. Nazi propaganda broadcast by short-wave radio into neighboring Austria called down an unofficial warning to Germany from other countries. Numerous other instances of propaganda broadcasts with international complications have occurred between several nations

BING CROSBY

Gets the
THIRD
Degree



“BOO-bo-bo-bo.”
Tune in folks, pull up your chairs for Ole Cunnel Bing Crosby, the S'uthern gentleman from Tacoma, is on the air ready to answer your questions which you ask him through **RADIOLAND** Magazine. Bing doesn't mind, for he's practicing up for the day when little Gary Evan begins asking him, "Papa, what makes rain wet?" and things like that.

The first question almost floors Ole Cunnel Crosby but he rallies and replies:

Do you wear a toupee?

Bing: "Ouch! Where did you get that idea? Positively NOT!"

What will your next picture be?

"I am making *She Loves Me Not*, which is just finished. No other assignments in sight."

Do you believe that alcohol and tobacco hurt a singer's voice?

"Not when used in moderation. Excess in anything is injurious."

What do I have to do to become a radio star?

"Naturally you have to be able to do something, sing, play, do comedy, etc. If you have talent, try to get an audition at your local station."

Did your wife, Dixie, ever sing with Phil Harris at the Cocoanut Grove in Hollywood?

"Sorry, no. You must have been mistaken."

Bing Crosby undergoes a barrage of questions sent in by **RADIOLAND** readers and reveals here, among other things, why he called his baby Gunder, whether he wears a toupee, what he thinks about alcohol and tobacco, whether he receives crush notes, his wife's real name and other matters of importance to his army of fans

Do you have any personal enmity against Russ Columbo?

"Great Scott, no! We're friends and I think he has a grand voice."

When and where did you make your first broadcast?

"When I was one of Paul Whiteman's *Three Rhythm Boys* on the Old Gold program back in 1928."

Do you expect to make a personal appearance tour soon?

"I hope so. It's possible that I may make one early in the fall. Hope I hit your town if I do."

What are your chief interests outside radio and the screen?

"My family is my chief interest, including radio and screen."

Do you get many proposals of marriage or crush notes?

"I used to get a number, but now since I'm married they are very scarce. Most of my mail is a request for a song, a request for money, or advice. Some of my fan letters are laudatory and some demand to know how I stay on the air."

Who is your favorite radio star?

"For singers I'll take Morton Downey and Ethel Waters. For bands, Paul Whiteman's, and for comedy give me Burns and Allen."

Are your parents still living?

"Thank Heaven, yes! I'm happy to say that they are living now not far from me here in Hollywood."

Did you help your brother Bob in any way to get his start on the air?

[Continued on page 64]

A pretty girl with a pretty and very proper name for a radio songbird, Ruth Robin, who sings those velvety choruses with Charles Barnet's Orchestra. She is a recent discovery of the Columbia Broadcasting System, and publication of this picture is expected to result in frantic demands for the immediate installation of television



Heard On the Air

Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone as they faced both a microphone and camera to bring air audiences a scene from their latest picture, "Sadie McKee," in the Hall of Fame program. Events like this must be numbered among radio memories of the month





Arlene Frances and Mary Alice Collins go dramatic in the Colgate House Party

Heard on the Air



—Ray Lee Jackson
Save a spot in your radio harem for Joy Lynne, who sings with Don Bestor's Orchestra. Believe it or not, she comes by the "uuhh" in her voice naturally, being of Turkish descent



Irene Wicker, the singing lady, who charms juvenile listeners from Chicago to Shanghai, looks as cool as a fresh breeze off her native Lake Michigan. "Irene" is spelled that way because of numerology



The attractive new star of Roses and Drums, Helene Claire, is a real Southern girl, from Alabama, suh. She has played ingenue roles on the stage, and is a charming Betty Graham



A cameo of Jessica Dragonette. Perhaps the stars told her to give Hollywood a break, since she is a student of astrology. You will see her and hear that matchless voice in a movie soon for she has taken time out from her radio program this summer to make a picture for Paramount. She has been the charming star of the Cities Service Program for lo, these many moons, and what do you think she does with her spare time? She studies singing!



There's plenty of room for fan mail in the over-sized mailbox in front of Singin' Sam's bungalow



Singin' Sam and his wife, Smiles, looking as happy as their names, at the gate of their Hoosier domain

Romance was the reason for Singin' Sam's absence from the air—and now he's back with a new contract and a marriage certificate

Mr. and Mrs. Singin' Sam

GAY red geraniums are adorning the window boxes of a certain farmhouse near Richmond, Indiana. Other feminine touches have brightened the austerity of a famous bachelor farmhouse.

And there you have the reason why Singin' Sam has been absent from the air waves. The popular baritone who has spent so much of his time bringing pleasure to others has been taking time off for his own romance.

The story came to light recently when Singin' Sam went up to Chicago and signed his name to a new radio contract and a marriage certificate on the same day.

And what a story it is—a real life romance proving that the glowing imaginings of fiction really can happen sometimes, with love at first sight and all the rest of it, a tale of two people who had a common interest but took months to find it out.

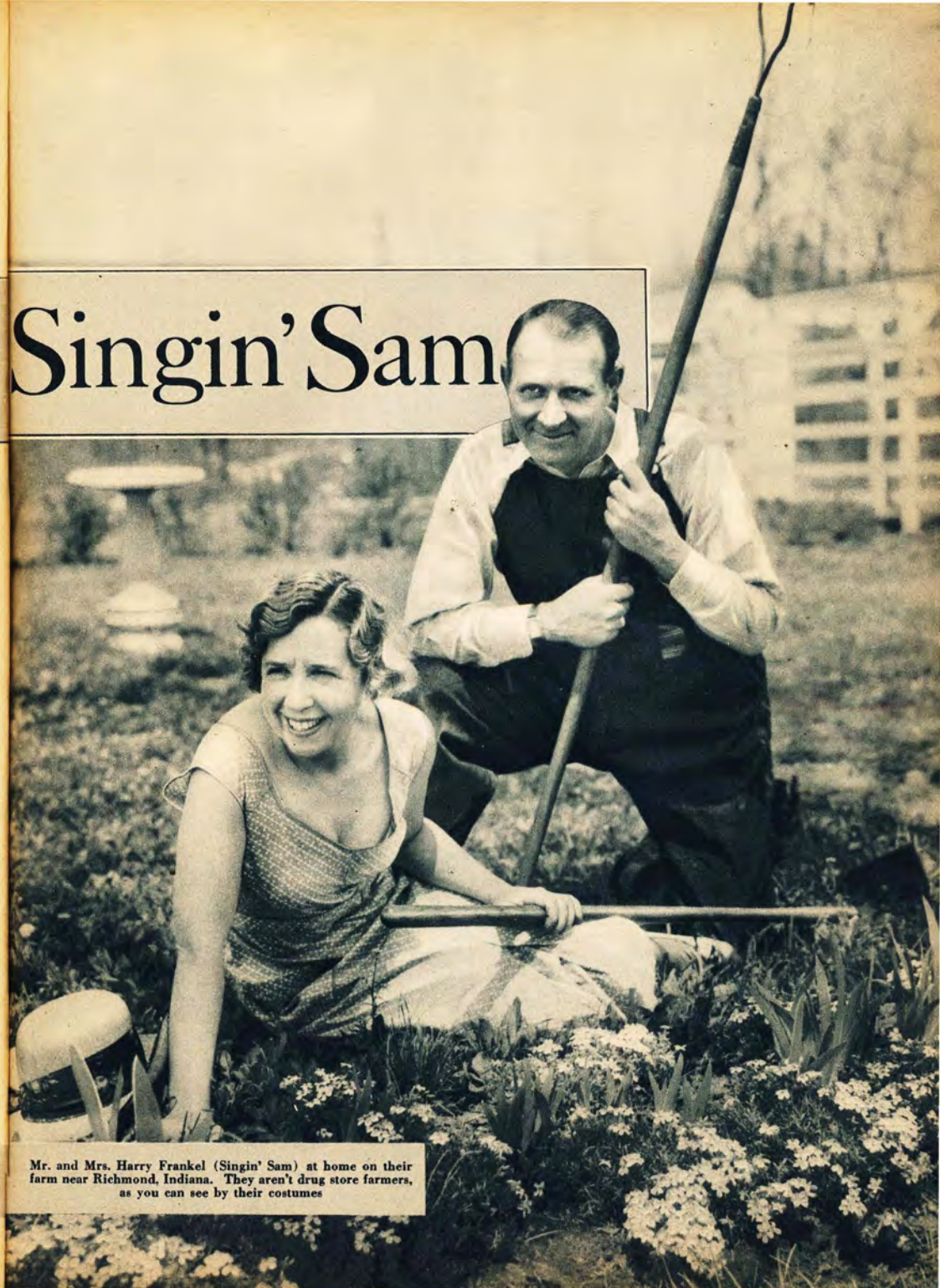
It all had its beginning, believe it or not, in a revolving door. The scene was the entrance to an actors' club in Chicago. Singin' Sam, known in non-professional life as Harry Frankel, was about to enter the door when a young woman stepped in ahead of him. As he spun the door for her, he caught the reflection of an attractive smiling face in the plate glass. The girl turned to nod her thanks and saw Singin' Sam staring at her frankly and unashamedly. The incident made a deep impression on both of their minds, but they had no reason to believe they would ever see each other again.

Then, at a theatrical party, some weeks later, mutual friends introduced Harry Frankel to Helene Davis, also of the theater, better known to her friends as "Smiles." Neither spoke of their previous encounter, but it flashed through their minds at once. Helene had made an impression on Singin' Sam as the possessor of one of the sweetest smiles he had ever seen.

They say we like best those qualities in others which most accurately reflect our own. Sam himself is such a friendly, warm-hearted person that it is no wonder he smiled right back when tiny Helene smiled up at him.

It was nearly a month before these two met again.

Helene Davis had been an actress, had made the big time as a very young girl, just before this country went into the war. At once she signed up for overseas duty as an entertainer. It was over there that she earned the name of "Smiles" as she danced and sang and smiled for homesick frightened [Continued on page 60]



Mr. and Mrs. Harry Frankel (Singin' Sam) at home on their farm near Richmond, Indiana. They aren't drug store farmers, as you can see by their costumes

By EDYTH LOUISE DIXON



Myrtle Vail and Donna Damerel Kretzinger (Myrt and Marge) were on hand to present a bouquet to Charlie Grimm of the Chicago Cubs with best wishes for a good baseball season

Mike Says-

Inside Tips on What's Happening

in Radio—Edited by ARTHUR J. KELLAR

steel and doesn't bawl out page boys and hostesses like some broadcasters we have heard about.

Whether or not Cantor broadcasts in the Fall he will return to the stage in September in a play built around his own life. David Freedman, his literary Man Friday, collaborated with the comic in its writing. One of the big scenes

is a broadcasting studio in which Cantor will be given opportunity to sing several songs. There is a possibility that Dave Rubinoff and his orchestra will appear in the studio scenes but that wasn't definite when this was typed. The play is being produced by Sam H. Harris, most successful of the old guard of Broadway producers, which means Cantor's life story will be projected in the best manner possible.

WHEN this was written considerable confusion existed about Eddie Cantor's radio future. One thing definite was that he would appear on the air early in 1935 for a new sponsor at a substantial increase over his former salary—already a substantial sum. Several broadcasts are still due under his old contract with Chase & Sanborn but the latest word is that they won't insist on his playing them out, but will dig up high priced talent to compete with him.

Cantor, on his new contract with Pebeco, will receive \$10,000 a week for a half-hour period. Out of this the banjoed comic must pay the orchestra and any other artists on the program with him as well as the script charges. When he starts these broadcasts in February he moves over to the Columbia networks after a long career as an exclusive NBC star. Whether Dave Rubinoff and his fiddle will be with him is something undecided at this writing.

UP TO his old tricks, Eddie left the kilocycles for the cinema capital with a parting broadside at the New York radio editors. With one exception (unnamed) Cantor found they were lacking "necessary background, dignity and honesty of purpose." Each editor concluded the other fellow was the exception and a good time was had by all spanning Cantor in the public prints. A similar feud developed a couple of years ago between Cantor and the columnists. Cantor being the aggressor on that occasion, too. He told them at that time they were a lot of log rollers and back scratchers and that he wouldn't toady to them no matter how much they abused him in type. At least, you've got to admire Cantor for the courage of his convictions: when he goes forth to battle he takes on opponents worthy of his



Winchell vs. Radio

That bad boy Walter Winchell let loose a verbal uppercut to the jaw of his radio superiors in his Broadway column the other day, explaining why his recent broadcast from Detroit was a full minute short. It seems that a "slow-thinking mind in the radio studios in New York" who "obviously is studying how to make boners the rest of his life"—Winchell's own words—demanded at the last minute that Walter delete a story which had been in his continuity submitted three days before. Somebody around NBC studios must have had a red face when he read Winchell's panning.

Masked tenor, next month . . . Eddie Duchin the piano playing maestro, and Marjorie Oelrichs are going places together . . . What's the romance in Lanny Ross' life? He confided in a friend of this department that he was once jilted by a girl and hadn't yet recovered from the shock.

MENTION of Morton Downey reminds that the Irish Sweepstakes dumped \$15,000 into the lap of his Filipino valet, one J. De Pilianso by name. The valet promptly quit his job and Downey sent him this telegram: "Con-

Miscellany: Take it from Jack Arthur, one of the busiest of broadcasters, the ladder of radio success has no rung for contentment . . . How short-lived are radio favorites is proved by the statistics—only ten per cent of the headliners of ten years ago are still on the air . . . George Arliss is available for radio as a regular attraction but not for any solo guest appearances. The English actor (who may be knighted by the time this reaches print) will consider \$10,000 an airing for a series of thirteen broadcasts. . . . The Voice of Experience has never had a female secretary because of the intimate matters he discusses. Since broadcasting in New York, the Voice has had one personal secretary—Thomas C. McConnon, who served with the Friars in the same capacity for ten years.

Peeping through the keyhole department: Morton Downey and Barbara Bennett are preparing for another little stranger . . . And Sir Stork is expected at the home of Joe White, the Silver

gratulations. Can you use a valet who sings Irish songs?"

Studio pick-ups: NBC has cut down its interval between programs from twenty seconds to ten. The idea is to prevent local stations from chiseling in with local advertising talks . . . Now 13, Billy Halop, who plays the title rôle in the Bobby Benson program on CBS, is a veteran of eight seasons in radio . . . And Rudy Vallée's new protegee is a 14-year-old youngster, Al Bernie, who is an amazingly adroit impersonator . . . Walter Winchell will return to the air in September . . . Harry H. Balkin, character analyst heard on the Newark station WOR, may move over to one of the networks next month.

Although projecting rooms are kept at a temperature of 70 degrees, the Columbia studio where originates the broadcast to the Byrd Expedition in Little America is usually about 40 degrees above zero. Just why, nobody knows unless the idea is to put the performers in the right mood for broadcasting to the Antarctic!

JAMES THURBER, artist-author whose work appears in *The New Yorker* magazine, had a distressing ex-

perience when he went to the studios for his first broadcast. Mr. Thurber got off the elevator on the wrong floor, and thinking to reach the right floor by the stairs, entered the stairway easily enough from the corridor but found all doors locked against him from the inside. He had to climb down sixteen floors to the basement before finding a place of exit. Since this exploration was done in a shaft in total darkness, the writer finally landed in the proper studio in a sad state of dishevel, to say nothing of a sad state of nerves. Thurber, groomed by Columbia to fill the spot temporarily vacated by Alexander Woolcott, failed to duplicate the success of *The Town Crier*, to date.

The oldest sponsored program on the air is that of Arthur E. Bagley, the physical culture director. Bagley has been conducting setting-up exercises on WEAF every week-day morning since January, 1923. Harry Horlick, the A. & P. Gypsy Chief, is next in length of time for one sponsor. He has been on the air ten years.

SUBMIT a problem to the Voice of Experience and if he doesn't know the answer you can depend on it he will consult competent authorities. The other day a young man about to become a radio entertainer and in love with a network singer asked the Voice: "Is marriage between two people in the same profession likely to be successful?" Information and opinion were invited from an array of aerial artists, the list including Jane Froman, Ethel Merman, Eddie Cantor, Joe Cook, Lois Bennett, Julia Sanderson and Frank Crummit. John Charles Thomas, Walter Winchell and the Countess Olga Albani. Some of these have been unsuccessful in their marital adventures and knew the answer. And at least one of them did better than marry within her profession—she made a spouse of her sponsor!

A question frequently being asked of the Voice of Experience this Summer is, "Do you believe in Nudism?" The answer is an emphatic "No." He regards Nudists as exhibitionists nursing an in-



Edwin C. Hill vacationing in Maine with Dummy, his 14-year-old dog. Read his comments on page 20

teriority complex. And for the sake of the record let it be noted that Edwin C. Hill, always a charming commentator, is also opposed to them. Looking "Behind the Nudes," Mr. Hill is against these clotheless communities for aesthetic reasons—which are as good as any.

BEN BERNIE and Jack Oakie have been feuding because the picture star failed to appear on a recent Bernie broadcast. Oakie, it develops, will star on the air on his own program in the Fall and he didn't take kindly to a guest appearance on the old maestro's Blue Ribbon period sans salary for same. "Shoot the Works," the Bernie picture, by the way, is a hit for which all Bernie fans are rejoicing. His first Hollywood venture years ago, you'll remember, wasn't so hot.

OPPOSITION

Dave Rubinoff, Norma Talmadge and George Jessel posed for this picture in the days when Jessel first began to woo Norma, whom he recently married. But you can't tell what radio Fate will do—now the CBS network has selected Jessel as conductor of the big show they are spotting in opposition to Rubinoff's Sunday night hour, and the two pals are scrapping for the favor of the fans. Rubinoff will leave that NBC program when his present contract expires. Sure, they're still friends.



Mills Brothers in the Cold



What happens to a quartet of negro radio stars earning \$6000 a week when they go to England? Answer: they get barred from London hotels which observe a strict color line, and are kept walking the streets until 2 a. m. when no less than 15 hostilities, one after the other, turn them away. At least that is what has just befell the Four Mills Brothers, who are currently appearing at the London Palladium. They have scored a real hit with British audiences, however.



Colonel Stoopnagle's latest invention appears to be a telescoping cigarette which expands to three times the length of a normal fag

Rudy Vallée and Richard Himber, competing band masters, are friends of long standing. Such good friends that they frequently foregather to exchange candid criticisms of each other's broadcasts. The friendship began back in 1929 when Himber became The Vagabond Lover's manager. He served in that capacity for three years and then formed his own unit and went on the air. Before joining Vallée, Himber was a violinist and at one time conducted an orchestra for Sophie Tucker, who likes to bill herself as "the last of the red-hot mamas."

WHEN those three incorrigible gossips get together you can expect an earful. Listen to this dialogue heard the other morning on NBC:

CLARA: Here's a widow advertising for a husband. The man she marries must support her parents and her six children.

LU: Land sakes! She'll never land a man.

EM: Of course she won't. A woman encumbered like that ought to marry the Rockefeller Foundation!

WHAT is in prospect for radio this Fall?

Well, this department undertook to get a line on the situation and applied to John F. Royal, vice president of the National Broadcasting Company in charge of programs, on the theory that being a Program Potentate he ought to know as much as any man what the future has in store for listeners. Further, Mr. Royal had just returned from a nation wide survey of broadcasting conditions with first hand information about what was happening and going to happen in every section of the country.

One Royal prediction is that sponsors will create programs, not of a half-hour or an hour's duration, but of longer periods and possibly even a complete evening's entertainment. This trend, this

Mike Says-



Rosa Ponselle, Chesterfield song-bird, plays no favorites in pets—she likes both cats and dogs

studio satrap foresees in the tremendous listener interest in the Thursday night line-up of programs with the Rudy Vallée hour variety show being immediately followed by another hour's "Show Boat" entertainment. This combination, Mr. Royal contends, is a perfect example of the kind of entertainment needed to catch and hold listener interest for an entire evening without the shifting of a dial.

"AND there is no good reason"—Mr. Royal speaking—"why an exceptionally fine program, carefully created, well produced with competent and popular artists, should not be repeated. If a man sees a good picture or stage show on Sunday he tells his friends and neighbors about it and they go the next day to see it, if possible. Well, if a cracker-jack program is broadcast one night and people are talking about it the next day, isn't it reasonable to assume, once the news gets out that it will be repeated on a certain date, that the second performance will attract a much larger audience? Sponsors are beginning to reason it out that way and it won't be long now before repeat performances will become a regular feature of broadcasting."

Mr. Royal envisions an improvement in the Fall in radio dramas and sketches. He believes that better authors will be attracted to radio because sponsors, who pay the bills, are beginning to realize that radio writers are mighty important and that more skilled men will improve

the calibre of these offerings. At the same time, the technique of projecting a story through a loudspeaker is so different from other forms of writing, Mr. Royal feels, that a great deal of pioneer work has yet to be done.

IT IS just as easy to get a wrong telephone number via the short-wave telephone system as it is to dial it yourself. Witness what happened on Columbia's Spanning the World Program the other night. Paul Douglas, the announcer in charge of the stunt, told listeners he was going to phone a man in Java, 12,000 miles away from New York. Then he put in the call for Java and a voice answered from Honolulu! This, the longest wrong number in history, came about because the telephone operator in New York got her signals all muddled up.

ONCE in New York when time was short they used to rush radio celebrities from theatre to studio in fast motors with police on cycles, their sirens screaming. Recently they have taken to using ambulances for that purpose. There is no need for a police escort when the ambulance gong starts up its terrific clatter.

KATE SMITH, Bing Crosby and Annette Hanshaw are among the radio headliners who can't read music. Of the three, little Annette has the most difficulty when it comes to learning a new song because she never sings a number the way it is written. She literally dissects it, making a myriad of changes. She does this with the aid of self-devised hieroglyphics which enable her to sing according to the scale. Then she goes over her arrangement with a regular musical arranger who interprets her song cues in orthodox musical terms. The next step, after he and Miss Hanshaw have gone over the song note by note several times, is for the arranger



These are only a few of the kiddies who hold forth with Nila Mack on her children's hour Saturday mornings over CBS. Miss Mack rehearsing

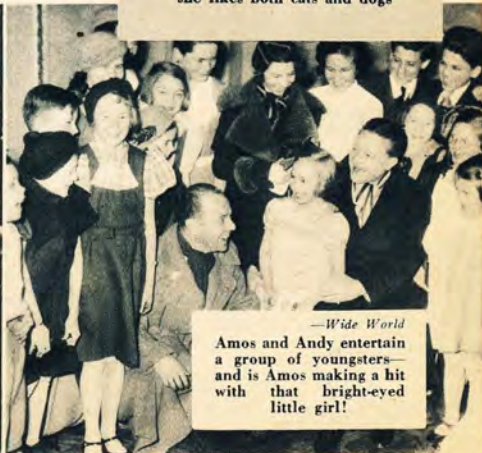
to make the orchestrations for a twenty-five piece orchestra. Then come the rehearsals with the orchestra and on Thursday night Miss Hanshaw sings the two songs so laboriously learned. Four minutes are required for the rendition but Annette has spent practically the whole week preparing them!

JIMMIE DURANTE has made good his definition of "free verse" in the courts. Perhaps you will recall reading in this department that Alfred Kreymborg, free verse poet, objected to Jimmie's literal interpretation of the term which led the air comedian to use several copyrighted stanzas over the air. A New York court has just handed down a decision which held that Jimmie was not actionable for his unauthorized use of Mr. Kreymborg's verses.

TIP: If your favorite radio star isn't on the air or making a movie, look for him at the World's Fair.



—Ray Lee Jackson
The most bored person at a Fred Allen broadcast seems to be Fred himself. Portland Hoffa looks reasonably happy



—Wide World
Amos and Andy entertain a group of youngsters—and is Amos making a bit with that bright-eyed little girl!



—Ray Lee Jackson
Eddie East and Ralph Dumke are currently holding forth as the Tastyest Seers. Eddie is the chap with the Keystone cop mustache, and Ralph is the lad who has just swallowed his chewing gum



—Wide World
John Charles Thomas, eminent baritone, busts into the magazine (you've heard worse puns from radio comedians) as he poses for a statuette by sculptor Max Kalish



Perhaps vivacious Vera Van is saving money on accompanists by teaching her dog to play the piano

—Wide World
Frank Parker, Mary Livingston, and Jack Benny leave New York for Hollywood

Radio Stars at Work and Play



At a RADOLAND fashion party held at the Hotel Pennsylvania, Connie Gates, Eve Love, Evelyn MacGregor and Betty Barthell had fun displaying gowns by Lenora Ormsly



Countess Albani, banana picker de luxe, returned from a vacation in Porto Rico just in time to go on the Cities Service Program



A scene from the Palmolive Beauty Box Theater, with Clady Swarouth singing the lead and Dan Gridley as leading man



—Wide World
Max Baer relaxes from pugilism to study the script of Taxi, his radio show



Between broadcasts, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard fritter away their time in Central Park on two bicycles that ride as one



Little Jackie Heller of the romantic voice is just a big kid at heart. Here he is in his College Inn kiddie car



RADIOLAND'S HALL OF FAME

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK & HENRI WEINER



LOWELL THOMAS



He sees around the globe; he peeks
Below it and above it;
Knows everything from "Man bites dog"
To war and rumors of it.
We visit Samarkand and Greece
Within our three-room cloister
When Lowell Thomas takes the air—
For all the world's his oyster.

PAUL WHITEMAN



Once so rotund, but now a slender figger—
His modern rhythms never fail to please.
His music's sweet as when he was much bigger;
We toast Paul Whiteman's Rhapsody In Cheese

BEN BERNIE



We'd walk a dozen miles, which is
Considerable journey,
Should there be at the end of them
A chance to see Ben Bernie.
We like his ribbin' and his gags;
We like his band's blue rhythm.*
We'll even go so far as this:
We also like Blue Ribbon!*

JOE PENNER



In planning these four lines we first were struck
With serious thoughts of roasting Penner's duck.
But since we're feeling silly as the deuce,
We've changed the plot to cooking Penner's
goose!

JESSICA DRAGONETTE



Though ladies' voices on the air
Are not our favorite ether fare,
We've dialed off many a male quartette
To listen to fair Dragonette,
And never get the least bit nervous
When we're in range of Cities Service.

*(All right, go ahead and sue.)

Annette Hanshaw's Little Boy

by RUTH GERI

He's her brother, and
he's not a little boy
any more, but—

NO RADIO fan in the whole country is more loyally devoted to his favorite star than Annette Hanshaw's little boy. To avoid ambiguity and expressions of amazement, let it be explained at once that the "little boy" is Annette Hanshaw's kid brother. And he isn't so little any more, either, what with getting ready to enter Princeton this fall.

As everybody knows, Annette Hanshaw grew up to be singing star of the Showboat Hour and prime favorite of an uncounted number of radio fans. She also grew up to have her picture on the cover of this month's *RADIOLAND*, and as everybody also knows, only the most beautiful and famous ladies of the air achieve that coveted position.

But long before her devastating voice reached the air, she was singing pieces to her brother Frankie. He was born when she was seven, and for the first few months was per-versely incapable either of resenting or appreciating Annette's young melodies. The years crept by, as they say in the movies, and came the dawn of understanding when Frankie began to realize that his sister was the best singer in the United States or any other country, including the Scandinavian.

Frankie's reward today is undisputed right to claim the title of Original and Most Enthusiastic Annette Hanshaw Fan. From the stacks of mail Annette receives, it is obvious that he would be hard-pressed to maintain this honor if he hadn't had superior advantages in his youth.

BUT it all seems fair enough when one peeps behind the domestic scenes and realizes that Annette Hanshaw was the original Frankie fan. She can prove it by producing a little book. In it are registered, with proper dates, such vital statistics as these: "Frankie's first tute came threw." "Frankie took his first step." "Frankie said 'dog' as plane as anything."

She bought him ice-cream cones when enough additional



Annette's brother not only lets her choose his ties, but he still lets her tie them, because he thinks everything his "big sister" does is just about right

"teethe came threw," she helped him with his arithmetic when the necessity unhappily arose, she taught him tennis and helped him out of scrapes. But Frankie began to resent it when Annette started going to dances with boy friends. He hid his hurt behind sulky indifference. The shallow sham was exposed when Annette won fame as a singer, and the adoring Frankie played her records so insistently that folks began wondering what a sharp hatchet could do to a victrola.

Today Annette still looks after Frankie, helps him choose his clothes, cooks his favorite dishes, and entertains his friends. She has set aside a fund so that Frankie may enter Princeton this fall. He's going through law school. And here's a tip: If you want to get a nice letter from Annette, don't tell her you think she's a fine singer—everybody knows that—but say you're confident Frankie will be a great lawyer some day.

If you happen to own a phonograph record sung by Gay Ellis, Dot Bare, or Parsy Young, you possess one of the three million odd disks which Annette Hanshaw has recorded. She attributes the novelty of her arrangements to the fact that she can't read music. She used to run a music store in New York's Westchester county, but a lot of her customers complained that when she played a piece for them on the piano it didn't sound the way it was printed, so she concentrated on radio where her trick arrangements and chords have won an appreciative audience, particularly on the Showboat Hour. Interesting facts: she refused an offer from Ziegfeld *Follies* and she's rather fussy about okaying pictures of herself.

RADIO LOVE SONG

By
NINA WILCOX PUTNAM



"O. K.," said Chick quickly. "I got a chance to make myself the biggest guy in the business—and you aren't going to stand in my way"

THE story thus far: Everyone helped to spoil handsome Chick Allen, favorite crooner and orchestra leader of New York and of the ether waves. Women fans idolized him; his former teammate, Dolph Rose, with whom he had once performed in a speakeasy, labored over his orchestrations; his pianist, Lew Steinberg, wrote his songs. Pretty Sally Blaine, known as "Aunt Hattie," domestic expert, to her fans, worried at his extravagances and wept in private at his neglect. There was a time when Chick had loved her—but now, pampered with success, he was always busy. It was Dolph who took her to dinner these days, and Joe Ramond, the boys' manager, who courted her. But Sally thought only of Chick, feeling sure he would find himself again. Chick's band was signed for the big opening broadcast of the huge Van Schuyler Radio Foundation and for a series of sensational programs, in spite of an old dislike that strange little man Peter Van Schuyler entertained for the crooner. Chick met and was captivated by glamorous Gay D'Arcey; in spite of warnings he visited her sumptuous apartment which, together with her furs and jewels, was maintained by the millionaire. Now Gay urged Chick to get free of Dolph—to ally himself with bigger names in the music and radio world, but he refused. All of his intimates were getting fed up with Chick's conceit, except affectionate Dolph, whose big interests in life were his handsome partner, his beloved stamp collection—and Sally. But Chick was tottering on his throne; a greater danger menaced him, although he did not know it. Van Schuyler became suspicious of his attentions to Gay. *Now go on with the story:*

THAT night Gay's living-room was flooded by cool, pure light from a full moon which stared in through the unshuttered window. The room was empty, but the door of the adjoining one stood open.

"Oh, Chick, darling!" Gay was speaking. "I wish you

wouldn't be so stubborn about important things! Don't you realize I'm thinking of you? Dolph is merely holding you back."

"Aw, lay off it, honey!" said Chick's voice. "Can you reach a cigarette?"

"But Bottsworth liked you," she persisted. "He told me so. We had a long talk on the 'phone this afternoon. Yet you keep on about Dolph—I can't understand it."

"Let's talk about you and me," said Chick's voice drowsily.

"But this *is* you and me." Her voice was tender now, but still determined. "What affects you, affects me, honey. I can't stand to see you throw away your career for cheap sentiment. Believe me, if Dolph got a break like this, he'd take it quick enough."

"Oh, yeah?" Chick's voice was nervous. "I suppose you never heard of the word 'loyalty,' did you?"

"This isn't a case of loyalty," she said. "It's a case of sheer foolishness on your part. I like men who go up in the world—improve themselves. This is the twentieth time I've asked you to break with Dolph. The man hates me and he'll always try to come between us."

"He couldn't hate you," Chick laughed. "You're imagining things."

"I am not." Her tone was positive. "Bottsworth has the radio world by the ears—he can get anything, I tell you, while Dolph holds nothing for you—you've admitted that yourself. Chick, it's either Dolph or me."

"Gay!" cried Chick in genuine alarm. "Don't say that!" "But I *do* say it. I hate people who haven't the courage to make the most of themselves! You've got to fire him."

"All right, all right." Chick's voice was weary. "Tomorrow night?" she persisted.

"Have a heart!" Chick yawned. "Tomorrow night's the opening. I can't do it then, of all times."

"Why not?" said she. "If you don't do it then, you never will."

"I can't," said he. "I haven't any excuse. Be patient, Gay—I'll work it out. But if I do this for you, there's got to be no more Van Schuyler—never! Promise?"

THE subject of this midnight discussion did not vanish readily. Gay was at it again on the telephone as soon as Chick reached his office the next morning.

"Remember, dear," she said, "I only say it for your own sake! All you've got to do is speak to Corky, and Dolph's out!"

At noon, lunch near the studio was flavored by the same plea. It was an obsession now with both of them, their sole subject of conversation. But though Chick had reached the point of saturation and would have done almost anything to silence Gay's tirades against his friend, a certain stubborn loyalty persisted. Gay's attacks were poisonously clever; Chick's simple mind grasped only the glowing pictures she painted of his future. It wasn't, he told himself, that she didn't think Dolph was a good egg—it was just that she saw his limitations. Finishing his coffee, Chick reached for his hat abruptly.

All the triumphs and heartbreaks of success hover around the radio Romeo. He can go either way—will he choose the clear path or walk straight into danger?

"Special rehearsal at two o'clock," he informed her. "I got to be getting back pronto."

"Well?" she smiled meaningly. "Going to tell him this afternoon?"

"And a r a b the rehearsal?" he snorted. "You would think of that."

"I thought they were having Goldberger at the piano these days," she snapped. "I know they are, for that matter. Why are you stalling?"

"Since you know so much," he said angrily, "Goldberger is doing my accompaniments because Dolph is away sick. He's got a terrible toothache—has to have it pulled, so he can appear tonight."

"Which only shows how little you really need him," she fired back. But Chick was gone.

The orchestra was already assembled in the rehearsal room. Chick hurried into his private office; at sight of a portfolio on his desk, he drew a long sigh of relief. Good old Dolph, toothache or not, had finished the score for the new number before going to the dentist. As usual, he had left the score, which he did under the signature, "Chick Allen," on the latter's desk, so that Chick might distribute it to the boys as though he had just finished the job himself. The tune had been in rehearsal before, but Chick's critical ear had demanded certain improvements. Beside the portfolio lay a note. Chick tore it open hastily.

"Here you are, ole sock," Dolph had written. "I'll see you when the tooth lets me. Call up Sally—it's her birthday.—Dolph."

[Continued on page 44]

"You see, darling," she said in a low voice, "what affects you affects me. I can't stand to see you throw away your career for cheap sentiment." Chick closed his eyes, blinded by her ice and fire



Woman and Her - PROBLEMS

Edited by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, Radioland's Home Making Expert

BEER and SKITTLES

WHEN "3.2" became a national phrase, a young matron sailed into one of New York's large department stores to buy the equipment for the proper service of beer. "I want a dozen stone steins," she said, "and one of those cute beer-barrels, a red checked tablecloth, and—oh yes, I'd like a few skittles."

"Skittles?" the salesman questioned. "I don't think we carry them."

"You must," she said. "They always go with beer."

Finally the dictionary was requisitioned and the customer and salesman enjoyed a good laugh. For although skittles (a game of nine-pins) and beer are enjoyed together in England, one could hardly expect to play a game of skittles in an Ameri-

Attention, hostesses! Beer served with the proper "skittles" and at the correct temperature will make your guests forget the heat waves this summer

can department store! The first furore of interest following the legalization of beer has passed. We have discovered that it tastes just as good from a glass as from a stein, and that peasant linen is not essential to its enjoyment. In fact, we have discovered that beer in tall stemmed goblets looks and tastes even more attractive than in stolid mugs, and that the best brands, served ice-cold, harmonize pleasingly with a large variety of foods.

Now that warm weather is upon us, cold drinks will be much in demand—beer among them. First and foremost, see that it is really *cold*—at least six hours chilling is necessary. Never attempt to cool it with ice-cubes, for beer will not stand dilution. If inconvenient to chill it in advance, get a supply of the new silver plated metal balls that come for the purpose, chill in the refrigerator, and drop them in the glass. If very cold, they will absorb all warmth and leave the beverage refreshingly, frothingly cold.

Just what foods harmonize with beer? All savories—but nary a sweet! In other words, beer can be served throughout a simple dinner up to the dessert, but no longer. Or it may be served with summer refreshments that are not sweet, at piazza luncheons and bridge parties.

A summer dinner which beer could accompany, might be planned as follows:

<i>Jellied Tomato Bouillon</i>	<i>Crisp Crackers</i>
<i>Cold Ham Loaf</i>	<i>Macedoine of Vegetables</i>
<i>Potato and Cheese Souffle</i>	<i>Clover Leaf Rolls</i>
<i>Tomato Sandwich Salad</i>	
<i>Deep Blueberry Pie</i>	
<i>Demi Tasse</i>	

In this case beer can be served as soon as the guests are seated, and the glasses may be replenished through the salad course.

Just a few words in explanation of the menu: To make ham loaf, combine three cups of cooked ham put through a chopper, with one egg, one tablespoon prepared mustard, one-half cup soft bread crumbs cooked until smooth in one-third cup milk, a tablespoon of grated onion and two minced green peppers. Pack into a brick-shaped pan lightly rubbed with ham fat and bake 35 minutes in a moderately hot oven. 350 to 375 degrees F.

[Continued on next page]



Designed for cooling: Ice cold beer, hot toast with pimento cheese, sardine paste, pickled onions, artichoke hearts, ham, and cheese balls. Eat and drink till comfortable. Chromium by Toastermaster

BIG STORIES IN
SMALL PACKAGES

Microphone Miniatures

THE LOWDOWN ON
YOUR RADIO FAVORITES



Leon Belasco beacons—and music comes! The frown is probably caused by the fact that he thinks in Russian but speaks in English

MAN OF THE HOUR

LEON BELASCO, suave and versatile young master of ceremonies and air idol of millions, reached his present place of high popularity by fiddling around—fiddling around the world, in fact. Born in Odessa, Russia, he took the longest way round to get to New York; now he's literally on top of the world at the St. Moritz Roof, one of Manhattan's smoothest night spots. His radio music emanates from there. High above a city of twinkling lights, his Continental manner has at last found its logical "metier." That city of Odessa produces more than its share of radio musicians. Rubinoﬀ claims the town as his birthplace—what Odessa claims is not on record—and both of these lads have done more than their share in upholding the honor of all things Russian in the radio world.

He learned to play the violin in Russia when he was so small he had to bend his knees to reach the high notes. Visions of playing at the Czar's court helped him to practice; but the Belasco family became refugees during the war, and young Leon started on his long trip through many lands. At seventeen, he played first violin at the Imperial Theatre in Tokyo; later he was to hear and play in the most famous Continental orchestras. America beckoned; but again he was forced to detour. He played on a ship bound for Honolulu; in that land of glamour he got his radio start. The next stop was Hollywood, which welcomed him with open arms. His orchestra furnished musical backgrounds for many pictures. Next he directed the music and took charge of festivities on the great "Leviathan." More popularity followed.

Belasco has always been able to make a violin talk in the universal language of fine music; his songs, sung in as many languages as the countries he has traveled, please those who can understand them and impress those who can't. But it is as an m.c. that his diplomacy, his natural humor and his amusing struggles with English have established him firmly as a radio personality and as one of Broadway's darlings. Columnists and critics were skeptical the night he opened at the St. Moritz last summer. Belasco was a musician all right—but was he a master of ceremonies? Ask them now and see what they say. His poise and charm are evident even to his radio audience who cannot see him. He is the man of the hour because he is a man of the world.

—EVERETTA LOVE.

A COOK'S TOUR OF HUMOR

JOE COOK, who gets tangled up in some pretty involved stories over the radio, is also, in a manner of speaking, floundering around in as complicated a mess of options as we've ever heard of. Joe has been optionally signed on his present Colgate House Party program for the next couple of years or so, which is a whale of a long time for a radio performer to be assured of a job. We guess it sort of proves that Joe is clicking, wouldn't you say?

Several times Joe has appeared in the guise of guest star on various programs, without setting up any startling reverberations, but when he began on his present hour he did his stuff and before you could say Jack Robinson, or Alexandre Dumas, or any other two word name, he was a big-time radio star. Joe thinks it is strikingly appropriate that he should be host of the House Party hour, because he has been famous for years for his house party hosting.

He built himself a country home at Lake Hopatcong, N. J., which he calls Sleepless Hollow, just so he could play host to radio and theatrical folk. You walk right from one gag into another at Sleepless Hollow. He has a trick golf course where you are guaranteed a hole in one—it's done with funnels. One of the holes, out of deference to his sponsor, no doubt, is equipped with a brush and a tube of toothpaste in case the player gets stuck and has to spend the night there. How do these wags think of things like that?

Like that other illustrious radio comedian, Fred Allen, Joe started out to be a juggler. Also like Allen, he discovered that audiences rolled into the aisles in convulsions when he tossed a few wisecracks at them, but managed to keep pretty straight faces when he did tricks with apples, oranges, purple balls and Indian clubs. So Joe abandoned juggling and started out to be a comedian with a flair for weird inventions and goofy story telling, such as this one: He flew backwards in his airplane (so goes the tale) because he had forgotten his goggles and the wind bothered his eyes! It must be the way he tells it.

He has had three shows of his own on Broadway, the latest of which was "Hold Your Horses," preceded by "Rain or Shine" and "Fine and Dandy," from which it will be seen that he has a weakness for three-word combinations. Maybe that means something to a numerologist.

—LEW HOLT.



Joe Cook invented roller skates for Napoleon's soldiers because the Little Corporal said that an army travels on its stomach

RADIOLAND

MUSIC BY RICHMAN

HARRY RICHMAN is the singer whom a lot of people accuse of imitating Al Jolson. And Al Jolson is the blackface star who receives a good many letters from folks accusing him of stealing Harry Richman's stuff. It's all very confusing. As a matter of fact, the two stars are great friends, and if Jolson ever carries out his threat to retire he would likely choose Richman as his logical successor.

All of this may not prove very much except that Richman has a great voice and a personality with whatever it takes to register. He has just returned to the air on the Wednesday evening Conoco series with Jack Denny's orchestra, though he came pretty close to slipping up on the deal. It seems that while the agency preparing the program was scurrying frantically up and down the coast of Florida searching for him, Harry was spending his days looking over the rail of a boat wondering what makes the Gulf Stream so green. But agents are pretty persistent, and they found him eventually and thus we have him on the air again.

He used to be a piano player in a song factory, a vaudeville pianist with a fiddler partner, and eventually he played the piano for a lady weight-lifter by the name of Mae West, since heard from in other capacities. "It Ain't No Sin" to leave Mae for the Dolly Sisters, Richman apparently decided, for we next hear of him playing their piano. Then came a radio audition, a nice reception on the air, the opening of a night club of his own, and appearances in George White's "Scandals."

By that time he had become a Broadway celebrity, and figuring that nothing could damage his reputation he began writing songs as a sideline. He got them published, too, and they made a lot of money. Some of the titles you may remember are "Walking My Baby Home," "There Ought to be a Moonlight Saving Time," and "One Little Raindrop." He made a moving picture, too—"Putting on the Ritz." Remember it? At about that time he broke into the papers as suitor of Clara Bow. It may have been publicity or a broken heart; anyhow, Harry is still a bachelor.

A press agent reports that Richman's hobby is taking chorus girls to dinner. But not the way you think. He collects twenty or more at a time and the bill for ice-cream sodas is said to be positively staggering.

—DONALD GRAY.



Everett Marshall's voice is so powerful he has to stand away from the microphone to avoid blasting the mike out of commission

HE-MAN MARSHALL

AMONG the air's more recent acquisitions is Everett Marshall, who has a pretty fair bid for a berth at the head of the class among the robust, out-of-doors, and mainly school of baritones. Early in the summer Mr. Marshall's baritonings became regular radio fare, as the central point of appeal of a new radio revue—"Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities," a Wednesday night half-hour on CBS—presented by the sponsors who last year took another stage star, Helen Morgan, and made her a radio celebrity.

As a denizen of Lawrence, Mass., Marshall became aware of the fact that there were golden opportunities in his voice. He started his vocal studies there and then went abroad to continue them. He also started his professional career in Europe, singing with several opera companies on the continent before returning to his native shores. When he was 24 he came home again and made his American debut with the Metropolitan Opera in 1927, first singing in its production of "Lohengrin." After four years with the "Met," he conquered less lofty fields when he signed to appear in George White's "Scandals" of 1931, singing "That's Why Darkies Were Born" to register an overnight Broadway sensation. Since then he has starred in two subsequent Broadway revues, George White's "Melody" and the most recent edition of the "Follies," in which he soloed the out-of-doors tune, "Wagon Wheels," and sang "Suddenly" and "What Is There to Say?" with the lovely Jane Froman.

"Everett Marshall's Broadway Vanities" is probably the first radio revue to be actually named for its featured singer. It follows the intimate revue pattern, with Marshall making little introductory speeches and curtain talks before and after the dramatic sketches built around the songs.

Marshall is one who need never fear the appellation, "crooner." He owns one of radio's most powerful voices and must stand a good distance from the mike, lest he blast sensitive equipment. Physically he is as rugged as his remarkable voice suggests, and he suggests nothing so strongly as the well-trained athlete. In personal tastes he follows the same lines, for he infinitely prefers the out-of-doors to the cramped rush of the city, and, when Broadway and the microphone allow him leisure you may find him swatting a pill around the links.

—DORA YATES.



Playing the piano for Mae West, at the time a vaudeville weight-lifter, was one of the steps to fame in the career of Harry Richman

AUGUST, 1934



Floyd Gibbons
HEADLINE HUNTER

After a considerable radio vacation, Floyd Gibbons is back on the air again with his terse comments, selecting dramatic material for delivery in the rapid-fire fashion which he has made distinctively his own. Much of his attention is devoted to Washington and to the selection of highlight personalities and human interest material. There is always a spot for Gibbons in the radio van.



Paul Keast, Thelma Goodwyn
SERENADERS

Baritone Paul Keast and soprano-voiced Thelma Goodwyn, with Rollo Hudson and his orchestra, turn out a program which attracts listeners of all types three nights a week. The idea of varying their program by schedule is a good one: fireside programs of sentimental songs on Tuesdays, popular tunes for the younger set on Thursdays, and concert music on Saturdays. Solos and duets.



Alice Frost
TAXI

A deft bit of drama, given an extra filip of interest by the fact that Max Baer plays the lead, but entirely capable of standing on its own feet even if Max were eliminated. The glamor of the pugilist, who plays the role of a taxi driver, sometimes overshadows the excellent performances of his supporting cast, and we herewith direct attention toward winsome Alice Frost, the heroine.



David Percy
MERRY-GO-ROUND

This Sunday evening Manhattan Merry-go-round program can be enthusiastically recommended to anyone who enjoys tuneful music deftly done. Tamara, Russian blues singer, David Percy, the Man About Town, and Jacques Renard's orchestra round out the list of stars. The tour of Manhattan idea around which the program is built makes an effective frame for first class entertainment.



Shirley Howard
MOLLE

Shirley Howard and the Jesters have been holding forth on this program two times a week for many moons and folks still ask for more. Mostly music, headlined by Miss Howard with the Jesters supporting her. The sum total is an enjoyable program you'll never be tempted to dial off, even though you may not toss your hat in the air and rend the welkin with wild huzzahs.



John Barclay, Peggy Allenby
BEAUTY BOX

Lovers of light opera get their innings on this hour, and darn good innings, too, say we. This Palmolive show has one of the largest casts of any program, what with actors and singers and an orchestra. Most of the operetta hits everyone knows and loves will be presented on this hour, with the exception of Gilbert and Sullivan, whose rabid partisans resent slight changes needed for radio.



Grace and Eddie Albert
HONEYMOONERS

An African "ogo-pogo" looms as the stooge in this new program presented by Grace and Eddie Albert. We have to break down and confess we never heard of an ogo-pogo, which would seem to qualify the Honeymooners' program as educational as well as entertaining. People are always interested in newly-weds and the incidents packed into the continuity by Eddie, are practically surefire.



Victor Young
CHEVROLET

Victor Young's music is as soft and insinuating as you could ask for—one of those comfortable programs which can either be listened to intently or used as a background for reading a book before the fireplace. Some folks complained when Jack Benny was eliminated from the Chevrolet program, but Jack has been snapped up elsewhere and now we hear both him and Young.

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



Gene Carroll, Glenn Rowell
GENE AND GLENN

Fans are pretty loyal to Gene and Glenn, whose comic characters, Jake and Lena, have built up a huge audience in the middle west during the past four years. Gene portrays both Jake and Lena and himself, while Glenn acts as straight man and piano player. It's one of those combinations with music and story value uniquely blended, and a unique delivery style.



Irma Glen
GALAXY OF STARS

Here we have a tasty musical assortment. Edna Odell and Phil Porterfield supply the songs while Irma Glen plays the organ and Earl Lawrence acts up on the piano. Miss Glen, incidentally, is the only artist to appear on a sponsored program without a word of advertising. A fan likes her organ-playing so much that she plays all costs of a quarter-hour program.



Keenan and Phillips
TONY WONS

On Tuesday and Thursday mornings Tony Wons dispenses assorted varieties of good cheer and philosophy, considerably assisted by a two-piano team of Peggy Keenan and Sandra Phillips. Tony's style sort of grows on you when you've listened to it long enough and the philosophy he dispenses does a lot of good to souls who wouldn't get it otherwise.



Bunny Coughlin, Dave Grant, Gordon Graham
OXOL TRIO

It's all good clean fun when Gordon, Dave and Bunny get together for some trick harmonizing on their early evening network program. Just to be different they compose original words for familiar melodies, and a song that begins "You're in my power" is more than likely to end up "You're in my chowder."



Uncle Bob Sherwood
DIXIE CIRCUS

Monday evenings Uncle Bob Sherwood, famous clown, holds forth as ringmaster of this colorful program which appeals especially to boys and girls with its calliope, circus band, and even the sound of disporting elephants, tigers, and lions as provided by the animal imitator, Bradley Barker. Lots of adult appeal in this hour, too, with inside stuff on animal psychology.



Millie June, Geoffrey Bryant
CONFLICT

Chiefly notable for being authored by T. S. Stribling, one of our most noted contemporary novelists, the radio serial "Conflict" has in it plenty of dramatic punch, perhaps derived from Mr. Stribling's early days when he wrote action fiction for the pulp magazines. The episodes of "Conflict" contain all the force of social history in the making during the 1890's.



George Jessel
VOICE OF COLUMBIA

Most of the favorite stars of the Columbia network can be heard on this hour at 8 p. m. Sundays—a solid hour in which the cream of CBS talent is crammed to furnish stiff opposition to a rival network hour. George Jessel returns with such topnotchers as Gertrude Niesen, Mary Eastman, Nick Lucas, Freddie Rich.



Maury Paul
ELIZABETH ARDEN

Hi-falutin' doin's of the Four Hundred of Park Avenue, Newport, and such fashionable outposts, are now available to socialites and would-be socialites through the radio comments of Maury H. B. Paul. To enjoy this program you have to be interested in the activities described, but conceding this, the thing is well stage-managed.

Macedoine of vegetables is nothing more or less than a mixture of cooked vegetables. Suitable combinations are carrots, string beans and little onions, or cauliflourettes with peas and diced summer squash.

Potato and cheese soufflé is easily made by adding to three cups of fluffy mashed potatoes a cup of grated American cheese and three eggs, the yolks and whites beaten separately. The soufflé should be baked in a hot oven, 375 to 400 degrees F., about 30 minutes.

FOR a warm weather meal served on the piazza, one hot dish is always welcome. The chafing dish is a happy solution, whether the latest model of smart chromium with red handles, heated by electricity, or one of the old alcohol type, dusted off after years of banishment.

If the luncheon or dinner is built around vegetables, a Welsh rabbit will quickly substantialize it. Melt one and a half tablespoons butter and add a half pound highly flavored chopped American cheese. Cook over low heat until cheese is melted; then add an egg and egg yolk combined with a half cup of beer. Cook and stir until the mixture thickens. Stir in a fourth teaspoon of paprika, a fourth teaspoon of mustard and a scant half-teaspoon of salt stirred smooth in a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, and serve at once. Try this rabbit in the following combination and be convinced of its substantial deliciousness:

- Blackberry, Orange and Peach Fruit Cup*
- Welsh Rarebit on Crisp Crackers*
- Timbales of Spinach*
- French Fried Eggplant*
- Tomato Salad*
- Lemon Cream Cake Coffee*

If you like, devilled clams, lobster, shrimps, crabmeat or eggs can be served instead of the rabbit, or you could use panned chicken livers, or chicken, ham or tongue a la king. The subtle sherry flavor of the latter is attractive with beer.

How do you make the devilled foods—and what are panned chicken livers? Here are the recipes:

DEVILLED CRABMEAT, CLAMS, LOBSTER, SHRIMPS OR "OYSTERS"

- 2½ tablespoons olive oil
- 1 tablespoon made mustard
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ½ teaspoon curry
- 1 quart of the desired fish

Oysters or clams should be carefully looked over but not pre-cooked. Lobster, crab or shrimps should be pre-cooked in preparation for chafing dish use. Combine all the seasonings, pour them over the prepared fish and let stand an hour in a cold place; then put in chafing dish, together with two tablespoons of butter and a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce, and carefully heat. Oysters should be cooked until the edges curl, clams merely until they are firm and lobster, crabmeat or shrimp only until heated through. Heap on toast, dust with minced parsley and serve with or without a garnish of crisp bacon.

[Continued on page 44]

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AUGUST

HOLLYWOOD

Now On Sale



Beer and Skittles

[Continued from page 43]

PANNED CHICKEN LIVERS

- 6 chicken livers
- 3 tablespoons butter
- Few grains salt and pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley

Thoroughly wash chicken livers and cut them in halves. Melt butter in a small frying pan or chafing dish; add livers and cook gently until well-browned—about ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper and serve dusted with the parsley.

If it's Sunday night supper, you might like to work out this menu:

Cold Meat Platter Beer
Potato Salad Rye Rolls
Huckleberry Cake Tea or Coffee

Here is a brand new way to make the salad:

POTATO AND ALMOND SALAD

- 3 cups diced cooked potato
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon white pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon sugar
- 2 1/2 tablespoons grated onion
- 1/2 cup chopped blanched almonds
- 3/4 cup minced celery
- 1/4 cup top milk or light cream
- 3/4 cup mayonnaise
- 3 tablespoons French dressing
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 2 chopped hard cooked eggs

Lettuce
Combine onion and potatoes and add French dressing and seasonings while potatoes are warm. Chill, then stir in almonds and celery; add cream and mayonnaise. Lightly stir in eggs, chopped course. Chill and serve garnished with lettuce and dusted with paprika.

As to huckleberry cake, my guests like it made this way:

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar

- 1 egg
- 2 1/2 cups cake flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 cup huckleberries
- 1 cup milk

Stir shortening and sugar together until creamy; add eggs, salt and cinnamon; then milk alternately with flour mixed with baking powder and berries. Transfer to a good-sized oiled baking pan and bake in a quick oven, 375 degrees F., about 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold, with or without a dusting of powdered sugar.

A SANDWICH snack is always good form for a summer luncheon, supper or late evening refreshments. But when it is built around beer, be sure the sandwiches are savory and substantial. Instead of a sweet for dessert I would suggest fruit. Here are a few combinations for sandwiches especially good with beer:

1. Sliced ham or sliced ham loaf spread with mustard and pickle relish, served on buttered rye bread with seeds.
2. Open sandwiches made with buttered sliced rye bread, covered with chili sauce and topped with thin slices of Swiss cheese.
3. Buttered white bread with hot or cold roast beef covered with fried onions.
4. Smoked salmon spread with mayonnaise, served on buttered pumpernickle with a garnish of chopped radishes and lettuce.
5. Sliced spiced beef spread with horseradish, served on buttered white bread.

For a hot touch, toasted snacks are delicious with ice cold beer. In this case, the toast is prepared electrically in the living room, dining room, kitchen or on the piazza and each person helps himself to the spread and accompaniment he likes best.

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 37]

SALLY'S birthday! He'd completely forgotten. He must remember to have his stenographer call a florist as soon as rehearsal was over. Tucking the portfolio under his arm, Chick made his way to the rehearsal room and took up his place at the conductor's stand. The men came to good-natured attention.

"Sorry to be late, fellows," said Chick, "but I've been working on this up to the last minute. Here, Billy, pass 'em around."

As he talked, Chick had opened the portfolio, taking out its contents—which felt, he suddenly realized, surprisingly light in his hands. But now he realized something was wrong. From the portfolio fell a cloud of white tissue-paper, from the midst of which a pale pink silk negligee, all laces and ruffles, fluttered to the floor.

"What the —?" Chick began furiously. But his wrath was drowned in the roar of laughter which went up from the crowd. They rocked, shouted, hooted. Joe Raymond swooped down upon the card which fluttered from the incriminating garment. Holding it aloft he read the inscription aloud.

"To Sally with my love!"
"So you was vorking hard on that!" shrilled Lew Steinberg. "Oh, you sweet thing, I didn't know you could do it such nice sewing!"

"Do we play that?" a voice from the bass viol bellowed. "*Song of the Shirt*, eh?"

It was a good ten minutes before the room quieted. Chick finally managed some sort of order, his eyes sullen, his temper at the boiling point. His condition which was not improved when Lew Steinberg, motivated by the smarting

RADIOLAND

memory of the refusal of his Southern classic, came forward.

"Look, Cheek," he began, "I got an idea. Why don't you take the old score and mark in the principal changes now? It won't take you ten minutes if I help. You can show me where, see?"

Caught in the trap, Chick, who couldn't have altered a minor scale intelligently, glanced at the little drummer in helpless fury. Something made the crooner certain Steinberg knew how helpless he was. Chick swallowed hard, controlled himself with difficulty.

"That's too damn' sloppy," he retorted. "I don't work that way. We'll use the old arrangement straight."

"That's hardly fair to the band, Mr. Allen," protested the first violinist. "We all agreed that new stuff was important. Tonight means a lot to us as well as you."

"Who's running this bunch of cheap horn-blowers?" shouted Chick, losing control of himself completely. "Why, you lousy, cockeyed —"

"Allen!" Raymond's voice thundered out. "Cut it, will you? There's a lady present!"

Mechanically Chick turned, expecting to see Gay. But it was Sally who stood in the door, the missing orchestration under her arm, her face flushed, her hair wind-blown.

"It's only me," she said. "Dolph left these at my house by mistake. He'd been working on them all afternoon, but his tooth was so bad . . . I hope I'm in time." Her voice trailed away in the hush which had fallen.

"Sure!" said Steinberg. "You're in time, Miss. In fact, you timed it perfect!"

Chick, with a gesture of his baton, checked the rippling snicker which swept his musicians before it was fairly begun.

"Bill!" he shouted coolly. "Take those sheets and pass 'em around! And the first yip I hear will carry a pink ticket with it!"

Then he turned to look at Sally. But Raymond was closing the door behind her.

"Joe," said Chick, "go tell my stenographer to have some flowers sent around to that dame, willya? And," he added grimly, "you'd better make it lilies!"

Three hours later he was on the telephone talking to Gay, while his valet laid out his evening clothes. "I tell you," Chick's voice was bitter, "he made a complete fool out of me before the boys. You win, baby; I'm going to do like you wanted, and I'm going to do it tonight! There's a limit to everything!"

THE opening of the Van Schuyler Radio Foundation was a major social event of the month, even though it was off-season for society. Much talked of, exploited through the many advertising mediums at Peter Van Schuyler's command, the entire country listened for the moment when the President of the United States would connect the great enterprise with a waiting world. By 7:30 in the evening, the magnificent building was bathed in flood-lights; all day long last-minute admission seekers had met refusal. Celebrities rubbed immaculate shoulders in the crowded lobby, while for blocks around traffic had come to a standstill.

In the main studio with its elaborate

[Continued on page 46]

AUGUST, 1934



Don't be SKINNY!

Posed by professional model

New discovery adds solid flesh quick . . !

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Brings new beauty.

TODAY you don't have to remain "skinny" and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Get this new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that 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 also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

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

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

Mrs. W. K. King
"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

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

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

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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. 288 Atlanta, Ga.



14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

2 things to do in

HOT WEATHER

1 Let Blue-Jay remove those painful corns safely, scientifically*

2 Listen to Blue-Jay's romantic program—"The Singing Stranger"



Two Broadway stars will thrill you with melody and romance—

WADE BOOTH,
the baritone with the glorious voice . . .

DOROTHY DAY,
the character actress who understands human emotions.

HEAR THEM—every Tuesday and Friday—4:15 Eastern Daylight Time—38 stations—Coast to Coast—NBC

***How Blue-Jay removes that pesky corn—safely, scientifically**



1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
 - A is the B & B medication that gently undermines corn.
 - B is the felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.
 - C is the strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping
3. After 3 days, remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 45]

stage, floral offerings and commodious seating arrangements and even beyond the glass partition, the most brilliant audience ever gathered in Manhattan heard greetings from overseas, music from Paris, congratulations from famous men and women, through the newly opened channels of the air and in person. At length they settled back to listen to the new Midvale Oil Review, an offering which clicked from the opening number. Chick was at his best, suave, charming, his voice liquid gold. Nervous excitement lent new virility to his performance, and somehow he seemed to extend his own high pitch of effort to the other players. Hard-boiled New York approved loudly, and the whole country's enthusiasm was evidenced by 'phone and wire.

In a pair of modest rear seats, Dolph and Sally noted with joy that the program was marked for success. Dolph, his face so badly swollen that he had been unable to take his accustomed place in the orchestra, clicked his opera hat against his chest, popped it out and collapsed it again repeatedly, his eyes fixed on the glass partition, until Sally, touching his elbow, whispered, "Dolph,

will you please stop playing with that hat?"

"Sure!" he whispered. The hat clicked again.

"Do you think Chick will join us after the broadcast?" she whispered again. "I've got a nice supper all ready!"

"Sure!" said Dolph, "Sure he will—don't you worry!"

Beside them, Joe Raymond chewed nervously on a cigar. His hands twitched nervously. First performances of his programs always upset him.

In the center of the Van Schuyler party, the little man who was the backer of all this glittering enterprise toyed nervously with the enormous emerald ring on the little finger of his left hand. Beside him, Mrs. Van Schuyler, stout, middle-aged, whose very marcel wave was unduly severe, sat in unfeigned boredom.

"How do you like it, my dear?" her husband whispered, during a furious round of applause.

"Peter," her whisper was sarcastic, "you should have continued the cultivation of tube-roses!"

Gay D'Arcey watched from a distance, shrugged her white shoulders and



"A delegation of ducks to see Mr. Penner, Sir"

turned to Corky, who sat beside her, his eyes fixed on the stage, his whole figure tense with nervousness, his face haggard.

"It's wonderful," Gay signaled with her overly-red lips. "The best tunes I ever heard!" Her hands fluttered an alluring pantomime of approval. For answer, Corky merely smiled his little crooked smile. It was his responsibility, after all. Van Schuyler, the sponsor, might not like it, however good it was. Still, if Gay liked it, that might help considerably. So far, it looked good—but Corky was too old a hand at this sort of thing to breathe freely before the final verdict.

ON the platform, Chick, his back to the audience, waved his baton and glared at the slim figure in white who was approaching the mike. The announcer, a deep-voiced Southerner, was ready to introduce Betty Bellieu, famous lyric soprano, and Chick tried to hypnotize her into reading the note he had slipped on top of her lyric-card. The girl, a supercilious blonde, very sure of herself, fluttered a contemptuous eyelid in his direction and flicked the note with an affected gesture of dismissal.

"Listen!" Chick had written belligerently. "Listen, you dumb broad! This piece is the big number and if you kick the lyric, I'm going to sock you plenty!"

The prima donna slid him an evil look as she approached the mike on the heels of her flattering introduction. Staring the handsome young crooner in the eye, her lips formed a single, soundless word, "Nuts!" The orchestra wailed her cue. Smiling sweetly, she broke into a new melody which sounded like the prayer of some syncope saint.

From the conductor's stand, Chick watched in agony as the song progressed. True to her habit, Betty muffed his pet line. Whereupon Mr. Chick Allen thrust an agonized, furious baton through the satin on his music rack, splitting it from top to bottom, controlling his temper only in time to save the number from complete disaster.

But if the author, whose future hung on tonight's verdict of his work, felt the slip like the thrust of a knife, the audience was less critical. Standing by their seats after the finale, they cheered what was undoubtedly the best musical broadcast which had been offered to the public since the inception of radio.

JAMMED into the throng which slowly heaved its way toward the street, Sally and Dolph hugged each other in delight.

"Oh, Dolph!" sighed Sally. "It's wonderful! It's a crime you couldn't be up there playing too."

"It doesn't matter!" he replied good-naturedly, touching his swollen face with a rueful smile. "I'll be with 'em tomorrow."

"Listen to the people, will you?" Sally demanded, a catch in her voice, indicating the closely packed mob around them. "They're humming the tunes—they love it! Aren't you terribly proud?"

"Who, me?" He laughed self-consciously as their taxi drew up. "Sure . . . but listen, honey. You go home and get everything set for the party. I'll go and get Chick."

"O. K., Dolph," she said brightly. "I want to be there before Angelo and the rest start arriving. Get Chick away

[Continued on page 48]

AUGUST, 1934

Advice to Blondes on Make-Up by Genevieve Tobin



GENEVIEVE TOBIN and
CARY GRANT in

"Kiss and Make-Up"

A Paramount Picture produced by P. B. Schulberg.
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively



"AFTER all, whatever we do to be beautiful, it is really color that enhances our attraction . . . so we must choose colors in make-up carefully. Particularly, pastel tones of the blonde require delicate harmony of color.

"In Hollywood, Max Factor, genius of make-up, has solved this problem for us. With screen stars as living models, Max Factor created color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick to harmonize together and accent beauty naturally. A make-up secret that really holds fascinating beauty."



Whatever your type . . . blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead . . . there is a color harmony make-up for you, created by Max Factor. This luxury, originally created for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Now featured by all leading stores.

POWDER... Blonde, with blue eyes and very fair skin, Genevieve Tobin chooses Max Factor's Flesh Powder. Its lifelike color imparts radiant beauty to the skin, and its smooth texture creates a satin-like make-up that will cling for hours.



ROUGE... The color tone to give a youthful flush to the cheeks is Max Factor's Flame Rouge . . . Delicate in color, it harmonizes beautifully; its creamy-smooth texture makes it easy to gain perfect naturalness in rouging.

LIPSTICK... Lips accented in color harmony with Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick enhance the appeal of her lovely beauty . . . Perfect lip make-up! . . . for it is moisture-proof, and thus the color remains permanent and uniform.



Max Factor ★ Hollywood

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ 5-8-82

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN	Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE

SOCIETY MAKE-UP
★ Face Powder,
★ Rouge,
★ Lipstick
in COLOR HARMONY

Maybelline

(MASCARA)

beautifies every type



MAYBELLINE adds charm to "sweet 16"

MAYBELLINE lends glamor to "smart 25"



MAYBELLINE takes 10 years from "only 38"



MAYBELLINE beautifies dignity of "queenly 50"



BEAUTIFUL EYES ARE your best asset at any age. Have long, dark, curling lashes quickly and easily with harmless Maybelline mascara. It is non-smarting, tear-proof and applied in a jiffy with pure water and the dainty Maybelline brush. Do as over eight million other women do—insist upon genuine Maybelline! Black, Brown and the new dark Blue. 75c at all leading Drug and Department stores.



Recommended by the Good Housekeeping Bureau

The Approved Mascara

New Gold and Scarlet Metal Case

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 47]

as soon as you can." She climbed in and Dolph closed the door.

"Sure!" said Dolph. "I'll grab him all right!"

The hot air, the smell of new paint and warm, powdered bodies stung Dolph's nostrils as he stepped into the vast confusion in the great reception room. Small, excited groups of people blocked his progress, and scraps of hysterical talk filtered through to him—significant little words which told big stories.

"Thirteen weeks' work if he keeps the same voices!" said one girl. . . "Geest!" exclaimed her companion. "Then I can pay the installments on my fur coat!" "You mean your Charlie can eat!" said a third, cattily.

Betty Bellieu and her colored maid brushed past Dolph to the dressing room without a glance of recognition, although he'd seen her, even accompanied her at rehearsals. "You're going to get your wages regular from now on," Betty was saying. "They can't very well substitute me after tonight. An advertising manager has talked bull to me about sponsors for the last time."

"Lordy, an' am I happy!" said the black woman. "Don' forgit you owe me two hundred an' forty bucks to date, honey!"

A little further on, Corky, Raymond, Mary-Lou and Mr. Steinberg were all talking at once, each claiming credit for the success.

Raymond's voice soared thin and high above the rest. "Of course it was our new numbers that put it over!" he said loudly.

"I admit they was good," howled Mr. Steinberg. "but how much better it would be if you used my finality!"

AT LENGTH Dolph located Chick. Surrounded by elegant company, obviously Gay's friends, who crowded to shake Chick's hand, Chick was riding high, wide and handsome, accepting the adulation with mock modesty. For what seemed an interminable interval, Dolph hovered unnoticed on the outskirts of the group. Eventually, it was Gay who called Chick's attention to his partner's presence. Dolph saw her whisper to Chick, who turned, saw Dolph, and called out that he'd be with him in a moment. Like a well-behaved schoolboy, Dolph turned away obediently and found himself a seat in a comparatively quiet corner under a huge horse-shoe of American Beauty roses, crossed with a ribbon bearing the words "Good Luck from Schutzer's Brewing Company."

Sitting down with a sigh of weariness, he nursed his aching jaw and gave himself up to a rare moment of depression. He scarcely knew why; it was not being ignored in the hour of triumph which oppressed him, for to Dolph's simple mind, it was only natural that the glory should be Chick's. But all the elation he had experienced as he escorted Sally to her taxi seemed to have drained out of him. Now that the broadcast's fate was seemingly decided. Nature began to take toll for long days and nights of incessant labor and all too brief snatches of sleep. His head nod-

ded drowsily. With an effort he shook himself awake, glancing nervously at his wrist-watch—Sally must not be kept waiting too long! Then he straightened up. Chick was leaving his friends at last.

"GEE," said Dolph, "I thought you'd never get away from those bozos. Come on, Chick, let's go! Sally's got a swell surprise up to the apartment." He started toward the nearest exit.

"Wait a minute, Dolph!" said Chick, grabbing his arm. "I've got a surprise, too. You and me have been partners a long time now."

"Sure!" said Dolph. "So what?" "Well," said Chick sarcastically, "so what about this afternoon, eh?"

"What are you talking about?" Dolph was plainly bewildered.

"You know!" said Chick threateningly. "That gag you pulled—making a cluck out of me in front of everybody!"

"Oh!" said Dolph, blinking stupidly as the slow realization of what Chick was driving at dawned upon him. "Oh, you mean about the negligee! I'm awful sorry that happened."

"Negligee, my eye!" Chick stormed at him. "It was bad enough making a monkey out of me with *that*—but you know what else I'm talking about."

"The arrangements," said Dolph, honestly and humbly. "I know, Sally said something—I wouldn't of had that happen for the world, Chick."

"Yeah, but it *did* happen," Chick was thoroughly angry now. "It happened so that every man in the orchestra is laughing at me—all on account of you, you poor sap!"

"Gosh!" said Dolph. "You know it was an accident. I'd never of done it on purpose, Chick, not after all these years—"

"How do I know you didn't plant it?" Chick growled.

"Aw, Chick!" Dolph was contrite, anxious to mend matters. "I'll take all the blame—I'll fix it, somehow!"

"You won't fix it," Chick spoke savagely. "You'll never get the chance!"

"Why, Chick!" said Dolph, confused. "What do you want to do about it?"

"I figure the best thing we can do is split," said Chick briefly. Dolph looked at the dapper figure before him incredulously.

"Say," he said soothingly. "What you been doing, drinking again? Are you stiff?"

"What do you mean, stiff?" Chick burned. "No! I've just found out what I'm really worth. Who does all our work? You haven't had a decent idea since I first found you!"

"Sure. I know that!" replied the bewildered Dolph. "I know it, Chick, but—"

"Don't 'but' me!" cried Chick. "Wait till I get through. You're through. You're fired, starting tonight. Know who I'm going to write with? Bottsworth! Listen! Life moves too fast and, I can't get any place with a ball and chain around my leg like you."

"Now look here, Chick," pleaded Dolph, "calm yourself. Why not go home and sleep it off?"

RADIOLAND

"I've been asleep for years!" said the other scornfully. "But I've snapped out of it now! You made plenty dough with me, and I'll bet you've got the first nickel you ever made. I don't owe you anything. Do I owe you anything, after what you did to me today?" Chick's voice rose menacingly.

"Why, no," said Dolph, embarrassed. "You don't owe me anything, Chick. In fact —"

"O. K., then!" said Chick quickly. "I got the chance to make myself the biggest guy in the business—and you aren't going to stand in my way."

He turned on his heel and walked off.

SALLY'S cooking lessons had progressed to such a point that the elaborately frosted cake with which she had adorned her supper table was the work of her own hands. Even Angelo, the cook from Tony Kelly's, offered reluctant admiration as he gazed at the skillful manner in which the word "Success" had been written in pink sugar across the top.

"Mmmm!" said he, tasting the frosting with an inquisitive forefinger. "Fina cake!"

"Nobody gets any of it till Chick arrives," said Sally firmly. "He's going to cut it."

"Awright!" said Angelo, turning his attention to a package which he unwrapped to display three ominous looking bottles. "Alla come here!" he invited, busy with the corkscrew. "Where you glasses? My owna privata wine! Me an' my friend, we make him ourself. We even growa da grape over on my home ina Jersey!"

"You sure it ain't going to explode?" asked Tony Kelly, resplendent in hired evening clothes. Mr. Gregory, who had brought along the announcer from WOX, and Doris, all gathered around eagerly for the treat as Angelo proudly filled their glasses.

"Now we gonna drink to da success of Cheek an' Dolpho!" said the chef, beaming and patting himself on the chest. "Thatsa my boys!" he added paternally.

"Whatter you mean, your boys?" growled Gregory. "I discovered those guys!"

"What do we care who discovered them?" said Doris with a giggle. "We can drink to 'em, anyways, can't we?"

"Wait!" said Sally at the sound of a knock on the door. "Here they are now! We can all drink together. Come in," she added in a louder tone. "Come in; we're waiting for you!"

The door slowly opened to admit Dolph. He stood for a second leaning against it, haggard and tired. The little group around the table were suddenly paralyzed by the sense of something wrong. In silence, Dolph sat heavily in a chair, staring at the floor.

"Dolph!" said Sally in a tense voice. "Where's Chick?" Dolph looked up at her almost as if he didn't understand.

"Oh, Chick?" he said dully with an effort at pulling himself together. "Why, you see, Corky kept him—changes in the program. He had to stay and—and put things in shape."

"Now do we still gotta wait to cutta da cake?" asked Angelo indignantly. Sally ignored his question, her eyes fixed on Dolph.

[Continued on page 50]

Grand Chocolate Sauce speedy! can't fail!



Eagle Brand CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate ¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk ½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



FREE! WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. FWG84
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Street.....

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

(Print name and address plainly)



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What will be your lucky days? Will you win in love? What occupation should you follow? Yogi Alpha, internationally known philosopher who has amazed thousands by his uncanny predictions, offers a big 1900 word Life Reading for only 25c. Covers marriage, love, health, partnership, lucky days, etc. You can follow this guide day by day throughout your lifetime and consult it before making any important changes in home, social or business affairs. Send only 25c in coin or stamps with name, address and exact birthdate. 300-word Numerology Reading included FREE. Money returned if not satisfied. **YOGI ALPHA**, Box 1411, Dept. H.19, San Diego, Calif. If you have a friend who wishes reading, send 50c for the TWO readings.



FREE

300 WORD NUMEROLOGY READING with order for Astrological Reading.

Women \$22 a Week

up to and your own Dresses FREE Showing Latest FROCKS! Direct from Factory!

No House-to-House Canvassing
New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to \$22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere. **No Investment Ever Required**
We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.
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as low as 3 DRESSES \$3.98

The Difference between untidy hair



and a lovely coiffure

HOLD-BOBS That's the answer. The new HOLD-BOBS come in colors that harmonize with all shades of hair.

They're invisible in the hair. But the effect is seen. They hold deep, soft waves securely in place—or preserve smooth, sleek outlines. Because—only HOLD-BOBS have small, round, invisible heads; non-scratching points; and flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair fast.

GET YOUR GIFT CARD TODAY!

There's only one way to find out about HOLD-BOBS. Try a sample, at our expense. Just check your shade, and mail the coupon TODAY!

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-84, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



Curved Shape Style



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-84, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. 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 49]

"You're lying to me," she said quietly. "Dolph, where is Chick?"

"Don't jump on me, Sally, will you?" said Dolph desperately. "I'll tell you. He ain't coming." There was a murmur of surprise from the crowd. "I guess it's my fault," he continued. "But after all, a guy has to look out for himself—and I'm lookin' out for myself."

"Dolph! What do you mean?" Sally demanded anxiously. Dolph stood up. His eyes were wet, but he made a desperate effort at bravado.

"All right, then," said he. "I'll tell you. I've been a sap. Life moves too fast these days. I can't have a ball and chain around my leg forever."

"You haven't done anything foolish, Dolph," asked Sally.

"Foolish?" said Dolph. "I've done the smartest thing I ever did in my life. I've split with him."

"What!" exclaimed Angelo incredulously. "You split with Cheek?"

"Why, you poor sap!" said Tony Kelly. "That was just like cutting off your right arm!"

"Dolph, have you gone screwy?" demanded Gregory. "Why, don't you know that Allen was nine-tenths of the team?"

"O. K., you guys," said Dolph brokenly. "Have it your way. If you think I'm a sap, it's all right with me. But let me tell you something. Life moves too fast these days, don't it, Sally? You get me, don't you?"

Swiftly, she crossed to him, saw the tears in his eyes, and folded his head against her breast, stroking his hair.

"You fool!" she said tenderly. "You wonderful, wonderful fool!"

THE living-room of Gay D'Arcey's apartment, luxurious and silent, lighted dimly with a single lamp, greeted the late arrival of Chick and Gay. They stood at the door for a moment locked in a long embrace. Then suddenly Chick threw her from him and staggered across the room, flinging his hat into a corner, tearing off his dress coat and his wilted collar and tie.

"Hot!" he murmured drunkenly as he found the sofa and, kicking off his shoes, stretched himself full length upon it. Gay, dropping her elaborate wrap on the nearest chair, joined him a trifle unsteadily. The party her friends had held in celebration of the success of the Foundation's opening had been thorough. She mustn't, she reflected, drink so much wine; it was bad for the figure. Liquor of any kind was for men.

"A little drinkee, honey?" she asked the recumbent figure. Chick groaned and buried his face in his hands.

"Huh!" said he in deep self-disgust. "I never thought a louse could drink so much!"

"Now look here!" said Gay in annoyance. "I've heard that kind of talk ever since we left, and I'm tired of it."

"You ought to be feelin' happy!" he retorted, looking up at her. "You had your way. I kicked him out like you said I must. No, I don't want a drink—I got a hankering for a piece of cheese!"

"Cheese?" said the woman, puzzled.

"Because I'm a rat!" said Chick bitterly.

"Oh, darling!" said she, consolingly. "Don't forget we're living in a selfish world. It's no crime to develop yourself. The only people who get anywhere are those who grab every advantage—and that's all you've done, sweetheart."

"Do you mean to sit there and tell me," said Chick, "that what I've done to Dolph is O. K.?"

"Of course it is!" said she firmly. "Why, Chick, I've had to be selfish, too! If I hadn't been, I'd still be behind that counter at the ten-cent store. But I grabbed every opportunity that came my way, step by step—until I got class enough to be able to hook a fastidious chump like old Van Schuyler. He's one of the richest men in the world. But do you think I haven't had to suffer doing it? Do you think I've enjoyed being pawed by him? But once you get the urge to start climbing, you can't stop or you're through! . . . And you're my next step, Chick."

"Oh, yeah?" he said suspiciously. "So what?"

"JUST this," said Gay. "Van Schuyler has settled plenty of dough on me, Chick, but don't you think it burns me up to see his wife going places I can't go? You're going to take me those places, Chick. A great artist gets received anywhere, and I'm going to be received with you. I want to see the day when I can look Mrs. Van Schuyler in the face and glare back at her, ice for ice. But," she added, curiously hesitant, "of course we'd have to be married."

"Ha! ha!" Chick laughed bitterly. "Mr. and Mrs. Rat!"

With the swift tact which her life had taught her, Gay changed her tone. Slipping down on the sofa beside him, she put her lips to his.

"Forget all that for tonight, honey," she said softly, "and make a little love to me."

As she said it, the words froze to her lips. Lying beside Chick, her gaze was full toward the back of a large wing-chair which stood beside the only lighted lamp. For the first time she noticed that a half empty highball glass stood beneath the light. Now, a man's hand wearing a large emerald ring, came slowly from the chair and picked up the glass.

Who is the man who overheard their conversation? Drama crackles at electric tension in the concluding installment of this great radio story—don't miss the final chapters in the big September issue of **RADIOLAND**.

RADIOLAND

Comedians on Carpet!

[Continued from page 17]

things which happen to you and me and throw them back at us over the air. They kid their sponsors, their network, their sound-effect man, themselves and each other, and they have nerve enough to broadcast the fruits of their imagination, however fantastic they may be. Since their delivery is straightforward and presumably serious, without squeals or giggles, listeners will not tire of them and their material will determine their future, which seems to be assured.

FRED ALLEN is another who realizes the value of situation-comedy. His is practically a gagless program, except that his explosive lines make humorous situations more humorous. He takes true-to-life settings and makes funny things happen in them. A mayor's office, a detective's den, a department store, or a real-estate agency may be the background for a series of events which might almost have happened, and which all of us would like to see happen.

Burns and Allen also rely on situations—the super-dumb girl whose double most of us, unfortunately, have known, amuses us with her dumbness about matters which might apply to any of us. As long as Gracie can play the dumbbell and hide the fact that she is really an extremely clever person, she and George should have no trouble being popular.

Cantor and Wynn have one thing in common—they appeal to the underdogs who make up nine-tenths of the population. They arouse the sympathy of listeners, which is a fundamental appeal. They are masters of this art, and if they depended upon being funny in situations where the audiences would want to give them an amused but helping hand, they probably would be even more strongly entrenched in the hearts of their followings than they are. People like them in spite of their antiquated jokes; but Eddie, as the unwilling taster of poisoned food in *Roman Scandals* on the screen, was a far more successful comedian than the Eddie who spouts gags from the *Dartmouth Jack O'Lantern* of 1924 over the air.

Jack Pearl tried situation-comedy for a while, and both he and Charlie were pleased with the results. However, their sponsor was not, and under orders, they soon returned to their old gag formula, which may be the reason that they are said to be slipping in popularity. Jack is a clever man, even without his Munchausen makeup, and he sees the handwriting on the wall; depend on events rather than stale jokes if you want to survive.

Joe Cook uses both gags and situations. He is the aviator of humor who flies off on tangents for his laughs. He believes that the longest way round is the shortest way to being funny, and he gets there by never getting there. If he ever should imitate four Hawaiians on the stage, it would sound his death-knell; but the fields of insanity through which he leads his listeners on the way to reaching his point, make him invariably funny. As is the case with Stoopnagle and Budd, he uses fantastic inventions, which we all would like to see work, but which never will, for part of

[Continued on page 52]

AUGUST, 1934



JEAN HARLOW vs JOAN CRAWFORD

The TRUTH About the Franchot Tone Affair



ALL Hollywood has been talking about it—studio employes have been wondering when to expect an explosion—now **SCREEN PLAY** brings you every detail of this interesting battle of brunette versus platinum blonde—conflict between two of the greatest of movie stars. This is one of the most interesting stories to come out of Hollywood in months.

DON'T MISS IT!

THIS IS JUST ONE

of many such interesting stories that pack the August issue of **SCREEN PLAY** from cover to cover. Stories about the glamorous ones of Hollywood, written by famous authors. Jim Tully, for instance, gives you a graphic pen picture of Maurice Chevalier. J. Eugene Chrisman, **SCREEN PLAY**'s own Hollywood Reporter, gives you the low-down on your favorites. Madge Evans tells you how to become an actress. Nina Wilcox Putnam provides some recipes for ideal Hollywood marriages. These are only **SOME** of the fine features in the August **SCREEN PLAY**.



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"Will Frank Buck
Outshine Amos and
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September Radioland

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into a symphony of devastating smartness



Of course, there's smartness in luscious color . . . but there's distinction of a still more exciting kind when lips have tempting color, without pastiness. Pastel lip color . . . that's TATTOO! Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Nothing remains but truly indelible transparent color that's smarter than smart . . . and that stays even and smooth for hours, regardless. Then . . . to complete the illusion, Tattoo your cheeks with the matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE. Select your proper shade of TATTOO by testing all four . . . at the TATTOO Color Selector displayed in leading drug and department stores. TATTOO FOR LIPS is \$1. TATTOO ROUGE (for cheeks and lips) is 75c. Don't be misled by imitators; there is nothing else like TATTOO.



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CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

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A miniature size of TATTOO (LIPSTICK) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

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TATTOO

Comedians On the Carpet!

[Continued from page 51]



The candid camera catches Wilbur Hulick, otherwise known as the Budd half of the Stoopnagle and Budd team, drinking something out of a glass. It looks too dark to be water. At his right is his wife. The other gentleman is Harry Von Zell, announcer of the Byrd program, March of Time, and many others

his effect; and he should continue to be funny as long as he lets his mind wander at sixty miles an hour.

Perhaps it is significant that comedians themselves cannot analyze their appeal with any certainty. Joe Penner said to a group of intimates, not many months ago, that he realized he was too small time ever to make a smash hit in radio or on the stage. But he kept on with his same material, and suddenly it clicked. That it may lose its hold at any moment when a new comedian comes to the fore with a delivery style which catches public fancy, Joe is perfectly willing to concede.

George Burns of Burns and Allen has his own theories of radio humor, and they are pretty sound ones. One of his beliefs is that it does no harm to have folks say your act is terrible—if they drop such a remark to a fan who is an ardent partisan, the ensuing discussion is hot enough to brand the act into the memories of one and all. Obviously the worst fate that can befall a radio comedian is never to be discussed at all.

they can maintain their success is another matter.

But their number will be smaller. The trend is toward humorous situations rather than humorous twisting of words. Audiences may demand gags, but they would far rather be amused by funny plots than bored by old or weak jokes delivered by favorite comedians of whom they soon tire.

Newspaper comic-strips had the same problem on their hands a few years ago. Up to that time, each day's strip presented one gag, ending with a Wham, a Zowie or an Awk! Take a look at those strips today—practically every one of them is part of a series which builds up and presents a comic situation, and the infrequent gags which appear make up a very small part of the comedy. But comic-strip readers become interested in the situations and read the strips constantly to keep up with what is happening to Harold Teen, Andy Gump, Pop-eye, and Winnie Winkle.

Further, situation comedies will be the salvation of the material writers. Instead of having to remodel tried and trusted wheezes into laugh-producers, they will be able to use their ingenuity and imagination, to parody the happenings of the world in general, and to create stories which will bring out the best of the comedian's character. Then will comedy figures be built up whose followings are so attached to them and their doings, that it will be no longer a question of whether a contract will be renewed, but rather of when a star will be able to get away long enough to take a vacation.

HOW does this all add up? Does it mean that all of the gag-comedians on the air are through, or that their days are numbered? It does not. There are always a few new gags trickling through from time to time; the college and other humorous magazines are still grinding out jokes, and there are always a few new ways of revamping the old ones into ammunition for laughs. There always will be a few comedians who will succeed by gags. The length of time

The Byrd Expedition's Message

[Continued from page 13]

"We entered the mess hall of the first expedition through a long tunnel dug deep through the snow. A layer of hard ice was spread over the floor, and we had to stoop to push open the door. Inside was the room we were to use as a studio, and which will continue to be the studio of KFZ during our stay here. It looks this way:

"It is not much larger than an ordinary living room. Double rows of bunks are arranged in tiers extending toward the left. Kerosene lamps throw off a dim, smoky light. To the right is the galley stove. The microphones are placed on the long mess table in the center of the room. The monitor board is set up on one end of the table. Feed lines are run to the transmitter through the twenty feet of snow above the mess hall to the surface.

"On Saturday of our first broadcast, at 3:13 o'clock, Gus Hutcheson of our staff sat with the earphones glued to his head.

"A minute to go," he said. "We watched the clock on the wall, checking it against our wrist watches. Admiral Byrd was glancing hurriedly through his script. Suddenly Hutcheson said, 'Stand by.' He squeezed the earphones closer to his head. Another instant and his raised hand dropped in a signal and KFZ was on the air."

Today KFZ is operating as efficiently as any radio station in New York or Hollywood and it has the unique distinction of being the strangest radio broadcasting station on earth.

"Only a man who has been through the life of a polar expedition is able to appreciate what kind of a grind it is," Murphy reports.

"All hands are called out at 7:30. Our boots are as hard as steel plates. Our clothing is only half thawed out and the water is frozen in the buckets.

"We breakfast from eight to nine. Outside work commences at nine-thirty and is suspended at two o'clock. The intense cold and darkness make it intolerable to work outside after that."

All of which is one way to spend a summer.

ONE hundred and twenty-three miles to the south of the base camp Admiral Byrd now is spending his "summer" in "splendid isolation" in a tiny cabin on the rim of the polar plateau. He elected to do this himself in order to study meteorological conditions. Although a Southerner, he doesn't like cold.

But he is snug enough in his cabin. He has his own radio broadcasting station, KFW, and he is in constant communication by radio with his base camp.

A lot of people wonder why Admiral Byrd ever chose to go to the South Pole in the first place, and to decide to spend the winter away from his men. There is an interesting story behind that.

The Byrds for ten centuries have been sons of adventure. The Norman, Le Bird, was with William the Conqueror at Hastings and he set the pace for blazing new trails. A strain of daring and zest for life has tumbled down a thousand years of chaos, uniting Richard

[Continued on page 54]

AUGUST, 1934

It Seemed So Strange to Hear Her Play

We Knew She Had Never Taken a Lesson from a Teacher

THAT night of the party when she said, "Well, folks, I'll entertain you with some selections from Grieg"—we thought she was joking. But she actually did get up and seat herself at the piano.

Everyone laughed. I was sorry for her. But suddenly the room was hushed.

She played "Anitra's Dance"—played it with such soul fire that everyone swayed forward, tense, listening. When the last glorious chord vanished like an echo, we were astonished—and contrite. "How did you do it?" "We can't believe you never had a teacher!"

"Well," she laughed, "I just got tired of being left out of things, and I decided to do something that would make me popular. I couldn't afford an expensive teacher and I didn't have time for a lot of practice—so I decided to take the famous U. S. School of Music course in my spare time.

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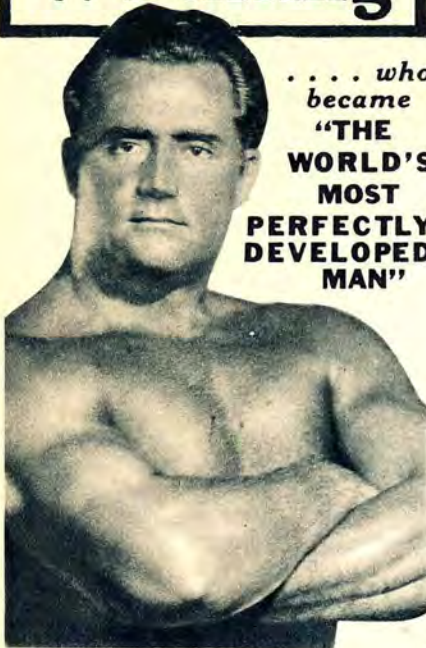
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By CHARLES ATLAS

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The Byrd Expedition's Message

[Continued from page 53]

Evelyn Byrd with his illustrious ancestor.

In the interim beautiful and courageous women were wooed and won by the adventuresome Byrds. They brought with them into the family lineage the royal blood of Richard III and of Henry of Navarre. Admiral Byrd is but recapitulating in modern terms the spirit of his ancestors.

For more than 250 years generations of Byrds have contributed to the building of America. Their tangible contributions have been made in varied fields—government, exploration, science, war, letters. Imagination, the mother of adventure, has been theirs.

The present Admiral Byrd, following in the footsteps of his illustrious ancestors, started adventuring when he was fourteen. That was in 1906. He made a trip around the world just to "see what it was all about," and, caught in a typhoon, he advised the captain how to keep the ship right side up.

He always had a dislike for winter weather, so he wore light clothes to become immune to cold. That's characteristic of the Byrds. At that time he wrote in his diary that he'd be the first to reach the Pole.

While on the trip he stopped off with Kit Carson in the Philippines and was quarantined on the hilltop of a savage island with cholera spreading death below.

Those were just a few of his early close brushes.

Returning to America he entered the Virginia Military Institute, was graduated, and then went to Annapolis. Commissioned an ensign, he was labeled by his mates "The lucky boy." The school annual carried this jingle about him:

"Go where he may, he cannot hope to find
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind."

An injury to his ankle while playing football caused him to be retired from the navy. He turned his interest to aviation.

The war came along, then there was a half a dozen years of work behind the scenes promoting and planning sensational naval aeronautics. Finally his flight to the North Pole, the trans-Atlantic hop, the South Pole expedition.

These things are only highlights in the nervous, crowded career that can be explained only by the tradition and blood strain of the Byrds.

"There's something wistful about Dick Byrd," a friend of his said. "His imagination paints a vista of the world that's larger than the world itself. And Dick can have only those things the world offers. He's never satisfied."

ADMIRAL BYRD himself has said: "I asked myself . . . before our Antarctic expedition of 1929, what is the sense of it anyway? Why take men and equipment across distant oceans to explore a vast iced world of 4,000,000 square miles which is as lifeless as space? The answer is not easy. When you say 'Science,' people smile. The public asks material accomplishments. Ultimately every successful exploration yields them. But they do not always come in the explorer's own generation. Yet life goes on and men go on. Every great human achievement and invention, however sudden its realization has seemed, has required generations of plodding, abstract inquiry into the unknown. Much has been accom-



"Pardon me, gentlemen, what will you charge to break a lease?"

plished in the Antarctic. But there are mysteries beyond any already solved. That is the challenge I cannot ignore!"

When Byrd decided to live alone this winter on the Ross Barrier there was much ironic comment in the newspapers.

Why?

Undoubtedly it was an opportunity for a little soul-searching while having to start a fire at 70 or 80 degrees below zero, keep blizzards from overwhelming his sunken shack, keep drifts from choking his delicate meteorological instruments and keep ice from collecting in the gasoline-driven generator of his radio transmission—his only contact with the outside world. He must cook three meals a day for four months and attend to many chores. And he has trouble in finding his buried shack when a swiftly striking storm overtakes it on one of his daily walks.

But although Admiral Byrd, as his friends report, likes the tranquility of solitude in order to work over his own philosophy of life, there is another and more practical reason.

The answer was found in a direct challenge one man made as to the value of scientific data one man could collect.

"Why does he risk the success of his observations upon the survival of one single human being rather than increase his chances of success by including one or more additional members of his expedition in the plan? It is not an accepted principle of scientific investigation that the observations of any single individual, no matter how well trained and alert, are more trustworthy than the observations of two or more."

The answer is simple.

The virtual impossibility, in the time and with the means of transportation available, of carrying to the advanced position, enough food, fuel oil and other supplies to provide for two people through the winter months made it a question of leaving one man there or nobody. While undoubtedly two persons or more would have been desirable, it evidently was Admiral Byrd's decision that one observer was better than nothing.

MURPHY tells of the celebration the men at the base camp held for Admiral Byrd on the eighth anniversary of his flight with Floyd Bennett over the North Pole.

"After breakfast the rough tables in the mess hall were shoved out of the way and long benches were arranged in rows across the room. All hands came in. A microphone was placed on the table. Dr Morgan sat at the wheezing collapsible organ and fifty-five men sang *Anchors Aweigh, There's a Long, Long Trail and Auld Lang Syne*.

"Then the fifty-five men sitting on the benches heard in the loud speaker Admiral Byrd, slowly spelling out in code, his message from his lonely shack!

"What you have said and done for me today I greatly appreciate and I want you to know the deep interest I have in your welfare will be the same in years to come. You will always find my latch string outside at 9 Brimmer Street, and, if the storms threaten, you can always be sure of getting an anchor to windward there."

That's Byrd!

"It's a fascinating place, this new Little America," Murphy tells us. "It could claim the title of being one of the most civilized and most primitive communi-



—Wide World

Guy Hutcheson, operator, with the 150-watt radio transmitter used by the Byrd Expedition, now set up in the Little America base

ties on earth. It has a staff of scientists serving fifteen branches of science, who, at the moment are working over their research notes as to the strength of the cosmic ray, bombardment in the polar latitudes, the flight of meteors across the trackless upper atmosphere, the thickness of the Antarctic ice sheet and the microscopic life mysteriously persisting in the water of the Bay of Whales under conditions that seem entirely unsuited for life.

"The new Little America has electric light and power, a radio broadcasting and communications plant that puts any community in civilization within reach.

"On the other hand, northward lies the dark Ross Sea, immense and ice-armed, through which the strongest fleet in the world could not blast its way. Our camp itself is a duplex underground city, the new buildings being superimposed in a sense upon the first underground city of six years ago. Drift and snow already have mounted to the roofs of the new shacks and we communicate with each other mostly by numerous tunnels which puzzlingly mine the place."

As for the strange beauty of this polar wilderness, Murphy, the radio announcer, turns poet when he describes it.

"I can give you no more than a hint of the wild beauty of this place . . . the indescribable satisfaction and yearning that it can simultaneously evoke, the pitch-black gloom of the tunnels and the lovely play of the Aurora, the drift running wild before a blizzard and the solid warm security of the shacks under the snow."

A summer vacation?

No wonder the Knights of the Gray Underwear chuckle at Cantor and Wynn and Penner.

Even though they get only a dollar a year.



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HOTEL LASALLE CHICAGO

Can the Mike Take it From Max Baer?

[Continued from page 15]



Max Baer likes to alternate radio work with fighting. He considers radio a sort of game which relaxes his nerves from the stern business of punching pugilists

overlaps into practically every branch of the amusement industry.

Girls were—and are—important in his life. If it weren't for one of them, Max would still be carrying steaks and chops to people's back doors. But one evening he was taking a damsel to the movies. She was, as all of Mr. Baer's ladies are, what is technically termed a "nifty wren."

A corner loafer commented audibly on this fact. Mr. Baer grinned good-naturedly, but the lady was incensed. She demanded that Mr. Baer "smack that bum loose from his ears." Mr. Baer grinned still more widely and pointed out, "But, Baby, you *are* a nifty wren."

The lady was insistent, so the ever-chivalrous Max complied with her request. Having once felt the impact of his knuckles on a jaw, he decided it was a pleasant sensation, and became an amateur boxer. Mr. Ancil Hoffman saw him in action and opined that Mr. Baer was too good to fight free. What Mr. Baer needed, thought Mr. Hoffman, was a manager—and he proceeded to remedy that lack.

Mr. Baer is now plentifully supplied with managers. Whenever he runs short of cash (which is frequently, being each time he gets a new girl), Mr. Baer sells somebody a tenth interest in himself. The purchasers eventually find out that Mr. Baer is divided into approximately eighteen tenths, and sue him. Ancil is the only one who hasn't sued yet, so he's the only one who is still managing Max.

LADIES, as well as managers, sue him with enthusiastic abandon. About two years ago Dorothy Dunbar, the movie actress, sued him. She was his wife then, and sued him for a divorce, which she got.

Up-and-coming young pugilists are, in our civilization, feted by the elite. They are even accorded adulation by movie magnates. Witnessing a preview with one—and a couple of blonde extra girls—Max commented upon the performance being given by a well-known and competent actor. Mr. Baer's comments were not laudatory.

"Shucks," he said, "that mug's awful. He's terrible. In fact, he's lousy. How anybody could be so dumb as to give an egg like him a job, I can't understand. Phoooooie!"

"Hmm," said the Master Mind of the Movies, "so maybe, plizz, you could doink batter?"

"And how!" exclaimed Maxie modestly.

P. S. He got the job.

With Myrna Loy and Walter Huston and Primo Carnera, Max appeared in pictures, namely *The Prizefighter and the Lady*. He was a hit, for besides being a good-looking lad, he's a doggone good actor.

As an amateur boxer, he scored twenty-one knockouts; as a professional, eleven more, including Max Schmeling, shortly after the German Giant lost the world's heavyweight title to Jack Sharkey. That is the only time Schmeling was ever knocked out.

He can "take it" too, as well as "give it," but as the best defense is a whirlwind attack, he has only one mark on his body—a cauliflower ear. It was acquired from his trainer by special request, early in his career. Max wanted to look like a prizefighter and asked his pal to fix him up. The trainer complied by hanging a right hook to Maxie's left ear, which promptly became tin. Max was then happy.

Another instance was seen by a group of sports writers who visited him in his dressing room prior to his fight with Tom Heeney. Max sat on his rubbing table, busting himself on the chin with his taped but ungloved hands. The writers were impressed, but not sufficiently so to please Mr. Baer, who leaped into the air, banging his head resoundingly on a sprinkler pipe. Thereupon he smiled happily and remarked, "Now you guys can go tell Tom what a tough baby he's going to fight."

Incidentally, a word of warning. If you see a fellow wearing a slave bracelet on his left wrist, don't walk up to him and shout "Whoops, dearie!" It might be Max Baer, who wears one for a gag.

Notes by the Music Master

[Continued from page 17]

Donaldson. The song is a peculiar one, with little more than a passing claim to momentary fame. Yet the firm of Robbins found enough of a demand for it to really concentrate on it for the moment. However, as soon as the picture is completely forgotten the song will probably be equally so, though melodically and lyrically it is a song that might grace any occasion where something of its type would be required. It is published by Robbins Music, Inc.

So Help Me

Last Sunday night I relaxed and listened to the Gulf program featuring Irving Berlin. I rather wondered what Irving was going to do. Obviously any songwriter, even of the calibre of Irving Berlin, has a difficult job to avoid the beaten pathway and to carve out a niche for himself in the field of radio by presenting himself and his past creative efforts.

Mr. Berlin, instead of addressing the audience in speech, chose to sing his introduction of a melody which he had written especially for the occasion. After reviewing the outstanding song hits for the past twenty years, and playing the smash tunes from *As Thousands Cheer*, the listening audience were treated to a composition written especially for that broadcast, Mr. Berlin's newest song called *So Help Me*, which was rather cleverly and pseudo-pathetically injected into the broadcast. The idea that Irving probably owlishly intended to convey, with his tongue in his cheek, was that he, a poor, bedevilled songwriter, was trying to become a radio personality and appealed to the listeners to help him.

That is not the idea of the song at all. It is a typical romantic ballad, with the boy or the girl appealing to the sweetheart of his or her choice to help solve the dilemma in which the love-

sick one finds him or herself, the catchy title of course, coming from the old English gag, "S'elp me," means a catchy title.

I've Had My Moments and Hot Choc'late Soldiers

Hollywood is about to release to a very blasé movie audience—blasé because they have heaped upon them musical after musical, all more or less along the accepted pattern—another musical. I have it on good authority that *Hollywood Party* is the most unusual most unorthodox maelstrom of nonsense ever yet to issue from the Coast—not from the standpoint of tunes, but from the number of great personalities in it, and from the odd assortment of comic and dramatic material, even to the inclusion of a Walt Disney Technicolor novelty known as *Hot Choc'late Soldiers*.

These two tunes from the picture are not particularly outstanding; in fact, *Hot Choc'late Soldiers* will never reach the popularity of *Parade of The Wooden Soldiers* while *I've Had My Moments* is just a typical Arthur Freed and Herb Brown popular song, good but not great.

How Was I To Know?

In passing, may I compliment Eddie DeLange and Will Hudson, two boys from the Sunny Coast of California?

How Was I To Know? is one of their torch songs, in a sort of minor and pseudo-unhappy vein, with a title similar to the song which was so popular in the picture *Dynamite* when it was released. This time they have given the title an entirely different treatment, and the song, though a beautiful one, is probably a bit too beautiful and too minor to ever achieve a real top-notch place on the list of songs as they appear in popularity spots in the theatrical magazine, *Variety*.



"The girls are simply wild about me ever since I swallowed that portable radio!"

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To TAN or not to Tan

By
WYNNE MCKAY



The sun is half the fun of summer—whether you want to woo it or combat it, this article will help you enjoy your holidays without complexion worries

Betty Winkler, telephone operator in the *Grand Hotel* radio program, applies a special sun-tan oil which prevents sunburn while the skin is being tanned

WHETHER you spend the entire summer vacationing, enjoy only the traditional two weeks or snatch your holiday piecemeal on occasional week-ends, you are going to encounter problems in skin care that require deft handling. For the sun can do a lot of damage to the epidermis in one afternoon, unless it is protected and lubricated properly.

Sunburn and freckles, like missing front teeth, may be cute on little boys, but they don't do a thing for a young woman's appearance. If you're a wise summer girl, you'll decide early in the season whether you want to tan a honey-golden tan or remain pink and white. If your skin is light and delicate and reacts to a modicum of sunshine by getting all red and freckled, you'd better stay fair and go in for pink organdy. But if your skin tans readily and you look smart in backless white frocks and bathing suits, go ahead and tan! For most of us, it's half the fun of summer anyway.

To insure a golden tan instead of an ugly mahogany, and to keep the skin soft and supple, you must use a special sun-tan oil that actually filters out the rays causing blistering and burning, just as pretty, brunette Betty Winkler does. Don't stay in the sun for hours the first day, even though your skin is protected with oil. Increase the length of your sunbaths gradually, and you'll be better pleased with the results. If you want the trade name of an exceptionally good suntan oil, one that lubricates the skin as well as protects it, write to me. The preparation I recommend does not stain the skin and doesn't look at all messy when applied. It costs 50 cents and \$1 and comes in a simple, smart looking bottle that you'll be proud to carry in your beach kit.

For persons with dry skin, it is also advisable to slather a nourishing cream on the face and neck after over-indul-

If you need help with your beauty problems, Wynne McKay will be glad to advise you if you enclose a stamped envelope. Address her in care of Radioland, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y.

gence in sunshine. This is simply an extra precaution against dry, leathery skin; when some of the natural oils are taken from the skin by long stays in the sun, they will be replaced by the rich cream.

Another caution to sun-tanned girls: Be sure your face powder matches your dark skin-tone *exactly*. Pinkish or rachel powder on a definitely tan skin is not pretty. It's wise to have your powder base match your skin, too, so that the made-up portion of the skin blends perfectly into the un-made-up portion. There is a lovely gypsy tan foundation cream on the market—a rich, reddish-brown—which not only acts as a foundation, but also protects the skin from the drying effects of the sun. Its companion face powder, the same deep shade, goes on smoothly and stays on, a rich, glowing color. Two dollars for the pair, in case you're interested.

IF YOU are to be the pink-and-white type, go out and buy yourself some long-sleeved jackets and big hats. Fortunately, huge-brimmed cartwheel hats are very correct this season for spectator sports and street wear, as well as for the beach. You should also protect your skin from the direct rays of the sun by wearing an impenetrable foundation cream and powder. Of course, there will

RADIOLAND

Beauty Care Particularly Important During Summer Months

be occasions, if you grow careless, when your skin will freckle; but don't worry. You can bleach the freckles into invisibility in a couple of days with a good bleach cream. Be sure it's a safe, reputable one, however, that is not irritating to your skin. I'll give you the name of my favorite, if you wish. It costs 50 cents a jar.

NOW for a chat about newly discovered toiletries. First, there's a facial cream which is given its "body" not by wax but by a new principle of emulsifying. Creams containing wax are indirectly harmful, for an invisible film of the wax remains on the skin to clog the pores. This new wax-free cream, therefore, is ideal for use on dry skin inclined toward blackheads. Another feature of this unusual preparation is that it disappears as you massage it into the skin and then, astonishingly, reappears a moment later, bringing with it accumulated pore waste and surface grime. This "reversed emulsion" action is responsible for the penetrating and stimulating effects of the cream, which is really a facial treatment in itself. The price is \$1.00.

For dazzling white teeth, to set off your suntan, try a new powder dentifrice I've been testing. It makes your teeth look as gleaming as they do after your dentist has cleaned them, probably because it actually contains several of the cleansing agents used by dentists. There are numerous antiseptic ingredients in it, too, that leave your mouth feeling ultra-clean. It's death on nicotine stains and tartar, of course, yet

isn't too abrasive for the thinnest enamel. Fifty cents buys enough to last for months. If you want to obtain this dentifrice, write to me for the manufacturer's address.

And now from white teeth to white nail tips! You know how hard it is to keep nailtips gleaming, even if you have professional manicures. An hour afterward, quantities of grime have crept under the free edge of the nail, displacing all the nail white. To stop this annoyance, once and for all, comes a new liquid nail tip enamel that is brushed on just as liquid nail polish is. It is an opaque white in color, concealing any discoloration under the nail edge. If your nail tips are uneven or stubby, you can improve on Nature with this enamel, too. A large supply costs 50 cents, one application remaining intact for several days.

I've found a preparation that honestly improves the appearance of your skin overnight! A colorless, greaseless liquid with a pinkish sediment, it is applied with a brush, in the Continental manner. You let the sediment settle in the bottom of the bottle, dip the brush into it and paint your face and throat. Allow a few minutes for it to dry, go to bed, and the next morning wash it off. The texture of your skin is noticeably finer, the color clearer, and fine lines are erased. The cream is also very fine as a powder base for evening. You brush it on, let it dry partially, wiping off the excess, and apply your face powder, then you can forget about such unpleasant things as shiny noses. The price is \$2, brush included.

Wynne McKay's expert knowledge on beauty problems, toiletries, care of the skin, etc., is at the service of **RADIOLAND** readers.



"Here's the trouble, doctor—cirrhosis of the detector tube"

AUGUST, 1934



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Hydrosal

Mr. and Mrs. Singin' Sam

[Continued from page 26]

youngsters caught in the maelstrom of disaster.

Smiles came back, after the Armistice, to take up her interrupted career. For a few years she carried on. But her nerves had been badly shaken by exploding shells and the strain of helping wounded men to die bravely. Finally she collapsed, very ill; footlights did not see her for a long time. It was during the period of recuperation, during the long months of trying to regain her physical strength and nervous energy, that she first saw Harry Frankel.

THEIR third meeting took place in the lounge of the same club which had been the scene of their first encounter. A friend of Sam's was trying to lure him off to a golf links.

"Gee, I'd like to play," Sam said regretfully, "but my hotel room is piled halfway to the ceiling with letters that ought to be answered."

Obedying an impulse, Smiles offered, "Couldn't I help with the letters, Mr. Frankel?"

"Could you! The question is *would* you," boomed Sam in his heartiest tones.

Smiles went over to the hotel, after a few instructions, and Sam went to play golf.

But let her tell you about that afternoon. "I've never seen so many letters in my life as there were in that room. They had been accumulating for weeks and weeks. Why, I could hardly wade through them.

"I worked all afternoon, sorting out requests, 'thank-you' letters, and business messages. It was nearly dinner time when Harry—of course he was Mr. Frankel to me then—came striding in. He was as pleased as Punch over the progress I had made and insisted that I have dinner with him.

"During dinner I happened to mention my farm in Connecticut—I've always spent my summers there—and an absolute gleam came into his eyes. He asked me if I liked the country, if I enjoyed getting back to it occasionally, if I'd be content to live on a farm. All these questions I took for merely polite queries—at the time!"

Smiles Davis was to realize, months later, that Harry Frankel hadn't been quite as impersonal that day as he seemed at the time. She was to find out that Singing Sam was "country crazy." Right from the start, too, he liked the looks of his volunteer helper. But he was cautious. He wasn't taking chances. If he liked a girl—much—that girl had to be as crazy about the country and farms and all out-of-doors as Sam himself was. Sam had found such girls to be about as scarce as hen's teeth, in the circles he moved in.

Well, next day Helene resumed her task and by afternoon all the mail had been sorted into neat stacks. Now it was up to Sam to answer it. But . . . he didn't have an idea how to start. So he asked Helene. She had plenty of ideas.

Day after day she helped him, eventually working out a system whereby letters could be answered almost as soon as they were received. Sam came to depend upon her judgment in con-

nection with his programs as well as in the handling of his fan mail. One day he asked her if she would be willing to give up vaudeville entirely and become his secretary.

Smiles had become fond of Sam, although at this time she would never have thought of admitting such a thing even to herself. And the return to vaudeville—a precarious profession at best—didn't seem very important. The life of a secretary suddenly appeared stable, interesting, and highly desirable.

She took the job. That was late in 1931. The following summer, when Sam went out to his Indiana farm for a vacation, Smiles made her annual jaunt to her farm in Connecticut.

But something had gone wrong with those two farms. They had lost their glamour!

SAM couldn't understand it. Never before had he had any desire to return to the city. He must be slipping . . . maybe it was his liver! Smiles too was at a loss. She had looked forward to her Connecticut vacation, but this year the holiday fell flat. No fun at all!

When the same thing happened the *next* summer these two country-mad people began to see daylight. Their strange lack of interest in their once beloved farms, they decided at long last, was due to nothing but their enforced separation.

On last New Year's Day, Singin' Sam and Smiles Davis finally solved the farm problem. They decided in the spring they would get married—then they could be together on one farm.

They were married on the second day of May in Richmond, Indiana, and spent their honeymoon at Sam's farm just west of town. It is one of the most idyllic spots you have ever seen. Nothing pretentious about it—just cheerful and friendly and comfortable.

A long graveled road leads from the highway to the five-room bungalow, in front of which stretches an expanse of velvety lawn. The house is white, with green shutters, gayly painted porch furniture, a colorful striped awning.

Through the grounds runs a narrow river, a stream that had much to do with Sam's original purchase of the property. The old swimmin' hole which he patronized as a barefoot youngster in Richmond is within sight of the back door.

There's a cement swimming pool on the farm now. Sam built it for his guests, but he seldom uses it himself. He still prefers the swimming hole, now dignified with a diving board.

Sam, now on the air once a week for Atlas Beer over the Columbia network from Chicago, hopes to arrange his radio programs so that he and Smiles can make the farm their permanent home. They don't want to go back to the city to live—ever.

You should see them working in their garden—Smiles in a gingham housedress, her blonde hair mostly hidden under a huge straw hat, and Sam in overalls and wielding all sorts of garden tools. They're as happy as a couple of kids just let out of school.

You're Sure Arm
and Leg Hair
Won't Show!



No
Re-Growth
Worries
When You
Use

MARCHAND'S

MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it.

Arms and legs look dainty and attractive. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about re-growths or skin irritations. Easy to do at home—quick and inexpensive.

Bathers must pay particular attention to excess hair—because it looks so much blacker, uglier when you come out of the water. Get a bottle of Marchand's today!

Blondes Use Marchand's to Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail
Use Coupon Below

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. F.G.834
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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

The Old Maestro Writes to Ben Bernie

[Continued from page 18]

those new rhythms and decided to give them your own twist. But you couldn't do much with only a fiddle so you resolved to add a few lads, a piano, a saxophone, a drum and a cornet and call it an orchestra.

But you were no fool, Bernie, you got a job for the band first and then you got the band for the job! A new hotel, the Roosevelt, was in construction; you got your contract when the building got its cornerstone and you had your band for the grand opening. Then you acquired the old Maestro for your title.

We came for a five weeks engagement at the Roosevelt but we stayed five years. We started our "pioneering" over the air from this spot fourteen years ago—and the rest is history.

Theaters, clubs (good old College Inn with its Celebrity Nights), pictures and radio! We'll never forget them will we, Ben? Especially radio with its "mosta of the besta."

YOU know, Bernie, I just remembered that it took six years for us to sell that idea that we had about kidding a product before we ever found a product that wanted to be kidded—and could take it!

But what a product! (Hey, bosses, are you readin', huh?) Someone once wrote an article that said we sold those "twins of quality" (those guys and those gals know what we refer to, Ben!) with a "tongue in the cheek" method of advertising. The Old Maestro's not denying that maybe there's a bit of "cheek" to it but, methinks, it should be called the "cigar in the mouth" plan. (By the way, Ben, I still smoke those heaters and Chicago, Illinois is the address in case you're interested.)

Many's the time we've said, "This is Ben Bernie, the Old Maestro and all the Lads about to fling a bit of a broadcast—" and what a Tuesday night's FLING it has been! Four years for the old Alma Malta—and still at it! You know, Bernie, we've got those guys and those gals with their terrific response of purchases and their swell letters to thank for letting us keep on with our "fling." No wonder we'll always "sure try to do our best to answer each request—"

Methinks the Old Maestro is waxing a bit sentimental! Let's see—who am I? Where were we?—Oh yes! I was just going to mention Hollywood.

We went to Hollywood—(for a stipend, of course!) Dear old Paramount! They put us in a picture, but we weren't "framed," for they gave us a swell story called *Shoot the Works*. We were pictured as an orchestra starting out in a Chinese restaurant and ending up in a swank supper club. That story had *everything*—everything from chop suey to caviar. They want us back again to make another picture. Gosh, if they only could arrange to write in a few hamburgers in that one!

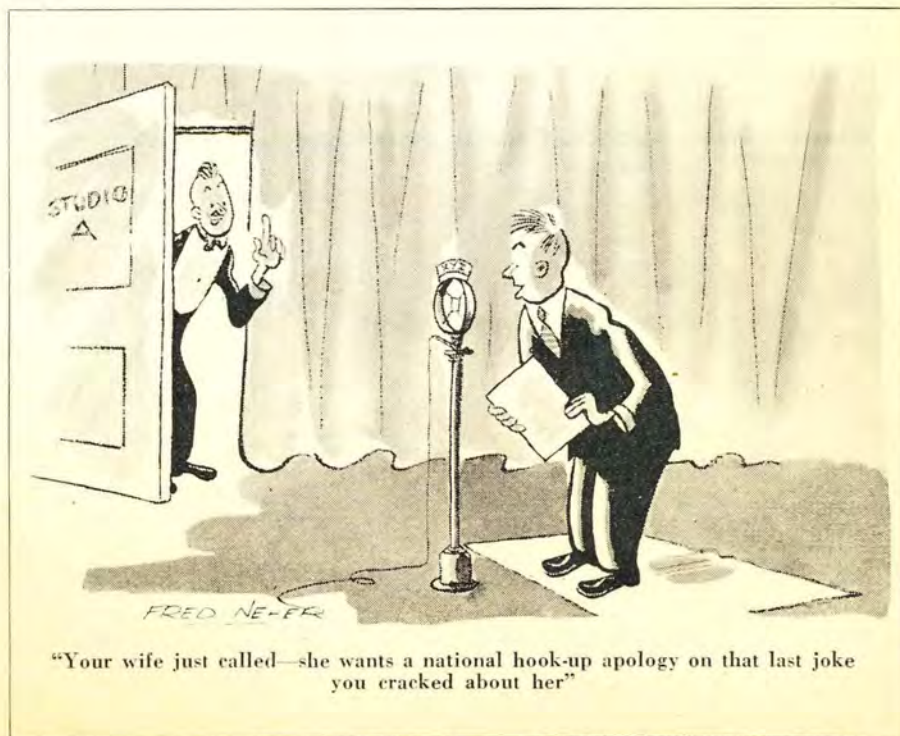
One thing, anyway, they couldn't make "yes men" out of us—the only word we knew was YOWSAH! We certainly had a time for ourselves in that studio playing those swell tunes, trying our hand at acting and even speaking lines—

Speaking of lines—that reminds me, Ben, that I'd better get an "exit line" for this heah letter—

Do you suppose that you could let me borrow ten bucks until next pay day?

Your old pal,

THE OLD MAESTRO.



"Your wife just called—she wants a national hook-up apology on that last joke you cracked about her"

Radio Waves the Red Flag

[Continued from page 21]

ATLAS SAVED
US 50% ON
OUR TIRES

AND THEY ARE
GUARANTEED
FOR A WHOLE
YEAR!

**12 MONTH
WRITTEN
GUARANTY
BOND—
WITH EACH
TIRE**

SAVE ON TIRES
\$2.15
29x4.40-21

GOOD YEAR
Firestone Goodrich-U.S. AND OTHERS

NEW LOW PRICES
Our competitors couldn't match Atlas quality so we met their prices. Now you get **better values** than ever before. Thousands of customers from coast to coast know that standard brand tires reconstructed by the scientific Atlas process give **50% to 60% more service** under severest road conditions. Each tire is backed by our iron-clad **Guaranty Bond** assuring a full year's service. Order today—prices may never again be so low.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER
Choice of brand new guaranteed heavy duty tube made of finest heat-resisting red rubber—our **Genuine Burgess lantern** complete thrown 600 ft. beam, adjustable for spot or flood-light.

WITH EACH 2 TIRES

ATLAS SUPER VALUES

BALLOON TIRES							
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
29x4.40-21		\$2.15	\$0.85	30x5.25-20		\$2.95	\$1.15
29x4.50-20		2.35	0.85	31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
30x4.50-21		2.40	0.85	28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
28x4.75-19		2.45	0.95	29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
29x4.75-20		2.50	0.95	30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
29x5.00-19		2.55	1.05	31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05	32x6.00-20		3.45	1.25
28x5.25-18		2.90	1.15	33x6.00-21		3.65	1.25
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15	32x6.50-20		3.75	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES							
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
30x3		\$2.25	\$0.65	32x4 1/2		\$3.35	\$1.15
30x3 1/2		2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2		3.45	1.15
31x4		2.95	0.85	31x4 3/4		3.45	1.15
32x4		2.95	0.85	30x5		3.65	1.35
33x4		2.95	0.85	33x5		3.75	1.45

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES							
TRUCK BALLOON			HIGH PRESSURE				
Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes	Size	Rim	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20		\$3.75	\$1.65	30x5		\$4.25	\$1.95
6.50-20		4.45	1.95	32x6 8-ply		7.95	2.75
7.00-20		5.95	2.95	32x6 10-ply		8.95	2.75
7.50-20		6.95	3.75	36x6		9.95	3.95
8.25-20		8.95	4.95	34x7		10.95	3.95
9.00-20		10.95	5.65	36x8		12.45	4.25
9.75-20		13.95	6.45	40x8		15.95	4.95

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ALL TUBES NEW GUARANTEED

Send \$1.00 Deposit with each tire ordered (\$4.00 deposit on each truck tire). Balance C.O.D. If you send cash in full deduct 5%. Year's service guaranteed, or replacement at 1/2 price. **Order Today.**

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6250-52 South Morgan Street, Chicago, Ill.

Wife Wins Fight With Kidney Acids

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Uses Guaranteed Cystex Test.

Thousands of women and men sufferers from poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder have discovered a simple, easy way to sleep fine and feel years younger by combating Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Neuralgia, Burning, Smarting and Acidity, due to poor Kidney functions, by using a Doctor's prescription called Cystex (Siss-tex). Works fast, circulating thru system in 15 minutes, often giving amazing benefits in 24 to 48 hours. Try it under the fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. Cystex is only 75c at druggists.

NOW! THE GIANT TUBE

ZIP

PERFUMED DEPILATORY CREAM

ZIP EPILATOR — IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

jig-saw puzzles, and others into the waste-heap, is that only within the last six months or so, has it become possible for the average man to own a radio set equipped for short-wave reception. Up until recently, those that carried a short wave dial cost so much money that only the rich could afford to buy them. As a result of lower prices, from sixty to seventy per cent of all radios sold today possess the short wave dial.

The thrill of being able to hear Australia describe a national swimming meet, or listen to a famous Spanish singer in Madrid, or to follow Daventry in his description of the Derby at Epsom Downs, is even greater than listening in on police calls. In fact, it is so big, and the enthusiasm is so great, bigger and better radio stations are going up all the time to handle this new field, and there seems to be a sort of race going on abroad, as to which country will be in the lead. Short wave clubs have sprung up all over America. Radio editors of daily papers are printing more and more information about the craze. There is an International Short Wave Club, whose members converse with each other over thousands of miles, and follow every new short wave development with keen interest.

"I heard HBL last night," says one short wave bug to another. "Say did you hear DJC night before last? I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Germany don't go to war with Austria any day, now. And the way they're trying to get those people over on the Saar to go Nazi, is something. You should have heard it! A friend of mine told me the other day, he cut in on one station that came over so clear he thought the fellow talking was in the same room. Some Communist trying to get everybody to join their league. He didn't know where the station was located, and he thought at first it was Russia. But with all this Communism going on all the time, and the voice so clear, he figured out it could be anywhere."

ONE of the most popular radio entertainers on the air in this country is Edwin C. Hill. For three years he has been giving a weekly broadcast of news events all over the world. But instead of the cold black and white story that greets the eye from the printed page, he hands it to you, in a pleasing, cultured voice, describing the story from the human angle. Every sensational item that he discusses reveals the weakness as well as the strength of mankind.

Ed Hill, as he is known to the wide circle of his friends, is 49 years old. For 20 years he was a star reporter on the New York Sun. He came to Manhattan, a young cub reporter from the west. He was born in Indiana, and from boyhood trained in the use of good diction by his father who was a superintendent of schools. That is why his perfect command of the English language makes his broadcast distinctive.

Right now, he is probably making more money than any other newspaper man in America. From the thousands of letters that pour into the studio sent by his admirers, any opinion he would utter on a national topic would be likely

to interest radio fans all over the country. We found him deeply interested in the short wave craze. He was amazed at the force with which it had sprung into existence.

"Of course no one can tell how far it will carry," he said. "It might turn out to be just another novelty. It certainly seems to have begun that way. And it might die out like they all do after running its course. But will it? That's what interests me. I've heard more about it lately than I realized until you spoke of it. Right now, it seems that the thing is just beginning to grow. The greatest obstacle to spreading the short wave idea so that it will reach the largest audience, up until now, has been the time element. The best time for reception of European broadcasts is in the morning, or early afternoon. Now the average man has to be at work then. Therefore, it is only on Sunday he can be reached, or in the evening."

He leaned back in his chair, and spoke in a serious tone of voice. "There's no doubt about it," he said, "that propaganda of one kind or another appears to be the chief purpose of most short-wave broadcasting sent over here. If that's true, man in the mass has to be contacted. I have been told that they are working with all haste on changing time schedules over there, so that the programs can reach the American audience at the proper hour.

"IT WOULD be a terrible thing if I what started out to be a novelty—, a sort of new radio thrill—turned out to be a national menace," he continued. "There's no question about the fact that we're getting a lot of propaganda from Europe over the short wave now. More than we've had in years. There's a lot of German propaganda being sent over to offset the anti-Hitler feeling and boycott against the Nazi government. France is pouring propaganda over the air not so much here as abroad. Mussolini—probably the most powerful individual in the world today—has certainly made thousands and thousands of new friends for Italy by use of the radio. And so on. In Europe the powerful radio stations are subsidized by the government. Radio stations are matters of paramount national interest over there.

"There's the one just finished at Moscow. No one seems to know much about it definitely. Some say it is the most powerful station in the world. Others say that it has only a hundred thousand watts, and the one at Luxembourg has more. Station WLW at Cincinnati, however, is supposed to be the biggest in the world because it has five hundred thousand watts. They're all racing to get ahead in radio because they figure that in the next war it will be their strongest weapon. President Roosevelt believes radio to be one of the most important elements in the country, and has just recently put a bill before Congress asking for Federal control of all wireless communication. He has asked this wire and radio bill for government control to be pushed through as quickly as possible.

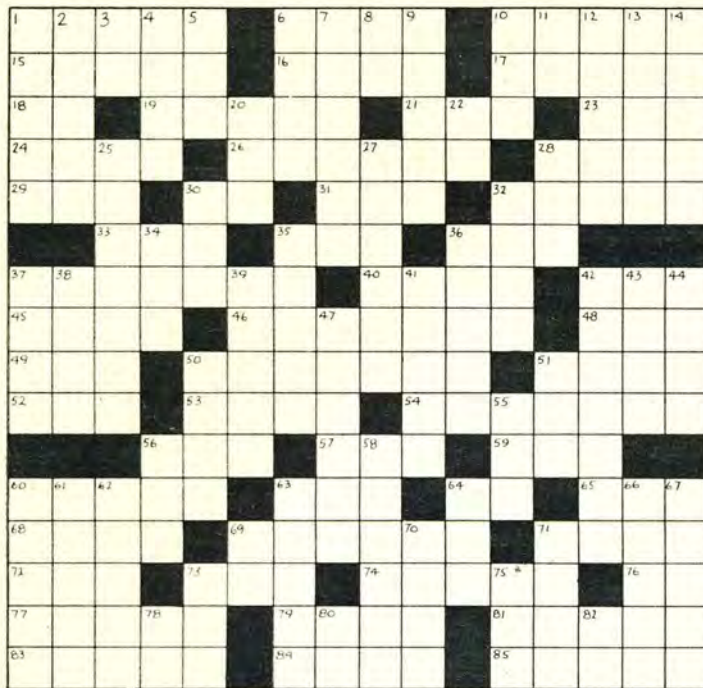
[Continued on page 65]

RADIOLAND

62

Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

HERE'S another tough one for crossword puzzle fans, done especially for **RADIOLAND** readers by F. Gregory Hartswick, the country's foremost expert at this type of wit-twister. Around the edges of this puzzle you will find some reasons for the immense popularity of radio, when you have solved it.



ACROSS

- 1 Composition for the stage
- 6 Events of the day
- 10 Games of all kinds
- 15 Motor cars
- 16 Over again in Asia
- 17 Peninsula in Asia
- 18 Western State (Abbr.)
- 19 Pertaining to foundation
- 21 English cathedral town
- 23 Formal dance (French)
- 24 Hunting-horns
- 26 Searches deeply
- 28 Ditch-digger's tool
- 29 Before
- 31 To soak
- 32 Immersions for cleansing
- 33 Perfect golf
- 35 Japanese coin
- 36 Turf
- 37 Popular expression for a person who is exceedingly good in his line
- 40 Superficial irritation
- 42 One of the "Little Women"
- 45 Part of a church
- 46 Any radio entertainment
- 48 Disturbance
- 49 Clear profit or loss
- 50 One who rejects forcibly
- 51 Mythical ship that sought the Golden Fleece
- 52 English river
- 53 Girl's name
- 54 Used for a particular purpose
- 56 Sprite
- 57 High explosive (Abbr.)
- 59 Shade-tree
- 60 More free from evil
- 63 Yourself
- 64 Initials of strenuous President
- 65 Low (French)
- 68 Girl's name
- 69 Reptile with a shell
- 71 Famous Censor of Ancient Rome
- 72 Highest card
- 73 Be ill
- 74 Spanish lasso
- 76 Above and touching
- 77 Pertaining to ships
- 79 Asiatic silkworm
- 81 Large ape
- 83 Musical drama
- 84 Heavenly body
- 85 Dramatic representations

DOWN

- 1 Rhythmic motion
- 2 Baseless report
- 3 Toward
- 4 Unorganized crowds
- 5 Third King of Judah
- 6 Member of savage tribe in which descent is reckoned from the mother instead of the father
- 7 What you'd like to do to a good radio program
- 8 Ourselves
- 9 Saccharine
- 10 The heavens
- 11 River in North Italy
- 12 Path of a planet
- 13 Get to
- 14 Discussions
- 20 Secret agent

- 22 In law, the place of the seal
- 25 Stick together again
- 27 Of good influence
- 28 Protective cushion
- 30 Part of circumference
- 32 German inventor of a certain type of flute
- 34 Exist
- 35 Play a stringed instrument
- 36 Steep slope
- 37 Group of musicians
- 38 Duelling-sword
- 39 Place in contact
- 41 Buy for another
- 42 Kind of musical instrument used in some dance-orchestras
- 43 Rim
- 44 Not bad
- 47 Speechmaker
- 50 Valley in Prussia, of importance during the Great War
- 51 Everything
- 55 Through
- 56 Turkish hat
- 58 Kind of fur
- 60 Musical instrument
- 61 Take the lid off
- 62 To pass a rope through
- 63 Christmases
- 64 Afternoon beverage
- 66 Want of vital energy
- 67 Compositions for the voice
- 69 Note of scale
- 70 Prevaricator
- 71 Man's name
- 73 Winglike part
- 75 Uppermost part
- 78 Metric land-measure
- 80 Right (Abbr.)
- 82 Hawaiian cooled lava

Solution to July Puzzle



WHY BE FAT?



Delighted women everywhere are telling their friends how easy it is to have an alluring figure the **RE-DUCE-OIDS** way.

★ She LOST 50 Pounds without Diet or Exercise

● There's no need to envy other women with their captivating figures, while you sit in the background ashamed and uncomfortable. Here is the easy, safe way that has transformed the overweight bodies of thousands of delighted women into lovely figures admired by everyone, after other methods had failed.

*Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., writes "I reduced 50 pounds with **RE-DUCE-OIDS**. Every other method failed, but **RE-DUCE-OIDS** succeeded! After I lost this fat, my doctor pronounced me in better health than for years, and I felt better in every way."

EASY-TO-USE—SAFE—EFFECTIVE when used according to directions. Doctors prescribe the ingredients which science combines for you in **RE-DUCE-OIDS**, in easy-to-use, tasteless capsule form. Hundreds of letters tell of permanently reducing as much as 70 pounds... and report feeling better while and after taking **RE-DUCE-OIDS**. No weakening diets, no reducing baths, no exercises!

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Big Money easily earned demonstrating this amazing new silk Hosiery. All loose, fuzzy silk threads are sealed smooth. Resists runs. Hose wear three times longer. Saves wearers money. Convincing unnecessary—just show to friends and neighbors. No investment required. We furnish elaborate demonstrating equipment, including 5 actual stockings FREE. Without experience you can start at once and make fine, steady income. Answer at once, giving house size and color preference.

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Dept. 898, Columbus, Ohio

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Photos Enlarged 45c

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Same price for Groups, Full-Figures or Bust Form. Made from any size Proof, Photo or Negative. Original returned. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail Photo or Negative and receive your Enlargement, artistically colored in Imported Oils. Pay postman 45c each, or 3 different 8x10 Enlargements \$1.00. SPECIAL: 11x14 Enlargement Colored (Framed) Only \$1.00. Big 16x20 Oil-Colored \$2.00 (Bill) plus postage. SUPERIOR STUDIOS, Dept. 100-S, McAdoo, Penna.

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UNIVERSAL SONG SERVICE, 681 Meyer Bldg., Western Avenue and Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California.

Bing Crosby Gets the Third Degree

(Continued from page 22)

"No. Not that I didn't want to, but he preferred to go on his own. I wish him every success. He's a grand kid."

How can I get a picture of you?

"Address a request to me at Paramount Studios in Hollywood, Calif."

Would you enjoy a dramatic part in pictures where you had to cry?

"No. I prefer comedy like we had in *We're Not Dressing*."

Which of your leading ladies did you enjoy playing with most?

"Which could be an embarrassing question, but it isn't. I enjoy them all. They are grand people and grand trouperers."

What is your wife's real name?

"It's Wilma Wyatt."

How tall are you and what do you weigh?

"I am five feet, nine inches and weigh 175 pounds."

Is it true that you are color blind?

"Only partially. Certain shades of two different colors look alike to me, but otherwise I have no trouble distinguishing colors."

In the event you lost your voice what career would you follow?

"I'd try first to be a legitimate actor. If I failed at that, I would follow one of the various outside business enterprises in which I now have investments. I hope it will never happen because I love to sing."

Can you play any musical instrument?

"No, not a one, nor can I read a single note of music."

Did you ever take a singing lesson?

"Never in my life and I'd be afraid to now because it would change my style of delivery which might prove fatal."

How old were you when you started broadcasting?

"I was just twenty-four."

What is your religion?

"I am a Catholic."

What are your favorite hobbies?

"Golf and fishing. I indulge in either on a moment's notice when I can get away from the studio."

Who is your leading lady in your next picture?

"Miriam Hopkins. She plays the rôle of 'Curly Flagg' in *She Loves Me Not*. Kitty Carlisle and Judith Allen have the other leading feminine parts."

Do you really like Hollywood?

"Who wouldn't?"

Do you answer your fan mail personally?

"Yes, as far as possible. It is not handled by the studio fan mail department."

Which, of all the songs you have sung, do you like best?

I like them all or I wouldn't sing them, but songs and times change. I think *Dinah* is one of the grandest tunes ever written. So was *Please* and *Did You Ever See A Dream Walking*. Right now one of my favorites is *May I*."

Do you prefer movies to the radio?

"No. They are two different mediums. Radio is easy, pictures are work, and I'm notoriously lazy."

Where did you first meet your wife, Dixie?

"While I was singing at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles."

What is your nationality?

"I was born in Tacoma, Washington, so that makes me an American. My father and mother are both American born, but if you look back far enough you'll find I'm of Irish descent. Mother's maiden name was Harrigan."

Is Rudy Vallée a friend of yours?

"Sure. We're not what you might call close friends but we are certainly more than acquaintances."

What do you think of marriage?

"Swell!"

What day and year was Gary Evan born and why do you call him "Gunder"?

"He was born on June 27, 1933. We called him Gunder for a gag. Dick Arlen called their baby Elmer until they decided on Richard Ralston Arlen. Dixie and I thought we ought to have some silly name for ours and somebody suggested Gunder. He's Gary now."

What is the truth about how you got the name of Bing?

"My mother and dad tell me that I used to be terribly fond of a cartoon known as the Bingville Bugle when I was a kid. I would carry the paper around saying *Bing, Bing* until someone would read the cartoon to me."

If your next baby is a girl will you call it Penelope as reported?

"Hadn't thought of it. Anyhow, it will be its mother's prerogative, I haven't anything to do with the name."

Is it true that you want three more children?

"Sure. The more the merrier."

Is there any truth to the report that you plan to leave the screen and the radio and devote yourself to your business interests?

"If such popularity as I have wanes, and my public decides that they don't want me any more, I'll be requested to leave."

And there you have Cunnel Crosby. It was a rigid cross-examination but he took it like a man.

By the way, as we go to press the news comes that a fluoroscope prediction says that the next addition to the Crosby family will be twins. It cannot yet be told whether they will be crooners.



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Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Reducing Garments

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NEW UPLIFT REDUCER..... **\$3.25**
REDUCING GIRDLE. 2 to 3 inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 2 garters in front. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures. **\$3.75**

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Radio Waves the Red Flag

[Continued from page 62]

"There's a lot more to it than just listening for police calls, and hearing about a local crime being traced," continued Mr. Hill thoughtfully. His weather-beaten face was serious. His eyes had a far-away look. He leaned back in his chair, and gave voice to his opinions, slowly and with deliberation.

"IT'S FINE to be able to hear the wonderful musical entertainments of the Argentines, or Germany, or England. It gives you a real thrill to hear Admiral Byrd's voice, and know that he is safe way down there at the South Pole. But how can you stop the use of the short-wave for other purposes than entertainment? What's to prevent other countries from coming in here and stirring up the masses to unrest and riot, as they have done in other countries? We can only offset such propaganda by putting on a campaign of our own. The intelligent man who listens to a Communistic program, scoffs at it. But the illiterate masses, and the great army of the unemployed—restless, unhappy, dissatisfied with their lot, will pay attention—and no one can tell how much harm can be done.

"I understand," he went on, "that the British were the first to develop the short-wave transmission to its present high state. They had a perfectly good reason for working on it. The British Empire is so far-spread in its dominions that something had to be done whereby a constant source of quick communication could be established. England has one of the three most powerful stations in the world. The marvelous engineers of Russia have been working on the short-wave for a long time. They needed the same thing to keep in touch with the boundaries of their country. When you stop to think of the millions spent in radio all over the world, you begin to get a faint idea of its importance. And most of the short-wave programs being sent over now, show that a lot of money is being spent in their presentation.

"Also," he added, "All Europe seems to be fighting for radio supremacy, and that is bound to lead to trouble. We had an example of what this sort of thing leads to not long ago. Germany has been putting over a lot of propaganda with short wave broadcasts in Austria. The radio stations in Germany are far more powerful than any Austria has, therefore it has been easy for them to overcome resistance. The Nazi propaganda that was being poured into the country called down an unofficial warning from other countries—and besides this particular instance, several others with international complications have occurred. Don't think for a moment that any leading European nation is asleep on the job. But just how big the job is going to be, no one can tell—or where it will lead to. The only definite thing I can say at the moment is, that right now, the fellow with the short wave dial radio is a mighty important person to the fellow in any European broadcasting station."

Mr. Hill is right—the radio situation is leading Europe straight into trouble.

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29x4	75-20	9.95	.95
28x5	00-19	9.95	1.05
30x5	00-20	9.95	1.05
28x5	25-18	9.95	1.15
29x5	25-19	9.95	1.15
30x5	25-20	9.95	1.15
31x5	25-21	9.95	1.15
28x5	50-18	9.95	1.15
30x5	50-19	9.95	1.15
30x6	00-18	9.40	1.15
31x6	00-19	9.40	1.15
32x6	00-20	9.45	1.25
33x6	00-21	9.45	1.25
32x6	50-20	9.75	1.35

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32x6	\$7.95	\$2.75
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Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	\$3.75	\$1.65
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Questions and Answers



Would you please give me the lowdown on Conrad Thibault?—*Janet Southwick.*

Ans.—The "lowdown" on Conrad is that he is of average height, huskily built, blond, American of French descent, a widower, a former choir singer who was encouraged to develop his voice by the late Calvin Coolidge.

Where can fan mail reach Morton Downey? What program is he on now and what nights does he broadcast?—*Margaret Stevenson.*

Ans.—At this writing Morton Downey is on no regular network program, though he may be back on the air shortly. Mail will always reach him through the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

When and where does Cab Calloway broadcast and over what hookup?—*R. Huckshorn.*

Ans.—Cab Calloway is at present in England and is not broadcasting.

I would like to know who is the best paid radio star. Is Bing Crosby a German and Joe Penner a Jew?—*Sylvia Jean.*

Ans.—Eddie Cantor is probably the highest paid star, getting \$10,000 per broadcast on his new program, out of which he must pay for scripts, etc. Bing Crosby is not German but of Irish descent, and Joe Penner is Hungarian.

I and the boy friend had an argument about Duke Ellington. I say Duke Ellington has been to Europe twice. Over what station can we hear Duke Ellington?—*A. M. LaC.*

Ans.—You win. Duke has played before the crowned heads of Europe, as they used to say in ballyhoo posters. He is not heard over any station at the moment, but has just finished a moving picture for Paramount which is due for release shortly.

We all like the new program on NBC called *The Honeymooners*, Grace and Eddie Albert. Will you please tell us all about them? Where is their home, age, nationality, and description?—*Lucile B. LeSage, Huntington, W. Va.*

Ans.—You will find a picture of Grace and Eddie Albert in the Random Review section of this issue of RADIOLAND. Their home is at present in New York, where their broadcasts originate, but they scored their first success in Minneapolis over WCCO and over WLW, Cincinnati, where they were featured singers.

How old is Jackie Heller? What is his nationality and what color of eyes and hair does he have? What is his address?—*M. A. K., Hazel Shackelford.*

Ans.—Jackie Heller is 27, American, and both hair and eyes are black. You'll find his picture in this issue. He can be addressed at the College Inn, Hotel Sherman, Chicago, Ill.

Is one of the Boswell Sisters crippled? When does Connie Boswell broadcast with Glen Gray's Casa Loma band?—*R. C.*

Ans.—Connie Boswell has overcome the handicap of lameness to become one of radio's outstanding stars. She no longer broadcasts with the Casa Loma Orchestra.

Will you please tell me if Al Jolson has gone off the air? If he hasn't, on what program can he be heard?—*Arthur Hall.*

Ans.—Al Jolson is off the air while he is making another movie, but he will return in a few weeks on the Kraft program.

Would you kindly let us know where and what has happened to Don Ball, who was a very nice announcer for the Columbia Broadcasting System? We do not hear him any more.—*Mrs. C. E. R.*

Ans.—Don Ball has been advanced to an executive position with the Columbia System and his voice is no longer heard as an announcer.

What are the real names of Myrt and Marge? Are they mother and daughter in private life? Will they be back on the air in the fall?—*A. R. Krize.*

Ans.—Myrtle Vail Damerel and Donna Damerel Kretsinger are Myrt and Marge, respectively. Myrt is Marge's mother. It is practically certain that their program will resume this fall.

Is the Voice of Experience married? Is he divorced or living apart from his wife at present? Is his doctor's degree that of a medical doctor? Is he a physician?—*Arthur B. Carter.*

Ans.—The Voice of Experience is married, is not divorced and is not living apart from his wife. Although he has completed courses in many medical schools and he has the complete training of a surgeon, he has consistently refused degrees which would in his estimation handicap the research work in which he specialized during much of his career.

Where does Eddie Cantor's family live? Was Rubinoff ever married?—*Elinor Lyons.*

Ans.—Eddie travels around so much that his family has no permanent address. Before they left for Hollywood they lived in the San Remo Apartments, New York City. Rubinoff has been married and divorced.

What nationality is Lanny Ross? Is Lanny Ross his real name? How old is he? Where can he be reached by mail? When is he going to Hollywood, and how long will he remain there?—*Gladys Phelan, and Sally of Albany.*

Ans.—Lanny is an American, 28, and his full name is Lancelot Patrick Ross. He can be reached by mail at the NBC studios, Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. He will probably be in Hollywood to make a picture when this magazine reaches the stands, but will be back in New York in the fall to continue his broadcasting.

Where does Bing Crosby live in Hollywood and does he answer letters? Is his wife a movie star?—*Janet Bosse, Arselia Picerno.*

Ans.—See article in this issue in which Bing answers dozens of questions asked by RADIOLAND readers. He lives at Toluca Lake, just outside of Hollywood. His wife was formerly in the movies under the name of Dixie Lee. Bing answers letters.



What do you want to know about the radio stars?

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