

RADIOLAND

December

15^c

20c in Canada



*George Burns
Gracie Allen*



THE TRUTH ABOUT RADIO STARS' SALARIES

They thought I was just a good dancer-



.....but I fooled them!

"It took my mother a long time to learn how to be a good cook and a good housekeeper—even in those days when girls didn't have so many distractions. She thought it would take me even longer—and everybody seemed to agree with her! But I fooled them. I took a short cut. The 'balanced' recipes in my bag of Pillsbury's Best Flour solved my baking problem. I use them with the 'balanced' flour, Pillsbury's Best, and from the very start I've done some rather fancy baking—if I do say so myself!"



London Tea Cookies
Rich cookie dough, spread with marmalade, topped with meringue and nuts! The recipe is in your sack of Pillsbury's Best.

Nowadays many a girl knows more about foxtrots than oven temperatures. What of it? Inside every bag of Pillsbury's Best you'll find a baking combination that works perfectly for amateur or expert, for "old hand" or newly-wed!

First, you'll find a "balanced" flour. Pillsbury's Best is made from a "balanced" mixture of fine wheats, blended to make a flour that works perfectly for every baking purpose, from bread to delicate pastry!

Also, you'll find a group of "balanced" recipes, produced by Pillsbury's Cooking Service, under the direction of Mary Ellis Ames. These recipes show you how to make interesting new foods. You'll enjoy trying them. And you'll certainly enjoy using Pillsbury's Best, because it works so perfectly for every baking purpose!

Send for Everlasting Aluminum Covered Recipe Book with Visible Index

Pillsbury has developed an unusual looseleaf recipe book. Will not soil or wear out—covered in everlasting aluminum, no heavier than an ordinary cover. Easy to use—every recipe is instantly visible on an index. Contains nearly 300 "balanced" recipes—dependable, sure ways to make interesting new baked foods. Sent postpaid for only \$1.00—less than actual cost. Send coupon today.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
General Offices, Minneapolis, Minn.

Listen to the adventures of "Today's Children", N.B.C., every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday at 10:30 a.m. Eastern Standard Time.

Also, hear Mary Ellis Ames, head of Pillsbury's Cooking Service over Columbia network every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11:00 a.m., Eastern Standard Time.

THE FLOUR QUESTION SETTLED BECAUSE PILLSBURY'S BEST!



Mary Ellis Ames
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Please send me postpaid your aluminum covered visible index recipe book "Balanced Recipes." I enclose \$1.00.

V-12

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

PILLSBURY'S BEST
The "balanced" flour

Isn't It A Shame!



PRETTY GIRL...SWELL DANCER...BUT OH! HER TEETH AND GUMS!



Mildred's eyes remind men of the stars. Mildred's brow shames the marble of Carrara. But—there's a "but" about Mildred!



Dancing with Mildred is like floating on a breeze. Invared is graceful, vivacious, delightful. But the "but" about Mildred spoils her good times!



Men meet Mildred—are charmed—and uncharmed. First they look—and then they leave. For the "but" about Mildred is her teeth!



Either Mildred doesn't know—or doesn't care—about her gums. Mildred doesn't dream that the "pink" on her tooth brush says "Danger!"



If Mildred would only ask her dentist what to do about her teeth and tender gums! Soon, Mildred would find that Ipana and massage are the answer!



Soon enough Mildred would know that men respond to sparkling teeth just as surely as to dewy eyes and dancing grace! Mildred would hold her men!

ARE you a "Mildred"? Are your gums tender and your teeth foggy and dingy?

Your dentist knows just as much about "pink tooth brush" as the one who can help poor Mildred! He knows that "pink tooth brush" can be corrected with Ipana and gum massage. He knows that if you *don't* correct "pink tooth brush," your teeth may become dull

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

and ugly. He knows that you may become a victim to a gum infection as undesirable and as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea . . . that the soundest of your teeth may be endangered.

The foods of today are too soft to

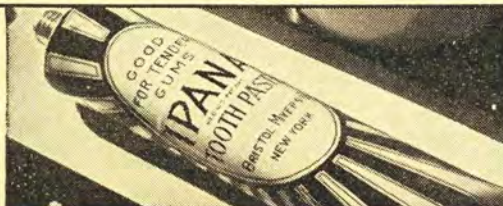
give proper exercise to the gums. That is why Mildred's gums . . . and yours . . . tend to bleed. They are inactive.

They need massage—with Ipana.

Start today cleaning your teeth with Ipana, and each time rub a little more Ipana right into your gums. Your teeth will brighten. Your gums will soon be firm. And you'll be attractive when you smile!

THE "IPANA TROUBADOURS" ARE BACK! EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING . . . 9:00 P. M., E. S. T. WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. JJ-123
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

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Street _____
City _____ State _____



RADIOLAND

VOL. 1

NO. 5

DECEMBER, 1933

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"Don't let love grow hum-drum"

warns **HELEN TWELVETREES**

PARAMOUNT
STAR

"When a man begins to take you for granted, look out! Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the Screen Stars do. Men are always stirred by lovely skin!"

Helen Twelvetrees



She knows her husband really loves her still, yet she is taken for granted, neglected. Love has grown hum-drum, stale.

"DON'T let love grow hum-drum!" This is the warning Helen Twelvetrees sends to the many perplexed women who write this charming screen star for advice.

"When a man begins to take you for granted," she says, "look out!"

And then she tells Hollywood's secret of winning—and holding—adoration. "Capture for yourself glamorous complexion loveliness the way the screen stars do. Men



She learns the Hollywood secret—that a velvet-smooth skin has a charm men can't resist. She begins to use the Hollywood way to this complexion loveliness.

are *always* stirred by lovely skin!"

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap to keep their complexions always lovely. It is the official soap in all the great film studios.

Begin today to use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*, just as Helen Twelvetrees does!



Again she knows the thrill of honeymoon days! Eager eyes search the new, seductive beauty of her face. Now life is glamorous, gay!



For EVERY Type of Skin ... dry ... oily ... "in-between"

Winners in Crooner Contest

Pros and Cons of Crooning.
Radio Fans like Crooners—and
they Love their Bing Crosby,
Rudy Vallee and Phil Harris



—Harold Stein

Watch for the January
RADIOLAND with the
beautiful cover of Jane
Froman. This holiday is-
sue of **RADIOLAND** will
be brimful of features

WITH its October issue **RADIOLAND** asked its readers for letters in answer to this question:

Why do you like (or dislike) radio crooners?

Prizes were offered for the best letters and the contest brought down an avalanche of letters. The majority of the letters were solidly lined up in favor of radio crooning. Rudy Vallée, who is much more than a crooner, of course, Bing Crosby and Phil Harris were commented upon enthusiastically by the letters. Crosby led in letter comment. The winning letters follow:

First Prize (\$15 Prize)

All of us are essentially romantic. We long to be swept out of the work-a-day world into a land of dreams where things are as we would have them be.

Crooners and, of course, I am speaking of the better class, provide the bridges that carry us from the real to the unreal, from the drab and commonplace to the fanciful heights of lost hopes and ambitions. The quality of their voice, the lilt of the music, the theme of the song suggest a world of romance where each one of us is privileged to choose a setting that will fit our own in-

dividual life as we would like to live it.

Good crooners have a definite place in the general scheme of radio broadcasting. They deserve as much encouragement as any other phase of entertainment.

JANICE STEINMETZ,

154 E. Walnut St.,
Lancaster, Penn.

Do You Like Radio Dramas?

What do you think of drama on the air? Does it interest you, or doesn't it? Write your opinions in 200 words, mail before November 20th to **RADIO DRAMA Contest, Radioland, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.** \$15 will be paid for the best letter, \$10 for the second best, \$5 for the third. If letters prove of equal merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded. The winners will be announced in the February issue of *Radioland*.

Second Prize (\$10 Prize)

Why do I like radio crooners? My reasons are two:

First, because I am a member of the younger generation, and crooning is undeniably that generation's contribution to music and radio. We of the younger were not truly represented by the tin pan jazz of the money-mad twenties. The more romantic, the more soulful, the more sophisticated crooner really reflects the sentiments of the American youth.

Second, because within me there still remains something of the baby. Crooning soothes me today, even as it did when I was "The infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms." Crooners have brought back to us the lullaby, the caressing type of song which was formerly abandoned with the cradle. I must confess that in spite of approaching manhood I still like it.

My favorite crooner? Crosby, of course. Bing injects more real melody into his crooning than do any of his imitators.

FRAN J. DOWLING,

1461 E. 109th St.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Third Prize (\$5 Prize)

I do not like crooners and their so called music. I fail to see any "haunting harmony" in their lugubrious moans and groans. I'd prefer to call it haunting and nerve racking discords. I venture the opinion that not one person in fifty really enjoys the disagreeable monotonous of the Boswell Sisters and others of their kind.

I like the old-fashioned melodies with their rhythmic cadences—tunes that have a soothing effect on the ear. Of all the modern airs that I have heard the past year, I consider but one really beautiful and that is *The Echo In the Valley*. I might also add Kate Smith's *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*.

I do not profess to be a connoisseur of the best music, but I do really have an ear for smooth melodies and enjoy such songs as *When You and I Were Young, Maggie; Silver Threads Among the Gold*, etc. During the late 90's and the early-years of 1900 many beautiful songs appeared. We have had few duplicates since that time. Please register me as opposed to all crooning, vulgar and blues songs.

G. W. WALKER,

2409 Aldrich Avenue,
S. Minneapolis, Minn.

(\$1 Prize)

You won't dare accept this letter because it is intended as a "call to arms" against the
[Continued on page 76]

RADIOLAND

Forget your Old Ideas of NAIL POLISH ...

Glazo has 6 radical changes that almost force you to change your brand

50% LONGER WEAR

NEW LACQUERS OF RICHER LUSTRE

SIX PERFECT SHADES...AUTHENTIC COLOR CHART IN EACH POLISH PACKAGE

NEW METAL-SHAFT BRUSH...EXTRA-SIZE POLISH REMOVER

LARGER BOTTLES AND A NEW LOW PRICE...25c

25c

LET'S admit very frankly that Glazo has always been a high-priced polish... designed to appeal to the most fastidious women. And so great is its vogue that for many years it has far outsold any other polish of its price.

So it's sensational manicure news that the famous Glazo now costs even less than ordinary polishes.

But even more sensational — that Glazo presents new improvements beyond your fondest dreams of what a perfect polish should be.

A new-type lacquer, developed by Glazo, gives higher lustre... gives 50% longer wear.

Six color-perfect shades... to suit

your whims and your occasions. And the Authentic Glazo Color Chart on the package presents the one sure way to select the exact shades you wish.

The new metal-shaft brush... just can't come loose... allows shorter flattened bristles that make application far, far easier.

We have even put Glazo Polish Remover in an extra-size bottle... ample to last as long as your Polish.

The new Glazo, in its striking new package, will please you as no other polish can. Glazo Polish and the Polish Remover are now only 25c each... the twin kit, containing both the Polish and Remover, is but 40c.

The New Glazo Preparations

GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Choice of six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, and Colorless. 25c each.

GLAZO POLISH REMOVER. Easily removes even deepest shades of polish. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. An improved liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size Polish Remover. Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GR-12-3
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred)...

Natural Shell Flame Geranium

GLAZO The Smart
MANICURE **25c**

The Radio Parade

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

Variety Programs:

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—The friendly Major and his family in a variety of songs and music. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 11:15 a. m.

BOND PROGRAM—That sentimental pair, Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, in songs, and music by Don Voorhees' orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

THE BAKERS BROADCAST—Joe Penner, the well known vaudeville comedian, and young Ozzie Nelson and his orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor, Rubinoff and Jimmy Wallington—and you know what you can expect. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

BATH CLUB REVUE—Erno Rapee conducting a fifty-piece symphony orchestra; Jane Froman, soprano; Nino Martini, Metropolitan Opera tenor. CBS, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

GULF HEADLINERS—We'll leave these as a surprise; but, you may know that Al Goodman's orchestra will play and that the Revelers will be there. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

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

THE CHEVROLET PROGRAM—Jack Benny, the gagger, with his wife, Mary Livingstone as stooge. Music furnished by Frank Black's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

RICHFIELD COUNTRY CLUB—A bit about sports by Grantland Rice; songs by Mary McCoy and Betty Barthell; and Jack Golden's orchestra furnishes the music. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 7:30 p. m.

THE BIG SHOW—Lulu McConnell, the well known stage and screen star; Gertrude Niesen, torch singer; Isham Jones and his orchestra; and Paul Douglas as master of ceremonies. CBS, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY—This has been a favorite on the West Coast for some time. Captain Dobsie and his crew make merry. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

A & P GYPSIES—One of the old favorites offering classical and popular songs and music. Frank Parker, tenor, and Harry Horlic, musical director. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

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

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

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS—An excellent program of orchestra music specially prepared by the distinguished conductor. Gladys Rice, soprano; Evan

Evans, baritone; and a splendid chorus. CBS, Mondays at 10:00 p. m.

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson in songs of yesterday; Parker Fennelly; and Jack Shilkret directs the music. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m.

THE SMITH BROTHERS—Comics and songs by Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, and Nat Shilkret's orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m.

BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM—Ben Bernie still going strong. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM—So-o-o-o the Chief is back. Ed Wynn and Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—Eleanor Barnes in Hollywood with your favorite screen stars. The music is furnished by Raymond Paige's orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at 10:00 p. m.

ROYAL GELATINE—The famous funnyman, Bert Lahr, and George Olsen's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

GULF PROGRAM—Irvin S. Cobb spills a yarn in his grand leisurely manner. Al Goodman and his orchestra furnish the music. CBS, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Swell music by Guy Lombardo's Royal Canadians and that very funny pair, Burns and Allen. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m.

OLD GOLD PROGRAM—You'll want to dance to Fred Waring's music, and you can't help laughing at Harry Richman—also, Milton Berle. CBS, Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallée croons, conducts and presents famous stars from the stage and screen. Of course, the Connecticut Yankees play. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT—One of the most popular hours on the air. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM—Al Jolson, the famous "sonny boy" entertains with songs and patter; Paul Whiteman and his splendid orchestra furnish the music; while Deems Taylor acts as master of ceremonies. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 10:00 p. m.

FRED ALLEN'S SALAD BOWL REVUE—The popular comedian and his wife, Portland Hoffa, as stooge, are seriously funny; Roy Atwell gets you hilarious with his stuttering; Phil Dues; and grand music by Ferde Grofe's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

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

POND'S PROGRAM—Comedy supplied by Ilka Chase and Charles Lawrence, songs by Lee Wiley and Paul Small, and music by Victor Young's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

[Continued on page 62]

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay— to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

**THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY**

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

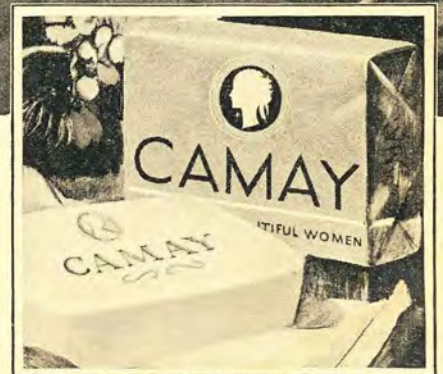
taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!



Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

HANDS AND FACE SOFTEN THEMSELVES

This Remarkable New Way—regardless of how red or rough they be!

Marvelous discovery coats oil ducts of skin with invisible protective film—
so air, sun, water or cold can't stop nature's own skin-softening action

Softens utterly without sticky after-effect or feel—
Dries in 15 seconds!

WHEREVER beauty is worshipped women are now acclaiming a great scientific discovery—a miracle way to satin-smooth skins. A noted scientist spent years in developing this new method, placing on the altar of beauty all his art, all his skill.

He rejected the temporary expedient of softening skin by greasing it. He rejected all old-type ways of smoothing skin by repeating applications that quickly lose their effect.

He aimed at nature's perfection—a method of softening face and hands by employing the natural oil of the skin.

His labor's reward is Talia—an utterly new type lotion. Talia does not soften the skin by greasing it. Instead, it covers it with an invisible film that protects the skin from the harsh or drying effect of air, sun, and water. This protection allows the natural oil of the face and hands to bring back the skin to baby-like softness. Hence hands and face soften themselves.

Even hands chapped to bleeding roughness respond instantly to the healing unguents in Talia. And Talia is aided in healing as well as softening by the natural oils of the skin.

The reddest roughest hands are thus quickly restored to natural white loveliness.

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

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

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

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



Use Talia for manicuring your own nails!
Wrap the tip of an orange stick with cotton—dip it into Talia and carefully press down the cuticle, shaping it back to show the moon of your nail. Talia also restores brittle, ridged nails to smoothness.



THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE TRIAL
Talia, Inc.
820 N. Michigan Ave. Bldg.
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage for free trial supply of Talia Lotion.

Name

Address

CityState

Dealer's Name

TALIA

RADIOLAND

DECEMBER, 1933

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

THE National Broadcasting Company is moving to its thirty-five new studios in Radio City. The new building houses a lavish series of studios, equipped with the very last word in broadcasting apparatus.

The most interesting thing about the studios—to me—is the fact that the possibility of television has been considered everywhere in their construction. Not that any NBC officials will admit that television is near. But they're ready—in case.

Another item. Admission to the building will be open to the public, at a moderate price to be decided upon later. That is the only way radio executives will be able to handle the great mass of applications from air fans.

THE tremendous power of the radio in lifting a melody into national popularity overnight is exemplified by *The Last Roundup*.

According to the story that is told, George Olsen happened into the offices of the music publishers, Shapiro, Bernstein and Company, in search of new song material. A demonstrator played over *The Last Roundup* for him—and

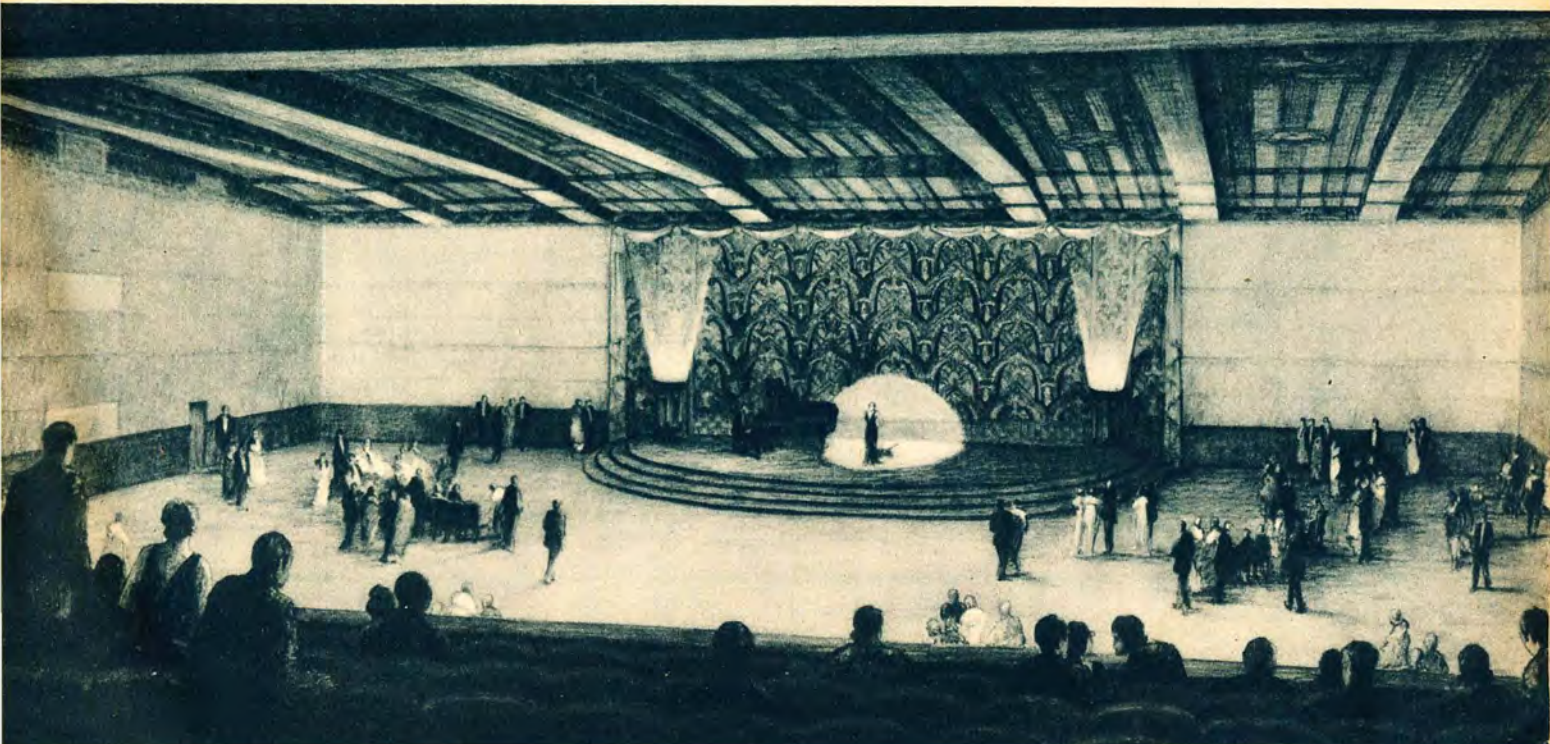
Olsen was impressed. You know the rest. An unknown youngster, Joe Morrison, sang it on the air, became famous himself—and immediately received three talkie offers.

The Last Roundup is not a cowboy song. It is an original melody written by Billy Hill, a thirty-two-year-old composer. Hill is a Cape Cod, Mass., boy, who was raised in Arizona and who knows his ranchers and cowpunchers. *The Last Roundup* isn't Hill's first song hit—*The Old Man of the Mountain* was one of his hits of last year—but judging from the way radio has taken it up, it is his biggest.

THE radio stardom of Jimmy Durante on the Chase and Sanborn hour was a natural step in the career of the emotional Manhattanite who stepped out of small New York night clubs to tremendous movie popularity.

The tense Durante manner—a sort of high power Al Smith harnessed to jazz—is a little tough on the mike but Jimmy ought to find his place on the air waves. Or did you find Jimmy's attempt to complete his great symphony, *Inky Dinky Doo*, as amusing as we did?

Below is a sketch of the largest studio in the new headquarters of the National Broadcasting Company. The artist shows the stage with its drop curtain, indirect lighting, and an artiste broadcasting



COLLEGE football is a purely amateur sport, indulged in by college boys fighting only for their dear old alma mater, but somehow or other the commercial spirit creeps in when it comes to radio.

The Big Six—including the Universities of Nebraska, Oklahoma, Kansas and Wisconsin and Kansas State and Iowa State Colleges—has banned broadcasts of football games. The official reason announced by the athletic boards of these centers of learning runs thus:

"Radio broadcasting has been a problem to the conference for some time," the boards say. "It was felt by several directors that broadcasting reduced attendance, but some schools as a matter of policy have hesitated to banish radio from the press box. With the lowering of admission prices this year, however, and the necessity of drawing larger crowds, action of some sort was imperative.

Strong newspaper objection is one of the officially unmentioned reasons. The newspapers—in their always persistent battle against radio—fear that broadcasting kills the sale of newspapers carrying results of the summaries of the games.

The facts that the broadcasting of games brings pleasure to lovers of football generally, to members of the alumni who can not be present, and to friends and relatives of the participants, seem to count little in comparison to the fear of a pinch at the boxoffice. And yet college football is an amateur sport!

RIGHT here we pause to comment upon the refusal of the University of Minnesota to sanction radio broadcasting of football games this season if sponsored by a brewery concern. And yet the sale of beer is legal and lawful—and moreover is looked upon as an essential to business recovery by our national administration.



NBC's new home. The circled foreground is NBC studio section in Radio City, New York

IN ITS first issue **RADIOLAND** advocated a development and expansion of news broadcasts by radio. Now comes the newly organized Columbia News Service, Inc., a news gathering unit of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

News bureaus are to be established in the leading cities. Columbia has such organizations functioning now in New York, Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles and London.

Such a step has been inevitable. Radio must play its natural part in disseminating news to the listening public. Drastic moves made last Summer by such news gathering organizations as the Associated Press, in curbing radio's use of its news

bulletins, have hurried this step. It is interesting to note that this new service will be utilized under the sponsorship of General Mills. This sponsorship will guarantee two daily news broadcasts of five minutes each.

GLANCE over the illuminating story on radio salaries on other pages of this issue and you will encounter some surprises.

The cowboy philosopher, Will Rogers, is a top man of radio just as he is of the movies. In the films he gets \$15,000 a week. For each performance on the air he brings down \$5,000 a broadcast.

Not so long ago Will was a shy, gum-chewing lariat thrower in vaudeville who began telling jokes to enliven the spots where he had to arrange his ropes. Today Rogers' comments on national events and famous people—newspaper columns throughout America—are awaited with national interest. His radio comments have even greater force.

Will's unforgettable talks from Washington in the trying days of last March were high spots of the year's radio.

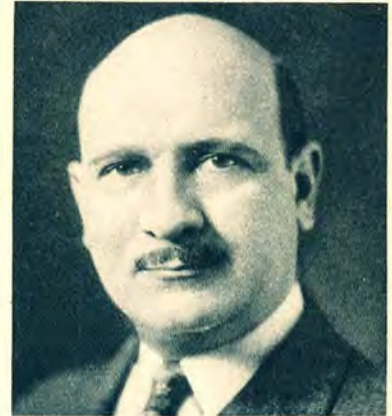
Does Radio Need Sex Appeal?

A Psychologist Looks at the Problem and Answers

By

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

Dr. Bisch holds three degrees: A. B., M. D., and Ph. D. He is the author of Your Inner Self, The Conquest of Self and other books dealing with psychoanalysis and general psychology. For fifteen years he has written a daily column on health and psychology for a newspaper syndicate with over 25 million readers.



THAT radio is the most popular medium for advertisement, entertainment and education that exists at the present time goes without saying. It is such a simple matter to turn a knob, light a cigarette, recline in an easy chair and listen to all that is offered—and without the payment of a red cent!

Yet it cannot be denied either that it is just as easy to give that same knob another half turn and so cut out completely the most elaborate, painstaking, as well as costly program that any station could possibly devise.

All the "breaks" it would seem, are with the radio fan! He can take it or leave it. There are no obligations, no checkup, nothing.

But *are* the breaks all his after all?

Is not radio often disappointing? *Is it* entirely satisfying? *Can* we get from it what we really want?

Is it not true that sometimes it leaves us absolutely indifferent while at others it even bores us, and almost to extinction?

The point, of course, is that common ground exists upon which all radio listeners, as well as advertisers, actors, musicians, singers, announcers and station executives meet; not to mention the manufacturers and sellers of radio equipment who also are interested in radio's progress and success.

Owners of radio sets *want* to listen; the program sponsors and the rest *want* them to want to listen!

But the difficulty is that people won't tune in, or remain tuned in, on any program that does not rivet their attention, while those behind the programs are unable to determine—except in a very superficial and inaccurate way through fan letters—whether or not they have actually accomplished what they set out to do.

FAMILIES buy radios for the first time with anticipation at white heat. They scarcely can wait until the aerial is hooked up and all is set to tune in.

But how long does such intense interest last?

There is no gainsaying the fact that people are being "fed up" with radio in increasing numbers and that many a costly instrument is afflicted with dead tubes because of disuse.

Yes, something is distinctly the matter with radio. And since its appeal is wholly through the mind it is logical enough that psychology—the *science* of the *mind*—should be called upon for an explanation.

At the outset one notes that radio is laboring under a terrific handicap.

This concerns the fact that it must needs depend primarily upon the listener's hearing mechanism and not at all upon his visual faculty.

For ninety-nine persons out of every hundred are primarily visualizers and only are the exceptional few able to get the greatest amount of pleasure out of auditory imagery.

Indeed, not everyone is able to use his imagination as he might anyway. Creative artists of all kinds use

it the best. Other folks, however, are accustomed to think in terms of concrete things, in terms of *facts*, particularly facts which they *actually see*.

Your life and my life—everybody's—is overwhelmingly influenced by what daily passes before our eyes. What we see with our eyes is what counts; "Seeing is believing," the old saying puts it.

By means of sight we contact with the world that surrounds us. Even when we think back and call upon our
[Continued on page 97]

Says DR. BISCH

"All that radio has to offer is voice. It cannot present beauty of face or figure, fetching costumes, grace of movement as in dancing, nor captivating smiles.

"Its atmosphere is a distant one and it is cold. Only one element of sex appeal can it offer and always must the completion of the picture depend on what the listener himself contributes."



Ed Wynn

Eddie Cantor

Al Jolson

Paul Whiteman

George M. Cohan

Will Rogers

THE GOLDEN SIX OF RADIO—the Lads Who Earn \$5,000 a Week

The Truth About Radio Salaries

By Tom Carskadon

WOULD you pay Ed Wynn \$5,000 for a half-hour's work? Do you think it's worth \$2,500 to have Rudy Vallée conduct an hour's program? Would you be willing to pay Kate Smith \$1,000 every time she sings—even on a fifteen minute program?

Well, somebody's willing to pay out money like that! Somewhere there is a sponsor who will combine Al Jolson at \$5,000 and Paul Whiteman at \$5,000 on a single program; another sponsor who will pay \$2,500 to have four small town colored boys, the Mills Brothers, imitate band instruments on the radio; and still another sponsor who pays \$1,750 a week to have Walter Winchell bring you the latest Broadway gossip.

And here's the joker—you, and you alone, determine what these salaries will be!

You, the radio listener, hold the fate of the highest stars in the business in your hands. When a sponsor spends \$5,000 per broadcast on a famous comedian, he's making a bet with you. He's betting that enough of you listeners will tune in his program and buy his product to make his expenditure worth while.

If you don't tune him in,

he loses; and you pass merrily on to the next program and the next sponsor who is willing to gamble for your attention.

THERE is the whole secret of radio salaries—and it is aptly stated by Julius Seebach, director of programs for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Radio salaries," says Mr. Seebach, "are based on one thing and one thing only—drawing power. When you hear of fancy figures being paid to radio stars, remember that they don't represent intrinsic merit, artistic worth or anything of the kind. They are based solely on the star's ability to attract listeners.

"Drawing power is a thing very difficult to analyze. Often it seems to have very little relation to actual ability. But a star who has drawing power, a star who can cause millions of people to tune in a certain program at a certain time, has a commercial asset, and sponsors are willing to pay big money for that asset."

It is a fascinating game to find out just how much sponsors will pay for stars.

All of the figures quoted so far are authentic. They are actual salaries actually

What the Radio Stars Earn

\$5,000—Ed Wynn, Al Jolson, Paul Whiteman, George M. Cohan, Eddie Cantor, Will Rogers.

\$4,000—Amos 'n' Andy, Lawrence Tibbett.

\$3,500—Fred Waring.

\$3,000—Kate Smith.

\$2,500—Rudy Vallée, the Mills Brothers.

\$2,250—George Olsen.

\$2,000—Burns and Allen, Fred Allen, Guy Lombardo.

\$1,750—Morton Downey, Walter Winchell, Jack Denny, Jack Pearl.

\$1,500—Clara, Lu and Em.

\$1,250—Lowell Thomas.

\$1,000—The Revellers, Ed Hill.

Radio Salaries Start at \$5,000 and Grade Down, According to Drawing Power

being paid to radio headliners. Let's find out what some more of our radio favorites are being paid.

A headline band, such as Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians, receives \$3,500 per broadcast. That places them definitely among the top money bands. Guy Lombardo's band receives \$2,000 per broadcast, George Olsen and his band are quoted at \$2,250 and Jack Denny's band rates \$1,750.

The comedy team of George Burns and Gracie Allen draws \$2,000 per broadcast, Jack Pearl gets \$1,750 per program for retailing the gorgeous adventures of Baron Munchausen, and Fred Allen's drolleries on that Friday night mayonnaise program put him in the \$2,000 class.

For singers, there is Morton Downey's top figure of \$1,750 per broadcast; Lawrence Tibbett's \$4,000 per broadcast, and the Revellers quartet at \$1,000 per broadcast.

Lowell Thomas receives \$1,250 per week for his daily news flashes; Edwin C. Hill draws \$1,000 weekly for his "Inside Stories"; and Clara, Lu and Em are paid \$1,500 weekly for their small town gossip.

Well, do these figures make you a little bit dizzy? Do you think radio is a never-ending gold mine? All right, let's start whittling down a bit.

In the first place, the star himself almost never receives the full figure that is paid out for his services. Always there is a manager, agent, artist bureau, singing coach, or what-not, to take out a chunk—and a large chunk—of whatever the official salary is.

No manager or agent of



Kate Smith



Fred Waring



Amos 'n' Andy

any kind ever works for less than ten per cent. That is the minimum. The more usual figure is twenty per cent. This is the percentage extracted by the artist bureaus of both NBC and Columbia, and by the better known and more reputable agents.

Thus a singer contracted at \$2,000 per week actually has to turn over \$400 to his manager and keeps \$1,600 for himself. He keeps it, that is, if he is lucky.

Very often there are several other claims on that salary before it finally filters through to the man who earns it. It is a common practice among singing teachers to exact an agreement from their pupils to take a certain percentage of all their future earnings. Next, the singer, struggling for a start, signs a similar agreement with a small time manager.

Let us say the singer makes a hit and graduates into the big money class. He comes face to face with the network artists' bureau, or with an advertising agency, or with a big time manager. He has to sign up with one of these in order to get the big contracts he wants.

He signs—and off comes twenty per cent of his salary. Then, out of the singer's dim beginnings comes a harridan-voiced singing teacher; a grafting orchestra leader who gave the first solo part; a greasy, small time manager with a "future earnings" agreement. All of them demand their bits of flesh until sometimes, out of a singer's total salary, less than one-half goes to the singer himself!

THUS all is not gold that glitters in radio, but, boy, Oh boy, how it does glitter!
[Continued on page 72]



Rudy Vallee



Guy Lombardo



Burns and Allen



Fred Allen



Jack Pearl



Commander Byrd, the explorer, and Lowell Thomas. Like Byrd, Thomas loves to search out and investigate far places. He long wanted to write a book on his Arabic explorations



Lowell Thomas' private office on the Island of Singapore. Thomas can write anywhere, under any sort of conditions. Mrs. Thomas accompanies her husband on his travels



Lowell Thomas investigates the wreck of a British tank, destroyed by Turkish shell fire outside Gaza, where Samson pulled down the temple according to Biblical story

Lowell Thomas: ACE Adventurer

A FEW years back, when Lowell Thomas was first starting to make money, he decided he wanted a house. He was living in an apartment then, just back from wandering over Europe and Asia, and the tight walls cramped him. He thought he would like to settle down, so he commissioned a friend to seek out a suitable home for him.

Eventually the friend found one in Forest Hills, a comfortable old mansion with an acre or so of ground. He took Thomas out to see it.

"It's all right in its way," Thomas frowned, "but I want a place where a man can throw out his chest and breathe."

"What's your idea of a place where a man can breathe?" the friend gasped, thinking that an acre of ground was pretty spacious for the vicinity of New York.

"Oh about two hundred acres," Thomas muttered casually, while the friend collapsed at his feet.

Within a month or so he had found it, too, the vast rolling farm in the foothills of the Berkshires in Dutchess County some seventy-five miles north of New York where he makes his home when he isn't off on lecturing junkets around the country. Later even the two hundred acres cramped him, so he added another hundred acre farm, with an old Quaker cemetery thrown in. Now his estate is so large he has never covered it all himself. But it gives him hills for skiing and ponds for skating with "Sonny," ten-year-old Lowell Thomas, Jr. And—"room to breathe in."

That's the way Lowell Thomas looks at things.

When he first bought the Dutchess County place, a rush of work came along and for the time being, he forgot about it. The first thing he knew he got notice that the first payment was due in a week—a little matter of \$15,000. Now at the time, it happened that Thomas could hardly raise fifteen dollars, let alone fifteen thousand. But was he downhearted? Not a bit of it.

He went the rounds of publishers with his portfolio. In his portfolio were some eight or ten sheets of foolscap, each containing the title and brief outline of an unwritten book. He wanted to know if any of the publishers would like to let him have an advance of fifteen thousand on those sheets of paper. One by one

RADIOLAND

The Globe has been his Front Doorstep. His Friends have been Princes and Beggars. He has seen more of the World's Glamorous Places than most any living Man

By Edward R. Sammis

he left them speechless with stupefaction.

They had never heard there was as much money as fifteen thousand dollars. Finally he came to the Doubleday-Doran people and he persuaded them to take the gamble with him. The contract was signed at the eleventh hour, and the Dutchess County place was his.

That's the way Lowell Thomas does things. He thinks of everything on the grand scale. His favorite word is "colossal."

IT IS that quality which has made his life such a glorious adventure. At forty-two he has seen more of the world's glamorous places and people than most of us could hope to see in a dozen lifetimes. The globe is his front doorstep. He is the intimate of kings, emperors and adventurers.

Now that he is chained down to the neighborhood of New York by radio, they seek him out. Probably the most interesting gathering of personalities in America today is to be found during weekends at his farm, where it is no unusual event for sixty-eight to sit down at table, a heterogeneous crowd from all corners of the earth, from all walks of life, the famous rubbing elbows with the unknown, drawn by the magnet of "Tommy's" charm and personality.

There are persons aplenty who have sacrificed the solid comforts of life to go wandering. There are many who have had money laid down in their laps and used it for traveling. But there are few indeed like Lowell Thomas who has had the vision to dream what he would like to do, and the force and enterprise to carry it out, creating his own opportunities where none existed—on the grand



Lowell Thomas is a busy man. He makes five broadcasts a week, many lectures, writes a book or so a year, dashes off countless magazine articles and motion pictures

scale. His whole life has been like that. His conception of life on the grand scale must have been due in part to his first boyhood impressions.

He was born in the gold mining town of Cripple Creek, Colorado, traditional locale of the Dead-Eye Dick dime novels. Here the large, expansive traditions of the old West lingered on long after they had disappeared elsewhere. From his bedroom window, young Lowell looked out upon the majestic snowy peaks of the Rockies. The men, the face of nature, the very course of life itself seemed planned in large proportions. Small wonder that with such a boyhood the trivial and the commonplace could never afterwards hold much interest for him.

He very early showed his enterprise by going to work at an age which would do credit to the best Alger heroes. At ten, he was selling newspapers. At eleven, he was working in the mines, and had already begun to write. In his early

[Continued on page 60]



The Most Interesting Man I Ever Met.

—Lowell Thomas

BY ALL odds the most interesting man I ever met was Lawrence of Arabia. I have no doubt that he is perhaps the most interesting man who ever lived. He was twenty-six when I first met him and at that age, this shy, quiet, studious little man, an archaeologist from Oxford was the uncrowned king of a vast territory. He had made and unmade kings and had set free some two hundred thousand people. That gives some idea of his paradoxical personality.



Miss
RADIO

Pretty Diana Chase, who sings from Station WINS, New York, was voted "Miss Radio of 1933" at the National Electrical Exposition. The judges were Howard Chandler Christy, Russell Patterson and Bill Dwyer. Miss Chase hails from Boston, is blonde, blue eyed. The runners-up were Leah Ray and Rosemary Lane

He Played Fiddle for the CZAR

Rubinoff Started on a Balalaika
and Became a Foremost Violinist

By Mary Jacobs

GRODNA, Russia some thirty years ago. A small boy in ragged clothes playing in a dingy basement on a violin that cost three rubles (\$1.75 in American money) . . . playing soft, sad, wistful tunes in a minor key, the wail of a poor, oppressed child; the wail of the Jew in Russia under the Czar.

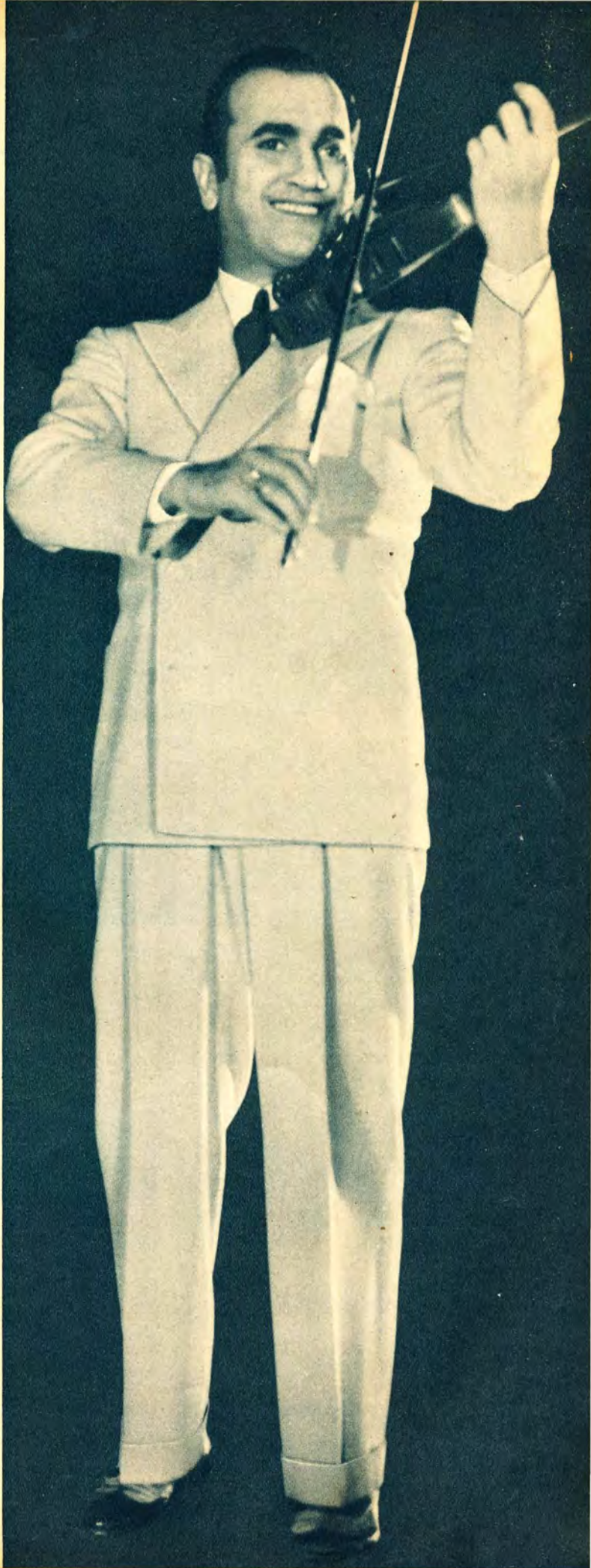
The story goes that one day, the Czar and a foreign-looking gentleman in a high silk hat pass the Rubinoff home; they hear him practicing; enter the basement flat. The Czar smiles while his friend pats the child on the head and encourages him. The gentleman was Victor Herbert, who years later, sponsored Rubinoff.

Today, at the age of thirty-five, Rubinoff is one of the best known and loved violinists and orchestra leaders. Millions listen in on his weekly Chase and Sanborn broadcasts. At theatres and benefits Rubinoff and his violin are just as common expressions as *Amos 'n' Andy*, or *Romeo and Juliet*.

It was with his Eighteenth-Century-Guadagnini that David Rubinoff won fame in the United States. This violin was a jinx to everyone who had owned it before him . . . he picked it up for \$10,000 in a Berlin antique shop when it was worth \$50,000 because of its reputation for bringing misfortune in its wake. To Rubinoff, it has brought nothing but good fortune.

Its maker was Lorentius Guadagnini, a pupil of Stradivarius. He had to sell the instrument to keep out of jail; it brought nothing
[Continued on page 90]

Rubinoff loves his violin so much that he sleeps with it next to his bed each night. In order not to disturb neighbors, he practices on a muted fiddle





With only three months study of organ, Ann Leaf has become one of the leading organists of the country

Little ORGAN ANNIE

Ann Leaf, the Tiny Organist with a Huge Reputation, Credits Her Success to Family's Faith in Her

By Sylvia Conrad

Our story begins in the town of Omaha, Nebraska, where Ann was born, the youngest of five children. Her father was a Polish Jew, who had taught in a university in Russia, and who had become an eye doctor in this country. He was very tall, distinguished looking, with a crop of gray hair. Ann's mother was very sweet and very petite.

There were no professional musicians in Ann's family, though Ann's father and mother took a great deal of interest in music. They bought a piano for Sheila, Ann's eldest sister, to take lessons on. But Sheila never took any lessons.

IF THERE is anything that bores Ann Leaf, it is the fact that she is less than five feet tall. "Four feet eleven . . . four feet eleven . . ." it seems to her as if that fact has been shrieked around the world.

"Little Organ Annie" they call her at Columbia Studio, and no wonder. She is such a tiny thing that it is difficult to believe that she is really responsible for the powerful music that comes from the beautiful Wurlitzer at the organ studio in the Paramount Building in New York, from which she broadcasts.

Ann had to make the rounds of one theatre after another in Los Angeles to convince theatre managers that in spite of her size she could really play an organ and play it well.

Her story, though, is something more than just the success yarn of a girl who found the road to fame a rocky one because of her size. It is really the story of a family, a grand family whose members were each for all and all for each. Without the faith of her sister Sheila, Ann does not know what she would have done. Without the inspiration of her sister Esther, Ann might never have dreamed of taking up the organ.

Instead it was Ann, four years old and looking even younger, who stole into the living room where the piano was kept and found magic in its keys. She played by ear. And whenever she played, she would leave a trail of eggs, bananas or whatever she had just been eating, on the piano.

Ann's family paid no attention at first. Then one day her mother was in the garden, when she heard someone playing the piano. She was frightened, startled, knowing that no one was at home but Ann. She walked into the room and surprised Ann sitting there, playing the piano with her tiny fingers.

Ann's father and mother didn't know exactly what to do. Should they give her lessons? Why, the child was not five yet. She seemed so young to begin studying music. Ann, creeping around the house like a tiny ghost, heard them talking about her. Her father was saying, "Well, she doesn't know her ABC's yet, of course."

It was Ann really who, young as she was, took the matter out of their hands and decided her fate for herself. They took Ann to a [Continued on page 64]



Gertrude Niesen was born on the high seas while her parents were returning from abroad. She is twenty-one, lives in Brooklyn, but in spite of that, is exotic, loves smart clothes, adores fishing, says she is temperamental and has sung in the theater, night clubs and on the air



—Romaine

Vera Yan was born in Marion, Ohio. She started her career as a dancer, began singing because toe dancing brought on a spinal ailment. She made her radio debut in Los Angeles, broadcasting with George Olsen. Then came her first break with the California Melodies



—Otto Dyar

Buddy Rogers, erstwhile movie star, gave up his screen career because he wanted to be an orchestra leader. And he had his way. Chicago has been listening to his music at the College Inn and radio recently has heard him subbing for Wayne King on the Lady Esther program



—Romaine

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Eddie Duchin, the maestro pianist who has been conducting his orchestra at personal appearances, almost became a drugstore mogul. His father owned a chain of stores, it was planned for Eddie to follow in his pharmacidal footsteps. Luck made him a musician, however



—Ray Lee Jackson

Olga, the Countess Albani, has a lovely soprano voice, as you know. Her title is real, she was born in Spain, educated in America and spent much of her girlhood on her father's sugar plantation in the West Indies. She started on the stage in a leading role of *New Moon*. She loves to ride, paint and fence—and would like to be a writer



—Achille Volpe
Lew White, the organist, is a Philadelphia boy who made good in the city. He was born in 1900, the son of a music teacher. He started his musical education at the age of five, at fifteen he was accompanist for Hans Kindler, the Dutch cellist. Mr. White is unmarried, affects sport clothes, and has one of the finest studios in New York

The Story of RAMONA

Deems Taylor Calls Her
a Lady Baritone. This
Girl Who Refuses to
Own a Second Name

By *Ada Whitney*

EXOTIC . . . mysterious . . . glamorous—these are some of the adjectives that have been applied to Ramona, the singer and pianist with Paul Whiteman's orchestra. I went to see the girl expecting to find her inscrutable and aloof and something of a siren. Instead I found a young girl who might easily have passed for a Park Avenue débutante, dressed in a Park-Avenueish outfit of black and white. Her face has the lovely contours of a young girl, not the half-starved, shadowy, exotic appearance that some of her photos have indicated.

Ramona is about as inscrutable as a dish of bacon and eggs, as aloof as a curious person at a parade and as mysterious as a glass of milk.

It's true that very few people know much about her, but that's because she's been in the limelight such a short time. Ramona, she says, is her real name, but no one believes it.

"They think I chose the name after the book or the song Ramona, but it was given to me at birth by my mother. That was twenty-three years ago. The song hadn't been written then, and as for the book . . . had that been written yet? If it was, mother had never heard of it. She simply wanted to name me after my father Raymond, and the nearest name to it was Ramona."

As for Ramona's second name, she smiles a little quizzically and tells you "that's all there is, there isn't any more." But if you press her, she admits frankly that the reason she doesn't use her second name is because it makes people curious as to what it is, and when they try to find out and she doesn't tell them, it makes them, as Alice in Wonderland would say, curiouser. There are numerous instances in radio of girls who have given up their names for fame, and who have become well known under some easily remembered name. Virginia Rea was known for a long time as Olive Palmer,



Ramona, blues singer of Whiteman's band, studied voice. "But they tried to make me a soprano, so I gave up"

and was almost forgotten under her real name. And there have been men, too, who buried their identity under names that caused conjecture. When the world discovered who the Silver Masked Tenor really was, it lost interest. Only a handful of people know who Arthur Tracy is, in comparison with the thousands who know him as the Street Singer. And that is about all there is to the mystery of Ramona's identity.

She does not come from an illustrious musical family, though her father and mother were both amateur pianists. Her father played the piano and played it well, though he had never had a lesson. His real work was the steel business in Cincinnati, where Ramona was born.

When Ramona was two years old her father died, and her grandmother, her mother and Ramona all lived together. It was her grandmother who decided that Ramona was musical, and ought to have a musical education.

Even as a baby Ramona loved music. Her mother played records on the Victrola and Ramona beat her tiny foot in response to the music. When street musicians passed, Ramona would take anything she had in her hand, whether it was a [Continued on page 86]

RADIO in the Cuban Revolution

*How a Small Portable Station
Was Used to Get News to all
Cuba in Spite of Government
Censorship*

By Rene Canizares



This is the portable radio station that for two years haunted the Machado administration

Rene Canizares is a Cuban journalist and radio announcer. You probably heard his voice about a year ago, when he broadcasted from Havana for the NBC Lucky Strike Magic Carpet.

Senor Canizarés speaks with authority. His facts are accurate. Due to the swiftly changing political situation in Cuba, it is impossible to tell our readers the final results of the revolution. In fact, as this issue of RADIO-LAND goes to press, ABC is once again a pirate station, opposed by the current regime.

CUBA has just witnessed a revolution which freed the island republic of the Machado regime which for eight years held itself in power by brute force, by murder, by maintaining a most rigid censorship on newspapers, radio, telegraph and even mail. It was a reign of terror.

The country had no means

of fighting other than by words, a few bombs placed here and there and RADIO.

It was a cold December afternoon, two years ago, when radio was first used as a fighting instrument against the man who swore on the bier of his father that when ten citizens asked him to resign, he would do so. The radio fans of Havana were surprised hearing the weak signals of a mysterious station broadcasting in the name of the ABC, powerful secret revolutionary organization.

"The ABC is the hope of Cuba. All join under the flag of the ABC. Machado, the bespectacled vulture must leave the power he has usurped. The ABC will see to that. We are starting the fight which will end when the country is freed of the monster. General Machado: we are not afraid of you and your paid gangsters."

That first broadcast lasted only a few minutes, but it was long enough to stir the whole city of Havana and to start a man hunt for the valiant announcer who disregarding life had defied the cruel dictator.

The police began investigating by visiting every radio station and shadowing all known announcers to see if during their off-duty hours they conspired or belonged to the secret society.



The valiant Dr. Alfredo Rosell was the voice of the revolutionist radio



Charles Rowe, a Cuban of American parentage, was chief operator of ABC



General view of the offices of the newspaper, *Diario de la Marina*, where was located Station CMN

Twice a week at least, the mysterious ABC station would send forth its warning to Machado and would incite the country to fight him. While the broadcast was going on, the police would invade the local radio stations on the trail of the mysterious broadcasts. And so the patriotic ABC station was termed a "pirate" and a reward of \$5,000 offered for information leading to the capture of its announcer.

Then Mr. Sumner Welles, United States Ambassador arrived in Cuba and the peace conferences began. There was the "pirate" station giving the inside facts of the round table conferences. This was too much for the government which saw that all its investigations led nowhere. It was impossible to locate the ABC station which had attained great importance as the whole country eagerly awaited for its signals. So the government decided to fight the mysterious broadcaster as it only could, by means of the powerful telegraph transmitter located in the old Morro fortress. Changing the frequency to that used by the ABC transmitter and sending a series of dots

and dashes, it caused plenty of interference, making it impossible to hear the words of the announcer. The station was silenced and everyone was sorry sensing defeat.

But, next day, at the scheduled time, there was the ABC station and the announcer immediately explained the fans to jump to 980 kc if the Morro began to fool around. A few minutes after there was Morro with its dots and dashes and the game of hide and seek began

in the air. ABC jumped from 1200 kc to 980 kc and it remained in the lower frequency all afternoon, as the Morro outfit couldn't change its wave length.

Meanwhile the peace conferences were going on and the general strike told Machado that his days of power were nearing the end. The newspapers and radio stations went also on strike and there was only the ABC "pirate" station to keep people posted of what was going on and the game of hide and seek continued in the air.

Dr. Octavio Zubizarreta, Secretary of the Interior, had a small 15-watts station set up [Continued on page 80]



The radio crew that assembled CMN. Front row, the Bazan brothers, with Commander Rivari, of the Cuban National Navy, in the background



—Mitchell

LEE WILEY—One of the prettiest girls on the air. Brown eyes. Dark hair. 115 pounds. Came from Fort Gibson, Okla., became a radio name after a single month in New York. Is one-third Cherokee. Sings with a deep and plaintive voice. Tears up a handkerchief at every broadcast

The Story of the Great Reduction

Paul Whiteman Reduced his Weight from 303 to 190—and Love, Backed Up by a Diet, Did the Trick

By Nan Campbell

EVER since it sort of got noised about that I knew Paul Whiteman—and I'll give you three guesses who noised it—my friends have asked me just one question, "Does he have to diet now?"

For Paul Whiteman is the greatest exponent of American folk music, one of the most successful orchestra leaders in the world, the first man to instigate a two hour radio program—yet all of these accomplishments pale when one remembers that not so many months ago he reduced his weight from 303 pounds to 190!

The story of that amazing reduction is as romantic as a dime novel. And the yarn is all mixed up with love, ambition and professional fear.

Before I answer the burning question, "Does he still have to diet?" I must tell you the story of that difficult task of losing 113 pounds. This is the way it happened:

When Paul was in Hollywood making *The King of Jazz* he met, among other fair ladies of the screen, Margaret Livingston, a red-headed, sloe-eyed little siren. They discovered themselves exceptionally compatible. Paul showered a hundred attentions upon her. His genuine sweetness and graciousness endeared him to her. In fact, she soon found herself in love with him, but when he asked her to marry him first—she refused.

Thinking the matter over she realized that no woman—particularly a woman as smart and as pretty as Margaret Livingston—could be proud to be the wife of a man of Paul Whiteman's girth.

EVERYBODY kidded his size. Humorous cracks were taken at him in all the newspapers. He was made ridiculous by caricaturists. And all of this, naturally, added to his fame but not—most certainly—to his desirability as a husband. Put yourself in Margaret



Paul Whiteman and his wife, Margaret Livingston, who refused to be the bride of even a famous fat man

Livingston's place and see how you would like the idea of having your husband the butt of a nation's jokes. Margaret didn't like it any better than would you, so she told Paul that if and when he reduced she would marry him.

He was furious, for although he knew it was his stock in trade and grand publicity, he didn't like the kidding any better than Margaret did. His fat—and that hulk of his can be dignified by no other word—was a constant humiliation, but he bore up under his weight because he thought there was nothing he could do about it. He had tried a few starvation diets only to discover that the amazing energy that has brought him all the good things of life, ebbed away from him like a tide.

I can't go into that lover's quarrel completely, but there was Margaret miserable and wishing she could have Paul back (he had walked out on her when she mentioned reducing) and there was Paul sick at heart and badly hurt because Margaret wouldn't take him as he was. There was a bitter [Continued on page 89]

Why Paul Whiteman Refused to Continue as the Butt of a Nation's Jokes

He Meets Them All

By Tom Reynolds

Drawings by Malcolm Eaton

WHEN Mr. John Citizen, U. S. A., faces a radio microphone, he's likely to be very nervous. But what happens to radio stars when they talk to a microphone?

They are even more nervous! This surprising answer comes from headquarters. Bob Taplinger, who conducts the series of weekly radio



Arthur Pryor, famous bandmaster, acquired a bad case of mike fright

interviews called *Meet The Artist* on the Columbia network, says he has seen radio prima donnas struck dumb when asked to talk about themselves instead of singing; has seen a diction medal winner brought to the verge of stuttering; and has even seen the voluble Ted Husing groping — momentarily—for words.

Following that last item, Taplinger says he is now ready for anything. Life can hold no further surprises.

Taplinger learned that Bing Crosby's real name is Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.; he watched Connie Boswell play a saxophone,

and saw Kate Smith dance the Charleston. He heard Ann Leaf sing a solo, Burns and Allen sing a duet, and made Little Jack Little admit that what he really wanted to be was a professional golfer!

It's a mad world, my masters—this world in which radio stars live their private lives, and Bob Taplinger is its explorer. He finds that almost all artists (a) are willing to tell where they were born, and like to give the home town a boost; (b) are a little bit skittish about telling their age; and (c) have some further talent, other than the one for which they are famous. Witness the Boswell Sisters, harmony singers, as an instrumental trio; Elsie Hitz, dramatic actress, as a singer; and David Ross, announcer, as a poet.

Bob Taplinger himself is one of the bright young men in the publicity department of the Columbia Broadcasting System. He has been in radio for five years, which makes him something of a veteran in this newest and lustiest of amusement fields.

He prefers to talk about the artists he interviews rather than about himself, but when backed into a corner he will break down and confess that he was born in Philadelphia and brought up in Atlantic City. He was once a life guard on the beach, and he learned to manage radio

stars by managing athletic teams, running fraternity dances and mixing in student politics in Atlantic City High School.

Bob Taplinger is now twenty-four years old, and has the temperament of an artist and the typewriter of a press agent. He has the build of an athlete, the slouchy walk of a newspaperman, and the natty dress of a tailor's model. His complexion is a deep suntan, his eyes are brown, his hair is brown, he wears glasses, loves iced coffee, hates French dressing, and plays a fast game of handball. He got into radio more or less by accident, stays in it by design, and has a larger first-name acquaintance with stars than almost anyone in the business.

Two years ago he suggested to the Columbia network that perhaps the public which merely hears a singer sing, a fiddler fiddle and a crooner croon, might like to know what kind of person that artist was when he wasn't singing or fiddling or crooning. Columbia thought the idea excellent, and that's how *Meet the Artist* was born.

Each week a star is brought before the microphone, and Bob asks him (or, of course, her!) where he was born, how he got into radio, what his hobbies are, and other varieties of pertinent—and impertinent!—questions. Manuscripts for the interview are prepared in advance, but one of the delights of the program is that almost invariably the manuscripts are ignored. You can always count on *Meet The Artist* to furnish some impromptu questions and unexpected answers, and un-



Scared, limp and haggard, Morton Downey staggered out of the radio studio after his broadcast interview by Taplinger

He is Bob Taplinger, who Interviews the World Famous on the "Meet the Artist" Program over Columbia

rehearsed kidding that endear the program to listeners.

In the two years of popularity which the program has enjoyed, Bob Taplinger has interviewed some 85 radio headliners, not counting return engagements. (Guy Lombardo and Kate Smith, for instance, have appeared three times each, and many others have appeared twice). Of these 85 artists, the astonishing total of forty of them never had *spoken* into a microphone before.

"No matter how great the reputation as a singer, or pianist, or violinist, or conductor, or what-not may have been," says Taplinger, "all of the stars were as nervous as amateurs if they were making their first *speaking* appearance on radio.

"Arthur Pryor, for instance, is a distinguished bandmaster and veteran of some 10,000 trombone solos. Yet he found his lips twitching so badly he couldn't even play his instrument, and had to be excused from his solo.

"I interviewed David Ross just after he had won the medal for perfect diction among announcers. Poor David felt that the entire country was hanging on every syllable, Missouri-like waiting to be shown just what was 'perfect' diction, and before the program took the air he was actually on the verge of stuttering. Once we got started, however, he rose to the occasion like the seasoned trooper he is, and gave an excellent performance."

Taplinger recalls many odd and amusing happenings that occurred during his weekly parade of the headliners. Here are a few of them:

TAPLINGER first interviewed Guy Lombardo at a dinner table in the open air gardens of a luxurious resort on Long Island where Lombardo's orchestra was playing for the summer.

They had just finished dinner, and were using a small-model microphone which was placed on the table between them. Waiters were unaware of what was going on, and the rattle of dishes went out on the air along with the rest of the program. Disaster was narrowly averted when a zealous waiter dashed up and reached for the microphone, whispering to Taplinger as he did so:

"Just a minute, gents. I'll get that ash tray out of your way."

EVEN Ted Husing, the most ready-worded sports and general announcer in the business," says Taplinger, "was a trifle confused for a moment the first time he ever started talking about himself. (On the



—Harold Stein

Bob Taplinger, the interviewer himself. Twenty-four, once a life guard, now a radio publicity man and explorer of private lives

air, that is!) He soon recovered, however, and was off on a long recital of interesting experiences that completely demolished the manuscript we had prepared.

"He paused for breath, and it was up to me to say something. Reaching desperately for some place that would sound far-off, I said, 'Ted, you seem to have covered special events all the way from here to Kalamazoo.'

"Yes," he snapped, 'I covered a sports event there just last month.' Then he shot the unexpected question, 'Bob, were you ever in Kalamazoo?'

"No," I blurted out, 'but I've been to the Bronx Zoo.'

"I'm still getting protests on that horrible pun, and that program was over a year ago."



A waiter tried to take away the mike when Bob interviewed Guy Lombardo. He thought it was an ash tray

DENNIS KING, singing star of stage, screen and radio, turned out to be a most human and likeable person in his radio interview. He told of the beginnings of his stage career in England, and of how thrilled he was when he first landed in America. He walked out on Broadway, and stood fascinated in Times Square, watching the electric signs whirling and flashing all around him. He was particularly struck with the

[Continued on page 84]



M. Sayle Taylor says: "I leave moral and spiritual issues to others. I try to help human beings in distress"

Dealer in Dynamite

By Ray Thompson

WHAT drives human beings downward from normal, natural paths? Where is the turning point? What are the circumstances that deflect them off toward crimes against themselves and against society? Why are there prostitutes, thieves, murderers? And once a person has gone down the wrong path, what can be done about it?

There is a man in radio today who gives the answers. He penetrated to the lowest levels of society to find out. And he warns everybody that the best and the worst in human nature are dangerously close together.

Dealer in Dynamite—that's what they call M. Sayle Taylor, who broadcasts as the anonymous "Voice of Experience." Subjects that other people won't even mention, he attacks boldly and directly. He hits between the eyes—and hits hard.

He never condemns. If a girl writes him that she has no husband, and is about to become a mother, he doesn't read her a lecture. He first directs her to a maternity home where that new life may be decently and safely ushered into the world. Then he goes back and tries to untangle the threads of her life and get her started on a newer, finer course.

"I leave moral and spiritual issues to moral

and spiritual leaders," says the Voice of Experience. "What I am primarily trying to do is to help human beings in distress. I first try to clean up the immediate mess, and then it is possible to plan for better things ahead.

"I say I never condemn a human being, but that does not mean that I do not condemn an act. Most emphatically I do. But behind every wrongful act there is a human being, and it is that human being that I am trying to salvage."

AN EXTRAORDINARY person, this M. Sayle Taylor. His associates call him "Doctor," although it is a pharmacist's and not a physician's degree that he holds.

His influence is tremendous. He goes on the air and offers to help people in trouble. The result?—every day a total of from one thousand to fourteen hundred letters cross his desk. The contents of those letters are astounding.

In the few short years of his broadcasting experience he has received five signed confessions of murder. Five persons have delivered their lives into his hands by putting in black and white their admission of capital crime.

Countless other persons have revealed the inmost, the most intimate secrets of their lives to him, sparing nothing. He knows the dark, hidden sloughs of human nature as few people in his generation know them.

His first broadcasts were over scattered, independent stations. Early last Spring he was given a network program on the Columbia System and the response was immediate. Almost



Daily from 1,000 to 1,400 letters cross the desk of the Voice of Experience. Five confessions of murder have reached him

RADIOLAND

That's what they call the Voice of Experience, who is M. Sayle Taylor, a Middle-Westerner and Son of an Evangelist

over night his organization grew from nothing to the twenty-six persons who are now required to handle his endless correspondence, supervise his charities, and conduct his office routine.

The Voice of Experience has had himself incorporated, and he signs checks just that way—The Voice of Experience.

What manner of man is behind all this? The first thing, that may surprise you, is that he is a minister's son. His father was an evangelist for fifty-five years.

Listen to the Voice of Experience and you hear that ring of the pulpit in his voice. Not the hushed, half-apologetic tones of some richly carpeted vestry in the city, but the earthly, fundamentalist ring of the small town pulpit and revivalist hustings.

Listen further and you will hear something else in his voice. You can't believe it at first. You don't associate this with a pulpit. It's the voice of the carnival barker!

There it is, the smooth tongue, ready words, glib reply of the medicine show man. The mark of the pit, the platform and the showman is upon him. It rings in his voice. It dances from the diamond stickpin in his necktie, from the diamond ring on his finger.

He's a showman, all right, and he's selling dynamite. Radio, most soft-mouthed of all the amusement arts, doesn't quite know what to make of him.

MARRIED couples write in and want to know what is wrong with their marriage. He tells them! Sex maladjustment, incompatibility—he speaks right out. He dishes no mush-words of more "kindness" or "cooperation."

The people who write him are terribly, almost frighteningly, in earnest. The situations that some of them have got into are truly appalling. It would take a hardy soul to venture to prescribe for them.

Taylor does it without



Most of the questions that come to the Voice of Experience concern domestic problems and courtship—marriage and love. These queries outnumber all others

even batting an eye. That flow of words never stops, or even falters. He knows all the answers. His confidence in himself is supreme.

Where did he get that confidence? What goes into the making of a person who sets himself up as the Voice of Experience?

In the case of M. Sayle Taylor—plenty! His childhood background is small town, Middle-Western America, following his father over the hell-fire and heaven circuits. When he was still a very small boy his father used to drag him into the pulpit and make him speak; make him speak without notes and for long minutes at a time.

To this day the Voice of Experience never uses a scrap of notes or manuscript on any of his broadcasts. His spontaneous, ever-present flow of

[Continued on page 82]

SAYS THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

"I choose the most graphic laboratory open to any human being. I studied the dregs of human society. I made friends with them, seeking always to get their life story.

"Each one of them came into this world an innocent babe. I determined to find out what caused the deviation from the normal.

"In vast numbers of cases I found that the initial push came from some trifling circumstances, some misfortune, mishap or misjudgment that might have come to any one of us."



Major, Sharp and Minor are three girls who bring to America's radio audiences unusual and bizarre harmonies of an indigo blue



Ann Leaf shows a difficult passage to her sister, Sheila. Read about them on page 20



George M. Cohan is one of the stage stars called upon to entertain radio audiences



Edwin C. Hill and Singing Sam take it easy while broadcasting. Here they are, seated at a table with a glass of water handy

success of loudspeaker programs. Dismissing radio technique as a bit of broadcasting boloney, the situation is simply this:

Showmanship has at last attained a foothold in the studios with the attendance on the air of the world's finest performers. And the dialists are delighted with them or they wouldn't be there. For the sponsors of the nationally-popular programs are first, last and all the time business men, inspired by no more philanthropic motive than a desire to produce a period on the air that will advertise their wares. The talent they are now providing for Mr. and Mrs. Amer-

ica is costly almost beyond compute. It would take an astronomer used to calculating the distances of remote planets to arrive at the combined income of the network headliners.

* * * * *

Even granting these astronomic-figured salaries, perhaps you have wondered why so many stage luminaries have gone radio. You have heard, of course, how actors yearn for the applause and reaction of audiences, and there is nothing so uninspiring as a mike. But radio has many attractions

for the gifted beside its pecuniary rewards. It not only takes the uncertainty out of the practice of their profession but provides what all long for and that is opportunity to have a permanent home. The instance of Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit is a splendid example. For years they toured the country with musical comedies from Portland, Maine to Portland, Oregon. They didn't remain long enough in some towns to send out their laundry. Well, after they got on the air, almost the first thing they did was to throw away their trunks and establish themselves in a rural

setting. Their home is near Springfield, Mass., and they call it Dunrovin, that being a phonetic contraction of "done roving," of which they have done plenty.

* * * * *

SAD is the plight of Al Goodman, favorite musical director of stage comedians, when he appears on the program with Irvin S. Cobb, the sage of Paducah. In the fifteen years that he has been conducting theatre orchestras, Goodman has developed a laugh remarkable in two important respects. First, it is one of the loudest and,

seemingly, one of the most genuine laughs known to science. Second, when released by Goodman in an orchestra pit, it causes audiences, no matter how hard-boiled or how feeble the jest, to join with him in infectious laughter. But in the confines of the Columbia studios Goodman doesn't dare express himself when Mr. Cobb does his stuff. Instead, he struggles to restrain his natural—and trained—impulses for fear of what might happen. Engineers have warned Goodman that his bombastic laugh is likely to blow out tubes all the way from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

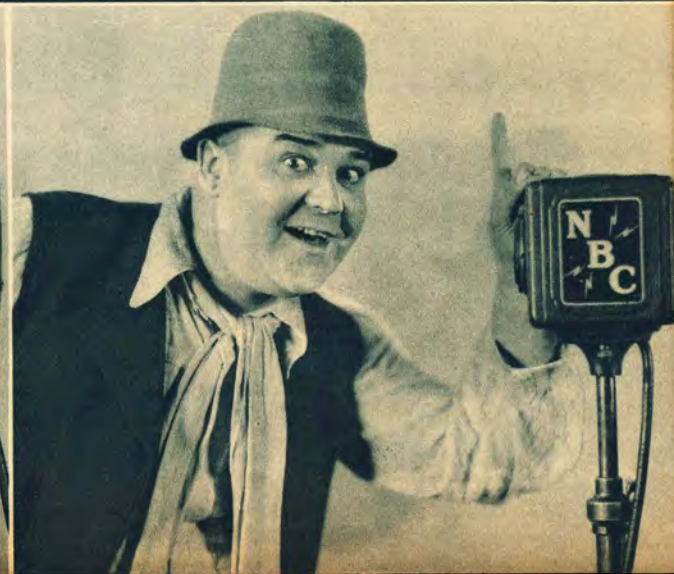
News flashes: The search for "names" is being extended by the program sponsors from the Broadway stages to the Hollywood studios, so be prepared to hear soon your favorite film star on the air. . . . Everett Freeman, who writes those Saturday Evening Post radio stories, was formerly secretary to David Freedman, Eddie Cantor's collaborator and provider of comedy material for many other entertainers. . . . New use is being made of cellophane to project the voices of coloratura sopranos on the kilocycles. Interposed between the singer

Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, Curtis Arnall becomes Red Davis

The Silver Masked Tenor is no longer a mystery—he is Joe White who has thrilled thousands at personal appearances and on the air

Barbara Maurel and Leon Belasco, broadcasting. This gives an idea of the inside of a studio, the control room in background

Grantland Rice, sports commentator, interviews over the air leaders in every sport





Here are Milton Berle and Harry Richman with David Ross seated at the left, broadcasting for Old Gold

and the mike it retains the brilliancy of the voice but mutes the high pitched tones.

* * * * *

THE scene is the radio continuity department of an advertising agency. The characters are two gag writers. The curtain rises to show the gagmen occupied with next week's broadcast for a famous stage comedian.

1st Gag Writer: I say, old man, I gotta an idea.

2nd Gag Writer: All right, shoot.

1st G. W.: This is the lay: The comic says, "Venus de Milo was the girl who got the breaks."

2nd G. W.: O. K. Then what?

1st G. W.: The stooge says, "Tut, tut, is that nice?"

2nd G. W.: And?

1st G. W.: Then the comic cracks, "Why not—it's only an 'armless joke.'"

2nd G. W.: For the love of Pete, that gag's gotta goatee.

1st G. W.: All right then, suppose you give me a better one.

2nd G. W.: I will. Listen to this: The comic says, "I saw the trained flea circus last night."

1st G. W.: And the stooge asks—what?

2nd G. W.: The stooge says, "How did you like 'em?"

1st G. W.: Hold—that's enough! I know the answer to that—and so does every octogenarian in the country.

2nd G. W.: All right, Mr. Wisenheimer, what is the answer?

1st G. W.: The comic says, "And they liked me too—the leading lady went out with me after the show" . . . I don't recall where I first heard it but think it was in a Sam T. Jack burlesque.

2nd G. W.: Nevertheless, it's funny. Was then and is now. The radio customers don't like 'em unless they're old.

1st G. W.: All right, let it stand. But I'm warning you there's a day of judgment coming and gag writers are going to get theirs, believe me.

And that, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience, is how jokes are resurrected. Even their perpetrators know they should be under the ether and not on it. But they hold tenaciously to the belief that no wise-crack is good in radio unless it has whiskers. There should be a code, or something, to correct these unfair practices.

* * * * *

Speaking of radio antiquedotes reminds that John P Medbury, one of the most original writers of air material and one of the busiest, tells about sending a gag to a comedian who returned it with the notation that he already had a joke.

Mr. Medbury also reports seeing Lou Holtz going to rehearsal one day accompanied by four or five radio writers. "Being funny is a serious job these days," said Mr. Medbury in explaining this circumstance, "and a comedian has to keep his wits about him."

IDLE thoughts between broadcasts: Really I feel sorry for that young Columbia maestro who invited listeners to send in requests for selections. Somebody who reads almanacs suggested they play pinochle and he took it so much to heart . . . wonder why radio novitiates suffer so just before going on the air? There is nothing listeners can do to them but tune out . . . One thing about the Einstein theory understood by radio stars and that is that space is the only reality. They all employ personal press agents to get theirs . . . Many a performer on the kilocycles has had popularity go to the head and then to defeat.

* * * * *

GEORGE RECTOR, last of the famous family of American restaurateurs, loves to tell both off and on the air, anecdotes of "Diamond Jim" Brady, New York's prize gourmet of another day. Brady was a steel salesman and to sell things believed you had to advertise. So he advertised himself by attaching diamonds to any part of his person or attire where they would stick. In consequence, he was always lit up like an excursion steamer at twilight.

Although Mr. Rector never refers to it in his broadcasts there were two ideas as to why Brady was called "Diamond Jim." One—and the most popular—was because of his lavish display of precious stones. The other was held by a colored man, a porter, then, as now, employed at a certain New York theatre. The Negro used to dance almost [Continued on page 81]

The Crumits at Home



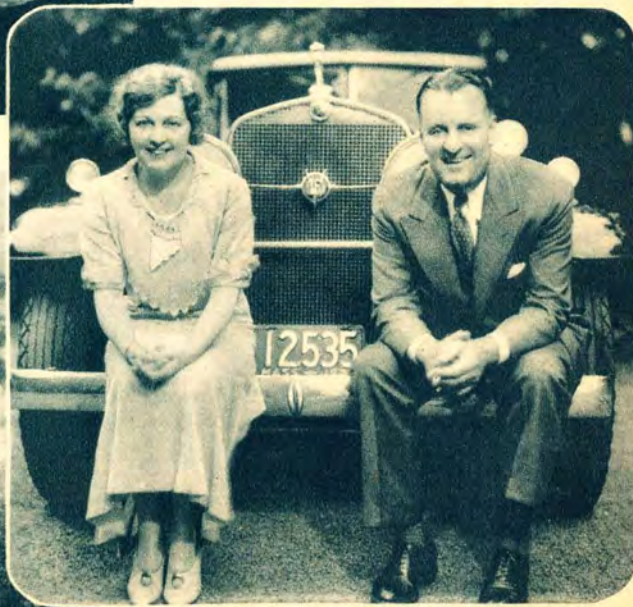
Out at Colony Hills, at Longmeadow, near Springfield, Mass., live Julia Sanderson and her husband, Frank Crumit, when they're not broadcasting. Above, Crumits in the living room of their home



Left, Julia and Frank try out a new song. The Crumit residence is of nine rooms, with a covered terrace in the rear. It is surrounded by about an acre of ground, mostly wooded



The Crumit residence, built of brick and stucco, is of French Norman architecture. It is located at Colony Hills, bordering on a large Springfield city park of several hundred acres



Julia and Frank on the bumper of the car that each week carries them to the Columbia broadcasting studios. The Crumits motor to and from New York, occasionally staying at the Hotel St. Regis



Natalie Towers before the photo-electric cell block at Station W2XAB, the experimental television station, now closed, of the Columbia Broadcasting System

How Near Is Television?

assured of being able to work them out.

The economic factor is far more important. Edwin K. Cohan, technical director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, states the situation thus:

"Through our experimental station at Columbia which we discontinued when we reached the limit of current technical developments, we have learned that the public has become so inured to novelty that it will only accept television on a basis of satisfactory entertainment which must be comparable at least to the present home movie. In order to reach a status of satisfactory entertainment it will require the financial aid of commercial advertising. But commercial advertising will not be attracted to television until there are enough television sets in use to offer a return to them for the large outlay of money required. And on the other

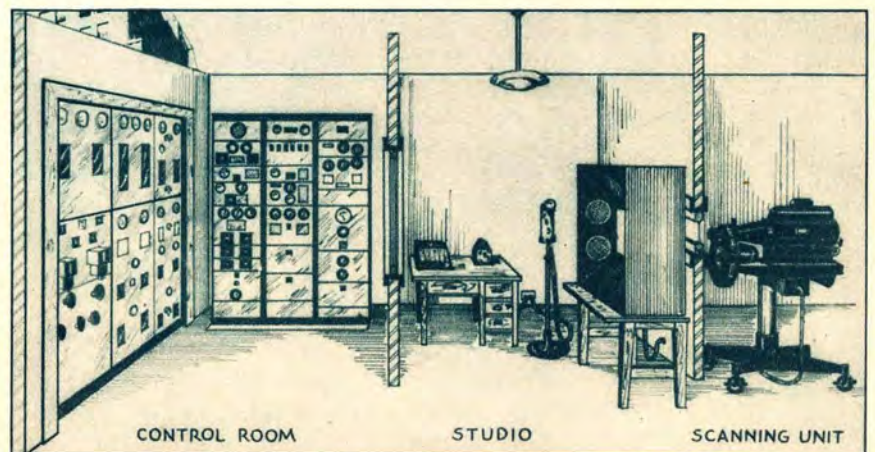
TELEVISION is the great unknown quantity in radio today. The first wave of feverish expectancy has passed, leaving in its wake a backwash of cautious skepticism.

It is almost impossible to get anyone in a position of authority to make a definite statement as to the time when commercial television may be looked for in the home. Guarded guesses vary from two years up to ten, always qualified by the remote possibility that a stampede may be started such as occurred in talking pictures, forcing the issue ahead of schedule.

Yet television laboratories are buzzing with secretive activity and such progress has been made in recent months that most engineers are now of the opinion that the remaining obstacles to the arrival of home television are economic rather than technical.

It is hardly accurate to say that all the scientific problems of television have at the present time been solved. But at least engineers now know just what these problems are, and given sufficient time and money for further research are reasonably

hand, the set manufacturers will not be able to dispose of television receivers in any quantity until there are television programs on the air of sufficient caliber to make people spend money for them. So there you have the dilemma. It is hard to tell which will come first, the chicken or the egg."



The television arrangement at Columbia's experimental station. These experiments were discontinued about a year ago

It is the Great Unknown Quantity in Radio Today. Is it Just Around the Corner or is it still too Impractical for the Public? Here are the Answers to Your Questions

By Edward R. Sammis

Perhaps the most important step in television engineering made public in recent months was the perfection of the iconoscope or electric eye, a device for picking up the television image, announced last summer by Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, research engineer for the RCA-Victor Company.

The iconoscope, which, according to Dr. Zworykin, resembles the action of the human eye, is a combination of millions of tiny photoelectric cells and a cathode ray tube. Although Dr. Zworykin refrained from commenting specifically on the effect of his invention on the future of television, he stated in a paper read before a meeting of engineers that with the iconoscope it would be possible to transmit an image up to 500 lines in detail, and also that the iconoscope had a sensitivity equal to that of photographic film operating at the speed of a motion picture camera.

Evidently then, it presents a solution for two important difficulties in television. Since experimental television has been mostly at the rate of about forty-five to sixty lines to the image, it can readily be seen that far greater accuracy and perfection will be made possible. A 500 line image would be much clearer and more detailed than the average magazine picture.

Until the announcement of the iconoscope, it had been generally assumed that television in the beginning would be mostly broadcast from film where any scope or variety of scene was required because the lighting problem and loss of detail put such limitations on the image. But with the iconoscope any scene could be encompassed and transmitted which could be covered by a motion picture camera. Hence it should be possible to televise political meetings, athletic contests or any scenes of wide-spread interest right from the scene of action at the moment they are taking place.

The iconoscope also presents the possibility of transmitting scenes recorded with-



Lowell Thomas, Ulysses Sanabria, the inventor, and Morris Gest, the stage producer, before the Sanabria televisor at Madison Square Garden

out the benefit of any lighting whatsoever, since it is sensitive to infra-red rays, although this use would probably be more scientific than general.

But it does offer the opportunity of bringing to television onlookers scenes in fuller, more natural colors than has so far been possible on the motion picture screen because the cathode ray tube can register colors more accurately than the process now used in motion picture color work. Little attention is being paid at the present time to the development of color in television. That will probably be saved for later introduction after the novelty of black and white images has worn off.

Dr. Zworykin's device is only one of many television inventions. In fact the whole field is so cluttered up with various patents, many of them conflicting, that it has afforded employment to more lawyers than engineers. However, the underlying principle of all television is essentially the same.

[Continued on page 65]

SAY THE EXPERTS:

Television is at least three years away.

Sets will probably be leased, not sold. If sold they will cost \$330 and up.

Talking pictures will be the backbone of television entertainment.

Television programs will occupy only part of each day.

The Life Story of Ruth Etting

How the Radio Songbird went on from Cabaret Chorus Girl to Great Success on the Stage and on the Air

By Grace Mack

Last month I told you how Ruth Etting said goodbye to her home in David City, Nebraska and went to Chicago with the idea of becoming a commercial artist. How a part time job in a costume shop turned out to be a springboard to cabaret business. I told you about her apprenticeship at the Marigold Gardens, in the chorus . . . about her experiences at Colisimo's, singing for tips. . . .

"IT ISN'T life that matters," High Walpole prefaced one of his novels, "it's the courage you bring to it."

Ruth Etting had the sort of courage that would not bow to defeat. During those days at Colisimo's she experienced things that ninety-nine out of a hundred girls never even imagine. She was young and pretty. Naturally, there were temptations. Propositions. But something within Ruth enabled her to keep her sense of values. It was a difficult test. But she survived it. And eventually she shook herself free.

From Colisimo's she went to the Green Mill . . . then to the Terrace Gardens . . . the Rainbow Gardens. Step by step she became more important, more popular. Eventually she went to the College Inn, as soloist with Abe Lyman's band. Her ambition to earn money was still very much alive and so, between numbers, she went up on the College Inn roof, to broadcast over WSM, with the team of Ford & Glenn. Abe Lyman and Walter Donaldson had written a little song called *What Can I Say, After I Say I'm Sorry?* It was right up Ruth's alley. She introduced it to the College Inn crowd and it caught on immediately.

The recording manager for Columbia records heard about the song and telephoned Ford & Glenn one night and asked them to sing it during their broadcasting period. They told him they didn't know the song but they had a girl with them who did and promised to have her sing it over the air that evening. "I'll be listening in," the Columbia man said.

When Ruth went on the air she was given the request number. Little did she dream that the singing of that song would mark the beginning

of a greater success than she had ever imagined.

THE Columbia man knew what he liked when he heard it. Before Ruth finished her broadcast he was at the studio, to ask if she would make a record test the following day. The test resulted in her signing a three year recording contract with the Columbia Phonograph Company.

And so it happened that a chap by the name of Irving Berlin heard her records and noticed how clearly and with what feeling she spoke the words of the songs she sang. Now every lyric writer likes to have his songs sung by someone who makes the words mean something. Berlin told Ziegfeld about this Etting girl and asked him to listen to one of her records.

"If she looks as well as she sounds," he told Berlin, "We'll sign her up for the new Follies."

He sent a man out to Chicago to look Ruth over. By this time she had finished at the College Inn and was singing in the Balaban and Katz movie palaces. Ziegfeld's ambassador came back-stage to see her.

"How would you like to go into the Follies?" he asked her.

"It was just like having somebody step up to me and ask 'how would you like a million dollars,'" says Ruth. "Naturally I told him I couldn't think of anything I'd like more."

He promised to let her know within a week. But weeks went by and she heard nothing from New York. "Just another pipe dream," she thought.

But Ruth is not one to grieve over what might have been. "The one belief by which I have lived my life," she told me "is that *everything happens for the best*. My grandfather taught me that when I was a little girl and I have never forgotten it. There have been times, it is true, when it has been pretty difficult to see how the thing that was happening could be for the best. But afterward, when I could see it in perspective, I always found out that there was good in it."

And so Ruth took her disappointment philosophically. She kept right on giving five and six performances a day



A baby picture of Ruth Etting, taken back in David City, Nebraska. Ruth had no thoughts then of being a star



Ruth Etting (right) as she appears with Eddie Cantor in the new film, *Roman Scandals*. She says the biggest thrill of her career came when she was summoned to the offices of Flo Ziegfeld, the stage producer, to sign a contract for his Follies. "Let me see your ankles," said Ziegfeld. "Okay, sign the contract." Ziegfeld never asked to hear her sing

in the movie houses. During the waits between performances she would run over to the little costume shop where she was formerly employed and run a few seams on the sewing machine. She had always designed and made her own clothes and there was something about operating a sewing machine which afforded her a certain relaxation. Also she saved money by making her own clothes.

She had practically forgotten all about the Follies proposition when one day, out of a clear sky, came a telegram saying that Ziegfeld wanted her to come to New York immediately to join the show.

As it happened, she was scheduled to go to New York the following week, to sing with Paul Whiteman's band at the Paramount theatre. She wired Ziegfeld that she would see him then.

"I THINK the biggest thrill I've ever had," Ruth told me, "was when I walked into Ziegfeld's office. I supposed, of course, he'd want to hear me sing but he never mentioned my voice. After we had talked awhile

he asked me to walk about the room so he could see my ankles. 'Okay,' he said. 'Stop on your way downstairs and sign the contract.'

'But I don't want to sign a contract until you've heard me sing,' I told him. 'I'd rather be disappointed in the beginning than to get my hopes up, and then have them nosedive. I'm singing over at the Paramount this week. Please come and hear me—so you'll know whether you really think I'll do for the Follies.' "

Ziegfeld promised but he never went near the Paramount. The first time he ever heard Ruth Etting sing was during a dress rehearsal of the Follies of 1927.

She stayed with Ziegfeld through six shows . . . the Follies of 1927, 1928, "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor, "Simple Simon" with Ed Wynn, the Follies of 1930 and 1931.

"When Mr. Ziegfeld died," says Ruth, "all the glory went out of musical comedy for me. He had a master touch that no one else has ever had. I doubt if he will ever have a successor."

One of her proudest [Continued on page 67]

Shrieks of the Past went crackling into the ether at its highest tension, for the frenzied Gilroy could see J. Wellington Pugh and the beautiful Dorita lolling at ease beyond the plate glass curtain, apparently very much enthralled in each other



Harley Ennis 33

Gilroy's Radio Success depended upon the Demonic Fright he could get into his Broadcast—and here's how the lovely Dorita kept the Note in his Voice

J. WELLINGTON PUGH, president of Phosphorescent Keyholes, Incorporated, tilted back in one of the spindly chairs on the Empress Theatre mezzanine and leered happily through a haze of expensive cigar smoke at the stage below. The view was extremely pleasant. Bathed in an eerie green spotlight a handsome young man was bowing off after a bloodcurdling rendition of Nero at the burning of Rome, and a roar of applause broke like surf against the footlights.

"At last!" wheezed Mr. Pugh. "After two weeks of

listening to crooners, comics and similar flotsam, here, in a cheap vaudeville house, I run across the first person worthy of representing Phosphorescent Keyholes on the air." He turned beamingly to his advertising counsel. "That boy is marvelous, Eddie—he's different! All the tricks and delivery of the old time stars, and yet it makes it sound new. Saaay! When he did Ivan the Terrible I thought a tarantula was waltzing up my spine."

"I liked the one about Henry the Eighth taking one of his wives on a necking party," said Mr. Eddie Hyfen.

RADIOLAND



Illustration
by
Harley
Ennis
Stivers

Sir Walter's Rally

By Stewart Robertson

of the Hyfen-Loofen Agency. "Yes, he's got something, all right. Now—ah, here comes that girl again."

All noise was hushed as a lustrous redhead whose white satin gown revealed that her good points were all curves walked daintily to the center of the stage.

"Mr. Gilroy's next and last impersonation," she tinkled, "will be that of Torquemada, the Spanish torturer. Torquemada, as you all know, was . . ." and for ninety seconds she sketched history in a throaty contralto that would have made even the date of the Volstead Act sound like an epic poem.

"Sign him, Eddie," whispered Mr. Pugh as the actor reappeared. "I found him for you; now go ahead and make the most of him."

Mr. Hyfen sighed. He was well aware that Mr. Pugh's philosophy of life was to pack up his troubles in his old kit bag and then find someone to hold it, but no sane advertising man quarrels with a heavy account.

"Okay," he whispered back. "I've already worked out the line of presentation—we'll bear down on the scare angle and advise the [Continued on page 68]



—Clarence Sinclair Bull

JACK PEARL, the Baron himself, is back on the airways again for Lucky Strike, broadcasting from Hollywood and fibbing as recklessly as ever. Pearl has been out in Hollywood for some time, making a Metro-Goldwyn comedy, *Meet the Baron*. Cliff Hall—Sharlie—is again the Baron's chief—and unbelieving—aid

She Came Up Smiling

By

Dora Albert



Mildred Bailey was told by Paul Whiteman, "You sing that way because you have suffered"

Mildred Bailey Has Been Knocked Down but Unbeaten by Life

WHAT would you do if life piled one heartbreak after another upon your shoulders? Could you meet the test?

Mildred Bailey could—and did. She poured forth her heartbreak and her sorrow in song. The girl who is known as the *Rockin' Chair* lady because of her theme song never had a singing lesson; yet she is one of the foremost singers of spirituals. Unhappiness put the throb in her voice, made her something more than just another blues singer.

"You sing the way you do because you have suffered," Paul Whiteman once told her, perhaps not realizing himself how true his own words were.

Mildred Bailey was a happy young person as a schoolgirl in Spokane, Washington, where she was born. She was very slender then, and had laughing gray eyes and pitch black hair. Her real name was Mildred Rinker, by the way. She changed it to Mildred Bailey later to please a favorite aunt, who was named Ella Bailey, and who encouraged Mildred with her career.

Her father, a railroad man, was an amateur violinist, her mother an accomplished pianist. It isn't generally known, but Mildred Bailey has Indian blood in her. Her mother's father was a descendant of General Robert E. Lee; her maternal grandmother was part Indian. Rhythm probably is a part of the life of the Indian race. Who can say through what remote ancestors Mildred Bailey inherited her uncanny sense of rhythm?

Though she never took a singing lesson, she used to sing to entertain her schoolmates at the Holy Name Academy in Spokane and later at St. Joseph's Academy. The Sisters at the convent used to smile as they passed by her room, for always there issued from that room a flood of happy songs.

Mildred Bailey took piano lessons at St. Joseph's Academy. But she was gay and carefree then, and practising seemed a waste of time to her. When her teacher gave her a piece to practise, she would return home and ask her mother to play it for her. Then at school she would play the piece by ear. Her teacher

never watched her closely, but walked around the room while she played, and so she never noticed that Mildred was not playing from the notes before her. But one day her teacher asked her, "What part of the page are you up to now?" Of course, Mildred couldn't tell her. What a terrific fuss ensued! Her father was sent for, and told that he was wasting his money giving piano lessons to Mildred, since she was not practising her music. But Mildred's mother, to whom music was a part of the very fiber of life, understood.

They were so close to each other, Mildred and her talented mother. Mildred was the only girl in the family. There were three boys. Her mother understood all of Mildred's dreams. When

Mildred confided that her ambition was to be an opera singer, her mother did not laugh at her. She herself had longed for a professional career, but had married too young to do anything about it.

Just before Mildred graduated from St. Joseph's Academy, came the first of those terrible blows that life was to hand her. Her mother died, leaving her desolate and heartbroken.

Mildred got a job playing the piano and demonstrating music in a music store in Spokane. Her salary was \$12 a week.

But she did not stay at this job long. As though her grief at her mother's death was not enough to tear her to pieces, life handed her another blow. About six months after her mother died, her father remarried. To sixteen-year-old Mildred that was a bolt from the blue. How he could do it, she wondered. How could he bear to marry again when her mother's memory was still like a thing alive, like a presence in her home? She could not bear to stay in that home any longer.

When her aunt, Ella Bailey, invited her to come to Seattle, Mildred begged her father to let her go. He gave his permission and in Seattle she managed to find a job in another music store. Her duties consisted chiefly of demonstrating music on the piano, but because she loved to sing even [Continued on page 83]



A Lady of the Air. Jane Froman, whose beautiful voice thrills radio audiences over Columbia network. Jane had an ambition to be a newspaper reporter but she is glad she was side-tracked. For as a radio star she has plenty of time to play golf, her favorite game

"Wanna Buy a Duck?"

The Radio Moguls Believe they have a Find in Joe Penner, once known to Burlesque as "Bumps"

By Russell Edwards



Joe Penner is described as a "hoke comedian with a sweet personality." He was born Joe Pintner in a little village in Hungary. His family moved to Detroit when Joe was five

IT WAS a howling hellion of a high seas morning. All the plugs were out of the sky and the rain poured down.

Entering Joe Penner's apartment on Central Park, shaking water all over his rug like a wet spaniel, I offered, by way of soggy greeting: "Great weather for ducks." (I can think up cracks like that, quick.)

The comedian looked up from his stack of wheat cakes, and a wary look came into his guileless brown eyes. I knew I had said the wrong thing.

"You wouldn't want to buy one, wouldja?" he asked. "One what?"

"I mean—would you wanna buy a duck?" I told him I had no place to keep a duck. He looked crestfallen a minute. Then he said:

"Well, would your brother like to buy a duck?" So we had to go all through *that*.

You couldn't really blame Joe, though. He's been asking people so long if they wanted to buy a duck that it has become sort of a second nature to him. You'll be hearing him ask it this Fall over the radio on the Sunday night Fleischmann Baker's program from seven-thirty to eight o'clock.

No one else could ask that inane question as often as Joe does and get away with it. It seems to be all in the way he says it. In vaudeville and motion picture houses, people have been coming back to hear him ask it the tenth or the ninetieth time, and have still rolled in the aisles.

The answer is that Joe is one of the few naturally funny comedians. He looks funny. His gestures are funny. The funny way he says things gets over on the air.

HIS is the underdog type of humor. He is the shy, half-apologetic guy who shuffles in and gets cuffed about, but can't be discouraged. He has the sympathy

of his audience, even while they are laughing at him, and that is why they like him.

"A hoke comedian with a sweet personality," is the way Martin Sampter, his manager, sums him up.

Joe first pulled his "Wanna buy a duck?" line at a vaudeville house in Birmingham six years ago. For a long time Joe had been asking people if they wanted to buy a lot of other senseless things. A dead horse. An ashcan. A hippopotto-pottomamus. He would just get up there and *ad lib*, feeling around for a funny line. Those lines got laughs, but they didn't meet Joe's test.

Joe's test is to mingle with the people in the neighborhood of the theatre after the show. If he hears them getting off some line of his, then he knows the line has clicked and he keeps it.

He didn't think anything about the "Wanna buy a duck?" line at the time. But his dressing room window opened on the street and after the show was over he began to hear voices going by yelling "Wanna buy a duck?." And he knew he had something. He can't figure out why a duck should be any funnier than an ashcan or a hippopotto-pottamus. It just is and that's that. The rest of the routine grew bit by bit. He would hit on a good line like "Would your brother wanna buy a duck?" and keep that in. Later, when he was playing movie houses, he found it ideal for annoying masters of ceremonies.

But let's go way back to [Continued on page 64]

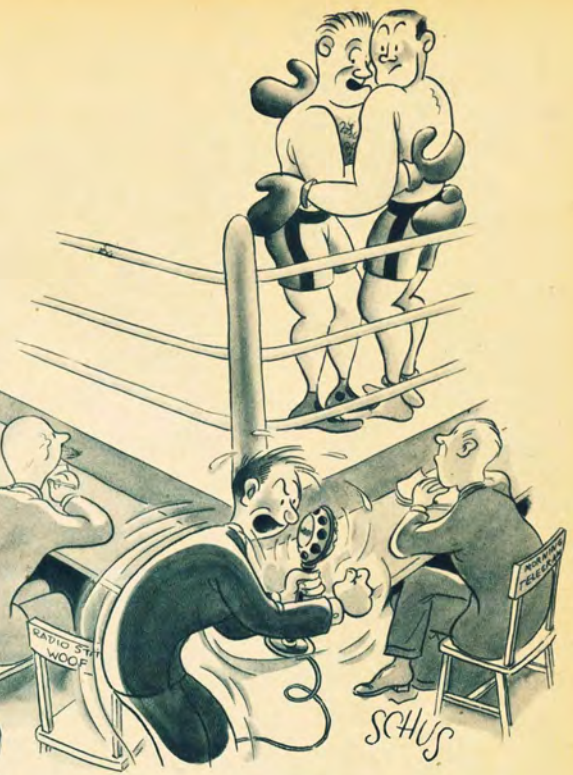


"Will the young lady on the penthouse terrace at 787 East 43rd Street please raise her arms higher on the second count!"

Giving Them the AIR



"Wow, we got CAB CALLOWAY!"



"Let's stall and give him a chance to catch up!"



The announcer and a couple of speakers with mike fright



The Comic Artists View the Radio Programs

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jolson, but this won't go any lower—you'll have to get on your knees on the table"



Tony Wons, the philosopher from Wisconsin, is back on the air with his philosophy and his poetry. He draws upon his scrap book, which he started when he spent eighteen months in a hospital recovering from a shrapnel wound suffered in France. Tony has a wife and a ten-year-old daughter. He likes to spend his spare time in a cottage built on the edge of a lake in the Wisconsin woods

Woman and her Problems

By Ida Bailey Allen

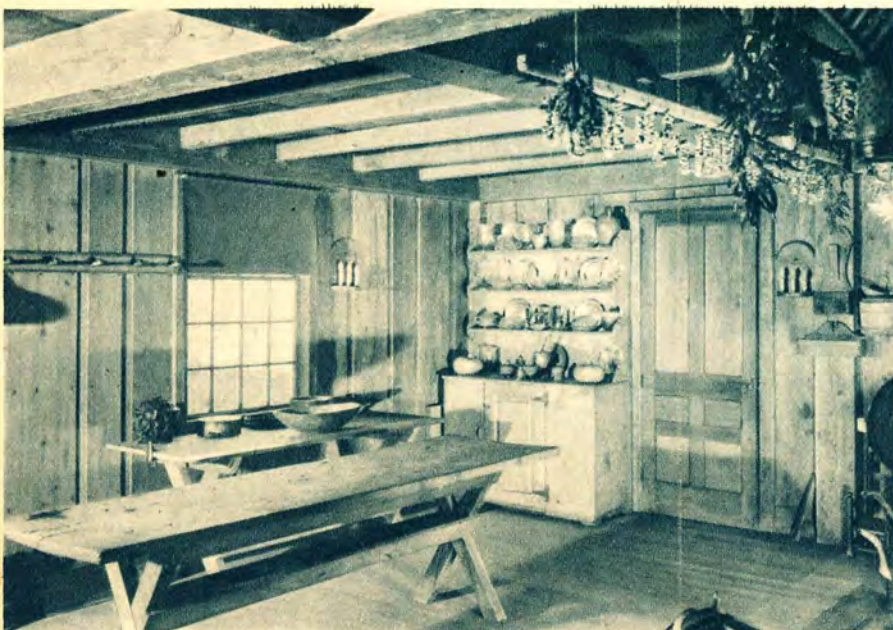
Colonial Meals Brought Up-to-date

SIXTY-POUND turkeys, five-foot lobsters, thirteen-inch oysters of marvelous taste and savor—these were the type of foods cooked in the low hung raftered kitchen of the Red Horse Tavern in Sudbury, Massachusetts, which was immortalized by Longfellow as "The Wayside Inn."

The original tavern was built in 1690, in the days when nearly all land travel was on horseback and Boston had only one private coach. Days when supplies were carried by pack-horses, and when the creaking stage coaches for commercial travel flourished up to the Inn in the evening for a ten o'clock supper, and rumbled away long before sun-up, carrying their early risen passengers with them over the boggy roads—days these were that seem romantic to us now; for the unfamiliar is always the romantic.

An ancient inventory of a load of supplies, appreciated by a gentleman of those days and carried by a pack-horse, disclosed a surprising number of delicacies: They really ate well in Colonial days. Among them were: A twenty-pound keg of the best butter, six cured tongues, one cured ham, a bottle of mustard flour, two gallons of Jamaica spirits, one Gloucester cheese, two bottles of old Madeira wine, a half chest of the best white biscuit, six pounds of loaf sugar, two pounds of tea, six pounds of coffee, six pounds of

The kitchen of the Wayside Inn, that old house restored by Henry Ford. All the cooking and baking, in the olden days, during the early stage coach period, was done in the fireplace shown



The Wayside Inn shows dishes and equipment of a hotel of one hundred years ago. The old Inn was an early stage coach stop in New England

chocolate, six pounds of rice, six pounds of raisins and a quart of white vinegar.

What tales the Wayside Inn kitchen could tell of splendid repasts! What stories of drinking bouts, and eating contests! Cream by the gallon, whipped to a froth with a hickory wand; cakes made with pounds of butter; dozens of eggs, sugar powdered from the huge sugar cone and raised with sal-volatile; waffles baked on the hearth in wafering irons; huge buttocks of beef on the spit, turned now and then by the fat cook's assistant; biscuits pounded by the half hour on the old biscuit block; preserved barberries and elder buds; potted herring; green walnut catsup; cheese rarebits—these are undoubtedly some of the high spots which made the cuisine of the Wayside Inn famous. [Continued on page 66]

Thanksgiving Dinner in 1933

Modernizing this Age-Old Dinner to Suit the Pleasures of Your Family and Guests

FASHIONS in foods are changing as well as fashions in economics. This fact was forcibly impressed upon me when I discussed the Thanksgiving dinner classic—not with a group of women, but with some ten men. I suspected that we women were clinging too closely to tradition in planning our dinners, and that the men for whom they were being prepared would really prefer simplicity and plain cooking to the oppressive heavy dinners with which they usually stuff themselves at Thanksgiving time. Each of the men I interviewed made a definite suggestion for modernizing the Thanksgiving dinner, modifying the traditional foods in the menu.

"Have roast turkey with chestnut stuffing and giblet gravy," said one, "but bread isn't needed. I'd rather eat plenty of stuffing."

Seven out of the ten wanted thick turtle soup.

All of them suggested a simple salad—"so you know what you're eating."

Seven wanted oyster cocktail with tomato and horseradish sauce—"and plenty of horseradish." They all suggested oyster crackers as the accompaniment.

The majority agreed that they would like to have beer or ale served with the appetizer, with a demi-tasse and cigarettes or cigars as the finale.

The complete ten voted for a simple dessert—preferably something made with fruit. When I asked if pumpkin pie was no longer popular these days, they said yes, but not for dinner. "It's too filling. Why couldn't we have it for supper? The Thanksgiving foods could be spread through the day so we could eat well of a few at a time, but not overeat."



—Kepler

A modern Thanksgiving table. Notice the lack of an over-burdened appearance old-fashioned tables had

After mulling over these remarks, I must acknowledge that I agreed with these men on most points. So on a basis of their ideas I worked out a menu for a Thanksgiving dinner that met with their complete approval. Here it is—five simple courses, shorn of every unnecessary frill.

Oyster Cocktail with Tomato and Horseradish Sauce
Oyster Crackers Beer

Thick Turtle Soup
Whole Wheat Crackers

Roast Turkey with Chestnut Stuffing
Giblet Gravy
Baked Sweet Potatoes
Shredded String Beans
Cranberry Sauce
Sweet Pickle Relish

Alligator Pear Salad with French dressing

Half frozen fruits

Demi-tasse

A CLOSE study of this menu will show how well balanced it is in flavor: Nothing is repeated, and yet all bizarre combinations are carefully ruled out.

The meal opens with the oyster cocktail—savory Bluepoints well chilled, and served in deep plates on a bed of crushed ice, with the cocktail sauce in a small glass in the center, and lemon points for a garnish. The horseradish in the sauce makes this a real appetizer. The oyster crackers are passed in a deep bowl, with a good-sized spoon for the service. The beer should be well chilled, but not too cold, and may be poured directly from the bottles into glasses or steins, or better still may be poured foaming from pitchers. The beer gives an edge to the appetite, and from the traditional as well as flavor standpoint the service of oysters—a real Colonial food—with beer, an old time drink, is perfect. I grant it is an innovation today, but these are changing times.

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Nuts *and their* Thanksgiving Importance

This Food is Becoming Recognized More Each Year as Worthy of Consideration for Every Meal

WE MAY think that the study of dietetics is modern, and that the ancients paid little heed to foods and their reactions on the body. If that is the case, we are mistaken: for that same curiosity which is always the basis of discovery was at work centuries ago on problems of diet. Natural foods have always been the mainstay of humanity: Vegetables, grains, fruits and nuts; and it is around them that food research began.

The opinions of leading scientists differed then as well as now. Galen, for instance, physician to the school of gladiators (they went into real training in ancient Rome), doubted that "nuts were good for the stomach;" but one of his friendly enemies, Avicenna, an Arab physician, proved that they were a wholesome food. Up to that day nuts had been classed as luxuries. Jacob included almonds among the presents for Joseph, and Lucius Vitellius brought pistachio nuts as a great delicacy from India to Rome. Their worth as a substantial food was proven when hazel nuts preserved the inhabitants of Præneste from famine during the siege by Hannibal. And walnuts occupied a place of honor in the repasts of the ancients.

If I had lived in the days of Galen and Avicenna, I should have occupied a paradoxical position: I should have agreed with both men. Improperly introduced in the diet, nuts are not good for the stomach; rightly used, they are a wholesome food.

The Fall crop of nuts is just coming in; nuts are displayed in stores everywhere. How are you planning to use them? What do you know about nuts? They should occupy a more important place than their usual use as a tidbit; they deserve recognition beyond their exploitation as a flavor agent: In and for themselves, nuts stand alone in the vegetable kingdom as purveyors of extraordinary food value, and it is from this viewpoint that their wider use should be advocated.

Walnuts, almonds, Brazil and the rarer Paradise nuts; filberts and pecans and the newer cashews, some in the shell, others in vacuum cans, still more shelled, the meats in shining cellophane bags, or salted ready for immediate enjoyment.

[Continued on page 93]



—Courtesy California Walnut Growers' Assn.

Walnut Torte, one of the most delicious desserts you ever have tasted. The nutritive value of nuts should not be overlooked in planning meals



—Courtesy California Walnut Growers' Assn.

A modernized nut service. Each individual should be supplied with a dish and nut-cracker in order to eat slowly and enjoy this food

When and Where We May Play

Ida Bailey Allen Tells How to Transform Attic or Cellar Into Playroom for Child or Adult

“WHAT’LL we do now?” is usually followed by the question “Where’ll we do it?” for it’s a curious thing that in the homes of this progressive country we provide so little space for play. By that I mean true play coming from within—the kind that is based on games of chance, skill and tests of mentality and originality rather than play created by outside agencies such as going to the movies or tearing about in an automobile. The former is true play activity, the latter merely stimulants and excitements.

Much is being said, written and prognosticated about the probable use of our newly acquired leisure. I have faith enough in the unity of the average family to believe that some of it will be spent in wholesome play, providing a suitable place for that play is furnished in the home.

A while ago I was a week-end guest in a home in a small community—a rich man’s house built in the late nineties, a rambling structure of at least twenty rooms including a huge billiard room with the inevitable antlers hung above the fireplace and a bearskin rug before the hearth. Such rooms were rather usual in wealthy homes

in those days. Even thirty years ago the need of space for play was dimly recognized, although home play was not the usual thing.

Later, the high cost of servants forced even the well-to-do to build smaller homes, and the billiard room and play room for the children was omitted. “Let them use the nursery for play” was the dictum. That has worked only fairly well, for as any student of psychology knows, no one sleeps or eats well in the rooms he works in; and *play* is the work of children. Besides, this provided play space only for children of nursery age; the play needs of the older child were entirely overlooked.

This brought about serious consequences. Most mothers refused to let their children and the neighbors’ children play in the house. The rugs and furniture were usually considered more valuable than child development. Children were forced to play on the streets or in vacant lots. They began to lose interest in the home; adolescent children would stay out at night with sometimes unfortunate results.

Of course, one way to

[Continued on page 95]



—Courtesy Du Pont Style Service

An attic room for young folks with game tables, radio, dance floor. Colors are bright and cheery

The Eyes Have IT

By Wynne McKay



—Courtesy Dorothy Gray

The above shows a beautiful eye. Study the brow, conservatively arched, mascara on upper lashes *only*, shadow lightly on upper lid

ALTHOUGH subtle make-up can enhance one's eyes marvelously, it is quite useless to attempt to make the eyes beautiful by means of cosmetics alone. It is necessary, first of all, to have the eyes themselves in good condition, rested and clear, the lids healthy and the delicate skin surrounding them, soft and unlined. The first precaution you should take to insure lovely eyes is an examination to determine whether you need to wear glasses all or part of the time. One of the worst mistakes women make is to refuse to wear glasses. If one's eyes need the assistance afforded by glasses and yet are denied that aid over a period of years, they will soon begin to show the strain. Certainly the wearing of a light, attractive pair of glasses such as those made today, cannot begin to compare with the disfigurement of squinting, tired eyes.

One cannot blame any woman, proud of her appearance, for refusing to wear the dreadful looking heavy, tortoise-shell rimmed spectacles that were worn a few years ago. But today, glasses are made with delicate

pinkish gold and pale silver rims, in flattering inconspicuous shapes so that one is never conscious of wearing them nor is an observer conscious of noticing them. If you do wear glasses, be sure to visit your oculist often so that he can change your lenses if it is necessary. This is a beauty hint as well as a health hint.

Whether you do or do not have to wear glasses, be careful not to overstrain your eyes. If you have ever been so foolish as to work far too long at some difficult eye-straining task such as reading or sewing, you know what the results inevitably are. Your eyes seem to withdraw, protectively, into your head; they become smaller by half their normal size; the whites are veined with small, distended blood vessels, and the rims of the lids are red and sore—to say nothing of the deep, purplish black shadows underneath the eyes. This condition usually persists for a day or two afterward, making you quite unpresentable. And it is simply the result of having over-taxed the delicate mechanism of vision. If this practice is continued for any length of time, no matter how "strong" your eyes are, the ugly condition will become chronic, and very difficult to remedy. For that reason, you should protect your eyes continually and avoid eye-strain as carefully as you avoid catching cold.

Even though you do not over-tax your eyes in this drastic manner, you should rest them occasionally during your daily tasks, to make them more beautiful. When you have been intent on any task for half an hour, stop for a minute or two and put your eyes through some exercises. First, direct your gaze far, far away to the horizon. It is always restful to the eyes to change their focus frequently, you will find. Then, roll the eyeballs around and around, slowly. Look obliquely upward for a moment and then downward, then to the sides, then straight ahead. Finally, open and close the eyes slowly, rhythmically for a while. You will be amazed at how rested your eyes will feel and how much more

[Continued on page 78]



Dorothy Gray presents two beauty aids—a mascara and brush in a convenient case, and a liquid darkener for the lashes

Lowell Thomas: Ace Adventurer

[Continued from page 17]

teens he was editing a local paper, expounding political theories for the enlightenment of his elders.

The wanderlust soon got him and he started east, ending up curiously enough, at Valparaiso University in Indiana where he worked his way, tending furnaces, waiting on table, feeding cows. The horizon at Valparaiso wasn't large enough to hold him long, and he wandered on to several other colleges, never spending more than a year at any one of them.

He drifted back into newspaper work after he had had enough of schooling, and the year 1914 found him on the old *Chicago Herald*, a contemporary of Ben Hecht, Charles McArthur, Harry Hansen and others who have since become famous.

But even newspaper work began to pall on him shortly. He felt the old itch to travel and began to cast about for means of scratching it.

IT WAS the San Francisco Exposition in that year which gave him his first great inspiration. He conceived the idea of sending out wires to one hundred newspapers asking that he be authorized to represent them on a trail-blazing trip to the fair. From the one hundred wires he received forty-two favorable replies. That was enough for him. He threw up his job and started out.

His procedure, then, was to send out a wire something like this:

"Lowell Thomas, accredited representative of forty-two newspapers, will visit your town next Thursday to see what you have to offer travelers to the fair. Kindly extend him the usual courtesies."

At that time the name of Lowell Thomas meant something less than nothing at all, but the city officials immediately got the idea that anyone who represented forty-two newspapers must be a personage of importance. Consequently they literally unrolled the purple carpet for him all the way to the coast. Special cars were placed at his disposal. Banquets were given in his honor. He got the biggest kick of all when he came to Denver, where he had worked as a boy and was solemnly and formally escorted by the city fathers out to view the beauties of the Garden of the Gods and Pike's Peak, which had practically been his own backyard.

Ever since that time, all over the world, people have fallen over backwards to put things at his disposal. It is the delight of his friends that every time he goes to India he never moves without a personal escort of at least twelve elephants through the special dispensation of the viceroy.

The trail blazing tour wound up at Seattle. At a dinner there one night, Thomas expressed to the man sitting on his right a desire to visit Alaska. The man happened to be proprietor of a steamship line or two, and he invited Thomas to go as his guest on a steamer leaving that night.

By this time Thomas thought that he had pretty well proven that travel could be made to pay. His connection with the

forty-two newspapers which he had pulled down out of the air had turned out profitably. So for the next few months he traveled up and down the country lecturing to women's clubs on *Our Native Birds and Flowers*, *The Beauties of Our National Parks* and subjects like that.

One day when he was giving his *National Parks* lecture at Princeton, it suddenly occurred to him that there was a pretty good-sized war getting under way over in Europe and that lecturing on the beauties of nature before women's clubs while that was going on was certainly a heck of a job for a great big healthy man who loved adventure.

Then he got another of his brainstorms. He conceived the idea of going over and making a pictorial record of the war. He rushed down to Washington to tell the government about it. He was informed that he would be given the proper credentials, but that it would be impossible to finance him.

That didn't stop Thomas for long. He got letters to twenty wealthy men who might be interested in the vicarious adventure and persuaded them to put up twenty-five hundred apiece, fifty thousand in all, to finance the undertaking. Then he went abroad.

In his capacity as pictorial reporter, Thomas probably saw more of the World War than any other man. He was on every front except the Eastern. He went into Germany after the war during the first outbursts of revolution.

It was while he was with General Allenby on his Near Eastern campaign that he met Lawrence of Arabia and started upon his career as a biographer.

"A group of us were sitting over the coffee table in Palestine one afternoon," he said, "when I noticed a quiet little man with piercing blue eyes sitting at one end of the table saying nothing. I inquired who that was, and was told that that was Lawrence, the uncrowned king of Arabia."

When he was told something of Lawrence's achievements and his odd, fascinating, contradictory personality, he wanted to write his story. It was by no means an easy task. Lawrence was so painfully shy, that even though they became close friends and Thomas was designated as his official biographer, Lawrence could hardly be persuaded to talk to him. Later, in London, when the British people tried to make a hero out of Lawrence and he went into hiding, Thomas was the only man in all of London intrusted with the secret of Lawrence's whereabouts.

AFTER several years of poking around in odd corners of Europe and Asia, and meeting strange characters, Thomas returned to this country chock full of material for books, magazine articles and lectures. The most popular, after *With Lawrence in Arabia*, was his account of the extraordinary adventures of Count von Luckner, the German sea raider, who broke through a British blockade, and roamed the South

Seas, a chivalrous modern corsair. There have been twenty-three of his books to date, the latest being *Old Gimlet-Eye*, the story of General Smedley D. Butler.

Since he went on the air three years ago, his radio contract has required that he never stray more than a night's journey from the nearest station on the NBC chain. He has done pretty well in spite of it, covering the country by plane as far west as the Mississippi Valley for his lecture engagements and still fulfilling his broadcast schedule without taking a single vacation in the whole three years.

It has caused him to miss a few things he would like to have done. He wanted to write the story of King Feisal of Irak, the Arab, who with Lawrence led the revolt in the desert that kept the Suez Canal open. A few weeks ago, King Feisal died. "I had hoped some day," Thomas said, "to explore the largest piece of unknown territory remaining in the world, the tablelands of Southwestern Arabia, and write a book about it. But last year an Englishman, curiously enough with the same name, Bertram Thomas, did the job and did it excellently. There would be no reason for my doing it now."

With his five broadcasts a week, his almost nightly lectures, his many books, his almost countless magazine articles and his motion pictures, Lowell Thomas has as good a right as anyone to the title of the busiest man in America. He probably crowds as much activity into his hours as any living being. Often he will spend his whole day at the typewriter, scarcely taking time to eat, pounding out his books or material for his broadcast. Then he will rush to the studio, and thence to a car waiting to take him to a lecture if it is nearby, or a plane if it is in a distant part of the country.

LISTENING to his quick staccato style of broadcasting, considering the break-neck speed at which he works, you would naturally picture him as a nervous, high-strung, high-pressure individual. And there you would be entirely wrong.

He assumes that style of broadcasting deliberately, because he believes it is his job to give people the quickest and most thorough coverage of the news in the time allotted to him. He views himself as strictly a reporter and not a commentator. But his style of broadcasting does not by any means reflect his true personality.

As a matter of fact, there is nothing volatile or excitable about him. He is as unconcerned, as easy going, as the proprietor of a country store. He gives an impression of never being in a hurry. No matter how crowded his schedule, he always finds time to do the little things he wants to do. He looks at you with a mildly inquiring friendly blue eye. He speaks in a low calm voice, which he never raises, with almost a drawl.

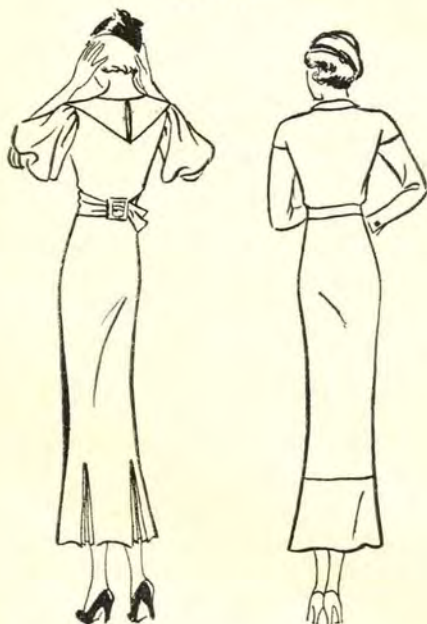
He takes his hectic life easily. His propensity for showing up at the eleventh

[Continued on page 88]

Radioland's Pattern Service



A Sports Dress and
an Afternoon-Dinner
Frock for Your Ward-
robe



L313—The vogue for flowers is shown in this high-necked gown suitable for afternoon or dinner

Backviews of L313 and L314 respectively. Note how both frocks emphasize the new elongated silhouette

L314—A sports frock incorporating the new high neckline, drop shoulders, and long tight sleeves

THE new silhouette has become elongated, emphasizing height. Necklines are high almost to the choking point. Fancy sleeves are confined to dressy costumes. Flowers are used on more formal clothes. Drop shoulders are important.

In the styles presented on this page are all the newest fashion features incorporated into two gowns—one for sportswear, the other for afternoon or dinner. Both dresses are extremely becoming to miss or matron, young or old.

Pattern L313 is designed in sizes 12 to 20 and 30 to 40. It may be made up in satin or the new light weight bengaline. The high neckline is softened by gardenias next to the face. The sleeves are the popular three-quarter length with a becoming but not extreme puff. Buttons decorate the cuffs.

Pattern L314 may be ordered in sizes 14 to 20 and 32 to 42. This smart sports dress has a high neckline with collar and reverses of satin. Drop shoulders, so important, are shown here with long, tight fitting sleeves. The dress may be of any number of the light woolen fabrics now being shown, or, if a slightly dressier frock is desired, bengaline may be used.

HAVE you ordered RADIOLAND'S Fall Fashion Book? If not, you had better do so at once for it has innumerable hints and helps for better wardrobes. Not only are there suggestions for dresses, suits and coats, but the Fashion Book also includes ideas for smart underwear, knitted clothes, and proper accessories for every occasion.

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

For the enclosed.....send me Pattern No. L313. Size.....
Pattern No. L314. Size..... Fall Edition Pattern Book (check if
wanted).....
Name
Street
CityState
Each Pattern 15c — — Fashion Book 15c
Combination Price of one Pattern and Fashion Book 25c

The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 8]

THE ARMOUR PROGRAM—Phil Baker, the jester; the Neil Sisters; Merrie-Men quartet; Roy Shields orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

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

THE LUCKY STRIKE PROGRAM—Jack Pearl alias the Baron Munchausen and Cliff "Sharlie" Hall. Music will be furnished by Al Goodman and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:00 p. m.

BORDEN PROGRAM—Leo Reisman and his well known orchestra; the Yacht Club Boys; Vivian Ruth. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:30 p. m.

Dance Music:

WAYNE KING and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 3:00 p. m. and Thursdays at 8:30 p. m.

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

JACK DENNY and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Mondays and Thursdays at 11:30 p. m.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 12 midnight and Fridays at 11:30 p. m.

MEYER DAVIS and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 12:05 a. m.; Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m.; Fridays at 11:00 p. m.; Saturdays at 1:00 p. m.

BEN BERNIE and his Casino orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 12:05 a. m.

MILLS' BLUE RHYTHM BAND. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays and Fridays at 12 midnight.

HAROLD STERN and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays and Saturdays at 11:30 p. m.

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

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

More Serious Music:

THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Bruno Walter conducts a program for two hours. CBS, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

RADIO CITY CONCERT—The Radio City Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erno Rapee, soloists and a large chorus. More popular numbers. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 12:30 p. m.

NATIONAL OPERA CONCERT—Renowned soloists with Wilfred Pelletier directing the orchestra. One hour of delightful operatic selections. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

LIGHT OPERA NIGHTS—Behind the scenes of famous first nights. Henry Neely, narrator; Harold Sanford's orchestra; and a quartet. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Full half hour of charming music. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

NEW YORK OPERA ASSOCIATION PROGRAM—Chicago and Metropolitan Opera stars in popular selections. WOR, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Well chosen selections from the best light operas. Channon Collinge conducts the orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at 10:45 p. m.

CASTORIA presents Albert Spalding, famous violinist; Conrad Thibault, Don Voorhees and orchestra. CBS, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR—Dr. Walter Damrosch returns for his sixth season with the largest class in the world. NBC-WEAF-WJZ, Fridays at 11:00 a. m.

STRING SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Classical arrangements that are different. Conducted by Frank Black. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Popular and classical selections rendered by Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cavaliers. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

Dramatic Programs:

LIONEL PROGRAM—Dramas based on railroad life. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 4:45 p. m. and Wednesdays at 5:00 p. m.

ROSES AND DRUMS—Historical dramas. Both entertaining and educational. CBS, Sundays at 5:00 p. m.

GRAND HOTEL—A series of original radio sketches sponsored by the Campana Corporation. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—The favorite in this class. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:45 p. m.

RADIO GUILD—Famous dramas in tabloid form directed by Vernon Radcliffe. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 4:00 p. m.

MYRT AND MARGE—Two chorus girls and their exciting experiences. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:00 p. m. Sponsored by Wm. Wrigley, Jr., Company.

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—Into the future. CBS, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6:00 p. m. Sponsored by Cocomalt.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—Sketches of simple country folk. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

RED DAVIS—Adventures in the life of a young boy in a small town. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:45 p. m.

EASY ACES—Jane and Goodman Ace over the bridge table. And you know there's been drama at many a bridge game. CBS, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m. Sponsored by Jad Salts.

ENO CRIME CLUES—Edward Reese and John MacBryde in mystery thrillers. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—Dramatizations of the thrilling adventures in Dumas' famous novel. WOR, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 3:45 p. m.

CIRCUS DAYS—Circus life dramatized by Courtney Riley Cooper. NBC-WJZ, Thursdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

MARCH OF TIME—The world's news presented in dramatic form. Intensely exciting. CBS, Fridays at 8:30 p. m. Sponsored by Remington-Rand.

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

Comedy Sketches:

AMOS 'N' ANDY—The black faced comedians who have been a nightly feature for a number of years. NBC-WJZ, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King gossip. Plenty of good sense, too. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Saturdays and Sundays at 10:15 a. m.

THE GOLDBERGS—A family and their problems. A sincere interpretation bringing laughter and tears. NBC-WEAF, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

LUM AND ABNER—The Ford dealers of the air in rural skits with a treat on Fridays. An oldtime sociable. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. and Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—A humorous sketch with Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:30 p. m.

Featured Stars:

"SMILING ED MCCONNELL"—Without assistance. Offers old folk songs and hymns. CBS, Sundays at 6:30 p. m. and Wednesdays at 12:15 p. m.

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

LITTLE JACK LITTLE—Sings and plays the piano in a very pleasing manner. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 9:00 a. m., Mondays at 10:30 p. m. and Thursdays at 11:15 p. m.

MILDRED BAILEY—The "Rockin' Chair" lady renders the "blues." CBS, Mondays at 6:30 p. m. and Saturdays at 7:15 p. m.

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—Sings for everyone in the family. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:15 p. m.

THE MILLS BROTHERS—In perfect harmony. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:30 p. m.

NINO MARTINI—The Metropolitan tenor in solos. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

KATE SMITH—The songbird of the South. CBS, Mondays and Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m. and Wednesdays at 9:15 p. m.

THE BOSWELL SISTERS—A very charming trio. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, "The Town Crier"—CBS, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

EVAN EVANS—The baritone worthy of the accompaniment of Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra. CBS, Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

Children's Programs:

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—A group of talented youngsters afford grand entertainment for the young. Madge Tucker, "the lady next door" writes and directs this program. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Fridays at 4:45 p. m. and Saturdays at 5:00 p. m.

SKIPPY—Percy Crosby's newspaper series remains a favorite. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 5:00 p. m. Sponsored by Phillips Dental Magnesia.

BILLY BATCHELOR—A new program by Wheatena with Ray Knight. NBC-WEAF, Sundays to Thursdays at 7:15 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX and his Ralston Straight Shooters—The girls will like this, too. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:30 p. m.

THE WIZARD OF OZ—Dramas based on the popular Wizard stories. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 p. m.

News Commentators:

H. V. KALTENBORN—Observations on international affairs. CBS, Sundays at 7:00 p. m. and Fridays at 6:45 p. m.

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

FLOYD GIBBONS—The headline hunter covers the battlefront of the War Against Depression. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

BOAKE CARTER—Interesting comments on the events of the day. CBS, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

GENERAL MILLS NEWS FLASHES—A brief resume of the news of the day. CBS, every day except Sunday at 12:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m.

WALTER WINCHELL—The intimate side of the news. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—Discusses the important events of the day. NBC-WJZ, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45 p. m.

FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE—The situation in Washington tonight. CBS, Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.

Specialty Programs:

CHURCH OF THE AIR—Two Sunday sermons by outstanding Ecclesiastics of all denominations. CBS, Sundays at 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.

CHEERIO—And he brings good cheer. NBC-WEAF, every day except Sundays at 8:30 a. m.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE—The Father Confessor of the Air. CBS, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 12 noon and Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m.

MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD—Hollywood's famous health and beauty adviser. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:30 p. m.

TONY WONS—"Are Ya Listenin' " to his poetry and philosophy? CBS, Mondays and Thursdays at 11:30 a. m.

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

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—Expert advice by RADIOLAND's star. CBS, Thursdays at 10:15 a. m.

"Wanna Buy a Duck?"

[Continued from page 51]

the beginning, because in a way, Joe's life explains Joe, the comedian, the good-natured, softhearted guy who can take it, and keep smiling and come back for more.

HE WAS born Joe Pintner, in a little village in Hungary. When Joe was five, his parents came to this country and settled in Detroit, where his father got a job in the Ford plant.

Joe's mother wanted him to be a great violinist. Every cent that could be spared from the family budget went to a local Hungarian maestro who gave Joe lessons. Joe loved music but he hated to practise. The maestro used to get pretty rough with him. Then one day in a fit of exasperation he rapped Joe across the knuckles with his bow, and Joe socked him. So the music lessons came to an end.

He started out to earn his living at an early age, but everything seemed to end in disaster.

At last he got a professional job as assis-

tant to Rex the Mind Reader, for fifteen dollars a week. Joe was the boy who used to hold the wires that kept the sleeping lady mysteriously suspended in midair. He used to write out the questions that Rex would see mysteriously unfolded in the crystal ball.

AFTER thirty-five weeks in Detroit, they decided to take the show to Toledo.

Then he got a job with Desmond's New York Roof Garden Revue. It was strictly a family affair. Everybody was supposed to be a Desmond. Joe was billed as Lem Desmond, Jr.

Everything went all right until the *Roof Garden Revue* hit Baltimore. Then a reporter bore down on Joe, said that he didn't look like a Desmond, and he didn't think he was a Desmond. Joe couldn't tell a lie. He confessed all. The next day the reporter ran a piece saying that the comedian was really Joe Penner, and that he was

better than all the Desmonds put together. When the Desmonds read that, they were madder than so many wet hens. They all landed on him at once, and to pass quickly over a painful scene, Joe was fired.

But offers poured in as a result of the newspaper article.

JOE had been broadcasting locally from movie houses. He didn't realize he was getting across on the radio. When his fan mail came in, he thought it was just from friends who wanted to encourage him.

The J. Walter Thompson Company, advertising agency, asked him to come in for an audition. Joe didn't think much about it. He didn't feel radio was for him. But he went.

He doesn't seem to realize yet that within a few weeks "Wanna buy a duck?" will be as much of a household word from coast to coast as Ed Wynn's "So-o-o-" or "Wass you dere, Sharlie?"

Little Organ Annie

[Continued from page 20]

teacher who specialized in concerts. Effa Ellis her name was. It's now Effa Ellis Perfield.

She was holding a little concert by her students when Ann and her mother entered. Each child was to play a certain piece, and the child who played it best would be awarded a small bust of Beethoven. One after the other the children played the piece, while Ann listened, entranced. When they had finished, she started crying.

"What's the matter?" she was asked.

"I want to play it, too," she sobbed.

They let the child have her way, feeling quite certain that she wouldn't be up to playing the piece that the other children had practiced industriously. But she played it so well that she won the prize.

Of course, after that Ann's parents couldn't hold out. She took piano lessons off and on for ten years. When she was about thirteen or fourteen her father died.

IT WAS at this point that Ann's sister, Sheila, stepped in and said that Ann must have the finest musical education that money could provide. Sheila promised to back Ann financially.

Who could resist Sheila's praise and Sheila's faith? Not Ann certainly. Inspired by her sister's dreams, she came to New York, where Sheila, Ann and a cousin of theirs, Esther Ellsworth, took an apartment together in Greenwich Village.

In the meantime Esther, Ann's other sister, had been playing the piano in a small theatre back in Omaha. When another theatre installed an organ, Esther practiced on it and got the job.

The news of this set Ann Leaf to pondering. To succeed on the concert stage

was becoming more and more difficult.

That summer Ann Leaf went back to Omaha and took the only lessons on the organ that she has ever had—three months of study and that was all. She also graduated from the Central High School.

"That summer, my sister Esther also got married," she told me, "and while she was away on her honeymoon her assistant took her place for two weeks. During those two weeks, I helped out her assistant by playing the organ two hours a day. And oh, was I awful! I just had a lot of fun watching the picture and imagined I was doing beautifully."

"In spite of the fact that I'd been so awful when I substituted for Esther," she confessed, "I had plenty of faith in my ability to play the organ. But wherever I went, they took one look at me and said, 'Nothing doing.'"

THEN one day Ann went down to a theatre, where the manager hid his skepticism behind a mask of politeness.

"Have you ever played a Wurlitzer?" he asked Ann.

"Oh, yes," she said, intimating that she had been practically brought up on a Wurlitzer.

"Can you follow a picture?"

"Just like that," said Ann, with a snap of her fingers.

They wanted her to sit down and play the Wurlitzer immediately.

"I'd like to look at the organ," she said. "Even though I have played a Wurlitzer before, there are all kinds of Wurlitzers. I'd like a chance to look this one over."

The next morning Ann went down to the theatre and practiced for two hours on

the Wurlitzer, leaving before anyone saw her. The morning after that she repeated the same stunt. Then she said she was ready for an audition. She got it and got the job. She was hired for \$25 a week, but she did so well that her first week's pay envelope was \$30, and she kept on getting raises after that.

Grauman's Million Dollar Theatre was one of the largest theatres in Los Angeles, and it was quite an honor for Ann to become assistant organist there. There, too, she met Eli Kleinert, musical director of the theatre, and the two fell in love.

AND so Ann and Eli Kleinert were married in Dallas, Texas in May 1928.

Eli was working for the Paramount-Public Theatres then. They offered him a trip to New York with the idea of making him division manager. After a while Ann came on to New York too.

Boris Morros, musical director of Paramount, remembered the glowing reports that he had received of Ann's work when she was playing in Paramount-Public theatres on the Coast.

"Jesse Crawford, the organist at the Paramount Theatre, has been complaining to me about every organist I've sent up to see him," he told Ann. "I'm going to ask him to put you through your paces. If he says you're good, you're good."

"I was awfully rusty," confessed Ann. "I hadn't played for more than a year. But Jesse Crawford played some pieces, and asked me to play them after him. I've always found that an easy thing to do. His report was favorable, and Boris Morros heard me afterwards. It was he who recommended me to the Columbia Broadcasting System."

How Near Is Television ?

[Continued from page 43]

The scene to be televised is confronted with a battery of photo-electric cells on which the light rays make an impression as on a photographic plate. The photo-electric cells translate the light waves into electrical impulses which can be sent out over the air. But since it would be impossible to transmit the image as a whole, with any result but confusion, the scanner, a revolving disc full of tiny holes, is used to break up the image as registered on the photo-electric cells into dots of varying lights and shade, resembling the appearance of a magazine or newspaper picture (except rotogravure) when seen under a microscope. These individual pin points of light can be transmitted as electrical impulses with great rapidity, still preserving their individual identity.

At the receiving end the electrical impulses are transformed back into light waves and transferred to the television screen. If you could see the image forming on the television screen under slow motion, you would notice that it is built up dot by dot, line by line like visible rows of Morse code dots and dashes. But the whole process takes place with such great rapidity, that the impression is of the entire image forming and going into motion instantaneously.

Mr. Cohan points out that before television can become generally practicable, it will be necessary to perfect a television receiver which is practically as simple and foolproof as the average radio receiving set, since no company could afford to sell the constant services of an engineer along with every set.

WHAT will television be like when it comes?

It is now generally conceded that the ultra short waves will be used exclusively for television. Because of the wide band required for television transmission, it would be impossible for many television stations to operate on the higher wave lengths without blanketing the present radio stations and interfering with each other. On the short wave bands, it is estimated that there would be room for some eighty thousand non-interfering television stations to operate in this country.

The use of the short wave would necessarily limit the extent of the television broadcast to slightly beyond the horizon, say a distance of from fifty miles to seventy or eighty at the outside.

Chain broadcasts, reaching from coast to coast, would be possible, but only by the use of an intricate series of relay stations placed about sixty or seventy miles apart. In short wave transmission, the highest possible point is the most advantageous for broadcasting. Therefore the relay stations would consist of receiving apparatus with a rebroadcasting station located in a tower erected on the highest point of ground in the desired locality.

Because the impulses can be sent some fifteen or twenty miles farther by transmitting them in one direction rather than broadcasting them generally in all directions, all relay stations not situated in impor-



Harry Spears, one of Columbia's television engineers, shows Connie O'Neil, the singer, how to make up for television. No rouge can be used, since black alone registers well upon the photo-electric cells

tant cities would probably be of this type.

From the way things look now, the people living on farms or in sparsely settled areas, will be out of luck as far as television goes. Those who are concentrated in the metropolitan areas will have all the best of it. Because of the expense involved general broadcasting will probably only be done in the thickly populated centers where there will be enough sets to make it worthwhile. Of those who live more than seventy-five miles from a city of average size, only the few who happen to be in the path of a directional relay station will be fortunate enough to be able to look in on television.

The limited scope of short wave broadcasting also makes it probable that television will first be introduced in one or two of the largest cities with a large number of

listeners and lookers within easy reach, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco or Los Angeles.

KFI, Los Angeles, and several other stations are at the present time operating television broadcasts on short waves. But the National Radio Commission rules that these must be announced as experimental broadcasts and does not as yet permit time to be sold on television programs.

The first television receiving sets will very likely be more or less of a luxury commodity, with instruments of good quality ranging in price from three or four hundred dollars up. This is not so much because of the high cost of manufacturing but because something of the great expense of research and development which is now going on

[Continued on page 91]

Colonial Meals Brought Up-To-Date

[Continued from page 55]

In those days huge meals were the usual thing; the outdoor lives and sports made them necessary; so over-eating was practiced by the highest as well as the lowest in station. Even such an aristocrat as John Adams appreciated good food and lots of it, for he gleefully records in his diary the accounts of several wonderful meals: "Ducks, hams, chickens, beef and pig" were served all at one time along with many vegetables, "custards, jellies, trifles, floating islands, creams, beef, porter, punch & wine as well," not to mention innumerable tidbits like wild strawberry jam and candied flowers. In those days desserts were used not merely as the final, culminating glory of the meal but as table decorations, four different ones occupying the four corners of the table with a fifth, the grandest of all, in the place of honor, the center of the table.

IF YOU would like to entertain a group of friends for a late Thanksgiving breakfast—prior to the dinner feast in the early evening to be held in some other home—why not go back a hundred and fifty years and serve a meal including Colonial foods cooked in the Colonial manner? Shorn of all complications, the following menu is unusual and will prove easy to prepare:

Spiced Pears

Roast Oysters Little Sally Lunn's
Baked Virginia Ham
Potatoes Cooked in Cream
Light Wigs (sic) Snowballs
Decorated Half-pound Cakes
Coffee

To be truly Colonial in spirit the table should be spread with snowy damask, or a homespun cloth ironed into many little squares. And the napkins should be folded into flower shapes (if you have a mammy servant, she will know how to do this). On each of the four corners of the table place symmetrically plates of the snowballs and cakes; and in the center stand the Trifle—which isn't a trifle at all but a grand *conceit* or dessert, a cross between an icebox cake and a floating island, gorgeously decorated, heaped with mountains of whipped cream, sprinkled with candied violets and bits of citron and arranged in a high silver or glass dish. Of course, all the foods for the meal—including the coffee in an urn—should be placed on the table at one time.

If you plan a large breakfast party (and Thanksgiving Day stands for largesse in hospitality) it would be a good plan to decorate and arrange the main dining table in Colonial style for buffet service and invite the guests to settle in congenial groups at small tables after they have served themselves.

Colonial recipes were quaint and intricate. But fundamentally, denuded of their huge quantities of ingredients and their verbosity, many may be used today to produce equally delicious foods. Translated into modern cooking language, the dishes needed to carry out the Colonial Breakfast menu may be described as follows:

A Trifle

1 cup cherry or peach preserve
8 macaroons
8 lady fingers
1 quart custard cream
1 pint heavy cream
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar
Candied violets and citron leaves

Make the custard according to the next recipe, and chill it. Chill the preserve, and put it in a high standard silver or glass dish. Arrange the macaroons and lady fingers in alternate layers over the preserve. Pour in the custard cream and let stand in the refrigerator a few hours. Just before arranging for service, cover with the heavy cream whipped stiff with the powdered sugar, and a teaspoon of powdered gelatin softened in cold water and melted over steam if the dessert is to stand long. If possible, create an elaborate effect by arranging the cream by means of a pastry bag and tube. Decorate with candied violets and leaves of citron, or sprinkle the "Trifle" with bits of citron and tiny "Hundreds and Thousands" candies.

Custard Cream

$\frac{3}{8}$ cup sugar
6 egg yolks
 $\frac{3}{8}$ teaspoon vanilla or almond flavoring
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 pint milk
1 pint light cream

Combine the milk and cream; and scald. In the meantime, beat the egg yolks slightly; add the sugar and salt; and stir into the milk. Cook and stir over hot water till the mixture thickens and coats the spoon; then chill and add the flavoring.

Roast Oysters

48 large oysters on the half shell
8 strips bacon
Paprika
Lemon points

Place the oysters in a large baking pan; and put bits of raw bacon on each one. Dust with the paprika; and bake in a moderately hot oven, 350-375 degrees F., till the edges curl. Serve garnished with the lemon points.

Little Sally Lunn's

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted shortening
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
3 well beaten eggs
2 cups flour
1 cup milk
3 teaspoons baking powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Combine the eggs and sugar; and cream till very fluffy. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the milk to the first mixture. Beat in the melted shortening; and transfer to deep oiled muffin pans, which have been heated. Bake in a hot oven, 375 degrees F., for twenty-five minutes.

Baked Virginia Ham

1 (ten pound) ham
1 cup sliced carrots
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sliced onions
1 teaspoon thyme
1 bay leaf
1 teaspoon peppercorns
8 cloves
1 pint Madeira wine

Scrub the ham with water containing a tablespoon of baking soda; then rinse it and let it soak a few hours. Remove the end bone; then put the vegetables and seasoning in a roasting pan; put in the ham; pour the Madeira over; and let stand overnight. Then cover the ham with a very thick paste made of flour and water; and roast for three hours in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. Make a hole in the paste; and pour in the Madeira in which the ham stood to season. Put a little more paste over the hole to close it; and roast the ham an hour longer. Then remove the paste; dust the ham with a little brown sugar; quickly brown it; and serve plain or with Madeira sauce.

Potatoes Cooked in Cream

2 quarts peeled diced raw potatoes
1 pint rich milk
1 pint light cream
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon white pepper
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup coarse bread crumbs
2 tablespoons minced parsley

Put the potatoes in a double-boiler top; and add the milk and cream. Cook over hot water till the potatoes are translucent; they will have absorbed most of the liquid. Then carefully stir in salt, pepper and parsley; and add a half cup of the crumbs fried in the butter. Let stand a minute for the crumbs to absorb the excess liquid; and serve sprinkled with the remaining crumbs.

"Light Wigs"

(A Famous Colonial Yeast Bread)

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups tepid milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tepid water
1 compressed yeast cake
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
1 egg
About 6 cups flour

Dissolve the yeast in the water and add to the milk with the salt. Beat in two cups flour; cover and set aside to rise till spongy, about two hours. Beat the egg; stir it into the sponge with the sugar, the shortening melted, and flour to knead. Cover and let rise till double in bulk. Shape into small round biscuits; and place scarcely touching in an oiled pan. Let rise again till double in bulk; and bake in a moderately hot oven, 350-375 degrees F. for thirty minutes. When done, brush the tops with a little butter.

The Life Story of Ruth Etting

[Continued from page 45]

possessions is a picture of the great glorifier, autographed to "Ruth, my standby."

FOLLIES girls as everybody knows received bushels of "mash" notes. The one which Ruth remembers best came from a young and then unknown orchestra leader to whom she had been introduced one day in Tin Pan Alley.

"I notice you wear a wedding ring," the note read. "If it means anything, don't bother to answer this. But if it doesn't, will you have lunch with me?"

It was signed "Rudy Vallee."

About three years later, when Rudy himself had achieved fame, he confessed to Ruth that he had stood in the wings of a Chicago movie house and listened to her sing and that the ease and naturalness with which she put over her songs gave him the idea that perhaps he could do the same thing.

Ruth Etting has never had a singing lesson in her life. Her voice is a natural. Like Bing Crosby's. It is that very naturalness which makes it so appealing. But there is something more to Ruth's voice than just that.

Guy de Maupassant once said: "The public is composed of numerous groups who cry to us: 'Console me, amuse me, make me sad. Make me sympathetic.' Make me dream. Make me laugh. Make me shudder. Make me weep. Make me feel. . . ."

Her Chesterfield contract came about in a rather unusual way. You might say that it was handed to her on a nice platinum platter.

During her Follies days Ruth was a decided favorite with the college boys. You could scarcely enter any fraternity house in the east without stumbling over a bunch of Ruth Etting records. The advertising manager for the Chesterfield Company had a son in college, and being anxious to secure a radio program which would appeal to collegiates he consulted his son. "Why don't you get Ruth Etting?" the son suggested.

RUTH was signed for a thirteen weeks broadcast and stayed on the air for one year and fifteen weeks!

So much for Ruth Etting's Success Story. But you who know her only as a voice will want to hear what she is like as a person.

She is rather small with a cunning little figure which, incidentally, will be very much revealed in *Roman Scandals*, the picture in which she is co-starred with Eddie Cantor. Her corn-yellow hair makes you think of the waving grain of the Nebraska prairies where she came from. Her eyes are blue and they look straight at you. She has a wide, generous smile and there is about her a warm friendliness and naturalness which is in keeping with her voice.

The odd thing about Ruth is that she has never been stagestruck. She had, as I told you in the beginning, an ambition to earn money. Show business has been a means to that end. The adulation and glamour which is synonymous with fame has not affected her in the least. She has never acquired champagne and caviar tastes. Her



Another childhood picture of Ruth Etting, taken in the days when she lived at David City, Nebraska

favorite midnight repast is bread and milk. Her favorite dish is pork chops. Desserts don't mean a thing to her and she'd rather eat a raw potato with salt on it than to bite into the most luscious chocolate cream ever devised. She loves to run down bargains—even as you and I.

She gets into her clothes in the Mae West manner. By putting on her shoes and stockings and her hat . . . and then her dress.

She is not addicted to fortune tellers but a numerologist whom she had never seen once sent her an analysis which was startlingly true.

"Pink should be your favorite color," the numerologist said, "and will play an important part in your success."

PINK isn't Ruth's favorite color but when she checked back she remembered that she had worn a coral pink hula skirt when she sang her first really successful number . . . *Honolulu Blues*. She wore a pink chiffon blouse when she introduced *Ten Cents a Dance*; white trimmed with pink

for *Love Me or Leave Me*; and when she revived Nora Bayes' twenty-year-old song *Shine on Harvest Moon* she carried a huge pink feather fan. Her clothes for *Roman Scandals* were designed in blue. At the last moment the designer decided to add a pink veil.

She has no hobbies and has never gone in for sports until she came to California. It may be the Hollywood influence for she now owns a bicycle and a pair of roller skates!

That there is a sentimental streak in her nature is evidenced by the fact that she still has her little girl clothes and the bed she slept in. She also keeps the dolls she played with and a little trunk filled with the clothes she made for them.

She owns the farm in Nebraska which her pioneer grandfather developed. She plans one day to make her home there. And that, I think, tells you more about the sort of person Ruth Etting really is than anything else I could say.

You'd like Ruth. *She's real.*

Sir Walter's Rally

[Continued from page 47]

listeners to sit in the dark to get the full benefit of it. There'll be nothing like it on the air!"

AS THE act hissed to an hysterical finale the president of Phosphorescent Keyholes kept one keen commercial eye on Mr. Gilroy, but the other grew cowl-like and amorous as it focused upon the delectable Dorita. Like some other great men, J. Wellington Pugh fancied himself as a reincarnation of Casanova, the Great Lover, although he was described as a tycoon by his friends, and by his enemies as a biological afterthought.

"S a great turn," he muttered, as his eyes caressed the vanishing girl. "You're right, Eddie, this bird has certainly got something. . . ."

* * * *

TWO months later young Mr. Gilroy—"Sir Walter" to the studio attaches by virtue of his aristocratic bearing—lounged into Station WHEW and prepared for his bi-weekly broadcast over the Complex Network. "Shrieks from the Past," so christened by Mr. Pugh over Eddie Hyfen's profane protests, had quickly gained favor as the most unusual program on the air, and thousands of families turned out the lights to enjoy a shudder as the sinister voice throbbed through the room.

Sir Walter skimmed over his mail, wrestled with an atomizer, and promptly at nine was poised before the mike. He smothered a yawn as Dorita went through her introductory patter, then a second afterward he was portraying Daniel in the Lion's Den. Directly it was over he emerged to find Mr. Eddie Hyfen clutching at his lapels.

"Listen, mullet head, seethed the advertising man, herding him into an ante-room, "where's your old dash and pep? Where's your fire? It looks like genius isn't burning any more, but by the baldheaded Moses, I am! I told you last week that you were commencing to soften up, and tonight's broadcast proves it. You sounded like you were hemmed in by a mess of Maltese kittens."

Mr. Gilroy stared at him worriedly. "Sorry," he confessed, "but I don't know what it is. The atmosphere, perhaps, or—"

"Sure it's the atmosphere!" jeered Mr. Hyfen. "Or should I say the altitude? I'll tell you what it is, old sock—it's success! You're up among the big timers now, and it's too rich for your blood. Oh, I've seen that blase droop to the eyelids on a dozen like you, and I'm warning you to snap out of it."

"Are you relaying this for Mr. Pugh?" "Pugh! You ought to know what I think of him!"

Sir Walter grinned boyishly. "Too small in the hatband, too big in the belt?" he hazarded.

"That plus six. An account's an account, mind you, but there never was one of them that didn't think they knew more about radio presentation than a roomful of Roxys. He's so swelled up over discovering you—

and Dorita—that he doesn't realize you're on the toboggan, and when I tell him he gives me the mackerel eye. You've got to sharpen up your interest, my boy, and—say, why don't you marry Dorita?"

"I've been trying to for a year," said Sir Walter yearningly. "I'm taking her out for a bite just now, so I'll have to run. Good night, Eddie, I'll try to do better on Friday."

He proposed again across the dessert, gazing dizzily into Dorita's storm blue eyes, but that young lady shook her head wistfully.

"Not yet, honey," she said softly. "You remember we were going to wait until you reached the top, but now you're there I can't make up my mind. You're different, somehow; you don't have that grand exciting fervor that thrilled me at every performance. Let's wait until I'm sure."

"Look here," said Mr. Gilroy hoarsely, "it's not Pugh, is it? I know he's always paying you compliments."

DORITA'S laughter was like mission bells at sunset. "Of course not, silly! He rings me up every day and makes gallant little speeches on broadcasting nights, but I'm always careful to inquire sweetly after dear Mrs. Pugh, and somehow he can't hurdle that."

"I guess not. They tell me the only exercise he takes is letting his abdomen sag under a bridge table, the bug lug."

"Forget him," crooned Dorita, and on parting she kissed him so thoroughly that he went back to his hotel to practice inaccurate mathematics concerning the 2 in 1 code.

But on Friday a scowling Sir Walter stamped into the studio, made his own announcement, and a second later was knee deep in Jekyll and Hyde with a fine snarling fury, that made the listening Mr. Hyfen shiver with delight. After the gruesome finale the advertising man, accompanied by the insignificant person who resembled a chipmunk in spectacles, met the actor as he burst from the recording room.

"Great work!" enthused the former. "Here, Walter, shake hands with Mr.—"

Sir Walter glared at him. "No time now," he gritted. "Out of the way, Eddie, I'm all broken up."

Mr. Hyfen eyed him wisely. "Girl trouble?"

"Yes," said the actor savagely. "Our first quarrel, too, and about nothing except the kind of furniture we'll have if we get married. She even refused to make the spiel for me. Said I had no taste and that I thought repression was something you did to a suit of clothes."

"You can't figure 'em," consoled Mr. Hyfen. "I expect they've all been that way ever since their party dress was a bearskin slung on the bias. Now, here's Mr.—"

But Sir Walter was making a door slamming exit, whereupon Mr. Hyfen dashed to the telephone, called up the mutinous Dorita, and demanded the gory details.

"Oh, I simply got mad," twittered the young lady. "Walter gets so darned superior at times that a little show of teeth and claws will do him good. B-but, Eddie, it didn't hurt the broadcast, did it?"

"Hurt it! Say, it was the old honest-to-Murphy tragedian on the air again!"

"That's wonderful! I've decided to make up with him tomorrow, but of course he doesn't know it yet."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about," chattered Mr. Hyfen. "Spoon all you like over the week-end, but get him sore again on Tuesday, and send him down to me with his ears laid back. There's something big in the wind, girlie. Can you find a way to rasp him raw?"

There was silence as Dorita pondered. Then, "He doesn't like old Pugh," she said thoughtfully.

"Who does? All he knows is keyholes. Between you'n me, he'd try to hammer a screw, and that's being charitable. Not that I'm prejudiced you understand, although I've heard rumors that he's going to slide the account to another agency, so I'd be glad to do a little harpooning. Now, listen, your ten weeks is drawing to a close, and if you can churn Walter into a dramatic froth we can . . . sp . sp . . . sp . . . sp . . ."

THE following Tuesday saw *Shrieks from the Past* go crackling into the ether at its highest tension, principally because the frenzied Sir Walter could see J. Wellington Pugh and Dorita lolling at ease beyond the plate glass curtain, apparently very much enthralled in each other. In a far corner he glimpsed Eddie Hyfen and the bespectacled chipmunk applauding in mingled ecstasy and awe, but on leaving he brushed past them and flung himself angrily into the night.

The next two days saw him once more living in a fool's paradise, then on Friday he raved through another performance that almost swamped Station WHEW with telegrams and phone calls. A superstitious man in Rye was sure that Sir Walter went hand in hand with Satan, and Baltimore sent word that he was in high favor as a threat to terrify unruly children.

The final night of the ten weeks broadcast surpassed all the others. At noon Sir Walter had his face smacked by the suddenly aroused Dorita, and from then on he worked himself into a tantrum that hit its peak at nine o'clock in the haunted scene from *The Bells*.

Sir Walter gnashed his teeth and clawed his throat with an art driven frantic by the fickleness of women, even waving menacing hands at the chuckling Mr. Pugh and Dorita. In response the smiling redhead darted a scarlet tongue at him and draped an arm chummily around J. Wellington's neck. And Eddie Hyfen, still trailed by the chipmunk, gave three cheers for the power of love.

The last maniacal laugh was still quivering in the air when young Mr. Gilroy came

[Continued on page 74]

What color nails at the Casino?



MISS KATHARINE MOSS • MISS FLORENCE ROOME • MRS. MARSHALL MACLEOD

Seen at the Central Park Casino in New York: Miss Katharine Moss, in white crinkled crêpe and Coral nails. Miss Florence Roome, in black ciré satin and deep Ruby nails. Mrs. Marshall MacLeod—exquisite in candy pink satin, soft blue fox and delicate Rose nails.

ALL SHADES!



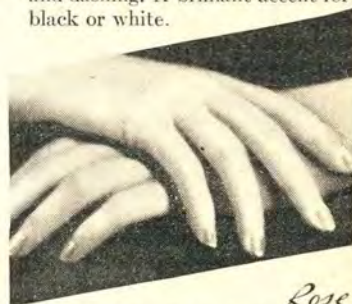
Coral

nails are lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, blue, black, brown frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense.



Ruby

(new) is such a real red red you can wear it with any costume when you want to be particularly gay and dashing. A brilliant accent for black or white.



Rose

is a lovely feminine shade you can wear with any color dress. Subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender, blue... Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but best with bright or difficult colors—red, green, purple, orange.

Cardinal is deep and exotic. It contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pastel shades. Good with gray, beige or blue gowns.

Garnet a rich wine red, is smart as can be with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

If you step out for nocturnal reveling in the smarter midnight-to-dawn clubs, just try to find a really smart evening frock without its accent of tinted finger nails.

Practically every cute young thing is wearing them—you see *all shades!*

And if you aren't doing likewise, you just aren't giving yourself the big break you deserve.

No modern girl needs to be told twice that Variety in Finger Nails simply *multiplies* allure. What you can do with it is wicked—delightfully wicked—that's what it is!

Take Cardinal nails with a black-as-midnight gown, and any minute you may find all the young men getting positively serious. And just try to get off the dance floor, in case you have one of those new green frocks made extra-appealing with Coral nails.

In fact, there's an utterly devastating shade of nail polish for any color or shade of gown you're wearing, day or night. The

only point is—for making sure of absolute correctness and quality—you need Cutex.

Women who have tried all other polishes on the market are devoted body and soul to Cutex!

Cutex owes its 7 grand shades to the World's Authority on the Manicure. Each shade so lovely it is calculated to glorify your appearance and improve your morale in one fell swoop.

And it's an honest-to-goodness polish that goes on smoothly and simply. Never streaks or blotches.

Never cracks or peels.

Now, for heaven's sake, don't get caught out at a house party or anywhere this fall—without the complete range of Cutex colors to choose from. You'll find them at your favorite store.

For the complete manicure use Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, Polish Remover, Liquid Polish, Nail White (Pencil or Cream), Cuticle Oil or Cream and the new Hand Cream.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX Liquid Polish

Smart . . . Inexpensive

Thanksgiving Dinner in 1933

[Continued from page 56]

The turtle soup, suggested for the second course, is a favorite with most men; but it is seldom served at home—probably because few women know that it can be made from canned green turtle (the parts of young turtles nearest the shell). It is easily made and such a treat that it belongs in gala menus. Besides, the turtle is a traditional food of the Colonial South. This soup should be served boiling hot, in heated soup plates, or the more conventional covered soup bowls may be used.

The Pièce de Resistance

IN THE days of George Washington, ten gallants, when they were asked what they would especially like for a Thanksgiving dinner, would undoubtedly have chosen turkey; but they would have preferred it boiled, with oyster forcement dumplings. This would have been because they were more familiar with boiled than with roasted poultry, for it was more commonly served. But today roasting is so simple that I do not imagine one person out of ten thousand has ever tasted boiled turkey, delicious as it is. The roast turkey in this menu should be filled with chestnut dressing, made with plenty of chestnuts, and only slightly moist. If possible, the turkey should be carved at the table. After removing the trussing strings and skewers, place the bird on a large platter. Garnish it sparingly with parsley—too elaborate a decoration makes carving complicated. The giblet gravy should be passed, and the cranberry sauce or jelly should be individually served in small glass dishes. It should not be sweet. Most women would probably serve the sweet potatoes glacé, escalloped with apples, or made into a soufflé with marshmallows. But the ten men who planned this dinner wanted their potatoes plain roasted in the jackets, and dry, not watery in texture. Most of them were also careful to specify sweet potatoes, and not yams. The shredded string beans, I discovered, were to be plain cooked and seasoned with butter, not bacon.

The alligator pear (or avocado) salad is familiar to everyone; unlike most of the foods on the menu it is comparatively new to this era.

The dessert that I selected—Half Frozen Fruits—is a favorite with men because it is light, and not too sweet. As one of the men remarked, "It wouldn't leave a stuffy feeling." In fact, anyone with a normal appetite can enjoy this meal throughout and not over-eat; and anyone reducing, by passing by the chestnut stuffing and the sweet potatoes, may enjoy the entire meal.

Elaborating Thanksgiving Dinner

IF ONE wishes to serve a more elaborate repast—and some hostesses still cling to the idea that excess bounty is the keynote of the successful Thanksgiving dinner—this menu may easily be augmented. The appetizer may consist of a ginger-cider cup, composed of equal parts of ginger ale and cider poured into glasses half filled with ice

cubes; devilled crabs with shoe-string potatoes may be added as a fish course to precede the turkey; thin hot corn-sticks and tiny biscuits may be passed with the fish and salad courses; plain French ice cream may be served with the half frozen fruits; and a cracker and cheese course just before the demi-tasse is still within the bounds of today's changing fashions in foods.

As to pie—have only one kind, and let it be pumpkin. Serve it for supper, if you have a midday or afternoon dinner, with assorted cheese, grapes, oranges, apples; nuts, raisins and dates heaped in a big bowl, and ice cold cider.

The Thanksgiving repast deserves a fine stage setting. The best napery—laundered with the fewest possible creases—will create a suitable background. A cloth, not doilies, should be used. A simple centerpiece of grapes, as illustrated, or one of assorted fruit, has the most chic. Service plates are used up to the main course. The napkins may be placed on them or at the left of each cover. The forks are arranged in the order of use from left to right; the spoons and knives, from right to left. The glasses belong at the tips of the knives. Crumbs are brushed from the table onto a plate by means of a soft napkin after the salad course. The dessert silver is then placed and the dessert served. The demi-tasse is usually poured in the living room and candies are often passed at this time.

The Thanksgiving dinner should be a leisurely affair, well served. If you chance to be without a maid, I hope that instead of attempting to serve the meal yourself you will engage a woman who needs work to do this for you. You will then be free to entertain your guests—the true duty of a hostess—and the money paid to the assistant will help her enjoy a happier Thanksgiving Day.

*All measurements are level
Recipes proportioned for eight*

Oyster Cocktail

- 48 oysters on the half shell
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup tomato catsup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup prepared horseradish
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice
- 8 drops tabasco sauce
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely minced celery
- 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt

The oysters should be freshly opened and well chilled. To make the sauce, combine the remaining ingredients; and chill well.

Thick Turtle Soup

- 1 pint can green turtle soup
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ quarts rich consommé
- 3 tablespoons cooking sherry
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 teaspoon grated onion
- 4 slices lemon, cut in halves
- Few grains cayenne

Bring the consommé to boiling point. In the meantime, open the can of turtle and cut the turtle meat in half-inch dice. Add this

with the turtle broth, the cayenne, onion, and a third of the sherry to the consommé and boil for twenty minutes. Skim the fat from the surface. Then add the flour, mixed to a paste with the remaining sherry. Stir and boil for one minute, and serve.

Chestnut Stuffing

- 2 pounds French chestnuts
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter
- 2 teaspoons salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
- 1 tablespoon minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- 2 cups stale bread crumbs, packed down

Split each chestnut with a knife; then cover the chestnuts with cold water, bring to boiling point, and boil one minute. Drain; shake and stir over the heat for a moment; then remove the shells and skins together. Chop the chestnuts* fine; add the butter, melted, and the remaining ingredients; and use as stuffing for turkey. If the dressing seems too dry, add a very little hot water.

Half Frozen Fruits

- 2 packages prepared raspberry gelatin
- 1 package prepared lemon gelatin.
- 4 diced oranges
- 1 No. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ can apricots and their juice

Place the contents of the packages of gelatin together in a bowl. Pour in $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups of boiling water and stir till dissolved. Then add the apricot juice (there should be at least a cup and a half), the oranges and the apricots, diced. Place in two freezing trays of a refrigerator and freeze at the coldest temperature for two hours. At the end of this time the lower half of the mixture will have frozen to a delicious frappé, and the upper half will be a perfectly congealed fruit gelatin. Serve plain in sherbet glasses or with slightly sweetened whipped cream or a topping of a half-scoop of French ice cream to each serving.

Maple Pumpkin Pie

- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups cooked mashed pumpkin, or canned pumpkin
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple syrup
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, scant
- 3 eggs
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon clove
- $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon ginger
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk
- Flaky pie pastry

Line a good-sized pie plate with the pastry, building up the edges. Beat the eggs and combine with the remaining ingredients in the order given. Pour into the pastry lined plate, and place in a hot oven, 400 degrees F. to set the crust; then reduce the heat to 375 degrees F. and bake until a knife, inserted in the center, comes out clean, and the top and crust of the pie are a pleasant brown.

WHY PAIN MAKES YOU LOOK OLD

PAIN—scientists now say—is attended by congestion of the tiny blood vessels and their feeders, called capillaries. These supply nourishing blood to the nerve endings and tiny muscles of your inner skin, preventing wrinkling and shriveling of your outer skin.

This is what happens every time your head aches: Tiny muscles contract like a clenched fist, retarding the flow of blood and causing pressure on the nearly 80,000 nerve ends which control pain in your face and head.

Physicians commonly use the term "headache face" in describing the patient whose beauty is marred by needless pain. Thus it is dangerous to your beauty to merely "grin and bear it". Each headache you neglect etches wrinkles in your face deeper and deeper until they become indelible lines of age.

HOW TO FEEL AND LOOK YOUNG

Now there is no excuse for neglecting pain—no excuse for letting it rob you of your charm—no excuse for missing exciting parties on account of it.

Modern doctors know that



Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN
Buy a box of HEXIN today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy HEXIN in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but HEXIN. Nothing else is "just as good".

Science discovers that pain actually ages and permanently disfigures—"Grin and bear it," the worst advice ever given, to women who value their beauty—no creams or cosmetics can conceal the pain wrinkles which become indelible lines of age. New relief combats this danger.

HEXIN—an amazing new scientific formula—relieves pain quickly, safely and naturally by relaxing tense muscles and releasing fresh blood to your irritated nerve ends. With lightning speed, HEXIN gently removes the direct cause of your pain.*

Don't confuse HEXIN with old-fashioned tablets which simply drug your nerves and encourage acidosis. HEXIN relieves pain safely by RELAXATION. Its alkaline formula will not injure the heart nor upset the stomach. Don't take a chance with old-fashioned tablets. Modern science has long since discarded them in favor of HEXIN.

AIDS SOUND SLEEP

Sound sleep is important to you in building up your energy. Don't let cigarettes, coffee, nervousness or worry, interfere with your rest.

The next time sleep won't come easily take 2 HEXIN tablets with water. Let HEXIN relax your tired nerves and gently soothe you to sleep. HEXIN is not a hypnotic nor a narcotic causing artificial drowsiness. Why ruin your health and lower your efficiency by lying awake?

*HEXIN is remarkably effective in relieving women's periodic pains.

HEXIN, Inc.

8 SOUTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago RO-6123
Please mail me a generous **FREE** sample of **HEXIN**.

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

HEXIN will help you to sleep naturally and soundly.

HEXIN COMBATS COLDS

Doctors may differ as to the cause of colds, but all agree that the resultant distress is directly due to congestion. HEXIN relieves congestion safely by relaxing taut tissues and reestablishing the normal flow of blood. HEXIN is alkaline (non-acid). It relieves the direct cause of cold-distress safely—by RELAXATION. Most people find that 1 HEXIN tablet with water every hour until a total of 6 or 7 have been taken keeps a cold from starting, or greatly relieves one that has started.

MAKE THIS TEST

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



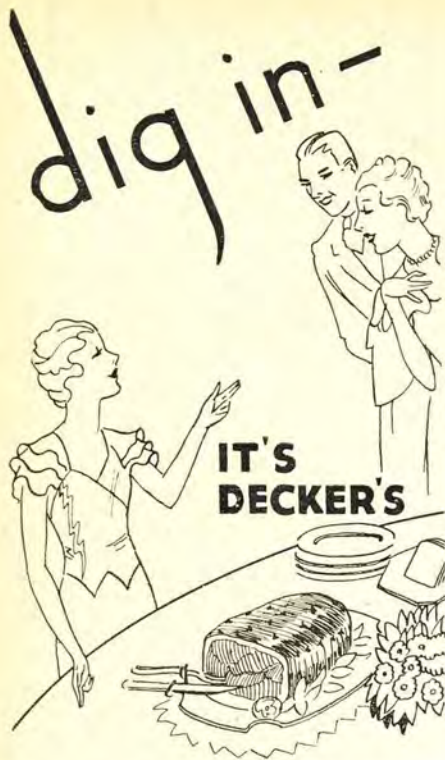
Originally Developed for Children

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

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

The Truth About Radio Salaries

[Continued from page 15]



No second invitation necessary with Decker's Vacuum-cooked Ham in sight. That extra snap in its flavor always brings a chorus of ahs and ohs. You see we let this good ham

inhale the pungent fragrance of real hickory wood. A great dish to have in reserve when unexpected guests drop in. Three sizes—whole, half, and quarter.

There are heaps of other Decker delicacies too:—Vacuum-cooked Luncheon Meats, Melosweet oven-browned Ham, lowana Bacon, Braunschweiger Sausage. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct, giving dealer's name. Or mail the coupon!

JACOB E. DECKER & SONS
Desk 30 Mason City, Iowa

DECKER'S
VACUUM-COOKED
HICKORY-SMOKED
HAM



Jacob E. Decker & Sons
Desk 30
Mason City, Iowa

Gentlemen:
Kindly send me illustrated
folders checked

Decker's Vacuum-cooked Ham
Decker's Vacuum-cooked Luncheon Meats
Decker's lowana Ham and Bacon
Braunschweiger Sausage Dishes

My dealer's name _____

My name _____

Address _____

Just now radio rates as top money in the amusement field. Vaudeville is dead—and buried. The dramatic stage is hitting an all-time low, road-shows are virtually abolished for all but the largest cities, and New York itself struggled through the Summer of 1933 with the unprecedented low total of only five shows. Even the movies are in a period of deflation and salaries in Hollywood tend to "flatten out."

In this welter, the most valuable thing a performer can have is a radio reputation. Usually it isn't the radio work itself which brings in the largest money, but the radio reputation enables him to draw top money for personal appearances at vaudeville and movie houses, ballrooms, concerts, and amusement enterprises of whatever kind.

For instance, Kate Smith's weekly radio salary is around \$3,000, but when she makes a personal appearance in a theatre she gets \$8,000. Contrast this with the four hundred dollars weekly she was making in George White's musical comedy, "Flying High," before she went into radio.

Likewise Ruth Etting, who receives \$750 for each broadcast she makes, now rates at a \$4,500 weekly stage attraction where once she was proud to be in the \$1,000 weekly class.

Eddie Cantor's radio contract for the new season calls for \$5,000 per broadcast, having been advanced from \$3,000 per broadcast within the space of a year. This new arrangement brings Cantor into the select handful of radio stars who receive \$5,000 per broadcast, and that is now tops for the radio industry.

Ed Wynn started it and was the first to receive \$5,000 per broadcast on a regular basis. Others in this select circle are Will Rogers (who is his own manager and pays no commissions to anybody), George M. Cohan, Al Jolson and Paul Whiteman. There aren't many in this inner circle, but that money is certainly worth shooting for.

Amos 'n' Andy, the greatest attraction ever built up by radio as radio and nothing else, are now rated at \$4,000 weekly for their broadcasts, and up to \$10,000 and even \$12,000 weekly for making personal appearances in theatres.

NO DISCUSSION of radio salaries would be complete, however, without giving a bit of the other side of the picture. The big stars form glittering peaks, but the vast majority of radio performers are down in the valleys of very moderate earnings.

On the smaller local stations in cities throughout the United States a great many of the performers are paid absolutely nothing. Plenty of people are so eager to get on the radio in any way whatever that they don't mind working for nothing.

On even the largest local stations, pay scales are quite small for non-featured performers. Thus five dollars per broadcast for an actor or a singer is considered adequate compensation.

Featured local stars are paid much more, of course, but there are plenty who struggle for five dollars per broadcast or even less.

The best money in radio, of course, comes from the two major networks with headquarters in New York, but even at the very center of things, pay scales are a little disillusioning. Actors and singers on big sustaining programs, produced by NBC and Columbia and sent out over nation-wide networks, often receive just fifteen dollars a broadcast, and no more.

It is nice to know that Ed Wynn is making his \$5,000 per broadcast, but remember that there are hundreds of other performers, making up the great body of radio, who receive only fifteen dollars a broadcast.

The end and aim of everyone in radio is to get a commercial sponsor. Acts are put on the networks at very modest figures, ranging from \$25 per week for unknowns up to no more than \$300 or \$400 per week for even the largest names. The network appearances are regarded as a show window, and if a commercial sponsor puts the performers under contract, their salaries are multiplied anywhere from three to ten times. Salaries of sustaining programs, indeed, are more in the nature of retaining fees. Some sustaining programs and some sustaining featured actors and singers are so highly regarded that the networks themselves pay very nice salaries.

There it is—the field of radio; with its glittering, but widely scattered nuggets of gold, and its acres and acres of just plain earth. The gold fascinates most beholders. They see the nuggets and forget the earth.

To aspirants who would come seeking this radio gold, Julius Seebach, head of the program department of the Columbia Broadcasting System, offers some sage advice.

"Don't try for radio fame," says Mr. Seebach, "unless there is some genuine urge, a real talent within you that deserves expression. In the overwhelming majority of cases, it isn't a real talent or a real burning, inner urge, but simply a desire for the fame and money and nice things that being a radio star brings.

"Also, try for radio experience on a local station before coming to New York. The pressure is so great at headquarters that persons with no experience have almost no chance of being heard.

"These things are said in friendly advice to persons who probably are unsuited for radio in any event. However, to those very few who really have the spark of genuine talent, I would say, do not be discouraged by early disappointments. If your talent is real, you will ultimately find your place in radio, no matter what obstacles are put in front of you."

And if you do find your place at the top of radio, there is a big pot of gold awaiting you. Ask Wynn, Cantor, Smith, Downey, Vallée, and the rest of them. They know!

In RADIOLAND Next Month—The Mother of the Goldbergs—The dramatic story of Gertrude Berg, who created these famous sketches, writes them all, plays the rôle of Mrs. Goldberg. Watch for this Feature Next Month!



"I DRANK COCOMALT WHILE NURSING MY BABY"
 "I drank Cocomalt regularly before my baby came and while I was nursing him. I know he'll have strong bones and teeth, for Cocomalt is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D."

"I'D LIE AWAKE FOR HOURS"
 "Every night I'd count sheep but I couldn't fall asleep. A hot drink promotes relaxation so now I drink hot Cocomalt before retiring, and I drop into sound, restful sleep almost as soon as my head touches the pillow."

"SEE HOW HUSKY MY LITTLE BOY HAS BECOME"
 "Bobby was underweight until I began giving him Cocomalt in milk. Now he's a real husky youngster—well-rounded and full of vitality."

"I'LL HAVE ANOTHER, NURSE —IT'S DELICIOUS!"
 "Cocomalt tastes so good, I believe it has brought back my appetite! It's delicious. I feel lots stronger, too, since I began drinking it."



"HATED MILK—NOW BEGS FOR IT"
 "Milk was distasteful to my little girl—but how she adores it mixed with Cocomalt! She says it tastes like chocolate soon; she drinks all I give her and begs for more!"



"MORE PEP AND ENERGY THAN I'VE HAD IN YEARS"
 "It's amazing, what Cocomalt has done for me! I don't know what four-o'clock fatigue is, any more. That delicious food-drink has filled me with wonderful new pep!"

Delicious food-drink gives new strength and energy to thousands

Children show remarkable gains in weight

BEGIN at once giving your children Cocomalt mixed with milk. Drink it yourself. Serve it to your guests as a special treat. Cocomalt is *delicious!*

Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk. Every glass you or your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost *two glasses of milk alone.*

Equally important, Cocomalt contains a rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Founda-

tion). A glass of Cocomalt, properly prepared, is equivalent in Vitamin D content to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. This Vitamin D enables the body to efficiently utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus—richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk—in developing strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Sold at grocery and drug stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. vacuum-sealed cans. But be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt, the Vitamin D food drink.

Special offer—Mail coupon (and 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a trial-size can of Cocomalt.



Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.



R. B. Davis Co., Dept. Cl-12, Hoboken, N. J.
 Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____

HOW TO REMOVE CORNS

SAFELY • SCIENTIFICALLY



1. SOAK THE FOOT for 10 minutes in hot water, then wipe it dry.



2. APPLY BLUE-JAY Corn Remover, centering pad directly over the corn. Done in a moment. Pad fits snugly, giving bare-foot comfort in shoe.



3. PAIN STOPS AT ONCE—go about your business. The pad relieves the pressure from the corn, and the pain goes as soon as pad is put on.



4. AFTER THREE DAYS, remove plaster, soak foot 10 minutes in hot water, lift out corn. Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.



HOW IT WORKS

A is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn, so it can be lifted out.
B is the felt pad that relieves pressure from the corn, and stops pain at once.
C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

FREE BOOKLET

"For Better Feet"—Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. For free copy, address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage.) RL-12

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____
 In Canada, address 96 Spadina Avenue, Toronto

**This
SAFE, SCIENTIFIC METHOD
has removed millions
of corns**

Blue-Jay is the invention of a scientist. It is made for you by Bauer & Black, the surgical dressing house whose scientific products are used by doctors and hospitals the world over.

Don't cut or pare your corns—infection is too dangerous. Don't risk unscientific, harsh methods. Be kind to your feet. As soon as a corn appears, remove it with Blue-Jay, 25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S
SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

Sir Walter's Rally

[Continued from page 68]

pouring out of the recording room and threw himself at the president of Phosphorescent Keyholes.

"None of that," ordered Mr. Hyfen, interposing himself as a counsel should and pushing everyone into a waiting room.

"I'll slough him!" yelled Sir Walter, forgetful of his press agented dignity. "You'd better scram, Eddie, so you won't be called for a witness."

"But that's what I'm here for," chirped Mr. Hyfen, shoving the chipmunk forward. "Meet Mr. McCorkindale, of Educated Doors. Some gag about a photo-electric cell—they open when you encounter the beam—a damsite bigger thing than a mere keyhole. Mr. McCorkindale wants thirty weeks on the air—with you representing him. Just sign he——"

"Hey!" bellowed Mr. Pugh, coming to life. "You can't do that—he's mine!"

"Did you ever tell me to renew his contract?"

"No——er, but——"

"But you were going to sidetrack me for another agency, and you thought you needn't hurry about re-signing Walter. A genius like him! And maybe you thought Dorita was——"

"Leave her out of it," said Sir Walter harshly. "Where do I sign?"

"Here," piped the chipmunk. "Two hundred increase, Mr. Gilroy, I'm satisfied you're the man I want."

Sir Walter scribbled his name, and turned to Dorita. "You see what your two-timing has done?" he asked haughtily.

MR. HYFEN gazed fearfully at his new client. "Step outside a moment," he begged. "I'm afraid they're going to get personal." When the door had closed behind the chipmunk Eddie signalled Dorita to go ahead.

"You bet I see," she laughed, disengaging herself from the staring J. Wellington and crossing to the astonished actor. "Don't goggle at me like that, honey, you forget that I'm a bit of an actress myself. You needed a spur in the radio race, and I decided to use the honorable Pugh, although he isn't any too sharp. Take me back, darling, and I'll marry you tomorrow, with a guarantee there'll be no cessation of interest in anything."

"A plant, by gad," howled the purpling Mr. Pugh as he watched the barrage of kisses.

"Sure it's a plant," said Mr. Hyfen. "The female of the species is more deadly than the male. That's Kipling, you know."

"I never was one to kipple," said Mr. Pugh with dignity. "Anyhow, I wash my hands of the pair of them." But even as he spoke his eyes ran regretfully over the girl's curving loveliness crushed against her suitor.

"We'll never forget you, though," cooed Dorita. "Especially your expression this very minute, and I really believe we'll put you on our opening program for Educated Doors. Just look, darling, isn't he perfect for The Spurning of Casanova!"



Never Seen Equal
 "Logged several Central American and Mexican stations, short and long wave. Get F.Y.A. France. Never seen anything to equal this new Midwest-16 for tone fidelity and consistent sensitivity."—T. N. Stewart, Vero Beach, Florida.



Beyond Expectations
 "You certainly know how to build All-Wave Radios. I am pleased beyond all my expectations; have been listening for two hours to GSB in England, 12RO, and Pontoise, France."—Darton H. Lasher, 267 Sylvia Ave., Waterbury, Conn.



No Other Set Compares
 "The Midwest 16-Tube Radio is all you said and more (a world-wide receiver). I don't believe there is another set on the market today with the tone and selectivity of a Midwest 16-Tube Radio."—Mr. C. L. Giel, 415 E. S. Grand Ave., Springfield, Ill.

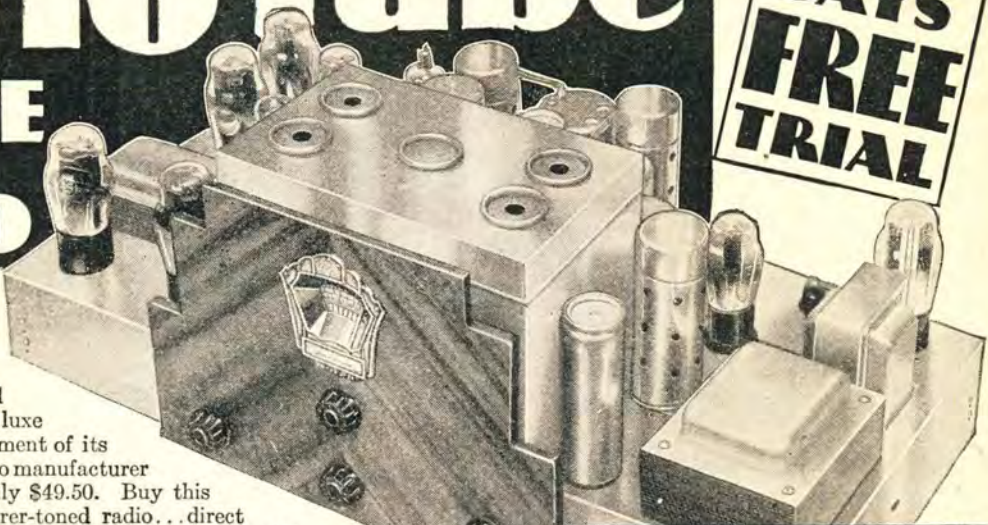


Fine Results
 "I am well pleased with the Midwest-16 and have had some fine results with it. Sunday afternoon we were listening to a Rugby game between Ireland and England, being broadcast from London."—B. J. Hart, 41 West St., Cromwell, Conn.

THOUSANDS ARE *Enthusiating* OVER THIS

Amazing New
SUPER Deluxe 16-Tube
ALL-WAVE Radio

WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION!



9 TO 2,000 METERS

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL

MIDWEST startles radio world by offering this 16-tube De luxe ALL-WAVE radio. . . finest development of its 14 years of experience as leading radio manufacturer . . . at sensationally low price of only \$49.50. Buy this bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned radio. . . direct from Midwest Laboratories. . . at a positive saving of 30% to 50%. Brings in broadcasts from stations 10,000 miles and more away. Gives complete wave length coverage of 9 to 2,000 meter (33 megacycles to 150 KC).

This powerful, super-selective radio has FIVE distinct wave bands . . . ultra short, short medium, broadcast and long . . . putting whole world of radio at your finger tips. Now listen in on all U. S. programs . . . Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and world's finest stations as: DFA Nauen, Germany—REN, Moscow, Russia—EAQ, Madrid, Spain—12RO, Rome, Italy—VK2ME, Sydney, Australia. Never before so much radio for so little money. Don't buy any radio until you learn about this greatest of radio values. Send today for money-saving facts!

WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

\$49.50
 with New
Deluxe Auditorium Type SPEAKER

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN

We will send you copies of letters like those illustrated at top of page. They'll convince you that Midwest radios are sensational values! They prove you can order your Midwest radio by mail with as much satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories.



40 NEW 1934 FEATURES

Try this Midwest radio. . . in your own home. . . for thirty days before you decide. See for yourself the 40 new 1934 features that insure amazing performance. For example—Automatic SELECT-O-BAND (exclusive with Midwest), simplifies short wave tuning, instantly pointing out the wave length of the station. Other features include: Amplified Automatic Volume Control, New Type Tubes, 16 Tubes, Balanced Unit Superheterodyne Circuit, Velvety Action Tuning, Super Power Class "A" Amplifier, 29 Tuned Circuits, New Duplex-Diode-High Mu Pentode Tubes, No-Image Heterodynes, Full Rubber Floated Chassis, Variable Tone Blender, Centralized Tuning, 7 KC Selectivity, New Thermionic Rectifier, Totally scientifically shielded (coils and switch catacombed), etc. These and many additional features are usually found only in sets selling from \$100 to \$150.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES

Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance. . . NOW, while you can take advantage of Midwest's amazingly low prices. No middlemen's profits to pay! You save from 30% to 50% when you buy direct from Midwest Laboratories—you get 30 days FREE trial—as little as \$5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! FREE catalog shows sensational radio values. Write TODAY!

SAVE UP TO 50%

Sign and mail coupon . . . or, send name and address on postal card . . . NOW!

NEW STYLE CONSOLES
 The new, big Midwest catalog shows a complete line of beautiful, artistic, de luxe consoles . . . in the new modernistic designs . . . and priced to save you 30% to 50%. Hand made by Master Craftsmen, they lend distinction and dignity to any home. Mail coupon today.



RUSH THIS COUPON FOR AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1934 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP., Dept. 352 Cincinnati, Ohio.	AGENTS! Make Easy Extra Money Check Here <input type="checkbox"/> for Details
Without obligation on my part send me your new 1934 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order	
Name	State
Address	
City	

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
 DEPT. 352 — CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.
 Established 1920 Cable Address Miraco. ABC 5th Edition



2,999,710 WOMEN CAN'T BE WRONG

about the homelike flavor of this new vegetable soup!

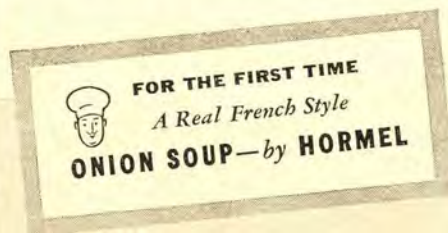
"HAVE you ever bought better vegetable soup?" We asked 3,000,000 women. "Say yes—and you get your money back DOUBLED!"

Only one woman in each 10,000 wanted her money! . . . Astonishing? Unbelievable? Then you haven't heard how this new soup is made. First, we simmer juicy beef to make a rich, full-flavored stock.

Pour almost a pint of this into the Hormel soup can. Drop in 15 vitamin-rich vegetables . . . diced and sliced. Slide the cover on lightning quick and SEAL it. Then cook the soup, using the can as the kettle, with no chance of flavor steaming away. When you open the Hormel Vegetable Soup can, you open the kettle in which the soup was made.

Now do you see why 2,999,710 women preferred this soup to TWICE the price they paid for it? Why you're so likely to agree with them? Taste your first spoonful of Hormel Vegetable Soup and hear yourself say, "The best vegetable soup I ever bought!"

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



Winners in Crooner Contest

[Continued from page 6]

most annoying feature on any radio, the crooner!

The writer believes that, at times, murder is justifiable, and no better time can I think of than when my radio picks up one of them.

After all, crooning was intended to lull a child to sleep or to accomplish the same for one's sensibilities; but who, I ask you, could possibly be "at rest with the world" hearing the efforts of a radio crooner?

Microphone technique may and should require softly-modulated tones, but no crooner is necessary to obtain them. Any singer of "sweet songs" can readily rise to the occasion. RADIOLAND, for October, carries a picture of Rudy Vallée with the caption "A star who has held his place for five years." Quite true, but through no reputation as a crooner; rather as a saxophonist and good entertainer.

It isn't fair to stuff the ears of any radio fan with crooning and, with so many other good programs to hear, I count myself lucky to be able to bring any one into being through a simple twist of the wrist. Heigh-ho!

(MISS) H. M. JOHNSON,
1331 Belmont St., N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

(\$1 Prize)

The modern crooner, unlike the mother who sings to her child or the negro in the cotton field, gives expression to no genuine emotion. He panders to the popular taste of a certain class, and that class not the best class. His offering is a travesty. It is hollow, it is trumped up. It contains nothing to augment nor deepen feeling in the singer himself. It sets up a false standard. It takes what should be one of the most sacred emotions of the human heart and sets it to music in absurd strains, rhythms. Makes it sloppy and ridiculous. Makes many of the listeners feel self-conscious, ashamed for the singer himself, irritated. It fosters a factitious taste, makes a joke of artistic endeavor and surrenders truth to an imitation. It raises to an apotheosis cheap clap-trap sentiment, debases true harmony, occasionally brings forth melody, but has not the least element of intellectual worth or enjoyment. Puts into the discard the only music worth having, that of depth of tone and feeling which comes only from experience of life, hard work and study and right standards.

MRS. A. C. BARTHE,
1941 Fremont Avenue,
Minneapolis, Minn.

(\$1 Prize)

The most enjoyable kind of singing on the air today is crooning. I am positive the majority of listeners agree, for if they did not how could one crooner be as popular now as he was five years ago? I mean

[Continued on page 96]

RADIOLAND

NAPOLEON

& that fatal Green Peach

The "Battle of Life," Too, Often
Depends on Quick-Acting Food

HISTORY REPORTS: following the battle of Dresden, Napoleon ate a green peach and suffered acute indigestion. In his distress, he neglected to direct the pursuit of the enemy. This fatal omission cost Napoleon the battle of Leipzig—which made his final defeat inevitable.

How often little things determine success or failure—common-place, every-day details no one would ever suspect of being even slightly important!

For instance, how many people realize that *everything* they eat and drink... a morsel of beef-steak... a bite of cheese, a swallow of milk, a slice of bread... each single ounce of food has its effect on every cell in the body? Nerves, muscles, glands, the heart, liver—*every* cell needs ENERGY.

The impulse that governs all physical and mental activity is ENERGY. When energy is expended, fatigue sets in, circulation is impaired, nerves grow taut, muscles are tired and vitality is at low ebb. What do we need most to restore ENERGY quickly? We need QUICK-ACTING CARBOHYDRATES.

What Are "Quick-Acting Carbohydrates"?

In plain language, "quick-acting carbohydrates" are to the body what high-speed gasoline is to a motor.

Slow-acting carbohydrates are present in many foods. But to provide an abundance of QUICK-ACTING CARBOHYDRATES we must eat or drink a food which contains these quick-acting carbohydrates in concentrated form. Fortunately, these quick-acting carbohydrates are the most easily digested of all carbohydrates. In fact, they are readily digested, transformed into body sugar and



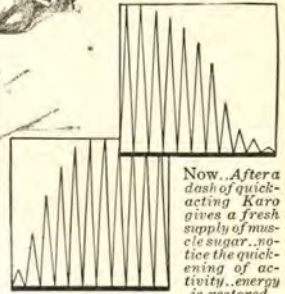
utilized by every nerve, muscle, gland and tissue in the body.

KARO SYRUP is this kind of quick-acting carbohydrate. In Karo Syrup is a high percentage of Dextrose, which is the normal blood sugar of the human system. Immediately Karo reaches the stomach, its remarkable energizing elements are utilized in the quick revival of poor circulation, of fatigued nerves, of flagging muscles.

Look at the chart-pictures above. They clearly indicate what happens to muscular activity as the supply of muscle sugar is depleted... and then what happens after quick-acting Karo Syrup is supplied to the system. The greater the supply of such muscle sugar... the greater reserve of mental and muscular energy. This same striking stimulation applies to nerves as well as muscles. "Surplus Energy" is the



HERE is muscular activity charted. As energy is expended, reflex muscle action diminishes... until complete fatigue takes place.



Now... After a dash of quick-acting Karo gives a fresh supply of muscle sugar... notice the quickening of activity... energy is restored.

secret of constant "live-wire" activity.

In recent years, the medical profession has discovered in Karo Syrup one of the most nourishing, fatigue-banishing foods. As a result, Karo is widely recommended for infant feeding, for growing children who need just the kind of quick-acting energy Karo supplies, for active men and women... and even for invalids and elderly people who fatigue easily.

"Throughout Infancy and Childhood... from Childhood to Old Age" covers the entire range of Karo's contribution to the health and vigor of human life.

Every grocery store in America sells Karo Syrup. For more than twenty-five years, Karo has been known and served in homes everywhere. It is delicious in flavor, remarkable in its quick-acting nutritive qualities and very economical in price. Below are several of the many, many ways, Karo Syrup can... and should... be served as a daily ration.

If any member of your family... or yourself... tires quickly, suffers nervous irritability or generally "eats poorly", start on a Karo schedule today. Both Red Label and Blue Label Karo are equally effective in quick-acting results. Karo Syrup is rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose.



Two tablespoons of Karo in a glass of milk improves its flavor and doubles its energy value.



Medical authorities recognize Karo as an ideal food for infants... Ask your doctor about it.



Your family will enjoy Karo served with cereals. Karo adds delicious flavor and nutrition.



Karo gives a new, delicious flavor to fresh fruits. Enjoy it with fruit cocktails, salads.



There are many ways to use Karo as a sweetener in baking. Write for illustrated recipe book.

FREE!

"The Miracle of the Match" is a startling book which tells you in simple language why quick-acting Karo Syrup gives instant energy... also dozens of new recipes for serving Karo in many delicious ways.

Write to: CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. RL-12
P. O. Box 171,
Trinity Sta. New York

If it does not help your
STOMACH TROUBLE*

* caused by excess acid or improper diet



F. H. PFUNDER, CREATOR OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS PFUNDER'S TABLETS.

His \$1,000,000 Secret Formula will NOT cost you 1c...

"Try 50 tablets," he said to all those who came to his home for stomach health. "and if you do not notice an improvement within 15 days, I shall refund every cent of your money."

And thousands tried PFUNDER'S TABLETS. One satisfied user told another and soon the name PFUNDER became internationally famous for stomach health. For many years he studied carefully the causes of many stomach ills, particularly those caused by excess acid and the abuse of diet and drink. As a graduate pharmacist he had exceptional opportunities to observe many of the methods used in treating stomach cases.

With a knowledge of the causes of many stomach disorders; with a thorough understanding of the proper treatment for stomach troubles, caused by excess acid and with his training in pharmacy to guide him, F. H. Pfunder, Ph. G., created the secret formula now known as PFUNDER'S TABLETS.

Whether your stomach trouble is of recent origin or has been allowed to develop to a serious condition, it is important that you take immediate and proper steps back to the cherished goal of perfect health. Stomach Trouble is deceiving many people who think that their's is a mild case of stomach disorder, learn in due course that their condition is far more serious than they realize.

Will You Make This FREE Trial

PFUNDER'S TABLETS have been used by more than one quarter of a million stomach sufferers. PFUNDER'S TABLETS are praised everywhere. Many users tell amazing stories of their success with PFUNDER'S TABLETS even after other and more expensive treatments failed them.

In justice to your stomach health you should know more about PFUNDER'S TABLETS. Mail the coupon for the booklet "STOMACH HEALTH," just published. With it you will also receive, free of charge, a sample gift packet. Address F. H. Pfunder, Inc., Dept. RL, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

F. H. PFUNDER, Inc. RL
Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Gentlemen: Send me free of charge your new booklet "Stomach Health." Also your sample gift packet. I want to know more about Pfunder's Tablets.

Name
Address
City State

The Eyes Have IT

[Continued from page 59]

contentedly they will return to their task. For the very few minutes this process takes out of a day's work, you will be amply repaid with stronger vision and much more beautiful eyes.

In addition to these exercises, you should give your eyes special daily care just as you do to your skin, your hair and your nails. On getting up in the morning, douse cold, cold water on them freely. This will stimulate the circulation and make the flesh solid and healthy looking. Then, in each eye, place a drop of a good eye lotion to cleanse the eyeball and make the eye clear and bright looking. You must, of course, be very careful about choosing the lotion. Select a reputable brand of lotion, one that has the manufacturer's guarantee. If you wish, I can give you the name of a very fine soothing lotion, that has been used for years and proved to be pure and harmless. Repeat this eye-bath during the day, if you are working where there is a lot of dirt and dust, and always at night before retiring. The ordinary cleansing facilities of the eye are quite insufficient in this mechanical age with its increased dust, dirt and foreign particles that assail our eyes. Naturally you will want to use this lotion before any social engagement, this time for purely beautifying purposes. It will give your eyes a sparkle and clear brilliance that will tone in well with your social mood.

AS ALMOST everyone realizes, there are many aids for beautifying the eyes artificially: Mascara, eye shadow, eyebrow pencil, eyelash grower, tweezer eyelash curlers and artificial eyelashes themselves. With this array of implements the most ordinary pair of eyes can be made alluring. But it requires subtlety, artistry to make up the eyes correctly. Probably the best rule is to use all cosmetics sparingly. Almost everyone understands the rudiments of eye make-up, but I can, perhaps, add a few hints that will be helpful. Apply mascara with an upward sweep of the brush, on the upper lashes, but not the lower ones, unless they are very blonde; then use the brush lightly. Before the mascara is completely dry, use a second, clean, dry brush, to separate the lashes and remove excess mascara. If your lashes are naturally black and curly, not requiring mascara, a bit of lash grower cream will make them silkier and longer looking. Always, after making up, remove all powder from the eyelids by massaging a bit of cream into them. Remove the excess cream, leaving just enough to give the lids a smooth, dewy softness. Moist eyelids are always youthful looking; dry, powdery lids old looking. Never use a razor on your brows, and never pluck your brows too enthusiastically. Simply remove straggling hairs, and, if you want a slight arch, pluck from underneath the brows. Always brush your brows in place with a small brush, using a bit of soap on it if the individual hairs are stiff and unruly. If the hairs in your brows are too long and curly, keep them cut to the proper length with curved manicure scissors.

Two eye gadgets I must tell you about are these: A mechanical eyelash curler with rubber pads that clamp on over the eyelashes and, when pressure is applied, curl the ends of the lashes upward. Perfectly safe and really effective, I have found. It costs one dollar. The other gadget is an automatic tweezer that makes the onerous task of plucking eyebrows a painless and easy one. The process is made painless because of a tiny spring contraption that plucks each hair much more quickly than the human hand can. This, too, is one dollar, and well worth the expenditure.

Although it has nothing to do with eyes, I must tell you of the novel idea in hand lotions. Twin lotions, gotten up in gay, Christmasy red, green and white bottles costing fifty cents each. One lotion is of the almond cream variety and the other of the glycerin-base type, and both are lovely. The almond lotion is ideal as a powder base and tissue cream, while the other will keep your hands from getting red and rough under the lash of winter weather and household tasks. The glycerine lotion is done up in the handsomest bottle I have seen. It has the grace and proportions of an expensive perfume flacon. Because these two preparations are new on the market, you might write to me for their trade names. It will facilitate your purchase of them.

Recently I discovered an excellent four-purpose cream that somehow had slipped by my vigilant eye. It is really one of the most efficient creams of this type that I have ever used, a corrective of dry skin, oily skin, enlarged pores and blackheads. It lives up to its name for it not only cleanses, but also acts as a tissue cream, skin tonic and powder base. The cream melts the moment you apply it to the skin, and for that reason is ideal for treating sensitive skin and large pores. A heavy cream, you know, has to be massaged so vigorously into the skin that it irritates dry, tender skin and only enlarges open pores the more. Because this cream does liquify, it is pore-deep in its four-fold action. It gets every bit of dirt out of the pores and at the same time penetrates deep into the epidermis, carrying with it beneficial softening and toning oils.

The routine to follow with this cream is simplicity itself. You apply the cream generously for your twice-a-day cleansing, smoothing it on gently, then remove it carefully with tissues. You can repeat fresh applications, depending on how grimed your skin is. Use a light film of the cream as a nourisher at night (unless your skin is very irritated or dry, in which case you can be more generous) and during the day as a powder base. The cream forms a soft, velvety layer for the especially blended face powder manufactured by this firm. This powder, because it has no oil content or grit, is said to remain on the skin for three hours, always retaining its initial smoothness, without a trace of shine, oiliness or flakiness. The cream costs a dollar and a quarter and the powder one dollar a box. Both packages are attractively feminine in a color scheme of white, coral and French blue.

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For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.

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Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers more opportunities for fame and success than perhaps any other industry in the world today.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today *advertisers alone* are spending more than 7 times as many millions a year as the entire industry did only four years ago. Last year, advertisers spent \$35,000,000, while Broadcasting Stations themselves spent millions for sustaining programs. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Earn Big Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if your speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thor-



ough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those other who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting.

Through this remarkable course, you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position or making a single sacrifice of any kind—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars. Out of obscure places are coming the future Amos 'n' Andys, Graham McNamees, Kate Smiths, and Floyd Gibbonses—why not be among them.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts, How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts, Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

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Actor	
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Radio in the Cuban Revolution

[Continued from page 29]

hurriedly in the Interior Department building and this was used to broadcast government bulletins of the situation every three hours. The mysterious station was meanwhile keeping ahead of Morro and criticizing the station that only gave out news of Machado.

The general strike continued. The end of the cruel period was near. The government station encountered innumerable difficulties as the "pirate station" was returning the compliments by broadcasting a loud whistle on the same wave, thus annulling the broadcast, not only that, but because the transmitter which had been assembled in a few hours work, was faulty and faded terribly. This was explained, because the technician who constructed the station, Antonio de los Santos, one of the best experts in radio in Cuba, saw to it that the station was faulty, as he was an active member of the powerful ABC.

Then came the fateful August seventh. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon. The general strike was at its height and everybody was home in front of the radio, dialing and "hunting" for the pirate station. At the scheduled time it appeared and always jumping from one frequency to another, it told the listeners to stay home, not to venture out in the streets, that Machado had his days counted and that it wouldn't be long. Not to be afraid and to remain indoors by all means. Then, all of a sudden, another station interfered. Claiming to be the mouthpiece of another secret society it said: "Cuba you are free once more. General Machado just resigned."

These few words were enough. Everybody went wild, shouting, jumping, crying, kissing each other. Nobody paid attention to the warning of the "Pirate ABC station" which kept on asking people not to believe the other station which was operated by Pepito Izquierdo, Mayor of Havana and staunch follower of the Human Beast.

It was impossible to hold down the enthusiasm of the people. Young and old, rich and poor, girls and boys, black and white, all joined hand in hand marched through the streets and that was the cue for the Machado followers, led by Brigadier Aincart, chief of police and Colonel Jimenez, head of the Porra, to start their last killings.

The tragic balance of that fratricidal afternoon was forty dead and more than two hundred wounded. It would seem that the government had planned the scheme to send the people out in the streets because it needed an excuse to again declare martial law and suspend the constitutional rights of the people, which had been restored only a couple of weeks before due to the diplomatic action of American Ambassador Sumner Welles.

On the following day, the ABC station read the list of victims of the massacre and warned listeners not to give any attention to any other station as the only genuine opposition station was the ABC "pirate station." The government station couldn't be heard, too much interference, so Dr.

Zubizarreta ordered the army to take over the CMAF station, of the International Broadcasting Company, a powerful transmitter with 1,000 watts. This station began broadcasting manned by army officers and was known as "station XYZ."

Such was the general situation till the evening of August eleventh when station CMW of Diario de la Marina went on the air to broadcast the words of a member of the Army General Staff:

"We understand a solution to the situation has been found. By tomorrow we shall have definite news. Meanwhile everyone stay home. Everything is running smoothly and the cooperation of the people is needed. Stay home by all means."

Then, about eleven o'clock a new station went on the air. It was CMZ-62 of the Aviation Corps of Cuba. This station had been hurriedly set up by the Zayas Bazan brothers. There was the voice of Lieutenant Zayas Bazan: "We, the officers of the Cuban Army, have asked General Machado to resign in twenty-four hours. The deadline is tomorrow at noon."

Station CMW and CMZ-62 were joined shortly after by CMAF which went on the air under its own call letters to broadcast bulletins supplied by the Aviation Camp.

Early in the morning, these three stations told the country that Machado had resigned in favor of General Alberto Herrera, acting Secretary of State, who before noon resigned in favor of Dr. Carlos Manuel de Cespedes.

The country felt itself free of its oppressor. There were no police to arrest the valiant announcer and operators of the ABC mysterious station and so, the truth was known. The voice of the ABC was none other than suave mannered Doctor Alfredo Rosell, specialist in child's disease and who every morning consulted hundreds of cases in charity wards of the Public Health Department. Nobody had suspected the dual personality of the heroic doctor.

The small transmitter, with a power of seven watts, was built in such a way that it was portable and every broadcast was made from a different location. Once Machado sent a message to Congress asking for rights to declare martial law and the "mysterious" station was set up in a building across the street from the capitol.

Several were the operators of the plant, but the principal was Charles Rowe, a young Cuban of American parents who put his amateur knowledge of radio to the service of the country. Among the other operators were Barranco, a young messenger of the Cuban Telephone Company and Reinaldo Diaz Verson, reporter of Diario de la Marina.

The outfit was carried in two small wooden boxes resembling perfume cases and the operator and his assistants were assigned to transport the transmitter to the different location used in each broadcast.

Radio in the modern revolution has taken its place. When the censorship kept the real news out of the front page, radio was ready to tell the truth to all Cuba.

RADIOLAND

Mike Says:

[Continued from page 40]

nightly attendance upon Broadway's picturesque playboy, performing a thousand and one bits of service for "Diamond Jim" was a man to crave attention.

Mr. Brady would reward each act with an ostentatious bestowal of a tip. Awed eye-witnesses assumed he gave the beaming porter no less than a \$5 gold piece, such was his reputation as a prodigal. But, according to the Negro, the coin was always a shiny new dime; hence, in his estimation, Mr. Brady was properly called "Dime-diamond Jim."

* * * * *

Mr. Rector, by the way, when he steps before the mike to give his cooking recipes to the nation, looks every inch the genial host. He is moon-faced and jovial and has a spare tire chin. His head is topped with thinning white hair and he wears a gray mustache of robust proportions. His eyes are bright and smiling and his countenance radiates good cheer and the joy of living. He looks just like the Jolly Chef an artist would paint.

* * * * *

JACK ARTHUR, versatile and very active broadcaster in New York studios, took his friend, Lewis Reid, program director of Station WOR, for a ride down the harbor in his speedboat. The battery went dead in the Narrows just when the small craft was stood on its beam's end by the swell from an outward bound liner.

They recovered from this mishap to discover a new menace. Another steamship was bearing down on them in the fast settling dusk as their boat wallowed helplessly in the channel. An alert lookout saw them, and the huge vessel, siren screaming, swerved sharply to port and missed them only by the width of a hawser—if Mate Reid's veracity is unquestioned.

Arthur and his pal were thanking their lucky stars for this escape when a raised-deck cruiser loomed into view. By violent wig-wagging they communicated their distress to the captain who brought his boat alongside. Then they discovered that their rescuer was Guy Lombardo.

"Isn't this a small world after all," exclaimed Arthur.

"Fancy meeting you and Reid like this," countered Lombardo.

You can't beat radio artists for *savoir-faire*.

* * * * *

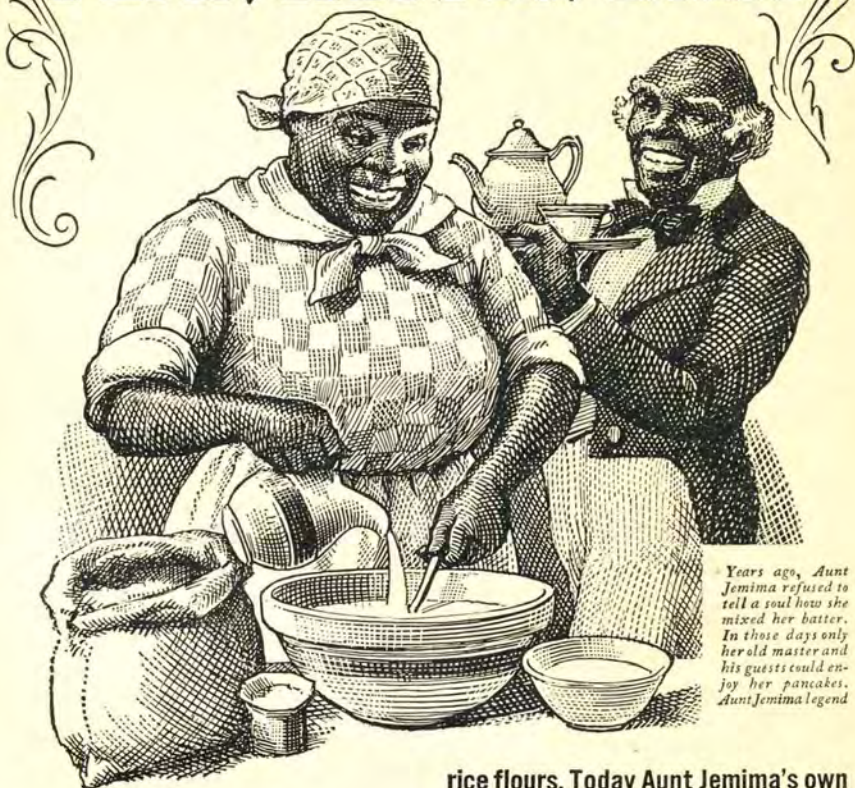
A hundred years from now the term radio will be obsolete prophesies Samuel L. Rothafel, known to all and sundry as "Roxy." He doesn't venture to suggest a substitute word and is content to describe the development as "a great ethereal transmission system," which is Roxian for what we now call television. Every time I read predictions about the miracles television will perform I can't help wondering if it will also show us what static looks like.

DECEMBER, 1933

HER OWN PANCAKES

with the flavor of

PLANTATION DAYS



Years ago, Aunt Jemima refused to tell a soul how she mixed her batter. In those days only her old master and his guests could enjoy her pancakes. Aunt Jemima legend

SUCH light and tender pancakes! The real old-fashioned kind—with a matchless plantation flavor. For years Aunt Jemima's Pancakes were famous all over the South. The recipe was that old cook's secret... a knack of combining wheat, corn, rye and

rice flours. Today Aunt Jemima's own ingredients come to you ready-mixed. Just add milk or water to Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, bake and serve. It's that easy to have Aunt Jemima's real plantation pancakes—pancakes with the same wonderful taste as those she made herself. The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.



Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package; Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats in the yellow

Dealer in Dynamite

[Continued from page 35]



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Clever Girl!

One does not have to look further than her lovely hair to understand her popularity with men. Its marvelous luster adds sparkle and vivacity to her eyes and accents her other good features. Her secret? Perhaps you've already guessed it. If not, just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way. 25c at your dealers', or send coupon below for free sample.

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Are you reading Nellie Revell's
gossip of the Radio World?
In RADIOLAND Every Month

words is one of the marvels of radio.

He went to a small college in Missouri, supported himself partly by playing music, eventually wanted to study surgery. An automobile accident crushed both his hands. He regained a fairly normal use of his hands, but not enough for the super-normal, super-delicate uses of either surgery or music.

He had to reconstruct his life. If he couldn't aspire to cure man's physical ills, he still might attend to man's mental problems and perplexities. He turned to psychology.

"I chose the most graphic laboratory open to any human being," says Taylor. "I studied criminals, prostitutes, derelicts, degenerates, the dregs of human society. I made friends with these miserable beings, seeking always to get their life story.

"Each one of them came into this world an innocent babe. Somewhere along the path of life came the deflection downward, the thing that set them toward the hopeless ways they eventually fell into. I determined to find out what caused the deviation from the normal.

"In vast numbers of cases I found the initial push came from some trifling circumstance, some misfortune, mishap or misjudgment that might come to any one of us. I stood at the end of the road, and I could look back and see the turning point.

"How innocent that turning point often looked! No wonder so many people failed to see it, and disregard its dangers altogether. But, standing there among the wreckage of humanity, I could see where that wrong turning point led to.

"That's why I am able to advise people what to do. I've seen the end of the road—the road that often they don't even know exists."

Taylor found that great numbers of human ills came from sex. "I was shocked," he says, "by how deep and how widespread was the general ignorance of this all-important subject. Mere prudery, the falsest of false modesty, was keeping millions of people chained in misery, and was dooming millions of others to future misery, when all they needed was a little enlightenment, a little instruction, a little knowledge.

"I set out to give it to them. Up and down this land I lectured upon the marriage relationship and incompatibility. I dealt cleanly and frankly with essential facts—all the more essential because they were so often kept hidden. Great crowds came to hear me.

"When radio came along, I turned to that to gain a still wider audience. I broadcast over various individual stations, more than fifty in all, and this year I started a major chain program."

In his radio talks, Taylor cannot be so specific as he was in his stage lectures, particularly those he gave to separate audiences of men and women. "I don't dodge issues, however," he says. "I merely phrase my

talks so that married persons will know what I am talking about and others, especially children, will not be stimulated to undue curiosity."

Sex, although important, is not the whole of life. Taylor found that out, just as any sensible person does. As the Voice of Experience, he doesn't deny sex nor try to hide it, but he covers the entire range of human problems, giving sex only its proper place in the general scheme of things.

WHAT do people write about most often? What subjects lie closest to the human heart?

Ask Dr. Taylor these questions, and he will smile and point to his filing cabinets. The two divisions that outnumber all others, that are perpetually crammed and bulging with letters are those marked "Domestic Problems" and "Courtship." Ah, yes. Love and marriage—they made the world go 'round in Adam's time, and they make the world go 'round today!

Taylor puts out half-a-hundred or more pamphlets, covering a wide range of psychological, medical, sexual and hygienic subjects, which he sells for a three-cent stamp each. The revenue from the sale of these pamphlets pays for his extensive offices and his office staff.

He disburses as high as fifty thousand dollars a year in charity. Heart-breaking cases come to his attention, cases often beyond the reach of regularly constituted authorities, and his listeners send in money for his charity fund. He is legally incorporated for the purpose of administering this fund, and every penny of it is strictly accounted for.

What doesn't show on the account books is his constant and never ending personal charity. When public lists are closed, and no money is left in his official fund, people are still in misery and want, and Taylor quietly assumes the burden himself and says nothing about it.

These are some of the many sides of M. Sayle Taylor, announced to his audiences solely as the Voice of Experience. His own father, now a retired minister in California, listens to him and doesn't know who he is. Once a childhood sweetheart of his, never dreaming his identity, wrote of how she was pining for a minister's son she had not seen for years. He told her to forget that minister's son and marry the physician who was courting her. She did, and was the happier for it.

He keeps the impersonal title, the Voice of Experience, because the impersonality encourages people to write to him. M. Sayle Taylor is a vigorous man in his forties, is happily married and is the father of a fifteen-year-old son. He was recently made associate editor of a psychology magazine, and academic psychologists constantly give him greater recognition because of his astounding store of practical knowledge.

Verily, he deals in dynamite, but the human race has a tremendous interest in explosives!

She Came Up Smiling

[Continued from page 49]

more than to play the piano, she sang in the store whenever she could.

ONE day a friend of the proprietor's told Mildred Bailey that he knew of a man in Vancouver, British Columbia, who needed an entertainer for his café. Mildred tried out for the job and got it.

When a man came to the café where she was working and told her that he was looking for two entertainers for a café in Butte, Montana, she gladly left her home town, where she had found nothing but unhappiness.

If Mildred Bailey left Sopkane to escape unhappiness, life played a hollow joke on her, for at the café in Butte, she met a young salesman and fell head over heels in love with him. They were married and went to San Francisco together.

Temperamentally they were at opposite poles. Music was a passion with her; it meant less than nothing to him. A marriage like that could not last. After three years of trying to make a go of a hopeless situation, Mildred Bailey and her husband were divorced.

In the meanwhile one of her brothers had found work with Paul Whiteman's band, as one of the Rhythm Boys. He sang Mildred's praises incessantly. Paul Whiteman listened, amused, putting it all down to brotherly exaggeration.

Then one day a man from the Columbia Recording Company made a test record of Mildred's voice. Mildred's brother played it for Paul Whiteman.

"You're right," said Paul. "She is wonderful."

For four years she remained with Paul Whiteman's orchestra, and then was given a sustaining program, first at National Broadcasting Company and now with the Columbia Broadcasting Company. She has an enormous following among colored people, who respond to the tragedy and heartbreak behind her melodies.

Once she asked her maid, "Why do colored people like me?" and the maid answered, "There is something in your voice that only colored people have." Heartbreak apparently has created a hidden bond between Mildred Bailey and the down-trodden races of the earth. Many people believe that she comes from the South, because there is something so Southern about her singing. Yet she has never been to the South.

She is married again now, this time happily, to a musician, Kenneth Norvo, whom she met in Chicago while she was with Paul Whiteman's band.

Mildred Bailey has only one cross to bear. I told you that she used to be very slender. During the last five years she began gaining weight due to some glandular disturbance. Only a woman can understand, perhaps, how a thing like that can hurt another woman. But Mildred Bailey, who has known so much heartbreak, will not let herself be beaten by a thing like that. She is going to a specialist who will help her defeat this last bugaboo. Nothing could defeat a woman like Mildred Bailey.

DECEMBER, 1933



Big

dividends paid here

by good toothbrushes!

● It's easy to have teeth so clean they sparkle. Just get and use a good 50c toothbrush. Poor brushes, or old and soggy brushes, cannot possibly keep teeth bright.

A New DR. WEST'S will give results 60% better than anything you have known before. The bristles are water-proofed: do not become soggy. The modern design makes it easy to clean every tooth and crevice, every time. Each New DR. WEST'S comes sealed in glass—surgically germ-free.

Today get New DR. WEST'S brushes: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c. (Money refunded unless you're 100% satisfied!) Get rid of your old, worn or soggy brushes.

You'll receive quick dividends—in good-looks!



SEE HOW EASILY the correct DR. WEST'S design reaches and cleans every tooth and crevice—inside, outside, and between.

The New Dr. West's Toothbrush

MADE IN
U. S. A.

ONLY BRUSH *water-proofed* AGAINST
SOGGINESS, AND SEALED IN GLASS—GERM-FREE

Copr. 1933 by W. B. M. Co.



TATTOO

your lips!



TATTOO them with lasting, even, luscious *stain* instead of coating them with paste. Put TATTOO on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Nothing will remain on your lips but *transparent color* in the most exciting hues ever seen. And TATTOO will keep your lips soft and forever young instead of drying and aging them. It's a dollar at leading department and drug stores. You simply *must* TATTOO your lips. Four smart shades.



Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream is tuned to your skin. It truly works a beauty miracle by clarifying the skin and permitting its natural loveliness to shine forth. Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream liquefies immediately at normal skin temperature, enters the pores liquid, remains liquid in the pores and comes out liquid, bringing with it all embedded dirt. A thoroughly cleansed skin is the first requisite for a lovely complexion. Your skin will show improvement after the first application of Krank Lemon Cleansing Cream. Mail this advertisement and 10c to Krank, Beauty Park, St. Paul, for a generous trial jar.

NRA

 WE DO OUR PART
kränk (cleansing)
LEMON CREAM

He Meets Them All

[Continued from page 33]

huge Wrigley sign. "Some day," he sighed to himself. "I hope I may be as famous as a stick of chewing gum!"

TED COLLINS, alert young manager and frequently announcer for Kate Smith, decided to play a little joke when the Southern songbird made her second appearance to be interviewed. Instead of giving a straight-out announcement of what was coming, Collins leaped to the microphone, and with an impish grin on his face and ten tons of oil in his voice, he imitated the star by saying:

"HEL-lo, everybody! This is Ted Collins, the mocking bird of the South!"

TWO important events were first heralded on the *Meet The Artist* program. Bing Crosby, crooner *de luxe* and husband of the beautiful Dixie Lee, movie star, was so excited about a coming event in his family that he took an entire network into his confidence as he told his listeners that he was soon to be a father.

Little Jack Little, song writer, singer and player, arrived at the broadcast with the smudgy manuscript of a song he had just completed that very afternoon. Bob Taplinger asked him to play it. He did so, and thus was heard, for the first time on the air or anywhere else, the hit song, *A Little Shanty in Old Shantytown*.

ONCE Taplinger went up to the swanky Central Park Casino to interview Eddie Duchin, leader of the orchestra. The announcer's watch was two minutes slow. Taplinger and Duchin were idly fumbling around the piano, discussing jokes they were going to use in the broadcast, and a song for the orchestra to play, when the frantic signals of the announcer caught their eye. They had been on the air two minutes and didn't know it! Fortunately they had been on their verbal good behavior, so all was well.

On another occasion Taplinger was interviewing George Hall, dance band leader in a prominent New York hotel. They were rattling away at a great rate, talking, joking, pulling impromptu bits, putting on the best kind of interview they possibly could. Network officials let them run on for ten full minutes before telling them they were talking into a perfectly dead microphone, and weren't on the air at all! . . . It seems that the Democrats were holding a convention in Chicago that afternoon.

WHEN Guy Lombardo appeared for his third interview, he brought along not only his four younger brothers, but also his eight-year-old sister, Rose Marie. And his complete dance band. Taplinger asked Guy to introduce his little sister to the radio audience, and he did so very nicely. Then, thinking to get a little free advertising for himself, Guy said to her, "Honey, tell us

who is your favorite orchestra leader on the radio?"

"Ben Bernie," replied the child, without hesitating.

"But, honey, surely you don't mean that," said Guy, thoroughly flustered. "Remember your big brother leads an orchestra."

"I do mean it, Guy," insisted Rose Marie. "I think Ben Bernie is funnier than you are!"

Guy didn't wait for more. Hastily grabbing his baton, he started a blare of dance music to drown out the laughter in the studio.

WHEN Bob Taplinger started his *Meet The Artist* series in May, 1931, the first person interviewed was Morton Downey. Downey had a tremendous reputation as a singer, but he had never spoken into a microphone before. Taplinger not only had never spoken, but he had never sung, fiddled, shouted or even whistled into a microphone before. And the program had never been tried before.

Like white-faced soldiers ordered to go over the top, Downey and Taplinger advanced to the broadcast. The only concession they permitted themselves was that instead of standing, they did sit at a table with the microphone between them. It helped but little. Limp and haggard, they stumbled out of the studio when at last the ordeal was over.

"The broadcast was okay," some friends said reassuringly, "but why did you have the clicking of a metronome in the background?"

"That was no metronome," said Taplinger and Downey, almost in unison. "That was our knees hitting the table."



Bob Taplinger has interviewed Kate Smith three times over the air



*“This sure
does wonders
for the throat!”*

● A pure *unsweetened* pineapple juice! For its tangy flavor, its nutritive values, its convenience and economy, millions are making Libby's new Pineapple Juice their regular breakfast drink.

Radio and stage stars also welcome it for its remarkable soothing effect on the throat! It restores flexibility, overcomes soreness and fatigue.

Get a can of Libby's Pineapple Juice today. See how delicious it is, being unsweetened and rich in Esters, the flavor-carriers of the full-ripe Hawaiian fruit. See, too, how amazingly it refreshes your mouth and throat! Libby, McNeill & Libby, Honolulu, Hawaii.



*A glorious new
health drink!*

LIBBY'S Unsweetened PINEAPPLE JUICE
RICH in ESTERS *(the flavor-carriers)*



"My Battle Against Death"

Clark Gable tells how he felt during the crisis of his recent critical illness. Also in this issue: "How I Make Love to Mae West," by Cary Grant and exclusive interviews with Jean Harlow, Max Baer and Ricardo Cortez.

DECEMBER

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

• If your news dealer is sold out, send 10c in stamps or coin to SCREEN BOOK, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy will be mailed to you.

10c



The Story of Ramona

[Continued from page 27]

spoon or a toy, and bang it to keep time to the music.

That was enough to make her grandmother believe that Ramona was meant for a musical career. Her grandmother's faith, apparently so foolish and really so wise, spurred the child on. When she was eight years old, she began taking piano lessons.

The family moved from one town to another. To follow their moves, you would need a checkerboard, and a large one. They never lived more than six years in one spot. Ramona went to grade school in Covington and Ashland, Kentucky. She took up the first year of high school work in a boarding school in Baltimore, the second year in Columbus, Ohio, and finished the third and fourth year in Kansas City.

To this day landscape gardening is one of Ramona's hobbies, and if you ask her she can tell you the name of almost any wild or cultivated flower.

BY THE time she had graduated from high school, she realized that, interested though she was in landscape gardening, she would never make it her life work because music would always come first and foremost with her. Yet she got her first opportunity over the radio purely by accident.

As a favor to a boy she knew who sang over station WDAF in Kansas City, she played the piano for him one day. The officials at the radio station were so delighted with her playing that they asked her to work there, and so her career started.

While she was playing over WDAF, Don Bestor heard her, and invited her to join his orchestra. For two years she played the piano with his band, and then came to New York.

By this time she was homesick, and dreamed of some way of getting back to the town of her birth, Cincinnati. When she heard that some officials of station WLW of Cincinnati were giving auditions in New York, she went to see them, accompanied by a girl she knew.

"The piano they were using for the auditions wasn't fit to play on," Ramona told me. "It was hopelessly out of tune. I turned to my friend and said, 'What shall I do?'"

"Why don't you sing for them?" she suggested.

"Up to that time I had only played the piano over the radio, and had not done any singing. But I knew that I would never get a job if I played that particular piano. So I sang instead, and got the job."

For a year and a half Ramona sang and played the piano over station WLW in Cincinnati. When Paul Whiteman came to Cincinnati, a friend of Ramona's went to see him and sang her praises.

"Ramona . . .?" he asked. "Isn't that the girl who was with Don Bestor's orchestra?"

"Yes," said the girl friend.

"Why, I didn't know she sang. I thought she just played the piano."

P. S.—Ramona got the job. You know the rest.

RADIOLAND



“... and fetch some
Creamed
Old English”



The zesty Cheddar that spreads!



KRAFT

Copr. 1933 by
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

IN MERRY old tavern days they called for a great golden Cheddar along with the foaming tankards. A sharp cheese, a mellow sharp cheese.

There are times now when you need a rare, zesty cheese. And you can have it. Kraft Creamed Old English—creamed so it spreads!

It gets its tingle-on-the-tongue flavor from fine English-type Cheddar. Kraft experts have added just the right amount of rich, sweet cream so that it spreads on your rye bread or crackers as smoothly as butter. And the exclusive Kraft method makes it wonderfully digestible!

Try Creamed Old English toasted to a tender melted goodness—in sandwiches, appetizers! Serve it plain with crackers and the after-dinner coffee. And if your refrigerator harbors cool bottles—always, *always* keep a package of this sharp, creamed Cheddar close by. It's sort of an “old English custom.” You'll love it! Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, Chicago.

VISIT THE KRAFT “MAYONNAISE
KITCHEN” at THE CENTURY
OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION, CHICAGO

The World's Finest Cheeses are made or imported by Kraft

Fountain of Youth!

You are not a day older than you feel. All you have to do to keep young is—feel young. There is now offered a marvelous new food- tonic, "P. W. G." (Pure Wheat Germ), that contains generous quantities of those essential vitamins, A, B, E and G, that physicians declare absolutely necessary to resist disease and build up daily the energy consumed.

Vitamin A—The energy builder.

Vitamin B and Vitamin G, the resisters of disease.

Vitamin E—necessary to life reproduction. "P. W. G." is not a drug, but nature's own food.

A small quantity added to fruit or cereal improves the flavor and brings all these benefits as well.

"P. W. G." is obtained from selected wheat by a special process, and can only be obtained from our mill laboratory. Send \$1.00 today for a supply sufficient for one month's diet. Inquiries invited. Address Dept. K, Minneapolis Milling Co., Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minn. Original manufacturers and distributors of "P. W. G." (Pure Wheat Germ) to the consumer. Be sure to get the original.

How Radio Saves Lives at Sea

A sensational feature describing the vital part played by Radio when lives are in peril on the high seas.

In Radioland Next Month

Yes . . . for your FACE too, this mild, fragrant

HAIR REMOVER



Think of it! A depilatory that can really be used on the face, without burning or smarting. Why, DeWans was originally created for facial use only! It doesn't even "pink" the skin, and the hair simply vanishes like magic. But more! Repeated use of DeWans very definitely discourages re-growth. It really does. And now at its new low price—only \$1—DeWans is economical for use on arms and legs too. Imagine! No more hair to spoil

the charm of your otherwise lovely skin. Department and drug stores all have DeWans.



De Wans
PERM-NENT
HAIR REMOVER

Lowell Thomas: Ace Adventurer

(Continued from page 60)

hour has become a legend. During his first few months on the air, he almost drove the National Broadcasting Company crazy. It would come time to go on and no Thomas. Then just as the announcer would be getting under way, he would come strolling nonchalantly in, taking off his coat and hat as he came, pulling his script out of his pocket. But as the announcer's last syllable faded, he would always be ready to start right in. After a while they began to realize that he would never fail them, but it took them a long time to get over the jitters waiting for him to come.

Once, when he was out on a lecture tour, the curtain was ready to go up and Thomas was nowhere in sight. Frantic, his manager rushed out to the dressing room. Thomas, it seemed, had discovered a washbowl and was taking a bath in it to his great delight, merrily carolling *Silver Threads Among the Gold*. But in five minutes he was out on the stage.

Another time when he was breakfasting in a restaurant with only ten minutes to catch a train for an important engagement, he threw his companions into a frenzy by insisting on building a fire in the fireplace because it would look so nice. He built the fire, ate his breakfast and caught the train, too.

IT HAS become a cliché to picture stars of the air as "just real home folks like you and me." But in Thomas' case it happens to be true.

He was married, out in Denver, shortly after he left school to a girl who didn't think much of him when she first met him. He got her, finally, like everything else he has wanted in life. He proposed, characteristically by wire.

He takes his wife everywhere with him. She has gone with him on most of his travels, except into the danger zones when she remained at a base nearby.

He is passionately fond of his country home and goes to his usual great lengths to spend as much time there as he possibly can. A train leaves Grand Central Station

five minutes after his evening broadcast is finished. He has an elevator waiting on the fourteenth floor of the studio, a car waiting at the back door of the building on Madison Avenue and he makes the dozen odd blocks through rush hour traffic in the required five minutes.

On his evenings at home, he really relaxes, stretching out in front of the huge fireplace, or going on long hikes with his wife and Sonny over the hills. In Winter they have a suite at the Waldorf, but he always snatches a bite to eat at a lunch counter. He is a light eater and begrudges the time for big meals.

Perhaps his greatest genius is people. He is interested, genuinely, in everybody he meets. He makes friends instantly. He has knocked around India with the Prince of Wales. Prince William of Sweden is another friend of his. Celebrities in all walks of life make it a point to look him up when they are in his neighborhood. And no matter how impressive the group gathered around him, his personality always stands out, dominant.

Yet, in spite of it, he has never forsaken his old friends. Those who were his intimates in the days before his name became a byword all over the world are his intimates today. He is never too busy for the little gestures of friendship. One friend of his was skiing with him one day when the heel of his boot came off. Thomas said he knew a German bootmaker who would fix it for him and kept after the friend until he sent Thomas the boots so that he could take them in to be fixed.

"What am I going to do now? Well I have enough things mapped out to keep me busy for the next five years, at least. Twenty books waiting to be written, among other things. Yes, there are lots of places and people in the world I still want to see. Some day maybe—"

Lowell Thomas' career will probably make it necessary for a good old adage to be crossed out of the copy books. Here is one rolling stone who has gathered plenty of moss and will probably go right on gathering it for some time to come.

News of the Air-Ways

NO OPERA star is more welcome in the studios than Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink. And many are the stories told about "the grandmother of opera." Here's one Kate Smith related the other day at Columbia:

Schumann-Heink was singing at the Metropolitan in *Das Rheingold*. As one of the Rhinemaidens, the diva was trussed up to a huge wood wheel which propelled them up and down and around, conveying the illusion of swimming.

At a matinee performance, the wheel stuck, suspending her ample person upside down high in the air.

"Ach," exclaimed Schumann-Heink, beckoning frantically for a stage hand,

"what a position for a mother of six children!"

* * * * *

Odd bits about 'em: Fearing a cold coming on, Lawrence Tibbett, the baritone star, stands on his hands to allow the blood to rush to his head and thus breaks up the congestion . . . Andy, of *Amos 'n' Andy*, is a hot tamale fiend . . . Little Jack Little has a Pekinese which not only powders his nose but, according to his master, croons like Rudy Vallée . . . Jane Froman some times stutters when she gets excited and has to sing to get her speech straightened out . . . Madame Frances Alda won't face the mike unless she wears a certain jade bracelet.

The Story of the Great Reduction

[Continued from page 31]

siege of love warfare between those two when suddenly he became really ill and called Margaret who rushed him to the doctor's office.

It was there that he discovered that his health was being endangered by the strain which the excess weight put on his heart. Now there were two heart problems—the one about which the doctor warned and the one that concerned Margaret.

Just at this time when, thoroughly scared, he said he'd reduce, another devastating thought assailed both Margaret and Paul. Oh, what would reducing do to the Whiteman career?

That round moon face, the enormous waist line, the rolls of jelly-like flesh and the supposition of the public that all fat men are jolly—these things were Paul's trade marks. These things made him distinctive.

But finally love—and the doctor's threat—won. And Paul said that if Margaret could dope out a diet that would give him enough energy he would go on it.

FORTUNATELY for her he was playing in Chicago during the time of the drastic reduction. She wrote him combination love letters and diet lists—sort of "I love you, darling, have you had your roughage?" And Paul followed these diets to the letter of Margaret's law as the fat seemed to melt away.

Not so long ago Margaret wrote a book about it, cleverly titled *Whiteman's Burden*, in which she gave the complete menus, with recipes, for every day in the month.

"And now?" I put the burning question, "are you still on the diet?"

Paul blushed and looked at Margaret. "You know," he said, "if I ever wanted revenge on her I could make her the biggest liar in the world. She wrote this book and says it's infallible. Well, with almost no trouble at all I could put back a hundred pounds—and wouldn't the customers have the laugh on her!"

Margaret smiled. "It was a very knowing smile for she realizes that Paul reduced just for her. And it was only when he was a mere wraith at 190 that she consented to stand before the minister with him and say all the "I do's" at his mother's home in Denver. That was two years ago and he's still crazy about her. Paul isn't going to risk losing Margaret just for the sake of a few chocolate cakes.

But he loves to kid her about it. "Since beer has been in," he says, "I've gained seven pounds."

"But you're going to take those right off again," Margaret insists.

As a matter of fact, technically he isn't on the diet any more. Now he is just careful. He leaves off fattening items and eats less than he did before the big reduction started. But the minute Margaret sees too much poundage around the waist line he goes right back on the diet. Even now he asks Margaret what he can have for luncheon.



There's a Really New Gift this Year

THE NEW *Toastmaster* HOSPITALITY TRAY

HERE'S a really *new* idea in Christmas gifts—a gift that is moderately priced, beautiful, and very practical. It is the new Toastmaster Hospitality Tray.

It's the ideal gift for the friend or family with whom you exchange year 'round hospitality. The new Toastmaster Hospitality Tray promotes the spirit of friendship and intimacy—and it is the one gift that immediately becomes useful and remains so throughout the years.

It's the modern answer to the problem of how to entertain easily, informally, and correctly.

Here is a gleaming chromium tray bearing six crystal glass dishes, to be filled with tasty spreads, relishes, pickles, and what-have-you. A clever knife-and-block for trimming and sizing piping hot golden toast; and best of all, the new Toastmaster with the Flexible Clock which any guest or child can operate safely and successfully every single time.

It's NEW—you may be sure of surprising and delighting your friends. It can be used upstairs, for children's parties; downstairs, for after bridge, for Sunday evening supper, the cocktail hour, or for midnight "snacks"; for tea on the porch. The Tray can be used separately, and the Toastmaster will be on the breakfast table 365 mornings a year.

The Toastmaster Hospitality Tray—The New Toastmaster with the Flexible Clock on a handsome chromium Tray, with six glass dishes for spreads and relishes, and a clever knife-and-block for trimming toast. The Hospitality Tray complete with two-slice Toastmaster: \$19.75; with one-slice Toastmaster: \$15.25. The Hospitality Tray alone: \$7.50. Toastmaster sold separately: One-slice—\$11.50; Two-slice—\$16.00.

There's Christmas sentiment in the booklet "Here's Hospitality" which accompanies each set. It's crammed with delightful entertainment suggestions and recipes. For a free copy, please write Dept. R13, Waters-Genter Company, a Division of McGraw Electric Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.



A PRODUCT OF MCGRAW ELECTRIC COMPANY



MAE WEST TELLS HOW TO HANDLE MEN!

Frank advice for all girls from the screen's greatest charmer! Here you will find the answers to all the questions that perplex "dating" girls from one who knows her men! You'll find this story and other great features only in—

DECEMBER

HOLLYWOOD

NOW ON SALE

**HOLLYWOOD'S
SINISTER WEB
OF LOVE!**

Stars must make their choice—
if they don't avoid Hollywood's most insidious evil, fame cannot be theirs! Read why in Ruth Bieri's absorbing story.

Look for the fascinating stories on Constance Cummings, W. C. Fields, "Curves Don't Make Sex Appeal"—Pert Kelton, Harry Carr's story on the new shirtless movie that will worry censors, Toby Wing on "How to Become a Perfect Chorus Girl," Norma Shearer's True Love Story, a screen romance, "The Prizefighter and the Lady," the pattern service and other features too numerous to mention.

**GET YOUR COPY
TODAY!**

If your news dealer is sold out, send 10c (stamps or coin) to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and your copy of the December issue will be rushed to you.

He Played Fiddle For the Czar

[Continued from page 19]

but ruin to three generations of a famous German family: broke, they were forced to pawn it. Its next owner committed suicide by drowning.

So successful has he been with this violin that Rubinoff recently realized a life-long ambition: he purchased a \$100,000 Stradivarius.

"You know," he confided to me, "I've been pretty lucky. (Shades of the violin jinx!) Everyone I've dealt with has worked with me since I was a child. My entrance into radio was a matter of luck. It was Rudy Vallée who got me my first audition, who encouraged me to try. Chase and Sanborn heard it and I clicked." That was almost three years ago; since then Rubinoff has been under contract to this firm at one of the highest salaries ever given an orchestra leader and violinist.

He and Eddie Cantor are planning their own road show this winter . . . and that's something to look forward to.

But we are going ahead of the story. Rubinoff was born in Russia, the child of a poor Jewish family. The only instrument they owned was the balalaika, which the child strummed incessantly. One day the village music master passed the doorstep while Dave was playing.

"The boy has talent," he told Mrs. Rubinoff, "buy him a violin and I will teach him free of charge." It took a good deal of penny-pinching before the mother saved up the three precious rubles, from extra, weary hours in their basement laundry, to pay for his first fiddle. What a day of rejoicing for the music-loving boy! How happily he trudged the three long miles each way to the teacher's home—this was at the age of five. It was on this instrument that Victor Herbert heard him play.

WITH great glee Rubinoff tells about the \$100 bet he won from Eddie Cantor, who shares his program. Just before leaving for Hollywood, Cantor bet Rubinoff \$100 that the latter wouldn't have the nerve to speak over the air. On his next broadcast while touring the South, Rubinoff summoned up all his courage; took a deep breath and said into the microphone: "Are you listening, Eddie? This costs you one hundred bucks." \$10 per word—not bad for a maiden effort, what? -

Despite his success, Rubinoff is not content. "Of each hundred times we play, I'm not satisfied with even half," he told me. "I always feel we should have done better." For the twenty-two minutes allotted him on the Sunday Night broadcast, he and his men rehearse days! He is, perhaps, the only orchestra leader who always rehearses each section of his band—strings, winds, brasses, separately. "How else could I tell if each of my men knows his part?" he asked me. Each section gets a three or four hour rehearsal; then the entire twenty-five piece orchestra plays for five hours.

RADIOLAND

How Near Is Television?

[Continued from page 65]

must be returned to the manufacturers from the sale of sets. This could be spread indefinitely into the future except for the fact that in the beginning, improved models will be rapidly introduced, and manufacturers will be forced to junk the first models in favor of the improved ones.

The screen will probably be rather small in the beginning, for the reason that imperfections in reception are magnified with the size of the screen. There are many engineers who feel that a screen a foot square would be adequate for the first home television reception.

However, television will not go through the series of crudities which marked the progress of radio from the early crystal sets. Because of the outlay of capital involved, and the flagging public interest in technical novelties, it will have to stand on its entertainment value.

"Few people realize the degree of concentration which will be required by television," Mr. Cohan pointed out. "You can turn your radio on, and if the program bores you, or if you tire of it, you can ignore it for a while and turn to reading or conversation. But television requires the closest observation. The quality of the stories and entertainment offered must necessarily be of the very highest to justify that concentration.

"That naturally brings up the question of how many hours television will be on the air. Radio is very popular for dancing in the home. But there would be no particular advantage in televising a dance orchestra. No one would be looking at the screen anyway. It seems likely that because of the intense concentration required, people would only want television programs for a few hours nightly, and would then turn back to radio for more leisurely forms of entertainment."

Most authorities are in agreement that the talking picture in the home would be the backbone of television entertainment. Such programs would not necessarily be broadcast from Hollywood as they would be televised from film and film could be readily shipped to any convenient point. But Hollywood would probably remain the production center for television since it would be almost out of the question to duplicate the film producing plant which has grown up in Hollywood.

How would television be financed?

Some engineers are of the opinion that the expense of the programs must necessarily be taken care of by advertising, because the radio audience which would also be the television audience has been educated over a period of years to receiving their entertainment without any cost beyond the original purchase price of the set except for the negligible charge for electric current.

Such a plan would require either a tremendous audience or a great slash in the present cost of picture production, for advertisers would have to get their return on a film which costs anywhere from several hundred thousand to a million dollars to

[Continued on page 92]



ROBERT YOUNG and LEILA HYAMS in a scene from the Universal picture, "Saturday's Millions".

Have the Clear, Lovely Skin Men Can't Resist!

**Read How a Remarkable Pasteurized Yeast Ends Ugly Spots
and Blemishes and Keeps the Skin Youthful and Alluring**

A CLEAR, lovely skin, a fresh, radiant complexion, eyes that sparkle—have you these charms that win men's hearts? If not, try eating this new type, scientifically pasteurized yeast that is bringing beauty and vivacity to thousands of women.

Skin and complexion troubles, says medical science, are nearly always caused by constipation or a run down nervous condition. To combat these causes of bad skin you need to enrich your diet with certain nutritive elements. In many of our most common foods these elements are entirely lacking. Few people get enough of them for maximum health.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain concentrated stores of these corrective substances. These tablets are pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G.

These precious elements strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs. They fortify your weakened nervous system. Thus they aid in building the health and vivacity that make you irresistible to others.

These results you

**Yeast Foam
Tablets Stay
Fresh for
Months**



get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are nothing but pure yeast pressed into convenient, easy-to-take form. A scientific toasting process gives this yeast a delicious, nut-like flavor. It cannot cause gas or discomfort and it is always uniform.

This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Look and Feel Years Younger

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Then watch the improvement in the way you feel and look. See how your friends note the change in your appearance.

•
Thankful for clear skin again: "I certainly am pleased at the results Yeast Foam Tablets have given me. Before I started taking them my face looked terrible. Now it is beautifully clear. I can't thank you enough for the relief your yeast has afforded me."

• OAKWOOD, WIS.

•
Not a blemish now: "My face was so covered with pimples and rashes that I was ashamed to walk down the street. I have now been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for three months. They have done wonders for me. There is not a blemish on my face." CLEVELAND, OHIO

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.,
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RL-12

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Definite Increases In Height and Weight

Result When Iodine Is Added To Diets Lacking That Element



Scientists discover that, by preventing goiter, iodized salt promotes growth!

FOR years mothers have known that giving children iodized salt protects them from goiter caused by insufficient iodine in the diet.

And now Dr. Percy Stocks of London University has discovered that, by preventing goiter, iodized salt definitely increases both height and weight!

Dr. Stocks made his investigations in Switzerland, where iodized salt is widely used. There he found, as also did Hunziker in Germany, that children who receive iodine regularly are superior in growth to those who do not.

If you want *your* children to escape the physical as well as mental backwardness that accompanies goiter, begin to use iodized salt at once! But be sure to get a reliable brand, for (according to the Journal of the American Medical Association) health department tests of iodized salts showed some to be so deficient in iodine that they were utterly worthless.

The fact that Morton's Iodized Salt has been accepted by the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods is ample assurance of its reliability. It is neither a drug nor medicine, but just a pure white table salt containing a trace of tasteless iodine.

Get this salt *today* and use it regularly, both on the table and in cooking. You will like it for the protection it gives your children and also because "When it rains, it pours."



WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS

MAIL FOR FACTS ABOUT GOITER NEAR YOU!

MORTON SALT CO., Dept. RL-12
218 W. Washington St., Chicago.

Please send me government statistics as to the prevalence of goiter in my part of the country and further facts about this common cause of improper development among children.

Name

Address

How Near Is Television?

[Continued from page 91]

produce, in a single night, after which the picture would be valueless. The only alternative would be to broadcast a play from a single television stage, but it is doubtful if the public would accept much of such entertainment, having been educated to expect variety of setting and swift moving action from the talking motion picture.

Quite a different financial set-up is visualized by Ulysses A. Sanabria, the twenty-six-year-old Chicago inventor who has been demonstrating his television set in department stores and theatres throughout the country.

He sees television coming in about three years, not gradually, but all at once, as a huge new industry requiring tremendous backing.

It is his opinion that television sets will not be sold, but leased with an initial payment of perhaps \$50, a monthly service charge of three or four dollars, and a meter system whereby one would put ten cents in the slot in order to turn on the motion picture that he wanted in the evening. The daytime programs, in his opinion, would be free to the consumer and would be largely subsidized by advertising. He believes that such television reception would be franchised by the local power companies who would turn a certain percentage back to the program producers to cover costs.

According to this plan, a consumer would have a choice of two or three programs each evening. He would be permitted to view the first five minutes of the picture without charge, after which he would drop his dime into the slot, if he wanted to go on.

The consumption of entertainment in television would obviously be far greater than in any other medium. Sanabria believes that the flashier type of picture which lends itself to the ballyhoo necessary to attract people to the box office will give way to a more solid type of home entertainment, although he feels that sex appeal will be a major stock-in-trade just as it is in the talking pictures.

By the first of the year he expects to have his new equipment ready which will make possible the reproduction of boxing matches, football games or other events of interest in theaters by means of television.

In common with other engineers, he believes that television will only come for the home when it is ready to be introduced in a state of comparative perfection, and then only on the condition that prosperity has returned to a sufficient extent to make it possible for a large number of people to put up the necessary money for the rental or purchase of television sets, as the case may be.

A curtain of silence has been dropped over the laboratories where experimental work in television is going on. Engineers are now announcing their steps in progress towards perfection only after they have been definitely accomplished, so that at the present moment important contributions may have been made which are known only to the engineers who are working on them.

RADIOLAND

Nuts and Their Thank-giving Importance

[Continued from page 57]

The Food Value Of Nuts

A POUND of nuts is equal to approximately two pounds of beef in caloric value. This is truly important, for nuts contain both protein and fat like meat, with carbohydrates (not present in meat), various vitamins (which most meats lack), and a greater abundance of minerals.

In working out balanced menus to supply the right food constituents to balance the building up of the body and the constant waste provoked by the mere process of living, a food must be provided in each meal that contains a predominance of protein. Such foods include meat, fish, eggs, milk, cheese and nuts. It is from the angle of supplying a sufficiency of proteins, plus a measure of fat, that nuts should be introduced.

All measurements are level
Recipes proportioned for six

Walnut Waffles

- 1½ cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- ¼ cup melted shortening
- 2 eggs
- ¾ cup finely chopped walnut meats

Sift together the dry ingredients; and add the walnut meats. Beat the egg yolks; and add the milk. Stir this into the flour mixture; then beat in the shortening and fold in the egg whites, whipped stiff. Transfer by generous tablespoonfuls to a heated waffle iron; close the iron and cook the waffles from three to five minutes according to thickness. If an electric iron is used, it should not be oiled. Serve the waffles with maple syrup or honey.

Almond Chop Suey

- 2 cups raw chicken, cut in squares
- 24 water chestnuts
- 1 can bamboo shoots (drained)
- 1½ cups diced celery
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 teaspoons cornstarch
- ½ teaspoon sugar
- 1 teaspoon soy sauce
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 1 cup toasted almonds
- Boiled rice

To prepare the chicken, slice it one-third inch thick, and cut it into one-inch squares. Peel the water chestnuts, and slice about an eighth inch thick. The celery should be cut in fourth inch dice. Melt the butter in a frying pan; add the chicken; and fry gently till tender, about five minutes. Then add the vegetables and a pint of water or chicken stock (canned chicken soup may be used). Cook till the vegetables are barely tender, about twenty minutes; then add the cornstarch, sugar, salt, and soy sauce dissolved in a fourth cup of cold water. Stir till the chop suey comes to a boil; let simmer a minute; pour into a serving dish;

[Continued on page 94]

Science Finds 11 Kinds of Germs on Teeth

Curious organisms live on your teeth; now science connects them with tooth decay, gum disorders, and many other ills; how these "unfriendly" germs are glued to teeth by an almost invisible film called "bacterial plaque."



"Some of the germs seen in film under the microscope."

Bony growth on root.

Destruction of bony sockets due to long tartar deposits.

Upper jaw bone.

Vincent's infection (trench mouth) - white spots on gums represent dead tissues.

Dental nerve and its branches.



The \$100,000 smiles in the movies are the result of perfect, healthy teeth.

Arteries and veins.

Roots of teeth.

Erosions or areas where enamel has disappeared.

Pyorrhea pockets and receding gums.

Film stains.

Abscess due to decay.

and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and safety required years of research. Finally the problem was solved... a truly revolutionary cleansing material was created.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Tooth Paste exclusively. It is twice as soft as the material most commonly used in tooth paste. Hence Pepsodent is absolutely safe. Today Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste".

This coupon not good after May 30, 1934

FREE—10-Day Tube



THE PEPSODENT CO.
Dept. 2612, 919 No. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago

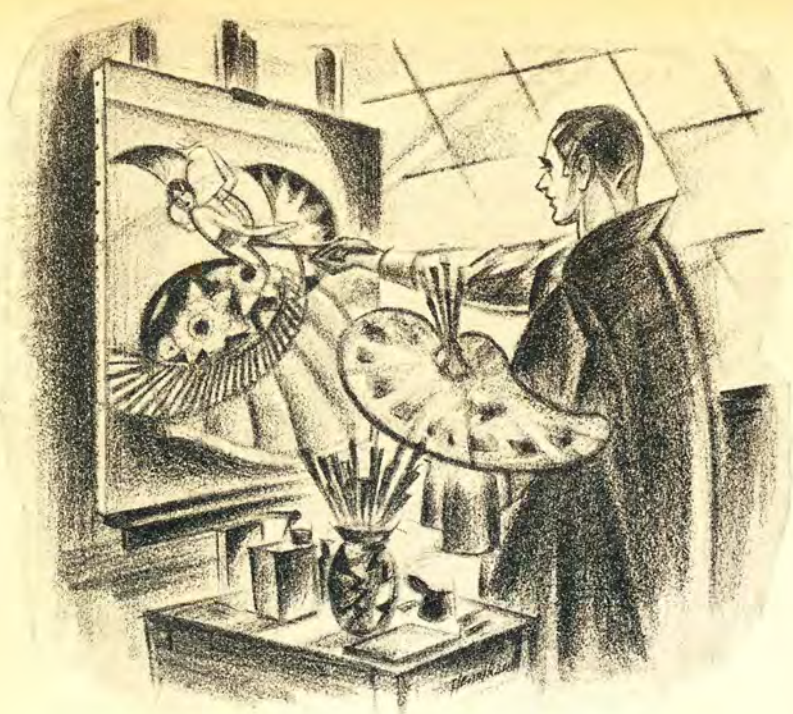
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____





DRAWING OFFERS PLEASURE WITH PROFIT

WHAT would you give to be this artist—earning a big income—enjoying studio life? He has learned the secret of forming simple lines into finished illustrations.

It was only a short time ago that this young artist filled out a coupon like the one below and mailed it to the Federal School of Illustrating. Now he is not only trained in modern art on which magazines are spending millions every year, but he has also had thorough instruction in all branches of illustration. Careful training by Federal Instructors has taught him to turn simple lines into dollars.

More than fifty famous artists—making big incomes themselves—have contributed to the Federal Course. They teach you their “tricks of the trade” about illustrating, cartooning, lettering, poster designing, window card illustrating, etc.

Why drudge at routine work? Opportunities for artists have never been better. Drawing is easy to learn the Federal Home Study way. Earn while you learn, if you wish. Many students find a market for their work after a comparatively short time of study.

Test Your Drawing Talent

If you like to draw, train your talent. Open the way to success and a fine income. Write your name, age and address on the coupon and get our Free Book, “A Road to Bigger Things,” illustrated below. With it, you will receive our Free Vocational Art Test to find out your ability. Hundreds of successful artists got their start by sending for these. This is your opportunity—grasp it.

Mail The Coupon Now

FEDERAL SCHOOL of ILLUSTRATING

12533 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minnesota



FEDERAL SCHOOL of ILLUSTRATING
12533 Federal Schools Bldg.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me free book “A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS” and Standard Art Test.

Name _____
Age _____ Occupation _____
Address _____

Nuts and Their Thanksgiving Importance

[Continued from page 93]

garnish with the toasted almonds; and serve accompanied by the rice.

N. B. To toast the almonds: Shell, place the kernels in a saucepan; cover with cold water, bring to boiling point. Rub off the skins; place in a slow oven and bake till golden brown.

Hazelnut Spice Cake

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 3/4 cups cake flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup chopped blanched hazelnuts
- 3/4 teaspoon ground clove
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- Spice Cake Icing

Cream the shortening and work in the flavoring, sugar and eggs, well beaten. Mix together the flour, salt, spices, baking powder and hazelnuts; and add alternately to the first mixture with the milk. Oil a large square cake pan; spread in the batter, making it higher at the edges than in the center. Bake the cake until it is firm in the center, brown on top, and has shrunk from the sides of the pan, using a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. Forty-five minutes should be sufficient time for a cake two inches thick. When cold, cover with Spice Cake Icing.

Spice Cake Icing

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons cream
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon cloves

Cream butter till very soft. Mix sugar and spices thoroughly; then add to the butter alternately with the cream. Beat till smooth.

Walnut Torte

- 5 eggs
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup finely chopped walnut meats
- 1/2 cup fine graham cracker crumbs
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- Whole walnut meats
- Sweetened whipped cream

Separate the eggs, and beat the yolks till light and thick. Add the powdered sugar, the salt and vanilla and beat till creamy. Mix together the chopped walnuts, graham cracker crumbs and baking powder; and fold into the first mixture alternately with the egg whites, whipped stiff. Transfer to an oiled spring pan; and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F. Cool; and just before serving cover with the whipped cream and decorate with the walnut meats.

When and Where We May Play

[Continued from page 58]

overcome the difficulty was to turn each of the children's rooms into a sitting room, with a couch instead of a bed, a chest of drawers instead of a bureau, adequate reading lights, a comfortable chair, and a personal bookcase and shelves for the storing of treasures; but I know of few homes where this was done. As a general rule the child, big or little (and the adults too) lived and are still living in homes where there is no place to play.

An Attic Play Room

IN EVERY private house there is either an attic or a basement, now largely waste space, which may be made into a play room; or sometimes a play room may be built in the garage. If one lives in an apartment, there is usually space in the basement that can be secured and converted by a group of neighbors into a cooperative play room through systematized effort.

The first move in transforming an attic into a play room is to clear it out. This may seem a superfluous bit of advice, but in only too many cases the attic has been the dumping ground for articles we are too lazy to give away.

After the attic has been cleared out the first problem to consider is that of light, for most attics are too dark to make good play rooms. Dormer windows are expensive and alter the appearance of the outside of the house besides; so a skylight, about five feet by three, of double glass that will withstand hail and rain may be cut in the roof at the rear, where it will not show from the street. Wall board is inexpensive and will help to keep an even temperature in the room and provide a surface that can be painted to carry out any color scheme.

For Storage Space

ASERIES of cupboards and drawers, built at intervals around the room, will provide summer and winter storage space for clothing and household articles without interfering with the primary purpose of the play room. There should be a tall cupboard built to accommodate the coats and heavy clothing usually stored in tar paper bags, a series of deep drawers for winter woolens and blankets (preferably lined with cedar for moth prevention), and a series of low cupboards for miscellaneous household goods and the family suitcases. Several drawers can be built in for games and other appurtenances of play in the cramped space under the eaves which is otherwise unavailable. They should project far enough into the room so the ceiling above them is about six feet high. Even when the attic is small it is amazing how much space can be gained in this way.

One play room that I saw, planned along these lines, looked like a ship's cabin—a long wide corridor, lined with cupboards and their doors, broken at intervals by built-in seats near the windows and two near the chimney, which was in the middle of the

room. At small cost a fireplace with a copper hood had been built into the chimney. The woodwork was done in ivory enamel to reflect the light, with the exception of the spaces between the drawers and built-in seats, which were painted a Chinese red. The wall-board was covered with ivory cold water paint, and the floor was painted black and covered with waterproof varnish. This furnished a striking background for the Navajo rugs. Two wicker chairs, painted in Chinese red and black and fitted with brilliant cushions, and a folding tea table, also painted, added needed color. At one end of the room stood a strong kitchen table with a red base, topped with black oilcloth. This was used for games and handicrafts. At the opposite end of the room were some comfortable chairs with gay chintz slip covers and several low bookcases. The draperies merely framed the windows and consisted of plain curtains and a narrow valance in Chinese red.

A Basement Play Room

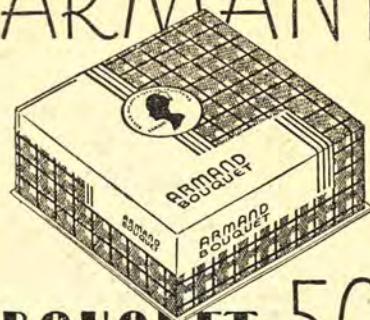
ANOTHER play room of a different kind, planned for younger children, was installed in the cellar of a new home I recently saw. One end was partitioned off for the oil burning furnace, the laundry and a tool room. The rest of the space was devoted to the play room. The stairs leading down were low and broad and, like the floor itself, painted with chestnut floor paint. A heavy grass rug almost covered the floor and gave necessary warmth. This could be rolled up, when desired, to make active play possible indoors on rainy days.

The cement walls of the play room were painted a warm tan and the window frames a gay blue. The ceiling, beamed as in most cellars, was painted with a deep cream cold water paint. A set of open shelves had been built in to hold the belongings of each child. A large low table and chairs of the kindergarten type afforded a place for clay modeling and the playing of simple games. In one corner a sandbox was installed, the framework painted bright blue, and at one end a blackboard was hung, its frame also a bright blue.

The mother of the group of four young children for whom this play room was made was a most amazing person. Instead of looking harassed and worn out, she looked rested and moreover *confessed* she was. "It's the play room," she added. "Now the children have a place of their own, they almost take care of themselves. And all the noise is centered there. Now it's arranged like a nursery play room. But as the children grow older John and I are planning to redecorate it to suit their changing tastes and needs. Why I can just see the girls there eight years from now dancing with their beaux. Big or little, our children need a play room of their own."

After all, why should we expect children to act like grown-ups and live happily in a grown-up environment? Why not consider their needs and create for them a place to play?

ARMAND



BOUQUET POWDER 50¢

It's the incomparable face powder . . . used every year by more and more women! Just see the freshness it gives your skin!

FREE COUPON



Armand, Des Moines, Iowa

Please send me an Armand Beauty Chest containing generous trial sizes of your new SYMPHONIE Powder, Cleansing Cream, Astringent, Foundation Cream, Cream Rouge and a puff.

I enclose 15 cents in stamps _____ coin _____ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

Name RAD-12-33

Address

I buy my cosmetics at

EXTRA!

The Inside Story of Hollywood's First Nudist Movie

Read it in December

SCREEN PLAY

Now on Sale



10c

RADIOLAND FOR JANUARY
Crowded With Holiday Features and
Timely Personality Stories

Why Didn't Someone Rescue De Pinedo?



—Pathe News

Why was it that Italy's noted airman De Pinedo wasn't rescued by friends and bystanders when his plane smashed, caught fire, on his takeoff for Bagdad? Why, if photographers could get close enough to take the stark gruesome picture above (arrow points to De Pinedo writhing on the ground as he is enveloped in flame),—why didn't somebody come to his rescue? Recent newsreels of the catastrophe have set the nation talking, and the answer is found, together with inside stories of the mechanics of getting news photo scoops of the past few years in the sensational article

DARING DEATH WITH NEWS CAMERAMEN

in the December issue of

MODERN MECHANIX
AND INVENTIONS

Now on Sale at all Newsstands



ONLY
15c

Among Other Absorbing Articles You'll Find

How Talkies Get Their Sound Effects; How Sky Smugglers are brought down in the new Border Air Patrol; How Erret Lobban Cord rose to Be a Titan of Transportation at 38; How Gutzom Borglum planned the Statues on Stone Mountain; What's New in Household Gadgets; how to build a Sailing Cruiser "Tahiti", designed by John Hanna; Dozens of Handikinks showing how hard tasks may be made simpler. If your news dealer cannot supply you send fifteen cents for your copy from

MODERN MECHANIX AND INVENTIONS

529 South Seventh St.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Winners in Crooner Contest

[Continued from page 76]

Rudy Vallée who is the best singer the radio has yet offered. It is not volume that makes singing enjoyable, but sweetness and purity.

Crooning is singing in a modulated tone of voice. No matter how much they try to cheapen it by calling it sexy and seductive, when you sit in front of your radio and it comes floating softly into the room it is not any of the ugly things it has been called.

Nothing is more disturbing than hearing a singer trying out the volume of their voice. No one cares how long he can hold a high note. What we want from our radio is something that can be listened to with pleasure.

Words that are sung softly, no matter what they are, bringing a feeling of peace is what we want in our hours of relaxation. That is why I like radio crooners.

R. M. DONALDSON.

2110 Elm St.,

Toledo, Ohio.

(\$1 Prize)

I strongly believe that radio crooners are distinct assets to listeners. Modern crooning is symbolic of an enlightened age, a vast improvement in musical entertainment; and it insures more pleasurable moments for countless admirers. We hear love songs, ballads, and all types of song hits vocalized in very pleasing tones; and no other factor could influence or stimulate modern youth to a higher degree of enthusiasm.

Imagination is enriched, thrills are abundant, inspiration excels, and human interest reaches an unchallenged intensity. Now the emotions of two lovers are delightfully portrayed; next some thrilling incident is represented; and then one is transported to some beautiful imaginary place by the magnetic efforts of a crooner's voice.

The vivid longings for romance course through my veins, and all the ambitions of a gay, carefree, and unrestrained youth seem to become suffused with a glorious satisfaction. A crooner with a smooth, impressive, and golden voice creates the desirable, pathetic, lost; the gay, and the sincere things of life. Finally, pent up enthusiasm bursts forth with an eagerness and profound gratitude that is indescribable!

HOYT MCAFEE.

Forest City,

North Carolina.

A \$1 prize was also awarded to Mary E. Lauber, 119 West Abbotsford Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Final winners in the WHAT RADIO HAS MEANT TO ME contest will be announced in next month's *RADIOLAND* and some of the winning letters will be published. Watch for this announcement.

RADIOLAND

Does Radio Need Sex Appeal?

[Continued from page 13]

memories we invariably present the past to ourselves in visual pictures.

This cardinal psychological principle accounts, of course, for the tremendous success of the movies.

VISUAL images place no strain upon us because we are accustomed to them. Auditory images — music and talking — usually do, especially when they are prolonged.

There are persons, indeed, who become nauseated when they listen overlong to a musical program or to too much conversation. You probably have heard someone say: "She talked me to death." But you have never heard anyone complain that sight wearied him unless, perhaps, *à la* the typical American tourist, he did too much sightseeing, in which case the strain came from the variety and novelty of what was seen rather than from the continued act of seeing.

It may be that television will some day make up for this handicap that all radio programs suffer at the present time. Even then, however, radio executives will still have to battle with the problem of how best to catch and hold the listener's interest—despite the wear and tear on his auditory apparatus—without which no program, no matter how different or elaborate, can possibly be effective.

Apropos of this relative weakness of our hearing abilities radio makes a great mistake when it gives too much of the same thing at one time.

If the type of auditory imagery is made to shift frequently it does not tire nearly as much as when the same receiving brain cells are assaulted by the same sort of sound stimuli for a considerable period.

One orchestra piece followed by a talk or sketch is therefore better than two, three or four all run together. A sketch that is broken up once or twice during its course, as is a play with intermissions, holds the interest better—in fact, the interruptions actually rouse added interest—than a sketch that takes up an entire twelve or fourteen minutes.

The same applies to the advertising portion of the program. A few words interpolated between the various parts of the entertainment—just a crisp sentence or two—are twice as likely to stick in the mind afterwards as are those long spiels about the virtues of a certain product which so often lead the listener to tune in on something else or to disconnect the set entirely.

"WHAT radio needs," said a highly sagacious gentleman to me the other day, "is sex appeal." It happens, too, that this man has made a special study of the radio problem. In short, he should know what he is talking about.

At first thought it seems a trifle absurd that so detached and, shall I say, impersonal a mechanism as radio could even be considered in the same breath with so strange, subtle and alluring an influence as that which we call sex appeal.

Yet, come to think of it, the criticism is entirely justified.

Love is crooned over the air; it is symbolized in sentimental tunes; it is made the theme of many radio plays. How to increase personal attractiveness is likewise made a point of by firms who advertise perfumes, dentifrices, clothes and the like.

Is there not, however, something decidedly lacking in all such attempts to rouse the romantic instincts of the audience? Something of the "flesh and blood" quality is, of course, missing. The programs have no punch. They don't, somehow, get down deep enough under the surface. Love, as such, is seldom, if ever, conveyed convincingly. It is touched upon in the most delicate way—just slightly caressed, if you will—as if with a gloved hand and ever so carefully.

What's wrong? Are radio sponsors afraid of love or sex appeal or romance—or whatever you wish to call it?

Are they fearful, perhaps, of giving offense since the extent of their audience is unknown and its composition so diversified?

If such be the case, psychology can surely step in with a little advice, that being that every man and woman craves love and romance—in short, the appeal of sex. In fact everybody, old as well as young, actually lives and thrives on love and its several variants, while to do without it would be like living a vegetative existence.

Love we *must* have and the appeal of sex is sought with unflagging zeal!

Is it not this failure to broadcast genuine sex feeling on the air which accounts for much of radio's failure? Is this not the main reason why radio does not seem to supply what people want and need?

It must be understood, of course, that when I speak of the lack of sex quality I do not suggest the use of risqué, suggestive, licentious or otherwise immoral programs that would offend common decency and good taste.

Nevertheless there is no gainsaying the fact that much of what is offered over the ether waves is wishy-washy when it comes to instinctive and fundamental urges. Yet that is exactly what people never get enough of; the very thing that rouses their interest and consistently holds it.

THAT the crooner had a popular vogue for a time is undoubtedly due to the very fact that the songs he selected and the way he sang them roused the kind of feeling I speak of. To be sure, men like Rudy Vallée, Bing Crosby and Russ Columbo are still holding their own. So is Kate Smith with her moon that comes over the mountain.

Nevertheless, crooners only tackled the sex appeal problem but never did they conquer it. Their method was a step in the right direction. But a step does not go far enough where the dynamic desires of millions are concerned.

What about the Goldbergs, you may ask—or Eddie Cantor? Where is the sex appeal there?

[Continued on page 98]

Make me PROVE that it is Easy to learn at home to fill a GOOD JOB in RADIO

GET MY FREE SAMPLE LESSON Mail Coupon



Broadcasting Stations

Employ trained men continually for jobs paying up to \$5,000 a year



Aircraft Radio

Radio is making flying safer. Radio operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,500 a year.



Set Servicing

Spare-time set servicing pays many N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year. Full-time men make as much as \$40, \$60, \$75 a week.



Television

Television is the coming field. You can get ready for it through N. R. I. training.

Clip the coupon and mail it. I'm so sure I can train you at home in your spare time for a good job in Radio that I'll send you a sample lesson free. Examine it, read it, see how clear and easy it is to understand. Then you will know why many men with less than a grammar school education and no technical experience have become Radio Experts and are earning two or three times their former pay as a result of my training.

Many Radio Experts Make \$40, \$60, \$75 a Week

It's hard to find a field with more opportunity awaiting the trained man. Why in 1931—right in the middle of the depression—the Radio Industry sold \$300,000,000 worth of sets and parts! Manufacturers alone employed over 100,000 people! 300,000 people worked in the industry. 15,000,000 sets in operation that need servicing from time to time! Over 600 great broadcasting stations. There's opportunity for you in Radio. Its future is certain. Television, short wave, police Radio, automobile Radio, Loud Speaker systems, aircraft Radio—in every branch developments and improvements are taking place. Send me the coupon now. Read how easy and interesting I make learning at home. Read the letters from graduates who are earning real money in this fascinating industry. Read how I trained them in a few hours spare time each week.

Turn Your Spare Time Into Money

My book also tells how many of my students made \$5, \$10 and \$15 a week extra in spare time, soon after they enrolled. I give you plans and ideas that have made good spare-time money—\$200 to \$1,000 a year—for hundreds of fellows. My Course is famous as "the one that pays for itself."

Act Now—Mail Coupon Today

My offer of a free sample lesson plus my 64-page school catalog is open to all ambitious fellows over 15 years old. Find out what Radio offers YOU without the slightest obligation. MAIL THE COUPON NOW.

J. E. SMITH, President
NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE
Dept. 3NB8, Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Dept. 3NB8, Washington, D. C.
I want to take advantage of your offer. Send me your Free Sample Lesson and your book, "Rich Rewards in Radio." I understand this request does not obligate me. (Please print plainly)

Name Age.....

Address

City State

"R"

When Closed Eyes
Judge Beauty



RADIO GIRL

Lends an Invisible Charm

The unseen beauty, the alluring fragrance of RADIO GIRL Perfume can be yours. It is made for you, modern American girls! . . . Imported essential oils, compounded in this country, bring this genuine French *odeur* within reach of the thrifty. RADIO GIRL Face Powder has the same enchanting fragrance. Try the smart new shade—Dermatone—that blends with every type complexion . . . it's so flattering. (Flesh or Brunette if you prefer.)

Ask for RADIO GIRL at the store where you purchased this magazine. RADIO GIRL Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or postage) to cover cost of mailing.

Use this COUPON for FREE SAMPLES

BELCO CO., St. Paul, Minn. RL-12
Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or postage) to cover cost of mailing.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(Print, name and address plainly, please)



Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles, quickly and surely, in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent. Price only 50c. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's
Freckle Cream 50¢
Removes | Whitens
Freckles | The Skin

FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.
Dept. R. L. Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill.

In Next Month's RADIOLAND

IDA BAILEY ALLEN gives all those home-making details for a perfect Christmas with family and friends. Mrs. Allen's articles include ideas for gifts given to or by little children, youths, or adults.

Does Radio Need Sex Appeal?

[Continued from page 97]

Well, a sketch like the Goldbergs can be put on week after week, for months—practically indefinitely—because it is packed full of heart throbs which all of us have experienced and can understand. The same may be said of the work of Cantor.

But remember that the Goldberg heart throbs and the Cantor humor are no further removed than a first cousin relationship from love, romance and sex. That is why audiences like them both and so much.

All that radio really has to offer is *voice*.

It cannot present beauty of face or figure, fetching costumes, grace of movement as in dancing, nor captivating smiles. Its atmosphere is a distant one and it is cold. Only one element in sex appeal can it offer and always must the completion of the picture depend on what the listener himself contributes.

A full, rounded-out, living and palpitating radio personality therefore does not exist.

This explains why audiences are so eager to see a radio star make a personal appearance on the living stage. They intuitively feel that something of that individual's personality is lacking, something which, to complete, they are willing to stand in line and pay for.

THE comedians, of course, have had the best of it of late and without sex appeal. This is because actors like Amos and Andy, Jack Pearl, Ed Wynn and Bert Lahr, all of whom can make people laugh, are filling a real need just now. But when the economic depression passes it won't be as easy, even for these past masters of wit, to remain so consistently popular on the air as it is at the present time.

Yes, if radio is to hold its appeal for the millions to whom it caters, it will undoubtedly have to get more of the human side into its programs.

Exactly how, though, can radio supply more of the sex appeal that is now absent, and which not only is so highly desirable for its continued popularity, but which likewise would operate toward overcoming the handicap of relying so largely upon sound and so little upon sight?

The answer seems obvious.

Songs, music and sketches must all contain more romance while the actors and actresses who convey the programs to the listening audiences must carry more of the "it" quality in the way they talk and sing.

Ordinary stage acting or concert singing goes decidedly flat over the radio. It does not possess enough verve, fire, depth, passion, force or whatever you wish to call it.

That is why opera singers stand out above other radio artists. Although their voices, especially when singing a love song or, in fact, any emotional theme, sound too loud and exaggerated on the stage, they are specially effective over the air because these very plus qualities of theirs help to compensate for, and actually do counteract, the defects under which radio is laboring.

The same likewise applies to the sketches and even to much of the music that is heard. What goes for a *seeing* audience is not emotional enough for a merely *listening* one.

RADIO performances of all kinds should be unusually strong, with many high lights and emotional crises. Radio requires more *punch*. Particularly is punch necessary in its romantic ventures.

Therefore it is brand new writers and singers and actors that radio needs. Radio technique necessarily must be distinct and different because a new medium of expression is being employed.

Let many of the ties with other and older forms of entertainment be cut and an entirely new start made!

To be sure, there is a place in radio for the latest news, for educational talks, the voice of prominent personages in the public eye, for comedy, mystery and all the rest.

After all, it is perfectly human to crave romance just as it is natural enough for radio advertisers to want to sell something to those who are beguiled by their programs.

Put more sex appeal of the right kind on the air and I feel confident neither consumer nor advertiser will have further cause for complaint.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

OF RADIOLAND, published monthly at Louisville, Ky., for October 1, 1933.

State of Minnesota } ss.
County of Hennepin }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. M. Messenger, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the RADIOLAND and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Editor, Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.; Managing Editor, Frederick James Smith, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, W. M. Messenger, Minneapolis, Minn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
Fawcett Publications, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.; W.

H. Fawcett, Breezy Point, Minn.; Roscoe Fawcett, Minneapolis, Minn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

W. M. MESSENGER,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1933.

(Seal) FERN H. SEWELL.

(My commission expires January 12, 1937.)

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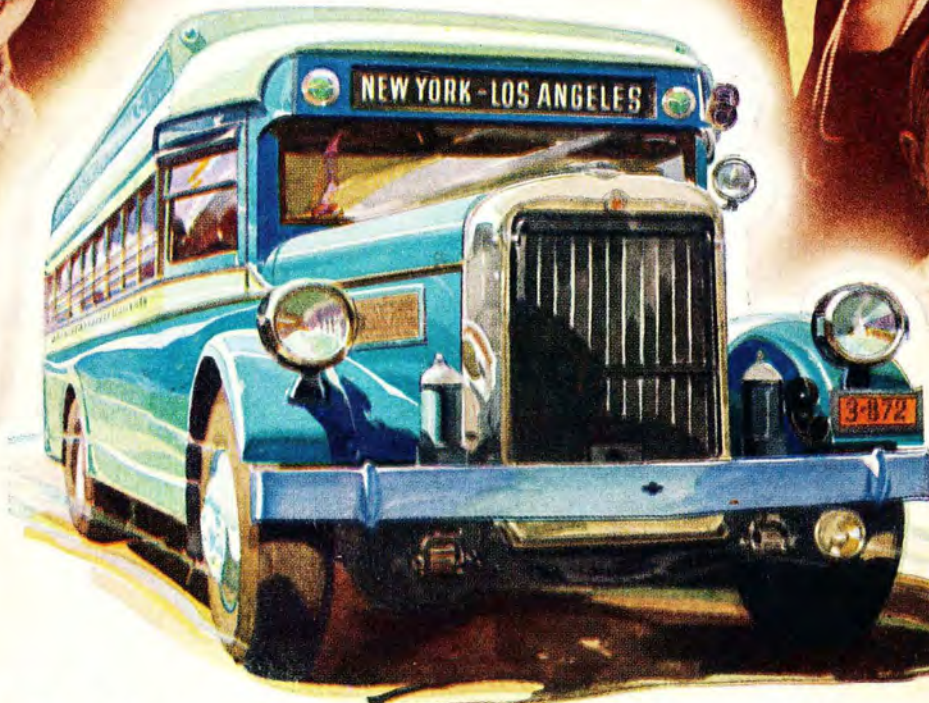
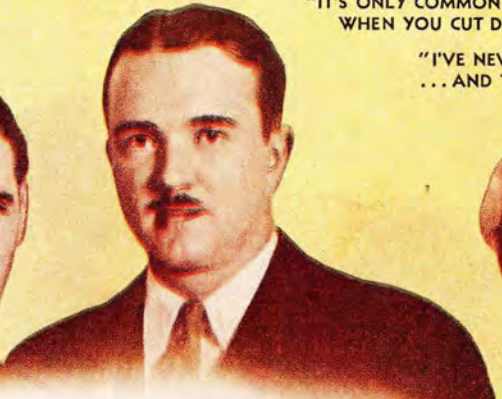
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GREYHOUND *Lines*

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