

Extra! Father Coughlin Plans New Air Crusade

RADIOLAND

OCTOBER

15¢

20c in
Canada

The
NEW
MAGAZINE
of the
AIR

Bing Crosby



What Chance Would You Have in Radio?

See Page 16



A LOAD OF ECONOMY
"Because Pillsbury's Best"

At first glance, true thrift and false economy look alike. But after a second look, it's easy to tell the difference. For instance:

Most recipes call for about two cups of flour, *plus other ingredients, plus fuel*. Two cups of Pillsbury's Best Flour cost about $\frac{1}{4}$ cent more than two cups of cheap flour. The other ingredients in the recipe, and the fuel, may cost from *ten to twenty times as much as the flour*. If you buy a cheap flour, at a "saving" of $\frac{1}{8}$ cent, you may get a baking failure which costs you as much as you'd save on a whole bag of cheap flour. That's false economy.

If you pay only $\frac{1}{8}$ cent more for Pillsbury's Best Flour, you get freedom from costly flour failures, and you get inexpensive, delicious foods which your family will eat in preference to other more expensive things. That's *true economy*.

Flour, as always, is the cheapest food we can buy. It's wise to do our economizing on things that cost more, where the saving amounts to far, far more than a third of a cent, and where the chance of real loss is not so great.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
 General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

BUY PILLSBURY'S PANCAKE FLOUR
because
 THESE "MODERN" PANCAKES MAKE A CHEERFUL, ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST



BUY PILLSBURY'S CAKE FLOUR
because
 YOU'LL HEAR YOUR FRIENDS SAY, "HOW DO YOU MAKE SUCH CAKES?"



BUY PILLSBURY'S WHEAT BRAN
because
 NATURAL 100% BRAN IS BEST FOR MUFFINS. BEST FOR YOU. LOWEST IN COST!



Nothing puts good cheer into the morning so quickly as a plate of these Pillsbury pancakes. They're truly "modern"—lighter, more tender, more delicious—made from an exclusive Pillsbury mixture of the finest ingredients. Easy and economical to make—simply add milk or water to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, stir the batter, and pour it on a hot griddle!

A few progressive women discovered Pillsbury's Cake Flour—and immediately their friends began to ask them how they had improved their cakes so much! The good news spread, and now thousands of women will be satisfied with nothing but this remarkable new cake flour. Try it—you'll get an entirely new idea of perfect cakes!

Pillsbury's Wheat Bran is natural 100% bran. It gives your muffins the rich, nutty flavor of natural wheat (try the famous Pillsbury muffin recipe, on every package). It's the type of bran widely recommended for the relief of atonic constipation. It costs less per pound than most brans. Three good reasons why you should ask for Pillsbury's when you buy bran!



"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."



"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 soda; 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-10, 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 _____ State _____
City _____

RADIOLAND

VOL. 1
NO. 3

OCTOBER, 1933

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NEXT MONTH—How New York City Fights Criminals With Radio

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• Halt the Ruin of Gowns Stop the Offense to Friends

ODO·RO·NO gives you absolute protection!



Odorono saves your dresses and spares your friends from perspiration and odor

Who is the girl so wealthy—and careless—that a perspiration stain on a well-loved gown is something she can look upon without despair?

Where is the girl so highly placed in society that people will like her, whether she offends with the odor of perspiration or not?

In this year of 1933, it's sound economy to prevent the damage perspiration can do to

dresses. And it's socially imperative to banish the odors that offend friends.

Today, no smart girl should jeopardize her social charm or her dresses, when Odorono can so easily, so surely, prevent offensive underarm moisture.

Odorono is a physician's prescription for safely checking needless perspiration. For perspiration *must be prevented*, if you want both to guard your dresses and spare your friends. Odorono simply diverts underarm perspiration to other parts of the body where it can escape quickly and unnoticed.

And Odorono is certain! It keeps your arm-pits dry and odorless for days at a time. Use it regularly, and your poise will never fail you. Forget to use it, and you endanger your frocks and your friendships.

Choose either the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator that makes Odorono the most convenient product of its kind.

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ODORONO REGULAR (ruby-colored) is for use before retiring. It gives 3 to 7 days' protection against underarm perspiration and its odors.



CHOOSE EITHER ONE

INSTANT ODORONO (colorless) is for quick convenient use while dressing or at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' protection.

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I enclose 8¢. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular and Instant Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

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

ODO·RO·NO Saves Clothes

Write a Letter and Win a Prize

Tell Us Your Ideas and Win a Reward

WHAT do YOU think about radio? Would you like to tell the whole world just how you think programs can be improved, why you get enjoyment from certain types of air entertainment and why you get nothing but an irritation of the tympanum from another kind of broadcast?

If you wish to air your views, RADIOLAND offers you the opportunity to become one of its contributing editors and at the same time earn some honest-to-goodness cash.

Each month RADIOLAND asks two questions concerning your ideas on radio. It is not necessary for you to possess literary ability nor is fine writing essential or even wanted. RADIOLAND is seeking your ideas and reactions as you listen in your arm chair. It is not searching for literary talent.

All you have to do is to answer one of the questions in your own way, simply, clearly and concisely. Your answer must be in 200 words or less. If possible typewrite it but that is not imperative. Write on one side of a single sheet of paper with your name and address in an upper corner. Your entry must be accompanied by the coupon on this page or your own tracing of it.

Here is the question:

Why do you like (or dislike) radio crooners?

Almost everyone who listens to the radio has a definite opinion, one way or the other, on this question. For the crooner is distinctly a product of radio. Crooning by the cradle and crooning in the cornfield were known long before broadcasting was even thought of but it wasn't until microphone technique demanded softly-modulated tones that the vogue of the crooner swept the country. Since then



Watch for the next issue of RADIOLAND with the lovely cover of Ruth Etting

crooners have cluttered the airways to give pleasure (or to plague, if that's the way you feel about it!) millions of listeners.

Those who have opinions on crooners are sharply divided into two distinct camps. Some believe that crooners are radio's gift to romance-starved souls; others hope that the day will soon come when all crooners will be swiftly and thoroughly exterminated with a strong insecticide. What do YOU think?

Help Radio and Win Fame and Money

Be sure to mention in your letter who is your favorite crooner and why.

Address all answers to this question to Crooner Contest, RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All letters must be received by September 30.

AND here's the second question: What has radio meant to you?

Everyone will admit that radio is today a vital force in the lives of millions of people in practically all parts of the world. It has helped to solve many problems. It has brought comfort to the weary, relaxation to the tired and smiles and happiness to the depressed.

It has brought entertainment and information to countless homes.

Somewhere, sometime, radio must have helped you. Write and tell us your story of *how* it has helped you.

If you choose to answer this question, follow the same rules as in the previous contest but address your letters to: What Radio Has Meant to Me, RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

Bear in mind that you cannot enter both contests. You can enter one or the other but NOT both. You must use the coupon on this

page or your own tracing of it. In both contests the prizes will be as follows: First prize, \$15; second prize, \$10; third prize, \$5. Also five prizes of \$1. RADIOLAND reserves the right to publish any letters submitted. No letters will be returned.

The winners in both contests will be published in the December issue of RADIOLAND. Editors of RADIOLAND will be the sole judges in both contests. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

(To be pasted or pinned to your contest letter)

Attached is my letter in your

Crooner Contest

What Radio Has Meant to Me

(Check contest in which you are entering)

I agree to abide with the contest rules.

Name

Address

.....

Both tinted nails and natural on the Ile de France



Miss Nancy Morgan in white skirt and brown striped sweater and Coral nails. For this blue and white check Miss Faith Hollins chose Rose nails. Miss Virginia Kernochan wears Ruby with red and white.

Natural just slightly emphasizes the natural pink of your nails. Goes with all costumes, but is best with bright colors—red, blue, bright green, purple, orange and yellow.

Cardinal contrasts excitingly with black, white or any of the pale shades. Good with gray or beige . . . the new blue.

Rose is a shade that you can wear with any color dress, pale or vivid. It is subtle and charming with pastel pinks, lavender blues . . . Smart with dark green, black and brown.

Garnet is smart with frocks in the new tawny shades, cinnamon brown, black, white, beige, pearl gray or burnt orange.

Coral nails are bewilderingly lovely with white, pale pink, beige, gray, "the blues"—either daytime or evening frocks. Smart also with deeper colors if not too intense, black and brown.

Ruby (new) is such a real red red, you can wear it with anything when you want to be particularly gay and dashing.

The Smart World which travels on the Ile de France knows all the tricks which make for greater Allure.

One of its favorites is Variety in nail tips. In deck chairs . . . curved over the ship's rail . . . in the Salon . . . you'll see Rose, Coral, Cardinal, Garnet and red, red Ruby finger nails. Each tint just the right accent to the frock.

So, if you're planning on slipping off on a cruise, get prepared! Competition is Keen on shipboard. If you want to be in on all the exciting things that happen . . . or the Romantic things that Might . . . see that your nails are as beckoning as butterflies.

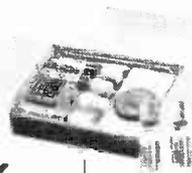
These Who Know never travel without their Cutex. For Cutex is made by the World's Manicure Authority. It not only has the most ravishing lot of colors to be found on either side of the Atlantic. But it is one polish which flows on smoothly. And Stays On.

If this isn't your year for traveling on boats, you'll still want Cutex for success in your Home Campaigns. See how the right color nails will make even year-before-last dresses take on Parisian chic.

EASY CUTEX MANICURE . . . Scrub nails. Remove old cuticle and cleanse nail tips with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Remove old polish with Cutex Polish Remover. Brush on shade of Cutex Liquid Polish that best suits your costume. Then use Cutex Nail White (Pencil or Cream). Finish with Cutex Cuticle Oil or Cream. After every manicure, and before retiring, massage hands with new Cutex Hand Cream.

Northam Warren
New York · Montreal · London · Paris

2 shades of Cutex Liquid
Polish and 4 other manicure
essentials for 12¢



NORTHAM WARREN, Dept RL33
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, address Post Office Box
2320, Montreal)

I enclose 12¢ for the new Cutex
Manicure Set, which includes Natural Liquid
Polish and one other shade which I have checked.

Rose Coral Cardinal

Cutex Liquid Polish—

Smart . . . Inexpensive

The Radio Parade

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

Variety Programs:

BOND PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson, veteran stars of radio and musical comedy in songs and patter with Don Voorhees' men furnishing the music. CBS, Sundays at 4:30 p. m.

ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS—The distinguished conductor presents his own program of specially orchestrated music with Gladys Rice, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone, and other outstanding vocalists. CBS, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS—The cream of Columbia's staff talent in a program headed by Freddie Rich, a conductor familiar to radio listeners. CBS, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

OLDSMOBILE PROGRAM—Ted Husing's sport thrills; Leon Belasco's orchestra; Barbara Maurel, contralto; the Humming Birds. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9:30 p. m.

CALIFORNIA MELODIES—Screen stars interviewed by Eleanor Barnes in a program coming from Los Angeles; music by Raymond Paige's orchestra; Sam Coslow, songwriter and vocalist. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

GOOD GULF PROGRAM—Irvin S. Cobb spins his yarns with the aid of a cigar and Al Goodman's musicians. CBS, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

WHITE OWL PROGRAM—Ace comedy by the delightfully dizzy Gracie Allen and George Burns; Guy Lombardo's music. CBS, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.

OLD GOLD PROGRAM—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, one of the best bands on the air, with featured vocalists and skits by Mandy Lou. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:00 p. m.

FRIGIDAIRE PROGRAM—Jane Froman, a soprano who should be seen as well as heard; the Snow Queens and Jacques Renard's orchestra. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m.; Fridays at 9:30 p. m. with Howard Marsh.

CHESTERFIELD PROGRAM—A fast-moving variety show with Lou Holtz and Shawowsky, comedians; Grace Moore, operatic soprano; Lennie Hayton's music. CBS, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

WOODBURY'S RADIANT REVUE—Roxanne and her musicians; Al and Lee Reiser, piano duo; Jack Arthur, baritone. WOR, Sundays at 6:30 p. m.

MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY—The major thanks the individual entertainers and the radio audience should thank him for a consistently good program. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:15 a. m.

CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR—Eddie Cantor is back again jousting with Jimmy Wallington and ribbing Rubinoff, the fiddling orchestra leader. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Torch songs of Tamara; David Percy; the Men About Town; Gene Rodemich's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

A & P GYPSIES—One of the oldest variety shows on the air with Frank Parker, tenor, and music directed by

Harry Horlick. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS—An up-to-date minstrel show with Gene Arnold, interlocutor, and Harry Kogen, orchestra director. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

JACK FROST MELODY MOMENTS—Recently celebrated its fifth anniversary on the networks. Musical program with guest artists and orchestra directed by Josef Pasternack. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 8:30 p. m.

BUICK PROGRAM—An all-star cast including Conrad Thibault, baritone; Arlene Jackson, soprano; Arthur Boran, comic; Ohman and Arden, piano duo; Songsmiths Quartet; Nightingales Trio and Gus Haenschel's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson again, in songs with orchestral music directed by Jack Shilkret. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 7:00 p. m.

BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM—Ben Bernie's swell orchestra in program spotted with gags and specialty numbers. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m.

TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM—The hilarious nonsense of Ed Wynn who returns to his old spot with Graham McNamee remaining as announcer and stooge; Don Voorhes directs the Fire Chief band. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m.

FLEISCHMANN HOUR—Rudy Vallée continues to parade prominent guest stars to the microphone in his well-balanced program featuring himself and his Connecticut Yankees. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 7:00 p. m.

CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT—Musical drama with Charles Winninger as the Cap'n; Lanny Ross, tenor; Anette Hanshaw, blues singer; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Molasses 'n' January, comedians; Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM—Al Jolson returns to the air on program with Paul Whiteman whose orchestra plays everything from popular jazz to modern classics; specialty entertainers and Deems Taylor; as m. c. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

BEST FOODS' PROGRAM—The comic Fred Allen back with his old company; music by Ferde Grofe's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS—Phil Harris, baritone crooner, whose spectacular rise to popularity has been one of the sensations of the radio world this year. With his orchestra and Leah Ray, blues singer. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

POND'S PROGRAM—Ilka Chase and Hugh O'Connell, comedy team; songs by Lee Wiley and Paul Small; music by Victor Young's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 8:30 p. m.

THE ARMOUR PROGRAM—The jesting Phil Baker as m. c.; harmony by the Neil Sisters; Merrie-Men quartette; orchestra directed by Roy Shields. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 8:30 p. m. [Continued on page 64]

for YOU... NEW, SOFT, GLAMOROUS BEAUTY IN MAKE-UP

E Y P A T R I C I A G O R D O N



● **First, THE ROUGE.** Princess Pat rouge is veritable mystery... fascinating, magical. It is glowing, luminous. It seems *not* to lie opaquely upon the surface; but, instead, creates the wondrous illusion of color "coming from within the skin." This inimitable beauty is created by the famous Duo-Tone blend, an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

● **Second, THE LIP ROUGE.** Again the perfect illusion of *natural color*. Giving "lips of enticement"... lips retaining all their soft, velvety texture; but aglow with ravishing color having absolutely no hint of artificiality. For in Princess Pat lip rouge, there is the famous secret of the "Inner Tint"—a blessed freedom from all heavy substance base. Too, there is such indelibility that *one* application lasts until you desire to remove it!

● **Third, THE POWDER.** Powder of the *almond base*... of soft, silken texture... of clinging, velvety smoothness that seems to caress the skin... to impart its aristocratic loveliness without a revealing trace. As to powders, the *usual* powders, you have thought *only* of shades. With Princess Pat powder, there also is *tone*. In *all* shades of Princess Pat there is supreme purity of tone—no hidden chalkiness. No *cold* tones of starchy base... instead, translucent, pearly beauty that *almond base* alone makes possible.

● **Glamorous make-up... for you!** You have but to choose Princess Pat beauty aids. You will find them... different, exquisite, lovely... *harmonized*.

How Lovely, How Exquisite! Do they say that of you? Does the whispered word echo back to you that your cheeks are silken, smooth, of the tone of translucent pearls? For you is there glorious assurance of color that dares to be youthfully sparkling because it is softly natural? Are your lips an enticement of red worked in the magic of precious softness? And your eyes... do they hold mysterious shadows, the allure of promise and sophistication?

All this is for you! And so easily. Not skill, but choice of modern, harmonized make-up... Princess Pat make-up, brings this new, soft, glamorous beauty.

a MAKE-UP KIT for only 10c

This famous introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The 10c is simply for postage and packing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.



Princess Pat

LONDON CHICAGO

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 281-A 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
Send your famous Minute Make-up Kit containing rouge, lip rouge and face powder. I enclose 10c in full payment.

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Street.....
City and State.....

IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO

It has "everything"
 ...and it's a PHILCO



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Here's a radio of small size that includes all the features you'd expect to find only in large and expensive radios. Automatic volume control! An illuminated dial to eliminate groping for stations when lights are low! At last—a small radio built to conform to Underwriters' Laboratories Safety Standards!

It is truly *Universal*—operating on A.C. or D.C. current. Covers the complete range of broadcasting stations—not just a few but *all* the exciting police calls—many amateur and airplane broadcasts.

The wonderful tone quality of a true PHILCO. Surprising selectivity and amazing distance range.

It's a radio PHILCO is proud to place its name on. The same artistic designers,

the same fine cabinet-makers, the same famous radio engineers produced the PHILCO 54C that created the PHILCO Radios up to \$600 which have won outstanding leadership in their field.

The design is a real masterpiece—a treat to the eye. Run your hand over this hand-rubbed butt walnut cabinet with black and satinwood inlay, finished by master craftsmen. And "big set" performance backs up its costly appearance.

Take it with you wherever you go. Ideal for summer home, bedroom, den, office—for apartment house, hotel, camp, boat or home. Carried from room to room by a child as easily as a big book. Aerial built in—no ground required. Just plug in—tune in—and listen in!

A little radio—but a great one! At your PHILCO dealer's now—at just \$25—the lowest price ever quoted for a radio of such ability.

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\$25

PHILCO 54C

Celebrated PHILCO Balanced Unit Superheterodyne.
 Automatic Volume Control.
 Illuminated Dial calibrated in kilocycle channels.
 Electro-Dynamic Speaker of new design and exceptional tone quality.
 Built along standard PHILCO quality lines to conform to Safety Standards of Underwriters' Laboratories.
 Operates on any standard 110 volt lighting current, D. C. or A. C.—25, 50 or 60 cycle.
 Tunes all stations from 540 to 3300 kilocycles—an amazing range.
 540 to 1500—the complete broadcasting band.
 1500 to 3300—all police calls—plus amateur and airplane short-wave channels.
 Built-in aerial—no ground required.
 Vernier tuning drive—with planetary reduction system—makes tuning simpler and sharper.
 PHILCO High Efficiency Tubes.
 New double-function tubes specially developed by PHILCO for this model give, for the first time in compact form, "big set" performance together with automatic volume control.
 Beautifully designed cabinet of butt walnut with black and satinwood inlay. Hand rubbed finish.
 Buttressed ends and gracefully curved top.
 Cabinet 12" wide, 9" high, 5 1/2" deep.
 Zipper carrying case—\$1.50

\$18⁷⁵

PHILCO 57C

A real PHILCO at one of the lowest prices at which a PHILCO has ever been offered. Famous PHILCO Balanced Unit Superheterodyne.
 Electro-Dynamic Speaker.
 Operates on standard 110 volt A. C. current, 50 or 60 cycles.
 Built to conform to Safety Standards of Underwriters' Laboratories.
 Tunes all stations from 540 to 3300 kilocycles.
 540 to 1500—the complete broadcasting band.
 1500 to 3300—all police calls—plus amateur and airplane short-wave channels.
 PHILCO High Efficiency Tubes.
 Handsome two-tone cabinet of selected woods.
 Buttressed ends and gracefully curved top.
 Cabinet size 12" wide, 9" high, 5 1/2" deep.
 Zipper carrying case—\$1.50

\$18⁷⁵ To \$600

All prices subject to change without notice

Ideal for

**LIBRARY HOTEL
 BEDROOM COLLEGE
 OFFICE CAMP**

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

RADIOLAND

OCTOBER, 1933

THE EDITOR'S OPINION

THE new radio season starts on September 15.

Officials of the two big radio broadcasting systems predict one of the great seasons. The business upturn, coupled with the steadily growing importance of radio in our national life, presage a vast expenditure of money for entertainment and advertising.



William S. Paley,
President,
Columbia System

What will be the new season trend?

Radio executives are wondering themselves. During the last year the ether waves have undergone an epidemic of gag comedians. There is a general theory that the gagster will pass, although such established comedians as Ed Wynn and Jack Pearl

will hold their place in public favor. The radio chains are clamoring for novelty—but it is hard to find.

One definite trend already is indicated. The radio chains will concentrate upon developing dramatic sketches. You will hear attempts to put across romantic, sentimental sketches. Radio needs romance. These playlets may supply that need.

WE ASKED William S. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting System, for a prediction about the new season.

"With indications pointing toward greatly improved business conditions this Fall, it is expected that radio broadcasting will share in the general improvement," he told us. "Many new sponsored programs, in addition to the continuance of those which already have found favor with radio's ever-increasing audience, have been arranged for the new season.

"Work is progressing rapidly in the program department of the Columbia Broadcasting System on the development of novelties in air entertainment. The Fall undoubtedly will bring expansion of efforts put forth by Columbia in the interests of radio drama. Building on the refinement of technique gained in recent months of experimentation, we plan to present a valuable and interesting schedule of dramatic programs.

"In the field of music—both classical and popular—it is probable that a number of new voices will entertain the nation. Although emphasis can not be put upon any single branch of radio entertainment, it is worth remarking the recent special events and news broadcasts and to predict that a public interest in this type of broadcasting will continue to increase."



Merlin H. Aylesworth,
President,
NBC System

BETTER look over your set in preparation for the new season. Is it up to date enough to get the new subtleties of radio? How about the tubes? Better be prepared for the greatest armchair Winter in kilocycle history.

RADIOLAND does not believe that radio could be improved by the elimination of advertising. Why should advertising be barred from air programs, any more than from your favorite newspaper or your favorite magazine.

We prefer to see advertisers vying with each other to win your amusement attention, paying ransoms to get the greatest stars. This—to [Continued on page 74]

What's Wrong With Radio

*It is the Greatest Single Force in American Life Today—
But it Needs More Intelligent Programs and Fewer Gags*

By O. O. McIntyre

THE fun of having straddled so many epochs is "remembering when." For instance, I remember when I tried to get my first radio station so many years ago I can't recall.

It was all a sputtery blah-blah with a few squeaky notes from some vagrant band at an Atlantic City pier. Dreadful stuff. Like pulling a slate pencil through tightly clenched teeth.

The radio was indeed in its infancy and full of colic. After listening in goose pimples I gave it all up. I had no radio in my house and I thought people who had them were a little nutty.

The years rolled by as years will in real life as well as in the movies. And one night at the home of Charles M. Schwab—no less—I heard a radio program through a last-word receiving set. After that I took up radio in a big way.

I was once a dramatic critic on *Life* until the editors caught me at it and, thus bitten by the critical bug, I still like to criticize. Ask my wife! For instance I think most radio programs are, as we say in the younger Grand Central set, ouslay. And borrowing from Chic Sale, I'll tell you why?

IT CANNOT be pounded into the head of radio purveyors that most radio tuners-in could pass the Binet test. They want to give us everything in baby talk. I have talked to my friend Deac Aylesworth about this—A. M. Aylesworth, chief sho-gun of the radio and deservedly.

He is an understanding fellow and I think the livest wire in Radioland but he still has an idea there are a lot of morons in the world. Maybe he is right. After all, thousands liked the bilge of Jack Pearl's Baron Munchausen even though at no time was Munchausen properly pronounced over the air.

They adore the giddyap of Burns and Allen. They think Sam the Whatyoucallem Man, is swell. And they will stay away from the pool rooms to hear the flutey uptake of Ed Wynn's laugh. So there you are. Perhaps the radio tycoons are right.

But as a self-appointed critic I think they are dead wrong. The radio will become a stable and staple entertainment when it takes itself as well as the public seriously.

The theatre is dead as a door-nail because of sug-

gestive smut, cheap saloon gags spawned by cheaper Broadway wise crackers and other abracadabra that would gag a self-respecting buzzard. We welcome the Noel Cowards but we keep our children away and take our second best aunt to a lecture.



—Wide World

O. O. McIntyre is one of the two most famous columnists in America. Walter Winchell is the other. 15,000,000 newspaper readers follow McIntyre's comments daily. Born in Missouri, he is a small town boy who made good in the city

THE talkies, despite all the valiant and highly skilled efforts of Will H. Hays, are picking at the coverlets because its sponsors have believed the public is really studying to be idiots. They give it the credit of a ten-year-old dunce. And expect to pay dividends. The movies are in their infancy and have been in this juvenile state for fifteen years—and don't talk back to me.

I do not want to see the radio wind up in such a fashion. But it is on the down coast and don't let anyone tell you differently. Now and then we have a high class musical program by Paul Whiteman but how often? His last one called intelligent people everywhere to loud hosannas. People, by the way, who are susceptible to high class advertising and have the money to spend.

Arthur Brisbane's scholarly talks were a step in the right direction but we have not enough of them to make up for the inane twaddle that has become so obnoxious

hundreds of thousand of radio homes are keeping their radios dead.

We all like a bit of clowning, horse play, if you will. It is a definite part of the national consciousness, like Coney Island. But these are serious times and we don't want to hear some jackass yodeling witless tripe every hour of the day.

There are thousands of intelligent, interesting and instructive programs the radio world has never attempted. I can give them a dozen quicker than that. May I add, indeed I will add, that I am in no way likely to accept a radio contract, having already turned down an offer of \$4,000 each for two weekly broadcasts over a period of thirteen weeks. That's a lot of jack in any language.

I DON'T appear on the radio for the reasons hundreds now on the air should not appear. I have nothing to say. The only possible reason for offering me as a speaker or what-not [Continued on page 85]

The Fighting Crusader of the AIR

By Lee J. Smits

OPTIMISTIC real estate promoters, transforming farms into subdivisions, plotted in the region of Detroit enough streets, avenues and drives with splendid names to care for a population of 7,000,000. Bobolinks nest and sing where business blocks were expected to stand and, in one vast area of flattened hopes Northward of the city, there arises a center of such industry as no realtor ever conceived.

Dominating the landscape is the white marble Charity Crucifixion Tower, landmark of the Shrine of the Little Flower, famous radio church. Grouped about the highway intersection are the chapel, the priest's home and two or three shops and restaurants, all serving the pilgrims who flock to catch a glimpse of the source of that powerful voice, with an Irish turn to it, which every Sunday afternoon during the Fall and Winter broadcasts a sermon full of scathing comment on current issues and events.

The Rev. Fr. Charles E. Coughlin, center of this community that radio built, probably makes front page in the newspapers of the country more often than any other radio personality.

It has been said that his fan mail has exceeded that drawn by any radio feature. Five hundred thousand letters a week is the Detroit postoffice estimate of peak receipts at the Shrine.

As many as 140 young women are kept busy opening and sorting mail.

THIS Fall—on October 15—the eighth radio season of the Shrine of the Little Flower will be inaugurated. Father Coughlin has not the slightest idea as to what his

OCTOBER, 1933



—Brown Brothers

Father Coughlin at work in his study high up in the Charity Crucifixion Tower of the radio church, the Shrine of the Little Flower. The tower was built by offerings raised by radio listeners

Father Charles Coughlin dared to talk over the air about forbidden subjects—from prohibition to banking—and became the talk of America and the sensation of radio

series of sermons will deal with; any more than an editor knows what his paper will be printing from week to week. He will be on the air every Sunday from two to three with the Children's Hour and he will preach from three to four.

Father Coughlin organized the parish of the Little Flower in Royal Oak, a suburb of Detroit, after some discussion with Bishop Gallagher of the Detroit diocese.

There were only thirty-two Catholic families in the district. A church seating 400 and a cottage for the priest were the first buildings put up. This was in 1926.

Father Coughlin was then thirty-five. He was born in Hamilton, Ont., and, before taking the pastorate which has made him famous, he was a teacher, at Waco, Texas, and in Assumption College,

The Story of a Fearless Priest whose Radio Sermons Draw 500,000



—Brown Brothers

Father Coughlin standing by one of the beautiful statuary of the Shrine of the Little Flower. The shrine was built with a voice, as was the famous Charity Crucifixion Tower

Sandwich, Ont. In 1922 he was assigned by Bishop Gallagher, of Detroit, to an assistant pastorate in Kalamazoo and after six months to a similar post in Detroit and thence to a rural church in North Branch, Mich. A sound scholastic background, a reputation in athletics—baseball and football—and a gift of oratory constituted the chief equipment of the young priest who was presently to become a national figure, a center of hot criticism, recipient of more fan letters than perhaps any other person in public life ever received.

In October, 1926, the Royal Oak pastorate was, to use the priest's own realistic expression, "dead broke." Father Coughlin's dynamic will-to-success was seemingly blocked by the insurmountable obstacles of a meagre

—Brown Brothers
 Father Charles Coughlin broadcasting from the Shrine of the Little Flower. He sent his first sermon over the air in 1926. The effect was instantaneous. His hold upon the radio public has grown steadily for seven years

parish in a frustrated subdivision.

He consulted Leo J. Fitzpatrick of WJR, Detroit, formerly chief of the Kansas City Nighthawks. The idea of a radio sermon shaped itself and Father Coughlin addressed his first radio audience. He did not make any bid for contributions, but they came in, generously, and with them appeals for more sermons. Many of the letters were from outside the Detroit area. They were from Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Agnostics.

Father Coughlin had clicked over the air. That undefined, elusive element of personality that projects itself through the voice was his. He commanded attention, he inspired follow-up interest that sponsors spend



RADIOLAND

Letters a week from a Vast National Audience Every Sunday Afternoon

fortunes to develop. Immediately he had his public, was talked about, written up, waited for.

In 1929 the sermons from the Shrine of the Little Flower went out through WJR, Detroit; WLW, Cincinnati and WMAQ, Chicago. G. A. Richards, owner of WJR, was giving the radio priest all possible co-operation.

IN 1930 Father Coughlin became a Columbia Broadcasting System feature, with his "Golden Hour." His sermons were fiery—and always will be. He tackled all of the forbidden controversial subjects—prohibition, soldier's bonus, unemployment, banking, national politics, European affairs, finance. The inevitable consequence of this sort of free speech over the air was a series of protests from certain stations.

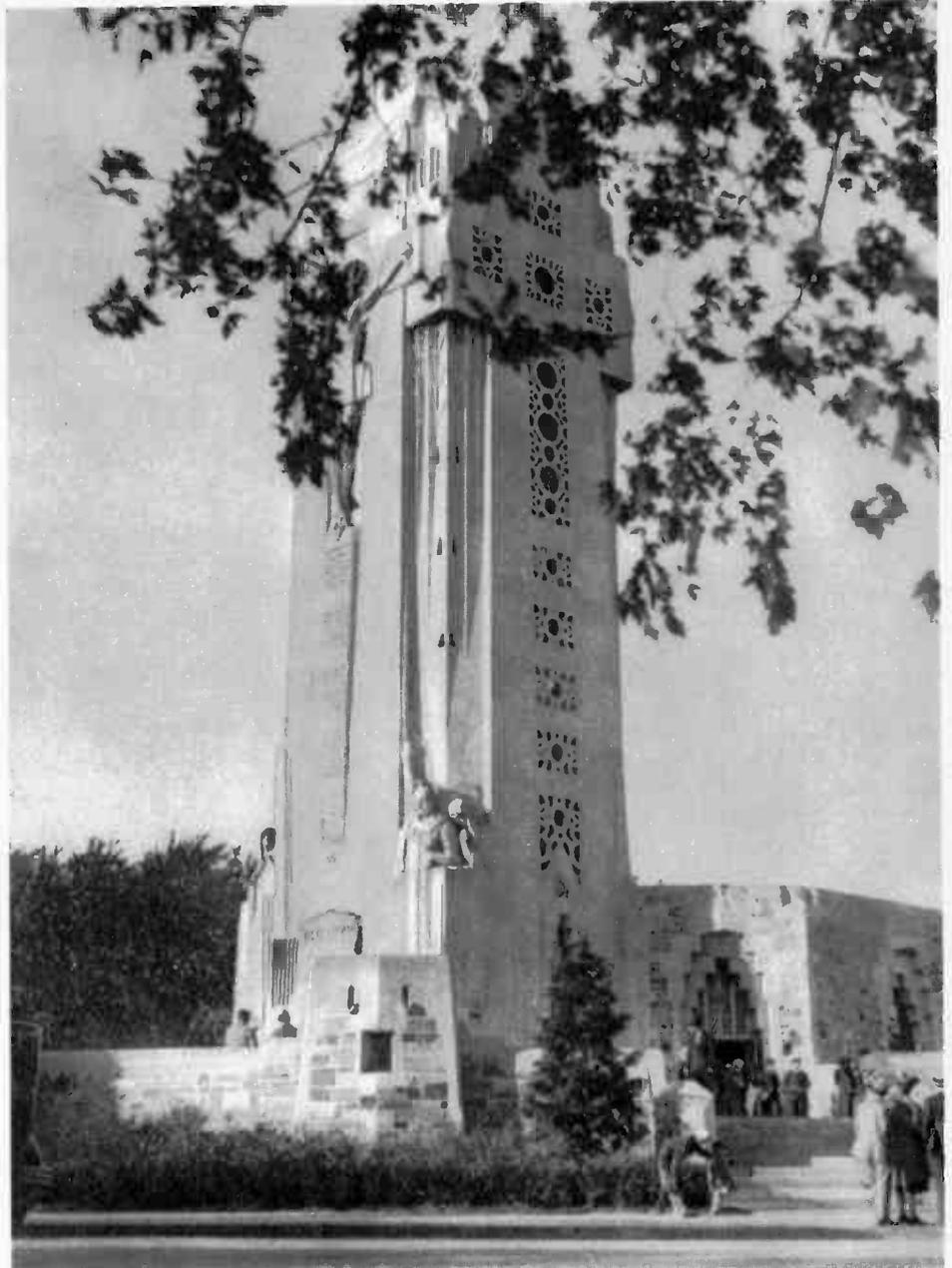
Father Coughlin at one time appealed to his listeners to register their opinions and desires regarding an "unpreachable" sermon, dealing with current issues, and an avalanche of fan mail, overwhelmingly in favor of the priest, resulted. A return of 350,000 letters was tabulated.

This record has been repeated at various times when Father Coughlin's sermons struck the chord of popular emotions.

Presently the Columbia network decided to install its own Church of the Air and to present no more independent preachers. This left Father Coughlin confronted with a problem somewhat similar to the one that faced him when he started out. He was back at the beginning.

The WJR people actively assisted Father Coughlin in building up his own Sunday network.

In 1932-33 the series included WJR, Detroit; WOR, New York and Newark; WGR, Buffalo; WFBL, Syracuse; WOKO, Albany; WCAU, Philadelphia; WJAS, Pittsburgh; KYW, Chicago; WLW, Cincinnati; KSTP, St. Paul; WCAO, Baltimore; KMOX, St. Louis; WNAC, Boston; WEAN, Providence; WORC, Worcester; WICC, Bridgeport and New Haven; WDRC, Hartford; WLBZ, Bangor; WNBH, New Bedford; WGAR, Cleveland; WHB, Kansas City; WMT, Waterloo, Iowa; WFEA, Manchester, New



—Brown Brothers

The entrance to the Shrine of the Little Flower with a view of the famous tower. When Father Coughlin preaches his radio sermons, the church is crowded by noon. Thereafter great crowds gather outside listening to the sermon as broadcast by automobile radios

Hampshire; WOC, Davenport; WHO, Des Moines; WOL, Washington, D. C.

Meanwhile through free-will offerings and \$1.00 a year memberships in the Radio League of the Little Flower, the noble tower and the shrine have been erected. Charity Crucifixion tower, and the Grotto of Lourdes nearby, are parts of the great Radio Church which has shaped itself in Father Coughlin's mind and which he hopes soon to realize in stone—a church built with a voice.

On the sixth floor of Charity Crucifixion Tower is Father Coughlin's private [Continued on page 86]

What CHANCE Would You Have in RADIO?



Pat Kelly is the chief of the NBC announcing staff. "Announcing," he says, "is one of the most exacting jobs in the world"

THERE was a letter on Pat Kelly's desk. It came from a young man out in Texas, advising the National Broadcasting Company that any time someone was needed to fill Graham McNamee's shoes, he would be available for the job.

He added parenthetically that he had had no previous experience, but felt sure he could handle it all right.

"We get hundreds of letters like that every day," said the genial, silver-haired chief of the NBC announcing staff. "Why is it that everybody and his brother seems to feel himself especially designed by nature to be a radio announcer?" Then, answering his own question, "I suppose it's because he thinks all an announcer has to do is stand up there and jabber away at a microphone. As a matter of fact," he chuckled, "it is one of the most exacting jobs in the world."

"But has an unknown—such a person as the author of this letter—any chance at all of ever becoming a big time announcer?" I asked him.

"He has about a fifty-fifty chance with any other pro-

fession, I should say," Pat Kelly replied. "Of course it's overcrowded—but what profession isn't these days? Yes, he has a chance all right—provided that he possesses the necessary qualifications."

Both the big chains, the National Broadcasting Company and the Columbia Broadcasting Systems, hold auditions or tryouts for announcers from time to time. Some of the applicants have had radio experience on smaller stations. Many of them come fresh from other walks of life.

But the majority of those who are granted an audition, fail. When their voices go out over the microphone to the loud speaker in the other room where Mr. Kelly or his assistants are listening, they lack that certain something which they must have to please a radio audience.

In order to find out just what qualifications an aspirant ought to have before he hitches his wagon to this particularly nebulous star, I talked with the executives and outstanding announcers of the two great chains. Their replies were as varied as their own experiences. But the lump sum of their advice adds up to something like a clear picture of what it takes in the way of natural ability and acquired training to be an announcer.

PAT KELLY, who used to be an announcer himself, places first on the list of

David Ross, Columbia's announcer, believes you can succeed as an announcer only if you have a mind mellowed and broadened by travel, education and experience



RADIOLAND

Want to be a McNamee or a Husing? Opportunities to be Announcers are Rare but there are over 800 in America, Earning from \$50 a Week to \$30,000 a Year

By
Edward R. Sammis



qualifications with which one must be born, in other words, which can be developed but not acquired, that elusive thing he calls "voice personality."

"You can talk to a man face to face, and his personality may impress you favorably. But when you try to get it through the loud speaker, it is gone. The voice comes over dead and flat. It lacks that certain sparkle."

Upper right: John Carlyle, in charge of production for Columbia. "The successful radio announcer must have a voice that is naturally pleasing and devoid of regional accent," he says. Graham McNamee is at the right



—Ray Lee Jackson

Have You These Qualifications Necessary to Be an Announcer?

NATURAL

- A pleasing, better than average voice, not too rich
- Voice personality.
- A friendly attitude towards people.
- Fondness for music.
- Ability to carry a tune.
- Ability to think fast on your feet.
- Physical stamina.
- Native intelligence.
- A gift for salesmanship.
- An interest in words.
- A plain, simple American name.
- Adaptability.

ACQUIRED

- A good general education.
- A thorough knowledge of at least one musical instrument.
- An acquaintance with one or more foreign languages.
- An exact knowledge of the English language.
- The ability for self-expression.
- Speech free of colloquialisms.
- A sincere, persuasive manner of speaking.
- A cultural background acquired through reading, travel, etc.
- Experience in extemporaneous speaking.

He believes that the only way voice personality can be determined is by actual trial on the radio. But the ideal voice for an announcer does have certain qualities which can be determined in advance.

"The best voice is one which is simply not displeasing. A voice which is too rich or affected, is bad. Lower tenors or baritones and occasionally a bass, make the best announcers, the good resonant masculine voices."

Next in importance he lists the applicant's ability to think fast on his feet.

"No matter what sort of a program a man is announcing, the emergency is always likely to arise

WANT A RADIO CAREER? THEN FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF EXPERTS



Louis Dean, Columbia announcer, thinks the most important requirement of announcing is a friendly attitude towards people

when he may be forced to speak extemporaneously to fill in a "wait" or a gap. The announcer must always be equal to it, must be able to speak smoothly and calmly in the spur of the moment without losing his head."

As to acquired training, he thinks there is nothing like a good general education.

"A man must have a good knowledge of at least one foreign language and a familiarity with at least one musical instrument. The latter is bound to give him some of the necessary acquaintance with musical terminology.

"A study of English and journalism, or any newspaper training is important too, because after all an announcer is dealing as much with words as though he were a writer. Then news broadcasting is becoming increasingly important, and announcers of the future may well get their first breaks by broadcasting news events."

He believes that not less

than a year of small stations experience is necessary before an announcer is ready for a job on one of the big chains.

"And to qualify for a job as announcer at a small station," he pointed out, "it is well to bear in mind that

one must have other accomplishments as well. The small station works with a restricted staff. The announcer is called upon not only to announce, but to write his own continuity and often the continuity for the entire program. Often he must be a production man, able to get a program together without aid and put it on the air. Sometimes he must even be an engineer, able to "double in brass" at the control boards, or on any of the small mechanical tasks around the studio.

"These accomplishments are often the 'Open Sesame' to an announcer's job. An announcer at a small station is seldom hired as
[Continued on page 78]

CAN YOU PASS THIS TEST?

Below is a sample audition given aspiring announcers by the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"Among other prominent musical directors you will hear are Gustave Haenschen and his orchestra, the Detroit Symphony under the direction of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, featuring Jascha Heifetz and Fritz Kreisler as guest soloists. Ignace Jan Paderewski will accompany a concert featuring the phenomenal youngster, Jehudi Menuhin, while Ernestine Schumann-Heink will sing the Erl King of Franz Schubert.

"Among the other composers you will hear are Jacob Ludwig, Felix Mendelssohn, Johann Sebastian Bach, Ludwig van Beethoven, Charles Camille Saint-Saens, Richard Strauss (the famous Till Eulenspiegels)—Richard Wagner, Moszkowski, Cesar Cui, Giacomo Meyerbeer, Giuseppe Verdi, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Carl Maria von Weber, Christoph Willibald von Gluck, Gioachino Antonio Rossini, Vincenzo Bellini, Gaetano Donizetti, Arrigo Boito and Amilcare Ponchielli, closing with Hector Louis Berlioz, Friedrich von Flotow, Charles Francois Gounod, Ambroise Thomas and Alexandre C. L. George Bizet. We regret that we will be unable to present the works of Giacomo Puccini as they are at present under restriction."



A rising star. Gypsy Nina, one of Columbia's baby stars who sings folk songs in nine different languages and accompanies herself on the accordion

Edwin C. Hill's Own Inside Story

Once a Star Reporter, the World was his Beat. He had never made a Speech before he became the Ace Reporter of the Air

By Gregory Harlan

“UNACCUSTOMED as I am to public speaking—”

During his long years as a reporter, covering banquets, conventions and public functions of all sorts, these words and the paralyzing flow of similar oratorical phrases which invariably followed, were so often dinned into the ears of Edwin C. Hill, that he made a solemn vow that he, for one, would never be guilty of addressing an assembled audience of more than four persons.

Now, unaccustomed as he is to public speaking, he talks to hundreds of thousands several times a week and never bats an eye. And he believes that the very reason it is so easy for him to speak into a microphone is his inexperience as a public speaker.

“I’ve noticed,” he says, “that the more seasoned the performer, the harder time he has before the mike. Old stage troupers roll their eyes and gasp for breath. Veteran orators blench with fright and fumble at their neckties. For me, having known no other, the microphone seems the most natural medium of vocal expression in the world. I’m hardly conscious of the terrifying black box at all. I literally seem to imagine before me the audience whom I am addressing.”

A large part of Ed Hill’s charm as a radio reporter, is his smooth, professional style of delivery. But up to the time he went on the air, he had never made a public speech. Even now, he refuses to make addresses. He only broke this rule once, when he spoke, a few months ago, at a meeting to raise funds for the White

House swimming pool. That he could hardly avoid.

Furthermore, he never took a lesson in elocution, and never appeared in any play nor on any stage, until recently when he began his tour of the Loew houses in and around New York.

Nor does he recall anyone in his family who ever had a weakness for oratory.

His voice, then, seems to be a happy accident. It was an ideal instrument, waiting to be used. But his chief gift, for which his voice is only one means of expression, he developed through years of painstaking practice, during which it made him an outstanding figure in the journalistic world.



—Maurice Seymour Studios

Edwin C. Hill is a graduate of the old New York Sun, which turned out scores of brilliant writers. Hill was the Beau Brummel of Park Row

ED HILL is a wizard with words.

He can juggle convincing verbs and colorful adjectives with the ease of an acrobat keeping three ninepins and six croquet balls in the air at the same time. He can rip off Biblical quotations and classical allusions with the readiness of a train announcer calling his stops.

No one in his family ever wrote. He thinks his own interest in words, in story telling, was the result of having been born in Indiana, the state which gave us Booth Tarkington, George Ade, James Whitcomb Riley and many others, which was for

a time the literary center of the nation twenty years ago.

“Indiana,” he says, “was largely settled by people of Scotch-Irish descent, an imaginative dreamy lot, natural romancers.”

As a child he remembers sitting in rapt attention at the feet of his grandmother [Continued on page 70]



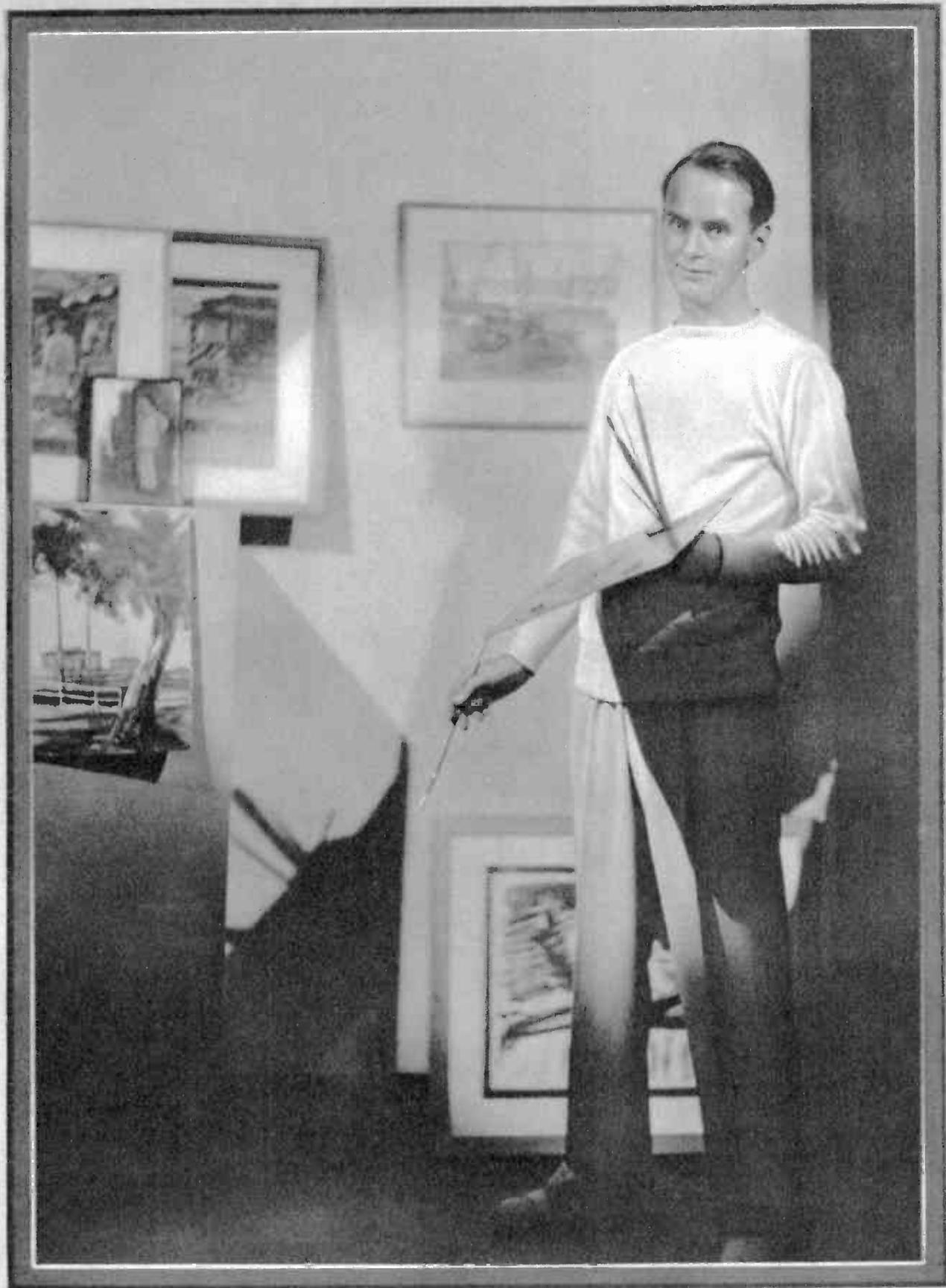
—Ray Lee Jackson

The classic beauty of Lee Wiley is missed by the tuner-inners but this camera study will give you an idea of how the deep-toned blues singer looks. Lee shared time with the First Lady of the Land during Mrs. Roosevelt's series on the Pond program

Dial Idols



Donald Novis, full-voiced songster who is becoming one of the most popular tenors on the air. Donald is a singer, not a crooner, he would have you know

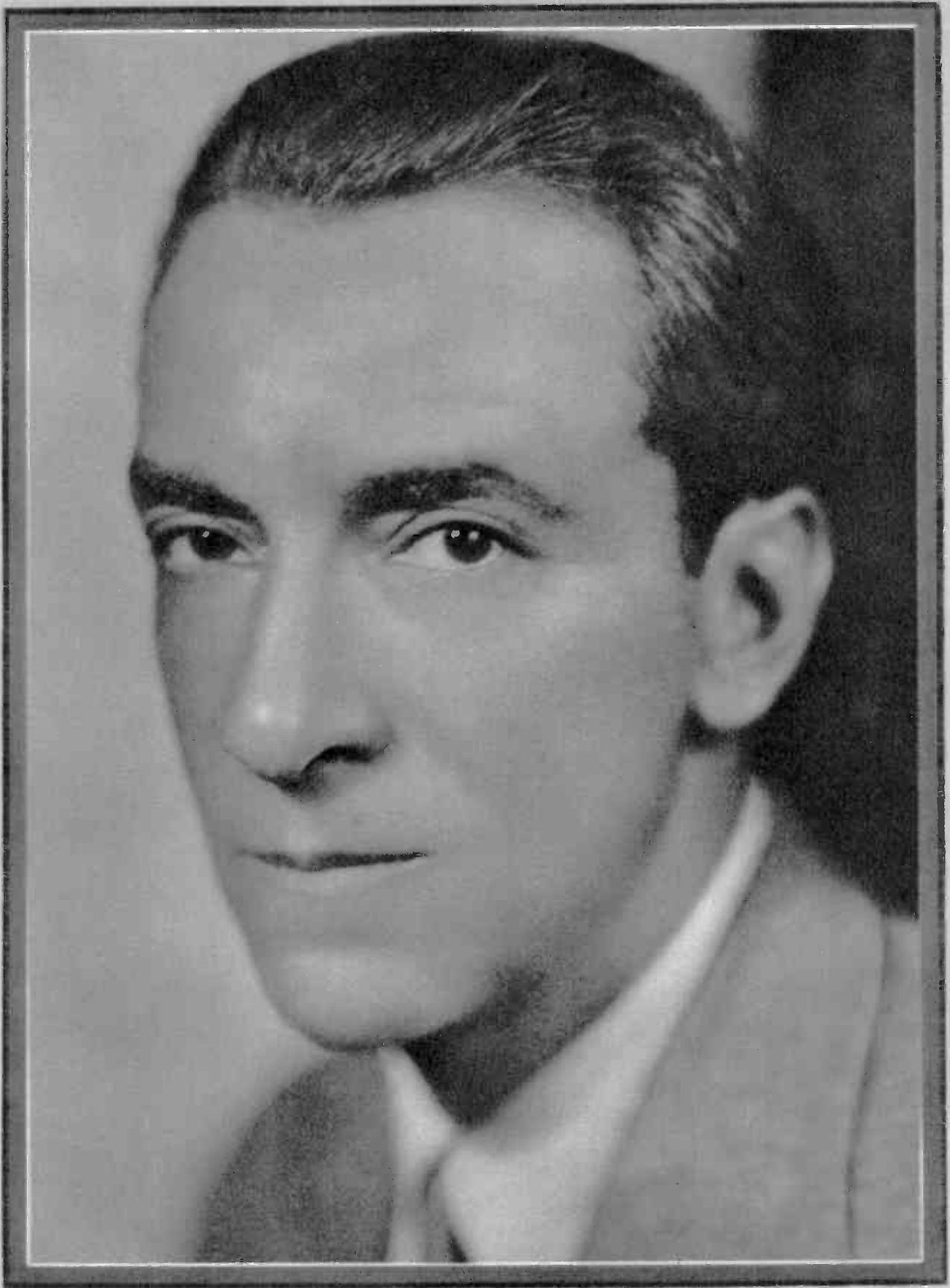


He paints portraits with his brush and he portrays pictures with his voice. Howard Clancy.
One of NBC's most popular and most versatile announcers

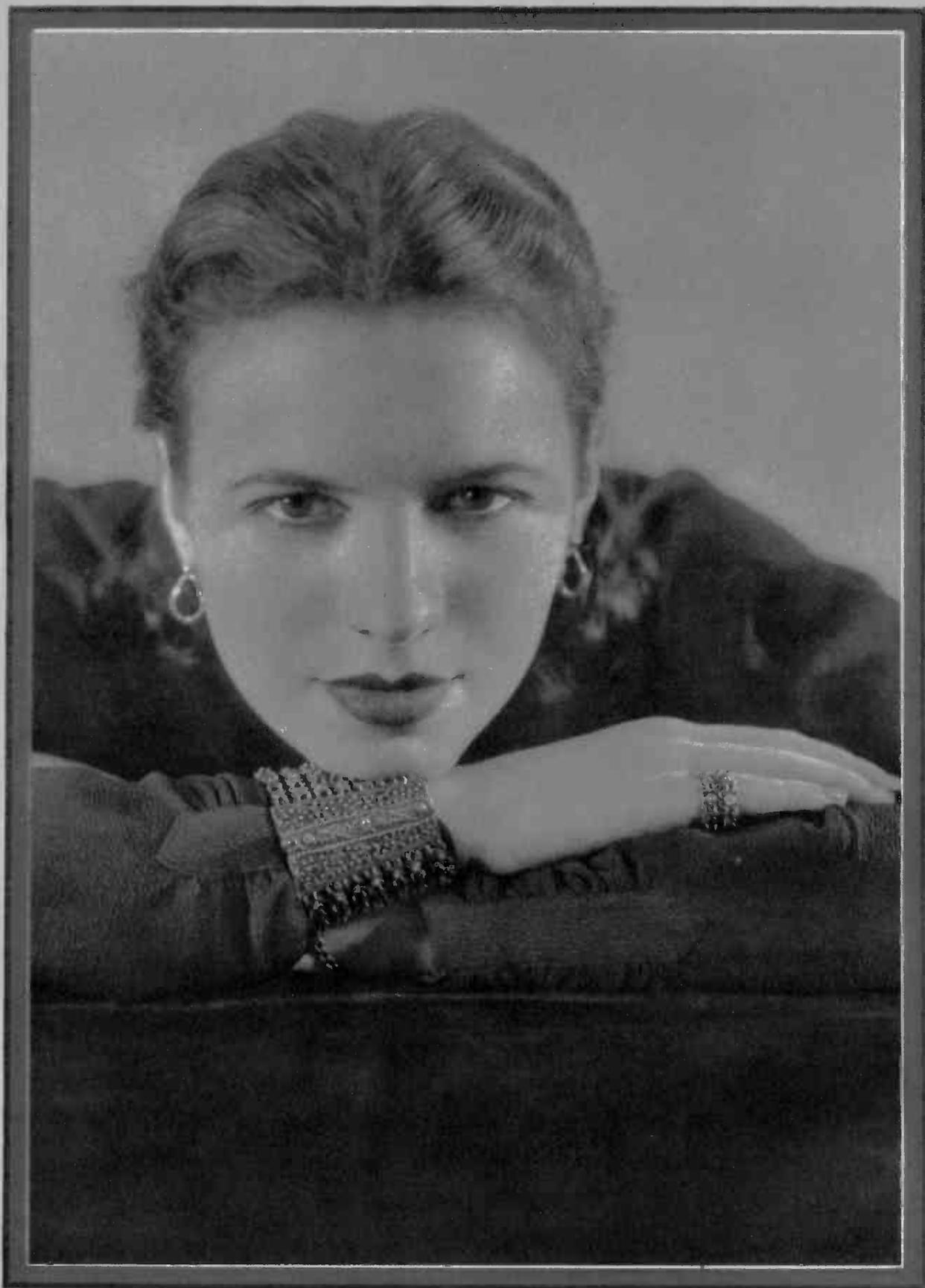


—Ray Lee Jackson

Ah, there, Jawja! This cute little Miss is Jane Pickens of the Pickens Sisters Harmony Trio who tickle the tympanum over the NBC links. The trio's from Georgia



Pedro De Cordoba, one of Broadway's best known thespians, who is familiar to listeners as the "Friendly Philosopher" on the Corn Products Refining Company program



—Ray Lee Jackson

The girl with that "You've-broken-my-heart" look is Jean Sargent, sad-voiced singer of torch tunes. She's heard over the NBC-WAAF network now and then



“Vas You Dere, Sharlie?”



Und dere dey are!
Who are? Why Jack
Poil, of course, the
radio liar, who is
seen (left, above)
with Sharlie (Cliff
Hall) leaving New
York for Hollywood
where they made a
movie. The Baron
and Sharlie will soon
resume their tall
tales over the air-
waves



Und am I dere?
He's dere und how!
Jack Pearl, the Baron
himself, in person, is
welcomed to Movie-
land by a bevy of
Hollywoodians. And
apparently, he's tell-
ing the cuties his
latest fish story. This
business of lying isn't
so bad—ask the
Baron!





Jeannie Lang, who is really as she sounds on the air, hails from St. Louis. Her father was a lumber man

She Giggled Her Way to SUCCESS

viewer, hadn't sworn that it was really Jeannie Lang I wouldn't have believed it. She's too good to be true. It's as if someone were simply imitating Jeannie Lang.

I don't know why it is but somehow when you hear a person like Jeannie giggling over the radio and singing those bubbly, goofy little songs of hers you think, "Nobody can really be like that. At heart she is probably a cynical, hard-boiled, business-like matron with six children."

But Jeannie is just all the things she sounds like. And I really couldn't give you a better description.

Jeannie's father and mother didn't want her to go

"WELL, you know, the first time I was on any stage I fainted. Honestly, I did. Wasn't that silly of me? But it was so hot in the wings 'n I was so scared 'n, you see, my mother and father didn't know I was even on the stage and there were all those people, and so I just fainted, but Brooke Johns—I was working with him, you see honey, he's very big—oh, over six feet tall, I guess—'n he just practically carried me on the stage and sang to me—the singing was in the act—and all the time I was fainted. And, darling, nobody knew it at all. Now doesn't that give you a bang?"

Yes, honestly, that's exactly the way Jeannie Lang talks, except that I can't write in the giggle. The giggle isn't put in just for radio audiences. Jeannie was born with it and she's giggling to the tune of many thousands of dollars a week.

"It's just too silly, darling, my being on the air at all. I never sang anything in my life except some school operettas and things. But that gave me such a bang that I was just mad to go on the stage, honey. I was always giggling because I have four brothers—two younger, two older—I'm in the middle, honey, and they used to choke me and laugh at me 'n I'd giggle. So that's why I was always giggling."

IF I hadn't listened to her rehearse just a few minutes before and if a very solemn attaché of Columbia Broadcasting System, whom you could look at and tell right away wouldn't kid anybody not even an inter-



New fashioned MIKE and old fashioned giggle. The new CBS MIKE plus Jeannie

That Giggle has Carried Jeannie Lang from St. Louis to Broadway and Radio Popularity

By Alberta Manton

on the stage, although I can't imagine what else they thought she could do. One roll of those goo-goo eyes would wreck the morale of any self respecting office; hospital patients would arise from their beds of pain and start doing an off-to-Buffalo if a white capped Jeannie Lang appeared with a thermometer; and school children would run screaming from the sixth grade if anyone so diminutive as Jeannie began asking "What's the longest river in the world?"

No, there was just no place for Jeannie but the stage—and she, herself, must have realized it, for in spite of thin-lipped parental disapproval she went right in and talked to all the theatre managers in St. Louis—her home town. They all knew her father, an established lumber man, and so Jeannie had an entrée. It was when Brooke Johns came to town and needed a feminine foil that Jeannie made the inauspicious debut she has already described for you up there in paragraph one. She did actually faint. And Johns did actually carry her on the stage—but it seemed, to the audience, to be all part of the show and very funny. That is, however, the last time that Jeannie has ever been quiet before any audience.

EVEN when she sings before the microphone her eyes sparkle, her eye-brows leap up and down across her forehead and her mouth puckers into a pout or widens into a cute, cute smile with lightening-like rapidity. And when she tells you the story of her life—well, mobility of feature doesn't begin to express it.

"And then when my poor father and mother knew that I was actually on the stage—well, what could they do? Besides my mother got to know Brooke Johns' mother and they were such good friends and his mother told my mother that there were just as nice people on the stage as anywhere else and anyhow, his mother said, I wouldn't stay on the stage but for a couple of weeks. Which was true right then—but we went to California and we went through a studio and we met Paul Whiteman and the next thing I knew I was working in 'The King of Jazz.' Doesn't that give you a bang?"

Following that Jeannie sang on KFI in Los Angeles and made movie shorts until—wonder of wonders in Jeannie's most wonderful life—came a telegram from orchestra leader Jack Denny offering her a job as soloist with his band.

"Just think—New York—wasn't it too wonderful?" Jeannie speaking again, of course. "Well, my mother was so won over by this time and she came on with me. She and father go sort of back and forth now and she laughs when she thinks she didn't want me [Continued on page 65]

"I can't really sing," says Jeannie Lang. "I never had a lesson, I don't know the notes!"





—Wide World
Hail the Chief! Ed Wynn, the Phoolish Phire Chief, reaches Hollywood. Left to right: Harry Rapf, producer, Ed himself, Fire Chief Scott of Los Angeles, Chuck Reisner, director



Ethel Shutta started as a soubrette in a burlesque show. She had a hard fight winning her way to her present success

Jane Hates Work

Jane Froman, who is one of the loveliest girls around the microphones, is also an honest one. Radio is neither an art nor her big interest in life.

"Radio is just a job of work," she told me. "Just as soon as I make enough money, I'm going to quit. I hate work, anyway. I'm naturally lazy. My idea of a great career is to swim all morning, golf all afternoon, dance or read until bed time and then lots of sleep."

And in spite of it all, Miss Froman is offered more commercial radio work than any other top notch singer on the air.

Valentino Of Melody

A SHIP is soon to bring Enric Mádri Guerra and his orchestra back to America and an American radio network. And one wonders at this time why no press agent has ever thought to dub Mádri Guerra "the Valentino of melody." Mádri Guerra, slender, dreamy-eyed and very Spanish, has that certain something about him that Valentino had. He's a bit more boyish, perhaps and a bit more inclined to laugh—but the girls who have seen him in addition to hearing his smooth, Latin music, sigh softly for a long time afterwards. Enric, if you should care to know, is still in that blessed state of bachelorhood but when pressed for a preference will admit, like all gentlemen, that he prefers blondes.

Shutta's Start

ETHEL SHUTTA, one of the loveliest of the sweet singers, both in appearance and personality, had to overcome terrific odds before she reached her present place in radio.

She started at the very bottom in entertainment—as a soubrette in a burlesque show. But Ethel wasn't a wild young thing—far from it. She demanded and got respect—and there weren't so many years between burlesque and the Ziegfeld Follies where she met and married George Olsen. And now she's as famous as her famous band-leading husband. So important in fact, that she is the star of a program which features an orchestra led by someone else than her husband.

Harris' Answer

Phil Harris, the band leader, has a sense of humor.

Recently he had to answer a questionnaire prepared by a network press agent.

He came to the question, "What bad habit have you overcome?"

He paused, thought and then he wrote, "Sleeping alone."

Yes, he's married.

Eddie In The Movies

HAVE you missed the voice of Edward Thorgersen, better known as "Thundering" Thorgersen because of the dynamic manner in which he used to bellow out those Lucky Strike announcements? Well, he's no longer in radio.

He left radio voluntarily and now he's the voice that tells you what's going on in the Fox news reels. I saw Eddie recently and he told me about it.



Enric Madriguera has been abroad with his orchestra but he is due back soon. Then you will hear him on the air waves



—Rotofotos

Easy does it! B. A. Rolfe, portly maestro of the Terraplane orchestra soft-pedaling his rhythm boys during one of his strenuous rehearsals for his Saturday Night Dancing Party

"I'm through with radio forever," he said. "It was impossible to live down the work I did on the cigarette program. I was a national joke and it got tiresome. I like my present job and I'm going to stick to it."

"Thorgy," as it happens, has a very pleasing speaking voice—his bellowings were done at the command of the sponsor who paid well for it but who, though he did not realize it, wrecked the announcing career of Thorgersen.

Insults

TED HUSING, in addition to being just about the best sports announcer in the country, is also one of the most insulting persons along Radio row. Husing doesn't lack tact, either . . . it is his idea of having a good time. Inasmuch as he is in demand as a master of ceremonies at various New York clubs and hotels where radio folks gather for a little relaxation, Ted has been able to insult all kinds of folks. And of course it's a matter of history that he insulted an entire University and its alumni.

But the point of this story is that underneath his natty clothes there's a sensitive, shrinking soul. Close associates of Ted swear that harsh words of criticism, especially of his broadcast efforts, really hurt. So we won't say a word!

Cave Hero

When you tune in on one of NBC's broadcasts of some big news event, you are hearing a broadcast directed by a real hero.

He's a very young man and very small and wiry and he doesn't look like the important executive he is at NBC. He is William Burke Miller otherwise "Skeets"

to all his friends and he's the boy who won the Pulitzer prize by crawling into Sand Cave and talking to Floyd Collins before his death, eight years ago.

Just A Name

IF YOU'VE followed radio programs for any length of time, you've of course heard of Betty Crocker. She talks about food and recipes and what have you and she's been on the air for six or seven years.

Actually, there isn't a Betty Crocker—at least you don't hear her on the air. It's a name owned by her sponsor and it has been used by several different young ladies in the past few years. One of them, named Betty Lutz on her birth certificate, got married and the newspapers made much of the marriage of "Betty Crocker." The sponsor promptly denied that Betty Crocker was married which complicated things no end. But as Betty dropped the name of "Crocker" as well as the name of Lutz at the time of her marriage, things eventually straightened themselves out.

Superstitious Jack

JACK PEARL, the Baron Munchausen himself, is probably the most superstitious person in radio. He will go around the block rather than cross the path of a black cat, he never whistles in his dressing room, he won't walk under ladders and he actually carries a special

Keeping Naughty TUNES



No Blue Lyrics Can Invade your Home because of a Self-imposed Censorship of Radio. Here's how the Radio Chains Launder your Songs

By Tom Carskadon

John Royal, NBC vice president, says: "Certainly we keep songs off the air. It's a matter of good taste"

songs which are allowed on the radio—but are sent to the laundry first!

ONE song which recently aroused a great deal of controversy was built around the taffy hair and torrid curves of Jean Harlow in her movie with Clark Gable, *Hold Your Man*.

Jean's original recipe for holding her man, as written by Arthur Freed, music by Nacio Herb Brown, and published by Robbins Music Corporation, ran like this:

**Give him love that will Mmmm (hum)
With a kiss that will Mmmm
Hold him close to you with love's caress
Lead him on to happiness
With a sigh that will Mmmm
Then the thrill that will Mmmm
Close your drowsy eyes
Drift to Paradise
Give him love and you'll Hold Your Man*

The powers that be in radio decided that the implications in the lines leading to those soft hums were a little too pointed for the air waves. Both major networks banned the song.

The song writers went into a huddle and eventually worked out the following version, which has been accepted for radio use. Compare these lines with those given above:

**Give him love Mmmm
With a kiss Mmmm
Hold him close to you with
love's caress
Plan a world of happiness
With a sigh Mmmm
Love's a thrill Mmmm
Close your drowsy eyes
Dream of Paradise
Give him love and you'll Hold
Your Man*

And so it goes! Not only *Hold Your Man*, but numerous other current song hits find themselves kept off the air until they are changed to comply with radio's strict standards.

*Copyright, 1933,
Robbins Music Corporation

RADIOLAND

TAKE a naughty song to start with. It will go in a night club, certainly. It will go on the stage, probably. It will go in the movies, possibly.

But will it go on the radio? *Never!!*

That is the situation as it stands today. No other form of entertainment has a system of censorship, either forced or voluntary, which can even compare with the self-imposed restrictions of radio.

Here's a specific instance. Mae West, blonde and buxom star, simply swept the country in a lusty movie of the Gay Nineties, *She Done Him Wrong*. Countless millions heard from the screen Mae's version of the immortal ballad of "Frankie and Johnny," watched her ample bosom heave in sighs for "A Guy That Takes His Time." Countless other millions heard those songs repeated in night clubs, on the vaudeville stage, by dance bands, and what-not.

But not one single solitary soul ever heard those songs on a network program! They were good enough to get by Will Hays for the movies, but they were stopped cold by radio.

Likewise with songs from stage shows. Hit songs like "Love for Sale," from the musical comedy, *The New Yorkers*, of a couple of seasons ago; "Eadie Was a Lady," from the more recent *Take a Chance*; and that flip ballad of the jazz age, "Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome, and Did My Ma Give Me Hell!," from the last Ziegfeld Follies, are flatly and finally barred from the air.

Even more interesting are the



Theo Gannon, of Columbia, says: "Columbia believes that off-color songs have no place on the air"

Off The AIR

SOME OF THE SONGS BARRED BY RADIO:

"Love For Sale" "Eadie Was a Lady"
"Was I Drunk, Was He Handsome" "Paradise"
The complete version of "Frankie and Johnny"



Gene Buck, president of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers, says: "We object to all censorship"

WHAT is behind all this? The National Broadcasting Company has a very definite stand in the matter, and it is ably stated by John Royal, vice president in charge of program.

"Certainly we keep songs off the air," says Mr. Royal, "and we mean to keep on doing it."

"We have no desire to be autocratic or arbitrary, but we do believe that the success of all radio is built upon clean entertainment, and this company, for one, means to keep it clean."

"We have no set rules or definite limitations, and in the very nature of things there can be no fixed and rigid regulations."

"Our guiding principle is simply and solely a matter of good taste. We remember always that radio listeners are people sitting in their own homes, that radio performers are thus received into homes, and we want our entertainers to conduct themselves like ladies and gentlemen when that privilege is accorded them."

Mr. Royal's eyes flash fire as he speaks. He is very much in earnest.

"Our company spends thousands of dollars annually investigating new songs that are submitted to us. We make sure that all copyright restrictions are kept clear, we estimate the value of the song for radio broadcasting, and we go over the song to make sure there is no objectionable material in it."

"On this latter point we claim no superior wisdom nor special guidance. We judge simply by ordinary standards of good taste and common sense. Heaven knows we are not infallible, and undoubtedly we make mistakes. But they are mistakes honestly made."

"Whenever a difference of opinion arises,

someone has to make the final decision and accept the final responsibility. I take that responsibility myself, because I thoroughly believe in what we are doing."

Mr. Royal went on to clear up some possible misunderstanding about the situation. "The National Broadcasting Company acts solely for its own programs and its own stations, and we make no effort to influence any other companies, stations or individuals."

"Furthermore, we ourselves never make any changes in songs. We either ban a song completely, or else notify the publisher that certain words, phrases or lines are objectionable. Then if the publisher wishes to submit an alternate version we are pleased to consider it. If the revised version is acceptable, we okay the song for our networks."

Mr. Royal refused to give out a list of songs which the NBC has banned or caused to be changed. "Possibly some music publishers won't give me credit for sincerity in this," said Mr. Royal, "but nevertheless I believe [Continued on page 96]

CLEANING UP A SONG HIT

"Hold Your Man" As sung in the movies

* Give him love that will Mmmm (hum)
With a kiss that will Mmmm
Hold him close to you with love's caress
Lead him on to happiness
With a sigh that will Mmmm
Then a thrill that will Mmmm
Close your drowsy eyes
Drift to Paradise
Give him love and you'll Hold Your Man

Here's what you hear on the radio:

* Give him love Mmmm
With a kiss Mmmm
Hold him close to you with love's caress
Plan a world of happiness
With a sigh Mmmm
Love's a thrill Mmmm
Close your drowsy eyes
Dream of Paradise
Give him love and you'll Hold Your Man



—Rotofotos

Alice in Radioland. If Alice of Wonderland had visited a broadcasting studio Ed Wynn might have appeared to her like this. Vince Callahan, the caricaturist, used neither hashish, nor mirhuanna to re-create the Fire Chief—only cardboard, cloth, a pencil and a camera. This is the first of a series of photo-whimsicalities of radio stars that will appear in *RADIOLAND*

The Baton Boys

No. 1 BEN BERNIE

The First of a Series About the Famous Band Leaders of the Air Deals With the Man Who Changed Broadcasting Styles

By Darrell Ware

ATENOR voice would have cost Ben Bernie a million dollars. He might even have been singing in somebody else's band. You can hear tenors any time you twist the dial on your radio, but you never hear another voice as blatantly bad as Ben's, and when those tuneless tones come through the loudspeaker you settle back to listen to the Ole Maestro.

Radio has been good to Bernie, and he has become the second highest paid radio personality, while his band is the highest priced dance orchestra on the air. In addition, the organization is doing double duty for Chicago's Hotel Sherman this Summer by playing in the College Inn and in the Pabst Blue Ribbon Casino on the grounds of the Century of Progress, under College Inn management. These sources of revenue, plus others such as phonograph records, the sale of songs and, soon, a motion picture, place Ben Bernie in the top flight of entertainers, and yet, three years ago Ben was broke.

And Bernie might have been the forgotten man, but for radio. This can only be explained by going back into his past. Bernie first trembled on the stage in 1910, when he started to produce and act in his own small-time minstrel shows. He can still do an admirable shuffle—and does. With his first money he began a savings account and all stories to the contrary, Ben has saved money each year from then on. In 1922 he organized a twelve-piece band and played the Keith-Orpheum vaudeville circuit for a year, and with the ending of that venture, opened in the new Roosevelt hotel in New York and had his first experience with radio.

He had five years association with NBC from the Roosevelt hotel, and radio began to build him beyond previous successes. He went into the hotel under an



Ben Bernie is just whispering "I hope you'll like it" into the mike. Note the cigar, which plays such an important part in Ben's broadcasting

—Rotofotos

agreement that if the management chose, he could be cast out after a two weeks trial. In all, he played there for five years — without a contract. And he saved money.

THIS brought him up to the year 1928. He had sources of income in his band, records, sheet music sale, radio, spasmodic stage appearances and, at times, additional Bernie bands. And then, in 1929, some acquaintances honored him with a director's seat on the board of a bank in which he had \$117,000. Within a few days the bank collapsed, and Bernie's cash savings were snatched away from him.

In addition, being a director, he was liable for additional assessments which [Continued on page 66]



The lady who just loves crooners has the canary's cage fixed



"Good morning, you early birds—now on your toes—one—two—three—four!"

With The Consent of the Copyright Owners



"Ps-s-st! What are we advertising?"



"Wow, I never heard such static—Shut that radio off!"

The Romance and

By
Nan Campbell

pendicitis. Wiedoeft wrote to him. That letter shaped Vallée's career.

THE year Rudy Vallée spent at Maine University was a happy one. He was, having played as saxophone soloist in the biggest movie theatre in the state, fairly well known and he suddenly found himself one of the most important men on the campus. He was big fish in little pond and no matter how small the pond, being big fish delighted him. But this was not enough to slow up his efforts to be an even bigger fish.

The walls of his room at the University were lined with pictures of Rudy Wiedoeft and it was his constant ravings about his hero that brought him the nick-name "Rudy." So it was, at Maine University, that Hubert Vallée finished his career and Rudy Vallée began.

It was during one Easter vacation, when other boys were off having a good time somewhere, that Rudy went to New York determined to do two things—meet Rudy Wiedoeft and make a phonographic recording. Both were accomplished and in neither was he disappointed, although he paid fifty dollars to make the recording. However he had great schemes in his mind—schemes that were to materialize later. The idea of making the recording had come about in a strange way. The Maine University authorities, interested in the boy's work, allowed him to use some of the buildings on the campus in which to practice and in one of the offices which he used at night he discovered some dictaphones.

One evening he recorded his saxophone playing on one of these round disks, announcing—as he has done so many thousands of times since—his own number. But the result left him dissatisfied. The notes did not come out clearly enough, but it did give Rudy an idea.

He began writing to the various phonograph companies, but all of them had saxophonists and to spare and were not interested in the boy from Maine. Then he heard that he could have a record made by paying fifty dollars to do so. And he found it quite worth the money.



—Wide World

Rudy Vallée and Fay Webb, just after their marriage. This failed because Rudy could not forget his work long enough to be the perfect husband. His music is his life

Last month Miss Campbell told of Rudy Vallée's childhood. Hubert Prior Vallée was born at Island Pond, Vermont, on July 28, 1901. His mother is English-Irish, his father French-Canadian. Two years after his birth the family moved to Westbrook, Maine. The Vallées constituted an average, conservative small-town family, thrifty and respected.

Rudy went to school, worked after hours, did odd jobs in the Summer. Most of his work was done in his father's drug store, where Rudy tended the soda fountain. Later he worked in the Westbrook Star Theatre. Even in these early days Rudy's chief characteristics—intensity and industriousness—showed themselves.

Rudy first studied the cornet and trumpet and then, on hearing a Rudy Wiedoeft phonograph record, became interested in the saxophone. He wrote to Wiedoeft, considered greatest of all sax players, but received no reply. Finally, while convalescing from ap-

LOVES of Rudy Vallee

His Glamorous Career from Yale to his First Hit—and Why his Marriage to Fay Webb Failed

I HAVE already mentioned that first trying year at Yale when the big fish in the little pond discovered himself not even a minnow. At the Maine University they had willingly allowed him buildings in which to practice; he now discovered that he must rent a hall and pay for it out of his own money if he were to go on with his work. There, alone, he practiced.

To pay for his tuition he played in the dance orchestra but, instead of being head man, he was simply the saxophonist and the star of the orchestra was a lad named Sleepy Hall, a wizard with the banjo who was not only an excellent banjoist but an excellent showman as well. The dancers crowded around to watch him play and Rudy was quite forgotten.

The emotions that ate into his heart then were terrific. But more than ever was his desire for success fanned to white heat. He knew his limitations. Some of his friends were handsome lads over whom the girls made a great fuss. But the girls didn't make a fuss over Rudy then. That was to come later when all the misery of those days of loneliness and desire were to be poured into a microphone and touch a responding chord in other lonely hearts.

However, Rudy has always been too active for unproductive dreams, so he got to work once more at his letter writing, redoubled his efforts at practicing and was at last rewarded with a contract to play in a London band.

Upon his return—after a year of playing and teaching sax in England—things were different and now he became important even at Yale and, as leader of the band, led the others out upon the field at big football games. He had, at last, conquered those who ignored him and his faith in himself grew apace.

HIS attack upon New York, after his graduation, was a long and complicated process. He besieged the booking offices with his press book and—a new idea in personality selling—his phonograph records. He asked for a chance to play in all the big bands, he resorted to a hundred tricks to gain attention.

In this way he got several

jobs, but his real chance, the fateful time of his career came when he was selected to direct a band of eight—later known as his Connecticut Yankees—at the Heigh-Ho Club in New York.

He had worked with some of the boys before. The others were strangers. As I have said Rudy's appearance has always been against him so when he came before the musicians gathered there together for rehearsal they were not impressed by him, but it was not long before they realized that here was a young man who would brook no nonsense, a sharp disciplinarian, a fast co-ordinated thinker, a man with italicized ideas. Those who are with him now (and three of the old gang are left) still feel the sharpness of his will. His appearance commands neither respect nor awe. But his words do and he demands instant action when he has spoken.

Once, at Yale, Rudy had tried to sing but the pianist with whom the Yale orchestra had worked in vaudeville had kidded him mercilessly about his vocal attempts, so he had given up that sort of music entirely.

He was (and is) a good saxophonist. He was (and is) an able band conductor, but certainly it is the voice that made Rudy Vallée. And [Continued on page 76]



Rudy Vallee and Alice Fay, the singer who is featured on his broadcasts. Rudy is that rare radio idol, a star who has held his place for five years



Riding the Vocal WAVE

Frances Upton (left) who graces many a Ziegfeld revue, is chief feminine foil for the comedy of Lou Holtz on the Chesterfield Hour over Columbia. Frances is 23, typically Irish, with black hair and blue eyes. Father a policeman. She will appear on the Broadway stage next Fall in Joe Cook's *Hunky Dory*

Lucille Peterson (right) is a young NBC soprano. A New York girl, she first studied piano, went on the stage, tried radio, scored something of an air hit. Attractive, intelligent and a pleasant vocalist. And she is in her twenties





Paul Whiteman, the maestro, is chucking Peggy Healy under the chin—and can you blame him? Peggy is the cute singer on his program, is just 21, this is her very first job and—according to reliable information—the whole orchestra fights to carry her bags and music roll



Above, the hit of the Texaco Hour after Taylor Holmes succeeded Ed Wynn: Larry Butler. Age nine, veteran of radio, loves baseball, likes to swim, is a Boy Scout



Singing Sam, otherwise Harry Frankel, the Barbasol Man. Having started at the age of eight, Frankel has been twenty-six years on the stage, mostly as a minstrel



—Wide World

Introducing Gary Evan Crosby, the most fortunate baby in the world—if you credit the assertions of Bing's vast radio following. Here is Master Gary Evan Crosby, pictured for *RADIOLAND* at the age of three weeks, Dixie Lee, former screen actress and now Mrs. Crosby, and Crosby himself

"I Want My Boy to be a CROONER"



—Richee

Bing Crosby is excited over the debut of his son and heir, Gary Evan Crosby. The Crosbys had expected a daughter

"Nothing in the World would make me Happier," says Bing Crosby, "than to have him Grow up to be a Singer"

BING CROSBY may be a big star at a broadcasting station but at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where young Gary Evan Crosby had his Hollywood première, he was just another father. And fathers, Bing has discovered, have no importance whatever around a hospital.

"Why they won't even let me in the room when he has his meals," Bing told me a little indignantly, "and so far I've had to be content with looking at him through a window. If I could just hold him in my arms, or touch him even, I might feel that he is real. But there's something about looking at a baby through glass that makes you think maybe it's a gag—or a mirror trick."

The baby was at this time only ten days old and Bing hadn't quite become used to the idea of being a parent. I asked him how he felt when the doctor told him it was a boy.

"Well, I suppose it sounds like the same old bromide to say that life takes on a strange new importance when you find yourself the father of a son. Fathers have probably been saying the same thing since the beginning of time. But you never appreciate how true it is until it happens to you. You have a feeling that you've brought a new life into the world that you and you only are responsible for. And you find yourself thinking—gosh, I've really got to make good now.

"We had sort of figured the baby would be a girl. Dick and Joby Arlen were sure that it would be and

By Grace Mack

they had even gone so far as to plan a marriage between their son and our daughter. We had kidded a lot about it.

"A few nights before the baby came I was over at Dick's. He took me into the nursery to see their baby.

"'Dick, Junior,' he said to the baby, 'I want you to meet your future father-in-law.' And then he turned to me: 'Now Bing, I want you to get busy and make a lot of money so our kid can marry into the Crosby millions.'

"Well, when our baby came Dick was off on a fishing trip. So I sent him a wire and said: 'The only way your son can ever get into the Crosby millions is to take the Crosby heir in a poker game!'"

And while at this writing the Crosby heir hasn't had a chance to become personally acquainted with his celebrated father he will no doubt recognize him the moment he hears him speak because he was practically born to the strains of *When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day*. For there's a victrola fully equipped with Crosby records in his mother's room at the hospital and Dixie knows just which radio dial to turn to get Bing's voice by electrical transcription, at any hour in the day.

"That's your daddy singing," she tells the baby over and over and he looks up at her and gurgles something which sounds very much like, "You're telling me?"

And from all reports it [Continued on page 74]



Breaking 90

There were plenty of divots to replace after this fivesome blasted its way around the famous Interlachen Country Club course at Minneapolis recently. From left to right in the group are Jack Benny; Harrison (Jimmy) Johnston, former national amateur golf champion; Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, editor of *RADIOLAND*; Lee Herron, Minnesota state open and amateur champion; and Stanley Hubbard, vice president and general manager of radio station KSTP. Mr. Benny, whose etherized wisecracks are a part of his sales talk on the Chevrolet program, slaps the pill around for a score of 90 or better. On this particular round Mrs. Benny broke up the meeting by calling down into a huge pit from which Jack was dynamiting a ball: "Hey, why-don't-yu-come-up-sometime!"



The Pickens Sisters: Helen, Patti and Jane

"My Girls"

The Mother of the Pickens Sisters talks about her Daughters. They Come from Georgia and were raised on a Plantation

By Dora Albert

FOR the real lowdown about the Pickens sisters, meet the mother of the Pickens girls!

She sits up in bed to receive us, a little white and wan from a recent illness. But though she has been sick, she is glad to see us, for she knows we have come to talk about her daughters, and it will make her happy to do that.

She is really [Continued on page 73]

Jane Pickens, with her fox terrier, as a child. Note the background of Georgia pines, and the plantation wagon



Patti Pickens, the youngest, as a child with two of her favorite dolls



Helen, the eldest Pickens Sister, vocalizing at the age of four

SOUNDS FINE

By
Tom Carskadon

RAYMOND WELTON was in rebellion. The princely corridors of the Continental Diadem Broadcasting System might not realize it, but he was!

Here he sat, an honor graduate of the Drama Workshop course at the university, destined for a brilliant career in producing and directing, and now what was he? A sound effects man! Two years in radio and he was still working sound effects.

Raymond blew his nose in sheer disgust. Amid all the grotesque fauna of radio, the sound effects man is the lowest thing that crawls and breathes. He is the wordless slave who functions where the manuscript calls for "(BIRD NOISES)" or "(SOUND OF WINDOW CLOSING)." He is a blower of tin whistles, a hitter-together of bricks, a banger of property doors—an unpleasant necessity who is tolerated but never really accepted.

Well, Raymond meant to be accepted! He meant to get out of this sound effects stuff and get started on his real career, which was directing. He was getting on in years—he'd be twenty-four his next birthday—and a man had to be thinking of his life work and, well, yes, marriage. His friends were always accusing Raymond of talking too much, but the next time he saw the vice president—

The telephone in the room jangled noisily.

"Mr. McCormick wants to see you."

That was the vice president in charge of programs. Here was the very chance he wanted. Probably the vice president wanted to talk about some stupid old sound effect, as usual, but Raymond would bring the conversation around to the real subject—directing.

Raymond took the elevator from his sixteenth floor up to the twenty-first. This was the Executive Floor; and its magnificence was such that no matter how many times he saw it, he was always a little bit awed. Even the nap of the carpet seemed to realize that he was a mere sound effects man.

The bright spot on the floor was the chief receptionist, who was very young and very beautiful. Ordinarily an Empress of Hauteur, sitting at her pushbutton, time chart and walnut veneer throne, she now favored Raymond with the faintest of faint smiles. Raymond smiled back at her shyly, scarcely believing her smile could have been meant for him.

As a matter of fact, out of all the lowly tribe of sound effects men, he was the only one she knew. He got called up to the vice president's office so many times she couldn't help knowing him.

RAYMOND walked into the office of Sylvester J. McCormick, vice president in charge of programs, fearing trouble. He got it.

"Your Roman crowd effect last night," began the official, with terse elegance, "was foul."

"What was the matter with it?" countered Raymond,



Illustration
by
EVERETT SHINN

The bright spot of the office was the chief receptionist, who was very young and very beautiful. Ordinarily a Princess of Hauteur, she now favored Raymond with the faintest of smiles. Raymond smiled back, scarcely believing his luck

He was the Radio Studio's Sound Effect Expert, She was the Beautiful Reception Desk Girl. Here is a charming romance of broadcasting which ends with the one sound effect—in life or in radio—that can not be faked

innocently, "I took four porters and a hallboy and marched them around a microphone, and any listener in the country would have thought he was right in the middle of the Roman forum."

"Especially," rejoined McCormick, acidly, "when he heard such quaint Latin expressions as 'Attaboy!' and that good old Roman curse, 'Let 'im have it.'"

"Aw, Chief—"

"Mr. Vice President, if you please."

"Anyway, Mr. Vice President, what about that flat-footed clam digger you had playing the part of the senator? His diction, the directing he got, his—"

"Stop!" Mr. McCormick rose like an annoyed cobra. "When this company ever asks for suggestions from a sound effects man—"

"It will get the only real criticism it has had in years!"

Hardly had the words popped from his lips before Raymond realized what he had done. His ancient weakness, the very thing his friends warned him about—speaking out of turn. Mr. McCormick was fairly sputtering.

"Forgive me, Mr. Vice President," Raymond said, soothingly. "I'm always speaking out of turn. I... I was born that way."

"You should learn to curb it by this time," snapped McCormick. "As a matter of fact, Welton, you happen to be one of the best sound effects men in the business. Otherwise I assure you no vice president would ever take the trouble to speak to you, even in reprimand."

"You are very kind, sir," said Raymond, contritely. "What can I do for you?"

"You can go over every sound effect on your entire list, to make ready for the biggest dramatic program we have ever tried to handle."

"Which one is it, Mr. Vice President?"

"Acme Toothpick Company. We are expecting a visit this very morning from their chairman of the board, Mr. Horace Pauncefoote, and everything depends upon our ability to put together a program that will please him."

"What kind does he prefer?"

"He leans toward a dramatic program. As a matter of fact, he isn't entirely sold on radio itself yet. But if we do land his account for this network, it will be the biggest thing we've had in years."

"Why?"

"Because Acme Toothpick is the keystone company in the whole combine of General Goods, Inc. Wall Street put together five companies representing the personal service industries—toothpick, napkin ring, whisk broom, nail file and shoe blacking—and if we can swing Acme, we think the other four companies will come along automatically. That's why everybody is grabbing for Acme."

"It sounds like a magnificent opportunity; and I can tell you the very thing to insure the success of the program."

"What is that?"

Raymond thought his great moment had come. Deliberately he spoke: "Let me direct it." [Continued on page 68]

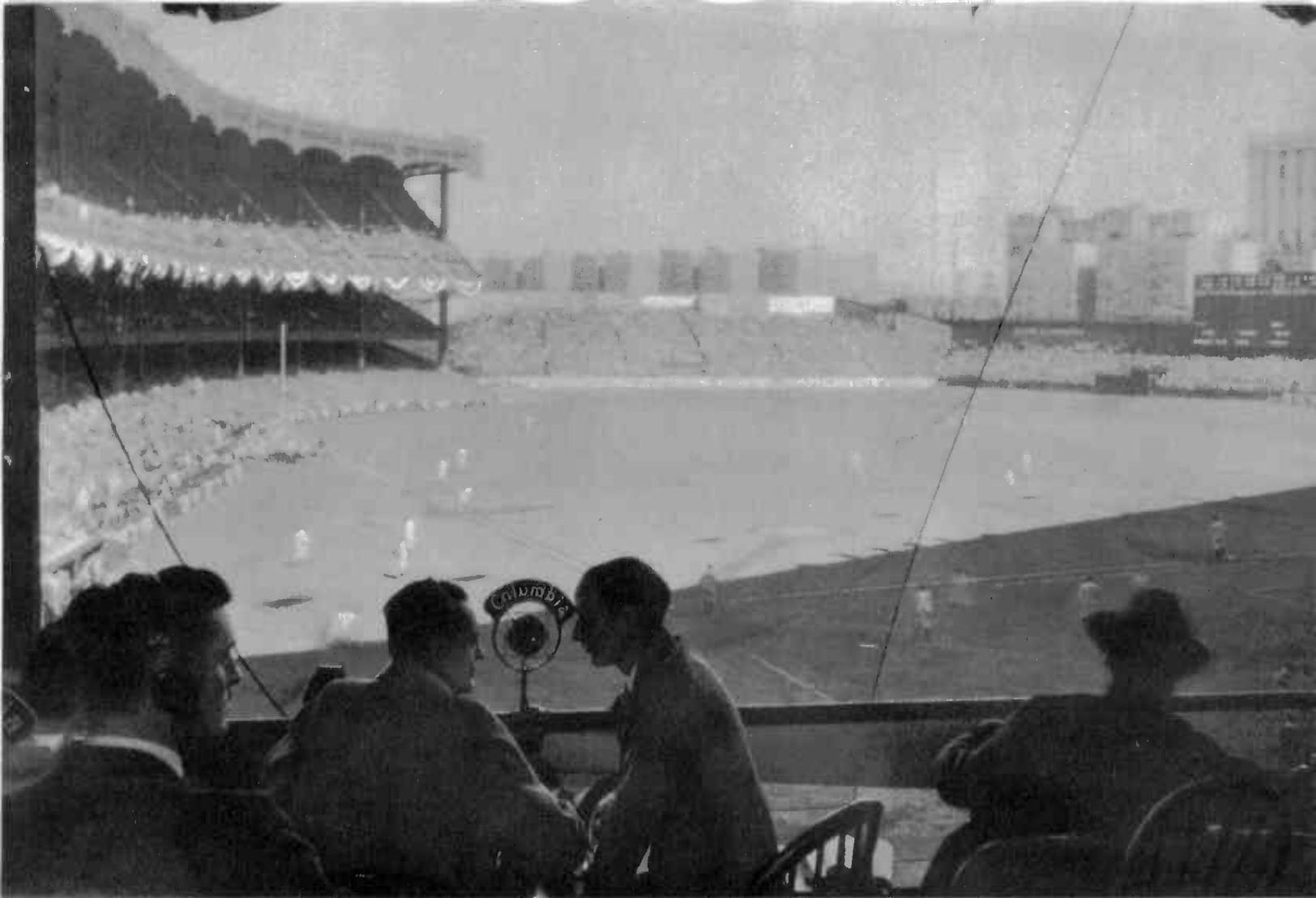


EVERETT SHINN 1933



—McElliott Photo

She's as charming in the studios as her voice is on the air. Vera Van, whose deep-toned ballads are heard over the Columbia air lanes. A ballet dancer since the age of seven, Vera's career was cut short by an injury so she turned to singing and the microphone



—Courtesy New York Daily News

Ted Husing broadcasting the last world's series played in the great Yankee Stadium

Broadcasting *the* World Series

Just Around the Corner is the Great Baseball Classic when the Whole World Listens Breathlessly as Babe Ruth Comes to Bat

By Edward R. Sammis

THERE has always been a good deal of mumbo-jumbo about whether or not the baseball world series is to be broadcast. The situation this year is no exception.

Although the classic of the diamond has gone out on the air every year for the past ten years, just ask any executive of the big chains what the plans are for broadcasting the series this year, and he will assume an appropriate expression of horror and disappear under his desk.

And for good reason.

The world series broadcast is considered the prize non-commercial program of the year (it is never permitted to be sponsored), the great entertainment plum handed out by the chains which pay all charges and the costs of displaced commercial features, as a gift to the listeners.

But the privilege of presenting this plum to the public depends entirely upon the whim of the white-haired, autocratic baseball czar, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis. The judge also reserves the right to select the men who will do the

Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the czar of Baseball, will make no radio plans ahead—but it seems pretty certain that he will admit the universe, via the air, to the world's series again this year. Exact plans of the broadcast will be announced by Judge Landis on September 20th

The Annual Baseball World Series Commands the Nation's Largest

announcing, and even lays down rules as to their manner of delivery.

Therefore it does not behoove the radio people to do any speculating on the subject previous to the judge's formal announcement, lest the czar get uppity and bar them from the ball park altogether.

Approached by a representative of RADIOLAND seeking this information, the judge threw his glasses across the table (it is a habit of his to throw his glasses across the table when speaking and put them on when listening in order to glower better), and barked in his characteristic crotchety manner:

"My plans? Don't you know I never tell my plans? If I knew them I wouldn't tell them—and I don't know them! The earliest I will know will be September 20 for sure, or possibly the fifteenth. I'll talk when I'm ready to talk and not until then!"

He would not even say whether he would allow the games to be broadcast. Apparently the judge does not care particularly for radio.

"I always thought basball was a crazy business," he intoned, "but radio is sheer lunacy."

Nor would he indicate what men he will pick to do the announcing. Last year because of the intense interest of fans around Chicago in the series, he put four Western announcers, Manning and Totten for NBC,

Elson and Flanagan for Columbia, in the star spots in place of the veterans, McNamee and Husing. Whether he will return to those old wheel horses this year, particularly in the event that the league championships are won in the east, is still a matter of conjecture.

WHEN McNamee's name was mentioned, however, he did unbend enough to say:

"Graham McNamee is the best baseball announcer I ever heard. He was announcing baseball when the radio first broadcast games."

So there you have the Judge on broadcasting the series, while it awaits his pleasure.

Nevertheless, because of the great public outcry that would go up were the series broadcast to be barred from the air, it seems safe to assume on the basis of no authority whatsoever, that it will take place this Fall as usual.

When the members of the home team uniformed in gray and the visitors in white rush out of the dugouts onto the diamond to warm up before the cheering stands, when some high public official throws out the first ball (it may well be President Roosevelt this year, if Washington wins the American League pennant), then the curtain will rise on the greatest sports drama of the year from the standpoint of the broadcasters.

The thrills which the series will bring forth are always unpredictable. And therein lies the fascination of it.

In football, unknown players may uncork streaks of dazzling brilliance, in boxing obscure fighters sometimes upset the dope, but the series games are unsurpassed for producing heroes out of the blue whose sustained performance in the tight spots catches the public fancy over night. These are the Howard Ehmkes, the Roger Hornsby, the Pepper Martins. Then there are the old tried and true showmen, the Babe Ruths and the Grover Alexanders. It is a show made to order for the broadcaster, such as no continuity writer could produce.

Although it is hard to estimate, the series broadcast probably commands a larger audience than any other sports feature on the air. Certainly it is a more varied audience. And that is what makes it one of the toughest events in the life of a sports' announcer.

THE series audience comprises the dyed-in-the-wool fan who knows the Babe's batting average to the decimal, who stands ever ready to jump down the announcer's throat. He will have his facts and have them straight or yelp like a wounded coyote. It comprises the intense

Graham McNamee and Phillips Carlin in action at the mike. Except last year, McNamee has broadcast the world's series since 1922. He believes in color and excitement in his comments



Broadcast Audience—and is the Sport Announcers' Toughest Event

partisan who has put his brother's shirt on the Yanks or the Cubs or the Cardinals. Just let the announcer show any signs of favoritism and he will be deluged by letters, all unsigned, beginning "Listen, you mugg—" and ending, "We'll be waiting at the gate tonight to bump you off." It also comprises the vast group of listeners, numerically the most important, who haven't given a thought to baseball all season, but who tune in on the series just for the excitement of the great contest. And excitement and color they must have, or they will howl the loudest of all.

From an engineering standpoint, putting the series on the air presents few difficulties. There is no intricate business of switching from point to point. Two microphones, both under control of the announcer at his place in the press box, do the job.

One of them, usually a short table microphone into which he speaks, is insensitive to every sound except that of his own voice, and only then at very close range. The other, which is super-sensitive, is used to create the illusion of being right in the ball park for the fan by picking up the incidental sounds, the cheering of the crowd, the crack of a base hit, a band playing, or the booing of an umpire.

This microphone is operated by the control man who sits directly under the eye of the announcer and points it now to the bleachers, now to the grandstand, now to the diamond, now cutting it off, toning it down or stepping it up as the announcer directs. Thus the announcer is really in control of two microphones which he must blend carefully in order to give the complete word picture to listeners.

Baseball, perhaps more than any other sport, is strictly a one man job. One announcer usually carries through the game, although sometimes another is called upon to give what is known as the "newspaper story," the general roundup description before and after the game.

The announcer has an assistant, an "observer," but as a rule he does not actually observe and report the plays as in football, but is entirely occupied with keeping track of the statistical detail, the number of times at bat, put-outs, assists, etcetera.

The two names synonymous with baseball broadcasting are Graham McNamee for the National Broadcasting Company and Ted Husing for the Columbia Broadcasting System.

WHEN NBC decided to put the series on the air for the first time in 1922, McNamee begged for the job. But they wouldn't let him do it because they said he wasn't a big enough name. They finally consented to let him go along, however, just for the buggy ride. In the second inning he was asked by the other announcer to relieve him and baseball became one of his great fortes. Husing went in for Columbia in 1927, and has been in the main spot for them ever since up to last year, when he did the "newspaper story" on the games.



Ted Husing believes in detailed descriptions of the world's series. He keeps a complete score card while he talks and watches the game at the same time

Both of them are familiar with baseball from the inside, having played themselves, both back-lot and semi-pro, in earlier days.

McNamee was a southpaw first baseman during High School days in St. Paul. One Summer when he was sixteen he went out to Montana to ride fence on a ranch and play semi-pro baseball with a team of cowhands around Calispel. He got forty-five dollars a month for riding fence and fifty-five for playing baseball.

Husing played centerfield and catcher on the same High School team in New York on which Lou Gehrig was first baseman. That was on week days. On Sundays he was a paid centerfielder for the Osceolas, a team of barnstormers. Both of them have many friends among the big league players, as their shelves full of autographed balls testify.

Between them they have revolutionized the style of reporting baseball on the air, changing it from a dull recital of hits, runs and put-outs to swift-paced narrative, packed with comedy and human-interest and breath-taking incidents. Bush league announcers have followed in their footsteps to good advantage.

BOTH feel that the in-between waits where nothing much happens are the important periods from their standpoint, because the high [Continued on page 80]



Now, say "Uncle!" Taylor Holmes, the gent with the spurious sideburns, is being welcomed to the studio by that ole McNamee, Graham himself. Holmes is pinch hitting for Ed Wynn on the Texaco program and is billed as the Fire Chief's uncle. When he takes his hand away from his hip Taylor will tell you how much he enjoys substituting for the foolish Fire Chief

Woman and her Problems

By Ida Bailey Allen

Bridge Parties

OF COURSE there are various kinds of bridge parties. There is the serious type to which only true devotees of the game should be invited; then comes the second kind, which is a little less serious, and during which it doesn't matter if you chat a bit; and finally there is the kind when people merely get together for a good deal of fun and a little bridge.

When real bridge is being played it is a faux pas to pass cold drinks, so those silent little gadgets that can be clamped to the corner of the bridge table will prove of utmost use to hold the glasses for cold beverages which have been served before the game begins. Buffet refreshments are usually served afterwards.

When the game is less formal the refreshments are less formal too, so after an evening when bridge is merely an excuse for getting together, a chafing dish supper is in order.

Insuring A Successful Party

MANY otherwise delightful bridge parties have been spoiled because the hostess, owing to her elaborate preparations, was too tired to make the party go. Such hostesses are foolishly solicitous; it is not so much the number of courses of refreshments that makes the bridge party a success—the success rather depends upon the wise assembling of congenial guests, the gay informal atmosphere that can be established at the beginning of the party, and finally the very important piquant touch that can be added by a clever choice of interesting foods.

When most of the guests know each other
[Continued on
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—Maurice Seymour Studios



After a broadcast, Jane Ace and her husband really enjoy a game of bridge with their radio and true-life friends, Brad and Marge. What to serve later is no problem to Mrs. Ace. A tray of simple hors d'oeuvres with crisp crackers and a cold drink, left, solve the question

—Courtesy National Biscuit Company

**RADIOLAND Aids You in Solving the Many Questions of Homemaking.
This Department is to Serve You in Helpfulness and Enjoyment**

The Salad Bowl

Originally a French dish, Salad has now Become a Vital Part of Every American Menu

THERE is no doubt that as a nation we have become salad conscious, partly because our cuisine is constantly growing generally more cosmopolitan, partly because we are better acquainted with the foods of France, the land of salads. As a matter of fact, farther back than the year 1000 the new wife of Charlemagne, the conqueror of western Europe who ruled France as well as part of Germany, sent post-haste to Holland for seeds and roots of vegetables and salad plants, so she could have salads.

We talk about foods fit for a king. The popularity of salads among women leads me to suspect that they are rather the favorites of women, as they were a thousand years ago, although the number of men who enjoy salads is constantly increasing and the new generation, being trained to eat salads, plain and with mayonnaise, will undoubtedly demand and eat its daily quota of salad as the years go on.

Originally, in France, salads were made only of fresh crisp green salad plants,

arranged in a big bowl, and dressed just before serving with three times as much olive oil as mild vinegar, enlivened with salt, pepper, a dash of mustard or a soupcon of garlic or minced herbs, mixed with a salad fork and spoon until the leaves looked slightly wilted and the dressing was absorbed.

Today they are still served throughout the continent in this manner, the mixing of the salad being a sacred rite performed by the host.

In our country where originality and something different are continually being striven for, the luncheon or dinner salad is often arranged in a bowl and accompanied by a choice of ready-made French dressing, which is mixed or fatigued in, or with mayonnaise or Thousand Island dressing, which is served from a bowl. In this instance the mayonnaise is not mixed with the salad but is placed on the leaves after they are arranged on the plates.

Rules For Salad Making

There is a new rule in
[Continued on page 87]



Jeannie Lang enjoys a salad of vegetables and mayonnaise. Below, a September vegetable salad and smart salad equipment

—Courtesy Best Foods, Inc. Crystal from Ovington's



Something for Every Room

It is Time to Think of What Your House Needs to Make it a Home for Fall and Winter

THERE'S a policy that underlies the building of many a radio program that almost always insures success: The age-old theme of something for everybody. Broadcasting sponsors have to plan periods which will please the greatest number of listeners or they are faced with a flop. And the program, instead of building good will and increasing sales, proves an expensive white elephant.

Although few women realize the fact, the same principles that underlie business are applicable to the home. If the family is to be happy in it, if the house is to be a mecca for the young people and they are going to want to stay there, it must be run with more than love: it must be modern and up-to-date and must please the varied and individual tastes of those who live in it.



—Courtesy DuPont Style Service
Early American dining rooms offer many opportunities for innovations



—Courtesy DuPont Style Service

A room like this is restful and ideal for home-planning

A Fall Diagnosis

From the standpoint of the other members of your household, won't you take a trip with me through your home? We will assume that it is orderly and freed of unnecessary clutter. But the general September impression is that of dinginess, soiled summer curtains, furniture faded owing to the ravages of the sun; in fact the whole interior of the house has a sort of down-at-the-heels look, because during the summer attention has been directed to the gardens, grounds and outdoor activities in general.

It is too early for a thorough Fall cleaning—the best month for that is October, when the windows are closed and the children are at school. But it is not too early to plan an interesting little change in, or addition to each room, and to make or shop for the necessary articles, or actually do the preliminary work.

Consider this Fall rejuvenation room by room, beginning with the hall, the index of your hospitality. Are the walls dark and dingy, or warm with friendly welcome? It is an easy matter to repaint them, you know. Is there a box for rubbers and place for umbrellas and the right kind of hangers for overcoats in the closets? If there is a mirror, is it hung at the right height with cords—or on [Continued on page 84]

When Children Go To School

Is Your Child Fretful? Does He Hate School? Perhaps Unbalanced Meals Are the Cause

DURING the month of September I invariably receive many letters from mothers who are worried about their children. "They have so little time for lunch at noon," they write, "they just eat and run." Or perhaps the writer states that little Ann has no appetite at noon, looks pale and acts nervous; or that twelve-year-old Bob seems undernourished in spite of all she can do, and always seems to get bad marks. The chorus to every letter is the same: "What can I do about it?"

The ratio of the importance of the noon lunch to the welfare and progress of the child is so direct that in many private schools it is compulsory for the child to eat a properly prepared and supervised lunch at school; and in many public schools nutrition classes have been formed because so many chil-



—Courtesy The Borden Company

Vegetables creamed with meat are appetizing and nutritious

dren were absent from illness, and the "I. Q." was proportionately low. In these nutrition classes the children themselves were taught the amounts of major foods they should eat each day and carried the knowledge to their mothers. The necessity for the indispensable quart of milk; what spinach, oranges and tomatoes do to the body; why baked potato skins should be eaten; why apples and other fruits should be washed before eating—these became a part of the school curriculum, as they should. No examinations were given in this

course, for none were necessary: The improvement in height, weight, alertness, lessened illness, and obedience was proof that the children had grasped the fundamental principles of nutrition and that their mothers had put them into practice.

It Depends On Mother

However, the school should not be forced to extend food supervision, for as long as the pupils go home for a noon luncheon the task of providing the right food is clearly up to the mothers. Any woman can master simple hygiene and the principles of right feeding. Any mother who refuses to do this, or who obstinately uses old-fashioned methods, deliberately retards the welfare of her child.

The Question Of Malnutrition

THE children of both rich and poor alike are prone to malnutrition. The wealthier children because of over-refined foods; the poorer because of insufficiency. All children of primary and grammar school age need a balanced diet, carefully prepared. The food should be digestible, and so cooked that full nutritive value is retained; it must contain an

[Continued on page 90]



—Courtesy National Biscuit Company

If the First Grade School child refuses his noon lunch, do not scold him. He is working at a new job. Instead try a cereal with fruit and milk, and attractive dishes and linen

Exposing Amos 'n' Andy



Stripped for the script. Exposing a lot of epidermis to the cooling breezes Amos 'n' Andy escape the stifling heat by working atop a Chicago skyscraper. Andy (Charles Correll) is unfolding a new proposition for the evening broadcast as Amos (Freeman Gosden) kibitzes, waiting his turn at the typewriter

The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 8]

Dance Music:

GUY LOMBARDO and his Royal Canadians. CBS, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.; Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

ISHAM JONES and his orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 11:00 p. m.; Tuesdays at 10:30 p. m.; Thursdays at 5:45 p. m.; Saturdays at 9:00 p. m.

FREDDIE MARTIN and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 5:15 p. m.; Tuesdays at 11:00 p. m.; Thursdays at 10:30 p. m.

GEORGE HALL and his Hotel Taft orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 11:00 a. m.; Tuesdays at 4:45 p. m.; Wednesdays at 12:15 p. m.; Thursdays at 5:15 p. m.; Fridays at 5:15 p. m.; Saturdays at 12:00 noon.

TED LEWIS and his orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 11:30 p. m.; Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m.

LEON BELASCO and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 11:00 p. m.; Fridays at 11:00 p. m.

WAYNE KING and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 2:00 p. m.; Tuesdays at 7:30 p. m.; NBC-WJZ, Thursdays at 8:30 p. m.

MEYER DAVIS and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.; Fridays at 10:00 p. m.; Saturdays at 6:00 p. m.

PHIL HARRIS and his Hotel Pennsylvania orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mondays and Tuesdays at 11:00 p. m.

HAROLD STERN and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:00 p. m.; Saturdays at 10:45 p. m.

JACK DENNY and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 10:30 p. m.; NBC-WJZ, Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.; WOR, Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

BEN BERNIE and his Casino orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 11:05 p. m.

MILLS' BLUE RHYTHM BAND. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11:00 p. m.

SATURDAY NIGHT DANCING PARTY. B. A. Rolfe and his Terraplane orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:00 p. m.

More Serious Music:

SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR—Famous choir in program of sacred musical organ selections. CBS, Sundays at 10:30 a. m.

COLUMBIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Classic and semi-classical music presented by the Columbia Symphony orchestra under the baton of Howard Barlow. CBS, Sundays at 2:00 p. m.; Mondays at 10:45 p. m.; Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.; Fridays at 10:00 p. m.

CATHEDRAL HOUR—Channon Collinge conducting Cathedral Choir and orchestra with soloists. CBS, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

LIGHT OPERA GEMS—Selections from the best of light opera. Orchestra conducted by Channon Collinge. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:45 p. m.

NEW YORK OPERA ASSOCIATION PROGRAM—An hour of operatic selections sung by stars of Chicago Opera Company. WOR, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—This program has a wide following among listeners who like good music and singing. Frank Munn, tenor; Elizabeth Lennox, mezza-soprano; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Ohman and Arden, piano due. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 8:30 p. m.

CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Jessica Dragonette, favorite soprano of thousands of listeners for years, featured. Cavaliers Quartet and concert music by Rosario Bourdon's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 7:00 p. m.

RADIO CITY CONCERT—Roxy presents soloists and a large chorus with the Radio City Symphony orchestra conducted by Erno Rapee. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 11:15 a. m.

NATIONAL OPERA CONCERT—Symphonic music played by Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra; operatic selections sung by soloists. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 2:00 p. m.

Dramatic Programs:

ROSES AND DRUMS—Historical dramas presented by capable actors culled from the legitimate stage. CBS, Sundays at 6:00 p. m.

JOHN HENRY, BLACK RIVER GIANT—Well-acted dramas based on negro stories by Roark Bradford with Juano Hernandez and Rose McLendon in leading rôles. CBS, Sundays at 6:30 p. m.

TRIPLE BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS—Western stories dramatized by Carson Robinson and his Buckaroos. CBS, Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—Dramatic sketches based on Dumas' famous novel. WOR, Mondays at 6:30 p. m.

SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S—We've been listening to these meetings of Down East folk for years. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:45 p. m.

RADIO GUILD—Vernon Radcliffe presents famous dramas in tabloid form. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 3:00 p. m.

SOCONYLAND SKETCHES—A favorite dramatic program since the early days of broadcasting. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 7:00 p. m.

ENO CRIME CLUES—Mystery thrillers with Edward Reese and Georgia Backus in leading rôles. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:00 p. m.

ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES—Dramatizations of A. Conan Doyle's classics return to the air with Richard Gordon as the deductive detective. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m.

Comedy Sketches:

AMOS 'N' ANDY—Still one of the most popular comedy serials on the air after more than five years. Charles Correll as Andy and Freeman Gosden as Amos. NBC-WJZ, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 6:00 p. m.

CLARA, LU 'N' EM—Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King in sprightly gossip. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Saturdays and Sundays at 9:15 a. m.

THE GOLDBERGS—Comedy serial depicting the daily lives of a family from New York's East Side with Gertrude Berg, James Waters and others. NBC-WEAF, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45 p. m.

LUM AND ABNER—Chester Lauk and Morris Goff as the Ford dealers of the air in rural skits. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Thursdays at 6:30 p. m.; Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

POTASH AND PERLMUTTER—Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch are the comical cloak and suiters in radio dramatization of Montague Glass' characters. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

SISTERS OF THE SKILLET—Eddie East and Ralph Dumke in songs and patter. NBC-WJZ, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 1:45 p. m.

Children's Programs:

TARZAN OF THE APES—The story of the ape-man portrayed for the kiddies by Heinz Rice Flakes Company. WOR, Mondays at 4:45 p. m.

THE LADY NEXT DOOR—Madge Tucker directs child actors in sketches that are swell entertainment for children. NBC-WEAF, Monday to Friday at 3:45 p. m.; Saturdays at 4:00 p. m.

PAUL WING, THE STORY MAN—The whimsical tales of Mr. Wing eagerly followed by child tuners. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 4:45 p. m.

Featured Stars:

KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC—La Palina presents the famous singer who is still one of the most popular stars in Radioland. CBS, Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30 p. m.

SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN—The old-fashioned songs of Harry Frankel. CBS, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:15 p. m.

MORTON DOWNEY—The high-voiced tenor has one of the largest followings in radio. CBS, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 6:00 p. m.

NINO MARTINI—The Metropolitan Opera singer in tenor solos. CBS, Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m.

News Commentators:

EDWIN C. HILL—The veteran reporter's sidelights on the human side of the news. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:45 p. m.; Fridays at 9:45 p. m.

BOAKE CARTER—Commenting on the high spots of the days news. CBS, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 6:45 p. m.

COL. LOUIS MCHENRY HOWE—President Roosevelt's secretary interviewed on national affairs by Walter Thumbell. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

WALTER WINCHELL—Giving the lowdown on tomorrow's news. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 8:30 p. m.

LOWELL THOMAS—Discussing the highlights in the day's news. NBC-WJZ, every day except Saturdays and Sundays at 5:45 p. m.

FLOYD GIBBONS—The Headline Hunter covers the World's Fair for radio listeners. NBC-WJZ, Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7:45 p. m.

Specialty Programs:

IDA BAILEY ALLEN—How housewives can make the home a brighter place in which to live. CBS, Thursdays at 9:15 a. m.

TOWER HEALTH EXERCISES—The daily dozen for radio listeners with Arthur Bagley as the taskmaster. NBC-WEAF, every day except Sundays at 5:45 a. m.

CHEERIO—Inspirational talks by the man who is known to his listeners only as Cheerio. For years a fixture on NBC-WEAF, every day except Sundays at 8:30 a. m.

THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE—The Father Confessor of the Air gives advice on the intimate problems of thousands of listeners. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 10:00 a. m.; Wednesdays at 7:00 p. m.

TONY WONS—The "Are Ya Listenin'" fellow returns to the kilocycles with his home-spun philosophy. CBS, Sundays at 9:45 a. m.; Mondays and Thursdays at 10:30 a. m.

THE FRIENDLY PHILOSOPHER—Pedro de Cordoba, veteran stage star, with Will Osborne's orchestra. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9:45 a. m.

MEET THE ARTIST—Bob Taplinger in intimate chats with radio stars. CBS, Wednesdays at 5:00 p. m.

She Giggled Her Way to Success

[Continued from page 29]

to go on the stage. She's just crazy about the radio now and really knows more about the stars than I do. Although I know quite a lot.

Radio audiences quickly came to love Jeannie as much as Jeannie loves radio. Singing for the diners and dancers in the Waldorf supper room one night she broadcast without knowing it and something about that peppy, jazzy voice of hers caught on. In a few weeks time one couldn't turn a radio dial without stumbling over Jeannie. Now you hear her over the Silver Dust hour.

"I can't really sing, you know," Jeannie will confide, "I never had a lesson, but I work out all my own songs myself. I don't know the notes, honey. I just know whether they go up or down and I put in all those little things myself. But sometimes when I get a new song and try to think of little things to put in I sit and sit and sit—sometimes for two hours—and never think of a thing. Isn't it just too silly? But when I do think of something it gives me a bang.

"I've only sung four slow songs since I've been on the radio 'n I like to sing slow songs every now and then, darling, because what I'm afraid of is that if I just sing and sing and sing these fast songs the people won't think I'm deep or anything, so that's why I like to sing a slow song every now and then."

Jeannie has never smoked a cigarette nor taken a drink in her life. "I guess I'm just a sissy," she will explain wide-eyed, "but you go right ahead and smoke—oh, I don't disapprove at all."

The Baton Boys

[Continued from page 39]

took all his earnings. And Bernie was broke.

This, he explained to me during the longest interview in years, was the low water mark of his career. He had to sell his investment holdings at reduced prices to meet his bank obligations. At the moment when he had begun to consider retirement, Ben found that he was going to have to work harder than ever.

Ben was in the West when the Hotel Sherman offered him a contract to play in the College Inn, and Ben faced the problem of getting his organization to Chicago without sufficient funds. He made it by borrowing \$1,500 from Al Jolson. Ben gritted his teeth and resolved that this was his first and last "touch." It has been. Radio, and the fact that during his years of moving about, on the stage and on the dance platform, he had met countless stars and personalities, swept Ben into his greatest success.

It transpired in this way. The College Inn, with its newly redecorated room and its central location, was the natural center for Chicago's after theatre traffic, and a few broadcasts with Bernie working his hardest, began to show results. The idea of having a "Theatrical Night," when all the stars in the city would be honored at the Inn and coaxed into performing by Ben, was developed, and proved the greatest drawing card in the history of the city. Other night clubs have followed the plan all over the United States, but nothing approaches the College Inn Theatrical Nights in scope and perfection. On a single evening, Bernie has had such stars as Beatrice Lillie and Fannie

Brice working a number together; he has had Jolson, Will Rogers, the Barrymores, picture and stage stars, radio headliners—perhaps twenty-five great names performing in an entertainment that, if purchased, would have cost many hundred of thousands of dollars.

This innovation, soon to be followed by a coast-to-coast weekly broadcast for Blue Ribbon malt, started Ben on his way again, and he has since risen speedily to heights never before obtained by any single orchestra leader.

ON HIS broadcasts, Ben mentions his own name many, many times, but always in a slightly farcical way which makes you like it. He is one orchestra leader who gives constant credit to his band, naming his boys frequently and seeking to build them. He often tells who arranged the next number, giving due credit. This is reflected in a striking loyalty among his musicians, and the sixteen who are with him now, have been with him for years.

Until this interview, however, I have always felt that Bernie took little interest in the music he was producing with the organization, leaving all that to Al Gehring, one of his piano stars. But, due to the fact that George Gershwin was at the table, I discovered in their conversation that Ben is seriously interested in every aspect of the orchestra. Occasionally, as we talked, Bernie and Gershwin would cease firing and pause with a hand moving with the rhythm of the band. Something in an orchestration, or in the work of a solo instrument had captured their attention. Now and

then Ben would jump up and stop his band to have them do a certain number that had in it some technical trick. Then the two maestros would study it with complete concentration.

For the benefit of Gershwin and William Daly, who was to conduct the Chicago Symphony orchestra at a Gershwin concert, Ben decided to put on a special amusement by taking about four choruses of a number on his violin. Ben never practices now, he has abandoned technique, he plays the violin with a cigar in his mouth and with his fingers flat on the strings, but he still gets tone. He "fakes" the choruses he plays—in other words, nobody, including Bernie, knows from one minute to the next what will issue from the instrument. Ben studied violin from the age of six to fourteen, and was hailed as a child wonder. At fourteen he gave a concert at Carnegie Hall. However, about a year later, he became stage-struck and ceased his study, and now caricatures his playing.

After Gershwin retired at midnight, I again directed Bernie's conversation into radio fields. Ben said that he had been broadcasting for ten years, but it is only within the last three that he has felt a terrific pull from it. By this he meant that during the last three years he has found his popularity grows with each broadcast. I asked him if he made any special study of radio technique or psychology and his response was that indirectly he had. All those years on the stage had taught him how to capture attention and how to get the greatest effect from a speech. And now it has become a subconscious procedure, the eventual gift of the true showman.

BERNIE was the first man to start the "tongue in cheek" advertising which is so popular now that sponsors ask for the Ben Bernie type of commercial announcement. Ed Wynn's very funny kidding of Texaco is an outgrowth of this. Editorials have been written giving Bernie credit for this innovation which takes away much of the boredom of the straight commercial, and Albert Lasker said that he considered Ben Bernie the greatest advertiser in the business. On his Blue Ribbon hour, over the Columbia network, Ben gently chides his product, and finds ingenious ways of working the name into his songs and his patter. His "gags" are not written down even for such an important event as this country-wide broadcast. Ben is a great ad lib artist. For some time, he was the only orchestra leader on radio who was allowed to talk freely over the air without first submitting his copy to the station. Bernie could always be trusted to make no breach of good taste.

It took six years of beating a path from one agency to another for Ben to convince them that the "tongue in cheek" style was good. He was turned down time and again, until his popularity at the College Inn was overwhelming enough to coax a sponsor

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Al Jolson, stage, screen and radio star, is a *RADIOLAND* enthusiast, as is his wife, Ruby Keeler, the newest film hit

Know Your Cosmetics

Be Fair with Your Complexion by
Using Only High Quality Products

By Wynne McKay

WHEN you approach the toiletry counter of a large drug or department store to make a purchase or to ask for advice on cosmetics, are you bewildered by the glittering array of bottles, jars and boxes, all containing beauty panaceas? Do you not often wonder just what is really inside all those attractive looking containers? A short "lesson" in the elements of cosmetic chemistry should provide you with enough practical knowledge to dissipate the last vestige of bewilderment. I want to help you to buy toiletries *knowingly*, understanding what is inside those pretty jars, without having to rely on the grudging information given by an unethical saleswoman who is willing to tell you anything to make a sale.

We shall begin with a discussion of creams, because they are most confusing to the average person. There are two general types of creams, the fatty or greasy ones and the non-greasy creams. Most greasy creams are emulsions of fatty oils in water. You probably do not realize that water and oil can be made to mix—and stay mixed or emulsified—in spite of the proverb. However, the milk you drink is an emulsion of butterfat in water. These two antithetical ingredients can be separated by the *centrifugal* force of cream separators into skimmed milk (largely water) and thick yellow cream which is butterfat. Reversing



—Drawing by
JANICE WATHEN



This leather case, Elizabeth Arden's newest, contains all the essential preparations for the proper care of complexion

this process, your face cream manufacturer mixes water and fat together by *centripetal* force. In other words, he churns the oil and water together until in desperation the oil separates into minute particles and hangs suspended in the water.

The materials that are used, in general, in making creams, are (1) vegetable oils such as almond oil, peach kernel oil, olive oil, coconut oil and purified, odorless castor oil, or mineral oils, mostly petroleum products; (2) white wax or spermaceti as stiffening material to make the cream thick; (3) a tiny amount of borax or gelatin, as the emulsifying agent which aids the centripetal force in persuading the oil and water particles to cling together and (4) distilled water. It is interesting to watch the evolution of these different ingredients, which are put into shining churn-like vats, into a fluffy white mass of cream.

There are two [Continued on page 82]

The Baton Boys

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into taking a chance. Blue Ribbon did this, and the result was a lucky arrangement both for Ben and the company, inasmuch as Bernie was already on the air and established before beer became legal. Ben was the first to mention the beverage on the air, jumping the gun on all competitors and getting national publicity on it.

Although Bernie did not say so, something besides wise cracks, the queer voice, the band, the orchestrations, makes for his success. This is the fact that Ben likes people. And when he talks this is reflected until people who have never seen Bernie, listen in and feel that he is talking to them. And he is. He gets right down to the ground and his entire manner says, "Let's get all the fun we can out of this."

HIS expressions, "Yowsuh"—"I hope you'll like it" and "so 'elp me" are accidental catch-phrases which were not original with him but which have become Bernieisms. Advertisers present a suit of clothes and say "I hope you'll like it." These and others of Ben's pet phrases are slogans now, but he still uses them effectively. Bernie repeats his gags often, under the theory that people like what is familiar to them. Although Ben gets tired of playing the same songs as often as necessary, he considers it part of the business and then goes beyond to take one song a season and plug it continuously, over and over again, because he feels that it becomes a trademark, a bond between himself and his band and his audience. Usually he chooses a novelty number, such as his highly successful treatment of "The King's Horses."

Ben writes his own novelty lyrics. He

has also written seven or eight great song hits, such as "Sweet Georgia Brown" and "Who's Your Little Whoozis." He would write more songs if he had time, but Ben is rarely free from interruption for ten minutes. That is why I mentioned that this was a long interview, because to catch Ben in a talkative mood and to converse for over two hours with only casual lapses, is something of a record.

A blind man aids Ben in making up gags, a job too large for anyone as busy as Ben to do alone. The man is Jack Cusik, who went with Ben a year ago and shortly afterwards was blinded in a hold-up, when hit over the head by two negroes. Cusik has improved since his blindness, according to Ben, and has just been rewarded with a new five-year contract.

Bernie is a soft-hearted person, full of sentiment, and a few well chosen words can move him at any time. He has one hand forever on his pocketbook and the other extended to give a shove in the upward direction. He will spend hours in helping those he likes or feels sorry for, to get a job.

His son, Jay, now in New York, is the pride of Bernie's heart. Last year Jay was in Culver Military Academy and I have often heard Ben slyly talking to the boy on a broadcast, phrasing what he says so that a person less familiar with him would never realize what Ben was doing. If he mentions the boy's name on the radio it is always as "Josh." If you ever hear him say that name, listen closely and you may read the hidden message. There will also be a quaver in the Ole Maestro's voice. I

heard him do this message trick once on Father's Day, when Jay was many miles away—and you wanted to cry with Ben.

IT'S no wonder we love him. On the opening day of the World's Fair I happened into the Blue Ribbon Casino at four in the afternoon to overhear a little old woman talking to the head waiter. The day was hot and the fair was large and the little old lady was tired—and she found that Bernie would not appear for two more hours. This appalled the visitor, but she resolved to stay around. "I came all the way from California," she said, "and I'm not going back before I see Ben Bernie."

Another thing that has become a Bernie trademark is his cigar. Ben has smoked cigars for twenty years, but only during the last three has he smoked while talking to an audience, and then to cover nervousness under the strain of such impromptu affairs as the Theatrical Nights. This act has made the cigar in his mouth famous.

I said this to Bernie as the night grew old. "Ben, you are at the peak now. What more do you expect?" And he replied: "I expect to start going down tomorrow." But Bernie won't. Maybe he'll be a greater success in Hollywood where he says he is going to go to "handle lights on Cantor's picture." In reality, H. N. Swanson, my first editor and now associate producer at RKO, has plans for Ben on the silver screen. And let me hazard this guess—that when Bernie hits the picture game he will score again as decidedly as he has on radio, stage and dance floor. "Yowsuh!"

NEXT MONTH RADIOLAND will tell you all about another famous baton boy, Vincent Lopez.

Sounds Fine

[Continued from page 53]

MR. McCORMICK exploded. "NO!! Ten thousand times, No!! Now listen, Welton. I tolerate you because sound effects happen to be my own particular hobby. But your impertinence has created a distinctly bad impression around this company. I'm warning you now simply as man to man. One more serious break, and out you go!"

"I'm sorry, Mr. McCormick. What would you advise?"

"I'd advise you to stick to your knitting. Why all this ambition to be a director, anyway? You're always assured of a place, and an increasingly important and well-paid place, as a sound effects man."

"But isn't directing a program a more creative thing?"

"No! Heavens, boy, think what radio is. Your entire impression has to be conveyed through the ear. There is no scenery in radio. The only way you can set the stage and give the place and feel of a scene is by sound effects. I tell you, sound effects are the very heart of radio."

"I wish more people thought that."

"Make them think it. Show them! Go over every sound effect you've got, and be ready to do a job on the Acme program that will set all radio talking. This is your big chance. Make the most of it! That's all for this morning. Good day."

"Good day, Mr. Vice-President."

Mr. McCormick's words had struck fire. The light of inspiration was in Raymond's eyes as he turned to leave. The pleasurable sense of power was heightened as he opened the door to let himself out into the corridor. At the sound of that Vice-Presidential door every secretary and receptionist on the Executive Floor brought her face to the position of "What is it, please?" As soon as they saw it was a sound effects man, they resumed their normal expressions of disgust.

The abruptness of their change defeated Raymond. Whereas he had opened that door as an artist, a pioneer and a worker in the very heart of radio, he closed it behind him now as one of the ether's un-

touchables—a sound effects man. He shuffled toward the elevator.

Mary Mayo saw him. Now in the first place, she should never have been a receptionist, anyway, because she was much too warm-hearted to carry that pose of disdainful beauty; and in the second place, this young man really interested her. She spoke to him as he dragged past her desk.

"Little boy, did somebody steal your marbles?"

Raymond turned sharply. The chief receptionist on the Executive Floor, the one girl in the whole organization whom he thought would never learn to speak to him, was actually speaking now—and smiling. He went up to her.

"Do you know my name?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said, lightly. "You are Raymond Welton, a sound effects man. I haven't got your finger prints on file, but I've seen you come to this floor pretty often, and I have a camera eye."

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Radioland's Pattern Service

Jane Pickens Permits Us to
Copy Her Black Satin Frock
for Early Fall Wear

IN THIS frock selected by Jane Pickens are all the newest features of Fall fashions. Any one of the notes illustrated in Jane's dress would mark it as a new and up-to-the-minute gown.

Black satin has never received more attention than it will have this approaching season.

Buttons are the important trimming—in fact there is no one thing that will bring a dress up-to-date as quickly as many large buttons. In Miss Pickens' frock, buttons play an important part together with diagonal lines in blouse and skirt.

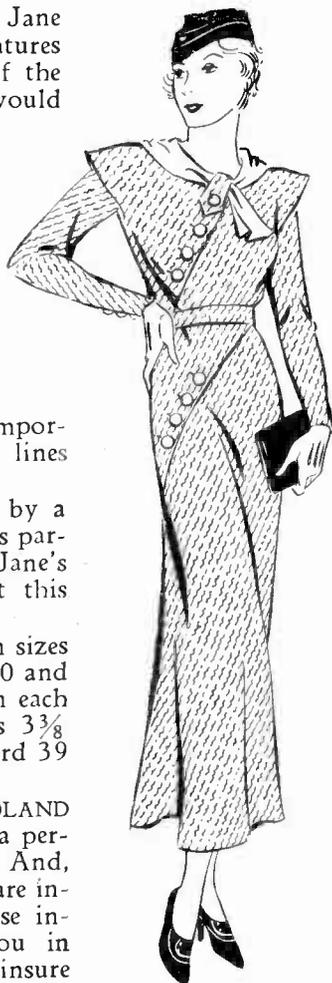
A high neckline is accentuated by a white scarf. The Javanese trend is particularly important this Fall and Jane's frock has shoulders bringing out this trend.

L311 pattern may be ordered in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42, and this model is becoming in each and every size. Size 16 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39 inch fabric and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 39 inch of contrasting material.

Remember, in ordering RADIOLAND patterns, that you are assured of a perfect fitting dress when completed. And, too, complete sewing instructions are included with every pattern. These instructions not only facilitate you in actually making a dress but also insure a finished, workman-like frock when completed. They are simple to follow no matter how little or much knowledge of dressmaking you may possess.

THIS is the time to begin planning your Fall wardrobe. There is no better way of successfully meeting your limited clothes budget than by consulting RADIOLAND'S new Fall Fashion Book which has just been completed. In it you will find all the newest fashion features with practicality always borne in mind. RADIOLAND is always careful to keep away from extremes which are dangerous to the average woman's wardrobe.

Order your Fall Fashion Book *now*, together with pattern L311 and save money.



Jane Pickens allowed her dress to be copied in pattern L311. Black satin, with white scarf at neck, this model is becoming to matron as well as youth, and has all features of Fall fashions

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

For the enclosed..... send me Jane Pickens' dress, No. L311. Size..... Fall Edition Pattern Book (check if wanted).....

Name
Street
City State

Pattern 15c Fashion Book 15c Combination Price 25c

Edwin C. Hill's Own Inside Story

[Continued from page 20]

and grandfather, arrayed on either side of the fireplace, each smoking a corn-cob pipe according to the good old pioneer custom and spinning yarns.

He was born in Aurora, Indiana, a town of 4,000 near the Kentucky border where his mother was a teacher and his father superintendent of schools.

His boyhood was devoted to a backlot study of baseball in which he one day hoped to become a professional, and to persuading his playmates to call him "Bill" because he detested all nicknames deriving from his given name "Edwin."

HE STILL gets letters from his boyhood playmates beginning "Dear Bill," although he hasn't been back to Aurora since his grandmother's funeral twelve years ago.

In High School he wrote pieces for the local paper and some of them got printed. He had the heady experience of seeing his stuff appear in print and the fever got into his blood.

Later, when he was completing his education at Indiana University, his English professor held up the old *New York Sun* to the students as a classic in journalism and Ed Hill made up his mind then and there that some day he would become a member of the *Sun* staff.

But he decided he had better cut his teeth first, so he worked for a while near his home on a paper in Fort Wayne, then in Cincinnati, and finally went up to Indianapolis to work on the *Sentinel*.

Here he gained his first recognition with a "color" story of the type for which he later became famous on the funeral of Benjamin Harrison.

He decided the time was now ripe to beard the big city, so on May 12, 1904, he arrived in New York with high hopes in his heart and a hundred dollars in his pocket, and presented himself to the city editor of the *Sun*. But oddly enough the city editor had never heard of the promising young man who had written the brilliant story on Benjamin Harrison's funeral.

He wouldn't consider working on any other paper, so he turned instead to selling life insurance. But nobody bought any. His hundred dollars dwindled, and he was forced to accept a minor clerkship in the life insurance office at \$10 a week.

Then he remembered that he knew Senator Beveridge. He got a letter from the senator to the city editor, and was given a temporary assignment. That assignment continued without interruption for twenty-two years.

AT THAT time the coveted jobs were those of the star reporters who were paid "on space" instead of by the week. No cub had ever attained star status in less than eight months. Hill reached it in four. On Friday nights these favored ones would paste up their "string" of stories to be presented to the cashier for payment by the column inch next morning. Hill's string

often stretched across the wall and down to the floor.

Those were the glamorous days of the newspaper profession before the wide use of the telephone, the typewriter and high speed presses reduced it to more or less mechanized routine, when a reporter often wrote his copy on the scene of the story in longhand. The *Sun* developed a group of famous reporters in those days. Since the death of Frank Ward O'Malley, Ed Hill, the baby of them all, is the only one left.

Very early in his career, Hill rebelled at the down-at-the-heel appearance of the average reporter. He resolved that he would be on equal footing, as far as dress was concerned, with any of the great men he interviewed. To say that he became a natty dresser is hardly correct. It was something more impressive than that. Wearing a dark coat and striped trousers in winter, light flannels in summer, carrying a cane on formal occasions, he soon gained a reputation as a Beau Brummel on Park Row. At the Becker trial, a fellow scribe seeing Ed Hill for the first time, thought he must be one of the attorneys. Today, with his hair graying slightly at the temples, with his erect carriage, he is more striking looking than ever.

All this time, Ed Hill was Johnny-on-the-spot wherever anything important was happening. The world was his beat. He interviewed presidents, kings and captains of industry, princes and premiers, Mussolini, Kitchener, Lloyd George and Marshall Joffre, every chief executive of the United States during that time. He covered conventions, disasters and crime. His favorite stories are the Becker trial for the murder of Herman Rosenthal which made Lefty Louie and Gyp, the Blood bywords in the American language, the sinking of the Titanic, and the Bull Moose presidential campaign.

For a brief time he took a big paying job, first as newsreel editor, then as scenario editor in Hollywood, but gave it up to return to first love, newspaper row. He thought he would always be a newspaper man. He didn't want to be anything else.

Then late in the Summer of 1930, he was taking his vacation in the Maine woods. It has been his unailing custom for two weeks out of every year to shed his sartorial splendor like an old skin, get into a dirty flannel shirt and decrepit moccasins, let his beard grow, and fish for trout at a little lake up near the Canadian border.

THERE was a fire warden's telephone into his camp, a single line stretched for twenty-five miles along the ground. Over this line one morning came a call from Jesse Butcher, then publicity director of the Columbia Broadcasting System urging Hill to come back to New York right away for an audition which the *Literary Digest* was holding to pick a news commentator. But Hill didn't see how radio could have any place for him. And the trout were biting fine. So he went right on fishing.

When he finally got back, the audition was still going on, and Butcher persuaded him to have a try at it anyway. He tried out, but *The Literary Digest* people had already made up their minds on Lowell Thomas. He went back to the *Sun*, thinking the whole business was pretty silly anyway.

But the advertising agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne had had a man at that audition. And almost a year later, when Wallach Brothers, one of their clients, wanted a news reporter to broadcast from Station WOR in Newark, they remembered how Ed Hill's golden voice had come over the loud speaker, and sent for him. It is amusing to note that the best-dressed reporter in New York was first sponsored on the air, quite by accident, by a clothing firm. In the winter of 1931-32, Hart, Schaffner and Marx, impressed by his fan mail, put him on the Columbia national network. After his contract ran out, he was kept on a sustaining program, broadcasting his forthright human interest stories three times a week, under the title "The Human Side of the News."

In the Fall, prior to election time he interpreted the presidential poll for *The Literary Digest*. Then came his weekly broadcast "The Inside Story," in which he interviewed notables in all walks of life. This program, sponsored by Socony Vacuum, has gone off the air for the Summer, but may be resumed in the Fall. Jack Dempsey, Ethel Barrymore, Police Commissioner Mulrooney, Grace Moore, Babe Ruth and Gene Tunney were among his guest stars. He liked the Grace Moore broadcast best himself, but his wife thinks the Babe Ruth interview was the best job.

This Spring, he added another accomplishment to his repertoire. To his own astonishment, he became an actor. Major Bowes of the Capitol Theatre sent for him and told Hill he wanted him to appear in a stage show.

"But Lord, man!" said Hill, turning slightly pale, "I can't act!"

"How do you know you can't?" replied the unfeeling Major, "you've never tried."

Then Hill began to visualize the presentation of a broadcasting studio on the stage, and he got enthusiastic. His stage appearance was so successful that he was booked for a series of engagements lasting far into the summer.

TAKE the popular conception of a newspaperman according to fiction and the movies—a half-intoxicated, irresponsible bum, with a gin bottle in one pocket and libel suit in the other, turn him inside out—and you've got Ed Hill. Besides his other achievements, he has done great service to his profession in correcting this erroneous impression by showing that an outstanding newspaperman can be a gentleman and a scholar.

Ed Hill has always been a city editor's dream of a reporter, punctual, dependable, a

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Sounds Fine

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"Well, I know your name, too. You're Mary Mayo; and I . . . I have been watching you for weeks. Despite the fact that you are the best looking receptionist in the building, I think you are at least semi-human."

"Oh, Sir, you overwhelm me! Now that we are old pals, Sound Effects Welton, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing, Receptionist Mayo, except that I am no artist, I'll never be a director, and I'm about to lose my job."

"Well, well, aren't you just a little he-Pollyanna in tweed pants! But why lose your job?"

"Because I speak out of turn."

"That's easy. The next time you want to say something—don't."

"But I—"

"Don't."

"You win, Receptionist Mayo. I won't say another word. But it is a bore, isn't it?"

"What?"

"All this emphasis on sound effects. I want to direct programs. So does any other sane man in radio. Yet old McCormick brings me right back to sound effects, and tries to read me a lecture about sound effects being the heart of all broadcasting."

"He's right."

"What, you too?"

"Yes, I too. Listen, Welton. Sound effects are important, and you've got to take your present job more seriously. I can sympathize with your ambition to be a director, but you will never make it—and what's more, you won't deserve it—until you have mastered your present job."

"Well, well, aren't you just the little Pathway to Progress?"

"Maybe not such a bad one, at that. You know, even a receptionist sometimes has ambitions."

"Surely not an Executive Floor receptionist."

"Yes, an Executive Floor receptionist. She might aspire to a real position in the business world, and also—but you wouldn't know anything about this—she might even have fleeting visions of domesticity."

"Say, that's an idea!" Involuntarily Raymond bent closer to her.

"Not too fast, Sound Effects Welton." Raymond winced slightly as he heard that odious title. Then Mary smiled at him gently as she said in mock-receptionist tones, "If I need you, I will call you."

"Please do." Impulsively Raymond grasped her hand. She did not draw it away. "Thank you, and goodbye . . . Mary." There was a special little thrill in speaking her name.

"Goodbye Raymond."

A SORT of exultation was upon him as he walked down the corridor. Confused impulses were surging within him, but he found the tumult strangely pleasant. He decided not to take the elevator. He could think better if he went to the stairway and walked down to the sixteenth floor.

Down the first flight he went, with Mary's face swimming before him. Gradually that vision faded as the sterner realities of his situation forced themselves up to the surface of his consciousness. His job . . . the Vice-President . . . sound effects. Raymond bent his head.

Some of his most intricate effects were down in the big Studio Twelve, where he had piled them in a corner after the Roman program of the night before. He must get them all sorted and tested and put in the sound room immediately. There was no telling when Mr. Pauncefoote might appear, nor what he might want.

Raymond left the stairway at the sixteenth floor, stepped into the corridor and walked down to Studio Twelve. He entered the great vaulted depths of the studio and made his way to the corner where his sound effects were piled. He began sorting them out and putting them in order. He emptied stale water out of the bird whistles, and untangled the rubber flanges on his geese call. He re-resined the string of the lion's roar which had devoured so many Christians the night before, straightened out the accordion pleats of the horse's whinny, and put new lumps of brick in the coffee grinder for the chariot wheel effect.

Raymond worked glumly away at his noise gadgets, moodily stretching a ten minute job into almost a half hour. He was getting a little fed up with the whole thing, anyway. It was bad enough to have to spend your days blowing and pulling and thumping sound effects, but when a Vice-President went so far as to lecture you about sound effects being the heart of radio—well that was too much! Raymond viciously squeezed a cow's moo and kicked

a temple gong. If he ever had a chance to show them what he could do—

There was a sudden commotion in the corridor. Raymond half rose, but it was too late to run now. Authoritative footsteps were approaching Studio Twelve. What if it was some official? There was Raymond with last night's sound effects still sprawled around him, still not put away, even after Vice-President McCormick himself had said—

The doors were thrown open, and nothing less than Horace Pauncefoote, chairman of the board of the Acme Toothpick Company, strode in.

Pauncefoote, short, powerful, leonine, the very picture of the artist-in-business, took his stand in the middle of the room. Surrounding him were President Willoughby of the Continental Diadem Broadcasting System, with Vice-President McCormick, in charge of Program, and Vice-President Stebbins, in charge of Sales. These were known as the Big Three of the Continental system, and their combined presence attested the importance of the client.

Trailing behind the officials was the Executive Floor receptionist, notebook in hand, ready to take any memoranda that might be given her. Glancing around the studio, Miss Mayo thought she caught a glimpse of something moving in the far corner. She looked closer, and saw Raymond Welton crouching behind his sound effects. She gasped. She feared the worst.

Mr. Pauncefoote threw up his arms in a dramatic gesture. "Is this the largest studio in the building?" he demanded.

President Willoughby assured him it was.

"Then let us, here in this studio, here in

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"Mazuma Motor's bought that theme song I wrote for Schultzenheim's pickles and now I gotta find a woid with a mechanical sound that'll rhyme with sauerkraut"

Sounds Fine

[Continued from page 71]

the very heart of radio, bring forth a program idea."

Raymond knew his own fate was sealed. If a conference was starting here, his discovery was only minutes away. Blind, helpless rage possessed him—rage at radio; rage at the sound effects which so shabbily served his creative spirit and so flimsily screened his material body.

Mr. Pouncefoote went on. "Within these four walls let us plan our program, let us build the framework of music and drama that will carry the message of Acme Toothpicks to every home in the land, that will—"

"Why have a program at all?"

Stunned silence fell upon the studio. Out of nowhere, a voice had dared to interrupt the client. The officials were stupefied, unable to move, scarcely able to breathe. Mr. Pouncefoote was the calmest of all.

"Hold!" he cried. "That question is basic. I"—he swept his arm outward with a magnificent gesture—"I forgive the man for asking it."

There was a clatter of sound effects as a blinking figure in the far corner of the studio rose to his feet. Mary Mayo knew the worst had arrived. Raymond was speaking out of turn.

"Why have a program at all, I say!" Now that he was discovered, Raymond's despair, rage and chagrin were reaching incandescence. "Why bother to write and produce drama, when sound effects are the heart of radio? Why not have a program of nothing but sound effects?"

Mary Mayo felt ill. Raymond was simply hanging himself.

But the present client hadn't earned his title of "The Great Innovator" for nothing.

"Go on, young man," he said majestically, "I'm interested."

Raymond's sarcasm was running wild by this time. "Sound effects! Sound effects! They set the stage, deck the scene and tell the story in radio. If you don't believe me, ask Vice-President McCormick.

"Why not start your story with sound effects, use sound effects to indicate the middle, and sound effects to show the end. It's brand new. Nothing like it on the radio. A whole drama with nothing but sound effects!"

Raymond was perilously near hysterics. The Big Three were leashed tigers, trying not to leap upon Raymond bodily.

But the look on the client's face made even Raymond pause. A great light rolled over the Pouncefoote countenance as he prepared to speak.

"It's colossal!" he boomed. "It is the first really new idea radio has had in years. I made my commercial success trying out new ideas, and I'll make my radio reputation the same way. Young man, I want you to prepare me a sample scenario and submit it at once. We need look no farther. Gentlemen, the conference is ended."

MR. PAUNCEFOOTE moved toward the door. The officials followed him, stalking past the dazed, blinking and still

uncomprehending Raymond. The two Vice-Presidents looked as though they had great plans for Raymond. Boiling him in candle grease would do for a starter.

The company officials rode with Mr. Pouncefoote down to the lobby and bade him goodbye. Then as one man they dived for the nearest elevator and almost screamed, "Sixteenth floor!"

Fortunately, Raymond had left the studio. A cooler counsel prevailed among the flaming executives. "Gentlemen," said President Willoughby, "we must not touch him. Just now, young Welton happens to have caught the client's interest. The only possible thing for us to do is to let this madness run its course, and when the client recovers his senses we can present him with a real idea."

Meanwhile, Raymond was up on the Executive Floor pleading with Mary Mayo.

"You've got to help me out with this thing."

"I can't work here with a sound effects man."

"Then I'll come to your house tonight."

"But I have a date."

"Break it! This is—"

The signal light showed the approach of an elevator. It was President Willoughby. Raymond escaped to the stairway just in time.

That night he and Mary worked for three hours at an impossible task—a radio drama with nothing but sound effects.

"It can't be done," she announced with weary finality.

"Mary," he said, earnestly, "with your backing me, anything can be done. I'll try it alone tomorrow night, and not bother you. I'll lick this thing yet."

Three days later Raymond informed the company his scenario was ready. Mr. Pouncefoote was hastily summoned, and the Big Three of the Continental Diadem Broadcasting System once more assembled with him in Studio Twelve.

"Gentlemen," said Raymond, at the start, "I am here not merely to describe a program idea, but to present it in actuality. I shall retire behind this screen to manipulate the necessary effects. I ask you to be seated, and listen carefully as, for the first time in history, a radio drama is presented wholly by means of sound effects."

The program that followed was something south of awful. There were bird calls, cow moos and other noises to indicate the countryside. Clicking heels were the farmer's daughter, hobnails on boards her rustic swain. Automobile chugs heralded the arrival of the city slicker, and train noises showed the elopement, with rustic hoofbeats in futile pursuit. The scene changed to city noises, and dragging hoofbeats showed the swain had finally reached the city. There was a sudden fire siren, the disappearing chug-chug of the cowardly villain, hoofbeats to the rescue, wedding bells, and peace again in the countryside.

Mary Mayo, summoned to the conference with her notebook, turned pale. This was

even worse than she imagined. President Willoughby sat in profound anguish, unwilling to believe the sounds that his tortured ears had brought him. Both Vice-Presidents, blood vessels cording in their necks, felt in their pockets for personnel blanks. They wanted to fire Raymond twice.

HORACE PAUNCEFOOTE alone gave no sound nor sign of any reaction whatever.

Raymond rose from behind his screen. The doom which hung over him was so thick it could be sliced and fried. With that desperate unconcern of the already damned, he spoke. He spoke the only words that, from the dawn of radio, have ever really interested a client.

"Why don't you put in a sales talk?"

Horace Pouncefoote was electrified. The commercial mind, once it has sponsored an idea in the arts, is loath to admit defeat. Possibly this was a way out! Pouncefoote shot a question at Raymond. "Are there no words at all in your sound program?"

"No words whatever."

"Then let's fill it with the message of Acme Toothpicks," said the great industrialist. "While your sound drama is going on without words, telling its story in sound only, so that nothing else can affect it, let's put in over it the words that will carry the toothpick message.

"Let's tell the American housewife that toothpicks can be used for mending lace curtains and binding rump roast; tell the American hostess that sandwiches are served on toothpicks; tell the American schoolboy that toothpicks will form his geometry figures; and tell the American father that toothpicks can be used for poker chips.

"Gentlemen, here commerce and art are truly wed. The enthralling message of the product goes out in an uninterrupted half-hour of sales talk, yet at the same time a complete radio drama in sound goes with it. It's perfect!"

Horace Pouncefoote was carried away with the splendor of his own cleverness. He dashed over to put his arm around Raymond's shoulders.

"Young man, you have made the contribution of the age." He turned toward the center of the studio. "President Willoughby, I say to you I am now ready to sign a year's contract, for a weekly presentation of one of these sound-dramas over a national network—on one condition."

"What is that?" asked President Willoughby, barely able to articulate.

"That this young man be made director of the program."

"We are most happy to do it," said Willoughby, struggling for control. "In fact, we were about to promote him ourselves." The President had the grace to choke violently.

All thought of radio technique was gone now. The President and the two Vice-Presidents, sensing a contract as a jungle beast senses the kill, closed in upon Pounce-

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Edwin C. Hill's Own Inside Story

[Continued from page 70]

fiend for industry, able to take a paragraph on any given subject and stretch it into a column story at a moment's notice. He does not drink. He smokes moderately. He has never had any taste for Broadway night life. Although his income is far beyond a newspaperman's wildest flights of fancy, he still lives simply in his apartment of other days, with his wife, Jane Gail, who was a motion picture actress before her marriage.

The typewriter is still his natural means of expression. H. V. Kaltenborn, whose news comments are far more factual and ponderous, rattles them off ad lib without a shadow of a note. Hill, with his colorful narrative, smooth-flowing treatment, writes everything out before hand.

Then he reads it, through silver-rimmed, black-ribboned pince-nez, bent forward from the waist toward the microphone, one hand behind him, gesturing and turning pages with the other, as much at ease as any Fourth of July orator, summoning up with his powerful imagination the picture of his listeners so clearly that he feels he is actually talking directly to them.

Last Fall when he was told that he had been chosen in a nation-wide contest as the

foremost news commentator of the air, he laughed.

"Why I'm not a news commentator at all," he said. "My stuff isn't news. It's human interest. I am, as you might say, a radio feature page."

He gets his ideas from the news, taking anything that is likely to strike the popular fancy at the moment. Then drawing on his varied experience and wide association with great men, on his enormous store of reading (he reads constantly and voraciously and has a tenacious memory), and on his Scotch-Irish inherited Hoosier imagination, he develops it.

HE WRITES with unbelievable rapidity. During the 1932 convention, from the floor of the hall, he filed over eight thousand words a day, rich as fruit cake with plums of political lore and Biblical and classical comparisons. He tossed out a whole book last year, *The Inside Story of 1932*, in odd moments.

At the inauguration, he was the only reporter, newspaper or radio, allowed on the inaugural platform. During this administration as in others, he has been a favored guest at the White House. He is the only

radio news man who has the full facilities of a press service at his disposal.

His fan mail is highly controversial. Once he made an allusion to cats which three spinsters in New Jersey took to be derogatory. They wrote him about it, taking exception. He wrote them back, explaining his stand. They wrote him again, declaring that they would not feel appeased until he had an entire broadcast devoted to eulogy of cats. The letters kept coming until it would have been a full time job to answer them. That's just one example.

Hill's chief interest in life is the ever-varied unfolding pageant of life itself. His main objection to Communism, which is one of his few bogeys, is that he feels it would tend to make things dull and regi-

In spite of his many activities, whenever an exciting event takes place, or a new intriguing personality appears above the horizon of mediocrity, you'll find Ed Hill on the spot.

These are breath-taking times. And we can be thankful that we have at least one Ed Hill, to give us a peep behind the scenes, leaving the things we ought to know to other men, and offering us the intimate dramatic human things we like to hear.

"My Girls"

[Continued from page 51]

an extraordinary woman, this Mrs. Pickens, and it is her courage and gallantry which explain the success of the Pickens sisters. Married at twenty, she managed a large Southern plantation and put her wit and business ability to work to wrest a living from the soil. The daughter of a Southern rebel, she never knew what fear meant.

"Are the girls very much like each other, or are they all different?" I asked Mrs. Pickens.

"They are all very different," she said. "Helen, the eldest, is the most placid in temperament. Jane is more dynamic, more volatile. Patti, the youngest, is very quiet and unobtrusive, but if anyone steps on her, she steps right back. She's quick at comebacks and knows all the answers."

And at this point I want to let you in on a little secret. There are really four, not just three Pickens girls. The trio you've heard on the air consists of Helen, Jane and Patti. But if you had heard the original trio when they first appeared on the stage, you would have heard Helen, Jane and Grace. Grace was the original soprano.

Patti is in her very early 'teens but nothing fazes her. Already she has more beaux than she knows what to do with. She has the most amazing eyes, yellow in color, like a tigress. Paul Whiteman calls her grandma because she's so young.

THOUGH Jane is the most dynamic of the girls and has the most force and drive, she is also the most naive, the most

open-hearted and frank of them all," confesses Mrs. Pickens. "The moment she thinks of something, even though she doesn't mean to say it, out it pops! She was that way even when she was a little girl. When Grace entered school, she took Jane visiting with her. Jane was then just a little over four.

"Helen's teacher said to Jane. 'Well, Jane, I'm very glad to see you. When are you going to come to school?'

"Hmmm," said Jane, 'I'm at school now.'

THE most domestic of the girls is Helen. She sews beautifully and has always, until recently, made her own dresses. When Grace was appearing in an amateur play, Helen designed two stunning dresses for her, one a white chiffon evening dress with rhinestones, the other an afternoon dress of black and gold organdy with white embroidery. Another specialty of hers is making gorgeous salads. It may seem strange that anyone as domestic as Helen shouldn't have rushed right into marriage. The truth is that Helen has been in and out of love many times. She has almost married several times, but each time she has fallen out of love before the fatal ceremony took place. At the present time she isn't engaged."

The girls live almost as quietly in New York as if they were still living in a sleepy Southern village. None of them has ever been to a night club. Not one of the girls drinks, and Helen is the only one who ever

touches a cigarette. She learned to smoke in art school, and it's just about her worst vice.

Every day fried chicken and hot biscuits are served in the Pickens home.

The girls were born in Macon, Georgia, and were brought up on a plantation seven and a half miles from town. Their father was a cotton broker when the girls were just children. He is now a railroad official.

Music was a part of their lives from the time they were babies. Mrs. Pickens rocked each baby in turn to sleep in a hammock on the porch, and sang while she rocked. Each of the girls could hum a tune by the time she was one year old. Of course, at that age they couldn't sing the words. When Jane was four and Grace and Helen a few years older, they could harmonize together and did. Their father taught them some songs and some they made up themselves.

By the time Helen was of high school age, the family had moved to Atlanta. Eventually Helen went to New York to study art, while Jane went to the Curtis Institute of Music and studied under Madame Sembrich. She amazed everyone by the rapidity with which she learned, and won a scholarship two years in succession.

Helen and Jane afterwards went to Paris together, Helen to continue her study of art and Jane to keep up her study of music.

When they returned to New York, Grace joined them and the three girls formed a trio. They looked up a manager, who got them several theatre engagements.

"I Want My Boy to be a Crooner"

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would seem that the baby, even at this tender age, may be contemplating a crooning career.

Russ Colombo wired Bing: "Just flew over hospital. Heard baby's voice. It came over fine."

Bing wisecracked right back at him: "Don't you dare start imitating him."

"You know it's a funny thing," Bing told me with fatherly pride, "but all the nurses say that he cries about an octave lower than any of the other babies in the hospital. So maybe he'll grow up to be another Chaliapin and support his mother and me when we're old."

"Is that what you want him to be—a singer?" I asked.

"THERE is nothing in the world that would make me happier," said Bing, "than to have him grow up to be a singer. That is the one wish which Dixie and I both hold for him. I know from my own experience that if he is able to express himself in song that he will be able to get real joy out of life."

And in that remark I think is the secret of Bing Crosby's success. He sings because he loves to sing—for the sheer joy of singing. He's the one professional singer in Hollywood who doesn't have to be begged to sing at parties. Bing bursts into song at the drop of a hat.

"Maybe I'm prejudiced," he went on to say, "but I can't think of anything better than being paid for something that you really love to do. That's why I hope the kid'll grow up to be a singer."

"But first of all I want him to have a good education. High school and then college. I'd like him to go to a Jesuit

School, such as I attended. Not only because of the type of education he would receive there but because I think such a school gives a boy a sound foundation for life itself."

Few people know that at one time Bing Crosby seriously considered studying for the priesthood. But for the fact that he distrusted his ability to turn his back upon worldly things he would today have been chanting Latin litanies instead of crooning love songs. It was in this Jesuit school that he had instilled in him certain beliefs about the sanctity of marriage—beliefs that sound refreshingly old-fashioned in comparison with the smart sophisticated patter about marriage which one usually hears in Hollywood. For instance, he says:

"I BELIEVE that marriage should mean the establishment of a home and the raising of a family. I have no patience with this modern idea of trying marriage for awhile and if it doesn't work out, getting a divorce. I think there is only one excuse for divorce and that is—cheating. I believe that all other difficulties, no matter what they are, can be ironed out if two people are willing to meet each other half way.

"From the very first days of our marriage Dixie and I have looked forward to having a baby. Now that we have our first we both hope that there will be others. You see I was one of seven children so I'm used to big families. I was in the middle of the bunch and I practically raised the two younger kids."

"Then I suppose that walking the floor with the baby will be nothing new to you," I said.

"There'll be nothing like that in our

family," he assured me. "He's getting his discipline right now. They don't even pick him up when he cries. It sets his grandmother crazy. 'What kind of a hospital is this?' she says. She's all for picking him up and rocking him to sleep but the nurse won't let her."

But I have a hunch that when young Master Crosby gets away from the hospital influence he will soon learn how to turn on a special kind of cry that will win him a private rendition of *I Surrender, Dear*.

THE Crosbys are building a house out at Toluca Lake—right near Dick Arlen's place. The most elaborate part of the house is to be the nursery which will cover one whole floor. No pains or expense is being spared in making this the most comfortable and most healthful quarters that any baby could have. Incidentally it's spacious enough to accommodate more than one which looks as though Bing is really serious about this family business.

While the new house is being completed the Crosbys will occupy Sue Carol's house, which has a fully equipped nursery. Also if Bing can arrange his time there is a possibility that the Crosbys and the Arlens will board a lugger and sail for the island of Bali in the South Seas.

"A sea voyage ought to be swell for the kids, don't you think so?" asked Bing.

"Just what any doctor ought to order," I agreed.

So if your short wave set picks up a familiar voice at sea some of these nights you will know that it's the Crosbys and the Arlens, en route to Bali; and if you hear another voice that you don't recognize, it will doubtless be young Gary Evan Crosby, imitating his dad.

The Editor's Opinion

[Continued from page 11]

us—is far better than the British idea of a dull, colorless nationally directed program subsidized by a tax upon your set.

It is true that some sponsors—in their zeal to sell their products—go too far with their propaganda. We revolt for instance, at the little slices of life sandwiched into otherwise pleasing hours. We mean the little, short playlets of how Mrs. Blank kindles a new love in Mr. Blank by one application of Jones' beauty cream. Something ought to be done about these advertising dramalettes.

On the whole, however, radio owes a great deal to advertisers. In an early issue, RADIOLAND is going to present an interesting summary of this debt to advertisers, written by one of the foremost national advertising experts.

RADIOLAND would like to see the big radio chains install regular news periods on their day and night programs. In view

of the present antagonism of the large news gathering organizations against radio, the systems—in order to provide any real news program—would have to organize their own reportorial methods. But why not? The systems owe this sort of service to their listeners.

Maybe the next year will develop a step in the news direction. Maybe, too, it will see an elimination of the present obsolete idea that the broadcasting of a sport event hurts the paid attendance. The big fight promoters seem to labor under this belief. In reality, such broadcasts are continually building new audiences, attracting new sport enthusiasts.

RADIOLAND offers its congratulations to Rudy Vallée and his sponsors, the Fleischmann Yeast Company, for his notable weekly programs. In RADIOLAND'S opinion, this is the best hour on the air.

Congratulations, also, to Amos 'n' Andy for the remarkable pace they have maintained through the years.

RADIOLAND will be happy to welcome back Will Rogers, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, George Olsen and Ethel Shutta.

ARE two hour variety programs possible on the air? Paul Whiteman, sponsored by Kraft-Phenix, was experimenting in July and August with the one hundred and twenty minute idea—but this has now been reduced to a single hour.

Which, no doubt, may discourage extending programs beyond the conventional hour. That, of course, would be unfortunate. Remembering how the movie moved—over great opposition—from one reel, to two reels and slowly up to a whole evening's entertainment we refrain from any predictions as to radio time limits. It all depends upon the program.



—Ray Lee Jackson

The blues blondes. If that sounds silly we'll explain that this charming trio of blondes is the Neil Sisters whose blues songs are heard over the NBC airlines. Their haunting harmony has been featured on the Armour program. Looking up and down they are: Gwyneth, Lucille and Ann

The Romance and Loves of Rudy Vallee

[Continued from page 45]

his singing was a circumstance of fate. His success was born of another man's failure.

The vocalist of this—Rudy's first band—was one Jules De Vorzon, from vaudeville. The opening night, when De Vorzon sang, Rudy received a call from Don Dickerman, manager of the Heigh-Ho Club.

"The singer won't do," Dickerman said. "The band is okay and maybe your singer was great in vaudeville but his style is not for the Heigh-Ho Club."

Rudy thought fast. He knew that the band just before theirs had lost their chance at the Heigh-Ho because there was not an adequate voice among them. And then, suddenly, he picked up a small megaphone and (hastily reviewing the words of a couple of songs he had hummed) stepped out to the edge of the little platform and sang.

And thus his spectacular career was launched.

RUDY VALLEE had, at that time, listened to only one radio broadcast—and that was a prize fight. He had no idea how important a part radio was to play in his life but he did know one thing—that when he stood before the microphone, hands in pockets, eyes closed, singing, he was completely and entirely happy.

The radio listeners couldn't see him. He no longer needed to envy the handsome boys. He no longer needed to feel chagrined that his appearance was not one to inspire instant awe. Behind the veil of the microphone he could stand and let the music pour out of his throat—very sweet, simple, intimate music. And into it he poured his whole heart and soul. And this is, I firmly believe, one of the reasons that he has not been able to make a success of marriage. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Success was now well on its way. The radio had started it but there was yet much work for them to do.

While they were playing at the Heigh-Ho Club Rudy conceived the idea of a vaudeville engagement and made innumerable attempts to get a booker to the Club, also to get an audition with Lawrence Schwab of Schwab and Mandel musical shows—but neither the booker nor Schwab were interested. But as we have seen, Rudy won't take a "no" no matter how emphatic, and eventually he ensnared a booking agent from the Keith circuit. Rudy and his Connecticut Yankees opened at the 81st Street Theatre in New York—a small neighborhood house.

What happened that night set the theatrical world on its ear. Never had there been such crowds. Never had so many women milled around one stage door. Never

had there been such thunderous mad applause when Rudy Vallée walked down stage to give his regular radio greeting, "Heigh-Ho everybody. Heigh-Ho."

The wise ones of the theatrical business scratched their heads and looked puzzled. The boy was a sensation.

From that time on one stupendous event followed another with lightning-like rapidity. They played the Coliseum, the Palace and then the Paramount Publix circuit. They went into the Villa Vallée. They were signed by the National Broadcasting Company. Everything Rudy touched turned to success. He was the rage, the vogue, the great lover—as popular as Rudolph Valentino had ever been.

WHEN he played the Paramount, police had to keep the crowds in check. There never has been, and perhaps never will be, such an ovation accorded a none too handsome, average youth with a sweet but entirely untrained voice.

His day was a hodge-podge of flying taxis taking him from engagement to engagement. Four and five shows a day in the theatre, tea dances at the Lombardy, dinner dancing at the Villa Vallée and more playing after the last show at night, broadcasting. During this time four and five hours sleep was all he could fit into his day for besides all these active daily jobs there were a million small details—new songs to hear and learn, rehearsals, photographs to autograph, radio programs to be arranged, mail to be read etc., etc.

But Rudy was happy. He had a complete outlet for his energies in this feverish work and a complete outlet for his emotions in his music.

The Hollywood experience—after this—seemed easy. The band arrived in a private car and the entire town turned out to welcome them. *The Vagabond Lover*—the film he made—did not win much praise from the critics but was a terrific personal success.

When he arrived in Hollywood he had already been married to Leona Chauchois McCoy, divorced wife of Frank McCoy and heiress to the Chauchois coffee millions. But the marriage had been annulled. At the time he went to California he was in love with Agnes O'Laughlin, a Ziegfeld girl. In Hollywood he rushed Mary Brian and expressed his admiration for Alice White. But the girl he seemed to like best was Fay Webb, an obscure actress of bits and small parts. That was the beginning of a romance that ended in marriage, which subsequently ended in separation.

This is a chapter in his life which Rudy wants torn out. He refuses to discuss it. He says they were incompatible and

would like to let it go at that. But I believe I can tell you a part of the trouble with Rudy Vallée as a husband and why this marriage went on the rocks.

In order to understand it you must know something about Fay Webb. The daughter of the Santa Monica chief of police, she was at one time under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios where she played small parts.

Now don't forget that to Rudy girls had always been excessively important because he had discovered early that it was to handsome, bolder men that they gave their attention. Thus thwarted he was pleased and flattered now that he was a success and found many hundreds of girls courting his favor.

However, he had too long given himself entirely to his work. He had yearned too long for romance—which yearning unfulfilled he had poured out in his songs.

Fay was, at first, delighted at being Mrs. Rudy Vallee and having her pictures in all the papers. Rudy was entranced when this over-lush, exotic creature said she was in love with him. Fay was willing, now that she was Mrs. Vallée, to idle away her days and bask in his reflected glory. Not in too good health, she found the demands upon his time, his strict discipline of himself and all around him, were more than she could cope with. So the marriage failed.

Anyone who knew both Rudy and Fay could have foretold that the marriage was destined to fail. It simply could not have lasted. Nor do I believe that Rudy, romantic though he is, liking women's society as much as he does, can forget himself and his career long enough to be the perfect husband. And I also believe that when and if he does, the thing he has in his voice will no longer be there.

As a rule the popularity of these sudden matinee idols fades as quickly as it blossoms. But not so in Rudy's case. In 1929 his fame was at its peak but now—in 1933—his radio band is still the favorite (as shown by a recent voting poll). His voice still thrills millions of women. His Fleischmann Yeast broadcast weekly from New York is still one of the most popular on the radio.

At the Times Square Theatre where he broadcasts you will be convinced of this. On one of the hottest nights New York has known women almost knocked each other down to catch a glimpse of him. Vallée is no flash in the pan. And the reason for this is that he gives everything to that microphone.

His music is not only his career, but his sweetheart, his wife, his recreation, his work and his entire life.

NEXT MONTH RADIOLAND OFFERS ANOTHER STRIKING VALLEE FEATURE **HOW THE VALLEE PROGRAMS ARE CREATED**

These are among the favorites of the air and this RADIOLAND feature will tell you all about how they are built. Watch for it!



Because of the unusual health values of canned Hawaiian pineapple dietetic authorities now advise a cup of crushed or 2 slices daily

And families rejoice when the pineapple is *Libby's*

NEW research has shown it . . . canned pineapple combines virtues of four well-known health foods—tomatoes, oranges, butter, prunes—with other important values of its own. No wonder dietetic authorities are advising "Eat it every day!"

No wonder, either, that families rejoice when the pineapple served is *Libby's*.

For *Libby's Sliced Hawaiian Pineapple* gives you only the finest-flavored slices, those that are richest in natural tang and sweetness, most perfect in shape and color—the *center slices*.

While *Libby's Crushed* is the choicest of its kind . . . delicate-textured . . . marvelous in flavor.

And neither the sliced or crushed costs you a cent more than ordinary brands!

So naturally, whether you serve your pineapple for health as a Pineapple Cup to begin a meal, or in slices for dessert, you'll want it to be *Libby's*. Ask your grocer for *Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple*. *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Honolulu*.

just the center slices!



*** DOES YOUR GROCER CARRY LIBBY'S PINEAPPLE? ***

If you are unable to get *Libby's Pineapple* at your regular grocer's, please fill out this coupon. In return for this courtesy, we will send you a surprise reward! Mail to Dept. RA-1, *Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago*.

..... Grocer's Name

..... Address

..... Your Name

..... Address

..... City

..... State

What Chance Would You Have in Radio?

[Continued from page 18]

such. He comes onto the staff, possibly as a production man, or sometimes as a dramatic actor, and works into the announcing job as the occasion arises.

"This training is invaluable to him if he graduates to a network position later on, because many of our announcers who have that training get a chance to use it, and some of them, because of it, go on to bigger, better paying jobs."

OVER at the Columbia Broadcasting System, dynamic John Carlyle, in charge of production, looks for the man with the "universal voice" who doesn't butcher the English language.

"By 'universal voice,'" he said, "I mean the voice that is naturally pleasing, and which is devoid of any regional accent. A man may possess it who was brought up in the west, lived for a time in the south, and then has come to New York, or who at any rate has had enough contact with people of varying localities to erase any colloquialisms."

Mr. Carlyle thinks that the supply of available announcer material will always be comparatively small, because so few people, even graduates of High Schools and universities, have any proper knowledge of good English.

"We sometimes get a letter from a listener out in Podunk, criticizing this or that announcer for his affected speech. The man in Podunk doesn't realize that if we put him up in front of a microphone, his speech would be terrible. We don't like affected announcers any better than he does, but the man who speaks directly has the edge every time."

The preliminary test for anyone aspiring to be an announcer, according to Mr. Carlyle, is, can he carry a tune?

"Early in my experience as a teacher of public speaking I found out that a person who is unable to carry a tune can never learn to speak properly. I don't mean that he must be able to warble like a canary, but if he can't at least recognize one note from another in singing, then he will never be able to correct his own mistakes in voice inflection because he is tone deaf."

As to training, he advises first and foremost, a thorough going study of English, perfecting, as he says, the only means of communication we have with our fellow man, and experience in self-expression, both by writing and speaking.

Beyond that he suggests a knowledge of music and as much general information as one can possibly absorb.

He is not entirely in favor of small station experience.

"It is only valuable where an announcer can receive adequate training. Too many small stations take no pains to keep their announcers in hand. They just let them go without troubling to correct their errors in grammar, or the localisms in their speech. With daily repetition, these little slips become fixed habits which it is impossible to change later, and in this way a potentially good announcer is often ruined. Anyone

looking for experience at a small station should make sure that he is going to get the right kind of experience if he is ambitious to progress."

WHAT of the announcers themselves, the men who have come up to be big names on the networks?

Most of them were jacks-of-all-trades, men of varied backgrounds, who drifted into radio by chance. There are ex-actors, ex-singers, ex-ministers among them. They got their training as the networks grew. But although they realized that conditions are quite different now, with the old hit-or-miss pioneer days gone forever, and that their own histories could not be repeated, yet from observation and experience they have formed pretty decided ideas as to what equipment the aspiring announcer will need in the future.

Milton Cross and Graham McNamee, two of the veteran announcers of the National Broadcasting Company, are both swamped with letters from young men, wanting to know how they, too, can get to be announcers. Many of them ask for personal coaching. Cross points out how impossible that is, both because it wouldn't do the candidate any good, and because the station wouldn't allow it.

He always advises anyone wanting to be an announcer to go to his local station first, find out what radio is all about, and if possible, to get some experience.

As to training, he believes that the most valuable experience he ever had was a public speaking class at Carnegie Hall, where the instructor, Dr. Walter Robinson, would put a subject on the blackboard and make every member of the class get up and talk on it, without previous preparation. In his radio career he has been required to do the same thing many times, once "ad libbing" for forty minutes during a concert wait.

He looks on his musical background (he was both singer and teacher) as a great help, not only for the voice training, but for the familiarity it gave him with musical terms. He first went on the air singing for nothing over WJZ to please his friends, and remained to take a staff job. He recommends to anyone tackling the chains that they first try to get some of the all around experience which came to him only after he had his first job.

WHEN Graham McNamee is confronted with a letter from an aspirant, he is frankly baffled. He doesn't know what to say. Sometimes he doesn't say anything, because his ideas about a young man's chances to become a big time announcer are none too encouraging.

"Honestly, I feel that the chances we had in the earlier days," he said, "the chances to become well-known names, on the air night after night, dinned into everybody's ears, announcing now a prize fight, now a symphony concert, now a series of commercial programs, will never come again. Announcing has become too specialized.

"I hesitate to recommend it to anyone

as a career, because it is no longer important enough, considering the hard road it takes to get there, either in pay or prestige.

"I think that announcing should be looked on nowadays not as a satisfactory career in itself for an ambitious man, but as a stepping stone to bigger jobs in radio. Viewed in that light, it is still worth considering.

"There is a tendency for announcers to become actors, taking active part in the program, as I do with Ed Wynn, as Jimmy Wallington does with Cantor. That, of course, means more pay. Announcers often go on into bigger paying production jobs, sometimes with the stations, sometimes with advertising agencies.

"Bearing this in mind, the person hoping to be an announcer should see to it that he gets dramatic and production experience, so that he will be ready for his break when it comes."

Howard Clancy, announcer for the Lucky Strike Hour, who happened into radio by chance after several seasons on the stage with Walter Hampden, is of the opinion that some sort of voice training, either singing or theatrical experience or public speaking, is essential. Beyond that he thinks it is largely a matter of luck.

This is borne out by the records of most of the NBC announcers. Cross, McNamee, Ben Grauer and Howard Petrie, were all professional singers. Kelvin Keech was a singer of a more popular type. Clancy and John Young were on the stage, while William Lundell and Frank Singer were once ministers.

DAVID ROSS, Columbia Broadcasting System announcer and winner of the American Academy Diction Award, puts down as a premier requirement what he terms a "fledged mind."

"No one," he said "is going to listen for a moment to a person whose voice betrays an unfledged, inexperienced mind. Therefore a person must be broadened by travel, education and experience, he must be mellowed, mature, human and sagacious before he is ready to become an announcer.

"Announcing is now on the status of a definite profession, for which careful training is necessary. Why, take a person from any other walk of life, put him up there in front of the microphone with the controls, timing and a dozen other things to watch and he would die of fright in five minutes. A smaller station is, of course, the best place to get that training.

"An announcer must have above all things a feeling for words, a love of their sound. The best way this can be cultivated is by reading aloud. It will give one familiarity with the language and proper inflection.

"A fair test of whether you would make an announcer is, how good a guest are you? An announcer must remember that he is always a guest, present in the home only through courtesy, never bludgeoning listeners with a blatant voice, or appearing to

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The Miracle of the Match



Light and Heat Instantly!

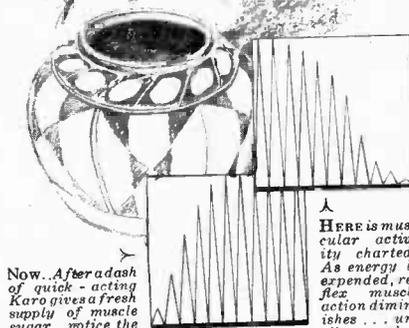
In the same way...Food either acts S-l-o-w-l-y or Quickly...

SLOWLY...ever so slowly...the savages coaxed fire from their crude implements. As the dry stick was twirled in its notch, the friction caused heat. Then followed a smoky, smoldering combustion and...**FLAME!**

Today how different! A flick of a match and **INSTANTLY** flares forth the fire we need. Quick, convenient, indispensable! Each little match imprisons a wealth of light and heat...at our command, its flame bursts forth to serve us.

Curiously enough, the "Miracle of the Match" quite clearly demonstrates what also happens when we wisely select quick-acting foods to give us **INSTANT** energy. For there is just as great a difference between "slow-burning foods" and foods which give us quick energy as between the old fire-making implements and the modern match.

The impulse which governs all physical and mental activity is energy. Whatever we do demands energy. Even in sleep our bodies expend energy. Energy is the *main-*



Now...After a dash of quick-acting Karo gives a fresh supply of muscle sugar...notice the quickening of activity...energy is restored.

HERE is muscular activity charted. As energy is expended, reflex muscle action diminishes...until complete fatigue takes place.

spring of activity. To keep our systems supplied with this vital energy, we need **QUICK-ACTING CAR-BO-HY-DRATES.**

What Are "Quick-Acting Carbohydrates"?

In plain language, "quick-acting carbohydrates" are to the body what high-speed gasoline is to a motor.

To provide an abundance of these **QUICK-ACTING CARBOHYDRATES** we must eat or drink a food which contains them 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 an abundance of Dextrose, 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.

In recent years, the medical profession has discovered these facts about Karo Syrup. As a result, Karo is widely recommended for infant feeding, for growing children who need just the kind of *quick-acting* energy Karo supplies and for active men and women.

"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. It is delicious in flavor and very economical in price. Below are several of the many, many ways, Karo Syrup can...and should...be served as a daily ration.

Both Red Label and Blue Label Karo are equally effective in quick-acting results. Karo Syrup is rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose.



Iced Tea sweetened with Karo is delicious and refreshing...a cooling, energizing beverage.



Karo gives a new, delicious flavor to fresh fruits. Enjoy it with fruit cocktails, salads.



Satisfy youngsters' between-meal hunger with Karo on sliced bread...quick energy.



Medical authorities recognize Karo as an ideal food for infants...Ask your doctor about it.



As a delicious sauce for desserts, Karo improves flavor and adds quick energy value.

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. R. L.-10 P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta. New York

Broadcasting the World Series

[Continued from page 57]

moments take care of themselves. Here they pick up the details that will create the perfect illusion for the stay-at-home fan, right down to making him smell the peanuts. But their methods of approach are as different as the poles.

"I have always felt," says McNamee, "that the important thing was to bring the listener right into the ball park with you. Your radio audience is mostly made up of average guys who are interested in the drama of it, and you've got to keep them interested."

"The fact that a batter has two balls and a strike on him isn't important to the average listener and it isn't important to me."

"I'll pass that up any day to pick out a battle going on in the stands, somebody chucking a pop bottle at the umpire, a bit of horseplay between the pitcher and the first baseman. Sometimes I make a mistake in following the game. Then the columnists hop all over me. Okay. That's their job. They've got to write about something, don't they? But it doesn't bother me. If I'm making the ball game come alive for the folks in front of the loud speaker, that's all I'm worried about."

"Of course you've got to keep your facts straight, now more than ever before. The broadcasting of the series has educated a lot of people and your average listener has become pretty wise on baseball."

McNamee goes to the ball game with a minimum of preparation. After all these years it is second nature to him. His statistical information is gotten up and handed to him. His observer keeps track of the progress of the game. He relies on his emotional responses, figuring that what will make him laugh or excite him will do the same for the listeners. He paints the scene with broad vivid strokes. He gets

worked up over something and the listeners get worked up likewise.

Husing gets his effects by piling detail on detail with lightning co-ordination of eye and voice, putting his reactions on the air with his staccato, machine-gun delivery:

Precise, methodical, he starts working for the series early in the season, getting up lists of records, batting averages, and whatnot and keeping them up to date.

THE marvel of Husing's broadcasting is the score card on which he keeps track of every movement of the game with a code system of hen-tracks, neat and detailed and absolutely unintelligible to anyone else. He keeps this card up to the minute right while he is talking and watching the game at the same time. How he does it is mystifying.

He likes to bring in odd statistics, as for example that Babe Ruth has now travelled more than forty-two miles around the bases in his career, and has walked more than twenty-four miles on balls. He has notebooks full of them and likes to figure them out in his spare time.

"Covering the series is radio's toughest sports job," he says, "because you're talking to the world's largest expert audience. They'll call you on every error you make, so you've got to be right and be right the first time."

"I have developed the detailed style of reporting. I try to pack my broadcasts with as many facts and incidents as possible to fill out the picture. If a pitcher stops and dusts his glove at a crucial moment or digs his cleat into the ground, that's drama and the fans ought to have it. If a cop falls downstairs, that's comedy and they ought to have that, too. The mere tabulation of the score is less important than

make the audience feel that they're watching, too.

"The things in the series that have given me the biggest kicks are passing moments, the brilliant flashes, which are often forgotten afterwards, a stolen base, a big batter fanned, an incredible put out, a feat performed by a player with all the odds against him. The unexpected and unpredictable which is always happening in the series."

"One such moment was in the third game of the 1930 series at St. Louis, when Charlie Gelbert of the Cardinals caught an absolutely impossible foul ball, right up over a field box. The series didn't hinge on it, but it stands out in my mind as a beautiful play."

"Another time was in the series of 1929 when Connie Mack put in Howard Ehmke, considered his weakest pitcher and Ehmke astonished everybody by striking out thirteen Cub batters in a row."

"There is sometimes a similar display of team brilliance. Such an incident occurred in the same series, in the fourth game, seventh inning, when, with the Cubs leading 8-0, the Athletics slugged out their great ten run rally to win the ball game and set a series record for the most runs in any inning."

"In the 1931 series Pepper Martin of the Cards provided a number of such thrills with his unexpected batting brilliance and then capped it by fading in the sixth and seventh games just when he had a number of records within reach."

GRAHAM McNAMEE likes best the human thing in baseball, the exhibition of nerve and character in a tight spot on the diamond.

Number one on his list of treasured memories is Babe Ruth's grand gesture of defiance to the Chicago fans when the Yanks played the Cubs on the Cubs home ground last Fall.

"The fans were hostile to Ruth. They had been razzing him all afternoon. He hadn't made a run. When he came to bat and the first ball was a strike, they jeered wildly. The Babe turned slowly to the crowd and held up a finger. Only one. He was kidding them right back. A wide ball came over. He held up a finger of his other hand. One strike one ball. Then another strike. He held up two fingers. The fans jeered more wildly than ever. Then a slow grin came over his face, and he pointed right out to center field. That was where he was going to hit the next one. And he did. What a gesture! Think of the razzing the Babe would have gotten if he'd missed. Why they'd never let him forget it! Believe me, that took nerve!"

"And one moment I'll never forget was in the series of 1927 when old Grover Alexander of the Washington team was called out of the bullpen to face Tony Lazzeri. He warmed up like a slow motion picture, stepped into the box, struck Lazzeri

[Continued on page 83]



Five Gallons of Ed Wynn, please—and no old jokes!

Beautifully
Waved
Hair



Set right with Sta-Rite Wave Set
kept right with Sta-Rite Hair Pins!

THE sweep of a wave . . . the wisp of a curl . . . how important they are to the evening's success . . . and pleasure. And how easy they are to have when you use STA-RITE Wave Set. Delicately fragrant, colorless and pure, it leaves your hair soft, lovely and "natural." Use it freely without fear of "wave set dandruff."* Buy it at your favorite store in convenient 15, 25 and 50 cent sizes.

New hair fashions require modern hair pins—common old-fashioned pins just won't do. STA-RITE'S individualized selection offers you three styles, each created to meet a definite hair dressing need. Trust them to keep your wave in place just as you arrange it and comfort yourself with the knowledge that "Sta-Rites won't fall out." At all stores or send 25 cents for complete dressing table assortment.

STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. Shelbyville, Ill.

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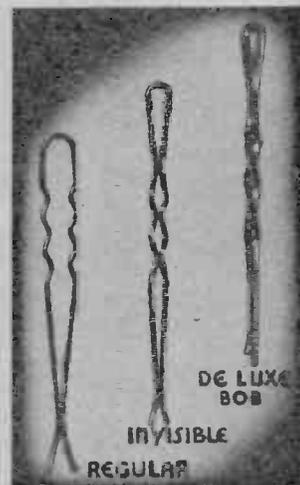
STA-RITE

"Precious Little Aids to Beauty"



STA-RITE
Dressing Table
Assortment

Contains the complete selection of Sta-Rite pins—Sta-Rite DeLuxe (half round) Bob Pins, Sta-Rite Regular Hair Pins and Sta-Rite Invisible Bobs. You'll want to keep this attractive cellophane wrapped vanity box on your dressing table. Takes care of your hair pin needs for weeks to come and costs only 25c



* STA-RITE Wave Set will not leave flakes or scales in the hair.

Be sure your Beauty Shop uses these Sta-Rite toilet requisites.

Know Your Cosmetics

[Continued from page 67]

kinds of emulsified creams made in this fashion—solid and liquid. In making a liquid cream, the chemist merely omits the second ingredient, wax. Years ago the solid emulsion, known as *cold cream*, was the only cream known. It served women as a cleanser, a protective foundation for powder and a softening or nourishing cream. But it fell into some disrepute and is not used so widely now, because of the fact that unscrupulous manufacturers took to putting *too much* wax or stiffener in it. They did this to give the cream more bulk, thereby making it more profitable. This particular form of adulteration made the cream injurious to the user, for each time it was applied a film of wax and gum was left on the skin. This film, as you might expect, clogged the pores and prevented the skin from functioning properly. This chicanery led to an increased demand for the liquid emulsion, that is, the cream containing all the ingredients of solid *cold cream* with the exception of the wax.

It also led, gradually, to the popularization of a second type of greasy or oily cream—the liquefying cream. This type is not an emulsion. It is simply a highly refined fat that remains solid only so long as it is kept cool—like lard for example. You are familiar with this kind of cream, I am sure. It is becoming a great favorite as a cleansing cream for it melts as soon as it touches the warmth of the skin, and in this liquid state seeps quickly into the pores, flushing out all dirt, fatty acids and dead skin particles that would, under less penetrating cleansing, remain on the skin and clog the pores.

While this liquefying cream is strictly a cleansing cream, the emulsions—both solid and liquid—can be both cleansers and nourishing creams. Nourishing creams differ from the cleansers in one respect: they contain lanolin which acts as a skin food. The active principal of lanolin is cholesterol, which is one of the two or three substances that can be absorbed by the subcutaneous tissue of the true skin. In other words, this cholesterol is absorbed by the skin to a slight extent, nourishing and softening it. This ingredient is needed especially by dry, wrinkled skins to make them smooth and youthful in texture.

A fourth cream does not, technically speaking, deserve the title *cream* for it is merely a water-like liquid composed of an oil such as glycerin, some astringent ingredient like alcohol and water. The fact that it cannot be called a cream does not, however, make it less efficient as a cleanser and skin-toning lotion. There are two or

three of these liquids on the market that are very popular. One in particular is excellent for oily skin, for the astringent content of the liquid cuts excess facial oil and tends to reduce the output of the oil glands. When this liquid cleanser is used several times a day it can whip an oily skin into shape in a very short time.

THE second general type of cream, the non-greasy one, is used as a vanishing or foundation cream to provide a smooth and adherent base for face powder. It is an emulsion of stearic acid, borax, glycerin and distilled water. Sometimes caustic alkalies are used in vanishing creams, making them irritating to sensitive skins. Since vanishing creams are meant to remain on the skin for several hours, they cannot safely contain irritants of any kind. If you have difficulty in finding a vanishing cream that is soothing to your skin you might try using a bit of tissue cream as a powder base. That does not mean, however, that there are not a number of very pure and non-irritating greaseless creams on the market. I can give you the names of several, one of them tinted in five or six delicate shades to match different skin tones.

Rouges are quite simple, chemically speaking. All of the different types of rouge—liquid, cream, compact and loose powder rouge—of necessity contain carmine, a brilliant red powder, as the color-giving ingredient. Liquid rouge is made by adding rose water to the scarlet powder; cream rouge by mixing the carmine with a vegetable oil and a little wax. Compact rouge contains French chalk for body, a bit of oil and the carmine, with enough tragacanth gum or "glue" to hold the mass together in cake form. A compact rouge with too much glue or binder in it presents a shiny surface at certain spots on the cake. And no matter how hard you rub a puff over this shiny, brick-like surface, little coloring comes off. On the other hand, if not enough binder is used, compact rouge crumbles the instant it receives a slight jar. Powder rouge, the fourth form, just as its name implies, looks like red face powder and is applied in the same way.

These various types of rouge are suitable for different purposes, of course. Liquid rouge is ideal for evening for, once applied, it remains until you scrub it off. Cream rouge is best suited to dry skins for its oil content has an emollient effect on the skin. Because it is more permanent than powder or compact rouge, cream rouge is also preferable for the person with normal or slightly oily skin. However, powder or compact rouge is most beneficial for oily skin. It should be applied *after* the powder base and powder so it will have little opportunity to clog the pores and cause those ugly red pits. Since large pores are a usual accompaniment of oily skin, it is wise to take this precaution. I want to do a bit of pioneering here in the cause of powder rouge. Because there is so little of it on the market, women are almost

completely ignorant of the fact that there is such a product. But such a convenient and altogether satisfying cosmetic should, I think, be placed in the white glare of publicity. Once you acquire the knack of applying it, you will always keep it on your dressing table. I can give you the name of an excellent new powder rouge, if you like, or one of the cream or liquid varieties if you prefer.



Creme rouge gives a natural glow to complexion, is excellent for dry skin

COMPLEXION soaps are extremely interesting from a chemical viewpoint, I think. It has always seemed a bit uncanny to me that the chemical union of two such unappealing things as fat and soda lye can result in the lovely bland toilet soaps we use today. But that is exactly the case. The fat and the soda lye must neutralize each other exactly, that is, there should be no free alkali (soda lye) left over. Chemists express it this way: "Every particle of lye must be chemically bound up with oil or fat." If there is any free alkali in soap it will irritate the skin badly. You can usually tell whether a soap contains free alkali by touching it with your tongue. You will notice a burning sensation immediately if there is any free lye, and in that event, you will be wise to avoid using this soap on your skin. Sometimes, to give a soap a synthetic fragrance chemists add to it, just as it begins to cool off in the vat, a perfume oil such as attar of roses or oil of violet. While this fragrance appeals to certain individuals, it adds nothing to the value of the soap. In fact, some soaps that would be otherwise bland and soothing to the skin, are made slightly irritating by the addition of the perfume oil.

Especially harmful to the skin are "filled" soaps containing foreign substances such as starches, gelatin, clay, chalk, gums, rosins or potato flour. The object in putting these into soap is to increase its weight, just another form of adulteration. You can usually detect a soap of inferior quality, however, by the effect it has on your skin. A really good soap, chemically perfect, with no free alkali, irritating perfume oils or "fillers" will leave your skin feeling perfectly clean and refreshed and beautified. The lather of a good soap not only removes all make-up, grime and foreign particles from the skin but it also softens the outer or horny layer of skin and removes from it any dead particles, leaving a fresh layer exposed. If you are one of the many women foregoing the use of soap and water because you cannot find a soap to agree with your skin, write to me. I can tell you

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Lipstick is a cosmetic which must be of high quality. This one is also good looking

Broadcasting the World Series

[Continued from page 80]

out, one, two, three, and strolled off the field, as though he hadn't done anything at all."

What thrills like these will the 1933 series bring forth? What new heroes will appear in the great white spotlight of the national sport? Tomorrow the new series will be history. Today it is anybody's guess.

But wherever it is played, in far off corners of the land, throngs will be clustered before loud speakers in barber shops and brokerage offices, farms, trading posts, country stores and even on shipboard, waiting for the voice of McNamee, or Husing, or whoever is picked by the venerable Judge to do the announcing, to bring them the sport thrill of the year, while it's happening—while it's hot.

Sounds Fine

[Continued from page 72]

foote and swept him away to the executive offices for the actual signing.

Mary and Raymond were alone in the studio.

Raymond went over to her. He took her hand. "What was that you were saying the other day about visions of domesticity?"

Mary lowered her eyes and spoke impulsively. "Oh, Sir, not with a sound effects man!"

"I'm no longer a sound effects man."

"But you may be again," Mary reminded him, "in just about one week—when they find they have to change this program."

"Perhaps they will. Don't forget, however," Raymond asserted confidently, "by that time I'll have my double salary, and certainly there must be some assured future for the young man who got them the biggest account in years."

"Yes, Mr. Director," Mary looked at him meltingly. "Yes indeed, Mr. Director. But, bless your rash young soul, I think I would take you even if you were an assistant sound effects man."

"Which reminds me, honey," said Raymond, gathering her in his arms. "Don't you think we ought to seal it with the one sound effect that—in life or in radio—can never be faked?"

She did. They did. And it wasn't faked!

The Sinclair Minstrels

[Continued from page 41]

Some people take such an interest in it that Arnold has at times received envelopes with as many as 5,000 jokes included, clipped from periodicals with great care and expenditure of time. The jokes thus submitted supply the program from week to week.

OCTOBER, 1933



ART

is a Vital Part of Modern Business

THIS is the day of the artist. His skill is sought wherever design and color are important factors in the sale of merchandise.

Furniture, rugs, wall hangings, household utensils, wearing apparel, jewelry, art gifts, lamps, automobiles,—nearly everything sold today depends on design and color to attract the eye of the purchaser. Drawings for advertisements in newspapers, magazines, catalogs, folders, posters, display cards and many other media call for the skill of the modern artist. Consider the number of drawings in this magazine alone! Art is a necessity in modern business.

If you like to draw, train this talent of yours and put it to work in a field offering rich reward. You can learn Commercial Art at home in your spare time. Many leading artists have contributed exclusive illustrated lessons to our course.

Many of our students and graduates are capable of earning \$2500.00 to \$5000.00 a year, some even more.

Send For Our Free Art Test

It brings out your sense of proportion, design and color. Our instructors will give you frank advice as to your talent and probable chance of success. It costs you nothing. Just fill in and mail us the coupon below and we will send you this test together with our book "Your Future," outlining possibilities and showing examples of our students' work.

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Please send me free Art Test and book "YOUR FUTURE"

Name _____

Age _____ Occupation _____

Address _____



Something for Every Room

[Continued from page 61]

blind hangers (picture wire is taboo in today's decorating scheme)? Is the furniture friendly; are the chairs appropriate; does the table hold something with a reason, like a growing plant? If there is plenty of space the entrance hall is an appropriate place for a low bookcase, a comfortable chair, and a reading lamp. By the way, every hall should boast an attractive lamp which does not call for too much current. It is most disconcerting to a guest to step from darkness into a hall glaring with light.

The Living Room

NEXT consider the living room. Is it so arranged that there is a comfortable corner in it for everybody? Suitable chairs for you and your husband near a table; a big chair near the radio for the son of the house; a corner where the high school daughter can curl up to read her favorite magazine; a place for the younger children to call their own? Possibly a piece of furniture needs repainting and new draperies are required. Plan a brilliant color for the furniture, perhaps one of the copper shades, and key the room's accessories and draperies to it. With a little rearranging of furniture and shifting of pictures after the room and rugs have been cleaned, the aspect will be entirely changed. Possibly the view from the windows is circumscribed by an ugly wall, or the next house is so close that privacy is difficult. In that case, choose for the glass curtains one of the new white opaque fabrics, which at the same time is translucent enough to let in considerable light. The over-draperies will of course be to the floor and might be of Cord-de-Rae printed with a copper background and a design of white peonies and green leaves. A window box, painted to match the woodwork and filled with plants from the garden will complete the room's rejuvenation.

Consider The Dining Room

JUST what you do with the dining room depends on the period in which it is decorated. At any rate, you will be safe in putting in window boxes; and if the furnishings are in early American you might like to adopt a suggestion or so from the room pictured in the illustration. In this case the wall panels are papered with mural American scenes. The wall background and woodwork are in white, still as much the vogue as ever, and the rug is in three colours, peach, raisin and copper. The draperies are put up with wooden valances. The room is lighted by various quaint lamps the overhead fixture being abandoned because it shed a most unbecoming light. Just because you do

not find it convenient to make a sweeping change in a room is no reason why some change cannot be made. The use of side lamps alone may bring about a new effect, or candles in an unusual colour, or some new linen. The smartest between times runner I've seen this season was in a Madison Avenue shop window and anyone who can sew could duplicate it: just a strip of heavy natural coloured linen, with an appliquéd hem, an inch wide of blue chambray decorated with plain white cross stitching.

The Children's Room

The despair of most mothers is the children's room. There should be kept their personal belongings and treasures; but unless special space is planned the youngsters cannot be expected to keep them in order. The illustration shows a set of modernistic shelves built between the windows for books, toys, games and so forth. And under each window is a window box with drawers that pull out. The drapery fabric is sheer, to let in as much light as possible. Heavy curtains have no place in a child's room. I thoroughly believe in transforming each sleeping room into an informal sitting room, so the children will have a place to entertain their friends other than the main living room.

Remember that each child is a particular individual with tastes peculiar to himself or

herself. Just as you and I like a room of our own, a place for our things, so, too, does every little boy and girl. It may not be always possible for each member of the family to have an entire room. It is possible, however, for each person to have his or her own corner.

This idea, you will find, not only makes the home happier for the children, but also for the mother; the person who is responsible for smooth-running house and family. The idea of a place for everything and everything in its place eliminates that most evil of all evils, "picking up after them."

Your Own Room

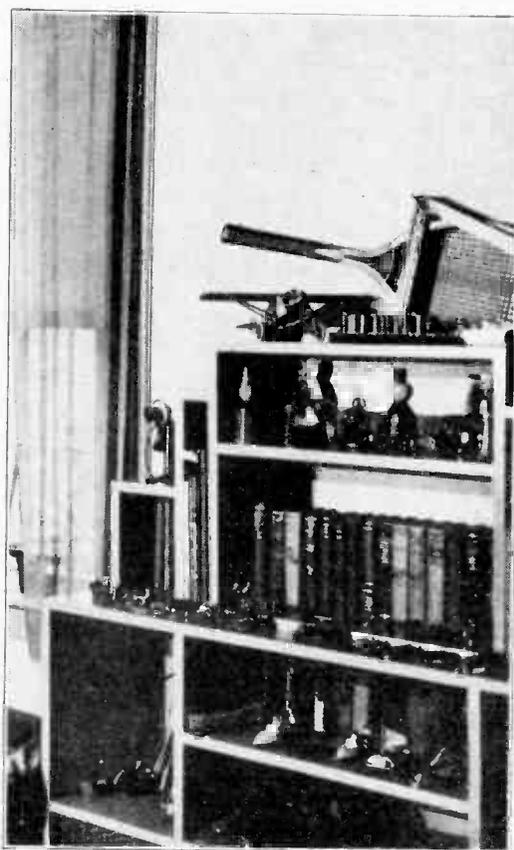
IN PLANNING your home's regeneration, be sure to include your own room. It is your only source of refuge when the family noise becomes too much for tired nerves. If the walls need redoing you might like a soft rose, the shade you would choose for a young girl, with colour accents in the furnishings of yellow, mulberry and green. The window drapes may be of rayon with fluted ruffles and you can easily make a rayon bedspread of a plain coloured fabric corded with a contrasting shade. Figured fabrics to match the window drapes are likely to introduce confusion when used on such a big expanse as a bed spread. And if you have an old fashioned wash stand in the attic with openings for the bowls and pitchers of former days, bring it downstairs and use it for a bedside table—with pots of your favourite flowers standing in the old fashioned holes.

If you become upset, cross, impatient, a few moments in the quiet of a restful room will do wonders toward restoring your usual good humor and understanding.

The Kitchen

The kitchen plays so great a part in the drama of family life that it should not be forgotten. A gay new tea kettle and crisp curtains; a monel metal shelf near the stove for hot dishes; a new coat of paint on the table and chairs costs little and accomplishes wonders. One housekeeper that I know almost transformed the appearance of her kitchen by hanging a set of green painted shelves over the sink for soap, silver polish and the like, and putting in hooks underneath for green and cream handled brushes, and a sink scraper, a can opener and other articles costing five or ten cents apiece. With some new flowered chintz valances over the windows, the room took on new life and interest.

It pays to rejuvenate your house. If you manage well and get everyone to help you will find that you have the nicest family in the world—as well as the nicest home.



Children like shelves for books and treasures

What's Wrong With Radio

[Continued from page 12]

O. O. McIntyre writes for 380 newspapers. His column appears in every city in America of any size. Next to Arthur Brisbane, he is the highest paid columnist in America. In fact, he originated the type of column which now has more than fifty recognized imitators. "Mine, however, has kept clean," says Mr. McIntyre.

"Nothing a man cannot read to his six-year-old daughter appears. That is why it has endured for 20 years, topping the list and have more clients than all the other so called New York and Broadway columnists combined with a hundred to spare."

is that my name appears in newspapers reaching 15,000,000 of people daily.

I am an uninteresting fellow, a dull talker and outside of a close circle of intimates a profound bore if I become garrulous. That same condition exists among two-thirds of the artists on the air. They have no business being there. No more business than I.

If I ever appear before the microphone I will have something to say and I will know how to say it. That is more than we can say for the great majority.

There are good programs, of course. Yea, even excellent programs but not enough to make up for the muck. It is bromidic to say the radio is the greatest single force in American life today. But as bromidic as it is, it is true. It must be carefully nurtured the next few years or it is going to go the way of the pug dog and puff sleeves. And vaudeville, the legitimate stage and likely the movies.

The radio is too intimate for fooling. It comes right into your bedroom and is as close almost as the pair of pajamas or nightgown one wears. I'd like to be a bit more personal. The highest price comedian of the stage and air, Ed Wynn, never pulled an off color word or line. He's not such a wonderful comic, as comics go, but he's clean and he has endured.

THOUSANDS, with the theatre in the ash can, would turn out to see David Warfield, Maud Adams or a half dozen old timers. They were clean. They did not send you from the theatre blushing.

George M. Cohan will be remembered when a dozen Cowards, Lonsdales and what-not are forgotten. Because he never permitted a cuss word or a smutty scene in his play. Cleanliness is not only next to godliness. It is good box-office. I've watched the results for years and years. Dirt doesn't pay.

I'm for the radio and I want it to survive. But it must have more intelligent programs and fewer gags and innuendoes. I hope it will. I think it will.

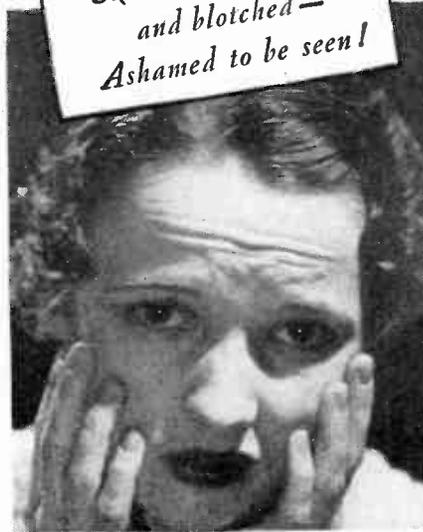
If it doesn't, the Lord help it. No one else can.

OCTOBER, 1933

NEW BEAUTY FOR YOU This Amazingly Easy Way

Remarkable, New-type Pasteurized Yeast Ends Dull, Muddy Skin and Ugly Blemishes — Results Amaze Thousands of Men and Women

*Skin sallow, pimply
and blotched —
Ashamed to be seen!*



*Skin clear and smooth,
complexion lovely —
Attractive once more!*



WHY be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings radiant new beauty—a clear, lovely skin—a fresh, youthful complexion!

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion," says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., "almost every day someone tells me how much better I look."

As you know, the two most common causes of poor skin and complexion are faulty elimination and a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Watch beauty return

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.



These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

ON THE AIR every Sunday afternoon from 2:30 to 3:00 Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Jan Garber's "Yeast Foamers" over NBC-WJZ and all supplementary stations from coast to coast.

FREE: MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

Northwestern Yeast Co.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State..... RL-10



A woman wrote...

"Give me back double what I paid. I don't like your soup!"

BUT SHE WAS ONE IN 10,000

ONCE there was a chef who made a new vegetable soup. So good that his company risked this startling offer! **"DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK if you don't call this soup the best you ever bought!"**

How many women tried it? More than 3,000,000! How many wrote for their money back doubled? ONE in TEN THOUSAND! And what is this soup? Hormel Vegetable!

Hormel Vegetable Soup is cooked

just like soup you make at home. We simmer good juicy beef until a rich stock is made. Nearly a pint of this stock is poured into a can. Then we drop in crisp vegetables—15 kinds! And we seal the can and cook the soup right in it—so not a whiff of flavor can escape. That's the can that comes to you—the very kettle the soup was cooked in.

Doesn't your mouth water to taste this soup? Relish spoonful after spoonful of its richly blended stock—enjoy the fresh taste of its crisp vegetables. Why not today—for lunch? Tonight—for dinner? Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

 *For the first time . a real French Style Onion Soup . by Hormel*

The Crusader of the Air

[Continued from page 15]

study where he spends days of each week in careful preparation of his radio sermons. It would be no more difficult to break in unannounced on the president of the United States than to reach the radio priest when he is at work in his lofty retreat.

On the ground floor are the offices, Father Coughlin's mail is sorted and answered. In one secluded room letters are opened. A great many of them contain cash donations, often merely a banknote in an envelope without a word as to the identity of the sender.

Of course, a large portion of this inflow of funds from appreciative listeners goes to the heavy tolls required for keeping up Father Coughlin's own network. In Royal Oak the priest has maintained a welfare organization known as God's Poor Children, dispensing food and clothing to thousands of needy. He gave the Bonus Expeditionary Forces \$5,000. Those close to him know that he gives generously, in secret, to many an unfortunate—meanwhile standing off a persistent bombardment of pan-handling appeals.

Again and again Father Coughlin involves himself in conflicts through his outspoken comments. He loves to fight for his principles.

Physical energy, mental vitality are predominant in his makeup. In conversation he is seldom in repose. He talks best pacing to and fro. Between his radio voice and his talking voice there is as much difference as between the singing and speaking voices of a great singer.

When he is conducting a radio children's service Father Coughlin has an easy conversational manner, and indulges in ad-libbing to an extent that most radio artists would consider perilous, depending a great deal on the spontaneous answers of the youngsters gathered about him. He is not afraid to be absurd in his chatter with children, while impressing upon them the teachings of Christianity.

FATHER COUGHLIN smokes cigarettes. Loves to bat up flies for the boys. His favorite dish is sauerkraut, spare ribs and boiled potatoes. He retains the athletic carriage of his school days—and confesses that he has to watch his waist line because of a vigorous appetite.

In the Democratic National Convention Father Coughlin was an active figure. He is close to the counsels of the administration in Washington and makes frequent trips to discuss economic issues with President Roosevelt and his associates.

Pal, a Great Dane dog, is Father Coughlin's constant companion. He has the run of the offices, and is so well known in the neighborhood that his bark at the door of a restaurant brings him a prompt hand-out.

The father and mother of the radio priest live in Detroit and the three are much together.

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RADIOLAND

The Salad Bowl

[Continued from page 60]

originating salads one that is dictated by taste alone: foods that are good cold and that taste well in combination may be mixed with the right dressing into salads. But it is bad form to combine ingredients that are bizarre and inharmonious, as is often done in America in the effort to be "different," as in the case of baked apples, marshmallows and mayonnaise—the horrible salad combination I was unfortunately served at a dinner.

In making any successful salad there are two or three principles that should be observed: the dressing must be cold; the ingredients cold and neatly portioned; the greens crisp and dry; and the plates chilled.

With this simple group of rules in mind, let us consider the various kinds of salads suggested by this season and the different ways to serve them. First come the hors d'oeuvre salads, those dainty little tidbits with which many a meal is begun in continental fashion. Unlike canapés and other snacks passed with cocktails, hors d'oeuvre salads are usually served individually on salad plates at the table, and, as with all salads today, salad knives as well as forks are provided. The hors d'oeuvre salad takes its name from the hors d'oeuvre ingredients of which it is made and is served in small quantities on salad greens; and it is always attractively garnished.

If the hors d'oeuvre salad is passed, two or three kinds are often arranged on a large platter or silver tray, the guest serving himself with a fork and spoon. In either case crisp plain, or cheese, wafers are usually passed.

A delightful looking tray of hors d'oeuvre salads might include halved stuffed eggs, sprinkled with paprika and decorated with mayonnaise and pimento stars; anchovies on rounds of tomato marinated in French dressing and decorated with stuffed olives; and little moulds of shrimp in aspic topped with stars of mayonnaise. Lettuce is of course used as a background. The mayonnaise should be very stiff, and added at the last moment so it will hold its shape.

Dinner Salads

THE so-called dinner salad of simple greens in combination with French dressing is served with the pièce de résistance or as a separate course at dinner or luncheon. If served separately the portions are larger and cheese and wafers are usually passed (unless cheese is to constitute the last course). The salad should be so arranged that the leaves extend scarcely beyond the flanges of the plates. Endive is a favorite salad green, but it is often served in a different manner: arranged in a symmetrical heap on a salad plate and accompanied by a small cup or tiny glass of French dressing. Then the fingers are requisitioned and the stalks are dipped into the dressing. A similar service is used with chilled cooked artichokes when they are chosen as a dinner salad. There is still a third manner of

[Continued on page 88]

OCTOBER, 1933

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.

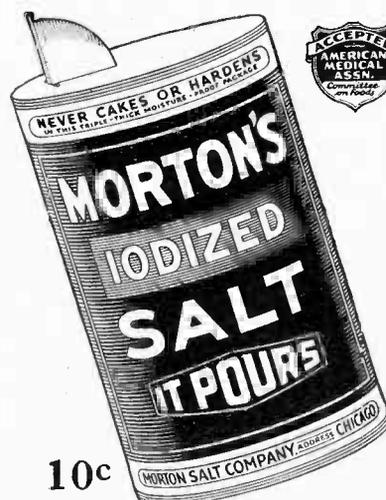
And now Dr. Percy Stocks of London University has discovered that, by preventing goiter, iodized salt definitely increases both height and weight!

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. E.,
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.....

In Next Month's
Radioland

How New York City Uses Radio To Fight Crime

Personality Stories on

Paul Whiteman
Kate Smith
The Olsens
Vincent Lopez
Ruth Etting
Stoppagle and Budd

IN NOVEMBER
RADIOLAND

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-10-33

Address _____

I buy my cosmetics at _____

The Salad Bowl

[Continued from page 87]

service used by some hostesses for the dinner salad: it is arranged on the dinner plate with the game or meat.

Almost any crisp salad green, or combination of greens with or without a raw or cooked vegetable may be used for dinner salads. Only, I beg you, be conservative and avoid such startling and distasteful combinations as an onion and orange salad which was recently served by a hostess who should have known better. The remainder of the meal dictates somewhat what the ingredients of the salad will be. For instance, if tomato soup is served, tomato salad is out. If spinach is provided, a salad of cooked greens would be a stupid repetition. If the rest of the meal is pale in colour, try to introduce a brilliant note into the salad to enliven the colour scheme and the tastes of your guests. This can often be accomplished by the use of strips of pimento, cubes of tomato aspic, sections of tomato or bits of bright green pepper or ruby beets.

Here are some especially interesting dinner salad combinations: Romaine, watercress, sliced cooked celery knobs and French dressing seasoned with a little garlic; Lettuce, finely shredded raw cabbage, a little minced apple and French dressing; Young spinach leaves, lettuce, minced chives, French dressing and chopped hard cooked egg; Lettuce, shredded grape fruit, minced green pepper and French dressing.

Luncheon And Supper Salads

SUBSTANTIAL salads, such as those served in this country as the main dish for luncheon or supper are truly American. The nearest approach is the mayonnaise of chicken, fish or what-not served in the Zakouska of the Russians. Sometimes our salads are of fish, sometimes of meat, eggs, fruit or cheese; but they are invariably put together with or served with mayonnaise or a cooked dressing, and they should be invariably attractively garnished. Sometimes two or more salads are served together to constitute a salad plate when the service is individual, a salad platter when it is in family style. For the latter a combination of potato salad, salmon salad and tomato salad could be used; or Waldorf salad, cream cheese salad and tomato aspic. Fruit salads of different kinds are often combined, like pineapple salad, banana and peanut salad, and pear and peach salad.

The substantial salad which you select depends upon the occasion it is to be served. Simple salads of diced leftover meat and vegetables, either plain or jellied in simple aspic are served for home luncheons and suppers. Salads for late evening refreshments are more elaborate and usually made of less commonly used ingredients. Frozen salads, like tomato Creole, are served at formal luncheons and dinners, and the richer frozen salads like chicken mousse, or macedoine of fruits in mayonnaise should appear only at late evening suppers.

With all of these substantial salads bread in some form is passed; often tiny buttered

finger rolls or biscuits. Their charm depends not only upon the skill with which they are made, but upon the way in which they are decorated, and smart service.

Unusual Salads For Autumn Service

Brazil Apple Salad

1 1/2 cups coarsely chopped Brazil nuts
2 cups apple cut in straws
Lettuce
French dressing
Juice and pulp of one orange

Combine the Brazil nuts and apple with the orange, add French dressing to moisten, and serve in nests of lettuce, at luncheon or supper.

Roast Beef And Vegetable Salad

1 1/2 cups diced tender roast beef
1 cup diced firm tomato
1/3 cup minced celery
1 teaspoon Worcestershire
2 tablespoons horseradish
Mayonnaise
French dressing to moisten
Lettuce

Combine the beef with the vegetables, Worcestershire, horseradish and French dressing; chill a few moments; put together with the mayonnaise; and serve garnished with the lettuce and extra tomatoes for luncheon or supper.

Horseradish Cream Dressing

1 cup slightly soured cream
1 teaspoon Worcestershire
1/3 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/4 cup prepared horseradish
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Beat the cream, add the remaining ingredients and use at once.

Tongue And Tomato Horseradish Salad

2 cups diced tongue
3 good sized tomatoes
Horseradish cream dressing
French dressing
Lettuce or cress

Cut the tomatoes in halves crosswise. Scoop out the pulp, and mix with the tongue. Add the horseradish cream dressing to blend; pour a little French dressing over the tomatoes, fill with the tongue mixture, and serve individually with a garnish of lettuce and extra dressing for luncheon or a late evening supper, accompanied with rye bread sandwiches and beer.

Devilled Shrimp Salad

1 pint broken fresh shrimps
1 minced pimento

RADIOLAND

- 1 minced green pepper
- 6 minced olives
- ½ cup diced celery
- Deville French dressing
- Mayonnaise
- Romaine
- ½ cup chopped firm cucumbers

Add devilled French dressing to the shrimps to moisten, and chill. Add the pimento, olives, cucumbers and celery and the green pepper, reserving a little of the latter to sprinkle over the top. Moisten with mayonnaise, and arrange on the romaine, which is formed into boat shapes by putting two leaves together—the stalks at opposite ends. Garnish with extra mayonnaise and green pepper. Serve for luncheon or supper.

Frozen Cream Fruit Salad

- ¾ cup diced canned pineapple
- ¾ cup diced canned apricots
- ¾ cup diced orange pulp
- ¾ cup halved stoned red cherries
- Few grains salt
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon granulated gelatin softened in lemon juice to cover
- 2 tablespoons honey
- Lettuce

Melt the gelatin over steam; whip the cream; add the gelatin and combine with the honey and salt. Fold in the fruits; transfer to a mould rinsed with cold water; and bury in equal parts of ice and salt for four hours or transfer to the freezing tray of a mechanical refrigerator and freeze for two or three hours. Serve garnished with lettuce hearts at a formal luncheon, supper, or party.

The Crusader of the Air

[Continued from page 86]

When the radio sermons are resumed in October the vicinity of the Shrine will be packed with automobiles hours before services commence. Shortly after noon every seat will be taken and the doors closed. Patiently the audience will wait three or four hours to see the radio priest.

Outside radios in cars catch the sermon, and basket lunches are consumed.

In addition to his radio work, Father Coughlin carries on the duties of a parish priest. A sick call causes him to drop all other concerns—even the preparation of a radio sermon. He is in close contact with his original thirty-two families.

Although Father Coughlin has the staunch support of his bishop, he has been subjected to indirect criticism from Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. It has been pointed out that Father Coughlin is so thoroughly grounded in the dogma of his church that he will never lay himself open to restrictive discipline from those in authority over him.

He remains one of the marvels of radio—his sermons drawing the sort of national attention that costly entertainment features strive for and too often fail to win.

OCTOBER, 1933

Ask for the New

Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

It gives you 20 to 30% greater service in your sanitary protection

NEW! The Patented* Equalizer... it adds 20 to 30% greater protection. An intimate explanation of its function is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Read it to learn how the Equalizer gives greater protection with less bulk. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness.

Ends must be phantomized

Mere rounded ends are not enough. They must be flattened, embossed so that the phantom effect is certain. Kotex—and Kotex only—offers this special shaping.

And all the former advantages of Kotex are retained; softness, absorbency, disposability, phantomized ends, the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection—these are features you need and want. And you get them, in Kotex, today, at a lower price than ever before.

For extra safety

During certain hours—in some cases even for two days—extra precautions are necessary. At such times, use Kotex Super Size. Have a box of both on your shelf.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort. It was designed as carefully as Kotex, itself—with woman's health and comfort in mind.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

- 1—it took two and one-half years to perfect.
- 2—a board of three hundred women tested it.
- 3—medical authority of high repute checked their findings.
- 4—★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.



THE NEW MASCARA
THAT IS

actually
NON-SMARTING
TEAR-PROOF
AND ABSOLUTELY
HARMLESS



YES, WE KNOW—you've read many claims advertising eyelash darkeners—only to have an evening ruined because a tear smudged your mascara and the resultant smarting spoiled your make-up—one of life's little tragedies! But it need never have happened! It can't happen when you use our NEW improved MAYBELLINE mascara. Quickly and easily applied, it instantly makes your lashes appear longer, darker and more luxuriant—and it keeps them soft and silky, too! MAYBELLINE gives that much-to-be-desired natural appearance of eye beauty—the color, depth, and expression of the eyes are intensified by the soft, dark fringe of lustrous lashes. These are the reasons that millions of women are using the NEW MAYBELLINE regularly with most gratifying results. Try it today, you'll be delighted!

Black or Brown

75c at all toilet goods counters

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

The
PERFECT
Mascara



MAYBELLINE CO.
CHICAGO

When Children Go To School

[Continued from page 62]

abundance of minerals and vitamins, and it must include ample roughage and the right proportion of the various food constituents at each meal: a protein food, two or three mineral and vitamin foods, one or two starches and a fat or so.

The protein group includes meat, fish, eggs, cheese and milk; the mineral—all the fresh fruits, vegetables and whole grains; the vitamin—milk, eggs, butter, cream, cheese, cod liver oil, green vegetables, whole grains, liver and fresh fruits; the starch—all kinds of bread, crackers and sweet biscuits; the fat—cream, butter, margarine, and fat foods like bacon.

Menus For School Luncheons

As bedtime for children up to twelve during the school year should not be later than eight o'clock, the substantial meal or dinner should be served at noon, providing the child has time enough to eat it. If the noon hour is curtailed and the child must eat in a hurry, a smaller amount of easily prepared food which contains the greatest possible amount of nourishment should be served; and dinner should then be provided not later than six o'clock.

On first thought it may seem to entail considerable work to provide dinner for the children at noon, and a substantial meal for the adults at night. But if the menus are properly planned it will not prove difficult. The children's evening meal can consist of a soup (as is served the adults), bread and butter (or peanut butter), a green salad, a simple dessert and milk; or the child may have hot cereal or an egg, bread, fruit and milk, according to his age and preference.

A sufficient quantity of vegetables should be cooked so they can be served the child at the next noon meal—they will keep in a mechanical refrigerator—and some of the meat or fish may be used if it is reheated so it does not look and taste like a leftover. There are, of course, many foods that do not keep well which, if served, will give the child the impression that he is being fed food the grownups do not like; this deters him from eating. Such foods as baked potatoes, chops, steaks and cabbage should be cooked fresh for the midday meal.

The following set of six noon dinners for school children are balanced, nutritious, delicious and easily digested:

(1) A cup of vegetable soup with a crisp cracker; a small chopped beef cake; a baked potato with the skin; a choice of string beans, lima beans or peas; a slice of bread; fruit junket or a simple fruit gelatin; and milk.

(2) A small glass of tomato juice; a little broiled white fish or flounder; boiled brown rice; creamed spinach; a slice of whole wheat bread; a baked banana with lemon juice; milk.

(3) A small bowl of stewed dried lima beans with buttered whole wheat toast;

lettuce and tomato salad; baked custard; milk.

(4) Creamed lamb or chicken on toast; buttered beets; mashed potato; a slice of entire wheat bread; celery; gingerbread; milk.

(5) A cup of tomato soup with a crisp cracker; a broiled lamb chop; noodles; creamed onions; a slice of entire wheat bread; a baked apple with top cream; two pieces of candy; milk.

(6) Beef stew with potatoes, carrots and onions; a slice of entire wheat bread; cold slaw; honey rice pudding with top cream; and milk.

The age and activity of the child dictates the size of the portions; and if the child is taught to eat in a mannerly way, with a background of amusing conversation (of course the mother should be at the table!), and if he is taught to chew his food thoroughly, there is little danger of his overeating: the child who eats one out of house and home is the child whose meals are not balanced and who eats too much in the vain attempt to secure the food his needs demand.

If the lunch hour is very brief and the child has only ten or fifteen minutes in which to eat, the menus might be as follows:

(1) Cream of potato soup (not too hot) poured into a beaten egg; an entire wheat bread and butter sandwich; a mixed fruit cup and a big sugar cookie to munch on the way back to school.

(2) Baked bean soup; a bread, mayonnaise and minced celery sandwich; a big baked custard; milk; an apple to eat on the way to school.

(3) A bowl of cereal with milk and sugar and honey; sliced bananas or stoned stewed prunes; cocoa (not too hot); and a big ginger cookie to eat afterwards.

(4) A minced creamed tuna fish or meat sandwich with two slices of bread; peas; orange jelly with custard sauce; milk; an oatmeal cookie to eat when time permits.

(5) Milk toast topped with a poached egg; a big baked apple with maple syrup; and a bran cookie.

(6) Orange juice; creamed shredded dried beef on mashed potato; a bread and butter sandwich; a banana to eat on the way to school.

If, perchance, your child dislikes milk plain, it can be used in the cooking of food. This may be counted toward the quart of milk—the daily quota. Another way of overcoming a child's aversion to plain milk is to add a small amount of sugar and cinnamon. A variety of chocolate mixtures have recently appeared on the market. Combined with milk, a delicious drink may be made for the enjoyment of every child.

You may be disappointed in your child's school marks and worried about his health. In nine cases out of ten the cause is malnutrition; and you hold the remedy in your own hands.

Let Ida Bailey Allen Solve Your Problems—Read Her Department, *Woman and Her Problems*, in *RADIOLAND* Every Month.

What Chance Would You Have in Radio?

[Continued from page 78]

force himself upon them. He must persuade them in a polite and friendly way.

"He must be a good actor and a good salesman able to speak with sincerity and conviction in behalf of the sponsor's product.

"Summing up, I would say that the most necessary qualifications are alertness, stamina to stand the physical strain, cultural background, and inherited intelligence."

TED HUSING, who answered a want ad for an announcer and got his first job in competition with six hundred other applicants, declares in his usual forthright manner that he knows of no essential previous training.

"All an announcer has to do," he said, "is to walk in at the psychological moment and sell himself to the job.

"The first thing I would ask is, 'Has he a good simple straightforward American name, easily pronounced?' Next, 'Is he young?,' for in these days a fellow has to be young and flexible enough to learn the game, say somewhere between twenty-three and twenty-six. Anyone over thirty is likely to be too set in his ways.

"I think I could spot a man who was announcer material after I had talked with him five minutes. After that, I couldn't help him, because conditions are so different than when I broke in.

"He ought to have some specialty, something that interests him, music or sports or news, because the announcer of the future is certain to be a specialist. One thing is certain, he's got to be a salesman if he is going to be a commercial announcer.

"There is no chance any more to get the all around training that we had in the early days. I don't know that a fellow needs it much any more. But I will say this, that if anyone came along who had it, in addition to the other qualifications, he would be welcomed with open arms."

Louis Dean, announcer for Stoopnagle and Budd on the Pontiac Hour and other commercial programs who used to sell phonograph records before he got into radio, thinks that the most important thing is to have a friendly attitude toward people.

"It's something you can't cultivate," he said. "It's got to be natural to you. For that reason I would say that anyone who was an only child would make a poor announcer. You must like people if you want people to like you.

"A flair for languages is important, although knowledge of languages is not necessary. If you have the flair you can pick up the knowledge.

"And if you don't have a genuine fondness for music, you might as well give up right at the start, because you will be simply bored to death."

Having worked in Syracuse and Buffalo before coming to Columbia, Dean feels that small station experience is invaluable.

Running down the roster of Columbia announcers, again we find men from all

[Continued on page 92]

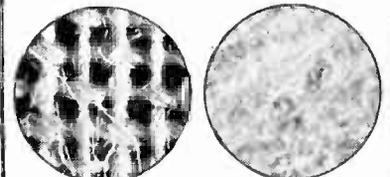
OCTOBER, 1933

Hands off that child!

if you've touched a cold-filled handkerchief



WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



Handkerchief magnified 64 times

Kleenex magnified 64 times

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show Kleenex leaves approximately 1/1000 as many germs on your fingers as handkerchiefs do. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

KEEP it out of the children's way—the hand that holds the handkerchief when you blow your nose. Don't let them touch anything it has touched. It is dangerous. It leaves a trail of infection wherever it happens to rest!

Through countless tiny openings in cotton or linen, germs pass as through a sieve. They stick to fingers. Hands touch door-knobs, chairs, toys. Everywhere, germs are deposited, active, infectious after half an hour or more.

Stop this menace

No one would willingly let his hands become such a menace to his family. Therefore, during colds, put aside handkerchiefs and use only Kleenex!

Kleenex is far closer in texture than the finest of woven materials. Its powerfully absorbent fibres retain mucus, hold germs fast until the tissue is destroyed. It keeps fingers clean, hands safe.

You use a fresh Kleenex tissue every time, clean and dry, soft and soothing to

inflamed membranes—infinitely more comfortable than rough, cold-soaked handkerchiefs that rub noses raw!

Pay no more than 25 cents

Gone is the unsanitary practice of constantly carrying back to your infected nose germs it has once expelled! Gone the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs. Costs less than laundering handkerchiefs. And the patented pull-out box assures economy—hands, when taking tissues, can't contaminate or mess up other sheets.

Package or roll, 25c; also extra-size tissues, Kerfs, and new Pocket Packet. At drug, dry goods, department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

10¢



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An Exclusive Interview

WHAT WILL DIVORCE DO FOR MARY PICKFORD?
WHEN GARBO STEPS OUT IN SOCIETY?

All these exclusive scoops plus other unusual news features, beautiful portraits and the popular CHARM department presenting new fashions, beauty advice and menu suggestions from the stars.

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE

DON'T MISS OCTOBER

On Sale AUGUST 25th

What Chance Would You Have in Radio?

[Continued from page 91]

walks of life. Norman Brokenshire was a Y. M. C. A. organizer. Ted Husing taught the Charleston. Andy Baruch was an art student in Paris, Frank Knight was an actor, Harry Von Zell went into radio in California right out of school, and Don Ball was a professional ukelele player.

But since it is generally agreed that these jumps from other callings cannot be made today, where is the announcer of the future to come from?

The concensus of opinion seems to be, mostly from the smaller stations. Although at the auditions some men are favorably received who have had no previous experience, those placed first on the list of applicants have usually cut their teeth in announcing and experience is always looked upon as an asset.

ROY WILSON, assistant production chief at Columbia, believes that the small station announcer will have a grand chance to be heard in time to come, because of the increasing tendency to put special event broadcasts from all parts of the country on the networks.

Supposing there is an exciting inter-sectional football game at some remote point, a disaster of national scope, or an historic pageant of universal interest. The man who broadcasts it has a chance to win his spurs and graduate from the small station to the chain if he does a good job.

There are some seven hundred of these smaller stations, employing four or five or more announcers each. There are less than a hundred regular network announcers, and of these only a handful are outstanding.

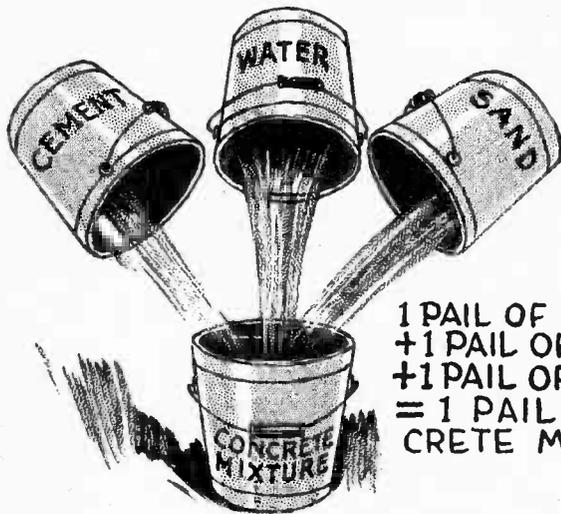
The network jobs pay anywhere from around fifty or seventy-five dollars a week up to twenty or thirty thousand a year to the fortunate few who are able to garner in a number of profitable commercial announcements. The hours are attractive, with actual working time often not more than three or four hours a day. But they occasionally almost reach from one end of the clock to the other. An announcer seldom has any fixed time to himself. And one hour in front of the microphone with its intense nervous strain is often more exhausting than a day's work in an office.

The turnover is small, but the networks are constantly on the lookout for new men, otherwise they would not hold auditions.

It is just as absurd to expect to crash big-time announcing without previous training as it would be to hope to star on Broadway, never having appeared on the stage before.

But to the person who is enough interested in it to get into it up to the ears, to take any menial job available around a small station as a starter, and who has some reason for feeling that he possesses the rather unusual qualifications and training listed above, radio announcing offers its opportunities along with the law, medicine, journalism, or any other profession. And it can be a whole lot more fun.

DO YOU KNOW WHY?



1 PAIL OF CEMENT
+ 1 PAIL OF WATER
+ 1 PAIL OF SAND
= 1 PAIL OF CONCRETE MIXTURE.



Now

15c

At all Newsstands

- - OR WOULD YOU BELIEVE THAT - -

A candle will not light a match? That there is a river of real ink in Algeria? That a glacier flows backward from the sea? That part of an airplane is candy? That a woodpecker is the only bird that has a stomach? That a flame can be frozen, or that there is a mountain in Japan so light that—IT SWAYS IN THE WIND?

READ

MODERN MECHANIX AND INVENTIONS

All these oddities of science, together with monthly news scoops on what's doing in the realm of things mechanical are carried by this alert, breezy magazine.

Partial List of Contents for October issue, Now on Sale

Edison's Secret Spirit-Experiments	How to Build a Boat
The Automobile of the Future	Will We Run Out of Gasoline?
Epic Flights of 1933	New Ships too Big to Launch

Modern Mechanics and Inventions

529 South Seventh St.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Bridge Parties

[Continued from page 93]

and place it on top of a tea wagon, which may be wheeled into the living room or to the bridge tables; the guests serving themselves. Sometimes, with coffee, the hors d'oeuvres will prove sufficient. They may be planned to provide colour combinations and considerable variety. For instance, as a background use a round plate of blue or yellow pottery or some other colour that harmonizes with the table decorations. In the center shape a mound of a heavy salad like tuna fish or lobster. Decorate this with strips of pimiento and stand a spray of parsley on top. Around the mound alternate pimentos and anchovies. Next arrange a ring of canapes: yellow ones of grated egg yolk or sardine butter; green ones with stuffed olives on parsley butter; and black ones with caviar—all with a crisp cracker base. Border this with a ring of devilled eggs (hard boiled eggs cut in half, their yolks mixed with mustard and meat sauce). Between the devilled eggs place strips of bright pink smoked salmon, or perhaps celery hearts stuffed with cream cheese and sprinkled with paprika. Surround this with a ring of tiny moulds of jellied fish, jellied meats or tomato aspic on lettuce leaves, all of which form a fitting frame for the pictorial hors d'oeuvres.

An interesting menu for service during the afternoon or evening might consist of:

Small Cheese-Club-Sandwiches
Alligator Pear and Pineapple Salad
Tutti Frutti Loaf with Ice Cream Sauce
Tea (afternoon) Coffee (evening)

A Chafing Dish Bridge

THE very presence of a chafing dish induces informality. Just watch the delight in the eyes of the guests when they see the chafing dish make its appearance, ready to be attached to the electric switch, the ingredients for the feast arranged neatly on a silver tray, to be "thrown together" at the climax of the party.

For chafing dish refreshments the menu might be a little more elaborate. While the hostess and a few of the guests are preparing the chafing dish special, some member of the party might pass cocktails with crisp crackers. Cake or an ice might be provided as dessert, or the chafing dish dainty might be followed by coffee or fruit punch. If Welsh rarebit is served, beer is in order. If there are men at the party it is often wise to include meat in some form, as chicken a la King, sandwiches, or assorted cold cuts served with potato or vegetable salad.

An interesting menu might include:

Blanquette of Oysters on Toast
Pickles Stuffed Celery
Open Green Pepper Sandwiches
Open Olive Sandwiches
Lemon and Orange Ice 1-2-3-4 Cookies

Bridge Accessories

THERE are so many new and interesting bridge accessories these days that you cannot lack ideas for a successful party. Bridge-table covers, for example, come in

RADIOLAND

rubberized silk with flower and conventional patterns of every imaginable colour; there are many new inexpensive linens; dozens of new card designs; bottle openers with whimsical faces; striped and coloured glasses; small buckets for ice with individual icetongs; trays in red, yellow or green for individual service—dozens of things to set the imagination working. Some of them you can make yourself. One young hostess made a perfectly charming tray from a tin one which cost only a dime. She painted it yellow, glued playing cards in a row and shellacked them. She completed her set with slim blue glasses. For next to nothing she had a charming beverage set for party refreshments.

Dainties For Bridge Service

Three Tier Salad

1 pint chicken salad
1 pint potato salad
1 pint green pepper, celery and cucumber salad
Pimento Lettuce Mayonnaise

The three salads should be made of finely chopped materials, put together with just enough mayonnaise containing a little melted gelatin, to make the ingredients stick together. The right amount of gelatin to a cup of mayonnaise is one teaspoon, covered with cold water and dissolve over steam. After the salads are prepared, rub a brick-shaped pan with salad oil. Pack in a layer of the chicken salad mixture; over this pack a layer of the potato salad mixture; and top with a layer of the vegetable salad. Chill for a few hours. Unmould and garnish with stripes of pimento in flower fashion; and serve with sprigs of cress.

Nut Sandwich Biscuits

2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ tablespoon sugar
4 tablespoons shortening
¾ cup chopped nuts
¾ cup milk

Sift together the dry ingredients; and work in the shortening with the back and edge of a spoon. Add the nuts; and pour in the milk. Transfer to a slightly floured board; roll to one half inch in thickness; shape with a tiny round biscuit cutter; and place almost touching on a baking pan; brush with milk; and bake in a hot oven at 400 degrees F. for fifteen minutes.

Raspberry Bavarian Charlotte

1 package prepared raspberry gelatin
1¼ cups canned raspberries and their juice
1 cup heavy cream
1 dozen lady fingers
1 cup boiling water

Empty the contents of the package of gelatin into a bowl; add the boiling water; and stir until the gelatin is dissolved. Add the canned raspberries and juice; chill. When the mixture is the consistency of an

eggwhite, fold in the cream, whipped stiff. Transfer to sherbet glasses lined with lady fingers, cut in halves. When firm, serve plain or with additional raspberries.

1-2-3-4 Cookies

4 cups flour
1 cup shortening
Grated rind of two lemons
1 cup milk
3 teaspoon baking powder
4 eggs
1¼ cups powdered sugar
⅓ teaspoon salt

Sift the flour, baking powder and salt together; work in the shortening with the back and edge of a spoon. Beat the eggs together with the sugar; and add with the lemon rind and milk to the first mixture. Beat thoroughly. Drop by small teaspoons onto an oiled cookie sheet, keeping them two inches apart as they will spread. Bake in an oven at 374 degrees F. from ten to twelve minutes.

Variations: To one-fourth the mixture, add one-fourth cup minced citron and one-half cup raisins; to one-fourth the mixture, add one-half cup chopped nut meats; to one-fourth the mixture, add three-fourths cup mixed chopped nuts, dates and figs.

Alligator Pear And Pineapple Salad

2 good-sized alligator pears
1 small fresh pineapple
Lettuce
French dressing made with lemon juice
Watercress

Peel the pears; and cut into slices, crosswise. Peel the pineapple; and cut into very thin crosswise slices. Arrange the pear and pineapple slices alternately in nests of lettuce; garnish with watercress; and serve with French dressing.

Tutti-Frutti Loaf With Ice Cream Sauce

2 packages prepared cherry gelatin
3 sliced bananas
3 peeled, sectioned oranges
2 diced apples
1½ cup stoned, fresh or canned cherries

Prepare the gelatin according to the directions on the package; set aside to chill. In the meantime, arrange the fruits in layers in a medium sized bread pan or brick-shaped mould. When the gelatin is the consistency of an eggwhite, pour it over the fruits; let stand until firm. Unmould; and serve with ice cream sauce.

Ice Cream Sauce

2 eggs
⅓ cup powdered sugar
⅓ teaspoon vanilla
1 cup cream, whipped stiff

Beat the egg yolks until creamy, with the sugar and vanilla; add the beaten egg whites and the cream, whipped stiff.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Paper Salesman's Training | |



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Present Position.....

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

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Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" and full particulars of your home study Course.

Name..... Age.....
Please Print or Write Name Plainly

Address.....

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

Keeping Naughty Tunes Off the Air

[Continued from page 37]

that when we have banned a song completely from the NBC networks or objected to certain parts of it, we have already caused enough trouble for that composition, without further advertising the fact."

Denizens of Tin Pan Alley and Radio Row—semi-mythical localities in New



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
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FREE BOOKLET tells how to remove freckles.
Dept. R. L. Stillman Co., Aurora, Ill.

A New Perfume



The most exquisite perfume in the world! Sells at \$12 an ounce—\$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops. Rieger's Flower Drops are the most refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.

ROMANZA

(The aristocrat of perfumes)

A single drop lasts a week. Hence very economical. Never anything like this before!

Free Trial Bottle

Send 20c silver or 21c stamps for postage, etc.
Paul Rieger—America's Master Perfumer—Est. 1872
167 First Street, San Francisco, California

York where song writers and radio performers congregate—aren't so considerate of other people's feelings as Mr. Royal.

Songs that have been banned or changed are common gossip in these circles. By comparing radio versions, which singers carry, with standard sheet-music versions which are on sale to anyone, it is possible to see how current song hits are altered for radio.

Observers always marvel at the way movie songs are changed. The movies certainly rate as family entertainment, aimed at the general public, and they have their own moral codes enforced by the Will Hays office. Anyone would think that if a song is all right for the movies, it would be all right for the radio.

But it isn't! Take the recent movie, *42nd Street*, for example. This one was so phenomenally successful that it brought back a whole new cycle of musical movies to the screen.

Untold millions hummed and swayed to that breezy song hit, "I'm Young and Healthy (And You've Got Charms)". It was written by Al Dubin and Harry Warren and published by M. Witmark and Sons.

In the chorus of the original version, a youth who catches the eye of a pretty girl frankly proclaims,

***I'm full of Vitamin "A"—Say!*

The radio censors ordered the removal of the yeast from that line, which was revised to read,

You'll understand when I say—Hey!

Further in the same chorus, the youth originally invited the girl,

***So let's be bold*

Radio reduced this to a flat compliment,

You're superfine

and the song now goes its merry way on the networks.

In the same movie was the title-song itself, "42nd Street", from the same writers and publisher. Here again revision was necessary. The original chorus, after citing various attractions in various localities in New York, such as girlish "nifties" in the Fifties, etc., went on to mention

***Sexy ladies from the Eighties, who are indiscreet*

Radio promptly treated these charmers to a wholesale revision of their morals, and they emerged

Lovely ladies from the Eighties, give your eye a treat.

Finally, the mid-town thoroughfare which gave the song its name was first described as ***Naughty, bawdy, gaudy, sporty, Forty-Second Street*

Radio did what the Forty-Second Street Improvement Association has striven for years to accomplish—it raised the tone of New York's principal cross-town artery. The street became

Haughty, gaudy, sort o' sporty, Forty-Second Street.

Well, well, what do the song writers and publishers think of all these changes, banning and restrictions? The men in the song writing business have one of the most highly cohesive organizations in the world, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. They negotiate absolutely as a unit. The president is Gene Buck, writer of many song hits and for years author of the annual editions of the celebrated Ziegfeld Follies.

"WE OBJECT to censorship in any form whatever," says Mr. Buck, emphatically. "We believe that an artist in any medium should have a full, untrammelled right to express himself. That holds true for song writers just as for playwrights, painters, novelists, or any other creative artists.

"The censorship question is loaded with dynamite. There are so many angles involved in this important subject that it necessitates careful and intelligent study.

"Of course, good taste is the fundamental basis of it all. On one hand a fanatic like Hitler, to accomplish his purpose, seizes every possible source of communication—the press, radio, etc.—and issues an order that only certain ideas that he stands for can be disseminated.

"In another case, a policeman, without any cultural background whatsoever, is allowed to complain against a play produced in the United States and brings charges against the management and the playwright. Walt Whitman, on the publication of his distinguished work, *Leaves of Grass*, aroused censorship ideas.

"When you get into the field of censorship it is similar to discussing politics and religion. Most people have preconceived ideas and it is difficult to formulate any set of standards. Personally, the only one I know of that should always prevail is common decency and good taste.

"A very vital factor in the situation is the question of intent. If some rather strong material is included to round out a work of art and to make the artist's purpose fully realized, that is all right. But if dirt is put forward merely for dirt's sake, then we—and anybody else!—would object.

"So far as censored songs on the radio are concerned, a great deal of the fault lies with radio itself.

"Clumsy singers make songs sound much more offensive than they are. Maurice

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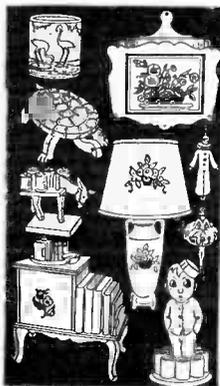
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Our big FREE Book in colors tells how. New methods of home decoration simply explained so anyone can learn quickly without previous training. Book contains many handsome color illustrations. Our system is amazingly easy to learn and profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful, finished art objects right from the start by our new three step method. We show you how to begin making money at once.

No Canvassing New "Automatic Salesman" furnished you. No selling or canvassing necessary. Assures immediate income opportunity up to \$35 a week and more. Everything furnished including Complete Artist's Outfit FREE OF EXTRA COST. Write now for Book and full details—absolutely FREE. Be the first in your community!

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Chevalier, for instance, can take a song and because of the fine style of his singing, his natural charm, and the fact that we realize that French traditions are a little broader than our own, he can make anyone accept the song and like it. We smile indulgently at its little spiciness because the whole thing is so well done.

"Put the same song in the mouth of some 'ham' singer on the radio, and it sounds terrible. The empty-headed singer is conscious only of some dirty meaning which he himself reads into the song.

"Not all radio singers are like that, of course. But it is not the good singers who cause trouble for songs, it is the dubs. My advice to radio would be to pay less attention to censoring songs, and more attention to improving the quality of their singers."

Thus does Mr. Buck speak up for the song writing profession. Meanwhile the little game of censoring goes right along.

A YEAR ago a song called "Paradise," by the same writers as "Hold Your Man," was barred largely because some very meaningful passages of humming were included in it. This year there comes a brand new song hit, "Pettin' In the Park," from the movie, *Gold Diggers of 1933*, and some humming is ordered inserted in it.

The original words ran:

*Pettin' in the park—bad boy;

Pettin' in the park—bad girl.

and now it goes:

Pettin' in the park—Mmmm (hum)

Pettin' in the park—Mmmm

One pair of song writers, Allie Rubel and Mose Sigler, in the current popular song, "Please Mr. President," forestall trouble by having the publishers, De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, print alternate versions in the professional copies.

In the version which can be sung anywhere but on the air, a bereft young man calls upon the President to pass a bill to make his sweetie say she will love him. For radio, the sacred processes of lawmaking are not to be kidded, and the President is besought merely to see if he can find a way to make the girl change her mind.

At the end of the original version the boy pleads with the President to make his girl see that she must belong to him. For network use, this is changed to the more specific plea that she must marry him. With these slight changes the song is now okayed and popular for use on the big chain programs.

In any investigation of the subject of censoring songs for radio, it becomes abundantly clear that each network and each independent station acts for itself alone. There is no general censoring agency for radio as a whole. However, the two major networks, although they are wholly independent of each other, usually come to approximately the same conclusions.

The attitude of the Columbia Broadcasting System is described by Theo F. Gannon, assistant to the director of program operations.

"Columbia believes that off-color songs have no place on the air," says Mr. Gannon. "With all our people we always stress the fact that radio receiving sets are in sitting rooms, in dining rooms, in bedrooms, in hospital wards, in children's homes, in all kinds of rooms throughout America.

"We believe that those listeners should be protected from objectionable material, and to the best of our ability we try to do it.

"Judging songs is a difficult thing. No one person ever does it here at Columbia. We always get the benefit of the opinions of several different people, who work under the guidance of our director of program operations, Mr. Julius Seebach. Sometimes particularly difficult decisions are sent up to the company's executives.

"We go over a song, and if several people agree that there are objectionable passages or objectionable double meanings in it, we bar the song from our network. Often the publishers will make changes in the song which render it acceptable to us, and then we are glad to permit its use.

"Our judgment is guided mainly by plain common sense. There are some general standards of good taste that are recognized anywhere, and we try to abide by them.

"We can control all of our general network programs absolutely, of course, and we also can control individual programs on stations we own. Some independent stations, which take some of our programs, and put on others of their own, may use a barred song on their own programs, but you will never find a barred song on a Columbia network program."

Such is the situation today, Mr. and Mrs. Radio Public. There is no general censorship covering the whole industry, but you are reasonably safe in turning on a radio set anywhere in America. It is not likely that a naughty song will jump out at you!

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Know Your Cosmetics

[Continued from page 82]

of one that is made specially for just such difficult skins as yours.

For those who like exotic perfumes, I have discovered a most enchanting one. It is a subtly delightful scent brought out recently by a French house that is responsible for one of the most popular perfumes on the market. Somehow, I feel that this newcomer will soon rival the company's record-breaker.

The popular perfume made by this per-

fumer is now available in a very practical purse package consisting of a flacon with a dropper and a fancy stopper. The whole thing is protected against breaking by a smart suede pouch with a convenient snap fastener. And until you have smashed a perfume flacon in your handbag with your keys or a heavy metal compact, you will not realize what a real safeguard this pouch is! The price of this handy flacon is only \$1.35.

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 as much as \$5,000 a year



Aircraft Radio

Radio is making flying safer. Radio operators employed through Civil Service Commission earn \$1,620 to \$2,800 a year.



Set Servicing

Spare-time set servicing pays many N. R. I. men \$200 to \$1,000 a year. Full-time men make as much as \$40, \$60, \$75 a week.



Talking Movies

An invention made possible by Radio. Employs many well-trained Radio men for jobs paying \$75 to \$200 a week.

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. 16,000,000 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, talking movies, public address 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 Below

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. 3KBB Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

J. E. SMITH, President,
National Radio Institute,
Dept. 3KBB,
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



How to Acquire a Glamorous Personality

by

MAE WEST

FRANCIS LEDERER

The New Romantic Sensation in an Amazing Interview

TWO GREAT MOVIE ROMANCES

The story of Gary Cooper's *One Sunday Afternoon* and Helen Hayes' *Another Language*.

OTHER ABSORBING FEATURES

and stories of popular screen stars, news and pictures.

October

**HOLLYWOOD
NOW ON SALE**

If your newsdealer is sold out, send 10c. stamps or coin, to HOLLYWOOD Magazine, 529 S. 7th St., Minneapolis, Minn., and a copy of the October issue will be mailed to you.

Mike Says—

[Continued from page 34]

a week—almost enough for a novel—isn't anything at all and there are quite a few writers who have more than a million words of air material to their credit.

There is one writer who doesn't say much about the amount of work done yet she—yes, she's a she—probably holds the record. She is Madge Tucker, pretty, blonde expert on children's programs at NBC. Week after week for more than five years she has been writing a daily program that is known to youngsters everywhere—*The Lady Next Door*.

Miss Tucker does approximately 3,000 words of dialogue a day on that program and in five years . . . you can figure it out for yourself . . . but it runs close to five million words.

Call Letters

DID you ever stop to think that the call letters of your local radio station may mean something? Lots of them do though in some instances, the original meaning has been forgotten.

WABC in New York, key station of Columbia, actually represents the initials of the American Broadcasting Company, once owners of WABC. And WEVD in Manhattan, memorial station to Eugene V. Debs, has his initials as its last three call letters.

The big station in Waco, Texas, is WACO which is a great ad for that Texas town. WMAL in Washington, D. C., is owned by the M. A. Leese Radio Corporation while Philadelphia's WLIT is owned by Lit Brothers. WPG in Atlantic City is supposed to stand for World's Play Ground while down in Brownsville, Texas, when the announcer says KWWG you are supposed to visualize Kum to World's Winter Garden. WOW in Omaha is owned by the Woodmen of the World. And if the Amalgamated Broadcasting Company has its way, its New York outlet will be called Station WYNN.

Ramona's Secret

YOU'VE heard Ramona, Paul White-man's grand singing pianiste, of course, and if you are at all like the normal listener you can close your eyes and imagine that she is singing just for you and not for the five or six million others who may be listening in.

Here's her secret. Ramona's first job was in a music store in Kansas City. She used to play and sing sheet music for customers. And now:

"Sometimes when I'm singing a song," she explains, "I just close my eyes and imagine a customer is hanging over the piano and if I don't make him like the song, he won't buy it. He's just got to like it . . . or I won't have a job."

They like it.

Tony's Story

Tony Wons has a sense of humor and likes to tell stories about himself. Now

listen to him tell of the unkindest cut of all, a letter from a listener who apparently wasn't listenin' very often.

"What she wrote was brief and to the point," Wons said. "Her letter merely said, 'Dear Tony. I heard you on the air last night and Wons was enough.'"

Radio Movies

MEYER DAVIS, the millionaire dance band leader, whose programs are broadcast by NBC has turned movie producer. However, he isn't bothering with movie stars. Instead he is producing a series of short subjects featuring famous air programs and air personalities.

Among the films planned will be one and two reels featuring Ray Perkins, Sisters of the Skillet, Raymond Knight and his Cuckoo crew, Annette Hanshaw, George Givot, The Three X Sisters, the John Henry series and Loretta Lee of George Hall's orchestra.

Crazy Ambitions

Almost every radio performer has some ambition to do something they can't do at all. For example Jimmy Melton, the tenor, has a secret yen to be a tap dancer. Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince, wants to make a series of political addresses on a national network. Annette Hanshaw, the blues singer, would like to sing an operatic aria and Kate Smith thinks it would be fun to make a vaudeville tour with a roller skating act.

Kid Stuff

THERE will be pretty swell programs for youngsters on the air this Fall and Winter judging from the radio continuities now being considered by agencies and broadcasting stations.

Uncle Remus has finally been released for radio and will be heard. Another sponsor plans to offer dramatizations of the famous Oz stories and a serialized version of *Alice in Wonderland* is planned for October. One advertiser is seriously considering making air characters out of the famous Rover Boys.

Original Russian

Leon Belasco, whose swell music you hear on Columbia programs several times a week, is a Russian and still speaks with a broken accent. Yet Belasco in the past few months has developed into one of the most talked-about masters of ceremonies in Manhattan. His introductions of celebrities in his quaint version of English are delightful. But what is funnier is Belasco's description of himself.

"I am," he said proudly, "the only Russian to reach this country who was not a member of the nobility."

And his name used to be Belasky. It was Morton Downey who changed it to Belasco.

You will find this Old Dutch
Rubber Cleaning Sponge
convenient and practical.
Use the coupon below.



OLD DUTCH CLEANSER

*costs less to use because it goes further
and is all you need for all your cleaning*

Old Dutch Cleanser affords every housewife a double saving. *First:* It goes further and costs less to use. Why? Because its particles are flaky and flat-shaped, they cover more surface and consequently do more actual cleaning. *Second:* Old Dutch is so adaptable, does its many cleaning tasks so perfectly, that you do not need a variety of powders and cleaners. In fact, it's the only cleanser you need in your home. Just think what an additional saving that is!

There is nothing else like Old Dutch Cleanser. It is safe for all cleaning because it's free from

harsh, scratchy grit, crude abrasives, caustic or acid. And, too, Old Dutch is always kind to the hands, and that's another reason why millions of housewives use it.

Old Dutch is the one perfect cleanser for every cleaning task from mirrors, utensils and wood or linoleum floors to porcelain, enamel, tile and metal or painted surfaces — it cleans quicker and is the only cleanser you need in your home.

Buy Old Dutch Cleanser today and economize on your cleaning cost.

This is the Old Dutch Rubber Cleaning Sponge. Convenient and practical. A little Old Dutch and this sponge do a quick, thorough cleaning job. An attractive bathroom accessory. Send for it today. Mail 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch Cleanser label for each sponge.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Dept. D934, 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



Girl Scouts . . . Old Dutch
Cleanser will help you to earn
your Housekeeper's Badge.

*Doesn't
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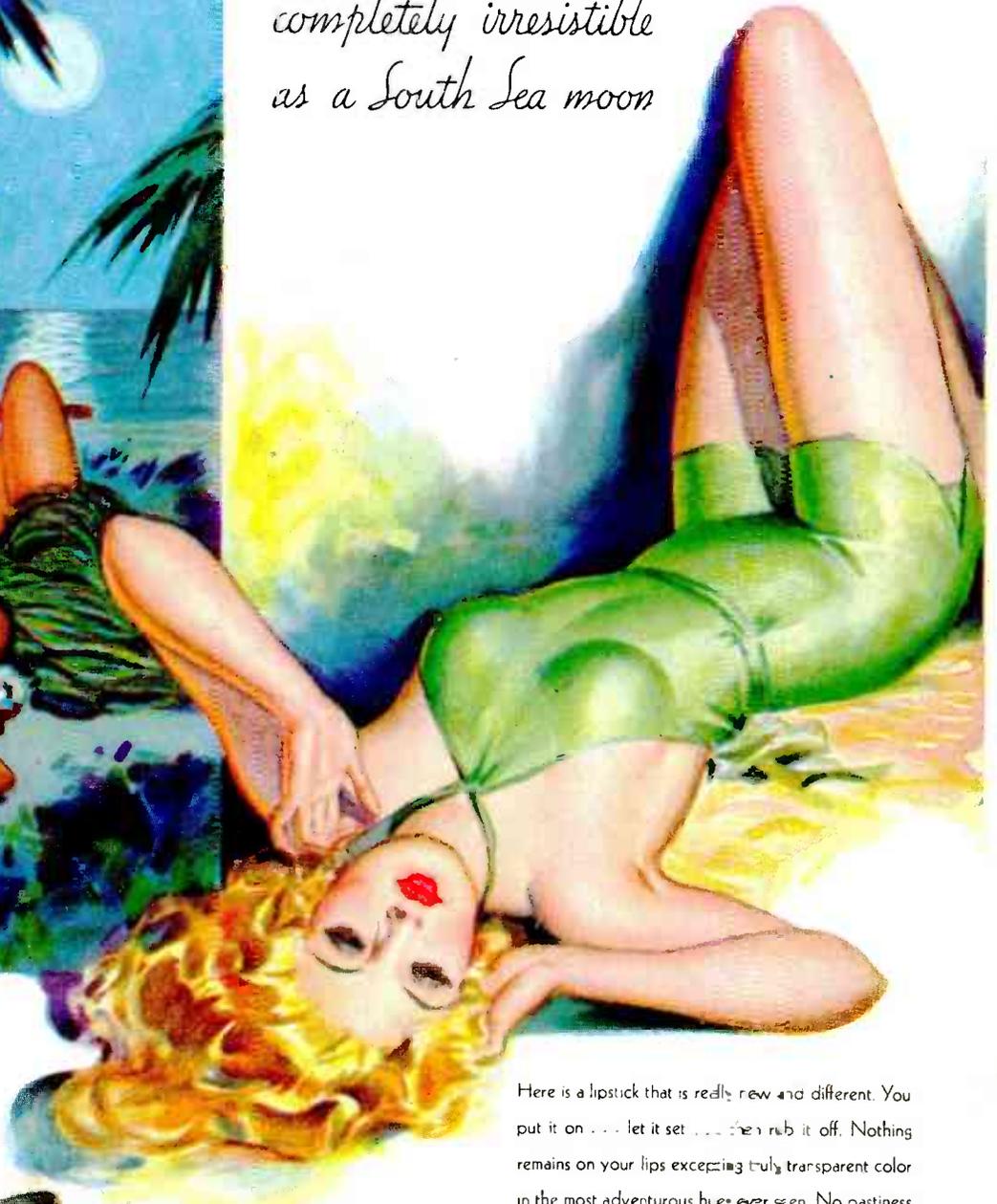
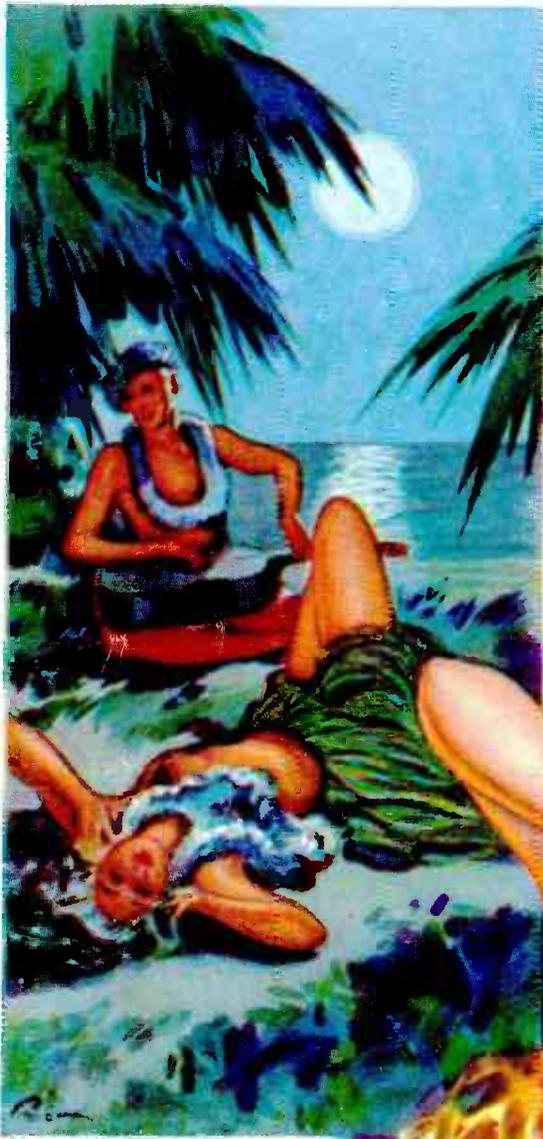


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TATTOO

THE NEW *transparent* COLOR FOR LIPS

in 4 hues...each as completely irresistible as a South Sea moon



4 Startling New Shades

No. 1 has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and fair blondes. It is called "CORAL."

No. 2 is our choice of them all. An exotic, new shade—brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the rich words to describe it. It is called "EKOTIC."

No. 3 is a medium shade. A true, rich, blood color that will be an asset to any brunette. It is called "NATURAL."

No. 4 is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. Gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing. It is called "PASTEL."



Here is a lipstick that is really new and different. You put it on... let it set... then rub it off. Nothing remains on your lips excepting truly transparent color in the most adventurous hue ever seen. No pastiness to come off when it shouldn't. And what indelibility!

TATTOO stays on right thru swimming... and cocktails. No purplish cast either... and instead of the usual drying effect, TATTOO is so soothing, it will keep your lips soft and smooth... lastingly young... forever desirable! Oh, so desirable. Department and drug stores have TATTOO. It's a dollar

TATTOO, INC., CHICAGO

PUT IT ON...

RUB IT OFF...

only the color stays