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RADIOLAND

March

10c

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Vera Van

ED WYNN OFFERS YOU A RADIO AUDITION

**How to Dance to Radio by Arthur Murray,
Famous Dancing Master**

Enjoy life! Dare to make yourself as attractive as you can be! Begin with the magnetism and beauty of your mouth. It is well known by actresses that **Double Mint** gum enjoyed daily keeps the lips vibrant and well-shaped.

Lovely lips tempt and tease, making women greatly admired!



"SHOCKING!" —SAYS EDITOR OF VOGUE
"SPLENDID!" —SAYS YOUR OWN DENTIST



IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"THE most shocking picture I ever saw," says Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue. "Any woman who behaved like that would never receive another dinner invitation."

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IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

"Splendid," would be your own dentist's verdict. "This is a true educational picture, a graphic lesson in the proper use of the teeth. If we moderns ate as vigorously, if all of us ate more rough, coarse food, we dentists would hear a lot less about tender, sensitive, ailing gums."

Dental science explains that since soft, creamy foods have displaced coarse, raw fare, gums suffer. They get sluggish and often so tender that "pink tooth brush" has become a very common warning.

**DON'T NEGLECT
 "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"**

"Pink tooth brush" is well known to your dentist. He knows that serious troubles, such as gingivitis, pyorrhea and Vincent's disease may follow. And he knows that massage is needed to stimulate and firm your gums.

If you are wise you will begin at once to massage your gums every time you brush

your teeth. Each time, rub a little extra Ipana on the gums. For Ipana with massage helps restore gums to healthy firmness.

Start cleaning your teeth and massaging your gums with Ipana—today. Your teeth will be brighter, your gums firmer. And you can forget "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Send the coupon below, if you like. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not buy the full-size tube today and begin to get Ipana's definite advantages now—a month of scientific dental care . . . 100 brushings . . . brighter teeth and healthier gums.

BRISTOL-MYERS, Dept. M-35
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



RADIOLAND



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SUPPOSE *You* **BECAME A HOLLYWOOD STAR**



ANNE SHIRLEY charms her way to stardom in RKO-RADIO's "Ann of Green Gables"

You'd learn this about
BEAUTIFUL HAIR

AN EXPERT Hollywood hair stylist would study your facial contours and design special hairdress styles that would give your personality the most character, glamour and allure. But first, you would be advised to get a good permanent wave. A wave, soft and natural in appearance. You would be cautioned to make sure the permanent waver used only the finest waving solution and fresh clean pads. You would be warned that movie stars dare not take the slightest chance with the beauty of their hair. If you asked your studio hair stylist to recommend a wave, he might say, "89 Hollywood Beauty Shops feature DUART WAVES and there must be a reason for these shops serve the world's most famous, most particular patrons—the Hollywood Stars."

Now even though you may not be a Hollywood star, you are a star in a daily drama with your own friends, husband or sweetheart whose admiration and desire you wish to inspire. And you can have all the pleasure and enjoyment of a naturally beautiful DUART WAVE because there is a beauty salon near you equipped to give you a genuine DUART WAVE, with all the quality features that have made this wave the Choice of the Hollywood Stars. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure and the artistic reputation of the operator.

WAVE OIL

If your hair is inclined to be dry, too fluffy or unruly after shampooing, use a few drops of DUART PERMANENT WAVE OIL. It makes the hair soft, silky and radiant, adding to the life and beauty of your wave. Delicately scented. Not gummy or greasy. If you do not find Duart Permanent Wave Oil in your beauty salon, use coupon below. SEND 15 CENTS for full size bottle.



SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL



HAIR RINSE · 12 SHADES

Hollywood beauty experts recommend a correct shade of DUART RINSE after every shampoo. It rinses away the invisible particles of soap that dull the natural sheen and brilliance of your hair. And it adds a tiny tint—just enough to give a touch of shimmering sunlight to the natural color of your hair. It is NOT a dye—NOT a bleach. Look for Duart Rinse at your beauty salon, drug store or use the coupon below. Each 10-cent package contains TWO rinses of the same shade.

DUART ★

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Send 10c for Duart Rinse · 15c for P. W. Oil

- Black
- Dark Brown
- Chestnut Brown
- Titian Reddish Brown
- Henna
- Golden Brown
- Titian Reddish Blonde
- White or Gray (Platinum)
- Ash Blonde
- Medium Brown
- Golden Blonde
- Light Golden Blonde

Mark choice of shade

Mail to Duart Mfg. Co., Ltd., 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.

Check here for full size bottle of Duart Permanent Wave Oil. Send 15c.

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

Flashes from the NEWS

New Comedian

THE famous Dr. Rockwell, long a headline vaudeville star, is due to establish himself as a radio comedian in a big show to break over the NBC lines the middle of February. With Ted Lewis, Phil Ducey, Tim and Irene, and a number of other radio favorites, the show will be an all-star affair under the title of *State Fair*. Doc Rockwell, of course, is no medico. Perhaps you will remember him for his rib-tickling physiology lesson demonstrated with a vegetable skeleton derived from a bunch of bananas.

* * * * *

Joe Cook, whose recent departure from the air waves was a matter for regret, reports that he is working pretty hard now on a series of eight two-reel movie comedies.

Personality Dearth

HERE'S a little game which may prove enlightening to those who like to study radio in the "whither are we bound" tradition: Take a sheet of paper and a lead pencil and inscribe upon it the names of six new stars developed by the networks during 1934. If you can't think of six stars, try to name five. Or four. Or three.

We've tried the stunt ourselves and the results have proved embarrassing. They seem to point the moral that while radio is on its toes to adopt stars who have proved themselves in the movies, theater, or other fields, it has precious little to point to with pride when it comes to developing stellar personalities on its own account. Mary Pickford, Alexander Woollcott, and a few others who achieved top-rank radio rating during 1934 all achieved success in other fields before their sponsors signed them.

The only indication that 1935 may hang up a better record is found in the new vogue for amateur talent, out of which may come the big stars of tomorrow.

* * * * *

When Grace Hayes moved to a new home in New Rochelle, New York, she took a room in a hotel while her furniture was being transported. Later, when she moved into her new quarters, she was horror-stricken to discover the rooms filled with strange furniture. It seems that the moving company had mixed up a couple of its vans and she finally located her property in Tarrytown, N. Y.

* * * * *

Radio Relatives

PEOPLE who claim a blood relationship constitute one of the annoyances of radio stars. The bane of George Givot's existence is a Greek listener who claims to be his long-lost brother whom he lost in the confusion of the pier when they landed in this country many years ago. All he wants from George is passage money back to Greece. Givot is not only brotherless, but is not a Greek.

Then there is the case of the Eton Boys. A cigar store proprietor in El Dorado, Texas, writes regularly demanding money for the use of his cigar store as a rehearsal hall, which he claims the boys used before they made good in the big city. As it happens, the boys did all their rehearsing in a boarding house off Broadway.

Here's that famous Hatfield tribe—Pappy Hatfield is none other than Walter O'Keefe. Zeke Hatfield, without any shoes, is Jack O'Keefe, and Elviry is played by Alice Frost on the *Camel Caravan*.



—Wide World
Does Will Rogers like hoss-racing? This picture says he does—the cameraman caught him at the opening of the Santa track in California

Joe Penner is all signed up by Paramount for another picture. The duck fancier registered to good advantage in *College Rhythm* and the general radio feeling is that his movie work reacts to the advantage of Joe's ether programs. Joe is one of the most natural, unspoiled personalities in all radioland and is still just a little bewildered over his success.

* * * * *

New Spot For Ruth

RUTH ETTING, too long absent from radio, shifts allegiance to the National Broadcasting network after many months with Columbia. The assignment she has taken over is big-time, as she sings on the WJZ network in opposition to Rudy Vallée's hour. Network time is so difficult to secure now that the chains are nearly booked solid, that sponsors are forgetting the old fetishes which made them hesitate to spot their shows opposite to long established programs.



Known as the "music doctor," Al Goodman, who conducts the orchestra on the *Hall of Fame*, *Colgate House Party*, and other programs, has directed the music of 153 Broadway comedies, including the new *Calling All Stars* and *Life Begins at 3:40*. Even when relaxing in front of his own radio he's busy taking notes

Sigmund Romberg, conductor of the Swift program on Saturday nights, is a veritable one-man music factory. Not long ago he got a hurry-up call from Hollywood where they were making his new musical picture, *The Night is Young*. They needed 16 bars of extra music in a hurry. Romberg sat down at his piano, composed the tune, and played it over the long distance phone to his assistant in Hollywood, just like that!

[Continued on page 10]

MARCH, 1935



NEED A BLONDE FADE EARLY?

By *Lady Esther*

People say that blondes have a brilliant morning, but a short afternoon. In other words, that blondes fade early!

This, however, is a myth. Many blondes simply look older than their years because they use the wrong shade of face powder.

You should never choose a face powder shade just because you are a blonde or brunette. You should never try to match the color of your hair or the particular tone of your skin. A blonde may have a dark skin while a brunette may have quite a light skin and vice versa.

A face powder shade should be chosen, not to match your hair or coloring, but to *flatter* your whole appearance.

To Find the Shade that Flatters

There is only one way to find the shade of face powder that is most becoming to you, and that is to try *all five* basic shades.

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to you! One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So

I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours —and Stays Fresh!

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note, too, how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

NEW... BETTER
CORN
 RELIEF



FROM THE RED CROSS LABORATORIES

• YES, corn plasters have gone modern. This new plaster from the Red Cross Laboratories is toe-conforming, waterproof, inconspicuous.

New Shape—Protects toe from pain and pressure as it treats corn. Trim slip-proof tabs hold fast without crowding toes.

Never sticks to stockings—because of its smooth, glossy finish. And it's waterproof, too. Stays dry when you bathe. The Drybak feature is not found in other plasters.

Individual Medicated Centers—safer and unexcelled for removing corns effectively.

Send 10c for a trial package of corn plasters.



For professional foot treatment see a Chiroprapist.

Johnson & Johnson
 NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

BOX OF 12
 25¢



RED CROSS
DRYBAK
CORN PLASTER
 (Also Drybak Bunion and Callus Plasters)

LOOKING IN *on*
 the BROADCASTS



**JACK BENNY'S
 SHOW**

Highlights of the performance: Jack's and Mary's chatter, Frank Parker's singing, audience approval, signing autographs



Grete Steuckgold singing at a Chesterfield program broadcast

The Reader's Voice

Here's your chance to say what you think about radio—to give a boost to your favorite program, or to put in a knock or two against things you don't like. You probably won't agree with everything our readers say in their letters—and if you don't, send in your opinions to The Reader's Voice, **RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

* * * * *

Dear Sir:

I make bold to ask you to employ the influence of **RADIOLAND** to eradicate certain obnoxious features of radio programs:

Suppress those announcers who, if they have a good program, spoil it by interminable and senseless and repetitious advertising twaddle.

Let those same announcers know that no one on the receiving end is deceived by the spurious letters so obviously fabricated to their own purposes, nor by those silly dialogues patently introduced to offend the patient listener.

Rid the mike for all time of those so-called women songsters who cloak their inability to sing with a species of insufferable noises.

Kill all the would-be funny boys, including many past headliners, who are unaware that one performance exhausts every shred of wit, humor and comedy in their hilarious heads.

Deliver us from the children's hours. Only mentally deficient children would listen to them more than once. They rarely either instruct or amuse.

Slaughter all those whose only excuse for being on the air is a freakish voice. Give us thoughts from the brain rather than the thorax.

Have Major Bowes sing Tommy McLaughlin's songs and Tommy read the Major's poems.

See if you can induce Bill Hay to get a new line. Millions are missing Amos 'n' Andy because of the boresomeness of Bill.

Finally, see if you can't do something for the long-suffering listeners instead of playing up indifferent so-called artists.

Sincerely,

GEORGE H. DAVIS.

* * * * *

Dear Sir:

Why did the Maxwell House Showboat ever let our beloved Captain Henry slip from their fingers? The Showboat is not the same. We miss his, "It's only the beginning, folks, only the beginning" and he was so lovable toward his artists. We Canadians love Captain Henry and miss him very much; the new Captain could never take his place and the Showboat is not the same.

We all love Lanny Ross and Conrad Thibault, Muriel Wilson and all the others on the Showboat, but it is not the same. We only hope Maxwell House will bring back our Captain Henry to the Showboat.

MARGARET,
Montreal, Canada.

[Continued on page 47]

MARCH, 1935



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

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

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

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

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR ...it won't cost you one penny!

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

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

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

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinated fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . at our expense!

TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

For 10 Days at Our Expense!
*"I have reduced my hips
Nine Inches"* writes Miss Healy!

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



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 73, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



....UNTIL you see the surface skin blemishes she has tried to cover up

DO YOU have those occasional little pimples that come sometimes from a temporary internal disorder, or perhaps from clogged, sluggish pores? You probably do—almost every woman suffers this embarrassment now and then. Don't try to cover up these surface defects with cosmetics, which won't really conceal—*get rid of them instead.* You can clear them up so easily and quickly by giving nature a little external aid with Resinol Ointment and Soap, to hasten the healing process.

It is refreshing to breathe the tonic-like fragrance of Resinol Soap and to feel its light foamy lather cleansing and stimulating your skin as you gently work it into the pores. It rinses easily, too, and leaves the skin ready for the soothing medication of Resinol Ointment. This special medication relieves the soreness and redness and helps to quickly heal pimply spots. Made from a doctor's formula, it is safe for the most sensitive skin and it does not smart or sting.

All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Supply yourself today—use them freely as directed and you will be delighted with the improvement in your skin. For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. 8-B, Baltimore, Md.



Resinol
Ointment and Soap

Flashes from the News

[Continued from page 7]



—Wide World

Roxy and his wife receive congratulations from E. T. Stotesbury on the occasion of Roxy's opening of the Mastbaum theater in Philadelphia as its new managing director

The Lindbergh Trial

AS THIS issue of RADIOLAND goes to press, practically every radio news commentator has dug himself in for an extended siege at Flemington, New Jersey, where Bruno Hauptmann is on trial for his life for the murder of the Lindbergh baby. Lowell Thomas, Boake Carter, and Edwin C. Hill are among those who are bringing a day-by-day account of the court proceedings to their radio listeners, and Walter Winchell and Alexander Woolcott are other famous radio personalities who are covering the trial—Woolcott primarily for a news-press syndicate.

Walter Winchell, whose written and broadcast comments on Hauptmann have been outspoken, came in for his share of twitting when a

prospective juror, asked if he read Winchell's column, denied that anything "written by a man like that" could influence him. Boake Carter, on his broadcast, claimed that Winchell's face turned red, but Walter himself stoutly denied the calumny.

No trial in history has ever aroused so much interest on the part of the American public, and the hundreds of thousands of dollars being spent to "cover" it set up a new record. Radio, hopelessly outclassed by the newspapers when it comes to the presentation of photographs, transcripts of testimony, and the like, filled a place of its own distinctly well through the conversational intimacy of men whose own eyes witnessed the scenes they described through the loudspeaker.

At one stage in the preparations the idea was advanced that the full court proceedings be broadcast directly from the bench, but this was frowned upon by the legal profession as undignified and tending to convert a court of law into a theatre.

* * * * *

Now the rumor is that Greta Garbo may sign up as a radio star. But it's just a rumor. The Hall of Fame, the radio program which established the Hollywood guest star idea, has abandoned the stunt entirely and has gone to a straight script show. It begins to look as if radio purses are tightening up as far as cinema celebrities are concerned.

* * * * *

An anonymous correspondent informs us that he is in favor of a law to abolish such fantastic titles as "Evangelist of Rhythm" and similar fabrications which, he says, are getting to be a little bit of a strain on him.



—Wide World

The Voice of Experience (Dr. M. Sayle Taylor) inspects a carload of apples which he distributed to the poor at Christmas, along with three cars of oranges, one of potatoes, and one of coal, contributed by listeners to his radio program

RADIOLAND

MARCH, 1935

The Editor's Opinion

Hail the Amateur!



You will recall the recent RADIOLAND article which described the amazing hit scored by amateurs presented by Major Edward Bowes over WHN, a local New York station. When folks began tuning in his program in preference to network entertainment, enjoying the spontaneous and occasionally frightful performances, the big stations suddenly awakened to the fact that something new was brewing right under their noses, and a rush of sponsors for the amateur idea ensued.

Fred Allen's brilliant show now devotes a third of its time to amateur talent. Kate Smith's New Star revue goes a step farther, auditioning the best amateurs in local stations of the Columbia chain which she will visit in a cross-country tour. The new Feenamint show is likewise built around the amateur. A number of advantages combine to favor the amateur show: the cost of talent is insignificant; the programs, thanks to their informality, are highly entertaining to the listener; and the new talent of which radio stands in dire need is actually being developed. Who can tell what big names of tomorrow may come, for instance, from the auditions which Ed Wynn offers to RADIOLAND readers in this issue? Professionals have brought few new ideas to radio—maybe the amateurs can.

* * * * *

A third broadcasting network, adequately financed and capably managed, has been quietly growing in recent months and is now well established. We refer to the American Broadcasting Co., which now numbers 21 affiliated stations in the largest industrial regions of the East and Middle West, reaching as far west as Iowa. There are, of course, smaller local networks, but the American at present rates third in size, with only the Columbia and National circuits outstripping it. The newest network, the Mutual, comprises the large stations of WOR, Newark, WLW, Cleveland, and WGN, Chicago.

MARCH, 1935

1934 will go down in radio history as a year marked by a substantial development of "class" programs, but singularly lacking in the creation of new personalities. No one has duplicated Joe Penner's meteor-like rise in the radio skies. True, 1934 brought us Mary Pickford, Grace Moore, and other "big names," but all of them rose to fame first in other fields of the theater. Jack Pearl went off the air, but the breach in the field of dialect comedy was adequately filled by George Givot and Eddie Cantor's *Parkacarkas*, Harry Einstein. From present indications, 1935 should be rich with new personalities.

* * * * *

"You Can't Sing That!"

IF YOU have been under the innocent impression that anything a sponsor is willing to pay for can be aired over the radio, it may be a bit of a shock to you to be informed that the studios are staffed with a highly sensitized group of blue-pencilers who espouse those principles which the bellicose Mr. Mencken used to designate as Comstockery. Take, for instance, the simple word "do," whose connotations have caused it to be barred from popular songs sung over the networks. We confess that this was news to us until we read Rudy Vallée's highly interesting explanation, which you will find in his Music Notebook article in this issue.

Networks don't always agree on just what is offensive, however. A negro spiritual which the National Broadcasting Co. deemed harmless failed to pass the Columbia censors because they considered its title, *Satan, I Give You My Children*, sacrilegious. Even an about-face revision which made the title *O Lord, I Give You My Children*, failed to pass muster. All of which may not be very important, except insofar as it may make you shake your head wonderingly the next time some zealous individual tells you that what radio needs is a committee of two-fisted censors to curb those wanton broadcasters. You can be sure Rudy knows what he is talking about.



Radio Goes "Big Business"

NOW that the new Congress is in session, it appears that restrictive radio legislation is going to be one of the first items of business, and a good many of the proposed laws aren't going to please the network prexies any too well. A forthcoming bill will propose Federal tax on radio advertising revenue, on the theory that the wavelength franchises handed out by the government are valuable properties and that the wheels of civic administration should be greased by revenue therefrom. There is some soundness in the argument advanced that radio is even more a public utility than railways and power companies, since it sustains itself on slices of the ether which is admittedly a common property of the people.

Newspapers, too, are particularly interested in restraining radio, which they regard as a competitive interloper in the news and advertising field. To salve this sore spot it is likely that the ratio of commercial programs to educational "sustainers" will be fixed by law, somewhat along the lines of the present postal requirements which demand that not over 50 per cent of a newspaper's or magazine's space be devoted to advertising. The laws of libel at present covering printed matter only, will be interpreted to include radio broadcasts as well. Radio advertising rates will be fixed by a government commission, much as railroad tariffs now are. License fees will be adjusted along a higher scale.

With a gross intake of \$42,000,000 last year, in round figures, radio is definitely "big business" and must expect to be treated as such by legislators.

* * * * *

It took 58 women, banded together under the leadership of Phil Spitalny, to furnish the first real opposition Rudy Vallée's Thursday night hour has encountered. Of these charming ladies, 32 of them play in an orchestra and 26 are members of a girl's glee club on the Linit hour on the Columbia network, running directly opposite Rudy's yeast show.



Ed Wynn Offers You a

RADIO AUDITION

and tells how to become
a RADIO COMEDIAN

Last month Fred Waring inaugurated RADIOLAND'S School of the Air with a brilliant radio lesson for musicians. This month Ed Wynn, out of his own vast experience, gives you frank, straightforward advice on how to become a radio comedian, and he makes an amazing offer of a personal audition to help you onward to radio success

By ED WYNN

WHEN the Editor of RADIOLAND asked me to write this article on how to become a radio comedian, he unwittingly gave me an opportunity to fulfill a secret, lifelong ambition. I would, I always have believed, been a successful teacher, if Fate hadn't cast me as a comedian.

You can call this a variation of the Comedian-Who-Always-Wanted-To-Play-Hamlet-complex, if you wish. But I think I know what I am talking about.

Thirty-three years in the theatre and its graduate-child, radio, have given me a background of which I am proud. During that time I have employed in my companies some 2,000 people, and I have watched them come and go—a good many of them up!

Breaking into radio is comparatively simple—it's the preparation which tries your soul and proves whether you have what it takes or not.

In this article, I'm going to hit pretty hard—I'm going to tell you what it takes to "get there," and if you have it, *how* to get there. In fact, I'll personally help you to get there!

First, however, let's go back to a few fundamentals. If you are young, this is for you to read, for I'm going to talk to you like a "Dutch uncle."

THERE are three things in the entertainment world—genius, talent and personality. Someone has defined talent as something you have, and genius as something that has you. You will know whether you have any one of these.

You were born, let us suppose, of parents. There is only one kind of advice parents can give to a child; that is the difference between right and wrong. Other things that enter into a career are entirely up to the child. There are no set rules. You are on your own. Each young man or young woman must find out for himself, or herself, as he or she goes along, whether he or she has "what it takes." There are different answers for each individual. Only, *don't let your parents interfere!* They rarely can help you with your personal problems. You either sink or swim on your own!

Now, the ability to entertain is an inborn instinct in every child. Little boys would like to be fire chiefs, policemen, cowboys, sailors—anything they are not. Little girls imitate nurses, mothers, queens, princesses . . . But don't let that fool you! Unless your talent is strong and far above the ordinary, forget about radio! The man or woman next to you probably had the same ambition!

All mothers and fathers, of course, think that their boy or



Ed Wynn with his collection of fire chief badges from many cities, made last summer when, in keeping with his philosophy as an entertainer, he went directly to his audience to find out what sort of material the public taste demanded

Thumbnail Biography of ED WYNN

Born Edwin Leopold, Nov. 9, 1886, in Philadelphia. When he wasn't playing hookey at some theater, attended Philadelphia Central High School with a brilliant youngster named Alexander Woollcott. Ed's tuition to the University of Pennsylvania was paid by his parents, but he never showed up—they found him playing parts in a repertoire company at \$12 a week. Turning his back on his father's hat business, he got his first big break with the *Follies* in 1914, starred in *The Passing Show*, and later wrote and produced *Ed Wynn's Carnival*, *The Grab Bag*, *The Perfect Fool*, and *The Laugh Parade*. He has been in radio three years. Married and has one son.

Lesson No. 2 in RADIOLAND'S

girl is the most talented in the world—until they get to be a certain age. I would say to you mothers and fathers, wait until they are fifteen or twenty. For despite all the prodigies, for every success there are thousands of failures! There's a lot, an awfully lot, more to art than this.

Am I getting too rough?

On top of this, don't let the pretty pictures of richly garbed handsome men and beautiful women, excite your cupidity and fool you! They probably owe their tailor or dressmaker, and heaven knows how much to the government in income taxes!

Now, if you have gotten over this hurdle, and are still with me, we can proceed.

So you think you have the makings of a great comedian, do you? All right, have you the courage to sacrifice all the pleasures and comforts of home and stand the hardships, year after year, before you reach the top, with disappointment trailing disappointment, a battle all the way through, hard work, day after day, being funny when you'd much rather cry—or play Hamlet!

My profession is one of constant disappointment, and you have to be able to take it! If you are a comedian, with extraordinary talent, and believe you have a future, the only thing you can do is to leave home, and if you are young—with or without your parents' consent. Only then, by showing this spirit, will you display the honest desire to become a beginner in the ranks of successful entertainers.

All right, having that desire, you can not walk into your local radio station and ask for an audition. For what is funny to you at that tender period, undoubtedly will be tragic to those who listen to you. You may have been a born comedian, but you are not made yet. And, believe it or not, comedians are still made in the theatre.

So-o-o-o, if you have "what it takes," you will bury your pride and join the theatre, becoming a program boy, a chorus boy, or, better yet, a valet to the comedian of the show!

Now you've started at the bottom. And again I don't believe in advice. You'll learn from there up! Or . . . you'll still be a valet.

THERE are no short cuts. Radio is not old enough in its progress yet to give entertainers the ripening experience necessary. It must still come from the theatre. And if you want to break into radio, it must be via the stage door—still.

Before we go any further, and I talk about my comedy technique, here are a few don'ts which it would be well to bear in mind:

In the first place, *don't get the false impression that you have to have "pull."* I can tell you that, as an employer who has, in his time, handled 2,000 entertainers! Never have I received a letter of introduction from a performer that wasn't a knock against him. Sitting next to me as I dictate this is Eddie Duchin, my orchestra leader, and rated as among the first three pianists in the country. He came up by the bootstraps. And so did Vallée, and Bing Crosby, and Kate Smith, and Paul Whiteman, and Eddie [Continued on page 64]



HOW to AUDITION for ED WYNN

To readers of RADIOLAND who feel that they have radio talent, Ed Wynn makes the amazing offer of an audition in the National Broadcasting Co. studios in New York City. He will devote a full day of his time to conducting these auditions, will tell you whether you have a radio future, will give you the benefit of his long experience in broadcasting and the theater, and if convinced that you are a "find" will recommend you for an air appearance.

There are no strings to this offer beyond the fact that he is giving one full day of his time and he reserves the right to make his own selection of applicants within that limitation. Write to Ed Wynn in care of RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Give him your age, background, experience and ambitions, as explained in fuller detail in his article. He is in complete charge of the auditions and will read all letters personally and set the day on which the audition will be held. All letters must be received by March 1, 1935. You must, of course, make your own arrangements for transportation.

Ed Wynn has only one warning: be sure of yourself and your abilities before you write him. Those who are confident of their own future are the ones he wants to hear.

The FRIEND Behind CONRAD THIBAULT

To the quiet friend who has urged him on toward success all through his life, Conrad Thibault owes everything—his health, his career, his clear philosophy of living. This unrevealed chapter from the life of one of radio's best-loved stars is a stirring tribute to the friend who piloted him through dark days and along troubled roads to success

THEY NEVER TOLD TILL NOW

HELEN JEPSON'S Six Months of TORTURE

For a few bleak months life was sheer misery for "fat little Helen," the chubby, motherless thirteen-year-old girl who grew up to sing for the radio and the great Metropolitan Opera



—Ray Lee Jackson

Helen Jepson

IF IT hadn't been for a quiet, subdued clergyman who pastored his flock at Northbridge, Mass., Conrad Thibault would never have been a singer. He would have been a substantial business man, with a hardware and electrical supply shop that would have been the pride of his hometown. That was what his family wanted him to do. As for singing, why, that was no man's job; that was only work for a girl, or a sissie. Besides, who ever heard of a man in Northbridge, that sleepy little hamlet, earning his living from singing?

To sing in the church choir, as Conrad did from the time he reached school age, was perfectly all right. The boy had a pleasing, sweet voice, and he was using it properly. But as to singing elsewhere, that was silly.

It took a little, experienced, and worldly-wise cleric to start Conrad off on the path of glory he has pursued; to instill in the growing boy the idea that he had been given a great gift by God, and that he dared not abuse it, or brush it aside. It took many, many long talks, over a period of half a dozen years, hours of practice and singing, of playing fine music, to start the seed growing in young Conrad. And today, come what may, Conrad Thibault will sing.

Let me tell you the story of the man behind Conrad Thibault, to whom Conrad owes everything; his health, his career, his clear view of life.

"If it hadn't been for this dear friend's influence, which is with me today as much as it was fifteen years ago, when I saw him daily, I could never have gotten where I am today," Conrad Thibault told me. "Half a dozen times I might have turned my back on the hard road I was traversing, have forgotten my songs. But the ideal this kindly guide had instilled in my mind, the knowledge that I would break his heart if I turned my back on what he considered my duty, spurred me on."

CONRAD'S early childhood, like that of most sensitive, shy people, was a miserable one. In delicate health from babyhood, he never could enjoy the sports his chums went in for, till the clergyman took him under his wing. Today, he is one of the best athletes on radio row, and if he is not in the studio, you can find Thibault in the gym, or skating or swimming, or playing tennis.

"When I was eight or nine," he told me, "I couldn't keep up with the gang. Mother said it was because I was growing so fast all my energy was sapped up in this process. Whatever it was, I couldn't run as fast as my friends. I couldn't jump as high as they did. Playing football tired me out dreadfully. They outdid me in all sports." So Conrad, growing ashamed of being what he considered a tag-along, finally dropped out, and was left alone and unhappy.

His one interest was music, his one way of making life tenable. After choir rehearsal, he'd sit in the empty church, listening happily while the organist [Continued on page 74]

By
MARY
JACOBS

—Ray Lee Jackson

FOR six long months life was a living torture to thirteen-year-old Helen Jepson. And those six months will always remain as the age of darkness in her existence; the very mention of those bitter days and nights, just after her mother died, still makes her shudder.

Those months have colored everything she has done since; her attitude toward others, her mode of living, her whole existence. They have shaped her into the fine and simple soul she is today.

But the story of that dark period she has never breathed to anyone till now. Not even to her father, who unwittingly was responsible for this reign of terror in her life.

A chubby, blonde little girl, her tear-stained face a picture of misery, her dress dripping wet, straightened over the scrubbing board. Would the week's wash never be done? Wouldn't she ever get a chance to go out and play, to run and jump with the other children? There was still dinner to prepare, the table to be set, and little three-year-old Josephine, Helen's baby sister, to be bathed and fed and put to bed.

If only Mother was alive! Things would be so different. But Mother wasn't alive. After a two-year struggle against cancer, she had passed away, a brave, cheerful fighter. And it wasn't that Father was cruel—if you had told Charles Jepson that taking care of a seven-room two-story house, doing all the cooking and washing, and guarding a three-year-old child was too much for his thirteen-year-old daughter, he would have been very much surprised.

For so great was his grief at the death of his lovely wife that nothing seemed to matter. Life was mechanical; he ate and worked and slept. In a vague way he realized his pet, his "little fat girl," Helen, always seemed busy, preoccupied, tired and unhappy. But never once did it dawn on him that her unwonted sadness was due to anything but the death of her mother, her pal.

Of course, he realized that some day Helen would have to

go back to school, that you couldn't keep a child of thirteen home indefinitely. How was he to guess that night after night Helen cried herself to sleep? That she felt alone, unwanted, inferior?

FOR where other children were slim and graceful, Helen, as a young girl, was fat and awkward. There was the time she got a neighbor to mind the baby, and she went to a Junior High School football game with her more fortunate girl friends. "Get out of the way there, fatty," some mischievous, teasing boy said. "I can't see behind you."

She might just as well have been in Japan for the rest of the game. Humiliation choked up her throat, she was numb inside. Too proud to let her friends see how hurt she was, she tried to keep a smile on her face, even tried to carry on a conversation with the horrid boy. Yet inside her heart was breaking. And there was no mother to whom she could come home, to whom she could sob out her grief. No mother with a way of laughing away petty cares, of proving how unimportant they were.

Instead, when she got home there was the baby to care for, the dinner table to set, and a hasty delicatessen meal to serve.

I wish you could see Helen Jepson today, this lovely singer who has burst like a meteor on the radio and operatic worlds. The featured songbird of the Kraft Phoenix hour, of operatic broadcasts, and a leading lady of the Metropolitan Opera Company at twenty-seven, you'd think that would be enough for any one woman. But in addition, she is tall and slim and supple as a willow; her lovely brown eyes are pools of light, and her blonde, yellow-golden hair makes you think of spun gold. With puberty, nature took its course and [Continued on page 74]

UNTOLD STORIES OF THE STARS



Here is the lucky man who is engaged to Muriel Wilson—Fred Hufsmith, popular NBC tenor

Muriel Wilson, singing voice of Mary Lou, is soon to be married to Fred Hufsmith, NBC tenor. But it's not going to be the clinging-vine romance you might associate with Mary Lou. She isn't going to keep house, she won't be jealous, she will continue her career—but read her story for yourself!

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

"Fred Hufsmith! Well, I'll be—!"—back in the studio it echoed from many surprised lips. Then, "Swell!" Everybody agreed on that. Because everybody who knows Fred loves him, and as for Mary Lou, she's one of broadcastland's pet daughters.

IT WAS a surprise to all of us radio folk, I'll grant. But I didn't figure on getting quite the blow I got the next day when sweet Mary Lou of the old-fashioned-girl charm and the retiring ways announced to me point blank, "My marriage is going to be modern! I'm not going to keep house and I'm going to continue working and I'm not going to be jealous and I'm going to be free and—"

And the first thing I knew we were all three laughing, Muriel, Fred and I. Simply because we'd never seen little Mary Lou get so amazingly "het up" before.

"Seriously," she went on, "I mean just that. Our marriage is going to be different from any you've ever heard of, and furthermore it's going to work... Wait'll I tell you what I mean—"

And wait until you've heard some of the events behind the about-to-be marriage.

Darn cute, the way they met. They giggled like two kids, telling me how Muriel, nose up, used to strut through the NBC lobby and regard Fred with all the interest she'd show in a smoking stand or another of the beige-cushioned chairs. So far as she knew he didn't exist, but not so with Fred. That dainty Miss Wilson was very definitely a part of the radio landscape to him, and he intended to make her a fixture in his own private picture if he could ever get up the nerve.

Came the cold hour of eight o'clock on a winter morning three years ago, when the two were to take part in a "Hymn Sing" broadcast. Muriel vows she was sleepy-eyed and frog-voiced and not seemingly enthusiastic when he introduced himself. Fred vows she was freshly beautiful, in divine voice and charming when she acknowledged his introduction.

At any rate, the Wilsons' doorbell rang the next night at nine and it was Mr. Hufsmith. And Mama and Papa Wilson immediately took a liking to Mr. Hufsmith so they let their daughter drive off to Coney Island with him to see the ocean all on a moonlit December night, and the two practically froze to death and hurried home and warmed up again by the fire and drank some of Mrs. Wilson's hot chocolate and when Mr. Hufsmith started saying goodnight they both had a funny feeling and told each other about it. There! That was all there was to the whole thing. [Continued on page 80]



MURIEL WILSON
The Singing Voice of
MARY LOU

—Photo by
Dr. Mirjian

Mary Lou's Marriage Will Be MODERN

S. Parkes Cadman presid-
ing at one of the earliest
broadcasts of his Sunday
Radio Pulpit

S. PARKES CADMAN

*holds
open house
for TROUBLE*

*Human woes find solace in the
Radio Pulpit, the clearing house
for trouble conducted by Dr. S.
Parkes Cadman, the man who
was first to bring religion to radio*

By ROSE DENIS

IT WAS back in 1923. S. Parkes Cadman, whose Radio Pulpit is now a regular Sunday morning feature, was on the air for the first time. His weekly Sunday Conference for Men was being broadcast from the Bedford Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn.

Two microphones had been placed on the platform to transmit his sermon to the millions listening in. The proceedings were very informal in those days, just as they are now. One of the men at the Y stood up. He had a question to ask.

"Dr. Cadman, where can I go to get a sound basis for my religious faith?"

"To the Bible, of course," thundered the minister. He picked up the big pulpit volume so the questioner could see it. "There's no other place to go," he said, slamming the book down on the pulpit for emphasis.

Dr. Cadman continued with his sermon, his answers to the questions his audience put to him. The phones all over the building kept ringing wildly. When he had slammed the Bible, he had broken the fuse in the broadcasting outfit. The visible audience could hear him; the invisible one was shut out!

"BROADCASTING was very difficult for me in those days," he confessed. "In addition to the tremendous responsibility of trying to preach so that everyone, regardless of his faith, would receive some spiritual guidance, I had the problem of altering my entire technique. As a minister, my oratory was of the fiery type: I gesticulated, walked up and down the platform while speaking.

"With only a microphone to catch my speech, I could no longer do that. If I walked away from it, the radio audience would be tuned out. At the beginning my friend, Halsey Hammond, secretary of the Y where I conducted my weekly get-togethers, sat on the platform with me. If I began to walk away from the microphone, he gently tugged at my coat; if I was forgetting the

[Continued on page 44]

Six Rules for a Happy Life

- 1 Have a conscience about your body; its health is the physical basis for a useful life.
- 2 Cultivate respect for sound instincts; they are always more trustworthy than specious arguments.
- 3 Adopt an ideal difficult to realize and nail your colors to the mast for it.
- 4 Never allow your circumstances to so enslave you that your inward resistance collapses under their outward pressure.
- 5 Cultivate love for people you don't like, which means serve them for their own good even though they may be uncongenial.
- 6 Remember that the test of true love is its passion for the highest good in whatever it loves.

S. Parkes Cadman

Vera Van's *untold* Love Story

*Twice she tasted the bitter flavor
of romance gone awry but Vera
Van isn't going to be happy until
she finds the One Man*

By ELSA HOLMES

I KNOW a girl who ought to be in love.

Her list of suitors reads like a miniature Manhattan telephone directory. Her five wardrobes full of gowns make the average Paris opening look positively amateur. Her first available evening to go dancing, sir, will be the second week in June—that is, if you make the date right away. Tea-times, you'll find among her guests some of the most important names in the social, theatrical and radio worlds. Her sumptuous terrace apartment, modernistic from the foyer to the kitchenette, could be a movie set without rearranging one white leather hassock. And a few of the other things Fortune has showered on her aren't to be sneezed at either: A town car. A Blue Velvet Voice that thinks nothing of breaking fan mail records any old time. Fame. Riches.

The girl has beauty too. Not the kind that comes jarred and bottled behind promising labels, but the fresh young variety that needs but a dash of cold water and a dab of fluffy rice powder to constitute a breath-taking makeup. Gold curls that, tousled or sleek, look as though Charles of the Ritz just put

his comb down. Eyes and skin like a closeup of Dietrich. And a figure Mr. Schubert has tried to get on his stage several times.

Oh yes, I know a girl who ought to be in love. And isn't. And is pretty miserable about it.

YOU won't blame her, when you hear Vera Van's story. Being a star songstress on the Columbia network is one thing, but living twenty whole years without finding your man is another! Particularly when twice you've thought, and hoped with all your heart, that you'd found the end of the rainbow, but instead the whole world collapsed.

It's happened twice to little Vera whom you hear every Sunday evening on Vick's Open House program over the Columbia network, singing with Donald Novis to the music of Freddie Martin's orchestra. Her portrait is on the cover of this issue of RADIOLAND. [Continued on page 58]



Never before has the ability to dance been so socially important as it is today, with so many fine radio programs concentrating exclusively on dramatic music. Arthur Murray, New York's most famous teacher of ballroom dancing, gives you here his simple, easily understood lessons on how to dance to radio

How to

By ARTHUR MURRAY

AND now comes the era of home dancing. When the radio was first introduced as a means of entertainment, it was freely predicted that home dancing parties would become very popular. It is true that in the very beginning there were many home dancing parties, but the radio program was still in the experimental stage and the results were not so favorable for dancing.

For one thing, many programs were presented in the manner of theater meaning that the music itself was handled from an entertainment angle and with little regard for the tempo necessary for dancing. Then again, you might have your dancing interrupted by a half-hour program of dialogue. It would be late in the evening before the sustaining programs of good dance orchestras, in dance tempo, would come on the air.

However, this has been completely changed. Many sponsors have realized that if the listeners could depend upon programs of fine dance music in the earlier hours of the evening, they would respond with home parties. Several such programs are now on the air and my mail from radio listeners indicates that they are meeting with genuine appreciation in all sections of the country.

Home dancing parties, for young and old, are wholesome, enjoyable affairs. They solve the problem of having a good time without spending a lot of money. Any home with a radio can be the scene of such a party—and with a minimum of prepara-

DANCE to RADIO

tion. Perhaps the only requirement is a sufficient number of male and female guests so that there will be no monotony from dancing with the same partners throughout the evening.

Possibly these things are very obvious to everyone. After all, people with enough energy and initiative to arrange parties usually understand the procedure. I might add that modern ballroom dancing is a graceful art and does not necessarily require a great amount of space. Consequently, the ordinary living room, with a hardwood floor, affords plenty of room.

SURPRISING as it may seem, there are hundreds of thousands of men and women throughout the country who do not know how to dance. For one reason or another, they have never learned the very simple steps which constitute the Fox Trot, the most popular of all ballroom dances. It is to benefit these people that the editor of RADIOLAND has invited me to write this article, and my suggestion is that after you have read through the entire text, you turn on the radio, invite your husband or wife, brother or sister, as the case may be, to act as your partner and go through the procedure I outline. You will be surprised how quickly you will lose that fright and stiffness and how easily you will acquire the steps.

The first thing to be considered by a beginner is the correct dancing position. You should at all times stand erect. The lady rests her left hand lightly on the back of her partner's shoulder and extends her right arm in a graceful curve to be held in her partner's left hand. The lady looks over the man's right shoulder and he, in turn, looks over her right shoulder.

The proper male dancer will hold his arms fairly high and

will hold his partner firmly with his open right hand pressed against her back, just above the waist line. The man should hold his head up, his chin in and his chest out. He should keep his heels off the floor whenever possible. His legs should be close together and never spread apart.

The man should hold his partner directly in front of him and not to one side. He should, in going forward, walk as though he were trying to step on his partner's feet. In taking a step with one foot, he should always remember to take the other foot off the floor. Never scrape the floor with your feet and always remember to keep your toes turned outward.

The Fox Trot is the most popular of all dances and music suitable for this step dominates every dance program. It is a simple matter to learn to Fox Trot, and here is how it is done by the man leading the lady:

(SEE DIAGRAM BELOW)

1. Begin with the left foot and step directly, forward, taking an ordinary walking step.
2. Walk forward on right foot.
3. Step to left on left foot.
4. Draw the right foot up to the left, placing the weight on the right foot. That completes the simple step of the Fox Trot.

There are many other smart steps which you can later develop, but for the beginner, this will suffice. After completing this step, you can do the walk steps, which are long and slow, to the rhythm of the music. The step outlined above can be repeated as often as desired. In the Fox Trot, the man almost always walks forward so that he can see where to go and to avoid collisions with other couples

In dancing, it is important to [Continued on page 51]



AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DANCING TEACHER

Arthur Murray and his charming partner show you the correct dancing posture and the start of the Fox Trot as detailed in his article

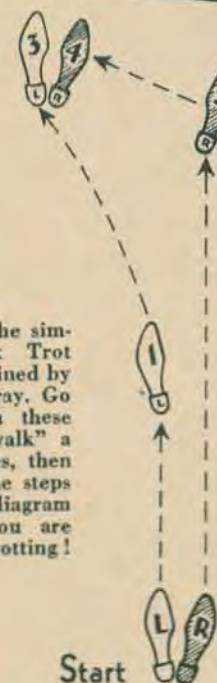
Arthur Murray is still on the lee side of forty years, but wherever magazines and newspapers are read, wherever movies are shown, wherever radios are tuned in, people know that he is the world's greatest dancing master.

Murray started out in life with the hope of becoming a famous architect. For two years after graduation from a New York City high school, he worked over a drawing board. Then he attended the famous dancing school conducted by Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle. And when they gave him his diploma, they also offered him a job as instructor—and he accepted. At this point, he little expected to spend a lifetime showing folks how to dance. So he decided on more education and went to Atlanta, Ga., to enroll at Georgia Tech. In the evenings he gave dancing lessons at fashionable hotels. Business was good and when he completed two years of study Murray had enough money to finance an advertising campaign selling a dance course by mail. He moved back to New York City and since then he has banked millions of dollars paid to him by men and women anxious to learn to dance.

At the present time he is the sole occupant of a seven-story building and has studios on every floor. His broadcasts on dancing can be heard over the Columbia network.



Arthur Murray has invented many of the fancy steps enjoyed in ballroom dancing. Note the posture



This is the simple Fox Trot step outlined by Mr. Murray. Go through these steps, "walk" a few paces, then repeat the steps in the diagram—and you are Fox Trotting!





Boake Carter at the easel in his studio, where he has painted the portraits of many Philadelphia friends

Boake Carter *Loves a FIGHT!*

By
**FRANCES
DIETRICH**

A skilled portrait painter and a master dissector of the day's news, dynamic Boake Carter amazingly combines the personalities of artist and adventurer, scholar and fighter

IF YOU are a member of that vast audience which tunes in every weekday night on Boake Carter's clipped comments on the day's news, the chances are better than even that you have visualized him as a hefty, belligerent chap with a jutting jaw and the physical proportions of a Minnesota half-back. He sounds that dynamic over the air. But in actual life Boake Carter is a mild-mannered chap a bit below average height, wiry in build rather than ponderous, with sandy hair and a generous quota of personal charm.

But when he gets going in front of a microphone, Boake Carter certainly does love a fight. Nothing pleases him better than an argument, and his frank, outspoken opinions over the air have made him both friends and enemies—the latter chiefly those against whom his superb talent for irony has been directed. A news event, to Boake Carter, is something to be torn apart, dissected, analyzed, pertinently commented upon—in short, editorialized. Maybe you don't always agree with what he says, but you can't ignore the fact that he is saying it!

If he seems to know a great deal about a vast variety of subjects, it can be attributed to an extensive background of travel and activity which has left this Philadelphia suburbanite pretty much of a cosmopolitan. In fact, it was a bit of out-of-the-way expert knowledge on Rugby football which got Boake Carter his first break on the air.

IN 1930 a Rugby football game was scheduled at Philadelphia Navy Yard between some of General Butler's Marines, who had learned the game while in China playing against the British Regimental teams, and a group of English residents composing the New York Rugby Football Union. It was to be broadcast over one of Philadelphia's smaller stations and

it was thus that Carter made his radio debut . . . describing a Rugby football game. It was a successful stunt, and the station invited him to do another program . . . this time a pseudo boat race, with phonograph records of a real Oxford and Cambridge race for background. The *Adventures of Sir Percy Posthelwaite* followed in quick succession and then a position on the staff of the radio station.

Having once broken into the game, its novelty and enormous possibilities impressed him strongly, and he became imbued with the idea of getting across to the people who sat at loud speakers every night the real, *true* facts . . . not daintily garnished statements about politics and government, and news happenings statically recited, but each day's news torn apart for the significance behind it.

It was not long before he contracted with Columbia's Philadelphia outlet, WCAU, and a few months of daily broadcasting established him as an outstanding radio news editorialist. The Lindbergh kidnaping in March, 1932, gave him his network debut and his comments on that occasion aroused widespread public interest and a deluge of 15,000 fan letters testified to the hearty reception by listeners everywhere. But it was always, work, work, work—and *hard* work. For months three broadcasts a day, all new material . . . and then for three years, up until this last spring two broadcasts daily, one over the Columbia network at 7:45 and the other locally over WCAU at 11 p. m. Mr. Carter writes all of his own material and has put in a fourteen hour day for three years.

Back of this present success lies a story of adventure and experience which has encompassed half the world. Boake Carter was born in Baku, South [Continued on page 42]

The Radio Revue



*Harriet
Hilliard*

—Ray Lee Jackson

As the most attractive reason for the continued prominence of Ozzie Nelson's orchestra we nominate Harriet Hilliard, whose singing is a feature of Joe Penner's program. She is also heard with Ozzie's orchestra over the Columbia Broadcasting networks



Kathleen Wilson

You know her better as Claudia Barbour in that wholly delightful drama of life in a typical American home, *One Man's Family*



Martha Mears

A charmer from St. Louis whose voice makes the hearts of radio fans turn flip-flops. She is heard on Phil Baker's Friday night programs and has her own hour of songs on the NBC networks



Patti Pickens

Youngest of the famous Pickens Sisters trio, but by no means least. She's blonde and blue-eyed and charming—in short, the life of anybody's party

—Ray Lee Jackson



Donnie Boone

Donnie Boone's great grand-daddy was Danny Boone, who blazed quite a trail for himself through Kentucky and points west. Now Donnie is doing a little trail-blazing in *Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood*



—Bert Lawson

Deane

Janis

You've heard the smooth rhythm of her songs with Carol Lofner's CBS orchestra and you can tune in on her now every Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday with Hal Kemp's NBC orchestra

Ruth

Robin

Music, appropriately enough, seems to run in the Robin family, Ruth's brother being Leo Robin, who wrote *Love in Bloom*. She is soloist with Joe Haymes' Hotel McAlpin Orchestra, broadcasting five times a week over the CBS network



—Joseph Melvin McElliott

She skyrocketed to national fame as Olive Palmer—and when that program went off the air and she had to start out anew under her own name of Virginia Rea, nobody wanted her



By
**RUTH
GERI**

Virginia Rea, whose voice in the *American Album of Familiar Music* is one of the best-loved on the air

Don't Ever Change Your Name, *advises* **VIRGINIA REA**

WHEN you were just a little boy (or girl) you used to read—remember?—in your third reader something to the effect that there is considerable danger in changing horses in mid-stream. That is almost safe and sane, take it from Virginia Rea, compared with the hazards that lie in changing a name in mid-career. She should know. A change of name nearly wrecked hers. Certainly, it set her progress back months, years—two years, to be exact.

Virginia Rea was a famous Brunswick Recording Artist when she received a most attractive offer to star on a radio series sponsored by Palmolive. There was but one obstacle in the way. She already had another sponsor who felt that he had bought complete rights to the name of Virginia Rea.

"What's in a name?" The agency man who was so anxious to procure Miss Rea for his client brushed the matter aside lightly as a trifling objection. "We'll change your name. I've got it—we'll make one up out of the sponsor's trade name!"

After experimenting around for about half an hour with various name combinations the advertising man finally evolved what he considered a masterpiece—Olive Palmer. And so Virginia Rea entered upon a broadcasting era of double identity. Some nights she was Virginia Rea and others Olive Palmer. The Palmolive hour "clicked" so successfully that when Virginia's other contract expired she did not renew it. Thus, Virginia Rea ceased to exist as a radio name.

For six years Olive Palmer's fame continued to grow until she became a household favorite in thousands of American homes. Then suddenly, without warning, the program was taken off the air. Radio programs are like that. No matter how good, they cannot go on forever.

OF COURSE, there was not a doubt in Virginia's mind—or anyone else's for that matter—that she would immediately be snatched up by someone else. After all, she was one of the best and most successful of the feminine galaxy of radio stars. But peculiarly enough no one seemed to want her. Her voice was just the same, as good if not better than ever. She was still a popular idol. Ah, there was the rub. She was a popular idol as Olive Palmer and naturally enough, no sponsor wanted a star whose name was so closely associated with some other sponsor's product. Then why not use Virginia Rea? Audition after audition told that story.

"Splendid voice. Who is she?"

"Oh, you know her—that's Olive Palmer."

"Can't use her because of the name."

"But, she was once famous as Virginia Rea too."

"Well, audiences have forgotten that name. You can't expect them to remember someone they haven't heard of for six years. Get someone else."

It was an endless and vicious circle. As the weeks grew into months and the months into years even the calls summoning Virginia to auditions grew fewer and fewer. People forget so quickly. There was nothing to do but start all over again—or give up. Any one who had ever caught even a fleeting glimpse of the firm chin and calm eyes of Virginia Rea would know in a moment which course she would choose.

"It seems so much harder to make a come-back than a beginning," Virginia told me as we lunched in one of New York's fashionable hotels after her rehearsal. "It was doubly hard for me because I'd been spoiled. Everything had always come to me so easily. I never had [Continued on page 56]"

"ROMANCE-WRECKERS I HAVE KNOWN"— Ozzie Nelson

HE SEES them all. Night after night, from behind the baton of his dance orchestra, Ozzie Nelson, young, handsome and impressionable, views the hundreds of pretty girls who dance by his platform.

Beautiful girls and plain girls, glamorous sirens and bronzed athletic types who radiate life in the great open spaces; all of them housing beneath their glorified exteriors every sort of personality in the realm of feminine allure.

So what? So Ozzie, it seems, is in an exceptionally advantageous position to get the real low-down on just what does make a girl popular.

For he has seen their boy friends too, reacting to the girls' charm. Some of these girls come back, again and again, with those same boy friends as friendships grow into romance. And some of them are never seen again. They are dropped, like hot potatoes, for reasons which only an uninterested third party, from his advantageous spot, night after night, might discover.

I asked Ozzie Nelson about this one day and he smiled.

"Gosh, you know you're the first person ever to mention that. Yet I've thought of it many times myself. I've looked over so many girls that I have a few conclusions on what *does* make a girl popular . . ."

"Then let's have some of them, Ozzie," I begged. "I'm sure a lot of us would appreciate your views."

"Well," he said, "there's one type of girl I think every fellow takes out once—just once—and then never again. She may be pretty as the dickens, but just let her embarrass that boy friend in public and she writes her own finis to a possible romance.

"You've seen her often, I'm sure. She's the type of girl who starts in giving a baby-talk line. And if there's anything more embarrassing to a fellow in public than that, I'd like to know it.



From his orchestra platform Ozzie Nelson has watched thousands of dancing couples and evolved his own ideas of why some girls are popular—and why some other girls wreck their own romances

By VIRGINIA
MAXWELL

"Maybe in some secluded rendezvous that kind of technique might go over big, but not across the dinner table where others nearby can hear. Or on the dance floor where couples giggle at the embarrassment of the fellow who's being 'babied' to desperation."

WE CHECKED her off as one of the most unpopular. But Ozzie Nelson had typed a number of other romance offenders.

"You know," he said, "there's a certain wistful, unspoiled kind of girl almost every chap likes. She's sweet, but not *too* sweet; natural, a nice sort of girl who can listen as well as talk. A sort of good-pally kind of girl with a romantic flair about her which is very becoming. "And what happens when the boy friend invites her out to a night club? She's seen night club ladies in movies and she tries to act like them. Because she's a little afraid of not being 'in the know' in this different sort of atmosphere.

"She's the kind of sweet, fine girl who tries to be part of the picture when she's invited to a smart night club. She lifts her eyebrows and begins to talk like a perfect stranger just because she falls so hard for the sophisticated atmosphere of the place.

"The boy friend doesn't know quite what to make of her. And he usually ends up the evening by believing he was mistaken about his new girl friend. Thought she was a nice little companionable sort—the kind of girl a fellow might like to have as a running mate the rest of his life. And presto! not knowing that deep down in her heart she really is this kind of person, he accuses himself of mistaken judgment.

"I've seen these girls often," Ozzie grinned, "living Cleopatras on the dance floors, wise-cracking to be smart and living in a sort of illusory dream as they float about [Continued on page 72]

Mike

LATEST NEWS ITEMS



Meet Don Bestor's sweetie! Her name is Mary Ann and she's his daughter, and it's pretty evident that she thinks a lot of her daddy



Cousin Willoughby, that annoying relative of Portland Hoffa's, gets himself into the worst tangles! Played by Jack Smart

• Back In The Big Money

KATE SMITH and Morton Downey, two radio stars who seem to have the greatest difficulty landing sponsors, are being sponsored again. And, as was to be expected, both are in what Radio Row is pleased to regard as "the big money." Kate is getting \$5,000 a week for her new program. Morton, appearing twice a week on NBC, a new field of activity for him since he has long been a Columbia feature, collects \$6,000 weekly. But out of that he has to pay the band.

These are the days when radio maestros have to be as quick about picking up line cues as music cues. Witness Don Bestor stooging for Jack Benny, Leon Belasco for Phil Baker, Ozzie Nelson for Joe Penner and Oscar Bradley for

Stoopnagle and Budd. Eddie Cantor started the business of converting conductors into comedians when he began "ribbing" Rubinoff. Only in that case another had to be hired to impersonate the fiddler on the air, for Dave refuses to speak into a mike.

• Sponsors Are Sensitive!

CIGARETTE sponsors are touchy. Especially when names of rival brands or anything suggesting them are involved. Ted Husing got a call-down this Fall for referring to spectators wearing Chesterfield coats at a football game. The advertiser suggested next time he mentioned such garments he describe them as being made of camel's hair. Louis Sobol, Broadway columnist of the *New York Evening Journal*, had similar difficulties a few years ago on a ciggie program. He told a story about a man riding the desert on a camel and the next day the sponsor's representative cautioned him against mentioning a rival cigarette!

An informant, to date entirely trustworthy, insists Ethel Merman, the torch singer, turned down an offer of \$3,000 a broadcast for a 13-week series. And all because of a numerologist. Her adviser, after consulting his figures, told Ethel the most auspicious time for her radio debut is the last quarter of 1935. So she is waiting until then.

• Bad Luck Sign

JACK PEARL is the most superstitious of radio stars. Among his many strange beliefs is the conviction that a touch on the lobe of the ear is bad luck. He goes frantic until he catches the ear-toucher and returns the caress, this maneuver, in his creed, removing the curse. Once in a Winter Garden show a fellow player, knowing of Pearl's phobia, fingered his ear in fun. The comic forgot all about the scene and the audience and chased the actor all over the stage. After he overtook him and touched his ear he resumed his performance as though nothing had happened.

Will Rogers isn't the only radio celebrity with a chicle complex. Lawrence Tibbett chews gum during his Tuesday broadcasts.



The Boswell Sisters shared the spotlight with a group of grass-skirted dancing youngsters when they all took part in representing a Christmas charity show

RADIOLAND

Says

By
ARTHUR J. KELLAR

FROM RADIO ROW

The three-hour broadcast of dance music on NBC Saturday nights costs \$12,000 alone for wire charges to link up the many stations from coast to coast. Which reminds that it costs Father Charles E. Coughlin \$3,000 every Sunday afternoon for the telephone facilities to extend his network from Station WOW, Omaha, to KNX, Los Angeles. Wire charges for station hook-ups are, indeed, big items in broadcasting.

SPEAKING of Radio's Fighting Priest here is a striking development of recent weeks: Instead of recruiting a membership of 5,000,000 for his National Union For Social Justice, Father Coughlin may enlist twice that number of adherents. Progress of the organization is being watched by politicians and Wall Street with increasing uneasiness for a situation packed with dynamite is rapidly crystallizing.

Miscellany: The parade of the radio stars to Hollywood continues. Among the latest signed for the screen are Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Nino Martini and James Melton . . . Marion Talley, the girl who retired from the Metropolitan Opera Company to devote herself to her Kansas farm, will be on the air when the flowers bloom in the Spring, tra la . . . Joe Penner has been made a Kentucky Colonel. But that's hardly news. It will be news when Governor Ruby Laffoon doesn't make a Colonel of a kilocycle favorite . . . *It Might Have Been Verse* is the cute title of a privately printed book of poems by Pat Barnes . . . Freddy Martin defines alimony as "heart-earned money."

• Blank Check

READ a note received by Shirley Howard the other day: "Please sing for me my favorite tune, *Rain*. To compensate you I am enclosing my check with the amount left blank for you to fill in." Sure enough, there was a check enclosed and the amount was left blank. But the place for the signature was also a blank! Shirley suspects her unknown patron is a Scotsman.

Art for art's sake note: In *Sweet Music* there is a scene where Rudy Vallee is hit over the head several times with a violin. When it was being "shot" the director suggested to Rudy that a double be used to take the blows. "No, siree," replied Rudy. "I wouldn't ask a double to do anything I wouldn't do myself. I'll play the scene as written in the script—there'll be no substitute."

—Wide World
The Lane Sisters and Babs Ryan of Waring's Pennsylvanians not only bowl 'em over on the air waves but on the bowling alleys as well. Priscilla, Babs and Rosemary at right



Under the topper we have Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle, noted gas-pipe organist by profession and inventor extraordinary by hobby

• Roxy Stunt

ROXY'S first stunt in showmanship was performed years ago for the benefit of an audience of anthracite coal miners gathered in the backroom of his father-in-law's saloon in Forest City, Pa. Roxy had converted the space into a movie theater by hanging a bed-sheet against the rear wall for a screen and installing undertaker chairs for seats. He was showing a short film depicting scenes at the Pasadena Rose Festival. Before the performance he dipped sponges in rose-water, tied them to electric fans and when the films started set the fans in motion. Through the room wafted the aroma of roses and the audience, convinced by their noses, went home to report the film was so realistic you could smell the flowers!

It happened in France, but could it happen here? A woman heard a burglar entering the house. She turned on the radio and plunged into an animated conversation. Hearing two voices—the other, of course, being that of the announcer coming through the loudspeaker—the intruder fled. It would be a pretty dumb burglar to be fooled by such a trick as that in America, especially if Graham McNamee or Floyd Gibbons happened to be talking at the time.

• T-t-terrible!

BALLYHOO continues the curse of broadcasting, but if the plans of a certain sponsor materialize it will be even worse. He wants to get stutterers like J. C. Flippen and Rosco Ates to deliver the sales talk on the theory that their repetition of the name of the product and its virtues will be drilled into the consciousness of listeners better than announcers can do it. Still another advertiser thinks Gertrude Stein should write his commercial message because of her repetitive style of composition. Old Man Diction is getting pretty shabby treatment in the studios.

Fred Allen set at rest rumors of his retirement from the air by renewing his contract with the sponsors of his Town Hall Tonight program. He continues until July.

Mike Says

Broadcast briefs culled from behind the studio microphones . . . Will Rogers chews gum to keep from smoking. When he hasn't any gum handy he chews rubber bands. And when he has neither he chews on the tips of his spectacles. Will claims to have eaten twenty pairs of glasses in the last two years . . . Certain sponsors have cautioned their commentators and comics not to say anything disparaging of Senator Huey Long. They fear if they antagonize the Kingfish he will retaliate by imposing higher taxes on their products in Louisiana . . . A Cuban chemist makes burgundy from beets, champagne from grapefruit and sauterne from tomatoes. But, according to Nellie Revell, NBC's jovial raconteuse, air comics would be much obliged if he would show them how to make a new joke out of a Joe Miller!

• Corporation Band

STRANGEST band in radio is the Casa Loma orchestra. Its 12 members are all directors of the corporation which owns and operates the band. Each draws down the same salary—\$125 a week—and the surplus goes into a fund for investment. Every three months the directors meet and vote themselves a bonus. Glen Gray is the president of the corporation, but not the conductor, as many think. He sits as a musician while Mel Jennsen, the violinist, leads.



The man in the iron mask—also the iron shirt and the iron trousers—is none other than Frederic William Wile, Washington news analyst of the Columbia Broadcasting System, umpiring a ball game back in the days of the World War when he was a war correspondent in London for several American newspapers

• Voter's Choice

"THE O'NEILLS," a serial of family life that ran for months on Station WOR as a sustaining feature, is now sponsored on the Columbia network. It was selected at a convention of some 2,000 housewives who preferred it above a half-dozen other programs which they auditioned. This is a new and novel way of deciding upon a program. Usually the sponsor's wife performs that function after the sponsor and the board of directors of the company manufacturing the product have become helplessly entertainment-drunk after listening to endless auditions.

The contention that the average announcer has a vocabulary limited to 800 words is inspiring a lot of quips. "Preposterous," declared one wag. "Why the average announcer couldn't describe how good he is in 800 words!" Arthur Boran, the mimic, added his voice to the chorus by observing: "Mebbe an announcer's stock in words is that small, but think of the turnover!"

• Ex-Registrite

COBINA WRIGHT has been dropped from the 1935 edition of the New York Social Register. Also her former husband, William May Wright, who after their divorce married his secretary

and went West to live. Cobina has turned her talents, a glorious voice and a flair for entertainment to the services of the Columbia Broadcasting System. In addition to her own program on the network Mondays at 3 o'clock she is an executive of the system, booking entertainers. Time was when the Wrights were multi-millionaires and the dashing Cobina and the debonair Bill were among the most famous hosts in New York. The crash in 1929 swept their fortune away and blasted their romance.

The Boswell Sisters almost ruined Bing Crosby the other broadcast. Connie smiled at him and Bing was startled to note four front teeth apparently missing. He turned his gaze upon Vet and she rewarded him with a grin that disclosed wide gaps in her dental array. Fascinated, Bing turned his eyes to Martha and when her lips smiled a greeting she was revealed as practically toothless. The girls had blackened out each others' teeth before coming to the broadcast.

Singin' Sam, old-time network favorite, will be back on the air for his old sponsor over WOR, WLW, and WGN if current negotiations go through.



—Wide World

Here's a rare collection of notables assembled backstage during a holiday benefit performance—Baby Rose Marie, Jackie Cooper, Ben Bernie — yowsah! — and Phil Regan, the radio star who is now in Hollywood flaming to stardom in the movies



At left, Countess Albani—who, by the way, doesn't much like being called a countess—receives a bouquet from a young admirer on behalf of several hundred children she entertained not long ago at a Chicago orphanage



—Wide World

Above, Joe E. Brown and George Stone, movie stars, look on in amazement as Gracie Allen drains an oversize cocktail glass at Hollywood's Mayfair Ball. George Burns seems to be enjoying the performance too

thoroughfares by a squad of motorcycle cops, their sirens shrieking. With this aid now denied radio artists have resorted to the hiring of private ambulances which enjoy the right of way, being presumably on missions of mercy. Harry Richman the other night offered \$25 for a police escort but Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine turned thumbs down on the proposition. Richman then engaged an ambulance for \$12 thus saving \$13, but his conscience bothered him for he didn't relish the hurtling through Times Square as a pseudo-patient en route to an emergency operation.

Radio has made it possible for two glorious old timers of the theater to stage come-backs. DeWolf Hopper, now over 70, has brought his robust voice and distinctive personality to two programs. On Wednesday's *Broadway Varieties* you hear him singing lusty songs from the Gilbert and Sullivan repertoire. On Sundays he is the narrator of the Kansas City Symphony Orchestra program. The other veteran of the stage, Burr McIntosh, the original *Taffy* in *Trilby*, is heard from Station KECA, Hollywood. At 72 Mr. McIntosh puts on a weekly program as *The Cheerful Philosopher* and he has a large following on the Pacific coast.

Non-Alcoholic Radio

THE past year failed to produce much revenue for radio stations through liquor advertising. Most stations have refused anything except wine and beer accounts, and the majority of hard liquor sponsors have proved pretty skittish as to what type of programs they will tie up with. Manufacturers of cosmetics and proprietary medicines continue to bulk largest in the radio business office, with food products such as coffee and cheese second in importance. Cold cures and emollients flock to radio in large numbers during the fall and winter months.

Fred Allen has a soft spot in his heart for the amateurs he is now using on his Town Hall program. He got his own first start winning prizes on amateur nights in his local theaters.

Studio pick-ups: Eddie Cantor claims New York Nazis have threatened his life and family because of his anti-Hitler utterances . . . Harry Shilkret, one of the four Shilkret brothers, all musicians, and who plays a trumpet in his brother Jack's orchestra, is an M. D., specializing in diseases of the head and throat . . . Add to society girls in radio Eleanor Talcott, who sings with Henry King's orchestra. She is the daughter of former Senator Talcott, of Connecticut . . . "The show must go on" spirit is as dominant in the studios as on the stage. Floyd Gibbons gave his regular broadcast the other Saturday night although his father, Edward P. Gibbons, had died earlier that day in a hospital . . . The NBC Jesters claim to know a man (could it be Jimmy Durante?) with a nose a foot long—but he doesn't use it as a rule!

• Inventor Stokowski

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, who has been described as the Barnum of the Baton, suddenly resigned as director of the Philadelphia Orchestra and went on a trip to the Orient. When he returns he can name his own salary and write his own ticket at either of the major networks. The most notable

of the symphonic conductors on the air because of his superior showmanship, he has introduced several innovations to the studios. One of his inventions is a light beam which functions on the leader's music stand to register volume. By watching it the conductor is advised when to increase or decrease the level of the sound.

Kate Smith is well on the way to becoming one of radio's millionaires—or millionaires, in this case. By the time she has completed her *New Star Revue* program she will have achieved that enviable bracket. Rudy Vallée leads the radio money field, with three or four millions in his rainy-day sock.

• Police Escort

SINCE LaGuardia became Mayor of the City of New York and cut out promiscuous police escorts, entertainers who work in both stage shows and on the air have been hard pressed to overcome traffic delays and make their engagements. Time was when passage was effected through the crowded

Abe Lyman's Love Triangle



Mary McCormick

Telegrams reveal the love affair of orchestra leader Abe Lyman and Singer Mary McCormick

Received at 12 East 85th Street, New York, N. Y.
 NBE96 39 DL-SIOUXCITY IOWA 27 1008A
 ABE LYMAN=
 WARWICK HOTEL=
 APPRECIATE SWEET THOUGHT WHICH PROMPTED YOUR SENDING WIRE WHICH GREETED ME ON MY ARRIVAL ALL TIRED AND LONESOME HEARING YOUR VOICE LAST NIGHT HELPED MAKE ME VERY HAPPY AND FEEL VERY LONELY ANXIOUS GET YOUR CALL TONIGHT LOVE DARLING=
 MARY.

Received at 12 East 85th Street, New York, N. Y.
 NJ:24 9th CHICAGO ILL 16 12037
 ABE LYMAN=
 WARWICK HOTEL=
 CAN YOU PHONE TONIGHT AND WHEN LOVE YOU DARLING=
 MARY.



Abe Lyman

YOUR SPOILING ME DARLING FOR NOW I WANT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE CONSTANTLY SO THRILLING WILL BE HERE TODAY BUT MAY MOTOR TO OMAHA TONIGHT WILL WIRE YOU MUCH LOVE PRECIOUS=
 MARY.

ONCE Mary McCormick, the opera star, was the wife of Prince Serge Mdivani, of the Georgian Mdivanis, but since Reno divorced them, the fascinating opera star has been looking for a new boy-friend. And therein lies the story of the oddest and most torrid love triangle of the New Year!

The former princess was seen about constantly with dashing Abe Lyman, Prince of Bandleaders, but when she left to make a tour of the Midwest theaters, it appeared that the romance had pfft!, as Broadwayites put it.

Mary then set her heart on capturing a handsome "mountie" whom she had met while appearing out west. She made no secret of her feelings, for in special interviews to the press, she blithely announced that she pinned a certain officer's badge over her heart before she went to bed.

You wouldn't think that any man would object to being known as the chosen one of such a lovely lady, but nevertheless, riding hard on the trail of this announcement came Corporal A. J. Daviau of the Canadian Mounted. He had an ace record for getting his man, but he didn't want anyone to get him. While Mary McCormick continued to express her admiration for him, he repeated emphatically that the friendship between them had been exaggerated.

Back in New York, Abe Lyman was being teased by his intimate friends and the Broadway columnists because Mary was interested in another man.

But along about the first of December, in Chicago, things began popping again with Mary's wire to Abe:

"If you were to phone, I'd believe you really existed other than in my imagination." And [Continued on page 71]



America Gives Lady Peel *the Air*

Beatrice Lillie, the super-sophisticate who in England bears the title of Lady Peel

OF ALL the fantastic combinations of events brought about by the magical power of the microphone, to my mind the one that takes the Brown Derby is the recent broadcasting series initiated on January Fourth in which Beatrice Lillie is hired to run up the shekels for one of our leading milk monopolies.

Perhaps you don't know Bee Lillie. Or the peculiar characteristics of this young lady which make the above combination so peculiarly fraught with possibilities. While her first name may immediately bring the sweet association of honey to your thoughts, in reality, it should make the average layman shiver with apprehension. For the past ten years she has been one of the foremost satirists on the international stage. Her songs and character sketches are to the theatre what Dorothy Parker is to literature. She ticks off the moronic mind with such cutting, rapier thrusts that you howl with glee—if you can take it—or go off into a towering rage, if you can't.

It's like putting a dash of vitriol in the baby's milk. Maybe it will be good for the grown-ups who listen in. It ought to be, for laughter is the finest

vitamin the human being can get, and if at the end of her thirteen weeks broadcasting program the final verdict of these United States is one of approval, then I am quite sure we won't have to worry about wars, revolutions, depressions, bankers, gangsters or selling scrap metal to Japan, for our sense of humor is safe, and with that we can face this mad world.

MISS LILLIE, who is Lady Peel in private life, came over to these shores from England some ten years ago in a little musical show called *Charlot's Revue*. Together with Gertrude Lawrence, the two British musical comedy stars conquered New York. Overnight they became the talk of the town, and in less than a week, Bee Lillie's famous "P-u-l-lease" was being uttered by so many inhabitants of the city that the expression was promptly voted a place of honor in Broadway's Famous Sayings.

[Continued on page 66]

It took America to make a radio star out of a Lady Peeress—Beatrice Lillie, ninety pounds of British wit, whose title in private life is Lady Peel, gets her first chance to star in a program of her own, in which she might properly be ballyhooed as "the quintessence of sophistication"

By B. F. WILSON



Last Call for the Popularity Poll

LANNY ROSS enjoys a comfortable lead over Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallée as most popular man singer

Your last chance to vote for your radio favorites in RADIOLAND'S Nationwide Popularity Poll. Use the ballot in the corner at left, below



EDWIN C. HILL is leading the news commentator field



LAWRENCE TIBBETT is out in the lead of the race



ANNETTE HANSHAW leads the women singers



GUY LOMBARDO scores heavily with his orchestra

POPULARITY BALLOT

RADIOLAND,
1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

- Favorite Program
- Favorite Comedian
- Favorite Orchestra
- Favorite Woman Singer (popular)
- Favorite Woman Singer (classical)
- Favorite Announcer
- Favorite News Commentator
- Favorite Children's Program
- Favorite Man Singer (popular)
- Favorite Man Singer (classical)

Vote for one in each classification

Name

Address

City

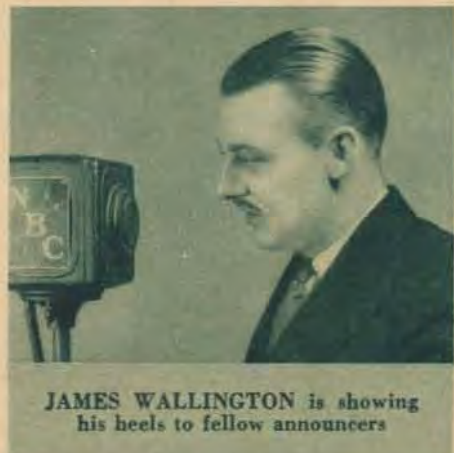
(Ballot can be pasted on a postcard to go for 1 cent postage)

HERE'S your last chance, folks, to help that favorite radio star of yours win the beautiful silver shield which goes to the star chosen by RADIOLAND'S readers in the magazine's Nation-Wide Popularity Poll. Use the ballot at the left and be sure your vote is received by March 15 in order to count.

Early returns in the poll have been coming into the office in a steady stream, and results have been tabulated for you. Only the leaders in the various divisions are shown below; your own favorite's name may not appear, but he may be close on the heels of the leaders and one day's returns may put him in the lead. Remember, these standings are far from complete, but at the time of going to press the ratings stood as follows:

LEADERS IN THE RACE

Favorite Program	
Rudy Vallée Fleischmann Show	526
Showboat	504
Comedian	
Jack Benny	1,602
Joe Penner	518
Orchestras	
Guy Lombardo	567
Connecticut Yankees	486
News Commentators	
Edwin C. Hill	929
Lowell Thomas	534



JAMES WALLINGTON is showing his heels to fellow announcers

Children's Programs	
Horn & Hardart Program	434
Little Orphan Annie	280
Popular Women Singers	
Annette Hanshaw	406
Ethel Shutta	243
Classical Women Singers	
Jessica Dragonette	973
Gladys Swarthout	574
Popular Men Singers	
Lanny Ross	1,120
Bing Crosby	539
Classical Men Singers	
Lawrence Tibbett	1,029
Nino Martini	392
Announcer	
James Wallington	973

RADIOLAND

Rudy Vallée's Music Notebook

By
RUDY VALLEE

Once again Rudy analyzes
the new song hits which
radio is bringing to you

Rudy Vallée in a
pose from his lat-
est motion pic-
ture, *Sweet Music*



I begin this month's discussion about songs in a great burst of enthusiasm, engendered by the only musical comedy which I have seen since *Of Thee I Sing* which might in any way compare to that vehicle, which will probably never be equalled for its all-around perfection. It remained for the same characters, Billy Gaxton and Victor Moore, to find themselves another vehicle—*Anything Goes*—that would give them almost as long a run as *Of Thee I Sing*.

The outstanding qualities of *Anything Goes* are mainly due to the genius of an old, or should I say young Yale grad who, in his college days, was noted for his poetic leanings and musical comedy creations, and who began demonstrating them shortly after his graduation.

With a list of musical comedies, all of unusual hit proportions, to his credit, Cole Porter has demonstrated the highest qualifications for his calling.

I did not see *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, but I did play the music. I saw *Paris*, with Miss Irene Bordoni, and I will never forget the song which was later to become one of my greatest stage and radio vehicles, *Let's Do It*, until the radio networks banned the song because they felt that the word "do" was a bit too suggestive. In fact, all songs with the word "do" have on general principles been banned, as far as network airing goes, that is, wherever the word "do" has received any prominence. *Do It Again*, *Let's Do It*, *You Do Something To Me*, and so forth, have all found themselves blue pencilled.

Mr. Porter is one of the few music writing gentlemen who splits himself into two halves, the lyric and melodic, and he does a grand job with each. His *Night And Day* from *The Gay Divorcee* brought him from comparative retirement into the Broadway white light glare again.

Anything Goes

I WAS amazed at the unusually fine score of his latest success, *Anything Goes*, which is presented by Vinton Freedly, and which stars Billy Gaxton, Ethel Merman and Victor Moore. There is not only one top-notch song, but three, and I suppose there are those who might feel that we could raise it to four.

Before I knew what the song was, or from whence it came, I heard Ramona on a Victor record singing *I Get A Kick Out Of You*. The melody of this song is, to my way of thinking, one of those inspired things which, as Irving Berlin and so many other typical Broadway writers tell me, is the result of much trying and rejecting from the tired brain of a composer who shuts himself up for days on end trying to achieve a new pattern of the melodic scale.

There are those who prefer the sophistication and the humor of another song from the show called *You're The Top*, but for those of you who like sweeping, haunting melodies of the soothing, restful type, with a lyric that is extremely daring and sophisticated in its discussion of likes and dislikes of people, *I Get A Kick Out Of You* is your song. As an example, the first line of the chorus reads: "I get no kick from champagne, and a thing like mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all." These two lines give you an idea of how far Cole Porter wanders from the typical, staid "I care for no one else but you," which would be the usual expression from the average writer.

You're The Top is another *Let's Do It*. Porter decided to state most emphatically in his opening line of the chorus "You're the top!" and to bring in comparisons of things considered outstanding in their respective [Continued on page 62]



The LOUD speaks

JACK BENNY

The Month's LEADER

This month's mythical medal for reward of merit goes to none other than that King of Clowns, that Merry Andrew of Madcaps—wait a minute Mary—that gay jester—not yet Don—Mr. Jack Benny—for his commercials that are as easy to take as J-E-L-L-O, for his sustained hilarity and especially for his contribution to the art of the drawma with the Benny's of Wimpole Street, the Benny Russian Art Theater, or you name one. "Hey Jack, what are you doing away up here?" "Jake sent me."

RUNNERS-UP

BEAUTY BOX

A close crowder for first place is the splendid Palm Olive Beauty Box with its distinguished operettas, ably directed and pleasingly garnished with the fine air personalities of Gladys Swarthout and John Barclay among others. Their own high mark was set in "The Mikado" of which not the least charm was the fact that you could hear and understand every word.

And this brings us naturally to the Chase & Sanborn operas in English to which should be awarded some sort of special award for bringing a fine art to a new audience. Here is a tough job skillfully done. Egad, it may make high-brows of us all.

COFFEE OPERAS

Then there is the Detroit or Ford Symphony Sunday evening hour, as fine a selection of popular and classical selections both instrumental and vocal as one can find in a long tour of the networks. Either the acoustics are unusually fine at the origination point or the orchestra is placed with skill, because the production to this lay editor, is something remarkable.

FORD Symphony



RUTH ETTING

A hearty welcome back to the networks, Ruth, in your new program over the NBC network

IMPERTINENT COMMENT HOW about a listener's revolt under the slogan, "Down with the kiddies?" All around the dinner hour, at least in the eastern territory, it has gotten so there is practically nothing to be heard except some program full of noises, shouts and babbling prattling voices, designed to make the kiddies want to be more red-blooded so they'll eat more breakfast food or something. And how about the old folks, from sixteen or seventeen on? Pulleeze, Mister Sponsor, how about just one dinner time program of good quiet restful music for the grown-ups? Or is there a universal plot to give everybody indigestion so the evening shows can peddle more of their nostrums?

About this business of the patter used to introduce songs . . . why is it so uni-

versally, to coin a word, pediculous? Why not, if an m. c. is supposed to think up something funny to introduce a song, think up something that is funny to introduce a song, or just let it go, with "Play Don," or "Sing Frank." By the time you get through those heavy-handed gags, you don't care whether anybody sings or not. I mean, there are men who write funny things for the comedians . . . why can't they write really funny things for the people who introduce songs? . . .

Why aren't there more good straight romance scripts on the air? The magazines are full of them . . . then why does love get so labored on the air waves? . . .

RADIOLAND

SPEAKER out

FRANK OPINIONS
FRANKLY EXPRESSED

Here's hoping SHOW BOAT stays put for a while . . . in spite of the changes it's still a good show, but let's hope it stays as it is . . . good news: RUTH ETTING is coming back . . . baby-takes-a-boot-note: after boosting EL BRENDEL in this column he immediately goes off the air. . .

Toughest Break for the old man: EASY ACES going to afternoon, so he can't catch the show . . . on top of that, it interferes with the frau's housework, coming in the afternoon now like that . . . BUCK ROGERS, now on a national network, is getting to be a national institution . . . only thing they haven't thought of yet are Buck Rogers astral kiddie cars . . . or maybe they have . . . That Call to Beauty show has us wondering . . . we mean the one where you chew gum to music to reduce. Maybe it's scientific, but we get a mental picture of some little lady going through her maxillary calisthenics and the vision somehow fails to prove esthetic. One of those programs a man either sneers or chuckles at. Sure, the Loudspeaker is a man. Now the secret's out.

Can anything be done about the way those sponsors make child singers do songs whose range puts the infant voice under a strain that makes the music-wise shudder? About the only child singer the Loudspeaker really cares a hoot for is MARY SMALL, and she's really good.

There aren't many announcers you can't understand well, but there must be a few left—or maybe it goes to prove that not all radio sets do their stuff in clean-cut fashion. Anyhow, the Loudspeaker got a letter from a reader the other day requesting a picture of THE LAMP TRAIL ON WHITE. A little study revealed that what the correspondent wanted was a photo of the Landt Trio and White, those early morning rousers.

A special award of a rubber step-ladder goes to Boake Carter for his deft handling of advertising ballyhoo. His little selling blurbs are not only inoffensive to the listener, but you actually start playing a little game with yourself trying to anticipate just how he'll hook up the ballyhoo with a news item. Goes to show what an intelligent sponsor can do—the formula is simple: Hire a good man and never bother him with suggestions or "improvements."

Much as we like amateur hours we hate to see the idea included in FRED ALLEN'S program, for the simple reason that Fred is one of the few comedians whose stuff is so great it deserves an uninterrupted hour of its own.

MARCH, 1935



Palms to

WILLIAM A. BRADY, the veteran Broadway producer, for his swell human reminiscences, really a new note . . . to NOEL COWARD for letting BEATRICE LILLIE have free run of his material for the air waves . . . to MAJOR BOWES for being able to describe music more entertainingly than any other commentator . . . to the programs that are giving the amateur a real break on the networks at last and to Major Bowes again for being a local pioneer in this worthy move . . . to HENRY KING for his swell music from the Waldorf Astoria (why isn't he more famous?) . . . to ONE MAN'S FAMILY for a fine family script show . . . to the melodies on THE O'FLYNN . . . to FRED WARING for the way his boys and girls sustain that quality . . . to the new CAP'N HENRY for a good job in a tough spot . . . to the LUX

THEATER for its choice of plays and to the VOICE OF EXPERIENCE for dramatic delivery, and to W. G. CAMERON for his fine talks on the Ford program, and to JOE PENNER for getting better.

Persimmons to

Programs at competing times (we mentioned this before and we intend to keep right on); to WOOLLCOTT for waxing waspish over a fan letter; to comics who swipe situations from each other; to singers who mouth their words; to the GUMMITS, a script act, on general principles; to all introductory patter to songs; to most sponsors for not realizing today's kiddies are smarter (they could take a tip from BUCK ROGERS); and to warblers (male and female,) who sing like dying calves.

Man on the Street Program Choice

A College Boy Takes His Pick This Month

- Dance Bands:** Glen Gray, followed by Lombardo and Jan Garber.
 - Comedian:** Joe Penner still tops, with Cantor following, Benny, Allen and Wynn, third.
 - Commentator:** Lowell Thomas out ahead.
 - Orchestra (Symphonic):** New York Philharmonic.
 - Singer:** Ruth Etting (when she's on the air) Annette Hanshaw.
 - Sports Commentator:** Husing, Husing and Husing. Also Eddie Dooley.
 - Variety Show:** Roxy and the Gibson Family.
 - Drama:** Get enough of this in class.
- Next Month: A Housewife makes her selection.

New Shows to Watch for

Eddie Cantor with Rubino on CBS, fresh from a rest in Europe; Ruth Etting on NBC; Beatrice Lillie, her ladyship, in fine fettle as of yore; and Grace Moore, the easiest feminine voice for miles around to listen to; the European broadcasts which are getting better and better.

Gag of the Month

Mary Livingstone: Jack, what are quintuplets?
Jack Benny: Quintuplets, Mary, are a quartet with an extra tenor.



DISAGREEMENT CORNER

What is your favorite program? What are your pet likes and dislikes concerning radio? Who are your favorite singers? comedians? announcers? We invite your opinion. RADIOLAND will pay \$10 each month for the best letter, of two hundred words or under, taking issue or agreeing with any opinion expressed on these pages.

Meet ADELE RONSON

She's Sally of The Gibson Family and Lieut. Wilma Deering of the Buck Rogers show—and you've heard her on dozens of other leading programs

By
**DOROTHY
ANN
BLANK**



OF COURSE you remember the American Girl the great Ziegfeld was always glorifying? And you remember some of the requirements: she mustn't be too tall and she mustn't be too short; her hair ought to be reddish brown; her eyes had to be big; she must be pretty, witty—and she must be the possessor of large quantities of a vague something called "charm."

The movies followed suit, choosing their recruits with much the same requirements. . . . And now we have radio, the newest recruiting station for the glorification of American Girlhood.

But radio's requirements haven't been anywhere near as specific as Mr. Ziegfeld's. If a girl *sounded* good, that was sufficient—go ahead and glorify her. If she happened to be lovely to look at as well, fine; but that was purely incidental. However, with television in the not too-far-offing, looks and charm are going to count in radio as much as talent.

Which is a very good reason, in case you need one, for keeping your eye on Adele Ronson. It won't, we promise you, be an unpleasant task. For here is a talented young radio actress who not only fits neatly into the Ziegfeld pattern for looks and charm but who possesses, in addition, a new attribute to prove that the American Girl has grown up—into a fascinating young woman.

That attribute is *gallantry*.

It takes real gallantry for a girl to fight her way up in a career everyone thinks she is foolish to try for, when it is so obviously her destiny to stay at home and be cherished. Her parents and two adoring older brothers would have been glad to give her everything she wanted; many girls would have envied her sheltered, pleasant existence. Adele was the only one who could see any reason why she should start out alone on the long, hard road that leads (if one can buck

terrific odds) to recognition in the theater.

And yet, what girl wouldn't envy her career now that she has won the fight? What girl would not feel, as she does, that it is much more fun to have earned for yourself the things you've always wanted, by being a success in your chosen field, than to have them lavished on you simply because you are somebody's daughter, or somebody's sister? Wouldn't it be worth a little sacrifice, a little suffering even?

"IT WASN'T sacrifice anyway, it was fun," Adele laughs, curled up on a deep-piled divan in her Park Avenue drawing room. Naturalness is a great part of her charm—that and a talent for friendliness, an utterly unspoiled outlook on life. Though orchids are delivered almost daily on her breakfast tray, she seems totally unaware of the seductive quality of her brilliant brown eyes and her lithe young figure. Incidentally, except for her coppery hair, she might be a younger sister of Norma Shearer—they look that much alike. There is that same proud head, the same aura of fineness and breeding.

—Ray Lee Jackson

She talks as easily as a child of her life and the steps in her career; yet there is a poise and sophistication about her that could never belong to a child, bred from her very purposeful and definite carrying out of her own plans.

Born in New York City, Adele was ten years old when the Ronson family migrated to Tulsa, Oklahoma. Even then life was a grand adventure; she loved finding new playmates, learning new games. She is glad now that she has not always lived in New York; she feels that getting acquainted with people in another part of the country was a broadening influence, and that it helps to bring her closer to her microphone audiences.

At high school in Tulsa she got her first taste of acting as so many of us did, in class plays and [Continued on page 48]



JOAN'S COMING LATER. SHE'S A DEAR! BUT I WISH SHE'D BE MORE CAREFUL ABOUT....

YES, I WONDER IF THAT'S WHY LLOYD DOESN'T PROPOSE

WHEN SHE COMES, LET'S TALK UP LIFEBUOY, MAYBE SHE'LL TAKE THE HINT



WHEN THE PARTY BROKE UP

REMAND ME, DORIS, TO STOP AT THE STORE ON MY WAY HOME AND GET LIFEBUOY

I WANT SOME, TOO. I WOULDN'T FOR WORLDS MISS MY DAILY LIFEBUOY BATH TO STOP "B.O."

YOU'RE RIGHT. ONE SIMPLY CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH "B.O."



NEXT DAY

LIFEBUOY FOR ME, TOO! FROM NOW ON I'LL BE AS CAREFUL AS THE GIRLS ARE OF "B.O."

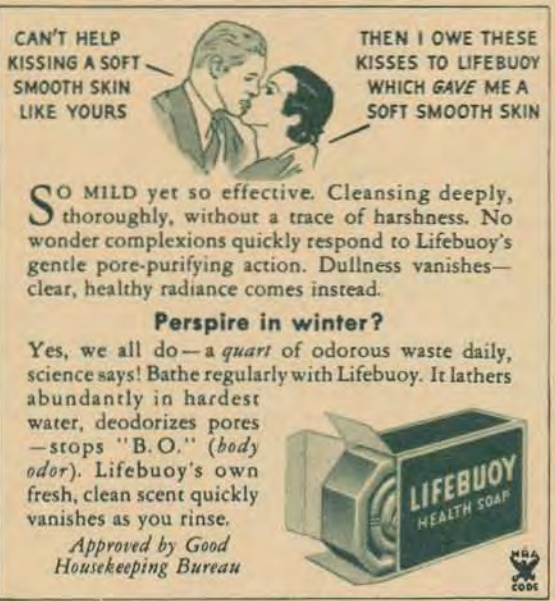


NO "B.O." NOW

to keep her single

I CERTAINLY AM COMING TOMORROW. I HAVE A SURPRISE FOR YOU GIRLS. LLOYD AND I...

THAT'S NO SURPRISE, DARLING. WE'VE SEEN HOW HE'S BEEN RUSHING YOU THESE LAST WEEKS



CAN'T HELP KISSING A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN LIKE YOURS

THEN I OWE THESE KISSES TO LIFEBUOY WHICH GAVE ME A SOFT SMOOTH SKIN

SO MILD yet so effective. Cleansing deeply, thoroughly, without a trace of harshness. No wonder complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's gentle pore-purifying action. Dullness vanishes—clear, healthy radiance comes instead.

Perspire in winter?

Yes, we all do—a quart of odorless waste daily, science says! Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It lathers abundantly in hardest water, deodorizes pores—stops "B.O." (body odor). Lifebuoy's own fresh, clean scent quickly vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



IT'S THE SUDS THAT SAVE THE WORK



IT MAKES WONDERFUL SUDS—WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER

MY WIFE USES IT FOR DISHES, TOO



WILL YOU LOOK AT THE GREASE GO—I'LL BE THROUGH IN HALF THE TIME!



USE RINSO FOR DISHES, MEG. IT'S MARVELOUS! SO EASY ON THE HANDS

HOW the news spreads! For the wash, for the dishes, for all cleaning—"there's no soap like Rinso!" On washday it soaks out dirt—saves scrubbing—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter. Clothes washed this safe, "no-scrub" way last 2 or 3 times longer.

You'll save lots of money. A little Rinso gives rich, lasting suds—even in hardest water. Recommended by makers of 34 famous washing machines. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Get the BIG box.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



TRY AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP NEXT WASHDAY

Rinso

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



WHY MEN "FALL" FOR CERTAIN GIRLS

—a simple beauty secret

DULL, lifeless eyes are a handicap to happiness. Yet you can have lovely eyes in 40 seconds! There's no need to envy girls who always have "dates"—you can accent your eyes so easily, so inexpensively.

See how quickly my Winx Mascara glorifies your lashes, giving your face a new charm. Little eyes become big. Skimpily lashes become long, lustrous. Remember your eyes are your fortune—beacons on the road to romance.

For "Come hither eyes"
Winx your lashes and brows

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will you. Winx is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect. Try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



FREE

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my two offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-foot," etc.

Louise Ross

Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—
How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, F-3-35
243 W. 17th St., New York City

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

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish Black or Brown.

Yours for BETTER



"M-m-m-m, that's good!" says Vivienne Segal, the radio songstress

For a simple, informal dessert, hot biscuits with warm maple syrup are back in favor

Did you ever notice how popular radio programs periodically revert to the simple sort of thing? A noisy "high-tension" comedian may be the man-of-the-hour for a time. Then along comes Jack Benny, with his sanguine but comparatively unaffected type of laugh-provoking. And all-of-a-sudden the natural pleasant-voiced comedian is the man who can flaunt the fan letters.

The same thing is true in foods. Not long ago I was guest at a dinner given by an older woman long noted for the grace and elegance of her hospitality. The food was marvelously good. But when the plates had been cleared away for the dessert, what should appear with the pot of coffee but a piping hot platter of baking powder biscuits and a jug of warm maple syrup.

Few of us there were old enough to remember the time when hot biscuits with syrup was the dessert of the moment. And most of those had been born south of the snow-before-Christmas line. But that didn't keep those biscuits from being a "knock-out" dessert.

Our hostess served them herself. Laid them, split, on glass plates, and asked our preferences in the way of butter and syrup before they were placed before us. Not only were they served, but reserved. And with the passing of the first biscuit, whatever of formality there had been about that meal, vanished in thin air.

Another illustration of the fact that a good dish, however old, and however simple, is always a success.

Just now, simple dishes are getting particular attention. And no old-time favorite more deserves its return to popular favor than homemade baking powder biscuits.—Everyone likes them. With the masculine world they have always been "ace high." Served piping hot with the coffee, when informal refreshments are in order, they invariably get a glad

hand from men and women alike. To be at their best, they do have to be baked at the last minute. But don't hold up your hands in horror at the thought of making them after your company arrives. Packaged buttermilk biscuits may be bought mixed, cut, and ready for the oven. All you have to do is store them in the refrigerator and slip them onto the baking sheet 10 minutes before they are due at the table.

And the prepared biscuit flours have not only boosted homemade biscuits completely out of the uncertain class, but have appreciably shortened the time needed for preparation. I find that, using the packaged mixture, I can easily mix a pan of biscuits in 1½ minutes, or while I'm dummy at bridge, for instance. And have a tray of crisp toothsome breadstuffs ready to serve with coffee or a creamed dish, when the rubber is finished.

Or, if I've decided to "mix my own," I cut the fat into the sifted dry ingredients, measure out the milk, and grease the baking sheet, before the guests arrive. (If my favorite baking sheet is otherwise employed, my long cake-pan turned bottom side up so that the biscuits brown evenly on the sides too, does beautifully.) It takes but a moment, later on, to mix and cut the biscuits.

All sorts of advice used to be given the woman who couldn't manage good biscuits. She was told that she mixed them too much, and that she mixed them too little. One critic suggested that her dough was too stiff; another that it was too moist. And in the days when every cook book warned against mixing a biscuit dough one jot more than was absolutely necessary, the best biscuit maker I ever knew was kneading hers diligently on a floured board before rolling and cutting.

Personally I feel that *careless measurement* is responsible for most biscuit failures. Measure accurately and mix thor-

RADIOLAND

Biscuits!

Not only biscuits, but a number of other recipes made from ready-made biscuit preparations are presented to you this month from the testing kitchen of Grace Ellis, RADIOLAND'S nationally noted food expert. You can successfully duplicate her results

By *Grace Ellis*

oughly. And if your biscuits aren't high, light and feathery, don't fret over the matter. There's a box of biscuit flour no farther away than your grocer's shelves which will make that type of biscuits for you.

IN USING the packaged flours follow the recipes given on the box or leaflet. And measure exactly, of course. It is my opinion that women who use prepared biscuit preparations miss considerable fun and meal variety by not realizing what a lot of things besides plain biscuits may be made from the mixture in the box. Fruity dumplings, shortcakes, cinnamon rolls, and even griddlecakes, muffins and waffles are all simplified if you have prepared biscuit flour on your shelves.

You are pretty certain to make good home-mixed biscuits if you use a recipe like this:

BAKING POWDER BISCUITS (Makes 12-16 Biscuits)

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ⅓ cup shortening
- ¾ cups milk

Sift together the first three ingredients. Measure the fat by pouring milk into a measuring cup up to the two-thirds mark. Fill cup to the top with fat. Dip out the fat and cut into the

[Continued on page 81]

You'll like Cranberry Dumplings. They're a new biscuit-dessert. You serve them with whipped cream and accept the congratulations of everyone who eats at your table. The recipe has been printed for you on one of our handy little recipe filing cards. And it's free.

Other leaflets with seasonal recipe favorites are:
Foods to Serve With Beer 5c
(Including the pretzel recipe)
Soda Fountain Treats You Can Make At Home 5c
"Hurry Up" Hot Rolls and Breads 5c
(Including recipe for refrigerator rolls)
Write Grace Ellis, RADIOLAND Food Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota, and don't forget to inclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

MARCH, 1935



... but he's saying "I'm sorry" now!



It was Ada who really saved me. I was telling her how Bill and I had quarreled that morning because I couldn't get his shirts white enough to suit him.



"Your trouble sounds like tattle-tale gray," Ada told me—"and that means left-over dirt. Change to Fels-Naptha—its richer golden soap and lots of naptha get out ALL the dirt."



And am I glad I listened to Ada! My washes are like snow. They've lost every bit of tattle-tale gray. Bill's so tickled with the way his shirts look that he's been sweet as pie ever since!

YOU bet Fels-Naptha will get your clothes cleaner—and whiter!

For Fels-Naptha brings you something that no "trick" soap can—two dirt-looseners instead of one. Not just soap alone, but good golden soap with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha.

Chip Fels-Naptha into your washing machine—and see what a gorgeous job it does. It's great in your tub and for soaking or boiling. You'll find it gentle—safe for your finest silk stockings and daintiest lingerie. And it's kind to hands, too—for there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar! . . . Fels & Co., Phil., Pa. © FELS & CO., 1935

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap





SOME AMAZING FACTS

ABOUT GREYHOUND BUS LINES



-that mean a lot to you when TRAVELING

- Greyhound Lines have had the most rapid growth of any transportation company in history—from a 6-mile route 21 years ago to 50,000 miles in 1935.
- Records show that Greyhound travel is more than 7 times as safe as private car travel—in any weather. Greyhound has won the National Safety Council's highest award for intercity bus fleets every year.
- Comfort features include deeply-cushioned reclining chairs, and controlled warmth from Tropic-Aire heaters.
- The average cost of Greyhound travel is 25% to 50% less than other first class transportation—schedules are usually far more frequent.

INFORMATION OFFICES

CLEVELAND, OHIO E. 9th & Superior
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF. Pine & Battery
 PHILADELPHIA, PA. Broad St. Station
 CHICAGO, ILL. 12th & Wabash
 NEW YORK CITY Nelson Tower
 BOSTON, MASS. 230 Boylston St.
 WASHINGTON, D.C., 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
 DETROIT, MICH. Tuller Hotel
 FORT WORTH, TEX. 8th & Commerce Sts.
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 509 6th Ave., N.
 CHARLESTON, W. VA. 601 Virginia St.
 LEXINGTON, KY. 801 N. Limestone
 CINCINNATI, OHIO 109 East 7th St.
 RICHMOND, VA. 412 East Broad St.
 MEMPHIS, TENN. 146 Union Ave.
 NEW ORLEANS, LA. 400 N. Rampart St.
 WINDSOR, ONT. 1004 Security Bldg.

GREYHOUND Lines

MAIL THIS FOR TRAVEL INFORMATION

Send this coupon to nearest Greyhound office listed above (paste it on a penny post card if you like)—for pictorial folder and full information on any trip. Jot down the place you wish to visit on the margin below.

Name _____

Address _____ FW3

Boake Carter Loves a Fight!

[Continued from page 22]



Boake Carter broadcasting his editorials on the day's news. He types all his own scripts—a habit inherited from newspaper days. The machine on which he composes can be seen at the left. He writes his own commercial announcements, too

Russia, where his father was in the British Consular service. However, before very long the family packed up and returned to London and it was there in years later that he attended Tonbridge and Christ College, Cambridge, finding time to follow a general academic course, engage in sports, and write for the school paper.

Write . . . that word shone out like a beacon and its close companion was travel. Two worthy ambitions of a very young man. But if he could have peered into the future, and known that sometime he would talk to millions of people nightly, he could not have made better preparation.

Through the accomplishment of this ambition to travel . . . see new places . . . meet new people . . . hear and observe new things . . . he has rubbed elbows with the people of many nations and of various beliefs, taken information here and gained by experience there and now his radio editorials are colored with first-hand information, and embellished with knowledge accumulated through years.

Boake Carter's first practical writing experience came as free lance correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* and almost ended disastrously when the embryo newspaperman, with the impetuosity of youth, rushed a photograph and story of a supposed murderer to his paper. They pushed it through to be used on the front page of a final edition. But the paper was on the street only a short time when the pictured gentleman rushed madly into the office and demanded redress. It seemed that he was the brother of the real murderer.

This near-catastrophe dampened his ardor for only a little, though, and he

was soon again dogging the footsteps of the news, constantly enlarging his circle of acquaintances, listening keenly, observing sharply and reading omnivorously. Studying in the meantime, portrait painting, at the Slade School in London. Busy . . . you say? Yes, indeed.

THEN the shadow of wings fell over Europe and guns barked sharply . . . it was wartime. The Royal Air Force beckoned and Boake Carter joined to serve with a coast patrol squadron until demobilization in 1919. But of that period he will say little, for in his own words, "The war was over in 1918. That was seventeen years ago. Why let us prolong it now?" And here again his actual experience proves of invaluable aid. One of the branches of government for which he most often takes up the cudgels is that of aviation, and for many long months Mr. Carter has been verbally hammering at the solid armor of the General Staff for a change in aviation policies, secure in the knowledge that he knows what he's talking about.

It was not easy to assume the routine of London life after 1919 . . . and he thought, well, why should he anyway? He'd get a motorcycle and tour Europe. It was no sooner said than done and for six months he wandered about Europe on a motorcycle, armed with sketch pad and pencil, sketching everything that took his fancy and enjoying himself hugely. There were days in which he traveled miles, others in which progress was practically nil. It was his stay in Paris and his travel through the provinces that taught him to speak good French.

Six months of the fulfillment of dreams . . . then somehow it became

harder to breathe freely, and then still more difficult. Heart trouble and high blood pressure, the result of flying in the Royal Air Force. Boake Carter's father, engaged in the oil business in Mexico, issued the invitation—or it may have been a command—to "Come to America!" Specifically Mexico, where hot weather would thin his blood and make him well again.

MEXICO is one of the countries where you don't have to court thrilling experiences. They come up boldly and tap you on the shoulder. A couple of months after his arrival there, Boake Carter accompanied by two friends, set out to hunt *tigre*, a species of mountain cat or jaguar. They walked up a pathway beside the beach near Fort Lobos, along the Gulf of Mexico. A row of bushes separated them from the beach. It was pitch dark, but a light on the cap of the man leading the trio pierced the blackness.

Suddenly raucous singing was heard coming down the beach. However, they paid no attention and soon the noise stopped. But it was replaced by a voice shouting in Mexican, "Hands up." Thinking it was only an intoxicated Marine on his way back to camp, the men went on without saying a word. Another challenge, still unnoticed, and then two shots rang out—*whiz! whang!*

Carter yelled, "Down on your faces!" The three plopped down and peered through the bushes. But every time the one man turned his head the light turned too. In the excitement he had forgotten to shut it off. Still flustered, he spread his hands over it, but there were still four tiny rays shining out from between his fingers. One of the three men shot in the direction of the strange voice out on the beach and a frenzied yell pierced the night air. With that, the three hunters scrambled to their feet, turned in the direction of camp, and ran like . . . well, use your imagination!

Next day the camp superintendent wanted to know if anyone had been out hunting the night before. All denied it emphatically. He scratched his head, looked puzzled. "Well, then I'd like to know how that Marine down at the Trans-continental got a bullet that will keep him eating his meals from the mantelpiece for a month!"

THEN again Torrebio, a hot-tempered Mexican truck driver, kept things stepping. For Torrebio liked *tequila*, and that tastes like corn whisky, only there's about ten times more dynamite in "teek" than there is in corn. One sultry afternoon, Torrebio was in none too good a humor, when "Slim" Carter—no relative to the hero of this narrative, but an ex-cowboy from Texas—decided to practice lasso-tossing outside the garage. The Mexican's temper rose higher and higher until at last he could stand it no longer.

He grabbed a *machete*, a knife often carried by peons, and made after the cowboy. "Slim" stopped only long enough to grab a wrench, running for a nearby five hundred barrel oil tank, which is not very large in circumference. The two of them circled the tank until Torrebio became almost breathless. A short man anyway; he soon lagged behind and before the spectators realized what had happened "Slim" covered

[Continued on page 78]

MARCH, 1935



"Jim-in-ee crickets! I'm glad you came along! Feels like half the sand in this box is inside my diapers. I'm getting all scratched up where I sit down. What'll we do about it, Mother?"



"A bath before supper? Swell! And Johnson's Baby Powder . . . here, there, and the other place? Rubbed on like this—smooth and slick and comfy? Oh, lady—you have the best ideas!"



"Won't it be dandy—that soft, tickly feeling when the nice powder gets into my creases? No wonder I'm the best baby on this street! My skin feels so good I never know I have it on!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder—the kind that makes babies happy! I'm made of Italian talc—try me between your thumb and finger...I 'slip' like satin. No gritty particles as in some powders. And no zinc stearate or orris-root... You'll like my pals, Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Open House for Trouble

[Continued from page 18]



GINGER
ROGERS
RKO-Radio
Pictures Star



A.D. 1750
a padded
cushion!

...1935 Hold-Bobs

MADAME DE
POMPADOUR

for the hair

draped her hair over a cushion two feet high. But none of that fussiness today . . . it's HOLD-BOBS for modern hair! And how easily these bob pins keep your coiffure in place.

HOLD-BOBS are the modern bob pin and the only one with these exclusive features:

Small, round, invisible heads.
Flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, to hold hair in place; and smooth, non-scratching points.

HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all shades of hair. And their satin-smooth finish lets them slide in easily.

Try HOLD-BOBS at our expense. Check your shade - and mail the coupon.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-35, Chicago, Ill.

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

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.



All sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.



MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-35, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Gray and Platinum Blonde Brown

Auburn Brunette

Copyright 1935 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.



Merlin H. Aylesworth, President of National Broadcasting Co., chats informally with Dr. S. Parkes Cadman at a Waldorf-Astoria dinner given by the Federation of Churches of Christ in America, of which Dr. Cadman has been president

invisible audience, only considering the visible one I got a tap on my leg with his toe."

The first broadcasts were conducted only as an experiment; so many thousands of requests for a permanent radio church service poured in that Dr. Cadman decided to continue. Requests came by mail, by telephone, by cable, people came in person. From lonely lumbermen isolated by the snow-capped mountains of the North, from weary prisoners waiting for the days to drag by in seemingly endless procession. From bewildered young men and women, who had somehow lost their way in the attempt to be modern, to live their own lives. From thousands of mature men and women who foresook the church a decade ago, and now hungrily sought spiritual guidance. From ministers, who realized their creed was out of step with modern conditions, and appealed for aid in guiding their flock.

It seemed that religion belonged to the fore, in radio. That there were millions of men and women of all faiths who felt the vital spark was no longer kindled in their own churches. Who felt that superfluous barriers separating all from mutual sympathy and understanding should be torn away. There was, it appeared, a decided place for religion stripped to its fundamentals, for guidance from someone who held no creed nor adhered to any ritualism. For a man who could make his millions of listeners feel that man had made denominations, while God had made the church.

THAT was the type of broadcast Dr. Cadman undertook eleven years ago. It proved so popular that the National Broadcasting Company finally persuaded him to allow them to broadcast it over a national network every Sunday. There would be no charge for this broadcast to the Federal Council of the Churches

of Christ in America, which sponsor the Radio Pulpit. Dr. Cadman has never accepted one penny for his work or time, either.

What began as a spiritual feast has spread to embrace all phases of living. Not only were people interested in the immortality of the soul, of the being and nature of God, they sought aid in grappling with everyday problems.

How can a father save his boy from being spoiled by an over-indulgent mother? What should a girl do who has got herself into a mess by trying to take advantage of this new freedom? How can a divorcée who realizes her mistake rebuild her life? How can I get a job? Where can I make friends? Shall I take military training in school, where it is compulsory, or refuse point-blank? Shall I marry outside my faith? What do you think of a man who turns a horse out unblanketed at night? These are some of the questions he has received in his eleven years of broadcasting.

If you listen to his radio hour every Sunday morning at 10 A. M., Eastern time, you will see how he answers them. The first part of his service is the same as any church's—choir singing, an invocation, a sermon. Then comes that unique feature—his answers to everyday questions, to any questions, in fact, asked by his radio audience.

Quite a few of the questions arrive in person. Dr. Cadman holds open house to everyone. No one is denied solace or advice. When you come to see him, no attempt is made to discover your business. Each awaits his turn, at the doctor's study.

WHEN my turn came the bright-eyed, white-haired minister smiled at me. "What can I do for you, my child?" was his greeting as he motioned me into a chair. I asked him to tell me of his radio work.

RADIOLAND

"A few months ago," he began, "a woman came to see me. She had come specially from Chicago to pour out her problem. She was so upset I feared for her reason. Between sobs she told me of the tragedy that had befallen her. Her youngest son, a boy of eight, had never been permitted to go or return from school unaccompanied. But he felt the boys considered him a sissy, a baby whose mother had to call for him. He begged so hard to go by himself that she finally consented.

"The very first day he was run over by an automobile and killed. The mother felt herself responsible for his death, felt she was the indirect murderer of the boy. It was because of her neglect he had died; she was a condemned soul."

Dr. Cadman managed to disabuse her mind of this idea. Perhaps her life would have been taken, too, had she accompanied the child, he suggested. Perhaps the All-Seeing Father had deliberately spared her for the sake of her other two children and her husband. Let her transmit her sorrow into a new devotion for her family.

That woman left him with a shining face. She writes him constantly, as does her husband. She is her old self again—a fine, understanding, intelligent wife and mother.

But not all the problems of the radio audience can be cleared up so successfully. There is a steady stream of them that tend to make the minister's hair still grayer. "They are from the young people, largely girls, who are suffering from the consequences of the so-called new freedom," he explained.

There was the case of the girl who appealed to the minister. There had been many men in her life. Now she was in love, and dared not tell her sweetheart of her past. The doctor got both young people together. The young man admitted that he too, was not without sin. They agreed to forget and forgive, and proceed in the light of real love.

"That has happened time again," he told me. "But I will never guarantee the cure. The man may some day throw it up to the woman that she gave herself to other men."

A FAVORITE query of women, too, is how they should act toward the opposite sex. Dr. Cadman showed me a letter he had received from one young lady who asked "Why do men demand so much of women today without being willing to give them the protection of marriage? What shall I do?"

The doctor didn't mince words, as he dictated the reply. "Any man who claims he loves a woman and wishes to degrade her personality and destroy her self-respect is a humbug, unworthy of one's friendship. Does the young man revere you as the prospective mother of his children, does he regard you as God's co-partner in creating life? If he does not, have nothing to do with him."

Then there was the case of the father who had written in "What am I to do with our one boy, when his mother spoils him to the limit?"

Did you hear Dr. Cadman's reply, over the radio? "Take the affair into your own hands. Let example show the child what to do. Follow it up with kind and wise guidance. Use reason and persuasion, but when necessary lay down the law. Meanwhile, have a full and

[Continued on page 46]

When a girl needs a girl friend



"Those were his very words!"

"What do you suppose that new young doctor said to Jack after the dance the other night? When Jack asked him how he liked the rush Jane was giving him, he just looked bored and said, 'Why doesn't some kind girl friend tell her she needs Mum?' Those were his very words. Imagine! After the way we girls have all tried to ease it over to her! Can we help it if she's dumb?"

What an old meanie she is for not telling!

"Mr. Glover said he was afraid he'd have to let Ann go. Wish I had the nerve to tell her what's the matter. It's such a pity when a jar of Mum would save her job for her."



(In other words, young lady, you need Mum.)

"Your references as to ability are very good, Miss Clark. But I hardly think you'd fill the requirements of our position here. Sorry."

SHE'S bound to lose out every time—the girl who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. For people will not excuse this kind of unpleasantness when it is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

It takes only half a minute to use Mum. And it lasts all day. Use it any time—when dressing or afterwards. It won't harm your clothing.

Mum is soothing to the skin. Prove this by shaving your underarms and using Mum *at once*.

Another reason you'll like Mum

—it prevents every trace of ugly odor without preventing perspiration itself. Decide today to use Mum and be safe *every day*. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

YOU NEED MUM FOR THIS, TOO. Use Mum as a deodorant for sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

IT CORRECTED MY CONSTIPATION IN NO TIME!



Thousands Now Get Safe Relief from Indigestion, Skin Troubles, "Nerves" with this Pasteurized Yeast

DO you want to stop indigestion, pimples and boils, "jumpy" nerves, and all the other annoying ills caused by a sluggish system? You do? Then try this improved *pasteurized yeast*. Thousands have found that this remarkable corrective food ends constipation and related ills for good!

Science now knows that in countless cases of constipation the real cause is insufficient vitamin B complex. The stomach and intestines, deprived of this essential element, no longer do their work properly. Elimination becomes incomplete and irregular. Digestion slows up. Poisons accumulate in your system.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply the vitamin B which is necessary to correct this condition. These tablets are pure *pasteurized yeast* — and yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamin B complex. This improved yeast quickly strengthens your internal muscles and gives them tone. It stimulates your whole digestive and eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, constipation soon goes. Indigestion stops. Pimples disappear. Pep returns. You really live again!

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body.* Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets safe for everyone to eat.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.



**YEAST FOAM
TABLETS**

Open House for Trouble

[Continued from page 45]

open conference with friend wife; thresh the problem out together.

"The most discouraging phase of my work," Dr. Cadman told me sadly, "is the problem of how to help the unemployed, particularly the young. Young people out of work lose heart and begin to think themselves of no significance. The seeds of bitter rebellion against the whole social structure, it seems to me, are sown in the minds and hearts of men and women under thirty who can find nothing to do.

"Telling young folk to study to prepare themselves for the time when they will be able to find work, is not very satisfactory when they need money and jobs now. The only answer I can give them is to forget their former glory and take whatever positions they can get. They should not feel ashamed of whatever honest work they do. Adjusting oneself to conditions satisfactorily is the best way I know of to make your life happy and useful."

DR. CADMAN'S life has been a long series of adjustments. He was born in Shropshire, England, the son of a poor but God-fearing miner. At the age of eleven, Samuel went to work in the mines. It was his job to open and shut the gates as the coal wagons passed through every five minutes. When home, he had read everything he could lay his hands on. He refused to allow work to interfere with the quest for knowledge.

When he was sixteen he decided to become a preacher and studied by himself to pass the difficult examination for a lay preacher. Then followed a few years of religious training at the Richmond College, a training school of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He met his wife while studying, and was married.

He came to the United States in 1890 and secured a position as pastor at Millbrook, N. Y., at \$600 a year. It was here that his famous question and answer work began. The weary farmers had no time for reading newspapers, for thinking out problems of faith. They were too exhausted from their labors.

So Dr. Cadman, "Sam" to all of them, delivered a short talk on current events each week as part of the church services, and answered any questions put to him. It wasn't long before people from surrounding towns came in every Sunday morning for his novel service. Nor before he was called to a larger church in Yonkers, then to the Metropolitan Temple in New York City. In 1901 he became pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn.

CADMAN was never a meek, inactive sort of person, whose mind was circumscribed by books. His old parishioners tell of the time, forty years ago, when he came upon an irate father beating his twelve-year-old daughter with a belt buckle, because the child had run away from home. The Reverend Dr. Cadman did not stop to exhort or pray for the man's soul. He rushed upon him; the father struck him; a fight ensued. A few minutes later a policeman found the devout young parson astride the man's back.

Though radio and his parish occupy most of his time, he is active in other fields, too. He has written several books, among them *Ambassadors of God, Christianity and the State*, and *William Owen*. He has been a leader in the peace movement, and was decorated by the King of Sweden for his activities toward peace through the churches. For several years he was president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America.



"The radio is out of order!"

The Reader's Voice

[Continued from page 9]

Dear Sir:

As far as radio programs are concerned, I have this to say. I realize it costs money, plenty of it, for sponsors to put their programs on the air. But they would be far better if they cut down on their advertising. I refer mainly to the Pepsodent program. On a fifteen-minute program, one advertising mention, either at the beginning or the end, would be a great plenty.

I know any number of people that turn the dial as soon as Amos 'n' Andy have done their part. A recent addition on that program is that after Bill Hay gets through with his part at the beginning of the program, he kills it completely by saying, "The Pepsodent Company gives you your Amos 'n' Andy." Why, all programs belong to the public. If it wasn't for the public there wouldn't be any Amos 'n' Andy, nor would Bill Hay have a job as an announcer.

I pick Town Hall as my favorite for the simple reason that it is an hour program, and they don't have any more advertising than Amos 'n' Andy in fifteen minutes. Put more programs on the air like Fred Allen and people will listen more.

I might also mention the Jello program, the Baker's Broadcast, and Palmolive program. They are all in a class with the Town Hall program. I hope you don't think I'm a crank, but I don't think there is anyone who listens in as much as I do.

Yours respectfully,

HARRY DETTEFS.

* * * * *

Dear Sir:

Why all these rumors about Lanny Ross being a poor actor? I have enjoyed all of his pictures. Why doesn't Paramount give him a fair chance? Bing Crosby's acting in *The Big Broadcast* wasn't perfect, but look at him today.

Lanny Ross doesn't have to be a movie star to be admired by all his radio fans. As long as we can hear his wonderful voice on the air, we are satisfied.

Long live radio!

Sincerely yours,

MARY ROSE TRILL.

* * * * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above letter was elicited by an item published in *RADIOLAND* to the effect that Lanny Ross had been released from his contract by Paramount Pictures and that Bing Crosby had been substituted for him in the picture *Mississippi*. We are informed by Lanny that he was *not* released from his contract after all, though he would very much like to be, but is still required to make one more photoplay. Lanny's own preferences are to concentrate entirely on his radio work.

MARCH, 1935

"SUB SOIL" GROWS GOOD BLACKHEADS



ONLY A PENETRATING FACE CREAM WILL REACH THAT UNDER-SURFACE DIRT!

By *Lady Esther* Those pesky Blackheads and Whiteheads that keep popping out in your skin—they have their roots in a bed of under-surface dirt.

That underneath dirt is also the cause of other heart-breaking blemishes, such as: Enlarged Pores, Dry and Scaly Skin, Muddy and Sallow Skin. There is only one way to get rid of these skin troubles and that is to cleanse your skin *to the depths*.

A Face Cream that Gets Below the Surface

It takes a penetrating face cream to reach that hidden "second layer" of dirt; a face cream that gets right down into the pores and cleans them out from the bottom.

Lady Esther Face Cream is definitely a *penetrating* face cream. It is a reaching and searching face cream. It does not just lie on the surface. It works its way into the pores immediately. It penetrates to the very bottom of the pores, dissolves the imbedded waxy dirt and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

No other face cream has quite the action of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. No other face cream is quite so searching, so penetrating.

It Does 4 Things for the Benefit of Your Skin

First, it cleanses the pores to the very bottom.

Second, it lubricates the skin. Resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes

dryness and keeps the skin soft and flexible. Third, because it cleanses the pores thoroughly, the pores open and close naturally and become normal in size, invisibly small.

Fourth, it provides a smooth, non-sticky base for face powder.

Prove It at My Expense

I want you to see for yourself what Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream will do for *your* skin. So I offer you a 7-day supply free of charge.

Write today for this 7-day supply and put it to the test on your skin.

Note the dirt that this cream gets out of your skin the very first cleansing. Mark how your skin seems to get lighter in color as you continue to use the cream. Note how clear and radiant your skin becomes and how soft and smooth.

Even in three days' time you will see such a difference in your skin as to amaze you. But let Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream speak for itself. Mail a postcard or the coupon below for the 7-day trial supply.



Make This Test

Pass your fingers over your whole face. Do you feel little bumps in your skin? Do you feel dry patches here and there? Little bumps or dry or scaly patches in your skin are a sure sign of "sub soil" or under-surface dirt.

Copyrighted by Lady Esther, 1935

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (10) **FREE**
Lady Esther, 2090 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Another Marriage for JOAN CRAWFORD?



Read the answer in
March Motion Picture

Don't miss these famous authors!
—Nina Wilcox Putnam's story in
defense of Katharine Hepburn.
—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., writing
exclusive, previously unpublished
news of Hollywood.

Now
On
Sale
10c



Meet Adele Ronson

[Continued from page 38]



As Lieut. Wilma Deering in the Buck Rogers program, (Curtis Arnall playing the part of Buck), Adele Ronson flies about in a space ship between planets and fires rocket pistols with abandon

school functions. Of course her family were thrilled and proud when she took leading parts. Then she began to take it seriously, and family pride turned to disapproval. Cautiously but none the less stubbornly, Adele began to talk about a stage career.

The paternal Ronson foot came down—hard. But the smallest Ronson, who stands just five feet four in the sheerest of chiffon hose, proved to be a very determined person. She just kept right on talking about a stage career.

Finally her father decided that the best harness for all that surplus energy would be some good hard work. He thought if she took a good stiff course in dramatics and kindred subjects, say at Columbia University she might change her mind. Adele couldn't believe her ears. She was actually being encouraged to go to New York!

The brothers were a little doubtful as to the wisdom of Papa's plan; but Adele packed and was off in a whirl of enthusiasm before there was time for anybody to change his mind. It took her just thirty-six hours to reach New York. It took lots of people years on the road to even get to Broadway, she thought gleefully—and here she was, making it in a day and a half!

SHE took the courses at Columbia, but that wasn't all she took. She took everything that might give her a chance to go on the stage. There were dancing lessons—later on she was to dance in Greek ballet, at the Provincetown Playhouse—and piano lessons. They might

come in handy later, she felt. Her knowledge of music has proven a big help to her, in timing, in the Gibson Family broadcasts. (As you know, Adele plays the speaking part of Sally, the romantic lead, while Lois Bennett has the singing rôle.)

And then, too, there was the job. But of course the family, back in Oklahoma, didn't know about that.

"I worked as a model at the Betty Wales Dress Shop," she said. "You see, I was still in my teens, and young and romantic. I thought some big producer might come into the shop, they way they do in the movies, and hire me!"

She giggled. "Of course he never did. But I learned one thing on that job—the art of make-up. I had never been allowed to use lipstick or rouge. I tried to put them on myself—all the girls in the shop used make-up—but of course I made an awful mess of it. So the other models, who felt sorry for such a green young kid, used to make me up. And at five o'clock I'd wash my face and go home and study."

When she was just seventeen, Adele landed her first theatrical engagement. It was with a stock company playing in Yonkers, and her salary was to be ten full dollars a week! Afraid to tell her parents about it, she kept on with her courses at Columbia. But all the excitement and work was too much for the youngster. She lasted one week with the stock company; that week resulted in an illness that lasted three months. Of course she went flying home to

RADIOLAND

Mother—but not because she had given up.

When she returned to New York after three months of the family's best pampering, she came with everyone's good wishes. Even her father and mother had to give in to such gallantry as that. This time she took things a little easier. Now that she had the family's approval, she didn't have to snatch at straws. She could mark time till a real opportunity presented itself. She was young enough to wait. (She is still in her early twenties.)

HER first real break was a part in the road company of *Silence*. Almost immediately she followed with *The Legend of Lenora*, in support of Grace George. Then came *The Road to Rome*; the ingenue lead in *Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh* with Mrs. Fiske—finally leading rôles in *Skidding* and *These Few Ashes*—all Broadway shows.

By now it was 1930 and radio was more than a lusty infant. It had become a grand place for dramatic talent to find new outlet. So, with characteristic decision, Adele decided to combine her stage career with radio. She attained several other engagements.

Then Old Man Luck himself made a decision for her. She was offered an engagement as hostess on the Pond program, which went on the air every Friday night. This meant no theatrical engagements for a while—but she realized it also meant an opening to really big things in the radio field. She took it—and the big broadcasting companies have kept her so busy ever since that she has never had time to go back on the stage.

She is one of the leadingest leading ladies in radio. You remember Florence in *The Goldbergs*—that was Adele. She played in Mary Roberts Rinehart's *Tish* sketches, *Eno Crime Clues*, *Pages of Romance*, a number of Shakespeare plays, and important presentations by the Radio Guild.

But the rôle she loves best is her present one of Sally in *The Gibson Family*—a romantic rôle. She prefers it, too, because this program is radio's closest approach to real "theater," and she has not forgotten her yen for footlights.

BUT it's the romance in Sally's young life that appeals to Adele. For down in her heart, under her smart exterior, so perfectly matched to her penthouse with its white Venetian blinds and cool colors, she is a romantic little soul. A fifteen-cent bunch of spring's first jonquils bought from a shabby street vendor, thrills her more than an orchid corsage; and she'd rather go to the movies with someone she really likes than to go dancing on the rooftops just because it is the smooth thing to do.

She has surprisingly serious ideas about love and marriage—and no particular heart interest. Loads of eligible young men friends, yes—but no certain voice which thrills her over the telephone. She's afraid she's a bit choosy, and it worries her because—imagine, at her age!—she is afraid she will be an old maid. She is actually superstitious about it, and always refuses the last piece of cake, or the last anything. "It would be bad enough," she says, making a face, "to be an old maid by choice. But it would be horrible to know it was inevitable!"

[Continued on page 50]

MARCH, 1935



A million eyes marvel at the beauty of CLAUDETTE COLBERT

How many look at you?



FACE POWDER

...To harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin, Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct... Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.



ROUGE

...Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone, and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly, imparting delicate, lifelike coloring to the cheeks.



LIPSTICK

...Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color-harmony make-up. It is moisture-proof, the color is natural and once I've made up my lips I know they will appear perfect for hours.



★ COSMETICS OF THE STARS

Learn How Hollywood Stars Emphasize the Charm of Beauty With This New Make-Up

There's a thrill when admiring eyes confirm the appeal of your beauty. So learn the make-up secret of Hollywood's stars, and you yourself can create beauty that is more alluring, attractive, appealing.

The secret is color harmony make-up, consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonized color tones, originated by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

Working with famous screen stars to capture the mystery of ravishing beauty, Max Factor discovered a new principle of color harmony to be beauty's secret of attraction. Based on this principle, he created new color-harmony shades in face powder, rouge and lipstick to bring out the color appeal of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette, redhead.

You will be amazed at the new beauty your own color harmony in this new make-up will bring to you. Remember...famous stars have found magic in this secret, so you may expect a remarkable transformation.

So share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. At all leading stores.

Max Factor • Hollywood

Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... In Color Harmony

Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAX FACTOR, 5-8-87
 Max Factor's Make-Up Studio,
 Hollywood, California.

SEND Pure-Sin Box of Powder in my color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Also send my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Max Factor's Instruction Book. "The New Art of Smart Make-Up" FREE.

COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Grays <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Moderate <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Bald <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRETTLE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Other <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
BROWN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair Gray, send eye shade and hair <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	All <input type="checkbox"/>	

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

How to get rid of CORNS..

easily and without danger of infection



• All persons now suffering from corns are urged to get relief immediately with this approved Blue-Jay method.

Blue-Jay is amazingly easy to use. Quickly applied, without fuss or bother. Pain stops instantly—soft, “common sense” pad removes all pressure on the corn. Then, the safe Blue-Jay medication gently but surely loosens and undermines the corn. In 3 days you lift the corn right out, completely.

Try Blue-Jay today. (25c at all druggists). Note the new Wet-Pruf adhesive strip that holds pad securely in place (waterproof—soft, kid-like finish—does not cling to stocking).

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN PLASTER

WHY HAVE GRAY HAIR OR DANDRUFF?

Marvelous, Positively Safe Liquid Works Like Magic!

You, too, can have gloriously beautiful hair, free from GRAY and DANDRUFF.

Don't lose your job or social position due to these handicaps. Try the truly wonderful DOUBLE-ACTING liquid-Nourishine for Gray Hair and Dandruff.

Nourishine is applied like a tonic—so easy to use. You get SAFE and POSITIVE results. Your hair will become soft, lustrous, with a natural appearing color that defies detection. Nourishine is absolutely non-injurious to hair or scalp—is positively beneficial.

“Nourishine's tonic-like qualities make it the BEST hair preparation,” every user enthusiastically says this about Nourishine.

No matter what you have tried for gray hair or dandruff, forget past disappointments and try this absolutely different liquid. It is not greasy—does not rub off nor stain scalp or linen. The one liquid imparts any color. You can easily prove it best for gray hair and dandruff. Try Nourishine now!

For better results use NOURISHINE SHAMPOO. Contains no acids that hinder the action of Nourishine.

Write for our free booklet, “Home Care of the Hair.” Contains helpful hints on the home care of permanents, marcel, oily and dry scalp, describes coloring methods, etc.

Nourishine, \$1.25; Shampoo, 50c, at drug and department stores or by mail, except in California, from NOURISHINE COMPANY, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

NOURISHINE BEST FOR GRAY HAIR

Meet Adele Ronson

[Continued from page 49]

Of course there is a *hint* of romance in her role as Lieutenant Wilma Deering in *Buck Rogers in the Twenty-Fifth Century*. But since this program is designed primarily for juvenile appeal, the romance angle is handled very gingerly. Wilma and Buck are allowed to worry about each other when in danger—but that's about as far as they can go. Not long ago a fan letter from a bright urchin of eight asked, “How is it that Buck and Wilma can travel all over like they do *without a chaperon?*”

As a matter of fact, Buck and Wilma have the best chaperon in the world—the script writer, who sees to it that they never even as much as hold hands. Adele tells us that Curtis Arnall, the young actor who plays Buck Rogers, is most attractive, and that all this stand-offishness is sometimes just a *wee* bit annoying.

ADELE'S mother lives with her, makes most of her stunning clothes and does her shopping, because everything Adele buys herself has to be taken back the next day. She likes best to wear white or red or a combination of the two. Although she's almost a copper-top, red becomes her! also she says, it is her lucky color. She likes sport clothes best of all, done with a dainty “spectatorish” touch. This is one reason her mother is her favorite modiste. “Where,” she asks, and there is no answer, “could you buy an ice-blue satin house dress, like this?”

Her favorite form of recreation is to give huge cocktail parties, at which she herself rarely tips a glass. Eating—that's different. She likes food, and is one of those lucky people who can eat as much as she wants of everything on the menu and still be slim as a willow wand.

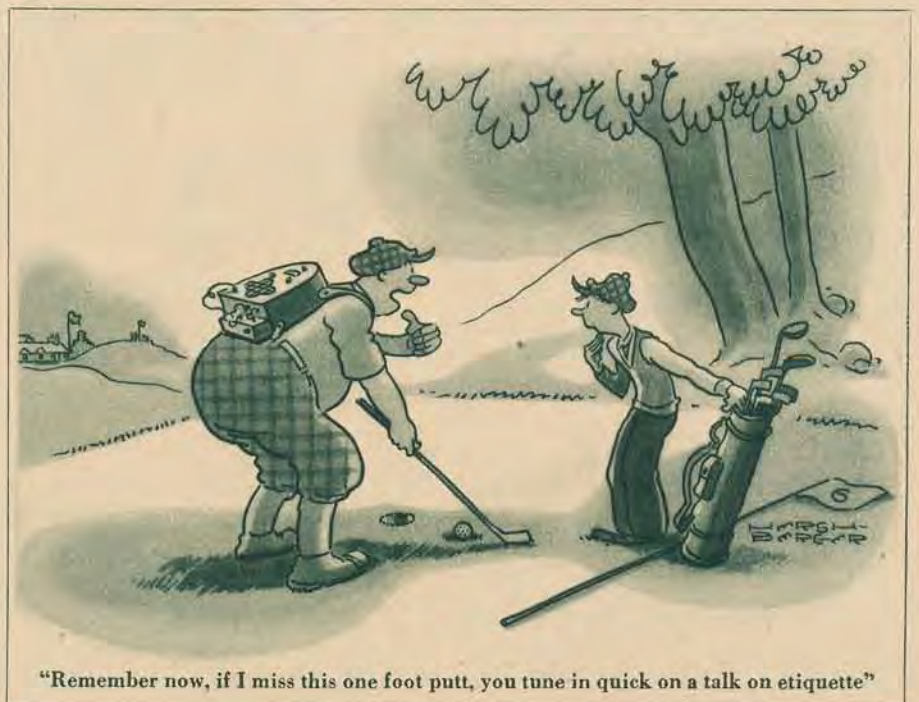
Her pet extravagance is buying first editions. When you visit her you have a hard time deciding which to look at all the time, Adele or her library. You usually compromise and look at Adele. She reads a lot, and always reads plays or novels before she sees them on the stage or screen. She plays golf and rides horseback, and likes to take in football and polo games whenever she has a chance.

BUT best of all, she likes cruises. She went to Europe last fall, and felt like staying right on the boat and traveling back and forth several times. But she found plenty to do, what with visiting galleries and museums, shopping in Paris and touring through Southern France's lovely countryside. While in London she visited several broadcasting stations and found them very different and interesting.

There is little about Adele Ronson that points to the fact that she is an actress. She has no affectations, no poses. When we commented on her naturalness, she said she believed radio was responsible for it.

“You see, when you're on the stage,” she explained her point, “you play the same part over, night after night, for months—and eventually you absorb the mannerisms, perhaps some of the personality, even, of the rôle you are playing. . . . In radio, however, an actor assumes so many different parts within a relatively small span of time that none of them gets to be a habit. . . . It's a mistake to try to use a different voice for each characterization, anyway—you can't do it successfully. So what happens is that you remain pretty much yourself.”

Which, in Adele's case, is something to be thankful to radio for!



How to Dance to Radio

[Continued from page 21]

observe what we term "the line of direction." This is counter-clockwise. Every good dancer religiously observes this just as the careful motorist observes traffic signals. No matter whether you go forward, backward or sideways, you should always go in the same direction around the room. It is well for the beginner to practice this simple phase of dancing in the privacy of his or her home. The man should simply begin with the left foot and walk forward around the room. The lady beginner should practice by starting with the right foot and walking backward, going around the room counter-clockwise.

The success of a dance frequently depends upon the manner in which the man leads his partner. The man *must* know his steps and must not attempt steps which he has not previously mastered. A lady can dance with ease and grace only when she has confidence in her partner and a blunder at the outset, caused by a desire to indulge in unaccustomed steps, can erase this confidence and make the ensuing dance a tense and unenjoyable affair. The considerate male leader, even though he is a finished dancer, will do only the very simple steps when dancing with a lady for the first time.

I HAVE stressed the simple steps of the Fox Trot, because that is the most popular movement of the day. However, occasionally the dance music program will include a One-Step. This is a very simple step, easily mastered. It is little more than a brisk walk, similar to a march. Regardless of the step or the count, you simply take one walking step to each beat, as though you were marching. Merely walk the steps and keep time to the One-Step music, which is almost twice as fast as the Fox Trot.

As a matter of fact, if Fox Trot music is played very fast, it becomes the One-Step. This frequently occurs on radio programs which are not especially designed for dancing.

If you desire to practice the One-Step, but cannot dial in proper music, just hum any popular march tune. Then begin with the left foot and walk forward in time with the march rhythm, marching in the line of direction previously referred to.

Above all, remember that dancing is a very natural, easy thing. Every normal man and woman was born with the *ability* to dance. That *ability* must be developed, and never in all history was there such an opportunity as at the present time, when many big radio program sponsors have become "dance conscious" and are offering splendid programs designed especially for home dancing parties.

Home dancing has arrived and is here to stay. It affords you not only entertainment within your own home, but a splendid opportunity to learn to dance, so that you can maintain your social standing when out in public with your friends. Turn on the radio, push back the rug, remember the simple rules I have outlined earlier in this article and—

START IN DANCING!

Difficult Days?

*I don't have them
any more!*



"When I think of the way I used to suffer regularly, setting aside certain days when any activity was out of the question—even walking any distance—you may know how grateful I am for Midol. Now, I have no such pain, or even discomfort. I ride horseback on the days that once demanded absolute quiet."

This is not the experience of just one woman. Thousands could tell how Midol has given back those days once given over to suffering.

Midol might end all periodic pain for *you*. And even if it didn't, you would get a measure of relief well worth while. Remember, this is a special medicine, recommended by specialists for this particular purpose. But it is *not* a narcotic, so don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold.

You may obtain these tablets at any drug store. Get some today, and be prepared. Taken in time, they may spare you any pain at all. Or relieve such pain at any time. They are effective for several hours, so two tablets should see you through your worst day.

Just ask the druggist for Midol. Or look for it on his toilet goods counter. Or let the makers send you some to try. Whatever you do, don't decline this comfort any longer.

*An Invitation*

to try it without expense: mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N.Y., and receive trial box free.

Name.....

Address.....

Introducing
A NEW PRINCIPLE
of
UPLIFT
SUPPORT



"OVER-TURE"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Brassieres which accomplish, with stitching alone, a firmness of support never before thought possible without stays! Little stitched "petals" give "Over-Ture" perfect uplift plus perfect comfort. Select this brassiere either as shown above or with diaphragm-control band. Send for free Maiden Form foundation booklet FM Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME

Maiden Form
BRASSIERES

CIRCLES · GARTER BELTS

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Friday
COMPLEXION AWFUL

Monday
WHAT A CHANGE!

Try this pleasant
WEEK-END TEST!

IS YOUR skin pimply, dull, unattractive? Don't despair! Thousands of women have found a quick, simple way to gain and keep a skin that is clear and smooth, a complexion fresh, lovely and alluring. But not by artificial means! Skin troubles usually indicate internal trouble—sluggish elimination, or blood impoverished by lack of calcium. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct both of these troubles. Their gentle action rids the system of bodily wastes. Enrich and tone the blood with the calcium you need. Pimples disappear. Dull skin becomes clear and firm—the complexion aglow with health and loveliness. Try this pleasant beauty aid. Often one week-end will show a big improvement! At all drug stores—10c and 60c.

STUART'S Calcium Wafers

MASSAGE FOR BEAUTY



To prevent horizontal forehead lines, radio singer Deane Janis massages vertically from brow to hair line

Crow's feet yield to massage strokes from the nose out to the temples, Miss Janis finds



Draw the fingers upward from the corners of the mouth to the temples to eradicate laugh lines

SCRUTINIZING the accompanying photographs of comely radio singer Deane Janis in the act of massaging her skin vigorously, you may say, "But that girl can't be more than 20! What good is massage before you're 40?"

And in so saying, you betray your ignorance of the real purpose of facial massage—but it may console you to know that 99 out of every 100 women think, as you do, that massage is a corrective for broken down faces, rather than a preservative measure for youthful ones.

In cases where the skin of the whole body has lost its elasticity through the inexorable passage of time, an attempt to restore firmness to the facial skin by massage would prove fruitless. . . . But generally the face, because of greater abuse and exposure, shows signs of age long before the skin on the rest of the body. . . . This premature aging can and should be combated by correct and regular massage.

There are right and wrong ways of massaging the face and it is extremely important to avoid the latter, because they are definitely harmful. Don't think, just because you rub your skin this way and that way, that you are massaging it. . . . And don't ever rub or massage your skin unless it is liberally covered with a tissue or massage cream. Push-

You can forestall the arrival of that first facial line and make actual wrinkles less noticeable if you practice correct massage daily. For specific instructions on how to massage crow's feet, laugh lines, frown lines and neck lines, write to Wynne McKay in care of RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and don't forget to enclose a three cent stamp

By WYNNE MCKAY

ing, pulling and drubbing of the skin when drying it with a face towel or removing cleansing cream, is one of the surest ways to undermine elasticity and youthful contour. . . . After washing your face—or your entire body, for that matter—pat it dry with a soft, absorbent towel.

THERE are several general rules for a massage that I shall outline briefly, since there is not the space available to describe all the facial manipulations in detail. Always use the balls or fatty cushions of your fingers, and learn to exert enough pressure for effect, but not too much for harm. The phrase, "gently but firmly," explains the desired touch pretty well, I think. . . . Then learn, at the start, never to use a downward manipulation of the face. The tendency of skin and muscles is inevitably downward, without any assistance from you in the shape of wrong massage; so remember always to draw your fingers upward and outward. . . .

When you are, for example, massaging the laugh line around the mouth, keep the fingers firmly on the skin for the upward motion, then lift them and barely trail them back to the starting point for another upward massage stroke. While there may be exceptions, it is usually advisable to keep this rule in mind, too: massage across a line you

RADIOLAND

wish to eradicate, never along the line. For horizontal lines on the forehead, stroke upward, from the eyebrow to the hairline . . . If you are in doubt as to the correct massage manipulations for pet wrinkles, write to me describing their location and I'll be glad to send you complete instructions.

The benefit derived from massage depends largely, of course, on the cream used. If an inferior type of cream is forced into the pores and skin crevices, as it is by brisk massage, it may solidify there and form blackheads; heavy, stiff creams require so much force to distribute them over the skin surface that the skin is harmfully stretched in the process . . . So, the ideal cream should be light, easily spread and penetrating. There is a very fine all-purpose cream on the market—that has all of these properties and, in addition, contains an ingredient which is practically the same, chemically, as the natural skin oil or sebum. As I referred above, the reason facial skin becomes lined and coarsened while the skin of the body is still soft and smooth is that it has been robbed of its softening supply of natural oil.

The logical thing to do is to restore at least a part of these oils as regularly and as naturally as possible, and this can be accomplished by the gentle massaging into the outer skin of a cream like this one, that has emollient ingredients. It is excellent as a cleanser and a powder base, too, because of its light texture . . . If you dislike having to use three different creams for facial purposes, then I can recommend this skin cream highly. It comes in tubes and jars, both attractively designed, and costs 50 cents and \$1. I'll be glad to send you the trade name if you wish.

A PRETTY conceit in the world of make-up is that of wearing a different shade of lipstick with different colored frocks, thereby achieving the utmost in striking color harmony . . . Since lipstick is such a definite color accent, it is dangerous, certainly, to wear a shade that is dubious with certain colored dresses. The most flagrant example of this is a raspberry lipstick with an orange or henna frock . . . Quite shocking to anyone with a developed color sense! There is a very high grade and popular dollar lipstick in four shades that meet every color harmony need. There is an orangish or vermilion shade, a true, deep ruby-red tint, a darker, blood-red shade, and a raspberry colored lipstick that is enchanting with blue, purple and mauve . . . The rouge itself is very fine. You apply it liberally, allow it to "set," then remove the excess with tissues to produce for yourself a most flattering and adherent pair of lips . . . Write to me if you interested in the identity of this product.

If you, in common with most women, enjoy fragrance about yourself and your belongings, you'll be delighted with the new tinted sachets recently introduced by a well known manufacturer . . . In smart crystal flasks with gold tops, they look like over-sized thimbles. Their tints suggest their scent. For instance, the heliotrope sachet is pale heliotrope in color; red rose is rose-colored; violet is faint violet. Perfumes and face powders made by the same manufacturer are obtainable in corresponding scents, so you needn't be afraid of a conflict in *odeurs*. The sachets cost \$1.10 at the better drug and department stores.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "COMMON COLD" yearly, directly or indirectly, takes more lives and causes more illness—and more expense—than any other single ailment to which human flesh is heir.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an *internal infection*, resulting from a germ attack. In other words, a cold, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the internal or inward character of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing for the relief of a cold.

They rub pungent greases on their chests; they inhale stinging vapors; they swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "good also for colds" when cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't get at a cold from the inside which a cold, an internal infection, requires. The result often is that a cold may progress to the point where it becomes a serious matter.

Recognizing the apparent nature of the "Common Cold," it becomes

obvious that a cold calls for a remedy that is expressly a cold remedy and one that is internal in treatment.

Such a remedy is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine!

It is expressly a cold remedy and not good for a number of other things as well. It is internal treatment and it is complete in effect.

The Four Things Necessary

First of all, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine opens the bowels gently but effectively, the first step in dislodging a cold.

Second, it combats the cold germs and fever in the system.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is coming pretty close to taking chances.

Harmless As It Is Effective!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Every druggist in America sells Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. Good druggists won't try to sell you a substitute.



*Hollywood Endorses this
New Soapless Shampoo*

You, too, can have beautiful hair that glows and glistens like the movie stars'—after your first shampoo with Mar-o-Oil. No soap required—no messy lather, and it washes out with clear warm water.

Start today. Get your bottle of Mar-o-Oil at any toiletry counter. All leading beauty shops give and recommend Mar-o-Oil shampoos to rid hair and scalp of dandruff accumulations, dirt, and grime. Guaranteed results.



GENEROUS TRIAL BOTTLE

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. 35, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil.
I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover handling and mailing.

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Street _____
City _____ State _____

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Famous Radio
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act, write, direct or sell, the Floyd Gibbons School will train you—right in your own home in your spare time—for the job you want.

Get your share of the millions advertisers spend in Broadcasting every year. Our free book, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons Course—how to prepare for a good position in Broadcasting—and how to turn your hidden talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send the coupon today for free book.

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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.

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Please Print or Write Name Plainly
Address _____
City _____ State _____

"We're in the Midst of WAR" says FLOYD GIBBONS



By
**Robert
Eichberg**

Floyd Gibbons, radio's first rapid talker, lost his eye in a bit of heroic action in battle, revealed fully in this story for the first time

FLOYD GIBBONS is a war correspondent. In fact, he has been called the war correspondent. So, when I met him in the NBC studio, I naturally asked him, "What do you consider the most exciting war you've ever witnessed?"

"The one the United States is fighting right now!" he exclaimed.

"War? What war? Who are we fighting?" I asked.

Then Floyd told me the story.

"Last year," he said, "when I first started broadcasting for Johns-Manville, I was supposed to describe some of my adventures. I tried it a couple of times, but I didn't like it. What was the use of trying to make history timely?"

"So I went to their advertising manager and said, 'I know something that's wrong with this program.'

"What is it?" he asked. And I answered, 'There's no sense in talking about wars that happened sixteen or twenty years ago, when the biggest war America ever fought is taking place this very minute!'

"He asked me the same question you did—What is this war? And I told him. It's the fight against out-worn parts of an old economic system—against archaic ideas of human liberty!"

"They held a conference as to whether it was all right for me to change the whole basis of my program, and decided that it was.

"I took my idea to the White House and told what I intended to do. The Executive Department was all for the idea of keeping the public informed as to developments on the economic front—told the heads of all departments to cooperate. I've had special official reports from most of them. Johnson of the NRA—Frances Perkins, secretary of labor—Bill Green of the AFL—and others have given me material. You may think these are mere statistical bulletins, but to me they're reports from General Headquarters—and from the front, where the actual fighting is taking place. Where archaic conditions are being encountered and conquered."

"WHAT do you think is responsible for this conflict, Mr. Gibbons? Human greed? Over-production? The weakness of international trade? Or what?" I asked.

In the typical Gibbons, forceful, rapid-fire style he answered, "Responsibility rests on the slowness of human nature to catch up with itself. We've been living under a set of laws that were enacted before transportation—machinery—industry—agriculture were developed. The laws were out-moded. Still, through sheer inertia, they lingered on. Nobody had the courage to change them.

"I wish you could have been with me when I went to Chicago to see Roosevelt accept the nomination. I'm a newspaperman; a trained observer. On the way out I watched the faces of people on the farms and in the cities. It reminded me of the saddest sight I ever saw. That was when I was in Russia, during the big famine. Children were starving to death. Hungry kids were begging for bread—and not getting it. Well, the look I saw in the faces of those Russian women as they watched their babies slowly dying of want before their eyes was not so different from the hopeless expression of thousands of Americans who had seen their jobs go, and were beginning to wonder if they would soon be doomed to homelessness and hunger.

"Then along came Roosevelt. A new light shone in the eyes of America. People—poor people—gazed at him with renewed hope, just as the French must have looked upon Joan of Arc, when the Maid rode past in her shining armor.

"He was their one chance of salvation."

"Yes? Well, what did he have that his predecessors lacked? What new weapon was he bringing to this war?" I inquired.

GIBBONS thought for a moment, then said, "The greatest weapon in this war is public confidence. People know that there's a real Man in the White House. A man who's not afraid to go ahead and do things. Perhaps he does make mistakes, but if he does he abandons one line of attack and starts another. He's a real fighter who, if the sword breaks in his hand, is not ashamed to pick up a brick."

"Speaking of bricks, Mr. Gibbons, what do you think of the strike riots that took place not long ago?" I inquired.

"They're just too bad," he replied without an instant's hesitation. "I can understand why men should strike for living wages, and those strikers who haven't been earning enough to pay to support themselves and their families certainly have my sympathy. But I don't approve tactics which call for the destruction of property or cause injuries to innocent persons. I think that the Administration handled this unpleasant and unfortunate business in the best possible way.

"I'm going to support Roosevelt in any way I can, whether I agree with him or not. I think it's my duty to do so."

"Is there any major point that you think he's wrong on?"

"Yes, one. I thought the soldier's bonus ought to be paid. But Roosevelt thought otherwise. He said, 'I'll oppose

[Continued on page 77]

MARCH, 1935



Posed by professional models

TELL US YOUR SECRET — HOW DID YOU GAIN WEIGHT SO FAST?

NEW WAY ADDS 5 to 15 POUNDS —in a few weeks!

STOP being ashamed of your figure—so "skinny" you lose all chances of making friends. This new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and shapely attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now, with this new yeast discovery in pleasant little tablets, you can get far greater tonic results—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

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

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 283, Atlanta, Ga.



CORNS

CALLUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



INSTANT, SAFE, SURE RELIEF!

EASES NEW OR TIGHT SHOES

New *De Luxe* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Sore Toes instantly relieve pain; stop shoe pressure; soothe and heal; prevent sore toes and blisters; ease new or tight shoes, and quickly, safely remove corns and callouses.

New SKINTEX Covering

De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads have the marvelous new, velvety soft, flesh color Skintex covering which does not soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Hides foot blemishes. Get a box today at your drug, dept. or shoe store.



CALLUSES



BUNIONS



SOFT CORNS

NEW *De Luxe* FLESH COLOR WATERPROOF

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



I'm not troubled with **ASTHMA** *any more!*

People who have "tried everything" for asthma report that they have found a way, at last, to obtain effective relief. In many cases, all symptoms gone! Miss Katherine Radford, 2561 Pinkney St., Omaha, Nebraska, wrote on March 29, 1932:

"I had bronchial asthma for 5 years. I was afraid to go to bed—was so weak I couldn't even raise my arms. I started taking Nacor last November. I haven't had a spell since."

Nacor is absolutely safe to use—so safe, in fact, and so effective that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. If you have asthma or bronchial cough, write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users, and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Company, 391 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

Don't Ever Change Your Name

[Continued from page 26]

to struggle for success like other people do. It fell right into my lap."

I was quite ready to believe that success had come easily, but never that Virginia had been spoiled. I have never encountered a fresher, more unspoiled charm than she possesses. Her story was truly that of a Cinderella.

BORN into a prosperous, aristocratic family of Louisville, Kentucky, her early life had been sheltered and almost idyllic. Virginia Rea Murphy (as she was christened) was a perfectly average, well-mannered child with but two outstanding characteristics—an ability to sing and an uncanny knack for keeping clean. Both qualities she retained into adulthood.

When Virginia graduated from college and announced her determination to take up music as a professional career her mother and father were scandalized. Nice southern young ladies did not go on the stage—not even when that stage was operatic or a concert platform.

However, by remaining adamant and threatening to run off she did manage to extract permission to study in New York for the summer.

After a few weeks of intensive study, Virginia decided that the teacher she had been sent to was in league with her parents to discourage her from a professional singing career, so off she went and chose one to her own liking. His enthusiasm over her possibilities confirmed her suspicions. Her work progressed nicely, but always there was the dread prospect of the summer drawing to a close and then returning to Des Moines.

There was, of course, one way out—to become self-supporting. But how? And here is where Virginia's story really begins to sound like a modern fairy-tale.

ONE day, at her teacher's advice, she went down to the Brunswick Recording Company studios to make records of a few operatic arias she was then studying. She had no purpose other than making a critical survey of her work. Before she had sung through half of the *Cara Nome*, from Rigoletto, in rushed a frock-coated Frenchman.

"Mam'zelle had the very *sympatetique* voice. Would Mam'zelle like to make records for the Brunswick Company? Mam'zelle would make ze fortune later



"We'd get a radio but Franklin and I haven't seen one to our liking!"

on, but now would Mam'zelle accept a guaranty of \$3,000 a year and royalties?"

"I was so lucky," Virginia went on. "I seemed to get everything I wanted. Of course, I continued to study because opera was my big ambition. Then one year, the American Singers came to New York for a season of comic opera. I wanted more than anything to sing with them. I went around to see if I could get an audition but couldn't get into Mr. Henshaw's office. So I called him up. He told me he didn't need any more singers. I sang for him over the telephone just the same and he told me to come right over and sign a contract."

"Then later I went abroad and was immediately admitted to the Opera Comique. Some people wait years for that chance. I didn't stay because I got homesick after about a year. I came back to New York and went on the air for the first time on the Brunswick Hour of Music. All their recording artists had to. After two weeks I got my first commercial and then came the Palmolive offer—so you see I was quite unprepared for all the difficulties of getting started again."

HOWEVER, even during that trying period when she was fighting her up-hill battle back to the top, Virginia was not completely unlucky. For she found the one and only man, and in him a staunch friend and never-ending source of encouragement.

He had played the cello in the orchestra when she was star of the Palmolive program. They had met casually at social affairs given by mutual friends. Then one day they both found themselves guests on a yachting party given by the James Meltons. It was an informal, picnic-like affair. Everyone wore old, disreputable-looking clothes. Virginia turned up as spruce and immaculate as ever. The young man teased her. When Mrs. Melton passed the huge basket of fried chicken and everyone plunged in and drew out a joint to be eaten in the fingers in good old primitive fashion, he facetiously cried out: "Do get Miss Rea a knife and fork—she might dirty her nice white dress."

Truly, an inauspicious beginning for a romance. Virginia was furious, but Edgar Sittig had at last succeeded in puncturing her reserve. Their friendship, which dated from that fateful yachting party, grew into love and finally culminated in one of the happiest marriages in all Radioland last year.

EDGAR would tell Virginia again and again: "You made good once—you can do it again, even if you do have to start from the beginning." And start from the beginning is precisely what Virginia did. She was careful never to mention anything about Olive Palmer when she applied for auditions. Finally she was engaged for a guest appearance on the Goodyear program. Her remarkable singing attracted attention and she received other engagements, and finally her present contract with the American Album of Familiar Music.

"I believe I am the luckiest girl in the world," she breathed almost ecstatically. "Now, I've got everything in the world I want—or at least I will have when our house in the Pocomos is finished. But here! I mustn't get to talking of the house, for when I do, I can't stop. We've named it 'Skytop'—and we'll never change the name."

"I've learned never to do that!"

MARCH, 1935

RED, CHAPPED HANDS?

relief

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Hands made smoother, softer, whiter—too, with famous medicated cream

HERE'S A sure way to relieve badly chapped hands—a quick way to make red, rough, ugly-looking hands soft, smooth and white. Try it—if it doesn't greatly improve your hands overnight, it will cost you nothing!

A hospital secret

This famous medicated cream was used first as a chapped hands remedy in hospitals. Doctors and nurses have a lot of trouble with chapped hands in winter—they have to wash hands so frequently. They found that if they applied Noxzema Cream liberally on their hands at night, all soreness disappeared by morning—hands became smoother and whiter.

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Make this simple test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight—rub plenty of it into the pores. Leave the other hand with nothing on it. Note the big difference in the morning. Feel the difference, too! One hand still red and irritated—the other smooth and white.

Noxzema is a snow-white, dainty, greaseless cream—not sticky, gummy or messy to use.



Get a jar of Noxzema today—use it tonight. Sold on a money-back guarantee. It relieves and improves Red, Chapped Hands overnight—or your druggist gladly refunds your money!

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Over 10,000,000 jars of Noxzema are used yearly to relieve skin irritations—not only chapped hands, but chapped lips, chafing, chilblains, etc. Thousands of women apply Noxzema as a powder base and at night to end Large Pores, Pimples, Blackheads, Oiliness and other ugly skin faults.

WONDERFUL FOR SKIN FAULTS, TOO



- HELPS END LARGE PORES
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- FLAKINESS

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Noxzema costs very little. Get a jar at any drug or department store. If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 63, Baltimore, Md.

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We will prove its value in your own case. The Philo Burt Appliance is light, cool, elastic, and easily adjusted—how different from the old torturing, plaster-cast, leather and celluloid jackets or steel braces.



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

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

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Just fold a \$1.00 bill or stamps or check in this ad and mail back today for those 3 (yes, three) exquisite handkerchiefs. Money refunded immediately if not satisfied. Send \$1 today.

DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
50 Minna at First, San Francisco

Vera Van's Untold Love Story

[Continued from page 19]

I wondered how a sensitive young girl could come through two so agonizing experiences with the seeming love of life that Vera Van radiates. I had often wondered lots of things about her private life that I dared not mention until the day we sat over lunch together and the conversation got around to engagements and facials and parties and things girls will discuss among themselves. So, thinking the time was right, I queried—and found her perfectly unabashed and willing to talk frankly.

But that's not all I found, what's rarer. I discovered a girl who "takes it" on the chin from Love and likes it! . . . almost. . . .

FIVE years ago, in her home territory of the West coast, she had gotten to be tops as a dancer. Since the age of seven her twinkling toes had commanded hundreds weekly from the theater, and now that she was beginning to really grow up the future looked full and wonderful.

She loved to dance. Misty tulle costumes, crisp little ballet slippers and clapping, cheering audiences were the only world she'd ever known until, at fifteen, she was stricken with spinal trouble, an aftermath of too much to-dancing as a youngster. The siege was long and painful. And to make it worse, when she finally did recover after a year

abed, Vera Van's days as a premier danseuse were over.

It was then, frightened and heartsick, that she turned to singing, took her songs to KFI in Los Angeles and started life over again at the rock bottom of radio. It was then that she met her first love. And because loving somebody was a gay, happy thing and because he had a way of turning her world to a glorious place again, the dear dancing days grew dim and forgotten, and the rock bottom of radio seemed not so hard. She adored him for those and a million other reasons.

He was a musician in a well-known dance orchestra, filling a lengthy booking at one of the ritzier California night spots. He was still in his early twenties, talented and ambitious, good-looking and brainy. And he was, to the struggling singer, all the things a girl makes of her first love. Which is everything. You know.

Vera told me how she needed the love he gave her. It was her first taste of normality in living. All her years, as far back as she could remember, life had been spent between her hotel and the theater she happened to be playing; she'd never been to public school or had any girl friends or played games with boys or been to kid parties or any of the things most girls know.

Now, for the first time, she had those



"Hey, you! That was a straight left, not a right!"

things. A "gang"—his pals became hers too. His professional advice, help and interest in her—he softened many of the bumps that must come to all radio folk. The crazy, grand things he thought of for them to do together. Picnics at Long Beach. Driving over to Hollywood for an orange-juice nightcap. Roller-skating by moonlight. Fun working hours on song arrangements for her to use. So many things. And his love to keep. Oh *that!*

It was sweet and beautiful and so terribly important to her, this new experience called love. But suddenly the sweetness and beauty disappeared. His orchestra went East and the ardor with which he had said goodbye that last night didn't seem to endure, somehow. He only wrote three times.

AND because a girl loves but once as she does at sixteen, Vera was crushingly cheated of much she had dreamed of. For a while, with adolescent and whole-hearted intensity, she hated everything—boys and radio and *living*. But to recompense, I think, the gods of good fortune let some of the hurt she felt find outlet in her singing; and so effectively real became the indigo of her tones that Columbia signed her up at KHJ, George Olsen featured her in his Culver City club, Ted Fiorito took her career under his wing.

Then two years of endlessly strenuous work did something comforting for Vera Van. They brought success and they gradually made some of the old hurt go away.

It all disappeared, glorious event, when Vera first found herself seriously attracted to a young executive of a Los Angeles publicity firm. She hadn't wanted to love again after that first time. She vowed to herself on many a tear-wet pillow that she was done with romance. Done forever. But suddenly she couldn't seem to run away from the feeling in her heart.

A sure love this time. It would be different, for he had said so. No pain or leave-taking. He was older, settled financially and sentimentally. He was certain and she could be certain of him. He was thoughtful and more gentle, in the way men acquire when they approach thirty-five. And even if he hadn't been all those things Vera would have loved him anyway; for she was, at eighteen, so ready for romance when he happened along.

And so they were to be married. Life, between her broadcasts, was a thrilling series of blueprints and trousseaux and recipes and invitation lists.

IT'S hard to think that four months could really break up a romance so far progressed as theirs. But four days is long enough for little lies and pretenses to do their work. Vera discovered, first through friends and then through her own insight, that the man she was about to marry wasn't really the delightful mutual-interest companion he had pretended to be; not in any large inadequacy, but just in tiny things. For instance, he hadn't really enjoyed the things she liked—his reading Dickens aloud to her, their mountain hikes, attending concerts and dance recitals. Frankly he'd been bored stiff! He confessed so to his intimates. But he had pretended to enjoy those things in order to win her consent.

I am glad Vera was young and il-

[Continued on page 73]

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That "Boy and Girl" Act, BURNS and ALLEN



One who "remembers them when" contributes this lively word etching of the team of Burns and Allen

By SALLY BENSON

WHEN Vaudeville died, the good people went to Hollywood and the bad people went—well, this is the story. By the middle of February everything in the little town in Connecticut where I live shows only faint signs of life. The drug store, not the one that fills prescriptions but the one with the soda fountain and the magazine stand, closes by nine o'clock in the evening. And old man Parmelee, who sits in the corner near the candy counter all day, has to be bundled up and sent home. Joe, a half-breed Indian boy, closes up the store and walks three miles back country to the wooden shack where he lives with his grandmother. By half-past nine the only lights on the street are the lights from the telephone exchange and the lights from a few trucks on the main road clanking their way through to Boston.

Every Saturday night we have a movie. It keeps the townspeople from going mad and cleaning out their neighbors with axes. And on one particularly

depressing Saturday night, we had a magician and the magician had an assistant. The magician made a Pomeranian dog disappear and he ran his assistant through with a large threaded needle. There is no piano in our theater, so when the magicians' assistant came out between tricks and announced that he was going to dance, we were thrown into deeper gloom. He was a hard-boiled young man in a sailor suit and he talked out of the side of his mouth. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "I am now going to show you the dance I interdooced in the Palace theater, Noo Yawk." And he did. And it didn't panic us. We all went home and cried ourselves to sleep.

I was a vaudeville fan. I suffered with the men with the shiny Indian clubs who opened the show because everyone talked throughout their act. I stayed until the bitter end, when people put on their hats and coats and walked out on the animal act. I still have some paper plates that Arthur Bedini tossed out

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 (1) Fascination
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A single drop lasts a week!

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To pay for postage and handling send only 20c (silver or stamps) for 3 trial bottles. Only one set to each new customer. 20c!

Redwood Treasure Chest: Contains 4—50c bottles of perfume selling at \$2.00 an ounce—(1) Hollywood Bouquet, (2) Persian Night, (3) Black Velvet, (4) Samariland. Chest 6x3 in. made from Giant Redwood Trees of California. Send only \$1.00 check, stamps or currency.
 PAUL RIEGER, 168 First Street, San Francisco

over my childish head when he played St. Louis and I was eight years old. He had been tossing china plates around and when he hurled the paper ones out into the audience, everyone gasped. It was wonderful.

A number of years ago, not a great number but not yesterday, either, I saw what we used to call a "boy and girl" act. Usually they weren't very good. The girl walked across the stage and dropped her handkerchief and the boy picked it up and then they sat on a park bench in front of a leafy back drop and sang songs before they went into their dance. My mother, who sometimes went with me, always thought they were married. "I imagine they're really married," she would say. "Most of these vaudeville teams are, they say." In those days before she got to reading so much, she thought everyone was really married. Now she is not so sure.

BUT this particular team was wonderful. They did more than sing, they were hilariously funny in a brand new way. Their jokes weren't pat, they were goofy with a touch of insanity. More than a touch. I laughed at them, talked about them, forgot their names and never saw them again until they were introduced by Eddie Cantor in that famous all-star show at the Palace theater in New York. Their names were George Burns and Gracie Allen.

A woman as pretty and as feminine as Gracie Allen has no right to be funny, too. Just being pretty would satisfy most people. She is small and neatly compact. She is the type of woman who would look enchanting in a frilly apron fussing around a sunny kitchen. But she looks as though she might be a very bad cook. When I met her, I could imagine her concentrating very hard on something and getting nowhere at all, which is a wonderful illusion to be able to create. She is the sort of woman who would be very neat about her failures in the kitchen and would make up for it by being able to make her own clothes. It is her voice, mainly, that makes her seem so helpless. It is an amazingly childish voice, a voice that you might often want to choke into silence before you melted completely and gave her a cookie. It has an expectant quality, as though she were always just about to receive a birthday present or open her Christmas presents.

And Gracie Allen is a lovely dancer. Not in the *cha-boom-boom-cha-cha* manner, however. She dances a little as Julia Sanderson used to dance.

There is a patient quality in George Burns' voice, the same quality, half irritable and half kindly, that creeps into a father's voice when he is explaining something to a favorite child. When he first met Gracie Allen back stage in a vaudeville theater at Union Hill, New Jersey, and they decided to put on a vaudeville act together, it was Burns who wrote the act and Burns who was to be the comedian. But no one laughed at the answers and everyone laughed at the questions, so the parts were switched and Gracie has been the clown ever since. Now, what George Burns can't understand is, how they happen to be so popular. They have been getting off the same sort of gags for years and suddenly they found themselves at the top of the ladder. It wasn't as though they had switched things around to suit the

[Continued on page 76]

MARCH, 1935



MANUFACTURER'S NOTE:—As the result of KELP AMALT'S tremendous popularity, many inferior imitations—sold as kelp and malt preparations—are being advertised. Don't be fooled. Ask for the original, genuine KELPAMALT TABLETS. They are easily assimilated, do not upset the stomach nor injure the teeth. Absolutely guaranteed to produce results or money back.

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Rudy Vallee's Music Note Book

[Continued from page 35]

fields, such as the Coliseum, Mahatma Gandhi, Napoleon brandy, the Louvre museum, Shakespeare's sonnets—and yet he is inconsistent before his chorus finishes, because he has the Tower of Pisa when he has already stated that the Coliseum was the top among architectural designs.

All Through The Night is another *Night And Day*. Cole Porter's verse has much of the quality of the lines of *Night And Day*, and the fact that the word "night" is mentioned in the song would seem to show that he had his former success in mind as he wrote. There are those who feel it has the musical quality of parts of *The Evening Star* from *Tannhauser*. That it does seem to call it to mind I think is unquestionable, but it affords Billy Gaxton a fine opportunity to protest his love to Bettina Hall, who is the fourth star of the production.

Anything Goes is Miss Merman's chance to show just how mad the world has gone today, that what was bad yesterday is good today, that what was black in the past is white today. It is a smart song, worthy of its spot though I doubt that it will be as popular as the other three.

All the songs are published by Harms, Inc., and all of them can be played quite brightly, *You're The Top* being the only one Cole Porter feels should be played in medium tempo.

Hollywood Restaurant Songs

OUR own Hollywood Restaurant Revels of 1935 has some five songs, four of them the work of Mike Cleary and Dave Oppenheim, who gave us the tunes that helped make last year's show the source of enjoyment it evidently was to those who came. While I do not

feel that this year's show compares quite as favorably as last year's, musically we have better songs. Two of them especially worthy of mention here, have probably assaulted your ears during the past several weeks, *Out Of A Clear Blue Sky* and *Music Puts Me In The Strangest Mood*.

Out Of A Clear Blue Sky is sung by our romantic baritone, Ross MacLean, and *Music Puts Me In The Strangest Mood* is performed by a red-headed young lady named Terry Lawler. There is a third song whose lyrics amuse me greatly. They describe something about a "Free and easy Viennese-y waltz," and somehow the words "free and easy" make me smile. Mr. MacLean unites with a young, lovely Hungarian girl, Vira Niza, to sing this as a duet. The songs are published by the Southern Music Co., and should be played slowly.

Shapiro Bernstein offers *Ole Faithful* as a runner-up and substitute for this year's *Last Round Up*. It was written by two Englishmen, and they do not seem to have captured the really Western feeling that Bill Hill put into his song. However, they still have written a very creditable song.

Santa Claus

THE hit song of the month, peculiarly enough, is a crazy little thing published by Leo Feist, Inc., called *Santa Claus Is Coming To Town*. If it continues to sell as well as it did through the holidays when sheet sales per day numbered some ten or twelve thousand there will be only one conclusion—that the song is a really great song and not a seasonal one, but the chances are that with its proximity to the Christmas holidays the children insist that someone at



home purchase a copy. Personally I feel that it is far from being a *Parade Of The Wooden Soldiers* or a *Wedding Of The Painted Doll*, but who am I to dispute it when the proof of the pudding is in the eating. No song approaches its sheet music sales even by half.

The publishers of *I'm Growing Fonder Of You*, Famous Music, Inc., boast that this is Pete Wendling's best song in a long time. Pete gave us *Swinging In A Hammock*, and years ago was one of the greatest writers of them all.

Calling All Stars

IT WAS my privilege to witness the opening night of *Calling All Stars*. In fact, it was my first attendance as a first-nighter in a long time. I wish that I might heap a lot of praise on the show, as I have always liked Lew Brown and keenly admired his creative and productive powers. His work in the many George White's *Scandals* and Fox pictures, *Sunny Side Up* and many others, was unquestionably of the highest calibre, but it does seem as though the triumvirate of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, unbeatable when united, have fared not so well when separated.

Ray Henderson has not done very well alone; his score of *Say When* lacks much of the creative genius of his past writings. Buddy DeSylva's *Bottoms Up* was far from being a tremendously successful picture, and his contribution to the song-writing field has been very mediocre indeed since he left the trio. Together Brown and Henderson did some fine work. They gave yours truly a good score for the *Scandals of 1931* and together they did a good job of *Strike Me Pink*, but it does seem that the boys individually seem to show a definite need of the inspiration and help of the other two.

Certainly something was drastically wrong with *Calling All Stars*. That Phil Baker and Lou Holtz, who have always been recognized masters of their art, should permit themselves to appear in such bad black-outs is almost unbelievable, though of course opening night is always hectic and usually badly produced.

I gave the songs a careful perusal before the show, and although I did not care for them particularly I hoped that the show would win me over to them. As a result of the opening night I feel that *If It's Love* has a chance for a good radio ride and some sheet music sale. *I'd Like To Dunk You In My Coffee* will never be another *You're The Cream In My Coffee*, which may have been Lew Brown's hope ever since the trio wrote the latter song.

The publishers and Lou were especially pepped up about *I Don't Want To Be President*, but evidently by opening night they all felt, as I did, that *If It's Love* was to be the hit song of the show, if there was to be a hit song, because it was the final song for the reprise which brought in everyone. I'm afraid I can say little or nothing for the song which Miss Nielsen did with all the artistic powers she possesses—which is saying a lot—a song called *I'm Stepping Out Of The Picture*. As a ballad—yes; as a popular song—no! *I Have Nothing To Offer*, which gave Mr. Marshall his first opportunity to present his glorious thrilling baritone voice, again I feel as a ballad—yes; as a popular song yours truly feels it has little chance.

MARCH, 1935

There are two ways of looking at Dentyne



as an aid to mouth health

Long ago people got necessary mouth exercise from chewy foods — but not today. Dentyne's extra firmness supplies this vigorous chewing everyone needs . . . It strengthens the mouth muscles and also encourages the mouth to keep itself clean, fresh, toned up. Chewing Dentyne is a health habit that is often recommended by dentists and doctors.



as a delicious gum

You can recommend Dentyne because of its delicious flavor, also. Everyone will agree that its delightful spiciness is completely satisfying. Its firm chewiness makes it still more enjoyable. Your friends will be delighted to learn of such a different, distinctive gum. Dentyne, you know, comes in a handy vest-pocket package — a shape that originated with Dentyne and has identified it for many years.



DENTYNE

KEEPS TEETH WHITE · MOUTH HEALTHY

FAT GOES - OR NO COST



LOST 36 Pounds No Diets! Feels Fine!

...DETROIT LADY SAYS

● Don't envy others with their slender lovely figures. Do as this Detroit lady did. She writes: "I reduced 36 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS after trying many other methods. I had been overweight since 1920. I recommend RE-DUCE-OIDS because I found them to be harmless and not weakening in any way. They reduced me, yet I did not have to deprive myself of normal, strengthening food. Because they are in tasteless capsule form I found them easy and pleasant to take."—Miss Dorothy Lawrence, 2103 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich. Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

NURSE recommends this easy way

● Quoting a San Francisco Graduate Nurse: "In my work I have met many people who have ruined their health trying to reduce. My own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is:

RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every one of its pure ingredients, ingredients which physicians prescribe.

LOSE FAT - OR MONEY BACK

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the wonderful results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS you get your money back. You risk not one cent! START TODAY before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by Drug and Department Stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, or Stamps, or sent C.O.D.) In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

Tells "HOW TO REDUCE." Not necessary to order RE-DUCE-OIDS to get this book. Sent free.

RE-DUCE-OIDS
TRADE MARK REG.



GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. F353
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

Send me the FREE Book "HOW TO REDUCE."
If you wish RE-DUCE-OIDS check number of packages here:

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

Ed Wynn Offers You A Radio Audition

(Continued from page 13)

Cantor, and Fred Allen and a dozen others.

Don't get the idea that you are as good as you may be! Because if you do, you're going to ruin yourself. As a first rate artist you will not be conscious of your delivery. The minute you do that, you will spoil your style. You may not like to be modest about yourself, but you'll have to learn to be.

Don't live a narrow life! The world is your oyster. You'll find comedy everywhere—especially in the darkest days. Keep yourself open—receptive to life. Let it flow through you. Remember, you're an agent, transmitting to the public, your reactions—no more.

Don't be a poor business man! Be modest about your art. But insist that it be well paid.

Don't waste your time! Keep your eyes open every waking hour. Read, see people, watch situations on the street. Study the factors best suited for your style of comedy and then develop your technique.

In this connection, I'm going to explain my own. You may not know it, but I never run to a fire. (In fact, I'm nervous, and am desperately afraid of fires. The nearest I ever get to one is the end of my cigar.

I had been, on the stage, known as the Perfect Fool. As a struggling comedian, interested in bettering my art, I always resented that. I might have been a fool, but I was not perfect. (A gag, Graham!) So, I became the Fire Chief.

I WENT on the air with no little fear. I was so nervous I thought that the gasoloon tank would blow up under me any minute. And it increased with the weeks.

I learned early what timing meant in radio. I also had found out—a long time ago in show business—that humorous situations were limited; that the classic of yesterday might be the classic of today and tomorrow. I thrived on criticism—and so did the Texaco program!

But it couldn't go on forever. The gags were sound, but the spirit of the day was changing so rapidly that I had to inject a current interest into my programs.

So this year, (my third in radio) when I signed on for thirty-six weeks, I changed my entire method of presentation. I decided to present a humorous slant on big news items, something I had never done before.

Instead of burlesquing a subject in a humorous vein, I tried to burlesque a situation out of the news with a pointed line.

For instance, about every two type-written lines had a definite point. And I've tried to crowd into fifteen minutes from sixty-one to sixty-five comedy points.

I've succeeded, but the important thing is, how I learned to do this—and this is important to you who have ambitions to go on the air. I went to my public!

During the summer about twenty-four cities invited me as their guest and made me their Fire Chief. I was no longer an actor; they received me as a character. They told me I was one of them; I was a part of their families, because I was always in their homes, even though only by radio.

Do you wonder that I was elated, that I caught the spirit and was inspired to give them everything I had? It gave me a feeling of responsibility. I felt that



Two troupers who came to the top because they learned the secret of giving the public what it wants in the way of entertainment—Ed Wynn and Eddie Duchin, the pianist who supplies the musical accompaniment for the Fire Chief's broadcasts

I had to get back on the air to justify all the things they said about me.

These comments came from all classes of people, from the professional men down to the average layman and the child.

That, to the comedian, or any artist, is one of the most powerful factors in his success—keeping that human touch!

Remember this: A person is not a success because of what he has to offer to the public; success comes as the result of how the public reacts to what is offered!

YOU will find this fact more important as you go along in the entertainment field. And you must keep pace with the public taste.

This means that you cannot isolate yourself from people for long. You cannot live in an ivory tower! And you cannot sit back smugly and rest on your laurels after your first little success!

You must keep that common touch at all times! You must study constantly how best to put it over! And you must be in there fighting to see that it does get over! Otherwise, you will be caught in the backwash. And the field of radio is strewn with the blasted hopes of those who "thought they had it," but let down too soon.

When I was a youngster, I used to run away from school to haunt the theaters. Now, I don't advise you to do that, because I do not think that it is necessary in this day and age to use such "outlaw" means. You, I believe, have it easier in one way—the entertainment field has widened; it is at your door.

Not that it is any easier today—perhaps it is a little more confusing, because of so many opportunities. But the fundamentals are the same. You have to learn from the ground up—one way or another.

I spent ten or twelve years in vaudeville and with repertoire companies—the hardest kind of schooling—but I learned from the ground up! If you think that all you have to do to be a comedian is to be funny, perish that thought! Your natural talent is Heaven-sent. On the other hand, it will not be of any use to you unless you learn how to use it. You must first master it, and then build it up by feeding it.

This does not mean sheer comedy technique! You must sense and learn something of the other arts of entertainment. For instance—and this is little known—I can play seven musical instruments (and hold a card in the Musicians' Union), piano, violin, cello, saxophone, accordion, trombone and clarinet. In my career in the theatre I have done straight drama, comedy, tap dancing, high-diving, a magician's act, mind reading and acrobatic work.

This does not mean that you have to master all of these. Follow your own path. But you must feed your talent. And one dish doesn't make a meal!

ALL of which gets us down to the main message I have for you. It's easy enough to give advice. It's easy enough to teach—from a distance. I can hear the criticism (I wouldn't be an artist if I couldn't)—"Oh, Wynn is sitting on top of the radio world, and he can tell others how to do it!"

If that is what leaps into your mind, you probably won't be interested in what

[Continued on page 67]

MARCH, 1935

HELP KIDNEYS

*.. don't
take drastic
drugs*

Good Kidney Action Purifies Your Blood—Often Removes the Real Cause of Getting Up Nights, Neuralgia, and Rheumatic Pains—Quiets Jumpy Nerves and Makes You Feel 10 Years Younger

A FAMOUS scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles." If poor Kidney and Bladder



Dr. T. J. Rastelli

English Doctor Praises Cystex

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor of Science, and Surgeon of London, England, recently wrote: "Without hesitation I am happy to pronounce Cystex one of the finest remedies I have ever met with in my long years of medical practice. Your formula is one which any fair-minded physician will at once recommend for its definite benefits in aiding the treatment of many common Kidney and Bladder disorders. When Kidneys fail to function thoroughly and acids are permitted to accumulate, there obviously follows an irritated condition. The patient complains of scalding pain, backache, headache, indigestion, poor sleep, no appetite, nervousness and an all-tired-out feeling. Cystex counteracts the excess acidity, relieving the uncomfortable sensations within a very short time and flushes out the Kidneys and Bladder. For men and women, Cystex is of importance in helping to regulate these important functions, and particularly since it is safe and harmless. I am delighted to lend my name to endorse so meritorious a prescription."—Signed, T. J. Rastelli, M. D.



functions cause you to suffer from any symptoms such as loss of Vitality, Getting Up Nights, Backache, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Lumbago, Stiffness, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting or Itching Acidity, you can't afford to waste a minute. You should start testing the Doctor's Prescription called Cystex (Pronounced Siss-tex) at once.

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unfailingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It works fast, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out Acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success the Doctor's Prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers from poor Kidney and Bladder functions under a fair-play guarantee to fix you up to your complete satisfaction or money back on return of empty package. It's only 3c a dose. So ask your druggist for Cystex today and see for yourself how much younger, stronger and better you can feel by simply cleaning out your Kidneys. Cystex must do the work or cost you nothing.

Cystex
{Say Siss-TeX}

It's

Guaranteed



OLD FOLKS SWEAR BY Safe, All-Vegetable LAXATIVE



Constipation Ceased To Be a Problem 20 YEARS AGO

NO TRYING "after 40" intestinal sluggishness for them! Safe, all-vegetable Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) are their secret for keeping fit, free from the headaches, biliousness, colds, and conditions that distress so many older people.

It means so much to you, to use the right laxative. One that treats the system kindly—containing no phenol derivatives. One that works right with, not against, nature. One that cleans the whole intestinal tract, yet with gentle, natural action. Altogether they spell one thing—an all-vegetable laxative. Any doctor will tell you. A fair trial of Nature's Remedy will convince you. That vigorous, refreshed feeling—the clear head, the improved digestion, the sense of well-being, tell the story. Plus the fact that you don't have to increase the dose, for they're non-habit forming. The box of 25 tablets only 25c at any drug store.

FREE 1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples **TUMS** and **NR**. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Desk 108-CAA, St. Louis, Mo.

Nature's Remedy GET A
NR TO-NIGHT TOMORROW ALRIGHT **25¢ BOX**

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

A NEW SKIN!



Read This Free Offer! In 3 Days

—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time, as stated by the legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new free treatise called **"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS"** which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this paper. So worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address to **MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES**, Dept. 387-W, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell friends.

BE POPULAR!

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO BY EAR*

NO NOTES · NO SCALES · NO EXERCISES / **COURSE**

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in **THIRTY DAYS, TEN LESSON METHOD** sent postpaid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.50 plus postage. **NOTHING MORE TO BUY.** Be your own **TEACHER!** Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free.

MAJOR KORD, Dept. F-3, DEL RIO, TEXAS. **COMPLETE**

America Gives Lady Peel the Air

[Continued from page 33]

After that, Miss Lillie became one of the city's favorite adopted daughters. She played here for several years in various musical shows, alternating with appearances on the London stage. In between times, she carried on her domestic life as a Lady Peeress and Proud Mother just as successfully as she conducted her professional life. She is as much at home entertaining royalty as she is behind the footlights. But giving a dinner party for British nobility is a matter of no more importance to her than issuing invitations to her innumerable American friends for one of her famous "At Homes" in New York, for in equal proportion to the affection with which New York took her to its heart, she returned the compliment, and several years ago bought herself a home in the city.

IT IS a charming co-operative apartment on East End Avenue, in the same building and on the same floor where two of her dearest friends, Charlie MacArthur and his wife, Helen Hayes, live. In fact, they were the ones that persuaded her to buy it. The East River flows directly beneath her windows, and she spends just as much time living in these quarters as she does in London or on the ancestral country estate of her late husband, Lord Robert Peel.

The apartment is filled with lovely old English furniture. Antiques that would make a collector's mouth water. She brought them all over from England, and now she feels certain that she has made a big mistake.

"Look," she cried, and at the distress in her voice, one could tell immediately that here was a matter of major importance to her. "The steam heat in this

place has just ruined most of my pieces. See how the veneer is cracking. What am I going to do?"

"That never happened while they were in England," she continued. "You know we live in homes over there that never get as much heat as I do here in this place. I think I shall have to send them all back, and try to sub-let the apartment and move into a hotel. Besides, that old debbil maintenance keeps me nearly crazy. I don't know why I ever let Charlie and Helen persuade me into taking on such a responsibility. But their place is so lovely, and anyway, I'm just milk in the hands of my friends—"

"Speaking of milk," I interrupted gently but firmly, "suppose we sit down and you tell me all about that new contract of yours. I hear you're getting the record radio salary—is it true, and how much?"

She grinned impishly. "Can't tell you that," she replied, "but it's a good one all right, and after working before the mike over in London for the large sum of two hundred dollars a broadcast, I should feel like your Jessie James, I suppose—but somehow I don't," she added with a smile.

"THAT was the top price, too," she continued. "You see, there are no commercial programs in England. The government owns the broadcasting station. It gets a tax of ten shillings from everybody in the kingdom who has a radio, and it runs the stations with this tax. The British Broadcasting Company is supposed to be the richest one in the world, and it is all because of this tax. But they never allow any commercial sponsors. And if you want to make any

[Continued on page 68]



"And now fifteen minutes with the hill-billies"

Ed Wynn Offers You a Radio Audition

[Continued from page 65]

I am going to offer you. In fact, those who are sincerely interested in making a success in radio undoubtedly never had this thought enter their mind.

But, if you have what it takes—I will help you!

There are no strings attached to this. I have offered to the Editor of RADIO-LAND to give any, or all RADIO-LAND readers a free audition in New York.

I will devote an entire day to the many of you who feel that you have something to offer radio. The National Broadcasting Company will generously donate a studio and I will tell you, first, whether you have a future or not.

Second, if you have, I will try and give you the benefit of my experience.

Third, I will try and tell you just where you are weak, what you have to build up, and what your chances are of succeeding.

Fourth, if there are any phenomenons present, you may be placed on the air immediately.

But there is one warning: Be sure of yourself before you write me, in care of the Editor of RADIOLAND.

Every letter will be given my personal consideration. I want to know your age, background, experience and hopes. Go as far as you like in the letters. I'm sympathetic!

All of these letters must be in by March 1. Address them to Ed Wynn, care of RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Once I have gone through them, a date will be set, convenient for all of you, for an audition in Radio City in New York.

I feel that those of you who are confident that they have a future are the ones I will want to hear.

You'll be given plenty of time to reach New York.

So send in your letters.
It's your big opportunity!

Why this generosity on the part of Ed Wynn? We'll answer that question for him—he feels that through his long experience in radio and the theater he is in a position to aid others who aspire to success, and his only purpose is to be helpful. Nothing would please him more than to be the discoverer of tomorrow's stars of the networks.

A de luxe Dessert..easy!



EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

- 2 tablespoons butter, melted
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- 2 cups graham cracker crumbs
- 3 eggs, separated
- 1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- Grated rind of 1 lemon
- 2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

● Tender and moist and delicately flavorful inside, and nice and crumbly outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it! ● But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Poolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. FWG-35, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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(Print name and address plainly)

**Borden
Quality**

So Easy to Play

What a thrill—I love a Sax!



... and I've had it only a week

● Popularity! Step right into it with a P-A Sax'. No failures. Learn quickly. Play tunes first week. Join a dance band in 90 days. Only P-A assures such rapid progress. Easiest blowing, fingering; most beautiful tone. See your P-A Dealer, or write direct. No obligation. Easy terms. Write today. 1154

PAN-AMERICAN
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Moderate Price

Women! Earn up to \$22 in a Week!

SNAG-PROOFED HOSE
WEARS TWICE AS LONG!
SHOW FREE SAMPLES



Easy! Call on Friends

Yes! RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery bills cut in half! Every woman wants SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual samples hose we'll send you, FREE. Take orders from friends, neighbors. No experience necessary.

INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!

New service! Hosiery to fit extremely tall and short women! No extra charge. Write for details.

Your Own Silk Hose FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE

Make big money in spare time—easy. Rush name at once for complete equipment containing TWO ACTUAL FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but send your hose size. Do it now.

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. H-61, Indianapolis, Ind.

APPROVED WAY TO TINT



Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

Used and approved—for over twenty-three years by thousands of women. Brownatone is safe. Guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need.

Brownatone is only 50¢—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee, or—

SEND FOR TEST BOTTLE

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

272 Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky

Please send me Test Bottle of BROWNATONE and interesting booklet. Enclosed is a 3c stamp to cover partly, cost of packing and mailing.

State shade wanted

Name

Address

City State

Print Your Name and Address

America Gives Lady Peel the Air

[Continued from page 66]

money doing radio work in London, you have to go to Luxembourg or Paris. They are the nearest stations where they have sponsors willing to pay for advertising their products.

"Of course the ordinary routine of broadcasting is the same as over here—but the thing that scares me to death is material. Thirteen weeks is a long time, and I have to have a lot of songs, a lot of new stuff to say to try to make laughs, and I honestly don't know how it's going to work out. Where am I going to get it? On the stage, if you are in a success, you do all the hard work beforehand. You say the same fool things, but with this—I can't do it. I've simply racked my brains trying to find the answer.

"SHALL I be the same character all the way through? A sort of a sour female 'Uncle Don'—I simply adore 'Uncle Don,' don't you—I listen to every broadcast he makes—or would it be better, if I acted different characters each week? I've been working with some of my friends who write. They've been simply wonderful to me—offered to help me all they can because they realize what I am faced with. Noel Coward has promised to write me some new songs. Others have promised to give me some new ideas, but I think that I shall probably work out my own material."

She settled back against the cushions of her couch. Her tiny feet swung several inches from the floor, she is so small and slight. She reminds one of a feather—she can't possibly weigh more than ninety pounds, and one wonders where she gets the vitality and energy necessary for the arduous nature of her work.

"I want to have a butler—and call him 'Hoo-per,'" she continued. "Can't you imagine what I could do with a name like that in a sketch. I also thought of butting in and out of the program—interrupting everybody—announcing things all wrong—you know, a sort of Mrs.

Malaprop. Do you think that would be a good idea?" she asked earnestly.

"It is the first time in my life that I've been scared," she added quite seriously. "I don't mean 'mike fright,' because I've been on the air several times here with Rudy Vallée, but frightened as to whether or not the radio listeners are going to like me for so long a time. The thing that scares me most is not being able to see them. I do my best work on the stage because I always contact the audience and put in a lot of stuff as I go along with the scene. If I find the people out front sympathetic—then I become inspired and work hard. The more laughs I get from them, the harder I work, and I improvise as I go along—not only with dialogue, but with gestures, with little stage businesses that come to me on the spur of the moment. That is why I love the stage more than anything else. And that is the thing that scares me most about the radio. I don't know whether I am going over well or not.

"The other night on Rudy's program, I sang that English concert hall singer's version of *Down South*—you've heard me do it before, and I received telephone calls and letters for several days after the broadcast from people who seemed to like it. The audience in the studio laughed as if they enjoyed it, also. Perhaps if they let me have an audience for my own broadcasts I'll be able to do better work. At the moment I'm not sure about anything."

"I'm all mixed up," she continued. "I have been ever since my last engagement on the stage. I've been offered some movie work, but they want me to sign a contract for a year. You know I made a couple of pictures, and they were simply terrible. I can't understand why they want me to go out to Hollywood now. Charlie MacArthur and Ben Hecht want me to do a picture for them. As a matter of fact, I was all set for it when

New AMAZING LIQUID DISCOVERY

Whitens
Teeth Instantly



TARTAROFF, a new secret formula makes your teeth pearly WHITE and sparkling instantly. Removes all tobacco and food stains. Absolutely SAFE and harmless. Not a tooth paste. Apply a little on a tooth brush. And even before you replace the cork in the bottle, all yellowness will vanish and your teeth will have that pearly whiteness which everyone admires. At all druggists or send 25c for full size bottle to

TARTAROFF COMPANY
1640 Fulton St., Dept. F-3, Chicago, Ill.

TARTAROFF

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Enric Madriguera, popular radio orchestra leader, at extreme right, sits in at a game of bridge with—from left to right—Ethel Merman, William Gaxton, and Drusilla Strain of the cast of *Anything Goes*, the new Broadway musical comedy hit

Noel Coward came over the other day from Europe. I was lunching at Twenty-One with Charlie and Ben, and Noel walked in. I told him I was going to do a movie for the boys, and he said: 'I'll do one for you two if you will write it.' Well, they fell on his neck and they are going to start shooting next week—you know how those boys work—no sooner said than done with them, and mine has been put off until they're through with Noel. I'm so mad I could boil them both in oil.

"BUT I really don't mind," she laughed. "If I can find a play I'm going back on the stage immediately. I could do it so nicely along with my radio work. I came over last summer to do a play—had my contract all signed, started rehearsals, and landed in a hospital. Had to have a major operation, and after that was over, a couple of blood-transfusions, I was so ill. Of course, all my male friends volunteered to donate their blood, but I decided I might be handicapped for the rest of my life if I went around with my veins full of Dry Martinis—so I thanked them very kindly but refused. When I came out of the hospital, the show was in full swing—and I haven't found a suitable manuscript since."

On the wall facing us was a large portrait of a young boy painted in full length, and looking down at us with the grave, serious eyes of adolescence. Miss Lillie looked at the picture.

"That's my son," she said. "Sir Robert Peel. He's fourteen now, and in school at Harrow. Isn't he sweet?" she asked simply.

If you can imagine a more incongruous combination than the actual physical appearance of Miss Lillie, and that fond look of eternal motherhood which her eyes held at that moment, I'd like very much to know what it is. With her face turned towards the picture, the famous Lillie profile came into view. It has been caricatured so many times one doesn't have to look for the name of the subject any longer anywhere it crops up. She looks for all the world like a young boy herself, and indeed has been taken for one on many occasions—particularly in the summertime, when strolling about the countryside clad in her shorts and open-at-the-throat boy's shirt. Her dark hair is closely cropped and has been worn this way for so long that no one can remember what she looked like with a conventional feminine coiffeur. Her eyes are a dancing, laughing, twinkling blue, and the celebrated turned-up nose, the turned-up small mouth and pointed chin give her a Puckish appearance as individually distinctive as Charlie Chaplin's mustache.

A SOPHISTICATE to her fingertips, she has rightly earned an envious reputation for being one of the wittiest women in the public eye. Her wise-cracks, her repartee, her practical jokes on friends, and her satire—all have become by-words in her profession.

"Why don't you take the part of a Lady Ambassador from England for your broadcast, sent over to settle the debt question," I asked as I arose to take a most reluctant departure.

"That's a very good idea," agreed Miss Lillie promptly. "An excellent idea, and I could end up by borrowing more money, and taking it home with me when I finished. It would be too lovely, don't you think?"

MARCH, 1935



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2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. No drawings will be returned.
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Radio Slang

By HILDA COLE

RADIOLAND has its own slang, a peculiar lexicon which would seem confusing, not to say inexplicable, to the newcomer. For instance, if you saw an announcer step calmly up to a "mike" and, without any warning whatever, abruptly articulate "Woof," you would probably be startled, and even jump to the horrified conclusion that he was in the first stages of hydrophobia. Nevertheless, his playful barking has a meaning of intrinsic value to radio. Likewise, you would be puzzled if you heard it mentioned that a soprano was "doing sixties" or "Walloping the V. I." (an unforgivable sin in radio). And we venture to add that it would doubtlessly be Greek to you if you should overhear a production man muttering "give it more hop." Therefore, the purpose of our glossary, offered below, is to steer you on the right track in radio hieroglyphics.

LITTLE RED GOD. The sacred deity of radio is the red second hand of the studio clock, to whom all performers are deferential in timing their performances.

ON THE NOSE. All good radio programs, the kind that go to heaven, begin, and are concluded, "on the nose"—that is, the exact minute of the quarter hour bordering the broadcast.

WOOF. A sound chosen for its even tenor and brevity, used for two purposes. (1) to be uttered as a voice level test by announcers so that the engineer in the control room may locate his "peak" on the "V. I." (we'll tell you about that later).

(2) Time check. When an announcer is heralding a program originating from a remote point (not in the studio) such as a dance orchestra, naturally he must check his watch accurately with the clock in the Master Control Room at the station, time being the reigning element in broadcasting. The announcer, seated, for instance, at a microphone, near the bandstand of the Hotel Taft, is in touch, prior to the broadcast, with the Master Control Room engineer. His own watch says twenty-six minutes after one. The announcer will inform the Control Room that it is "coming up for twenty-six and a half," and when the hand on his clock reaches the exact second, he will say "Woof." If it checks accurately with the studio clock, his troubles are over.

NEMO. Any remote point. Don't ask us why. How high is up?

V. I. or Volume Indicator, is a little needle that jumps nervously around in a glass disc on the control board panel, registering voice volume or band level. No well modulated radio voice ever "kicks" the V. I. over "twenties," and if the sensitive little needle jitters up to "sixties," the singer is "socking it."

WOLF. A "wolf" is a saxophone with a bad reed, or any other instrument which reverberates raucously and unmercifully.

PEAK. The little V. I. needle jumps to various "peaks" according to the sound volumes "picked up" by the "mike." Before each program the engineer adjusts the instruments so that the voice should not normally ride over a certain "peak" to broadcast properly. In other words, he "checks the peak."

SWITCHOVER. A switchover from one studio to the next, or from a remote point to a studio, is made at the conclusion of each broadcast.

Q. S. T. or "Quiet, Stand By," is a signal to all stations of a network to stand by in readiness for a special broadcast or news flash. This warning is issued over private wires.

STAND-BY. There must always be a "stand-by" in the studio while a program, originating from a remote point, is on the air. In case the remote broadcast should fail, a program would be substituted by the stand-by orchestra or pianist.

DEAD AIR. Pause in, or loss of, program.

DEAD MIKE or HOT MIKE depends upon whether the mike is fed juice by the control room engineer.

PIPING. Programs are frequently "piped" to an audition room before they are put on the air to be reviewed by its sponsors or studio executives. Many trial programs, that never travel over the airwaves, are "piped."

STRETCH IT or SNAP IT is an announcer's way of saying he must draw out a closing announcement or hurry it up, in order to finish "on the nose."

FADEOUT or FADE IN may apply either to fading a program on or off the air, or blending a theme song with an announcement so that one dies gently when the other begins.

GIVE simply means "go ahead," and is accompanied by an imperative gesture from the production man to the announcer.

CUT IT or switch off the mike, is also accompanied by a throat slitting gesture.

An announcer has four terms in which announcing style is directed.

GIVE IT MORE LIFE, means to end the announcement with a rising inflection.

PUNCH IT—Present it with staccato urgency and speed.

SALVE IT—Make it smooth, silky and unctuous.

SOB IT—Beg the audience to like it.

BURBLE. To burble is to mix words up beyond repair, such as "good ladies evening and gentlemen of the audio radiance," instead of the usual greeting, "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience."

LOGGEN. A production man keeps a log, or record, of each program that goes on the air. If an announcer makes a "burble" he is "logged" for it, which means that his tongue twister is on permanent record.

CLOCK IT. Clocking means simply to time a separate selection, an announcement, or an entire program, with a stop watch for accuracy.

SHOOT ACROSS means simply to talk across, not into the mike.

TAKE IT AWAY. An expression used by one speaker in a remote point who wishes to indicate to an ensuing speaker that the air is his.

BRING IT UP. Give the microphone more voice, more instrument.

SCRAP IT or PAD IT is a continuity expression meaning to eliminate or to enforce part of it.

CRANKING AGAIN means to twist the instrument so that the V. I. needle will "hop" more. Don't ask us why. We don't know.

STAR THAT WORD. Emphasize it, or plant it.

TROW IT AWAY. Say it casually.

RADIOLAND

Abe Lyman's Love Triangle

[Continued from page 32]

right on top of that came another wire to Abe from Sioux City, Iowa.

"Appreciate your sweet thoughts which prompted your sending wire which greeted me on arrival, all tired and lonesome. Hearing your voice last night (that's when Lyman grabbed the long-distance) helped make me very happy and feel very lonely. Anxious get your call tonight, Love, darling."

And the very next night came her note:

"You're spoiling me, darling, for now I want to hear your voice constantly. So thrilling. Will be here today but motor to Omaha tonight. Will wire you. Much love, precious."

Wires breathing such loving words as "precious," "darling," and "sugar" continued to burn up the wires of two telegraph networks.

YET Lyman in New York is seen night after night in the local night clubs with sundry pulchritudinous damsels of radio and stage fame while Miss McCormick continues to give out interviews to the press concerning her high regard for the Corporal!

A lady reporter from one of the large metropolitan newspapers interviewed Lyman on the question of marriage. He was asked why he still remained a bachelor, although ladies, titled, wealthy and beautiful, have been attracted to him.

This was Lyman's answer which was published shortly after:

"Music and marriage don't mix. An orchestra leader who draws a large percentage of his following from the feminine sex has no right getting married."

So you see, with an attitude like that, no one can say whether Abe Lyman is going to marry or not. Radio stars have been known to make such statements as "I'll never marry," and before the ink is dry to take a wife unto themselves. Thus far he has retained his status as one of radio's most eligible bachelors.

COME to think of it, orchestra leaders more than any other folk in radio seem to avoid marriage—and that's strange when you consider the number of charming women whose hearts beat faster when their favorites strike up the band in a waltz or tango. Lyman's dreamy music in particular has won him a feminine following second only to that of Wayne King—and there are those who insist that he has outstripped Wayne in popularity.

What do other orchestra leaders think of this marriage business? Maybe we'll find the answer by going down the list. Lennie Hayton is unmarried. So is Ozzie Nelson and Ben Bernie. On the other hand, Don Bestor and Paul Whiteman and Jack Denny and Fred Waring are happily married.

So you'd better watch Abe Lyman. Any one of these days you're likely to pick up the paper and read that he's dashed off and bought himself a marriage license. Even with a Canadian Mountie as opposition in his particular love triangle, a man like Abe is not to be perturbed. He grew up in the "get your man" tradition himself. He used to be a taxi driver!

MARCH, 1935



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Romance-Wreckers I Have Known

[Continued from page 27]

trying to impress everyone that they know what it's all about. Succeeding in impressing no one except the boy friend, who can't quite reconcile this vampish, artificial person with the sweet girl who strummed a ukelele on the beach with him last summer.

"I think," Ozzie said after a little while, "outdoor ballrooms, the kind they have in the Middle West, show up girls to their best advantage.

"There, they seem their natural selves. I get a kick out of seeing couples on these dance floors. They're not tuned up to any artificial atmosphere; they seem to like each other, and the place where they go to dance becomes of secondary importance."

WHICH brought us down to the subject of drinking. We've all seen them—girls who try to run up a record on drinking because they think it's the smart, worldly thing to be able to do.

"They're little fools," Ozzie said, "and the trouble is none of them seem to realize it until they've lost out.

"I've seen boy friends plying them with drinks, winking slyly at each other when the girls weren't looking. And those girls believing they were making a big hit with the boys, trying to keep up an unbeatable record. . . .

"Smart alec girls is the way I think of them. You find that sort of romance-ruiner mostly in the college towns. They've heard of the reputation college fellows have for liking sporty, devil-may-care girls who can hold their own with the crowd. And the strange part of it is this: those girls aren't really sporty. They are just as nice and normally romance-seeking as any of the girls who walk to the marriage license bureau every day. Only they try to live a false rôle. And in doing so they are losing out in the long run."

Right there I thought I might put in a word of defense for my own sex. For I have seen girls like that. I know plenty of them personally. Nice girls who think they have got to act the smartly to attract these eligible young bachelors.

"It seems to me," I said, "that an awful lot of your college boys leave the nice, mild-mannered girls sitting at home listening to the radio music instead of taking them out to dance. So please tell me what this vast army of nice girls are supposed to do to attract these young eligibles?"

OZZIE looked at me a little bewildered. He is a young, good-looking college man himself. And my inquiry seemed to bring back a few personal memories of his own.

I recall the evening, some years back, when Ozzie Nelson was invited on a party with some friends. They were pairing off girls and Ozzie made it plain he wouldn't go unless he could bring a girl of his own choice.

So when he showed up, the girl was not the sweet girl graduate who embroidered tidies for recreation, but rather a dazzling creature who simply stunned everyone when she appeared at the party.

I recalled the little incident and Ozzie wasn't the least bit flustered.

"She was a nice girl, wasn't she?" he asked.

"She certainly was. But you must admit she was not the shrinking violet type," I grinned.

"You're thinking of her clothes," he reminded me. "Yes, she was dazzling all right. All the fine feathers of a peacock out to attract its mate. But you'll agree there was instinct in that. Once a fellow was attracted, he found her a delightful, charming, well-mannered companion."

And I had to agree Ozzie was right. That girl looked sirenish but she had the demeanor of a thoroughbred.

"HAVE you ever met the kind of girl who goes out with a crowd and then proceeds to bore everyone with tales about herself? She is what I call the ego-maniac. And she is as much of a romance-wrecker as the baby talker," Ozzie smiled.

"It's a species of its own. You can't be an orchestra leader and watch the crowd night after night without seeing that type of girl.

"She wants to go home when everyone else wants to stay. She's the girl who wants to stay for just a few more dances when the boys are dying on their feet and thinking of how early they've got to be at the office next morning."

Ozzie's telephone kept interrupting as we chatted. And from what I gathered there were more than a few girls trying to date him up.

"There are a lot of girls who haven't discovered their real medium of attractiveness, so they get off on the wrong track," Ozzie reflected. "I mean the girl

[Continued on page 75]

Ozzie Nelson's Recipe for Romance

- Don't embarrass the boy friend in public with a baby-talk line.
- Don't fall out of character to become a vampish siren the minute you enter a sophisticated atmosphere.
- Don't try to establish a large-capacity reputation for drinking.
- Don't talk about nothing but yourself.
- Don't be stubborn about having your own way.
- Don't go in for extremes in dress.
- Don't be recklessly flirtatious.
- DO be yourself.

Vera Van's Love Story

[Continued from page 59]

lusioned enough to realize that after they were married it would matter more than ever before. I am glad she had nerve enough to buck the humiliation and sorrow of a second disappointment, wrap a shattered, sensitive heart in determination and leave for San Francisco and the contract she'd been offered there.

Finally, by dint of hard work, there came New York and the great air hit Vera has made of herself. In addition, her personal appearances are rated with being as big a drawing card as any of the torch singers. Theaters she plays don't even attempt a down-to-the-minute schedule when she's on the bill. No telling how many encores will be demanded of Miss Van before they can dark out for the feature picture. She's had talkie offers by the score; she's made successful shorts. Yes, New York has given Vera Van everything, finally. *Every single thing but love.*

A CROWDED date book (even some of the eligibles of Byrd's South Pole Expedition have flopped for her voice and woo her by radio telegraph) is a pretty poor substitute for a One Man, the mere sound of whose voice can make a girl's whole world sing. Clothes and cars and friends and young beauty are poor substitutes too when you're in the mood for romance. Vera told me, hesitantly.

I had expected her to be somewhat bitter about the past. I imagined she'd hold a perfectly justified grudge against the fate that had dealt her two such agonizing disappointments. But she surprised me by disclosing a capacity for understanding just as great as her capacity for love.

Vera Van isn't bitter or disgusted with men or through with love. She told me quite simply, "I refuse to believe that I have been cheated or that I've been any more hurt than was my share. You see, all the knocks I've gotten in my life have turned out to be things I really needed to have happen to me to make me a stronger, more independent person. So I consider that both those incidents happened for the best."

Calm, grownup philosophy, that, that doesn't whine or plead a broken heart. I liked her for it. And I had to laugh when, suddenly wide-eyed, excited and without pausing for breath, she confided that she *thinks* she's on the verge of toppling for a certain well-known singer. No names, but he's brunette and he's working with a prominent dance band in a Manhattan café, he's twenty-seven and is doing some radio work, she honestly does think she sings better when she thinks about him, he's perfectly grand, and I ought to know who she means!

By a process of elimination I could probably figure out his identity; but that wouldn't be much fun when Vera wants to keep it a secret. (Aside: They've agreed not to see each other for two months. Why? I don't know unless they're trying a separation test to see how much of the Real Thing there is in their feeling.) Vera will be miserable until she does find the Real Thing, I know that.

MARCH, 1935

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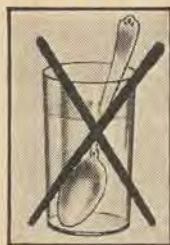
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The Friend Behind Conrad Thibault

[Continued from page 14]

went through his pieces. It was here that the rector first made friends with him, and drew him out of his shell.

Northbridge, Mass., is such a small town that everyone knows everyone else's business, and I don't doubt that the clergyman knew all about the thin, gangly child's unhappiness long before he struck up a friendship with him.

The first step was inviting Conrad to his home to listen to his collection of phonograph records, one of the most complete catalogues of good music Conrad Thibault has ever come across. By the hour, the glorious voices of Caruso, Gigli, Scotti, Jeritza and Schumann-Heink thrilled the impressionable youngster, transported him into a magic land of make believe. His host regaled him with stories of these artist's struggles, making realistic Caruso's fight against poverty, Beethoven's forging ahead in spite of all-enveloping deafness and ill-health.

CONRAD drank it all in. He, too, would be a great singer, would have the world at his feet.

"Of course," his guide agreed, "you can be a great singer, a really great man. But first you must build up your body. One cannot sing beautifully unless his body is healthy, unless he is robust, oozing with energy, so that his vitality seeps into his song.

"Don't be ashamed if you fail at first," he told Conrad time and again. "And never mind what people will say, or how they laugh at you. You go out and swim and hike and play ball. It isn't really how perfectly you do these things that counts, but how much you get out of them." So Conrad, rather falteringly at the beginning, took up athletics, and in the due course of time became strong and healthy, a match for any boy.

"I still remember how my old friend would beam when my muscles became firmer, how he would encourage me.

Even the day we boys broke a church window while playing baseball didn't daunt him!" Conrad told me.

"Meanwhile, he had begun to train me musically. He'd sit at the piano and play, while I sang. Often he'd join in. And what a mellow, lovely, sweet tenor voice he had. I used to wonder if he hadn't planned to be a singer himself, and allowed himself to be sidetracked. Perhaps that was why he was so kind to me. Maybe he was trying to fulfill his early dreams through me.

"I was shy, so he saw to it that I appeared in church plays, assuring me that I could never be a good singer unless I developed poise and self-confidence. He took every possible chance to praise me, and constantly held up visions of the happy days when I'd be famous."

WHEN the Thibault family moved to Northampton, Conrad didn't forget his friend, and came often to see him, or wrote asking advice. Even when he had a job singing in a dance band, where he made good money, the ideal his guide held up never faded, and he gave up the job as soon as he had saved enough to come to New York to study.

When he fell in love with Madeleine Gagne, as an adolescent boy, it was the wise cleric in whom he confided, and who advised waiting till they were both more mature before they married. And nine years later, in his darkest hours, when his lovely child-wife died, and believing that God himself was mocking him, Conrad was on the point of giving up his life-work, his singing, it was the ever-present influence of his wise, understanding friend that gave him courage to keep going on, to face life alone.

He still goes to that little church and its kindly pastor for guidance and inspiration.

"No matter where I go, or what I do," Conrad told me, "his example and spirit will guide me on."

Helen Jepson's Six Months of Torture

[Continued from page 15]

she became slim and tall and lovely. But the fat, tired, grieving child of thirteen never dreamed of what the Good Fairies held in store for her. Life was bleak and hopeless, she was bewildered. What could she do? "Though I tried my best, it seemed to me that I did everything wrong," she told me. "I was forever rushing to a neighbor for assistance. If it was a chicken I had to cook, or clothes to wash, I had to go for instructions. Even then, I made a grand mess at times. Once in my ignorance I starched our handkerchiefs and underwear so stiffly we couldn't use them. Another time, in making vegetable soup, I put all the vegetables in together and wondered why the tomatoes were soft and the beans hard."

WHAT made things still more different for young Helen was the fact that she also had to take care of her little

sister. When Josephine cried she was distraught and would drop everything. Let the phone ring, the food burn, the water run over and flood the house, she would be struggling to amuse the tot.

And in her childish way she hated herself for her inefficiency.

About six months after Helen's mother had died, her grandmother came to visit the Jepsons. It was she who was horror-stricken when she realized the burden the thirteen-year-old child had been bearing, and it was she who told her son, bluntly, what a hardship he was working on his beloved daughter.

Immediately, a housekeeper was hired, Helen went back to school, and the delightful companionship which exists between her and her father today, started. He sought his daughter out, tried to be sympathetic, a pal, to help her, and did all in his power to wipe away the memory of those six black months.

Romance-Wreckers I Have Known

(Continued from page 72)

who goes in for the limelight. If she isn't pretty enough or charming enough to attract men, she sometimes tries being obstinate to make herself outstanding.

"She's always out of key with everything. She wants her own way and she'll cause a scene to get it. That is a death knell to romance nine times out of ten.

"The only time I've seen romance survive that sort of act is when the fellow is already so head over heels in love, he's totally blind to her faults. But it doesn't happen that way often. The obstinate girl, trying to wedge herself into the limelight of attention, usually succeeds in edging herself right out of the picture."

Somehow, the subject of popularity veered to clothes.

Ozzie Nelson, playing on the roof garden of a New York hotel, is in a position to see some of the most smartly gowned girls; professional beauties, Park avenue debutantes as well as business girls.

"It always makes me chuckle a little to see those girls who slit their gowns to the n-th degree in their desire to be terribly fascinating.

"If only they realized it, most fellows dislike that sort of extreme thing. Not because the style is over-played but because they figure a girl who wears a dress like that is doing it to attract the eyes of other men. She's already proven herself sufficiently attractive to be asked out by the chap she is with. So why the extreme attire? To startle the others at the night club, I suppose. And that's what most fellows don't like."

WE SPOKE then of the flirtatious girl; the girl who knows she is pretty and just can't help proving it to herself by flirting with every man in the place. Quietly, subtly, to be sure. Though flirting, nevertheless, for all she's worth.

"A fellow in my place might become the most egotistical, conceited fool in the world," Ozzie smiled. "That is, unless he understood some of the rules of this love game.

"When I first began playing at night clubs I would see girls drift by my platform and look up at me with the most adoring expressions.

"Yes, I admit I fell for it—often. Then I began to learn a few things about women. You see, I'd smile back. Just as I smiled they would have turned in the dance routine and I'd be grinning right into the face of a belligerent boy friend.

"One of the more experienced band leaders tipped me off to that one night. He told me how many of those smiles were only "jealousy bait" for the boy friend. Girls timed their flirtation with an orchestra leader only to make the boy friend jealous when he thought the leader was deliberately flirting with his girl."

"But you don't mean to say there aren't any types in that vast nightly crowd who wouldn't make you look twice and perhaps smile on inspiration," I suggested.

"You're quite right about that," Ozzie said promptly. "Every fellow has his ideal girl in the back of his mind. Sometimes one of those qualities flash out

at you like lightning. And that spark could readily kindle the beginning of a romance. You may find it in just the way a girl carries herself, or in the flash of her smile or in the color of her hair or eyes. It's something indescribable."

"Tell me. What is your dream girl like?" I coaxed.

Ozzie blushed. A real, honest-to-goodness blush. And when a light complexioned, blond and handsome person like Ozzie Nelson blushes, you just can't mistake it for high blood pressure or sunburn.

"**W**ELL, I admit it," he smiled, after a moment. "I doubt if I shall ever find the girl who will meet them. And if I do, maybe she wouldn't want to be bothered with me. Anyway, I've got ideas about her. And here they are.

"I like a girl who is athletic in appearance but not in habits. I mean that I prefer one of those agile, outdoor girls with natural appearing skin and clear eyes and excellent health.

"A typical modern, up-to-date girl who dresses fashionably but not too flashy. Not the athletic girl who bores you with her scores on this or that game, but rather a girl with whom you could chum comfortably.

"I like a girl who is sincere and wholesome without being a prude. Intelligence rather than education. No majoring in bacteriology for the girl of my dreams. And most important of all, I suppose, would be the realization that she cared for me as much as I cared for her.

"Deliver me from the girl who jabsbers constantly. And from the girl who is always trying to be gay and mirthful. Or the girl who falls into a stupor of day dreaming when everybody else is pepped up. And heaven deliver every chap from the kittenish girl who baby-talks in public."

"So the girls may have a difficult time making the grade even to be popular with their own boy friends," I smiled.

"Perhaps I've sounded like a lecturer on sociology," Ozzie said. "Gosh, I hope not. I've only tried to express a few opinions as I acquired them from the orchestra platform. And I hope the girls will forgive me for dissecting them so mercilessly."

"They ought to be glad to know about those DON'TS," I suggested. "Though they might appreciate just one big DO as a guiding rule. Could you sum up briefly just one good rule any girl might follow to be a social wow with her boy friend—please?"

Ozzie wasn't sure whether I was spoofing. He looked at me evenly, then a grin spread over his good-looking face.

"Yes, I can," he said. "Here's the rule I'd follow if I were a girl. Just be myself. Because the original pattern must have been mighty interesting or the boy friend wouldn't have bothered cultivating the friendship in the first place."

Which sounds to me like pearls of wisdom. And from one who ought to know having looked over the field of romance from his nightly perch above the crowd of sentimental couples.

And there you have his recipe for romance boiled down into a nutshell.

Appetite gone?

- ✓ losing weight
- ✓ nervous
- ✓ pale
- ✓ tired



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Burns and Allen

(Continued from page 61)

times. They had their act, it was a good act, but they often were broke and wondered what to do about dinner. They still have their act and can eat every half hour if they feel in the mood.

THEY have both been on the stage since they were children. Burns was born in New York and made his debut when he was twelve years old as the oldest of four singers who called themselves the Peewee Quartet. This should have ended his career, but people were kinder in those days. Gracie Allen was born in San Francisco. Her father was a vaudeville song and dance man and after a number of years in vaudeville she finally became a featured player of Irish parts in Larry Reilly's Company. It was some time before she could get rid of her Irish brogue.

Burns and Allen played together four years as a vaudeville team before they were married. They continued to play in vaudeville in this country and made annual trips to Europe. It was on one of these trips that they made their radio debut, appearing for fifteen weeks for the British Broadcasting Company. Eddie Cantor introduced them to radio in this country on one of his Sunday night programs and from that time on the world has been theirs.

Everyone has his own idea of humor. It seems strange to me that Cantor should have to introduce Burns and Allen to a waiting public. It might have been the other way around. I have never cared for jokes. The sort of thing that starts out, "It seems two fellows were starting out on their vacations,—." Nor do I like dialect comedians. I can be a little poker face for all of Jack Pearl and Benny Rubin.

But it's a good thing I'm not a criterion because many well-known comedians would be selling papers for all of me.

EVERYONE has often wondered what he would do if he were left a million dollars or won the Irish Sweepstakes. I have often been annoyed by newsreel pictures of Ellsworth J. Mariesky of East Buffalo, New York, plumbers' assistant and winner of one million pounds. "No, sir," Mr. Mariesky announces, wrench in hand. "You don't catch me giving up my job. Although I am the winner of a million pounds, I'm going to keep right on with my same old job just as my father before me did. Money isn't everything." Smack!

So it is really wonderful to see someone with a little imagination get hold of a piece of money. Burns and Allen have an apartment on the sixteenth floor of the very nicest apartment on Central Park South. They can see miles from their living room windows; they can push buttons and ring for things; they can turn on all sorts of lights and leave them on; they can charge things; they can be difficult and send things back; they can have breakfast in bed and gardenias. I hope they do all these things. I sincerely hope they are not putting things away for a rainy day. The rainiest days are the present ones. All other days will seem like holidays in the years to come.

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AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

"We're in the Midst of War"

[Continued from page 55]

payment and if both houses pass it anyway, I'll veto it.' He's a strong man, for that stand certainly wasn't popular with organized voters. Roosevelt didn't care; if he thinks a policy is right, he'll fight for it to the last ditch, and if he considers it wrong, he'll oppose it just as strenuously.

"He has the body of a fighter, too. Though we all know of his affliction, few of us realize how he has overcome it. When I was at a hotel down in Warm Springs, Georgia, I saw a presidential car drive up. Imagine my surprise to see the President himself at the wheel, driving it. Yes, and handling an eighteen-inch cigarette holder in addition to the wheel, gas spark, clutch and brake levers. All the controls were manually operated.

"HE'S tireless, too. One night I was in his study talking to him after he'd put in ten crowded hours in the executive offices. Do you think he was all in? Not a bit of it! He was devouring sandwiches, drinking cup after cup of coffee, laughing, talking and wrestling with his big dog, Winkie, all at the same time.

"A man with his physique has to have a good appetite. He has the torso, arms and shoulders of a heavy-weight champion. His is the body of a fighter as well as the spirit. And when he's in favor of a thing, he goes all the way.

"That's why I say we're winning this war against the depression. It's licked already. With a leader like that we simply couldn't lose!"

Floyd Phillips Gibbons was born in Washington, D. C. on July 17, 1887. A few years later his father, Edward T. Gibbons, moved the family to Des Moines, Iowa, right in the heart of the United States. It was there that Floyd first went to school.

When he was about half through High School the Gibbonses moved again, this time to Minneapolis. Floyd graduated

There he got his first newspaper job—on the Daily News. The salary was \$9.00 a week. Young Floyd was covering the police assignments when the sweetheart of a murdered gangster was brought in. He stuck around while the detectives questioned her, and went back to his paper with the story only after she had been locked up for the night. His city editor already had the story, including the girl's confession, from a syndicate by that time and was furious. He fired Floyd, although the young reporter insisted the girl hadn't confessed.

Next day, the editor learned that the syndicate reporter, who was drunk, hadn't been near the police station all night. And when the syndicate sent out a retraction on the yarn, Floyd was promptly hired back again.

THE job didn't last long, for Floyd got so interested in watching a fire that he forgot to report it, and was fired once more.

He then drifted to a town in North Dakota, where he became a combination laborer and editor. The labor was shovelling wheat and stacking lumber; the paper he edited was a weekly.

MARCH, 1935

No small town was big enough to hold him, so he went to Chicago and got a job on a Socialist paper. His editor moved to the Chicago Tribune, and in a few months Floyd followed him there. Burton Rascoe, in a preface to a book on Gibbons, said that he looked like a bum when he walked into the Trib office—needed a shave—clothes shabby—that sort of thing.

Anyway, in 1915 he was in Mexico, riding with Pancho Villa, the rebel chief, and sending the story of his exploits back to the Trib. And a year later he was riding with the Americans under General Pershing, who was tracking down that same Villa—and was still writing for the Trib.

When America entered the World War, Floyd preceded the army over. He was to be in London, to report the reception of the first American contingent. It was suggested that he sail on the same boat as Von Bernstorff, the recalled German ambassador. Gibbons vetoed the suggestion; he knew that boat would be unmolested by the submarines.

Instead, he sailed on the *Laconia*. And at 10:00 p. m. of February 25, 1917, a few hours off the coast of Ireland, it was torpedoed. Thirteen lives were lost.

For six hours Floyd and twenty-two other survivors tossed in an open boat, during that icy winter night. A British mine sweeper finally picked them up. Without waiting to eat or sleep, Gibbons wired the story of the disaster to his paper. And, despite the ordeal he had undergone, he wrote such a good story that the paper reprinted it in pamphlet form.

FROM then on his life was one thrill after another. He won't talk much about his war experiences. But he must have been pretty active, for he was given both the French and Italian Croix de Guerre (both with palms, an added honor) and was made a Chevalier of the French Legion of Honor.

Another little-known fact is that his heroism cost him his left eye.

He was with the Americans at Chateau Thierry, and was creeping with them through the wheat at Belleau Wood. German machine guns enfiladed them. "The bullets sounded like bees, buzzing among the wheat," he says.

The leader of the force, Major Benjamin S. Berry, was suddenly hit. Gibbons saw him twitch and went to his aid. A bullet tore through Floyd's left shoulder. Still he crept on toward the wounded officer. Another bullet bored through the flesh of his left arm, but could not stop him. A third bullet crashed through his steel helmet, grazed his temple, tore his left eye from its socket and fractured his skull.

He was wounded on June 6, 1918—and was back with the boys, creeping out into No Man's Land with them again, less than a month later.

Yes, Floyd Gibbons, six feet and a hundred and seventy pounds of good, clean, fighting American, knows his battles. In fact, they say if he doesn't show up at a war, the two armies call it off and wait for him. So when he says we're fighting a war now, he knows what he's talking about.

I Couldn't Even



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Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

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28x4.75-19		2.45	0.95
29x4.75-20		2.50	0.95
29x5.00-19		2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05
28x5.50-19		3.25	1.15
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20		2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21		3.25	1.15
... 5.50-17		3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18		3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
... 6.00-16		3.75	1.45
... 6.00-17		3.40	1.15
30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20		3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21		3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20		3.75	1.35

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7.50-20	6.95	3.75	36x8	9.95	3.95
8.25-20	8.95	4.95	38x7	10.95	3.95
8.25-22	9.95	4.45	36x8	12.45	4.25
9.00-20	10.95	5.65	40x8	15.95	4.95
9.75-20	13.95	6.45			

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30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45

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Boake Carter

[Continued from page 43]

the intervening distance with his long, quick stride, overtook him and tapped him on the head with the wrench. Believe it or not, that's a true story—you have Boake Carter's word for it.

This future news commentator stayed in South America for several years, only to find eventually that what was a cure for one thing was the cause of another and too frequent attacks of malaria made further stay in Mexico inadvisable.

Back East again, where he exchanged the smell of oil for his old love, the odor of printer's ink, he joined the staff of the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* in 1924, writing a daily column and at the same time contributing to trade journals, fiction magazines and other publications. He still kept an eye on all the big sporting events and found time here and there to paint portraits, many of well-known Philadelphians. Then came that Rugby football game and his first break on the air.

PHILCO, his present sponsor, has operated in every way possible to give him free rein, putting no check on his words at any time. This radio news editorialist writes also his own commercial advertising and blends it in so perfectly that it is never displeasing at any time. In fact, hundreds have commented on just that, and the head of one family wrote in to say his family circle places small bets on the times when they expect Carter to usher in the commercial credit.

It has been a far cry from Baku, S. Russia... Christ's College, Cambridge... the London Daily Mail...

Boake Carter thinks that he is definitely settled in Philadelphia now... to which a lovely home, thirteen miles from the center of the city, attests, and where a charming wife and two adorable children, a boy and a girl, never miss a broadcast.

A telephone bell jangled. It snapped us into the realization that we'd been talking too long. At least, long enough we thought for Mr. Carter, since he still had his evening broadcast to prepare, which he types out word-by-word himself. "In fact," he says, "I don't like to dictate the stuff... couldn't think unless I had a typewriter at the end of my fingers."

We thanked him and departed. But we hadn't taken so many steps down the hall, before we heard the rapid click of typewriter keys. Boake Carter was in the midst of another controversy, flaying right and left with those powerful word-weapons which he commands with so much ease.

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and reveal how they created their other famous characters—watch for their story in APRIL RADIOLAND

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Why continue to suffer? Do something to secure quick relief. Write today for New Booklet—"THE LIEPPE METHOD OF HOME TREATMENT." It tells about Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Open Leg Sores, Milk or Fever Leg, Eczema, Lieppe Method works while you walk. More than 40 years of success. Praised and endorsed by thousands.

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AGENTS: Smash go prices. Santos Coffee 12c lb. 4-oz. Vanilla 8 1/2c. \$1.00 size Tonic 14c. Razor Blades 10 for 8 1/2c. 100 sticks Chewing Gum 12c. 150 other bargains. Experience unnecessary. Write Carnation Co., FC, St. Louis, Missouri.

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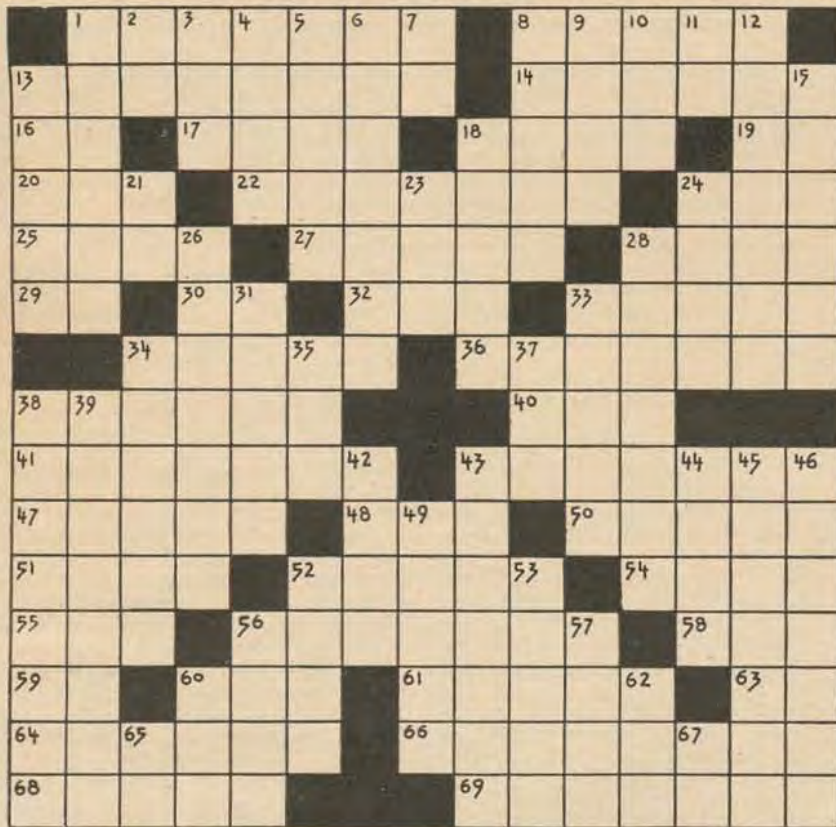
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RADIOS—22 models. 60% Commission. No-cost sample. 20th Century Co., R-1213, K. C., Mo.

RADIOLAND'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Eight names run around the edges of this puzzle. If you take them in their order, according to their dates, they will constitute a complete history of the development of radio.



ACROSS

- 1 Italian inventor (1874—), first to signal across the Atlantic
- 8 English scientist (1851—), deviser of the first wireless system based on electrical resonance
- 13 First Secretary of the U. S. Treasury
- 14 Speak in a resonant voice
- 16 Hesitant syllable
- 17 District in London
- 18 Suffixes of various chemical compounds
- 19 Theological degree
- 20 Tear violently
- 22 Ceases
- 24 Hawaiian food
- 25 Common tailless amphibian
- 27 Lets, hires
- 28 Motor-vehicles
- 29 Chemical symbol for zinc
- 30 Printer's measure
- 32 Fish-eggs
- 33 Italian poet (1493-1569)
- 34 Cooking-places
- 36 Struck
- 38 State on oath
- 40 Social insect
- 41 Gave out
- 43 In cooking, covers again with ground bread
- 47 Sums exacted for punishment
- 48 Mother of Peer Gynt
- 50 South American animal
- 51 Curved molding
- 52 Irregular masses
- 54 Rodent of Central America
- 55 Railways (abbr.)
- 56 Freedom
- 58 Japanese title of respect
- 59 Babylonian deity
- 60 Help
- 61 Not tied
- 63 Initials of Stevenson, author of "Treasure Island"
- 64 Means of ascent or descent
- 66 Permit by sufferance
- 68 Associate of Edison who investigated wireless power-waves (1857—)
- 69 Scientist who promulgated the electro-magnetic theory of light (1791-1867)

DOWN

- 1 Birthplace of President Harding
- 2 Exist
- 3 French dish cooked with rice
- 4 Lump of dried mud
- 5 Else
- 6 Lasscoers
- 7 At home
- 8 Scraped linen (pl.)
- 9 Units

- 10 Delirium Tremens (colloq.)
- 11 Proceed
- 12 Express oneself in favor of
- 13 Discoverer of electrical waves (1857-1894)
- 15 American inventor (1847-1932), discoverer of conductivity from a glowing filament
- 18 Park in Colorado
- 21 Father
- 23 Daughter of Cadmus and Harmonia (Gr. myth)
- 24 Ago
- 26 Person fanatically dedicated to a cause
- 28 Device used for capturing felines of all sorts
- 31 Cozy places
- 33 Slightly flavored or colored
- 34 Holds as an opinion
- 35 Born
- 37 Girl's name
- 38 Inventor of the three-element vacuum tube
- 39 Go out of a country
- 42 Smear
- 43 Mild censure
- 44 Poisonous tree
- 45 Insulating substance recently perfected
- 46 Inventor of the coherer, which made Marconi's system possible (1846—)
- 49 Small fish
- 52 Covers
- 53 Roman woman's garment
- 56 Italian coin
- 57 Belgian river
- 60 Be ill
- 62 Notable period
- 65 Like
- 67 Paid notice

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE



A personality perfume—new in this country, yet made from imported essential oils, centuries old in France. Five brand new, intriguing scents—just arrived in United States yet quickly discovered by Hollywood and now a prime favorite of movie stars. "Charmant" (light and airy); "A'Toi" (delicately sweet); "Nuit d'Orient" (spicy); "Elegante" (magnificent bouquet); "Exotique" (heavy oriental).

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

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$2.25	\$0.65	32x4 1/2	\$3.35	1.15
30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	32x4 3/4	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45
34x4	3.25	0.85	35x5	3.95	1.55

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES

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 3855-59 Cottage Grove Ave., Dept. 3705 Chicago

My Marriage Will Be Modern!

[Continued from page 17]

Two radio stars had simply flopped for each other like a ton of kilocycles!

IT'S strange and wonderful, they think, the way Fate seemed to have planned all along to bring them together. Muriel, who was born and has lived all her life in New York's "roaring forties," had sung and studied singing since she was a youngster. Several years ago Milton Cross, NBC announcer, invited her to fill a guest artist spot on a program. She sang one number and made the hit that has made Muriel.

Fred had sung and studied singing since he was a youngster too. He so distinguished himself in musical affairs at Florida University that an NBC announcer friend of his (can you match the coincidence of this romance?) suggested an audition. Two weeks later he was on the network as tenor of the Old Armchair Quartet.

So Cupid managed the preliminaries and Muriel and Fred did the rest after they met. They were together on the *Gems of Melody* show and with the National Light Opera Company. While Fred was doing a series on the *Our American Schools* and Firestone broadcasts, Muriel starred in *Showboat* and *Lavender and Old Lace*. You'll still hear her on them, and her fiance on the *L'Heure Exquise* program Sunday evenings. Busy, those two. But not so busy that they haven't had fun working together on the air and playing together off. And keeping it all a secret, to boot.

Purposely. Because Mary Lou justly felt that their love belonged to them alone and not to those who would doubtless publicize it if they knew.

I HEARD her, amid a fuss of congratulations and best wishes, say timidly to Lanny Ross, "I wanted so to keep it quiet, Lanny."

His answer was, "You can't, Mary Lou. Not in this business."

Lanny was right. Radio stars pay that way. So Muriel, good sport, told her intimates the things they wanted to know.

That she loves Fred for his unselfishness and his steady temperament; because he's kindly and fond of her mother

and dad and understanding and handsome. (Fred confided to me practically the same things about her, the only outstanding difference being that he loved her for looking so sweet in quaint, puffy-sleeved dresses). And both of them know their life together is going to be happy because in addition to loving each other they love the same things.

Which include Muriel's plans for her modern marriage.

First of all, she's not going to settle down to domesticity even if Fred is more than able to bring the bacon home. Radio, says she, is fun and it's stimulating; and she's worked long and hard to keep her place in it. She deserves to stay there as long as she can, even if it does mean that a maid will have to sew the buttons on Fred's shirts and broil his steaks just so.

Secondly, she's not going to be jealous. Try to imagine that you've an attractive husband who is the male star of a program with eight lovely women on it. Imagine all the rehearsal hours he's going to be around them. Then imagine again how lovely the women are and how terribly attractive your young husband is. And see if you aren't jealous. Mary Lou's not going to be. "Because I have infinite trust in him I shall never worry. Petty suspicions are needless and destructive." Good sense, that.

THIRDLY, and Fred was in on this item, *they're going to stay in love*. How? Because they've learned the things each other requires for happiness and nothing can ever, ever interfere with those things.

"It could never be worth it to let anything mar our marriage," stated Mary Lou simply.

Fred nodded his assent.

And I caught, in the glance that passed between them, the secret of it all. They know now that, apart, each of them would walk toward an empty universe. And that, where love once was, is too horrible to even contemplate. Muriel Wilson and Fred Hufsmith will stay in love, all right.

In a modern, common-sense, real marriage. Without benefit of a little white bungalow and frilly aprons and nights before a hearth. Those things will have to wait and in their place there'll be a downtown city apartment and rush and fatigue and working hours that will often clash. But Mary Lou will be to her man what's just as good as a good homemaker—a companion and a partner. And he'll learn to get as much enjoyment out of the way she sang *Only A Rose* on *Showboat* the night before as he would out of the popovers she could have baked if she hadn't been singing.

Shy little Mary Lou goes modern. I told her I sort of liked the changeover. She laughed and smiled at Fred, "Would you still love me even if I got wild?"

He grinned back, waited a moment then answered simply, "'Course, darling."

He wanted to say something much more endearing. I should have left right away. For I'm sure that my sitting there cheated Muriel out of one extra, perfectly romantic sweet nothing!

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REDUCE

With Our Newly Discovered Secret

As Much as 5 Pounds a Week



Yours For Better Biscuits

(Continued from page 41)

dry ingredients with a pastry blender. Turn in the milk. Blend briskly. Turn dough onto a lightly floured board. Knead for about 30 seconds or until mixture is no longer porous. Roll $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch thick and cut with a floured $1\frac{1}{4}$ or 2-inch biscuit cutter. Bake on a lightly greased baking sheet, in a hot oven (450 degrees F.) 12-15 minutes. (If you like a truly crusty biscuit, place the cut biscuits well apart on the tray, or sheet. If soft-sided biscuits are your weakness, set the cut circles of dough close together in a greased square cake pan, and bake.)

Brown Sugar Quick Rolls, served at a women's luncheon once fooled me into believing that I was eating a yeast bread. They're delicious. And one of the simplest of the biscuit variations:

BROWN SUGAR QUICK ROLLS

Make 1 recipe baking powder biscuit dough. Roll dough out on a floured board into an oblong sheet about $\frac{3}{8}$ inches deep. Spread with a mixture of $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar mixed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup softened butter. Roll up like a jellyroll. Cut into crosswise slices about $\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick. Lay cut side down on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven—400 degrees F.—for 20 minutes or until a light brown in color. Serve hot with coffee for breakfast, for afternoon refreshments or at a family supper.

A crisp, cold fruit salad with a biscuit accompaniment in the form of cheese sticks is a favorite with those who want to cut calories:

CHEESE STICKS

(Serve Hot With A Crisp Fruit Salad)

Sift together 2 cups sifted flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Cut in 4 tablespoons shortening. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated yellow cheese. Beat 1 egg in a measuring cup. Add milk to make $\frac{3}{4}$ cups. Blend with first mixture. Knead slightly on floured board. Roll out about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick. Cut into strips about 2 inches by 1 inch. Sprinkle lightly with paprika. Prick and bake in hot oven—about 450—for 12 minutes.

These are nice served on top of such dishes as creamed mushrooms, chicken or fish, as well as with a crisp salad.

My grandmother used to struggle for the better part of two days over a coffee cake that *did* make pretty splendid eating. But it wasn't definitely superior to a half-hour Biscuit Coffee Cake which we reserve for special "Gloomy Day" suppers:

THIRTY-MINUTE COFFEE CAKE (A Grand Supper Dish!)

Sift together 2 cups sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt and 3 teaspoons baking powder. Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening. Turn into this mixture 1 egg beaten into $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Blend thoroughly. Turn into a greased 9 inch round cake pan, spreading dough evenly. Brush top with $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons melted butter. Mix together 4 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 tablespoon flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, and sift mixture over top of dough. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) 25-30 minutes. Cut in

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wedges, while in pan, and remove separately.

Biscuit crusts are used in a variety of meat dishes, but they are most successful with meats which have been previously cooked. These Pigs-In-A-Blanket are amusing as well as delicious.

PIGS IN A BLANKET

(Do Try These! They're So Good!)

Brown a dozen fat wieners in bacon fat. Make up 1 recipe of baking powder biscuit dough, roll into a sheet $\frac{3}{8}$ inches thick. Cut into oblong pieces, and place a hot wiener in the center of each. Roll the dough around it and press edges together. (Let the wiener show at both ends. Bake on baking sheet or in flat greased glass baking dish for 15 minutes in a hot oven—400 degrees F.)

The best Chicken Pie which I ever ate was made with a biscuit crust, and after this recipe:

PERFECT CHICKEN PIE

In bottom of a greased baking dish place 3 cups of rich chicken gravy, made by blending $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chicken fat and blending with 3 cups combined chicken broth and milk—cooking until thick. Season to taste. Add the diced cooked meat from a 4-5 lb. chicken. Pour over the chicken a batter made by cutting $\frac{1}{4}$ cup shortening into a sifted mixture of 2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt. Add 1 egg beaten into 1 cup of milk and blend. Spread batter out smoothly over top of chicken. Bake for 35-45 minutes in a moderately hot oven—375-400 degrees F. Pierce with a straw to make certain that dough is baked in center of dish, before removing from oven. Serve at the table in baking dish and accompanied by a bowl of rich chicken gravy.

Tiny individual chicken pies made in individual glass baking dishes make an excellent main dish for a party luncheon. Decorate with a ring of red pepper and a sprig of parsley.

SOUR MILK, SOUR CREAM AND BUTTERMILK BISCUITS

Sour cream and sour milk are always favorite biscuit liquids. For sour milk or buttermilk biscuits omit half the baking powder in the regular baking powder biscuit recipe, add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of soda and substitute the sour or buttermilk for sweet milk, adding an additional tablespoon of milk if the sour milk is slightly thickened.

For sweet cream biscuits omit the shortening in the baking powder biscuit recipe and use *thin* cream in place of milk. Sour cream biscuits are apt to be uncertain because their success depends upon having a cream of just the proper thinness—rich sour cream makes too rich a biscuit. But with a little experimenting, delicious sour cream biscuits may be made by sifting together 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon soda and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoons salt. Blend with this $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick sour cream and $\frac{3}{4}$ cup thick sour milk. Mix, knead, roll, cut and bake as for other biscuits. They're well worth trying—the biscuit queen of the lot.



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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Will you please tell me if Anne Seymour and June Meredith are the same person?—*M. L., Bothell, Wash.*



Anne Seymour

Ans.—Positive-ly not. They both broadcast out of NBC's Chicago studios, but they are two distinct individuals.

What has happened to Gene and Glenn and why did they go off the air? Are Carole Lombard and

Guy Lombardo sister and brother?—*A. G. H., Atlanta, Ga.*

Ans.—Gene and Glenn went off the air because their sponsor discontinued the program. You will probably hear them again soon, though they have no network hour ready for announcement as yet. Carole Lombard's last name is really Peters, so you see she is no kin to Guy Lombardo.

Who is the sole owner of the Lombardo orchestra and who originated it? What are the two highest paid orchestras on the air? Who has the best orchestra on the air?—*R. G. L., Beacon Falls, Conn.*

Ans.—The Lombardo orchestra is built around the four Lombardo brothers, with Guy as chief of the clan and moving spirit. Fred Waring's band, receiving \$12,000 for an hour's show on Thursday night, is the highest paid on the air, with Paul Whiteman probably second. The best orchestra is a matter of opinion on which we don't dare to commit ourselves.

Do Tom and Fred Waring play an instrument? If so, what?—*J. J., Bloomfield Hills, Mich.*



Tom Waring

Ans.—We say they do—practically any instrument but a zither. Fred used to be a cornetist as a Boy Scout, and they certainly don't laugh when Tom sits down to the piano. He has a number of popular songs to his credit.

Will you please let me know if Oliver Wakefield, recently on Rudy Vallée's hour, is a born stutterer? I think he is.—*M. K., Oakland, Calif.*

Ans.—You can take it as practically a radio axiom that no program stutterer was born that way. It is a trick of delivery as carefully studied as the dialect affected by George Givot and Jack Pearl, and the stuttering effects are carefully planned. Roy Atwell, radio's famous vowel-twister, spends hours writing out his script with its distinctive reversals of words and syllables.

Can you please tell me if Parkacarkas, the comedian featured on the Chase & Sanborn coffee hour with Eddie Cantor, will continue to be on the air? Also, what is his real name?—*A. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.*



Eddie Cantor

Ans.—The new Cantor show which starts February 3 over the Columbia network will be fundamentally the same as the old coffee hour, and both Parkacarkas and Rubinoff will be heard with Cantor. The real name of Parkacarkas is Harry Einstein, a Boston lawyer.

Will Olsen and Johnson be on the air this winter, and if so, where from?—*L. H., West Concord, Minn.*

Ans.—At this writing no Olsen and Johnson programs have been planned.

Where can I address a letter to Jan Garber for a photograph, and also Dorothy Page?

Also the Four Mills Brothers and Casa Loma orchestra.—*R. D., Woonsocket, R. I.*



Dorothy Page

Ans.—Jan Garber and Dorothy Page can be addressed in care of the National Broadcasting Co., Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. Address the

Mills Brothers and Casa Loma in care of Rockwell-O'Keefe, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

We listen every Sunday over NBC to the most glorious voice on the air, Don Mario. Is he also on the air during the week? Was he born in Spain? Is this his first time on the air?—*J. C., Milwaukee, Wis.*

Ans.—Don Mario is heard on but one network program, the Maybel-line show which you enjoy. He is about 28 years old and is an authentic Spaniard. He is one of Hollywood's radio discoveries and he broadcasts from the West Coast. It is his first radio program.

What does Jack Arnold of the *Myrt and Marge* program do in real life? What is his name and age? Does Marge have any children?—*Listener, Black River Falls, Wis.*

Ans.—In real life Jack Arnold is a young radio actor named Vinton Haworth. He is in his late twenties. Marge has no children. In private life she is Mrs. Gene Kretzinger.

Why not tell us something of Rosaline Greene? And why two Mary Lous on the Showboat?—*E. J. C., Detroit, Mich.*

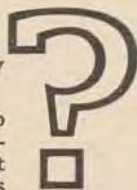


Rosalind Greene

Ans.—Look for a big article on Rosaline in next month's *Radioland*. Muriel Wilson sings the rôle of Mary Lou because of her fine musical voice; Rosaline Greene plays the dramatic

parts demanding the abilities of a finished actress.

What do you
want to know



What do you want to know about your favorite radio stars? Just drop a line to Questions & Answers, RADIO-LAND, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and the answers will be printed as soon after receipt as possible in this column.

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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."



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