

# RADIOLAND

January

15¢

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**MARGARET  
CULKIN  
BANNING  
DISCUSSES  
RADIO**

*Jane Froman*

**BING CROSBY'S ROMANTIC LIFE STORY**



They thought I was just a good dancer-



.....but I fooled them!

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



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

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

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

Send for Everlasting Aluminum Covered Recipe Book with Visible Index

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

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

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

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

THE FLOUR QUESTION  
SETTLED BECAUSE  
PILLSBURY'S  
BEST!



Mary Ellis Ames  
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co.  
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Please send me postpaid your aluminum covered visible index recipe book "Balanced Recipes." I enclose \$1.00.

W-1

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

PILLSBURY'S BEST

The "balanced" flour



# Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE—AND A DANCE FLOOR—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



*Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!*



*Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!*



*Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!*



*If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!*



*Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage...*



*It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could bold her men!*

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"—and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and your smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become

## Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning

the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to

pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

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

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TOOTH PASTE

JANUARY, 1934



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

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





# RADIOLAND



JANUARY, 1934  
VOL. 1 NO. 6



FREDERICK JAMES SMITH, Executive Editor ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor DONALD G. COOLEY, Associate Editor

## FEATURES

- I Never Listen In! . . . . . 13**  
*A famous novelist and short story writer tells how she was converted to Radio*  
By MARGARET CULKIN BANNING
- Broadcasting From the South Pole . . . . . 14**  
*The story of Admiral Byrd's plans to broadcast from the heart of Antarctica.*  
By EDWARD R. SAMMIS
- How Radio Programs Are Built . . . . . 18**  
*The Inside Story of the "March of Time"*  
By EDWARD R. SAMMIS
- How Radio Saves Lives at Sea . . . . . 30**  
*Dramatic in the extreme is the story of Radio as a life-saver*  
By RUSSELL EDWARDS
- Is Radio a Menace to Children? . . . . . 39**  
*A famous psychologist analyzes a problem of concern to every parent*  
By LOUIS E. BISCH, M. D., Ph. D.
- Radio Sounds Are Not What They Seem . . . 48**  
*Sound-effects tricks of the studios, revealed*  
By MARY JACOBS
- Fan Mail Takes Radio Pulse . . . . . 54**  
*Things you haven't known about fan mail*  
By MARY JACOBS

## INTERESTING PEOPLE

- Harriet Hilliard . . . . . 23
- Abe Lyman . . . . . 24
- Rosemary Lane . . . . . 25
- John McCormack . . . . . 26
- Lee Wiley . . . . . 27
- Baby Rose Marie . . . . . 28
- Roxanne Wallace . . . . . 32
- Kate Smith . . . . . 38
- Betty Barthell . . . . . 42
- Vera Van . . . . . 46
- Elizabeth Love . . . . . 52
- Harry Richman and Milton Berle . . . . . 58

## PERSONALITIES

- Boake Carter Speaking. . . . . 17**  
*The international career of one of the foremost news commentators*  
By MILTON SHAPIRO
- The Romantic Life-Story of Bing Crosby . . 20**  
*Bing Crosby is amazed at the tricks of fate which brought him fame*  
By GRACE MACK
- The Modern Cinderella . . . . . 22**  
*Jessica Dragonette began her career as an angel in The Miracle*  
By NAN CAMPBELL
- The Story of Ole and Chic . . . . . 29**  
*The lowdown on Olsen and Johnson*  
By DARRELL WARE
- A Benny for Your Thoughts. . . . . 37**  
*The rise to fame of Jack Benny*  
By CEDRIC ADAMS
- Not a Dry Martini Story . . . . . 41**  
*Nino Martini is as well known on the Metropolitan Opera stage as he is to radio listeners*  
By SALLY BENSON
- "What's MY Opinion Amongst Millions of Others"? . . . . . 43**  
*Jimmy Durante says he is forced to admit he's a radio hit by pressure of public opinion*  
By NAN CAMPBELL
- He's Afraid of the Mike . . . . . 47**  
*In spite of mike fright, Phil Baker likes radio broadcasting better than vaudeville*  
By DARRELL WARE

## SERVICE DEPARTMENT

- The Radio Parade . . . . . 8
- Radioland's Pattern Service . . . . . 57
- Party Beauty . . . . . 65

## FICTION

- Vamp Till Ready . . . . . 44**  
*Romance doesn't run smoothly in a radio station—not with Mlle. Lavolette around*  
By STEWART ROBERTSON

## WOMAN AND HER PROBLEMS

- By IDA BAILEY ALLEN . . . . . 59

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# Beautify Face and Hands As Hollywood Does

**MARVELOUS DISCOVERY**  
Stimulates Nature's own skin softening action

*Softens entirely without sticky after-effect—  
Dries in 15 seconds!*

**H**OLLYWOOD is now acclaiming an utterly new way to soften skin. A way that protects against harmful effects of air, sun, water, and cold. Thus permitting the natural oils to soften the skin—nature's way. Over 100 prominent movie stars started using this as soon as it was announced.

Women everywhere are now adopting it. Will you accept a generous bottle free to try?

The name of this great discovery is Talia. A noted scientist spent years in bringing it to perfection. Talia does not soften the skin by greasing it. Instead, it covers it with an invisible film that protects the skin from the harsh or drying effect of air, sun, and water. This protection allows the natural oil of the face and hands to bring back the skin to baby-like softness. Hence hands and face soften themselves.

Even hands chapped to bleeding roughness respond instantly to the healing unguents in Talia. And Talia is aided in healing as well as softening by the natural oils of the skin. The reddest roughest hands are thus quickly restored to natural white loveliness.

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

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

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

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



Lila Lee and Muriel Kirkland



**IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T  
SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL**

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 50c (coin, stamps, or money order) to Talia, Inc., 820 N. Michigan Ave., Building, Chicago, Ill.

*Lotion of Loveliness*

# TALIA



**THIS COUPON BRINGS FREE TRIAL**

TALIA, Inc., 820 N. Michigan Ave. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) to cover packing and postage for free trial supply of Talia Lotion.  
☐ Check here and enclose 50c for beautiful full size bottle in lovely boudoir container.

Name .....

Address .....

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

Druggist's Name .....



# The Radio Parade

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

## Variety Programs:

**MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY**—Songs and music in a friendly atmosphere. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 11:15 a. m.



**Frank Crumit**

**BOND PROGRAM**—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson in hill-billy songs. Music furnished by Don Voorhees' orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

**AMERICAN REVUE**—Ethel Waters, Broadway star, renders the "blues"; George Beatty supplies the comedy; Joe Venuti, able violinist; and Dorsey Brothers Orchestra. Sponsored by American Oil Company. CBS, Sundays at 7:00 p. m.

**THE BAKER'S BROADCAST**—Joe Penner, the duck salesman, and music by Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 7:30 p. m.

**FREDDIE RICH ENTERTAINS**—With Mildred Bailey, blues singer; Jack White, comedian; Do Re Mi, vocal trio; Eton Boys Quartet; and Freddie's own orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

**CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR**—Eddie Cantor (we're not kidding—but he will) with Rubinoff and Jimmy Wallington. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

**SEVEN STAR REVUE**—This is a bit highbrow with such stars as Nino Martini, Metropolitan tenor; Jane Froman, charming soprano; and Erno Rapee's symphony orchestra. CBS, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

**GULF HEADLINERS**—Al Goodman's swell orchestra and the popular Revelers. The rest are planned as a surprise. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.

**MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND**—We promise you won't get dizzy. Tamara, blue singer; David Percy; the Men About Town; Gene Rodemich's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 9:00 p. m.



**Jack Benny**

**THE CHEVROLET PROGRAM**—Jack Benny, star comedian of stage and screen, and his wife, Mary Livingstone, who stooges for him. Music by Frank Black's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

**JACK DENNY'S ORCHESTRA, JEANNIE LANG AND SCRAPPY LAMBERT**—And they all do their part well. Sponsored by Silver Dust. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6:45 p. m.

**SEALED POWER SIDE SHOW OF THE AIR**—Musical—with a touch of drama. Cliff Soubier, the Morin Sisters, the Kipp's Jesters and Harold Stoke's orchestra. NBC-

WJZ, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

**THE BIG SHOW**—And you can believe it. Lulu McConnell, Broadway comedian; Gertrude Niesen, torch singer; Isham Jones' orchestra; and Paul Douglas as m. c. CBS, Mondays at 9:30 p. m.

**AN EVENING IN PARIS**—With music and comedy. The first by Nat Shilkret's Orchestra and the second by Agnes Moorehead. CBS, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

**DEL MONTE SHIP OF JOY**—I know this isn't the ship you're waiting for—but it does bring joy, and that's somethin'. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

**A & P GYPSIES**—In a repertoire of romantic songs and music, directed by Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

**SINCLAIR GREATER MINSTRELS**—Directed by Harry Kogen with Gene Arnold, Chauncey Parsons and a male quartet. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 9:00 p. m.

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

**RICHFIELD COUNTRY CLUB**—Grantland Rice supplies the sports atmosphere; Mary McCoy and Betty Barthell with Jack Golden's orchestra the musical. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 10:00 p. m.

**BLACKSTONE PLANTATION PROGRAM**—Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson in songs—and their repertoire is rather sentimental; Parker Fennelly and Jack Shilkret's music. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 8:00 p. m.

**THE SMITH BROTHERS**—Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot, the popular funnymen, and Nat Shilkret's Orchestra.



**Ben Bernie**

**BLUE RIBBON PROGRAM**—Ben Bernie, the ole maestro, continues to enjoy his popularity. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

**TEXACO FIRE CHIEF PROGRAM**—Ed Wynn, a male quartet, and Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

**CALIFORNIA MELODIES**—Hollywood brought home to you. Eleanor Barnes with your favorite screen stars, and Raymond Paige's orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:00 p. m.

**ROYAL GELATIN**—Laughter and music with Bert Lahr, the well-known comedian, and George Olsen's Orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 8:00 p. m.

**WHITE OWL PROGRAM**—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians offer grand music for dancing—when you recover from Burns and Allen. CBS, Wednesdays at 9:30 p. m.

**OLD GOLD PROGRAM**—The Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack, return after a long absence. Swell music by Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians. CBS, Wednesdays at 10:00 p. m.

**FLEISCHMANN HOUR**—A great show presented by Rudy Vallée. Rudy does his bit along with guest artists from the stage and screen. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

**CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOWBOAT**—Another favorite with Charlie Winninger, Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Muriel Wilson and Molasses 'n' January. Music furnished by Don Voorhees' band. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.

**ANDRE KOSTELANETZ PRESENTS**—A distinctive program of orchestra music specially prepared. Gladys Rice, soprano; Evan Evans, baritone; and an excellent chorus. CBS, Thursdays at 9:00 p. m.



**Paul Whiteman**

**KRAFT-PHENIX PROGRAM**—Al Jolson is back again with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Deems Taylor continues as m. c. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 10:00 p. m.

**THE NESTLE CHOCOLATEERS**—Walter O'Keefe, the Broadway Hillbilly; Ethel Shutta, pleasing vocalist, and Don Bestor's music. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

**FRED ALLEN'S SALAD BOWL REVUE**—A sophisticated show with Fred Allen, the popular comedian; Portland Hoffa; Roy Atwell and Ferde Grofe's Orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

**LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS**—And Leah Ray. Phil Harris croons and conducts and Miss Ray renders the "blues." NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:00 p. m.

**POND'S PROGRAM**—Songs by Lee Wiley and music by Victor Young's orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

**THE ARMOUR PROGRAM**—Phil Baker [Continued on page 66]



# RADIO TOURS

## LET'S GO PLACES AND HEAR THINGS!

Replace weak, limping tubes  
with tubes made by RCA—  
and come on along!

DON'T be a stay-at-home... limited to the few stations near at hand! Come on a Radio Tour! Get the thrill of a "first night" in Hollywood... the Hill Billy "Shindig" in Asheville... those German comedians in Milwaukee... the "Tent Show" in Des Moines... your own college football game back home... "The Kingfish" speaking in Louisiana... Rhumba players down in Havana. A million dollars worth of radio entertainment is waiting for you... Go places hear things! With new, powerful tubes, with a good radio set thoroughly in order you can bring in stations beyond the reach of tubes that are worn and old.

Have your dealer test your tubes

To go on a great radio tour every night—your ticket is simply a good radio set plus a new set of Cunningham



San Francisco's Chinatown... all the entertainment of the Golden West—on a Radio Tour!



Broadway and the great White Way. The heart of the show business... go there on a Radio Tour!



A million dollars worth of radio talent—yours on a Radio Tour!

Radio Tubes or RCA Radiotrons to replace weak and limping tubes. Only RCA Radiotrons and Cunningham Radio Tubes are actually *made and guaranteed* by RCA. Built to give you full, complete tone, wide range, sure performance and long life. A remarkable free booklet, "Radio Tours" tells you whether your set is giving you all it should. It lists all stations in the U. S., Canada, Mexico; it provides a "radio yardstick" and a map that shows your own locality and all the stations you *should* get. Ask your nearest dealer for "Radio Tours"—or mail the coupon below.



Step into the heart of Chicago, hear the famous programs from the Loop—on a Radio Tour!



### Cunningham Radiotron



Without any obligation please send me your illustrated folder "Radio Tours" with station map and "radio yardstick". I am enclosing 10c in stamps for postage and handling.

Name .....

Address .....

(Coupon must be sent to RCA Radiotron Co., Camden, N. J.)



18



**H**OW often you sense that people are looking at you, judging your beauty! Whether they glance at you guardedly, or turn to search your face quite openly, you feel instinctively that you are in a never-ending Beauty Contest.

In the flicker of an eyelid, a man—another woman—will appraise your looks. And your complexion, whether it is clear and softly youthful or tragically dull and drab, plays a vital part in the impression that you make.

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It is the soap that yields profuse, luxuriant, creamy-rich lather

and is—at the same time—mild enough for the delicate feminine skin. The very first cake you try can definitely improve your skin.

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

In 1933 thousands and thousands of women changed to Camay. You,

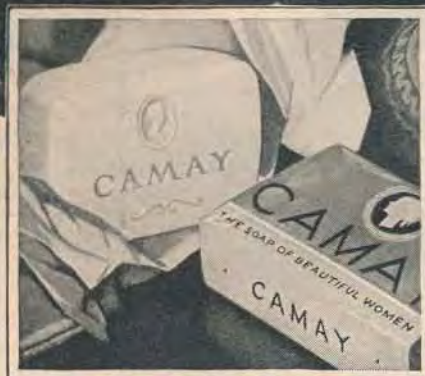
yourself, have probably noticed how Camay is fast displacing the former favorites among beauty soaps.

Yes—Camay looks, feels, and smells high-priced. And the amazing thing is that it actually costs you less than the soap you have been using! Get your supply of Camay today!



*This girl possesses the disarming loveliness of a clear young skin. In the daily Beauty Contest she attracts the admiration of all who know her. A lovely skin can be a woman's greatest charm.*

Camay is creamy-white, pure, and as delicate as a fine beauty soap should be. See Camay in its green and yellow wrapper, in Cellophane. An ideal complexion soap—fragrant and quick-lathering in the bath.



Copyright 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

**CAMAY** the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .



# RADIOLAND

JANUARY, 1934

## THE EDITOR'S OPINION

**T**HE Radio President has done it again! When the Administration decided on the major economic step of government purchase of newly mined gold to establish a theoretical valuation for the dollar, President Roosevelt prefaced the operation of the plan by turning again to radio, as he has so many times before, to explain his purposes to the nation. And thus millions of citizens to whom the reasons for such an economic move would have remained a total mystery, have a much better conception of what it is all about.

A great deal has been said about the President's ideal radio personality, and too much certainly cannot be said of his qualities of voice and mind which register so effectively over the air. Yet the President's real influence, it seems to us, lies entirely apart from his personal quali-

ties or even from the ideas he expresses. His greatest achievement through the radio is that he has humanized the government in the minds of millions of people to whom the complex political machinery of Washington has been an abstract colossus which prints money, collects income taxes, and forbids the sale of alcohol.

President Roosevelt and Radio have given that government a Voice. It is hard to be "ag'in the government" when it talks right to you and you realize it is not a vague Institution, but an entity made up of yourself and a few million neighbors just like you.

**R**EMEMBER the good old days when radio sets looked like the contents of an electrical laboratory thrown into a bakelite box, and the pleasure of listening to programs was largely



Since his inauguration President Roosevelt has made fourteen broadcasts. Observers believe he will set a new Presidential record. In his seven years in office Coolidge broadcast only thirty-seven times



## THE EDITOR'S OPINION

lost in a tangle of antenna wire and the odor of battery acid?

Some of the new Fall sets displayed by manufacturers make us realize how extremely remote these horse-and-buggy days of radio are, measured in terms of progress if not in years. Today we have what would seem like a wild dream to the tube-jugglers and heterodyne hunters of a decade ago—a complete receiving set which can actually be carried in a pocket.

Of course the pocket must be overcoat size, not of vest pocket dimensions. This super-midget set weighs only two pounds and sells for \$12.50. It would seem to represent the ultimate in condensation until some inventor comes out with telescoping tubes and collapsible loud-speakers.

It is causing considerable concern among radio manufacturers, who are waiting anxiously to see how the public will take to its incubator baby. If it clicks there will be a flood of imitators, and if it flops the industry will welcome with loud shouts of approval a public preference for more expensive console sets.

THE arts of entertainment probably will never be free from that bugaboo Old Man Censor. Radio, newest art of them all, is by no means an exception.

Much has been written about radio likening it to an unseen guest in the house, the inference being that, as a guest, every word it speaks must be pasteurized and innocuous. Only superficially is this true. If radio is a guest, it is one which, if its company turns boorish, can have its character transformed in an instant by turning a dial. We have known occasions when our souls cried out for such an Aladdin's lamp method of removing a flesh and blood bore.

The article in this issue of RADIOLAND by Dr. Louis E. Bisch, the eminent psycho-analyst, "Is Radio a Menace to Children?", contains food for serious thought. Certainly no one likes to think of youngsters being exposed to programs which might warp their growing minds. But there is much to be said for the common-sense attitude of those who make radio entertainment possible by their faith in it as an advertising medium. Certainly all radio programs cannot be shaped up with the child in mind, without running the risk of alienating the interest of adult listeners on whom the success of radio as a dollar-and-cents proposition fundamentally rests.

The same principle of selection which operates when you decide whether you will attend a

movie, the opera, a musical comedy, or whatnot, holds good for radio. The best censor is the dial on your own set.

ED WYNN has discovered that radio broadcasting and radio managing are two oil-and-water jobs that will not mix. Reading between the lines of his resignation as president and director of the Amalgamated Broadcasting System, which was organized last Spring as a third national network chain, it is easy to discern that Ed has discovered he cannot eat his cake and have it too—the cake in this case being a big money contract with his Texaco sponsors on the NBC network. We may be wrong, but it seems more than mere chance that the announcement of Ed's resignation came coincidentally with the news that he had signed a long-term contract to continue his Fire Chief episodes.

So-o-o-o-o—the Amalgamated System will have to get along without the administering talents of the star comedian, who announced through a spokesman that he has discovered he is a showman, "not a radio technical executive." Without disparaging his technical qualifications, a few million radio fans feel they could have beaten Ed to that discovery, for they do know about him as a showman. And after all, a comedian's place is on the air, not calling a Board of Directors to order.

ONE of the most amazing of current success stories is that of Bing Crosby, who is duplicating his phenomenal radio fame in motion pictures. *College Humor* and *Too Much Harmony*, his two films, have been box-office draws throughout the country, and the reason, as we see it, is mostly Bing. He is one of those people with whom you rejoice in his success, for fame has left him totally unspoiled.

Bing is so good-humored and sympathetic that he has no sales resistance at all, and if left alone would probably go without lunch because he had given his pocket change to some street beggar, or bought a pair of suspenders or a bunch of artificial flowers from a blind vender. The only way to protect himself from getting in on the ground floor of wildcat oil wells and the like seemed to be to incorporate. So now every cent Bing earns goes to the corporation, and whatever money he spends has to be drawn out with the personal okay of his brother who is his business manager.

He is a great human figure, this Bing Crosby. Do not miss the opening chapters of his life story in this issue of RADIOLAND.



**Six Pages  
Missing**



# Boake Carter Speaking

By Milton Shapiro

FROM the heart of South Russia, Baku to be exact, comes to radio one of its outstanding editorialists. Boake Carter's well-modulated voice, with its quaint mixture of an English accent with just a bit of a brogue reminiscent of the Auld Sod, comes to you every evening except Saturday and Sunday sponsored by Philco.

From Baku, to Philadelphia and a Columbia network is a long distance and—a long story.

In that far off land of vodka and black tea brewed in shining brass samovars, beside the Black Sea, Boake Carter first uttered his now familiar "ello everyone." The first two years of his life were about as eventful as the first two years of any child's life. Shortly after his second birthday, adventure began to come into his life. While traveling from Moscow to St. Petersburg (now Leningrad) with his mother, the train caught fire, due to overheated axles. The smoke poured through the loose floor boards in such great quantities that, in order to save him from suffocation, his mother was obliged to hold him head first from the carriage window.

His parents sent him to school in England, which did not meet with Boake's approval. For sometime he rebelled against this intrusion into his play time, but this brought him only the rebukes of his instructors, some of these being physical. Eventually Boake "wised up" to himself long enough to finish his course at Tonbridge.

Like most young Englishmen of his position he was forced to make a choice between Cambridge and Oxford at this time. Boake selected Christ's College, Cambridge. While at Cambridge his interests were along athletic lines. Boake represented Cambridge in cross-country and was a sweep swinger in a famous crew.

AT THIS time, to roll of martial drums and anti-Teutonic speeches from soap boxes in Hyde Park, Boake's college career was brought to a close along with the careers of many young Englishmen. He finally convinced the Air Ministry that he should be a flier, and he was made a member of the Royal Air Force. His superior



Boake Carter, news commentator extraordinary, has been an aviator, tool dresser, portrait painter and newspaper man

officers were so dissatisfied with his work in the flying school that they realized it would be suicidal to send him to the front. England needed many aviators, however, and Boake was assigned to the channel patrol. He was still engaged in guarding the most treacherous stretch of water when the Armistice came along and left him stranded with part of a college education.

Inasmuch as he had always showed an ability to write, he went into the newspaper field working for both *The London Daily Mail* and *The Mirror*.

1921 was an epic year in many respects, diplomats on post war errands were dashing across the broad Atlantic, so when a typical musical comedy Britisher stepped down the gang plank in New York no one paid much attention to him. Boake Carter did not tarry long in Gotham, but somehow made his way to the Mexican oil fields. Boake secured employment as a driller in the oil fields, monocle and all. The rough environment he was thrown into is probably one of the best things that ever happened to Boake, as it changed a stuffed shirt into a man. Boake quickly adjusted himself to his surroundings. Being advanced to a tool dresser, Boake had more leisure to languish with dark eyed señoritas neath tropic skies. Fate always seemed to come along and break into the orderly scheme of things for Boake; first it was the War, then it was that scourge of the tropics, malaria. Boake left Mexico upon his recovery, going to Panama where malaria again caught up with him. This time he started North and, after short stays in Vera Cruz and Havana, he came to Philadelphia where he finally settled down and achieved his present success, gradually of course.

UPON his settlement in Philadelphia, Boake undertook a career as a portrait painter. While the time he spent as a portrait painter was short, painting is still

his hobby. Boake once again entered the newspaper field, working first for *The Evening Bulletin* in Philadelphia and later for *The*

[Continued on page 82]

## Born in South Russia of English-Irish Parents, he has had an International Career



# How Radio Programs Are Built

By Edward R. Sammis

"REMINENT-RAND featuring the March of Time!"

Cold type cannot reproduce the lift and expectancy of those words of Harry von Zell's, announcing that the program acclaimed by radio editors in the *World-Telegram* poll as the best dramatic show on the air is back once more for its fourth season on the Columbia network.

Howard Barlow, the conductor, nods with his baton, the orchestra goes into the swinging strains of the program signature, "the March of Time" and the noise of shuffling, tramping feet, indicative of the relentless, impersonal progress of events, the movement of time itself, wells up in the studio.

Then suddenly the listener, sitting comfortably at home, is whirled away to a battlefield in Manchuria. He can hear the roar of guns. He can almost smell the acrid powder smoke. A moment later he is in the gallery of the House of Commons, listening to an epochal



Arthur Pryor, Jr., directs the March of Time from the control room. Engineer Paul LaPorte looks on

debate. A strain of music for transition and he is an ear witness at some amusing, fantastic episode in the madhouse of modern Russia. And before the laughter has died from his lips, he is in a thatched hut on a Cuban sugar plantation, awed by the ominous roar of an approaching hurricane.

The story of how exciting occurrences in Vladivostok or African Somaliland are reenacted before a week is out in condensed, authentic and unbiased form, with all their implications and significance, has a wonder all its own. It is an undertaking which requires the services of a vast corps of workers, newsmen, correspondents of *Time*, the weekly news magazine, in all parts of the world, research people, investigators and checkers, skilled dramatists, actors, producers, sound effects experts, engineers and musicians, all working their heads off to furnish the information, authenticity and excitement which goes into that brief, half-hour entertainment period on the air.

"The success of the *March of Time* program," said Arthur Pryor, Jr., director, "is due entirely to the tremendous interest taken in the show by everybody concerned with it.

"They forget all about eating. They even forget to sleep. They just throw every ounce of energy into the job.

"There are in the studio some sixty people taking an active part of some sort in running off the show. Should anyone of them make a single slip, it would be fatal. The confusion and uproar is naturally terrific with the *crescendo* of the orchestra and the mob noises often making it impossible to hear what anyone else is saying, so in addition to doing their work, they've got to be able to keep their heads under fire. And that of course doesn't take into consideration all those who have done the preliminary work, the newsgatherers, the investigators,



Fred Smith (seated), dramatist of the March of Time Show, goes over the script with his assistants, Dwight Cook and Ann Barley



## The March of Time Show Puts the World into a Microphone—Sixty People Present it, a World-Wide Corps of Contributors Helps to build it.

the script writers, who have their own problems to worry them."

The very nature of the *March of Time* precludes its ever becoming an automatic, cut-and-dried affair. As Mr. Pryor says:

"We are at the mercy of the news. We may have our program all nicely arranged. Then at the last minute a big story will break and upset the apple cart. Or a story that looks 'hot' when we shape up our program may peter out before Friday, making it necessary to replace it with something else."

The *March of Time* is accepted now as one of the outstanding institutions of the air. Bankers and college presidents write fan letters about it. But there was a time when the notion of dramatizing news events was considered revolutionary.

One hot Summer afternoon, some five years ago, Fred Smith, now chief dramatist on the *March of Time*, then station manager of WLW, Cincinnati, walked into the Cleveland office of Roy Larsen, circulation manager of *Time*.

Smith introduced himself.

He told Larsen that he had an idea. He wanted to put news flashes from *Time* on the air over WLW, giving credit to the magazine in return for the courtesy. Larsen became interested and agreed to try it out.

Although neither of them realized it at the moment, the germ of the *March of Time* program came into being right there.

The weekly news broadcasts proved so successful that later on they were put on records and sent out to other stations which made wide use of them, resulting in some nice advertising for the magazine.

But as the program grew in popularity, imitators began to spring up. Smith and Larsen began to cast about

for a method of broadcasting the news which could not be so easily copied.

Then Smith got the notion of dramatizing the news, creating for the listener the illusion that he was right on the spot while the news was happening.

Radio drama had always interested him. He had penned the first play to be written especially for radio. It was Smith who adapted for the air the first serial script, the mystery thriller, *The Step on the Stairs*.

"Radio had successfully dramatized scenes from history, recreating authentic characters," he said, "and it occurred to me that there was no reason why we couldn't dramatize history while it was in the making, in other words, while it was news."

Again he went to Roy Larsen with his idea. He met with an enthusiastic reception. Larsen had always been interested in the theatre. He had studied at Professor George P. Baker's famous drama workshop at Harvard, with the intention of becoming a playwright, before he went into the magazine business.

The *March of Time* program was later to become a particular pet of his, but before trying it out, he wanted to be sure it would work out.

For six long months, Smith labored, turning out a weekly dramatic show on paper. He was peculiarly fitted by background and training for the job.

Coming from a musical family, he had suffered a nervous breakdown shortly after graduating from college and had gone to Europe to recover. Drifting down to Spain, he went to work on a large construction job and within two years had risen to superintendent of the entire project.

When the United States entered the war, he enlisted in France but was soon after drafted into the army purchasing department and [Continued on page 74]



A dramatic *March of Time* broadcast of a labor hearing in Washington. At one mike Marion Hopkins plays Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins; at the other is announcer Harry Von Zell—the Voice of Time



# The Romantic Life Story of Bing Crosby



Bing Crosby in the doorway of the House that Songs Built—his new home at Toluca Lake near Hollywood

In a Rickety Ford Bing Crosby set out to Earn his Living by Song. He Almost Became a Priest—but the Theatre was in his Veins.

By Grace Mack

"**W**HERE did he get the name of 'Bing?'" That is one of the first questions people ask about the boy whose voice has thrilled millions of radio and movie fans. It's a nickname of course. "And you may be sure that he didn't get it for nothing," his mother told me. "There was a reason. You see he was the sort of youngster who was always making a lot of noise," she went on to explain. "His favorite game was 'cowboy and Indians.' Our backyard constantly echoed with war whoops and shouts of BING—BANG—BOOM! His voice always seemed to be louder than the others. In fact, he threw himself into the game with such gusto that his older brothers started calling him 'Bingo' after a character in a comic strip called the *Bingville Bugler*. It suited him so well that the other kids in the neighborhood took it up. Gradually they shortened it to Bing and it wasn't long until his own name—Harry—was discarded entirely."

Bing first saw the light of day in Tacoma, Washington. On May 2, 1904, if you're a hound for vital statistics. Before he reached the short pants age the family moved to Spokane where Bing grew up.

There were seven children in the Crosby family. Most of them boys. Bing was in the middle of the group and it became his job to look after the younger children. In fact, Mrs. Crosby says that Bing was a regular "mother" to them and whenever they were with him she always knew they were all right.

**T**HE one thing that characterized the Crosby household was music. Mr. Crosby played the guitar and Mrs. Crosby played the piano. They had one of the first gramophones in Spokane and it was going morning, noon and night. Bing was the chief operator and was invariably trying to imitate the voices on the records.

It was as natural for him to sing as it was for him to breathe and as a result he was in demand for all of the church and school entertainments. He had a flare for acting, too, and whenever the Spokane High School put on a play Bing Crosby was sure to be in the cast.

His first outstanding hit was in the title rôle of Shakespeare's immortal *Julius Caesar*. But the Bard of Avon would doubtless have turned over in his grave if



Bing's big break came when White-man signed him for \$200 a week

he could have witnessed the ending which Bing gave the play.

In accordance with the script, Bing, as Caesar, died nobly. The curtain began to descend. It was a case of Caesar being down—but not out. He risked one eye upon the descending curtain and discovered that unless he changed his position it would strike him in the region of the equator. It was all right for Caesar to die but Bing had no intention of going with him. So, just before the curtain hit him the dead Caesar leaped to his feet. Needless to say, this unexpected resuscitation threw the audience into hysterics and Bing was called back to take numerous bows.

Bing confesses that he and work just didn't synchronize at all. The necessities of life were furnished by his parents but he had to earn whatever spending money he had. In order to do this he chose what seemed to him to be the easiest way. He got a part time job in the prop department of a Spokane theatre. This turned out to be a thrilling way to earn money because it gave him a chance to see the actors close up and to stand in the wings and watch them work. It was thus that he first saw and heard Al Jolson. For weeks thereafter the Crosby family was entertained with Bing's imitation of the celebrated mammy singer.

With the money he earned as prop boy he bought drums and as soon as he learned to play them he organized a six-piece band. They specialized in hot jazz and in no time at all they were in demand for school dances and local entertainments.

But music did not absorb all his time. There was football and baseball and swimming. He was good in all of them—particularly [Continued on page 88]



# The Modern Cinderella

To Earn Her Living, Jessica  
Dragonette Played an Angel  
in *The Miracle* and Now Gets  
\$2000 a Broadcast.

By Nan Campbell

IT SOUNDS like the original Cinderella plot dressed up in modern clothes, but I swear that this is the way it happened.

Just a few months after Jessica Dragonette had left the convent where the rudiments of knowledge and information had been given her by the kindly, gentle sisters she saw an advertisement in her morning newspaper. Max Reinhardt had come to this country to produce his amazing pageant *The Miracle* in New York. He needed a huge choir. Many of the voices were already chosen. He needed contraltos only—so the ad said.

Jessica, young and eager and still new enough from the convent to be shy, dreaded answering that ad but she realized that if she were to get along in the world she must take bold steps. Hers was a soprano voice. Contraltos were wanted. Very well, she would be a contralto.

When she presented herself she discovered hundreds of women there ahead of her but each one, she learned, was having an audition. At last her turn came. She sang in what she thought a rich contralto voice. But the man listening to the applicants wasn't fooled.

"I'm afraid you won't do," he said.

It had been a mistake, then. In her eagerness to find a place in the musical world she had made a false move. But, perhaps, mistakes could be righted. Instead of leaving she stood once more at the end of the line of people waiting for auditions.

The line moved slowly. Hours passed but at last Jessica was again being tested. This time she did not disguise her voice. She sang soprano as she had always done. She has never known what caused them to take her. Perhaps a few of the sopranos already engaged had failed. At any rate the choir leader listened intently and then said, "Yes. A nice voice. You'll do."

And that's how Jessica's career began.

But there was something in her voice that made them know that it could not remain [Continued on page 85]



Jessica Dragonette likes to be heard and not seen, but the radio public will get a better break when television comes along. She was born in Calcutta, India. She is small, shy, takes things seriously, wears evening dress when broadcasting, adores fan letters and keeps a huge scrapbook of them





Chic

Ole

# The Story of OLE and CHIC

*They're Olsen and Johnson to you—and Luck has played a Curious and Vital Part in their Careers*

By Darrell Ware

IF YOU ever want to interview a successful comedian, take a knapsack and a change of clothes along with you, because you may not drag into your own home again for a couple of days. I didn't know this, having a naive idea that comedians were normal beings subject to such human weaknesses as exhaustion, so I blithely set out to have an hour's interview and dinner with Olsen and Johnson at the College Inn in Chicago. This was on Thursday evening at seven o'clock. I came home again two hours after Saturday had dawned.

I was chiefly interested in their new half hour program for Swift and Company on Columbia network and immediately started asking questions about that. I knew their past history, which included twenty years of vaudeville work during the course of which audiences laughed harder every year. I had heard about their first motion picture, *Nancy from Naples* in which they were merely part of the cast until the preview, when the Powers, still laughing the next morning, changed the title to *Oh, Sailor Beware!* starring Olsen and Johnson. I knew about *Fifty Million Frenchmen* and other movie enterprises, so I only wanted to find out about the Swift

program, but we didn't get to it at dinner—Olsen and Johnson were too busy recounting incidents in the past, some of them printable.

When it came time for the pair to rush for the Erlanger theatre, where their show, *Take A Chance*, is playing, I had to accept Olsen's invitation to view the show backstage, hoping to get in a few words during the course of the show. As Ole Olsen made up I said: "Now what about the Swift program?" He grinned. "Oh, that? Say, I think we've got some pretty cute tricks in the script. By the way, the show is starting. Don't you want to see it?" I told him I'd seen it twice. "Great show," he volunteered. "You know, it didn't catch on here in Chicago and the owners were going to pull it off, which would have left Chic and myself unemployed. So—we bought it. We thought we could take a chance ourselves. On the night we bought it, the house was sold out, although there wasn't a word of publicity about it. Since then we've done a whale of a business. Chic and I are always lucky."

Ole began to hunt for his clothes, trying to pep up a little negro helper named [Continued on page 70]





Ship communication was the basic purpose of wireless which inspired Marconi, seen above with his wife

# How RADIO Saves LIVES at Sea

Radio not only Brings Help to sinking Ships—it Replaces Compasses, Gives Storm Warnings, Takes Soundings and Brings News

By Russell Edwards

EARLY in the bleak chilly morning of January 23, 1909, the *S. S. Republic*, bound out of New York with 461 passengers aboard for a Mediterranean cruise, was nosing its way painfully through a dense blanket of fog and a choppy sea, one hundred and seventy-five miles to the eastward of Ambrose Lightship.

Suddenly, right out of the impenetrable blackness ahead, the officers of the watch heard the single eerie bleat of a foghorn. The warning bell sounded to the engine room. But it was too late. Within a few seconds the prow of the Lloyd-Italiano Liner *Florida* came crashing into the *Republic* amidships. The *Republic* rolled on its side, fatally injured.

Thrown from his bunk by the impact, Jack Binns, radio operator on the *Republic*, took up his post in the wireless room and while passengers and crew hurried to the lifeboat stations, he stood by frantically sending out his signals for help, "CQD CQD" ("Come Quick Danger.")

The signals were picked up by the naval wireless stations at Nantucket, Woods Hole and Provincetown,

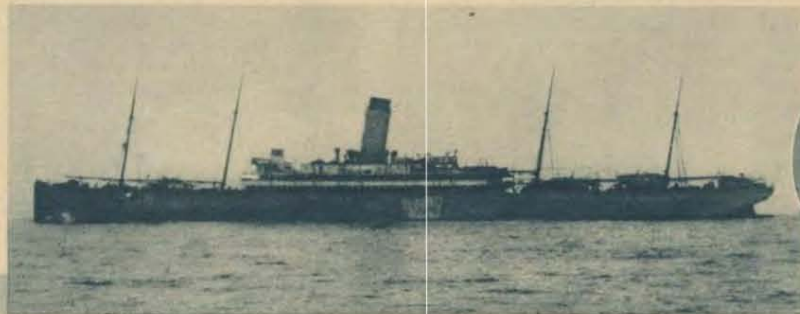
and relayed to five vessels in the neighboring waters which proceeded at full speed to the aid of the sinking ship.

The whole world thrilled to the story of the rescue which followed, when, over a period of twenty-four hours, the passengers and crew of the *Republic* were transferred in an angry, churning sea, first to the crippled and battered *Florida*, thence to the *Baltic* and *Lorraine*, which had meantime arrived on the scene, with the loss of only six lives.

It was the first great rescue at sea in which radio played the heroic rôle. The name of Jack Binns, whose courage in sticking to his post and alertness in summoning aid was directly responsible for the small loss of life, has been inscribed among the immortals.

Today, such a disaster as the sinking of the *Republic* through collision in a fog would be well-nigh impossible.

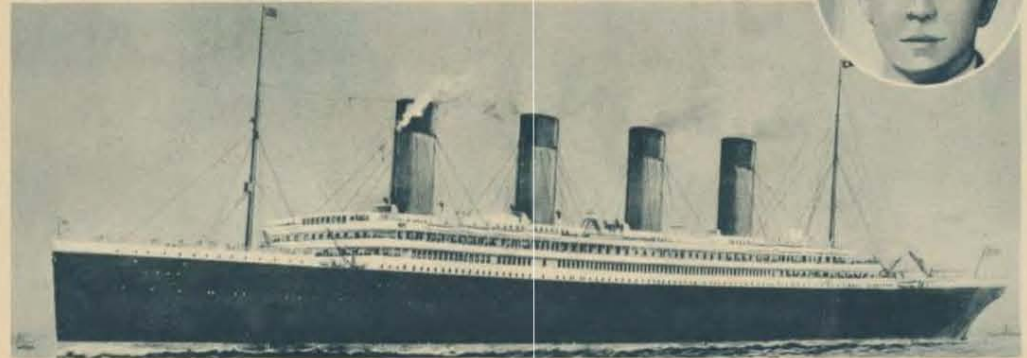
The *Republic*, through its radio-controlled direction-finder would be apprised at every moment not only of its own position, but of the position of every ship in the vicinity sending out signals.



The *S. S. Republic*, rammed by another boat, was the first ship to sink at sea whose passengers were saved through help brought by the radio



Jack Binns, *Republic* operator, hero of the first radio rescue at sea



Most terrible of modern sea disasters was the sinking of the *Titanic*. Loss of life was greatly lessened by radio. The operator, Jack Phillips, (circle) played a hero's part, going down with the ship

Yet to those maritime tragedies can be attributed not only increased safety on the wastes of ocean, but all those programs of lavish entertainment by the world's greatest artists which divert millions nightly in their homes.

They served through their very drama and horror to focus attention on the neglected science of what was then known as the wireless.

Within a year after the sinking of the *Republic*, the Congress of the United States passed a law making the use of radio compulsory on all passenger-carrying vessels. Other governments were aroused by it to follow suit. Succeeding calamities in which radio played a major rescue role demonstrated its value in safeguarding human life at sea, until now, from the Straits

Two ships collide at sea—steel plates crumple—the seas flow in and radio alone means life or death to passengers. Yet dramatic as are the sea rescues to the credit of radio, it is much more than an S. O. S. system, having become as essential on the ship's bridge as charts and compass. It is a far cry from radio's first heroic rescue of the *S. S. Republic* to today's direction finders and amazingly complete equipment. You'll find the whole fascinating story in this article

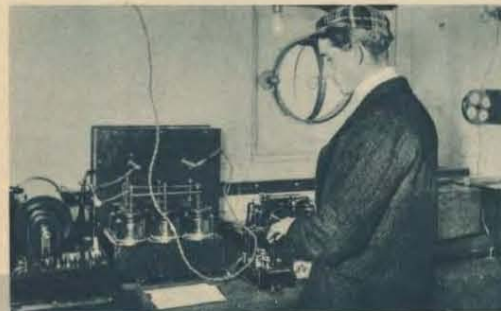
of Penang to Labrador, almost every ship worthy of the name has its wireless room and carries its staff of licensed operators, on duty every hour of the day and night.

DURING the past decade, interest has been so closely focussed on the entertainment side of radio that we are somewhat prone to over-

look the great strides it has made in the field for which its inventor originally conceived it, that is, communication between ships at sea.

With the return of the inventor, Signor Guglielmo Marconi, to this country for a visit to the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago, it may be interesting to glance briefly at the

[Continued on page 64]



Contrast the first ship's radio installation, at left, with an up-to-date ship's radio room. The original installation was on the *S. S. St. Paul* in 1899, showing the first crude spark-gap transmitting set







—Ray Lee Jackson

Roxanne Wallace was with Ziegfeld for four seasons before going to radio. She is the contralto blues singer heard over the NBC network on Sunday evenings. Miss Wallace is a member of the large group of Southern belles of radio





Backstage with the *Roses and Drums* Dramatic show, broadcasting a bit of Civil War drama. Note the three mikes picking up the action

# MIKE Says —

**B**BROADCASTERS long ago learned that radio fans are ready letter writers. Especially if they have a complaint or a criticism to register. Even new recruits to the receiver clan are quick to take their pens in hand. Scarcely have they paid the first installment on a midget set, than they sit down and write their favorite station, gleefully pointing out an error in pronunciation made by an announcer.

About the only man whose diction and grammar aren't corrected is Will Rogers. The Oklahoma sage is immune, of course, because expressing homely philosophy in homely terms is his stock in trade. But Will has had his language edited. He tells himself about a friend who attempted to improve his English. They had been fellow guests at a private dinner and Will thanked his host by remarking, "That's the best fodder I've et in a coon's age."

Afterwards the friend took Will to task.

"Will, you should have said 'have eaten.'"

"Oh, yeah," drawled Rogers. "Well, I know a lot of folks who say 'have eaten' who ain't et."

\* \* \* \* \*

Despite the fun listeners have checking up on slips of speech, the trend in the studios is away from pedantic phrases. Columbia announcers, for example, have been instructed to be natural and forthright. It is felt that the personality in a voice is sacrificed in striving for rhetorical resonance. Al Smith and his "raddio" are remembered while the college professor with the perfect diction is as dead as a dinosaur.

But those announcers who sought so hard to speak the King's English weren't wholly to blame. Their employers—the studio moguls—for a long time insisted upon the proper sounding of every syllable. One network even hired a woman elocutionist to teach the mike-masters how to do it. They had to sound their "a's" in a teacup and perform other vocal calisthenics. Happily, those days are no more and radio talkers are trying to be themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

**D**ID you know—that Charles Carlile, Columbia tenor, a bachelor, if you please, occupies an 11-room apartment on the roof of a building overlooking Central Park? . . . That Tony Wons

(just see what a wintry sound his last name has spelled backwards) has a Scotch terrier so small he calls her "Minnie Mouse?" . . . That Anthony Frome, NBC's "Poet Prince," graduated from the Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, O., and for a time was a rabbi? . . . That if you write the Boswell Sisters for a picture, they'll send it but ask you to send them one of *yours*? They have the biggest album of radio fans in the country . . . That Zora Layman has a Spanish villa near Los Angeles, a Colonial house on a hill near Syracuse, N. Y., and would love to own a hacienda in Rio de Janeiro? . . . That the Voice of Experience once made his living giving organ concerts, but that in an auto accident he suffered 32 fractures in his two hands, making any delicate use of them impossible?

\* \* \* \* \*

George M. Cohan, who quit broadcasting to devote all his energies to the Eugene O'Neill play, *Ah, Wilderness*, is still the theatre's most amazing figure. There isn't anything he can't do, and whatever he does, he does exceedingly well—always a little better than the other fellow. He came to radio and the reviewers had to invent new adjectives to describe how great he was.

Mr. Cohan rehearsed many hours every day for weeks perfecting himself for those thirteen short minutes he was on the air. And the arrangers who made the score transcribed some 172 pages of music before he was satisfied with the orchestrations for the first broadcast. For George M. Cohan, the original exponent of preparedness, had to have everything absolutely right.

\* \* \* \* \*

When the Yankee Doodle Dandy left the kilocycles (Mr. Cohan's departure isn't permanent and he may have returned by the time this RADIOLAND reaches you), the Stepping Stones stepped into his spot. Fred and his entire family appeared; Mrs. Stone, who was Eileen Crater, popular prima donna when Fred married her back in the days of *The Wizard of Oz*; daughter Dorothy, now a star in her own right; and her promising younger sisters, Paula and Carol. They were splendid additions to the great galaxy of foot-light favorites dominating the air waves this Winter, now that showmanship has established itself in the studios.



# Radioland's Gossip of the Broadcasting Studios



Gale Sondergaard scores as leading woman in *The Legend of America*



How the Playboys register *Six Hands on Two Pianos* for the microphone



Lookit the reward Ruth Etting gives Jimmy Durante for introducing her

FRED STONE'S come-back after his airplane crash (which would have permanently disabled a man less athletic and clean-living) has been cause for public rejoicing. I haven't the space here to add my sometimes soprano to the chorus but I would like to retail an episode of that mishap which Fred told me. Here goes:

Two weeks after the accident, the comedian was lying on his bed of pain in the New London (Conn.) hospital when a visitor was announced. It was the farmer on whose land the plane crashed. He was admitted to the sick room by daughter Dorothy.

"Here's the man who owns the farm where you fell, dad," she said. "The dear old soul is anxious to see how you're getting on."

The caller looked appraisingly at the invalid, swathed from head to toe in bandages and braces.

"Reckon he'll git well, all right?" he addressed Dorothy hopefully. She assured him her father would be up and about in a few weeks.

"Good," said the man, "'cause I got kinda worried 'bout who wus agoin' to pay the damages."

"What damages?" inquired Dorothy, puzzled.

"Why, the damages he done my property," explained the farmer. "Doggone it, he fell right smack into my beet patch and plumb ruind it. I cac'late he owes me \$28 damages and ef he don't settle I'll sue him fer trespassin', unlawful entry 'n' malicious mischief, you see ef I don't."

Fred, a silent listener to this colloquy, motioned to Dorothy. She leaned over his bedside.

"Tell him," he whispered, his sense of humor asserting itself, "I didn't know there was \$28 worth of beets in all the world—and I'm glad I didn't fall in artichokes!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Radio is resourceful. So much so that it is becoming a nightmare to certain newspaper publishers. Consider, for example, what happened in Oklahoma City during the Urschel kidnapping trial. Denied a microphone in the court room, Station WKY, the NBC outlet there, put the proceedings on the air nevertheless. They sent a cast of twenty actors to the daily sessions, not only to watch the dramatic developments but also to familiarize themselves with the vocal peculiarities of the principals. Then, when the day's recess came, they hurried to the studio and projected on the air the high lights of the trial. This they did reading lines based on a transcript of the official testimony. It was a faithful reproduction of scenes in the court room and popular with the loudspeaker clan. It was a real achievement in aerial showmanship.

"Woodsmen report the blight has practically destroyed the American chestnut," says a news item. They must be backwoodsman who never tune in on radio comics.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE late Ring Lardner spent his last months in bed listening to the radio and recording his impressions in a weekly magazine. There were a lot of artists on the air he liked but tenors weren't among them.

So, when an announcer one day introduced a certain network singer (who happened to be Mr. Lardner's pet aversion) as "a tenor who could be placed beside the most famous tenors in history," the humorist couldn't resist the impulse to observe,

"The trouble is—he isn't."

\* \* \* \* \*

MARK WARNOW, Columbia conductor, went to a carnival show in his youth and saw a hypnotist do his stuff. He was so fascinated that he took up the study of mesmerism in a serious way. Today, hypnotism is his hobby but he has to practice it in secret. For Warnow has found that either the science isn't practical in every day life or he is deficient in the art.

To understand how Warnow arrived at this conclusion it is necessary to go back several years to the time when he was a violinist in the orchestra of a New York cinema cathedral. For five years Warnow had been playing the fiddle and he was ambitious to become a director. So he went to the high priest to state his desires. He stated them while fixing upon that august personage a gaze guaranteed (in hypnotic text books) to produce a condition in which the subject obligingly responds to any suggestion. The director got mad and fired the fiddler.

Four years later Warnow became a Columbia maestro, but he landed the job by hypnotizing with his skill as an arranger rather than by the power of his eye.

\* \* \* \* \*

First money: Lennie Hayton got \$5 for playing the piano a week in a movie . . . Leo Reisman received \$1 for a violin recital when he was a lad of 12 . . . Guy Lombardo was paid \$15 for his first band concert but had to divide it with the band . . . Lulu McConnell was paid \$1 to amuse a neighbor's child one evening while the parents went visiting . . . Dick Leibert was an organist at 10 but his dad gave him 75 cents one night—for not playing . . . Reggie Childs realized his first dollar with his violin by selling it to a playmate!

\* \* \* \* \*

IN BRITISH GUIANA they take their radio seriously. Or at least one fan so professes, the same being Charles R. E.

RADIOLAND



# Back of the Scenes With Stars of the Air Waves

Hawker, sales agent in British Guiana and the West Indies for a Chicago concern. One night Mr. Hawker picked up a *Potash and Perlmutter* broadcast projected from Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, Pa. He not only enjoyed the performance of Messrs. Joseph Greenwald and Lou Welch in the Montague Glass characters, but he also got a tip on how to help his acidosis.

But perhaps the story is best told in Hawker's own words as he dispatched them to the National Broadcasting Company in seeming ecstasy of relief from his ailment.

"On the strength of what I picked up during the talk on Potash and Perlmutter," wrote Mr. Hawker on his business stationery, "after very careful and serious medical reasoning, the next morning I got some potash (I don't know what perlmutter is, or if it is obtainable in British Guiana) and started taking it. It has done me more good for the most acute over-acid stomach from which I am suffering than all the other remedies and useless cures I have been trying. The complaint is not quite better but it is about 75% more so now than it ever was."

Naturally, this paean to potash came as a surprise to the *Potash and Perlmutter* sponsors, the Health Products Corporation. In fact, they were flabbergasted until one of their bright young men recalled that potash, among other things, is extensively used in making soft soap. And Mr. Hawker, a salesman by name and by nature, is suspected of being rather dexterous in the handling of that product.

\* \* \* \* \*

Conrad Thibault had concluded his broadcast. He was slipping his music back into his portfolio when a man stepped up to him in the studio.

"Pardon me, Mr. Thibault," said the stranger. "I've just listened to your broadcast and I want to tell you that you have one of the finest baritone voices it has been my privilege to hear."

Thibault smiled his thanks. Then he learned that the man who paid him that gracious compliment was John Charles Thomas.

\* \* \* \* \*

IREENE (Yes, Mr. Composer, the double "e" is correct because Numerology says so) Wicker is one of the busiest broadcasters in the Chicago NBC studios. She appears on so many programs that she sometimes wishes there were a couple of Irene Wickers. But that is only because if she were twins she could broadcast in two studios simultaneously. In the meantime she has to be content to project different personalities on the air. And how? Why, once in two successive Judy and Jane episodes she played thirteen parts, so you see how versatile Irene really is.

JANUARY, 1934

If Miss Wicker ever writes her autobiography she can, in all modesty and truthfulness, record that she made a howling stage success at the age of four. It was at a Sunday School entertainment. Irene (there was only one "e" then, Mr. Composer, because the Numerology Lady hadn't told her yet how to scare away the Big, Bad Wolf by the spelling system) in her best bib and tucker stepped on the platform to recite a sad poem. She began bravely enough but the words were so tragic that little Irene was overcome with emotion. She burst right out into tears, giving vent to poignant grief in tones powerful and piercing. She never did finish the recitation, but the few minutes that she did perform convinced the spectators that she possessed a mysterious power to sway audiences.

"Irene will be a great artist some day, mark my words," predicted the Sunday School superintendent, when quiet was restored.

"Yep," agreed her teacher, "but she's got to learn to control her feelings more."

Irene — beg pardon, Irene — Wicker has done both of those things.

\* \* \* \* \*

A letter dotted and dashed in the Morse code intrigued the interest of Don Bestor, the maestro. Decoded by a telegrapher, located with some difficulty, Bestor learned that the sender craved his autographed picture.

\* \* \* \* \*

The veteran B. A. Rolfe, who has the happy faculty of bobbing back into favor whenever radio row thinks he's slipping, went to Honolulu during one of his in-between moments a couple of years ago. While lolling on Waikiki beach, he met a resident of the island (for all I know it may have been Inspector Charlie Chan) who told him about the origin of the ukulele. This instrument, Rolfe learned, isn't native to Hawaii. On the contrary it was introduced by Portuguese sailors, men of low caste and still lower appreciation of music, in the opinion of the bandman's communicant.

"Why," jubilantly exclaimed Rolfe's informant, "the very name ukulele betrays its character."

"And what does ukulele mean?" inquired the maestro.

"It is derived from the Hawaiian words uke and lela," explained the native. Uke means jumping and lela means flea, so that a ukulele is just that—a jumping flea."

Mr. Rolfe, being a man of humor as well as a musician, was tickled pink with this information. He took the next boat back to America and hurried to the NBC studios, seeking first of all May Singhi Breen, the ukulele queen.

"Hawaii, May?" said Rolfe, chuckling with suppressed glee.

"How are you yourself, B. A.?" asked Miss Breen, visibly disconcerted at his



Chevalier greets Lanny Ross, radio star just signed up by the movie



Charlie doubts the Baron's story that he won all those medals in Hollywood



Back of the scenes with Plymouth Motors' supersalesman comedy sketch



# What Loudspeaker Favorites Are Doing Along Radio Row



Lulu McConnell's humorous sketches are heard on *The Big Show* program



Marconi, father of radio, visits the broadcasting studios in New York



Trade and Mark, the Smith Brothers (Billy Hillpot and Scrappy Lambert)

salutation. "What's the matter, are you full of poi?" she added.

"No," smiled the radiant and rotund Rolfe, "nor am I bothered with fleas—I don't play the uke, you know."

"Just what do you imply by that?" demanded the lady.

And then with great gusto and in great detail the band master told of his discovery in Honolulu. As may be readily understood, Miss Breen wasn't exactly elated but she accepted the information with such good grace that Rolfe was denied much of the pleasure he had anticipated.

\* \* \* \* \*

WHILE the ukulele may be of the humble origin ascribed to it by B. A. Rolfe, its mistress, May Singhi Breen, has a beautiful home which her skill on that instrument helped to make. With her husband, Peter de Rose, the composer, she owns a place in New Rochelle, N. Y., "forty-five minutes from Broadway," which is the show spot of a residential section.

The Breen-de Rose manse is situated in the center of a city block. Surrounding it are magnificent old trees, lilac bushes and the flower beds so essential to the landscape beauty of a country estate. And on the property is an extensive orchard, the only real orchard left within the corporate limits of New Rochelle.

Passing motorists last Fall got the whiff of delicious fruity odors, for Miss Breen, frugal housewife that she is, preserved peaches, pears and other surplus produce of this splendid orchard. Canning and cooking come as naturally to Miss Breen as music, and to her intimates she is known as the culinary queen rather than the ukulele queen. Her spaghetti dinners, for instance, are something to write to the *New York Times* about.

The house is an old-fashioned country place which the de Roses did over and modernized. There are seventeen rooms and five baths but commodious as this is it is not large enough to accommodate their friends. For they are an old-fashioned couple, these two, holding forth old-fashioned hospitality in an old-fashioned setting, and they are very, very popular hosts. The world and his wife beat a pathway to the home of "The Sweethearts of the Air."

\* \* \* \* \*

Early activities: Irvin S. Cobb drove an ice wagon in Paducah, Ky. . . . Freeman Gosden (Amos) was a salesman and Charles Correll (Andy) was a bricklayer . . . Jane Froman was a newspaper sob sister . . . Announcer David Ross was superintendent of an orphanage . . . Phillips (Seth Parker) Lord was a school teacher . . . Duke Ellington was a soda fountain clerk . . . Billy Jones was a telephone lineman and Ernie Hare a baking powder sales-

man . . . Ruth Etting was a costume designer . . . Dan Landt, of the Landt Trio and White, was a house painter and White was a baker . . . Muriel Wilson was a deputy collector of internal revenue . . . Vincent Lopez was a stenographer . . . Johnny Marvin was a barber . . . Pat Barnes was a tree surgeon . . . And Eddie Cantor, George Jessel and Walter Winchell were ushers in the same theatre in uptown New York. They have been showing the way ever since.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bing Crosby's real name is Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr. He became Bing Crosby back in his schoolboy days when he was a champion injun fighter. Every time his gun barked, a redskin bit the dust. So his companions called him Bing, but they might just as well have made it Bang.

\* \* \* \* \*

"SHE was raised on the tray of a trunk" is a line frequently recurring in the biographies of children of theatrical parents. Sometimes it is justified by facts; more often it is gently insinuated into the narrative because it has a euphonic sound and appeals to the imagination of readers.

But there is at least one radio star deserving of that description. She is Gladys Rice, Columbia warbler. Gladys is the daughter of John C. Rice and Sally Cohen, vaudeville headliners when variety was America's most popular indoor amusement. In her early childhood, Gladys travelled with her parents and actually did spend considerable time kicking her little heels against the tray of a dressing room trunk.

When old enough she was sent to a boarding school for girls where Gladys excelled in geography, to the envy of her classmates. She knew where cities and towns were located because she had been places with her parents. However, her answers weren't always academically accurate. For instance, the teacher asked her one day, "What is the capital of Illinois?"

"I just can't remember the name of the town," replied little Gladys, "but it's a sleeper jump from Des Moines."

Such answers didn't make of Gladys a teacher's pet, but they did make her a heroine in the sight of her classmates.

\* \* \* \* \*

ENOCH LIGHT, conductor of the Hotel Governor Clinton grill orchestra, tells an episode throwing a strange light on the younger generation. A boy of four was dining with his mother and the leader sought to please him by playing a number for his special benefit. It was *What Are Little Girls Made Of, What Are Little Boys Made Of*, etc. After the tune, the maestro asked the young man how he liked it.

"Aw, that's only for babies," exclaimed the youngster in disgust. "Why don't you play *Pettin' in the Park*?"



# A Benny for Your Thoughts

Jack Benny Started in Vaudeville as a fiddler and Became a Star Radio Comedian

*By Cedric Adams*

**W**HEN a man's favorite dish is cold asparagus and mustard sauce you may expect here and there in his background a curious trait, a peculiar circumstance. Some people call them quirks. Jack Benny, former star of the famous Canada Dry (a nickel back on the large bottle) program, and principal attraction on the new Chevrolet series of weekly broadcasts, has his quirks.

Examining the Benny beginnings, it is apparent that he's entitled to them. He got a break the day he was born. He was a Valentine's present to his mother and



Jack Benny with the Mrs., Mary Livingstone, are another husband and wife team of the airwaves



Left to right, Al Jolson, Jack Benny, Ted Husing, Rudy Vallee, Irene Bordoni and Lou Holtz at the beach

father on February 14, 1894. The Kubelsky family (Jack's father and mother) lived in Waukegan, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. Jack's mother thought it would be better if the Benny heir were born in a larger city than Waukegan. It would be simpler for the child later on in life when people asked where it was born for it to say Chicago rather than Waukegan. That's why the event took place in the metropolis.

Mr. Kubelsky ran a haberdashery business. When Jack was old enough to start making a living the business of selling shirts, socks and neckties didn't have much appeal. With the clothing business definitely out, Jack cast about for a means of making a living. As a child he had taken a few lessons on the fiddle and became fairly proficient at playing the popular tunes of the early 1900's. After finishing high school he organized a dance band, and played at the various Waukegan dances. The violin he played with the orchestra was an Amati, an expensive make. It proved a good investment, however, for it [Continued on page 72]





Perhaps it is a nightmare, perhaps not. At any rate, this is how Vince Callahan pictures Kate Smith at the mike with her accompanist at the piano. Ed. note: The moon is coming over the mountain. Kate should be pleased that her moon is really on its way



# Is Radio A Menace to Children?

What Should You let Your Children Hear over the Radio?  
Do Certain Types of Radio Entertainment Represent a  
Real Danger to Growing Minds? Every Parent Will  
Want to Read the Answer to These Vital Questions

By Louis E. Bisch, M.D., PH. D.

*Dr. Louis E. Bisch, one of the best known psychologists in the country, reaches a vast audience of readers through his books and through a daily newspaper column on health and psychology read by 25,000,000 people. He is author of Your Inner Self, a volume on psychoanalysis, The Conquest of Self, and Clinical Psychology. His vast experience as a New York practicing specialist on all phases of normal and abnormal psychology eminently qualifies him to answer the vital questions dealt with in this article.*

radio executives on their side, as well as the advertisers, were quick to reply that if anything was wrong they wanted to be the first to make everything right for the kiddies.

Changes actually were made. Since then we do not hear so much of the "blood and thunder," or murder mystery type of thing. Mothers everywhere are breathing a little easier when Johnnie and Mary sneak up to the dial and tune in on something that interests them.

The mother of the

[Continued on page 80]

RECENTLY I was guest at the suburban home of friends of mine, specifically in Westchester County, where, you may remember, discussion of what our children should or should not hear over the radio waxed hot some months ago.

At the time, the criticisms these mothers leveled in no uncertain terms against the programs currently offered—particularly in reference to the so-called "children's hours"—received a great deal of publicity. The

Illustration by  
Harley Ennis Stivers





# Constant Readers in Hollywood



Lilian Harvey, fascinating star of *My Weakness*, admits a particular weakness for *RADIOLAND* magazine as she enjoys the book over a bottle of milk



Russ Columbo, starring in *Broadway Thru a Keyhole*, reads *RADIOLAND* to keep posted on up-to-the-minute news of the broadcasting world in which he scored his first smashing success



Myrna Loy, charming Metro player, finds *RADIOLAND* an absorbing means of passing time between calls on the set of *Penthouse*, in which she stars with Warner Baxter



Madge Evans, currently appearing in *Dinner at Eight*, has been a dyed-in-the-wool radio fan since she experienced the thrill of broadcasting at Hollywood premieres



# NOT A Dry Martini Story

Because Nino Martini is an  
Interesting and Handsome  
Young Italian—and the first  
Slender Tenor in History

By Sally Benson



**N**INO MARTINI, honor student of the Columbia Broadcasting System, is something new in tenors. He is as good as he is beautiful. In my day, to tell someone he looked like a tenor meant fight in any language, but to tell someone he looks like Nino Martini, well—why don't you come up sometime?

The thousands of tenors I have seen have all been alike as peas. In quartettes the tenor is the fat boy on the left and in opera he is the fat boy *vesti la giubba* in the center of the stage, but nevertheless and notwithstanding, he is always the fat boy.

And it is known to be a scientific fact that all the Lohengrins, the Parsifals, the Rudolfs and the Siegfrieds have legs like carrots. So what happens? So people buy radios. They can't take it.

Nino Martini is twenty-nine years old, slim and very handsome. He looks like everybody's idea of romance but can probably add up his bridge scores and check up on the grocery list as fast as you can. I got the impression that he was impractical but material, with a good disposition, not a great deal of imagination and very little temperament. But I can't prove it. The thing that puzzles me is how his family ever found out he could sing. I don't think it would have occurred to me to ask him. It would be like asking Greta Garbo if she could say the Lord's prayer backwards. They did find out, though, back in Verona, Italy, because when Italian

Nino Martini is the first opera star whose fame has been built primarily by radio. He is One Gentleman from Verona, Italy



Nino Martini all dressed up for his debut as the Duke in *Rigoletto*

babies are old enough to understand, they ask them if they can sing just to be on the safe side.

Even when Nino Martini's father did find out the boy could sing, he wasn't interested. He sent him to the Verona Technical High School to learn something technical. And although Nino had sung boy soprano parts in the churches around town and his father knew it, he hadn't let it worry him. But at the technical school, Nino found out that he would rather do anything than study. He was the star of the Verona rugby team, an expert horseman and a fine bicyclist. As I write this, I find myself wondering what a fine bicyclist does. Ride without his handle bars? Or loop the loop in a barrel?

**R**UGBY, riding and bicycling were so distracting to Nino that he found himself in the position of the boy who wanted to learn to play the saxophone at Massachusetts Tech. He *had* to try something else. Giovanni Zenatello and his wife, Maria Gay, gave him an audition and were so impressed with his natural voice that they took him on as a pupil.

The Zenatellos are the discoverers of Lily Pons and to impress them you have to be good. He studied with them three years before he [Continued on page 87]





—Harold Stein

Betty Barthell, the girl who sings on Richfield Country Club Hour. It was not so long ago that Betty was a non-professional. A radio official heard her entertaining friends in Tennessee with her singing and asked her to make an audition. Now she is a radio star



# "What's MY Opinion Against Millions of Others?"

By Nan Campbell

Jimmy Durante  
is Forced to Ad-  
mit he's a great  
Radio Star

"WELL, when I gets this wire telling me I'm to be a radio star I showed it to Bing Crosby. Bing took one look at it and turned pale. He turned pale, I tell you. I ain't saying nothing about it. I ain't saying I'll be the biggest crooner on the air—but what's my opinion against millions of others?"

"I understand that Bing has saved his money. I'm glad. I'd hate to see him starving to death. It's a tough break for Bing—having me go on the air. But I ain't saying nothing about it. I just showed him the wire and he turned pale."

Ha-a-a-a! That's Jimmy! Jimmy Durante. Jimmy, the well dressed man. The bon vivant. The hoi polloi of society. Jimmy Schnozzola Durante. Clap hands and cheer three times. Like this—rah, rah, rah! They've captured the elusive pixie, Durante. He's going on the air for Chase and Sanborn. And, according to Jimmy, when he starts to croon into that microphone all the rest of the crooners might just as well book passage to Tibet and enjoy a long rest where there are no radios.

But let Jimmy tell about it in his own words. "Now, I ain't saying nothing about it. I don't want to get nobody in trouble. I just feel sorry for Crosby—that's all. You know how Joan Crawford has a radio on the set and one in her car and one in every room in her house so she can listen to Crosby? Hotcha-cha-cha—when she hears Durante's low tones come across the ether she's going to be wearing radios on her hat and in her shoes. She's going to throw rocks at



"Bing Crosby  
took one Look at  
my Contract and  
turned Pale"

Crosby. Maybe I'm wrong—but what's my opinion against millions of others?"

"Crosby's worried. He looks sick. I'm worried, too. It's about the radio. It ain't perfected enough. I'm afraid they can't get a mike sensitive enough to get the sensitive notes in my voice. Ha-a-a-a-a!"

"THEY want to gimme an orchestra with violins and oboes in it. Who wants an oboe? Who knows what an oboe is? Who wants a violin? Who'll hear a violin? All they want is Durante's voice. All they'll hear is Durante's voice."

"And think of Garbo. Poor Greta listening to me all by herself in the rain. Crying her eyes out. These dames can't leave me alone."

"I know this broadcasting game. I've broadcast a couple of times before. At Chinese Theatre premieres they always ask me to say a few dignified and well chosen utterances to the poor people crying for the sound of my voice."

"Then I broadcast in Hollywood. They told me a picture *Broadway to Hollywood* is opening in New York and they want me, Polly Moran and a few others to assist in a national broadcast for it. What they meant was they wanted me, Durante, to make it a success. That touched my pride to the quick. I got a very tender quick."

"They told me my ancestors, Benvenuto Cellini, Casanova, Dante Alighieri and Lucy Borgia was listening in—together with Mussolini over in Italy. So I yelled extra loud so as they'd be sure and hear me."

"They said I shouldn't yell so loud. Me, Jimmy the well dressed man. The bon [Continued on page 70]



# VAMP TILL READY

*The Star Announcer and the Siren of Syncopation were Engaged—and then Mlle. Laviolette Arrived from Paris*

By Stewart Robertson

**S**TATION WHEW was in the midst of its most exhilarating hour. A forty-piece orchestra had just finished throbbing like the pulse of a passionate princess, and Mr. Roger Winship, gold medal announcer, stepped briskly up to the microphone.

"Before continuing with our Angel's Kiss program," he said chummily, "let me sow the thought that even one application of Angel's Kiss Dusting Powder wraps you in a mantle of allurements. It is, dear listening ladies, dedicated to Beauty, and with that as our keynote, allow me to present our own delectable siren of syncopation. Miss Jewel Sheringham," breathed Mr. Winship, and unconsciously his official highbred Boston whinny changed to the earnest tones of a man enthralled by his own convictions, "is with us again this evening to make us realize that though the world is starred with lovely women, there is only one Jewel in the radio skies, and coming to you over the Complex Network."

The lady in question smiled dazzlingly on Roger, leaned slightly forward with her hands on her hips, and commenced to sing. Her hair was the purplish-black of a grackle's wing, her mouth was curved and promising, and under slumbrous lids her slanted eyes were sultry brown. She sang of dusk and the bayou, of levees and of cypress under a blood-red moon, in a throaty contralto that held the muffled rhythm of Congo drums, and all the while she let her languorous, full-lipped smile caress various gentlemen within her range of vision.

Deep South from her short vamps to her tilted nose was Jewel Sheringham, and it was hard to believe that her first fifteen years had been spent tearing beets from the reluctant bosom of a Montana ranch. Her figure squirmed elegantly in its sheath of orange bagheera velvet as she chanted her first three numbers, and then, paced by the orchestra's rising tempo, she cast restraint aside and "went to town" with that classic lament of a New Orleans *vivandiere*, "She Made Many a Slip, but They Weren't in Her Wardrobe."

Finishing with a whirl, she bowed to the studio audience beyond the plate glass curtain, blew a kiss to the hypnotized Roger, then made a colorful and hasty exit. Duty compelled Mr. Winship to recite another blurb for Angel's Kiss, after which he cantered into the corridor and caught up with Jewel before she reached the elevator.

"Aren't you going to wait for me?" he panted.

"But darling, why should I? You won't be through for hours, and I'm going over to the Spreadeagle Studio to listen to the broadcasting there."

"Listen to that new parlor snake tenor, you mean."

"Don't be silly," cooed Miss Sheringham, fluttering a hand

Jewel sang of dusk, the bayou—levees and cypress under a blood-red moon

decorated with a solitaire. "If the man's there, I can't help hearing him."

Roger tried to eye her sternly, then his glance wavered in defeat. "All right," he said irritably, "but don't forget that's my ring you're wearing."

"And don't be dramatic, darling, it doesn't suit you." The sultry eyes grew mistily tender as she catalogued the announcer's clean-cut attractiveness, then she remembered herself and rang for the elevator. The lustrous Jewel had the fullest intention of marrying Mr. Winship some time in the future, but just now a few perfectly innocent dates would keep him from growing too sure of her.

"Anyone would think you didn't trust me," she said.

No real lover has ever stood up against this one, and Roger looked as shamefaced as the father of a female impersonator.

"You know I do, honey," he insisted, "but—"

A door opened up the corridor, and a stocky gentleman stood surveying them with a scowl.

"There's Simon Legree," whispered Jewel. "I'll be going now, sweetness," and with a farewell kiss that meant something she stepped aboard the elevator.

"Psst!" said the stocky person, beckoning to Roger. "Come on in."

**T**HE announcer entered the room and forced a smile for Mr. "Buzz" Ersters, studio manager for Complex, who seemed to live entirely surrounded by push-





Illustrated by  
CARL MUELLER

Roger Winship was a star announcer, but he worried about Jewel's interest in a "parlor snake" tenor



buttons. From a grille in the wall sifted the melodies of the Angel's Kiss Orchestra, but Mr. Ersters turned them off with a contemptuous click.

"So she's at it again, eh?" he complained. "Giving you the good old runaround, and thereby upsetting you, not to mention me and our smooth organization. Not," said Mr. Ersters, "that I'm going to claim the guff about being one big family—we're a lot more congenial than that, I hope. What do you propose to do about it?"

"Marry her," said Roger determinedly, "and as fast as possible."

"Spoken like an amateur," rebuked the dynamic Buzz. "Why rush? With my own eyes I've seen her trying to vamp every stray male in the studio, and now I hear she's all quivery over that new crooner at Spread-eagle. But it's all part of the game, Roger, and your cue is to be indifferent."

"You can't be indifferent with a girl like Jewel."

"I could, old sock. In fact, I could be real fretful with anyone who's worrying my prize announcer. Anyhow, Roger, you think it over. She only wants to show her power—they're all like that—and I don't believe she'd really try any oscillating."

"You mean osculating. No, I'm not afraid of her kissing anyone."

"Sorry," said Mr. Ersters. "Bad habit I've got of using the wrong word at times, but it's no wonder, living in a menagerie like this. Brace up, now, put the freeze on Jewel, and she'll tumble right into your lap."

"I—I can't do it," confessed Roger miserably. "I love her too much."

"Then get out of here!" yelled the harassed manager. "Can't do it, eh? Then I'll do it for you, laddie!"

Roger wished him luck in an ambiguous voice, and its echo returned to plague Mr. Ersters two evenings later as he confronted the unrepentant Jewel.

"So that's how it is," he concluded, after a fifteen minute appeal to what he tactlessly called her better self. "Old Roger is losing that gay insouciance that made him famous, and you're to blame, so I expect you to give him most of your time, as a good fiancée should."

"And you," said Miss Sheringham in her silkiest tones, "can go braid yourself a pretzel."

Mr. Ersters pondered this [Continued on page 76]



Laviolette was a luscious blonde with eyes like blue china





Too much toe dancing made a radio star out of Vera Van, blonde blues singer. She took up dancing as a health measure and at the age of seven was earning \$100 a week as a ballerina. Overwork brought on a spinal ailment and she turned to singing, making her radio debut over KFI, Los Angeles



# He's AFRAID of the MIKE

*Phil Baker is Terrified as his Broadcasts Approach, but as Soon as he is on the air his Confidence Returns*

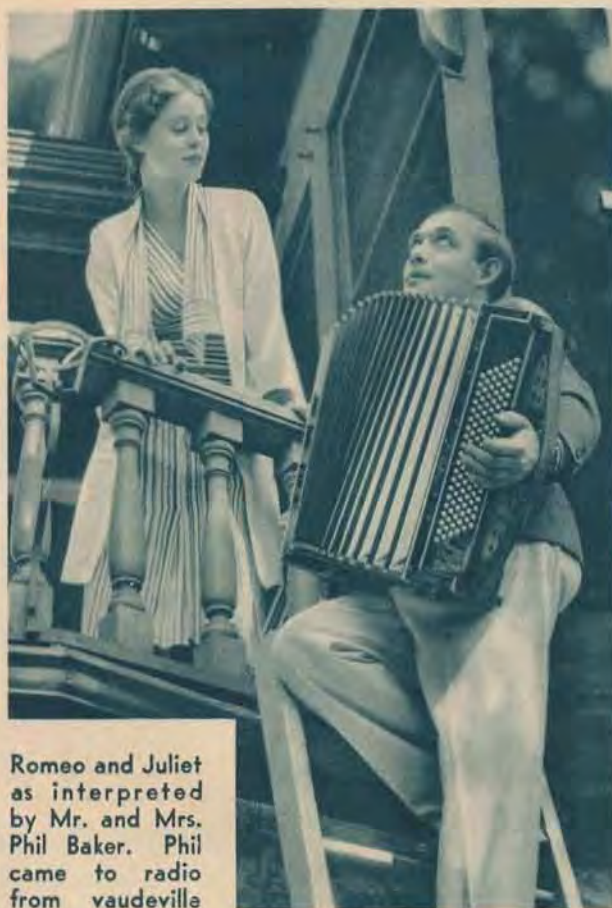
By Darrell Ware

YOU ought to walk into the modern author's den sometime. It's no longer a cold, lamp-lit attic—in fact, with Phil Baker and company it's a great rambling mansion near Lake Michigan, in Evanston, Illinois.

You didn't think of Phil as an author? Radio did that to him. Radio has done a lot of things to Phil, all to be told to you in time, but primarily it has forced him into a desperate search for new material for use on his Armour hour, over the NBC network. For a couple of decades Phil has earned vast sums on the stage with approximately two new acts a year. But now he finds himself up against the problem of writing a new show each week, for radio. And this he does, with help, for the smallest salary he has commanded in a long time. This does not mean, however, that he has to scrimp along.

So this explains the author's den in a mansion. I went there for luncheon and first met Phil and his bride of a year, Peggy Cartwright Baker. We were seated at a great baronial table, where people order *a la carte*. Then Harry McNaughton drifted in. Harry is "Beetles" on the program. At something like three minute intervals others drifted in—Hank Ladd, Mable Albertson, Florence Seward and Jack Murray—the table filled out until the Armour hour was there. All these people have something to do with the program.

The fact that Phil Baker has his staff living with him, always within call, seems to prove his contention that the present radio work is the toughest job of his career. To get fifteen minutes of dialogue once a week, all these people contribute ideas morning, noon and night. They talk of the program almost constantly, and are eager to get your reactions. They grab up a suggestion in its infancy and mature it before your very eyes. They are deeply serious about their comedy.



Romeo and Juliet as interpreted by Mr. and Mrs. Phil Baker. Phil came to radio from vaudeville

In this setting, programs are mapped out, built and perfected. For recreation the household favors golf, but conferences take place before and after the games. In the evening the troupe goes for a walk down the lakeshore, talking business en route. On their return they begin a round table discussion that may last into the small hours of the morning. Neighbors think that Phil has all night parties, because at times they hear music and talking until dawn. A year ago it probably would have been a party, but now it means that a story-book sort of story conference is taking place.

TWENTY-TWO years in show business has given Phil Baker a careless ease on the stage. That business was so much a part of him, that he did it as naturally as eating and sleeping. Without much to worry about, Phil became a pretty sophisticated fellow, who knew the bright spots as well as his

colleagues. Through the years he had risen from a dollar-a-show nonentity to, at one time, half of the \$150-a-week team of Ben Bernie and Phil Baker. After cruising along at this "peak" for some time, Ben organized a band and Baker kept on with vaudeville. Within a couple years, these two played separate acts on the same bill and grossed \$11,500 together for a week's appearance. With reason, Phil decided that he had conquered his particular field on the stage, and he relaxed.

But he is intense again now. I have never seen a man as successful in one entertainment medium, who had such misgivings about another. Radio has scared Phil Baker, and he is not yet over it. The responsibility of threading together a new act each week, the realization of the vast audience to whom he now plays, the novelty of the medium have all combined to make a very serious person out of Mr. Baker.

For a long time Phil turned down radio contracts. In the first place he was

[Continued on page 90]



# Radio Sounds Are Not What They Seem

By Mary Jacobs



Sounds Effects Chief Urban Johnson, and his assistant, Helen Earle, operating a sound machine. The tub is a waterfall, the drain pipe is a plane

Mrs. Ora Nichols, is Columbia's best imitator of the mooing cow, the meowing cat, the bleating goat and the wailing baby. No, they don't use real babies



IN TENSE, pleading tones he begged her forgiveness. She was the only girl he had ever loved; he had been weak; the other woman had tempted him. It would never happen again, she could be sure of that. Oh, she must believe him, must take him back. Without her, life had no value, no meaning.

His choked, half-sobbing plea ceased, the soft accompaniment of the piano died away. She had risen, was coming toward him. "We'll forget all about this and start over again. Let's kiss and make up," she said tremulously.

We, the radio audience, relaxed, pleased at their reconciliation, expecting the sound of their kiss. Instead the loudest, clearest Bronx cheer I ever heard came over the air.

"How did it happen?" were the first words I said to Ray Kelly, sound technician at the National Broadcasting studios, when I went to find out just how radio sounds are made. Mr. Kelly is at the right in the telephone picture on the page opposite.

"The actor's hand accidentally touched a loose contact wire," he laughed, "and not even the kisses of Clark Gable could compete with the noise that makes . . . Now we know how to produce a Bronx cheer that goes the mouth-made hiss one better."

QUITE a few of the made-to-order sounds you hear in broadcasts have been discovered accidentally. Take the crack of a pistol shot, so vital to Death Valley Days, to Tales of the Titans. The report of an actual pistol shot? That would wreck several hundred dollars worth of delicate studio equipment. It is the closing of a metal glasses case. One day an announcer took off his glasses as he stood before a microphone. Snap! He had produced a perfect pistol shot.

At another broadcast, one of the actors idly ran his fingers through the teeth of a comb. The sound was very familiar—the mournful, low tones of a toad.

Even the complicated rain machine Mr. Kelly has just built had its inception in his watching a waitress sprinkle salt on the crisp lettuce leaves of his salad. How to duplicate the patter of raindrops had worried him . . . here was the answer. He dropped salt on onion skin, also on wax paper. The salt

RADIOLAND



## A Pistol Shot is the Closing of a Spectacle Case. Bird Seed on a Newspaper is Rain. A Corn Popper Filled with Sand is the Lapping of the Sea

was too fine to produce a fairly heavy downpour, so he experimented further. Bird seed sprinkled on newspaper did the trick for rain splashing on the sidewalk; for rain hitting a roof, bird seed on a tin plate proved excellent. For a torrent of rain, rubbing excelsior against the closed side of the microphone deceived even the most skeptical.

These served till a Lucky Strike program called for a steady downpour of rain for half an hour. It was terribly hard to keep up an even dropping of bird seed by hand for more than a few minutes. So Mr. Kelly designed his rain machine.

It is an oak cabinet, fifteen feet high, with a compartment on top that holds enough bird seed for a thirty-five minute downpour. The artificial rain falls upon an electrically revolved disc, and falls into a drawer below. By adjusting the speed of the electric motor you can reproduce the sound of a gentle shower, the crash of a hailstorm . . .



At NBC: the 36 wooden blocks, suspended from spring wires on a frame, pounded on a table give the rhythmic beat of marching men



Bradley Barker, NBC, is the original animal vocalizer

you can even get the sound of someone taking a shower!

Making weather to order is the most frequent assignment given the professional sound makers. Do you remember the recent Moonshine and Honey-suckle program, in which thunder crashed, the rain fell in torrents, and a landslide followed an explosion?

A thunder sheet was shaken to get the high pitched, crashy quality of thunder bolts; a drum covered with heavy parchment supplied the roars and booms of lower pitched flashes. (A thunder sheet is a piece of black sheet iron ten feet by three feet). The rain machine supplied the rain. A large square drum, covered with horsehair, banged frequently, while the thunder sheet was shaken vigorously, gave a first-class explosion. These noises, plus the vocal efforts of the actors and the operation of the crashing machine, made a very realistic landslide. The crashing machine consists of a miniature child's slide, with a box of rocks poised on top. When you turn the hand crank, the rocks fall down the metal slide.

To create the sound of falling snow, feathers are dropped near the microphone; the crunch-crunch of footsteps on snow is made by walking on cornstarch.



When you hear telephone conversation of the air, this is how it's done. An ordinary phone transmitter is attached to a small amplifier

FOR sea effects, the orchestra and props of the sound men work hand in hand. A scrubbing brush rolled over a tympani creates the sound of the surf; for the roar of angry waves striking a boat nothing is better than half a dozen marbles or shelled peas rolled on the head of a bass drum. A corn popper, par- [Continued on page 68]



# Kidding the Ether Wavers



"What? My husband in an automobile accident? What a coincidence, Amos and Andy just had one!"



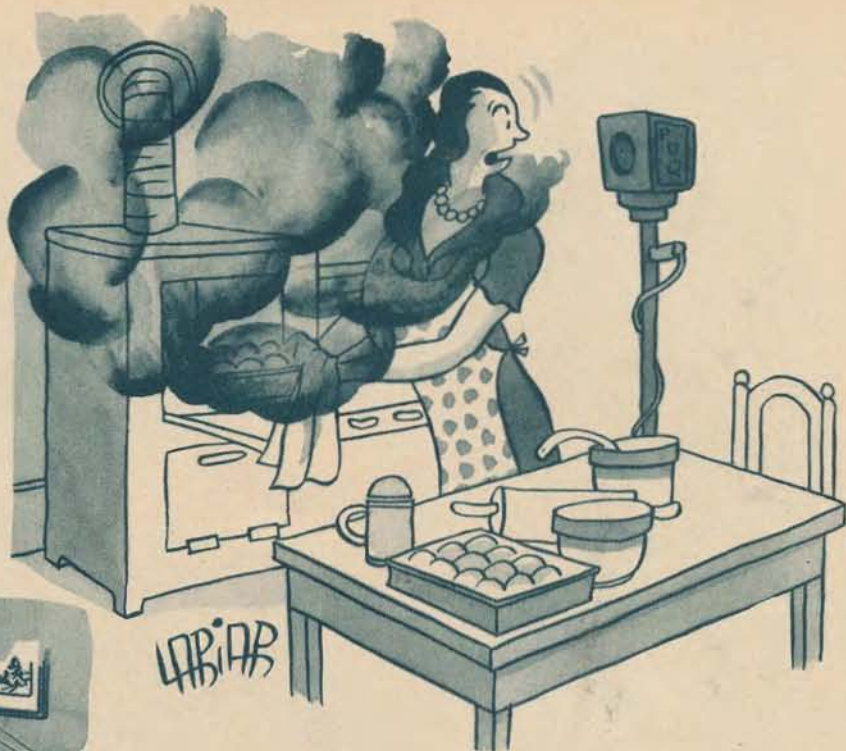
"We've a surprise for you this evening, folks—we will not play *Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf!* "



"—but Eleanor, Eleanor—I love you!"



"I made a mistake,  
ladies—bake the buns  
5 minutes instead of 15  
minutes!"



"To think that once I was his  
plaything!"

**RADIOLAND'S**  
cartoonists broad-  
cast some good-  
natured fun



"Don't turn it off, dear—I'm sleeping by it"





—Photo by White Studio

Elizabeth Love plays the ingenue role of Betty Graham in *Roses and Drums*, the radio program of historical dramas. Her stage experience began in Richmond, Virginia, where she played the southern belle in *Strictly Dishonorable*. She hails from Lakeland, Florida. Her radio debut was with Helen Morgan over WCAU, Philadelphia



Meet Singin' Sam,  
the Barbasol man—  
in real life, Harry  
Frankel, a veteran  
singer who never  
took a music lesson.  
Wherever he goes,  
this popular enter-  
tainer carries his  
special trunk con-  
taining thousands of  
pieces of music from  
which he makes up  
his programs



Cantaloupes contain  
the right brand of  
vitamines to nourish  
radio voices, to  
judge from Singin'  
Sam's before-break-  
fast smile. Sam is a  
bachelor with a taste  
for plaids and  
checks. A slow-  
talkin', slow-movin'  
200-pounder—but  
does he burn up the  
highways in his car!



# Fan Mail takes Radio's PULSE

**W**HAT would you do if you knew that among the people listening to your broadcast was one who had threatened to kill herself the minute you got off the air? Could you go on doing your best to make people laugh realizing someone was deriving her last bit of happiness from tuning in on your program?

That happened recently to Gracie Allen, and she did plenty. Among the thousands of letters from fans she and George Burns receive weekly as a result of their nonsense skits, was one enclosing an old-fashioned hand-carved gold ring. The letter read as follows:

"Dear Gracie Allen:

"I'm enclosing my mother's ring, which she left me when she died. You brought so much happiness to her and me I am sure she would love you to have it.

"Everything has gone wrong and I can't stand life any longer. My last bit of pleasure before I kill myself tonight will be listening to your broadcast.

"Miss D—"

The letter was postmarked New York City, but bore no name or address. What could Gracie do? During her performance she ingeniously twisted into the text a plea for this girl to come to see her. Miss D. did. She and Gracie had a good heart-to-heart talk, and Gracie persuaded her to change her mind. The other day Gracie got another fan note from her—of a different sort.

This is just one of the unusual bits of fan mail the stars receive, letters in a continuous avalanche, day in

and day out. Letters that praise and flatter; letters that razz; poems galore; pleas for advice; for friendship; financial aid; heartrending letters; funny letters.

**W**HETHER complimentary or otherwise, radio artists are always glad to receive these flocks of mail, for they are probably the best barometer of popularity. Most of them happily tackle the extra work reading and answering these notes entails. If you averaged 17,000 letters a week, as does Kate Smith; 5,000 a week as does

Jessica Dragonette; 3,000 a week like Lowell Thomas; 2,500 a week as do Eddie Cantor and Ed Wynn; the tremendous tonnage of mail Rudy Vallée, Lanny Ross, James Melton, Jane Froman, Amos 'n' Andy get, you'd realize what a problem you were up against. Little Jack Little, Graham McNamee, Fred Waring, Countess Albani, Nino Martini, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd also stack up the mail; the higher it gets, the better they like it!

Many a star admits a little thing like a fan letter has affected her career. The fan letter of a disabled war veteran in the Walter Reed Hospital started Kate on the road to being "the grand girl of radio." Three days after she started her La Palina program, this fan requested her to sing his favorite song. She did. More requests poured in, which she granted. Finally so many thousands poured in from shut-ins, disabled veterans and other unfortunates that Kate decided to devote the best part of her program to such numbers.

Incidentally, Kate has received more photos from



Fans deluged Kate Smith with photographs of the moon coming over the mountain. She averages 17,000 letters a week



Ed Wynn's humorous sallies have won him a great following. Each week 2,500 persons sit down and write letters to him



Cramming entire mail sacks in some deliveries, tons of letters from his listeners reach Rudy Vallée every week



## Letters Come In Thousands to the Radio Favorites and they Range from Complimentary to Critical, from Heartrending to Humorous

amateur photographers of the moon coming over the mountain than any other thing. It seems the first thing her fans do when they go on vacation is stay up and photograph the moon coming over the mountain.

Budd and Stoopnagle, too, owe their place in the radio sun to fan mail. At the time of the stock market crash, both were living in Buffalo. Colonel Stoopnagle (real name F. Chase Taylor) was an ex-stock broker whose fortune had been wiped away by the crash; Budd (Bud Hulick) was a radio announcer. For lack of anything better to do, Stoopnagle hung around the broadcasting studios. One day Hulick came rushing through, grabbed him by the hand, and pulled him into the studio. "We gotta do fifteen minutes on the air . . . the star's failed to appear," he gasped. Their act was born as they spoke—Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd. So tremendous was the audience's response to their humor, they've been on the air ever since.

**M**ANY letters, too, tell how the artists have changed their fans' lives. Budd and Stoopnagle are experts on bringing harmony to strife-torn homes. They treasure a letter received from a husband and wife who had decided to separate, then heard their recent sketch in which they made sage comments about forgetting and forgiving. The couple laughed and made up.

Another fan wrote to the Rex Cole Mountaineers (whose mail comes mostly from elderly ladies):

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage heart. I came home late the other night; my wife was in tears; the dinner she had worked so hard to cook was ruined. She steamed up to 100, ready to raise the devil with me. I tuned in to your program, the wife laughed at your ditties, and forgot about the impending battle. The end of your broadcast left her like a lamb,"

[Continued on page 68]



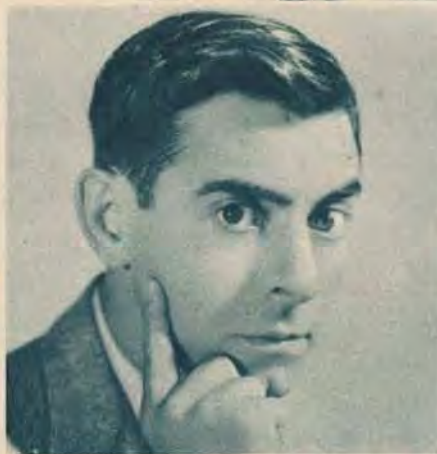
The Voice of Experience reading his fan mail. Seventeen thousand letters a week



Gene and Glen, buried by their voluminous fan mail



Gracie Allen ingeniously altered the text of one of her broadcasts in order to save the life of one of her fans



Eddie Cantor's fan mail—some 2,500 letters weekly—keeps him in close personal touch with his following



Five thousand letters a week are received by Jessica Dragonette from listeners who can't resist writing to her





Charlie Mack and George Moran, Two Black Crows without their burnt cork. They're returning to radio

# Two Black Crows Fly Back

*After Five Years, Moran and Mack return to the radio*

By Katherine Albert

**A**BOUT five years ago Moran and Mack—the Two Black Crows—disappeared from radio. They went to Hollywood and made their first picture, *Why Bring That Up?* The answer to their own question was—for \$750,000.

They made a couple of more pictures and then, somehow, you didn't hear anything about those two who had been more popular than repeal. For a long time

I've been wondering what became of The Two Black Crows. And now I have the answer.

At the time they left radio Charlie Mack—who is really head man of the team—knew that the public was sick of their stuff. He knew that if they kept on much longer there was a chance of their flopping cold. And he was smart enough to quit. He and Moran promised each other that not until a [Continued on page 72]



These Two Black Crows made a phenomenal radio and movie hit five years ago—and then disappeared



# RADIOLAND'S PATTERN SERVICE

## Two Stunning Creations to Choose from in the Latest Mode

OUR stylist did some tall scouting about looking for the highlights of the season's mode. Here they are—in two of the most stunning creations you ever laid eyes on! And for some big news—you can have these frocks for yourself, as our pattern department has prepared an exact pattern for each of you!

High under the chin is the byword of L316. You'll dote on the soft cowl neckline and the way the over-bodice fastens on the shoulders with nobby buttons. The skirt is slimmed with slender panels and the sleeves once again take on an air of slender importance. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38.

Two necklines, clever as can be, make L315 ever so exciting. Wear one day, the pleated capelet that ties so casually close-to-the-throat; another day, slip the scarf through the bodice slash as shown in the tiny sketch. Intriguing, isn't it? Either frock would be perfect in mossy crêpe, satin, faille or in wool. Rhinestone or Mirror buttons will add the formal touch of chic. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40.

Yardage requirements may be found on instruction chart that accompanies each pattern.



Pattern L315 is at right above. It can be worn with two neckline effects as shown. Intriguing in crepe, satin, faille or wool



IF YOU have not yet ordered RADIOLAND'S Fashion Book, we suggest that you send for a copy. You will find in this book a wide assortment of attractive styles. If you sew for your youngsters, you will find pages devoted to smart children's models.

There are many things in this book which will be of particular interest to you. Every suggestion is a practical one—so, check the Fashion Book line in the coupon.

At left is Pattern L316. Particularly attractive is the soft cowl neckline and the slenderizing effect given the skirt by narrow panels. The new mode calls for high necklines

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

For the enclosed.....send me Pattern No. L315. Size.....  
Pattern No. L316. Size..... and the Fall edition of the Pattern Book  
(check if wanted).....

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

Each Pattern 15c — Fashion Book 15c  
One Pattern and Book 25c





Harry Richman and Milton Berle are the Broadway stars whose microphone antics scored such a hit on the Old Gold program. Harry is the boy with the intimate microphone approach shown above; Milton is the lad in the circle at the right who lifts an admonishing finger while Harry looks on. They're credited with a healthy increase in the size of Old Gold's audience

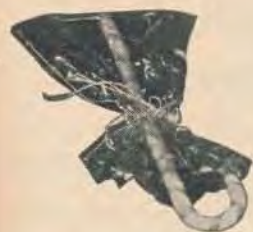




# Woman and Her Problems

By

Ida Bailey Allen



## Christmas Through the House



*"God rest you merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay;  
Remember, Christ our Saviour  
Was born on Christmas Day. . . ."*

IT IS only recently that I realized the full significance of the first line of this old carol. As a child, I had always thought it meant "God rest you (give you rest) merry gentlemen;" it really means "God rest (or keep) you *merry*, gentlemen." And that you may be kept merry, all of you, is my heartfelt wish.

The ability to keep merry and to reflect the spirit of the Christmas season depends partly on your own poise, partly on your environment. The well loved phrase "Peace on earth, good will to men" applies as much to the household as to the outside world.

The foundation of family peace on Christmas day is forehandedness on the part of the woman who guides the home. This does not mean that she should carry out all the holiday preparations by her own efforts alone; like a good general she should enlist the help of every member of the household, so that there will be no last minute rush to obscure the true spirit of the

Christmas-tide. And what are these preliminary preparations? They begin with the making or purchasing of presents, and their wrapping. It is especially important that all presents the children are to give, be made ready at least a week in advance, for they entail supervision and help that consumes considerable time.

Following through, the next step is to plan the Christmas dinner and other meals of the day, have the necessary linens laundered, [Continued on page 83]



Silver stars on a background of evergreen against a filet lace or plain white cloth make a beautiful centerpiece for the Christmas table



—Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.

A Santa Claus fashioned over a floor lamp is a clever method of presenting gifts in rooms too crowded to accommodate a Christmas tree



# Christmas Gifts You Can Cook

*Mrs. Allen Gives a Wide Selection of Choice Recipes  
Especially Suited for Preparation as Christmas Gifts*



A trayful of tasty Christmas cookies ready for wrapping. Fancy shapes add to their appeal as gifts

—Courtesy General Foods Cook Book

THE Christmas spirit is prompted by love and appreciation and the custom of Christmas giving goes back through the centuries to the shepherds in the field and to the Wise Men of the East. The Magi bestowed gifts of frankincense, gold and myrrh upon the Holy Child; the poor shepherds offered only a gentle lamb; but each gift was received with grateful love and appreciation.

Guiding the Christmas spirit to the selection of the right gift should be the desire to give something that you know would gladden the heart of the recipient. If your friend is interested in pictures or books, she would undoubtedly enjoy something that would appeal to that interest. If the gift is for a home-maker interested in cooking, she would appreciate a cook book, a cooking thermometer, a set of new cake pans or a box of Christmas candy along with the recipes used in making it.

We may not all have the time to knit scarves or sweaters or embroider fancy pillow slips for Christmas gifts, but there is one thing that every home-maker can

do: She can cook her Christmas gifts. Much of the charm of such a gift depends on how it is wrapped and packed.

Three outstandingly beautiful looking gifts were sent to me—one, a pecan fruit cake from a radio listener in New Orleans, which was carefully wrapped in foil, tied with raffia and a sprig of mistletoe, and packed in a box heaped with orange blossoms; a second came from a country woman some forty miles away and consisted of a splint market basket stained green and filled with well scrubbed vegetables and several jars of home-made pickles; to the handle was tied a large bunch of parsley and dried red peppers. The third gift consisted of twelve jars of home-canned vegetables, a jar of peach butter and one of chutney, carefully packed in the carton in which the jars had been purchased. Each jar was wrapped in red or green cellophane, and tied around the top was a card on which was written an original recipe for the use of that particular food.

Whatever the food you cook to give, be sure to pack and wrap it attractively. Often the container may consist of a useful gift, which would seem inconsequential without its toothsome filling. A small chopping bowl filled with cookies for instance; a French salad basket with a head of lettuce and a jar of mayonnaise tucked inside; a new double boiler full of Scotch Kisses; a covered glass cake pan containing the fruit cake baked in it; or a shining biscuit pan filled with home made rolls; inexpensive toys for the children (like little carts, engines, doll carriages, etc.) filled with stuffed fruits, candied orange peel, peppermints or cookies.

If the gift be for a busy housewife, a complete course for the Christmas dinner or [Continued on page 95]



—Courtesy Mfrs. of Certo

Jams and jellies made during the summer make attractive gifts when dolled up in cellophane dress

RADIOLAND



# What Shall I Give?

*Several new Home Crafts featured by Mrs. Allen Afford Practical Answers to the Gift Problem*

**“W**HAT shall I give?” rather than “What shall I get?” is the watchword of the Christmas season.

In planning any Christmas list, those who need help should be considered first. I mean such folk as the laundress, the janitor, the disabled veteran or poor widow living on a small pension. Then should be considered that group of people who need to be cheered—such as the elderly ladies down the street who would love a visit from your children and the gift of a basket of cookies; your neighbor's children who might be invited in for an hour to share your children's gaiety. The third group for whom we must plan is the immediate family circle and our close friends. Usually we know what they want, and we know what we can afford to spend; in this case, for the sake of the home economy, the heart must be controlled by the limitations of the purse; it's not fair to the Christmas spirit to have to face an appalling pile of bills on New Year's morning.

## Christmas Cards

**I** BELIEVE thoroughly in gifts that carry the personal touch, either in careful selection or through actual handiwork. How refreshing it is, for instance, to find one Christmas card, among the many that pour in, that is unusual! A little personal touch can be given



—Courtesy Singer Sewing Machine Co.

This kitten is a Singer-craft toy—made at home with a simple sewing machine gadget

to even a formal card by writing a message on the back; or better still, one can decorate heavy notepaper by painting or pasting on a bit of green and send a Christmas letter.

Most satisfactory of all, is the making of your own Christmas cards; and many of them (block print cards, for instance) are easy to make. First, draw or trace a design, the size you wish to use, on plain linoleum; then cut out the background, leaving the design in sharp relief. Daub bright printer's ink on the raised portions of the block, then press the block down evenly on the card. Handwrite or print the Christmas message.

Photographs or snapshots mounted on cards make them individual. The pictures [Continued on page 91]



—Courtesy Dennison Mfg. Co.

A book cover and note book made at home by the new Lustrous Leather Craft method



The shade of this charming boudoir lamp is made from pleated crepe paper to match a particular color scheme



This bookmark and pencil holder is crocheted from crepe paper—truly a unique gift



# Letting Down the Bars

Less Stringent Supervision of Children at Christmas time is Mrs. Allen's Recipe for Yuletide Happiness for the Youngsters



—Courtesy National Biscuit Co.

A late party for the new doll makes Christmas long-remembered

"CHRISTMAS comes but once a year" — the phrase is uttered benevolently, thankfully, tolerantly, gaily, persuasively, according to person, according to mood. The children are persuasive (avaricious little schemers!); father is usually thankful; the aunts and grandparents are traditionally benevolent; but all, at one moment or other, are certainly gay. And why not, indeed? Christmas is synonymous with rejoicing. It is hard to believe that some of our sterner American forefathers—the early Puritans of Massachusetts—could ever have been so fanatical as to forbid the celebration of Christmas. Their tyranny over joy was shortlived, however; and even during their dour and barren holiday seasons the gay yuletide was being celebrated with full gusto seventy-five miles south in Rhode Island.

Whatever the evolution of the present practices of Christmas celebration—aside from the day's natural significance as anniversary of the nativity of Christ—they are surely sponsor to both kindness and gaiety. No one is ever left untouched by what we term the "Christmas spirit." Call it trite, call it a fetish perpetuated by clever merchants to stimulate trade; cry "bah!" and "humbug!" with old Scrooge; yet you will find this spirit dominant, universal, pervading the hearts of all children—young and old—for Christmas is primarily the children's season. Its heritage leads back to Bethlehem, to the child of the manger. And today,

nearly two thousand years after that blessed birth, the spontaneity, the love, the hope and the joy inherent in children are the articles of the Christmas creed and its manifestations.

## When Christmas Begins

FROM the moment the schools and colleges announce recess and the children start homeward for the festivities the holiday spirit is omnipresent. And since it is one of gladness it should not be one of repressions and restraints. The holiday season should spell a reasonable relaxation of discipline, an inevitable freedom that cannot be and should not be undervalued, or stifled. After the routine of schooling the children need a break in the daily routine. It's not a case to be disposed of simply by the maxim of "all work and no play" making for dullness.

The holidays are an actual necessity for children, the chance for them to relax. This helps to keep up what we might term youthful morale—which is the greatest of assets as time rolls on.

As parents, we are not expected, nor should we care to treat our children like members of a military organization. We do not desire a military subordination from our children. Rather, our one intent should be to foster and preserve their joyousness and spontaneity as long as possible.

[Continued on page 93]



# I Never Listen In

[Continued from page 13]

that they are people who never mention it (like the true suicides) and that the fact that the radio means nothing to them really proceeds from a high state of indifference or complete absorption in something else. But the rest of us, those who claim that we never listen in, are only setting up the well-known defense mechanism. We are bluffing.

It is one of the bits of intellectual snobbery that are unconvincing, like the claims of never reading anything but *The Atlantic Monthly* or non-fiction. There are always people who are sure that popular entertainment is not good enough for them and, if they like that cold comfort, they may have it. But it is usually just a front they are putting up and you will see them at home, if you can see through the carefully drawn window shades, breathlessly listening to a radio one-act play and wondering if she will find out that she loves him before a quarter to ten or if they must wait until next Tuesday.

All this, as I say, has happened to me. I may as well make it autobiography from now on and if the cap fits anyone else he can borrow it. I didn't want a radio in the first place. I objected to one. I am always rather particular about the guests I ask to come to my house and the mere thought of being at the mercy of strange voices disturbing at any time the peace of rooms that had been deliberately arranged for quiet, was enough to outrage me. So I said that the whole world could have its radios, and that I would even help to buy them for others, but that my house was my own and it wasn't going to be wired for such invasion.

Then one of my children went away to school and the rooms which had been restful became a little over-restful, to say nothing of a little lonely, for my other child. I began to cast around for a companion for him who would be agreeable and decided that a radio was almost essential. I didn't have to adopt a radio, but just pay for it. So we bought one and I placed it as far from my study and living-room as a small house would permit. It was only for my son. It was bought so that he might hear that mysterious lingo of baseball games which goes on to croak "One hit, no errors" and seems to keep a more just record of errors than any archangel. I was broadminded enough to admit that if a really fine political speaker or very good music came on the air I would be gracious enough to lend my ear. So we had a clear understanding and the radio was stationed in the upper hall, where I could ignore it.

I DID for a while, until we formed a habit of turning it on before breakfast to make sure of the exact time. It seemed a little rude to just turn it on and then turn it out as it were, so we left it on for a few minutes and gradually began to have as regular early morning guests a couple of radio entertainers. I grew rather fond of them. I kept thinking of how early

they got up and how cheery they were (when I couldn't be); and that I had first heard that song in 1914 at the Biltmore; and gradually we became friends.

That was the first year of what I call emotionally my Radio Life. I didn't pay much attention to it but I got used to it. It was like one of those husbands you learn to love. Then my other child went away to boarding school and there I was in the house with the radio. By this time I had formed a grudging habit of saying to the nearest person, "See if you can get anything decent on the radio!" and once in a while I had run into one of those serialized affairs which come over the air.

Now no one can tell me anything about serials. I write them. All my friends have told me, at one time or another, that they never read serials but always wait for a thing to come out in book form. Nobody ever admits reading a serial as far as I know; and also, as far as I know, practically everyone in the world does read serials with complete fascination. I know that you are about to say you don't. But how about that comic strip? There is the proof. Try the people at any luncheon in any city on their interest in comic strips in their daily paper and it is interesting to see the eye of the intellectual reader (of non-fiction) light up. Once a girl character died in a comic strip and all over the town we had bets on whether the artist would let her die or not. Among the intellectuals.

THE radio serial is simple stuff; and it is, you will say and I will agree, nearly always tripe. But then nearly all of us are simple and nearly all of us do like tripe. We like to have our imaginations tweaked ever so gently and our suspense

aroused, though not so far as to keep us awake nights or really worry us. We like to make a radio friend and keep him. It's someone else to know and when he or she gets into trouble the sympathies are moved, not to distraction, but just enough. When I come home after a day of trampling down adjectives and verbs, I have now come to the point of turning on the radio at five o'clock so that someone else will do my thinking for me and my imagining for me for a little while, and sometimes, if it's a good comedian with a good claque, my laughing for me. I don't even have to smile. I don't have to clap. I can turn that dial and have the whole thing done for me.

Of course one of the great things that gets us all into its toils is that sense of listening to things happening in places where we can't be and to information which doesn't affect us. I know that when a book review comes on the air I should listen. But do I? I move the dial from literature like lightning. I have developed a great interest in market reports—not about any stocks I own. But I do like to hear about the price of hogs. It destroys a fear in me that I am too limited a literary person. If I know about the price of hogs I can't be so literary.

The thing is that the radio caters to everything we can not deny or do not want to deny in ourselves. Naturally you listen in, if you're the sort who would listen to anything or anybody. There are those who must do all the talking, but they're usually on the air. The rest of us listen, because we want to hear what's going on and the next joke and the end of the story. You listen in because you have to. But most of all, you listen because you don't have to!



"Imagine! Claiming it takes a tub to bring out their best!"



# How Radio Saves Lives at Sea

[Continued from page 31]



—Wide World Photo

**Dramatic photo of an actual rescue at sea—lifeboats transferring crew from *Republic* to *Baltic***

transformation wrought by the child of his brain in the existence of those who spend their lives upon the seven-eighths of the earth's surface which is covered by water.

Considering the network of radio waves now spanning the seven seas, it is hard to believe that it was no longer ago than the year 1896 when Signor Marconi made his first crude experiments with wireless in the yard of the General Post Office in Victoria Street, London, transmitting messages to the General Savings Bank Department a few hundred yards away. Indeed it was not until 1901 that he was able to pick up his first Trans-Atlantic signal from England on a crude aerial attached to a kite flying 400 feet above the bluffs of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

By that time, however, the curtain had already risen on the drama of radio at sea.

In January, 1899, the *East Goodwin Lightship* was severely damaged by a storm in the Baltic Sea. Possessing one of the first primitive receiving sets, the ship was able to communicate with a station on shore and the coast guard was quickly dispatched to its aid.

Again in January, 1901, the bark *Medora* running aground near the mouth of the English Channel got word of its plight to a radio-equipped lighthouse which sent a tug to the rescue.

Neither event aroused much more than local interest, and during the next nine years or so, although great technical strides were made in the development of wireless and the transmitting capacity greatly increased, no one apparently saw much use in generally outfitting ships with radio.

It took the spectacular performance of Jack Binns at the time of the *Republic* smash-up to put the word wireless on everyone's tongue.

Two years later another disaster, probably the greatest in maritime history, again directed attention to the part which radio could play in saving lives at sea.

**T**HE *S. S. Titanic*, then the last word in up-to-date ocean greyhounds, put out from Southampton on its maiden voyage, with a passenger list of many distinguished persons both from England and the United States.

Everyone knows how on April 15, 1912, at 2:20 a. m., 500 miles south of Cape Race, Newfoundland, the *Titanic* struck the point of a submerged iceberg which ripped out her steel plates like so much cardboard.

Once more radio played a leading role in the tragedy, greatly mitigating the loss of life. It so happened that when the ship struck the iceberg, the radio operator of the *S. S. Carpathia*, 200 miles away, was in touch with the *Titanic*, getting ready to relay messages from Cape Race. Jack Phillips, chief radio operator on the *Titanic*, notified the *Carpathia* of the accident, although the seriousness of it was not realized at first. The *Carpathia* kept tuned in on the *Titanic* and as soon as Phillips' distress calls began to come through, mingling the "C. Q. D." with the newly adopted "S. O. S.," the *Carpathia* changed its course and came at full speed to the rescue, arriving by ten o'clock in time to save the lives of many passengers drifting about in the lifeboats, although some had already died of exposure. Phillips was lost with the ship, but his name lives on as one of the great radio heroes of the sea.

At the time of the *Titanic's* sinking a young radio operator, David Sarnoff was on duty at his station on top of the Wanamaker Building in New York. He was the first land operator to pick up the *Titanic's* distress calls. For hours he remained at his post without sleep relaying the messages to other ships, urging them to hurry to the *Titanic's* aid.

The tragedy and the part which radio played in it, made a deep impression on him. Radio became his life work and now, as president of the Radio Corporation of America, which, through its subsidiary, Radiomarine Corporation, handles a large share of radio traffic at sea, he is one of the outstanding figures in the development of marine communication.

**I**N RECENT years, because of the widespread use of radio, great sea disasters have practically become a thing of the past.

Quietly, gradually, but with increasing thoroughness over the past ten years, radio has been robbing the deep of its remaining terrors.

Where once, well within the memory of the older sea dogs, only brooding silence hovered over the great wastes of water, a network of information now binds the remotest ships to each other and to shore.

Among the important contributions which radio has made to the safety of the

seas is the direction finder. To the officers of the four thousand-odd ships now equipped with direction finders, the compass may still be an object of sentimental value, but it is no longer a necessity.

The direction finder is a receiving set equipped with a loop aerial encased in metal tubing and placed on the deck so it can be rotated. When it is in exact line with any transmitting point, the signal comes in strongest, so that by taking directions from two known transmitting points, it can determine its position.

**T**HE accuracy of direction finding has

been greatly increased through a recent device whereby ships receive two sets of signals from a shore station, one sent through the air and the other through the water. By checking the difference in the time it takes to receive the air signals and the water signals, the ship can perfectly determine its distance from the station.

The broadcasting of weather reports has taken a good deal of the menace out of hurricanes and storms at sea. With accurate information constantly available as to the direction, velocity and extent of disturbances, ships can now either change course to avoid them or can at least be prepared to meet them when they come.

The danger of shoals and reefs has been more lately removed by another Marconi invention which enables ships to take soundings for the first time without slackening speed. The old awkward lead sounding line is fast being supplanted by an electrically computed beam of light, shot to the ocean floor.

Life for passengers at sea has been completely transformed by radio. Many of the larger liners now have a daily newspaper delivered at the breakfast table which is made up from last minute news bulletins broadcast at 11:38 each night. Business men traveling at sea are supplied with stock market information almost as quickly as though they were in their own brokers' offices. There are radio loud speakers in all the main salons and programs from the United States although not sent out by the marine transmitting stations can be heard clearly until the ship is more than halfway across the Atlantic. Radio telephone service is as accessible from mid-ocean as though one were plugged in on a trunk switchboard.

Almost the final step in safeguarding life at sea, both of passengers and seamen, has been in the installation of the radio auto alarm, a mechanism which is set to receive S. O. S. calls whether there is an operator on duty or not, automatically ringing a warning bell in the operator's room and on the captain's bridge.

Radio has been man's handmaiden in subduing the rebellious ocean. And now with the drama of achievement being carried into the air, radio is continuing its thrilling part in dispelling the grim mystery of yet unconquered spaces.



# Party Beauty

By Wynne McKay

**E**VEN the most inveterate stay-at-home catches the spirit of the mid-winter holidays and dashes gaily off to a big New Year's Eve party. . . . And those of us who frankly like being social usually find ourselves with several invitations at this festive time of year. Parties, especially the important kind that herald the New Year, demand that you look your loveliest.

And that means not only your most dazzling gown, but also your freshest complexion and most becoming coiffure. Your every-day beauty routine just will not do for these parties. If you will take extra pains in preparing yourself for a gala evening you will be more than repaid by your own feeling of supreme well-being, the admiring glances of the men and the envious stares of the women. All of which should make any party a huge success!

The first thing you should think about—after determining that you have "something to wear"—is your hair. If you have time, of course, you will want to go to your hairdressers for a haircut, shampoo and wave. But, if the party is an unexpected affair, as they sometimes are, and you have no time to go to a beauty salon; or if you are just recovering from a bad cold and do not want to run the risk of prolonging it by having a soap and water shampoo, you need not refuse the invitation in despair. You can use the new liquid dry shampoo that requires only fifteen minutes of your time and effort and leaves your hair shining and clean, with the wave not only preserved but actually deepened.

You shudder at the thought of "dry shampoos," remembering, no doubt, such antediluvian and messy ones as orris root, corn meal or benzine. . . . But this dry shampoo is entirely different, a modern triumph, in fact. It is a fragrant liquid, thin as water, in an attractive looking silver and black bottle that will grace your dressing table.

To use this dry shampoo, you part your hair in one-inch sections and apply the liquid with a bit of cotton. Then comb it through to the ends of the hair, patting your wave into place. Allow a mere four to seven minutes to dry and then brush out the dirt and foreign matter coagulated into invisible crystals. . . . Your hair is unbelievably glossy and clean and you are ready, as far

[Continued on page 94]

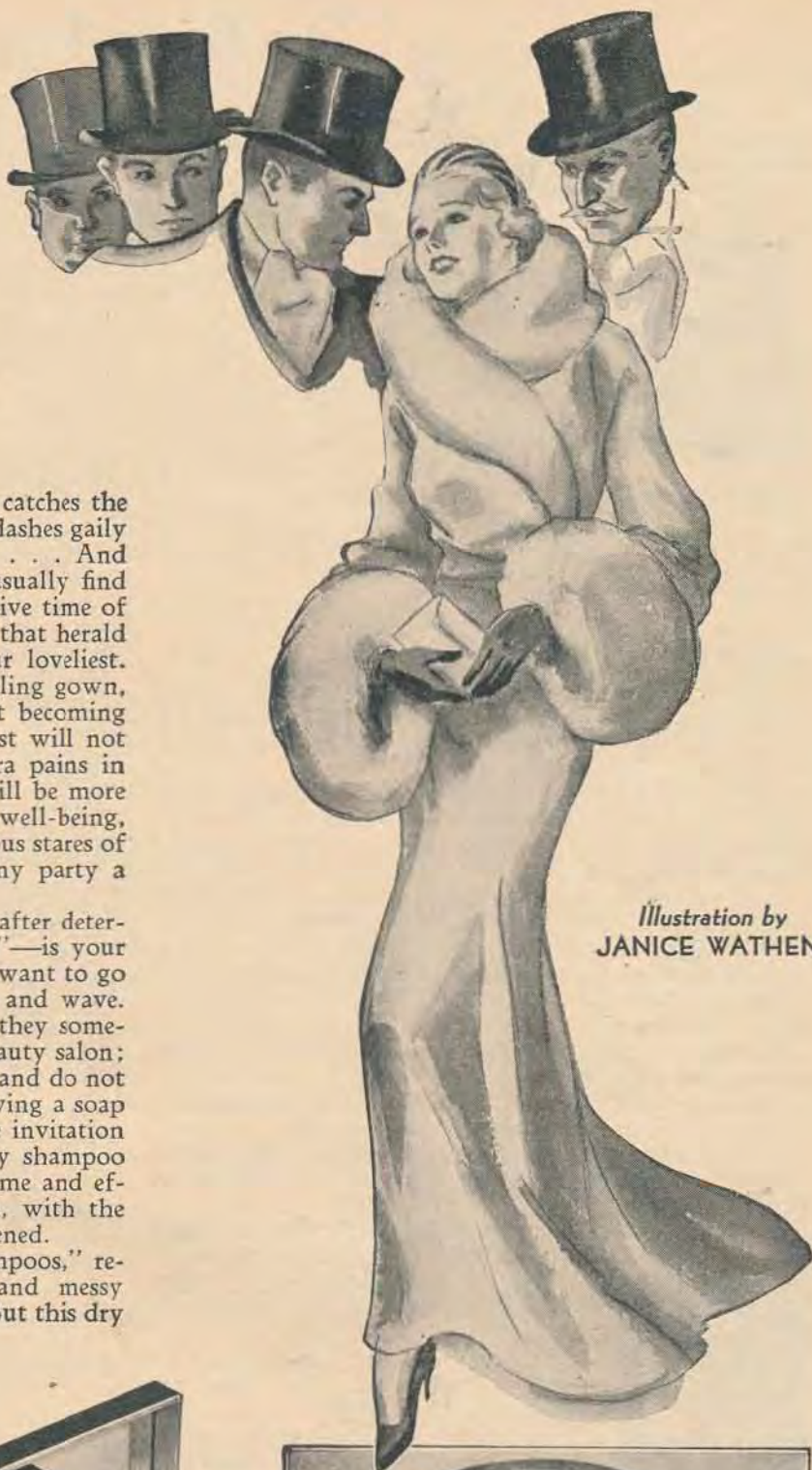
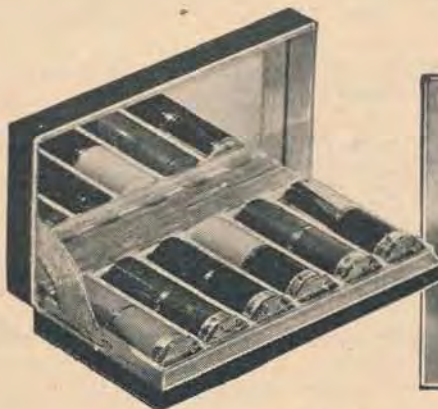


Illustration by  
JANICE WATHEN



—Courtesy Elizabeth Arden  
A new lipstick idea—an ensemble of six different shades



—Courtesy Dorothy Gray  
In beautifying for the party, a good foundation cream for makeup is most important in preventing shiny faces



# The Radio Parade

[Continued from page 8]

and his accordion; the Neil Sisters; Merrie-Men quartet and Roy Shields' orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 9:30 p. m.

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



Vincent Lopez

**KING'S HENCHMEN**—A star show with Jane Froman, soprano; Charles Carlile, tenor and music by Fred Berrens' orchestra. For King's Beer. CBS, Saturdays at 7:30 p. m.

**THE MAGIC CARPET PROGRAM**—The Baron Munchausen and "Sharlie" Hall continue with the adventures of Cousin Hugo. Al Goodman and his orchestra furnish the music. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:00 p. m.

**BORDEN PROGRAM**—You'll want to dance to Leo Reisman's swell music. Includes made interesting by the Yacht Club Boys and Vivian Ruth. NBC-WEAF, Saturdays at 9:30 p. m.

## Dance Music:

**WAYNE KING** and his orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 3:00 p. m. and Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m. NBC-WJZ, Thursdays at 9:30 p. m. CBS, Mondays at 10:00 p. m. in a program sponsored by Lady Esther Company.

**RUDY VALLEE** and his Hollywood Restaurant orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Sundays and Tuesdays at 12:00 midnight.

**GUY LOMBARDO** and his Royal Canadians. CBS, Sundays at 11:15 p. m. and Fridays at midnight.

**DON BESTOR** and his Hotel Biltmore orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Mondays at 12:00 midnight. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 11:30 p. m.

**PAUL WHITEMAN** and his Paradise Restaurant orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 11:30 p. m. NBC-WJZ, Tuesdays at 11:30 p. m.

**LEON BELASCO** and his orchestra. CBS, Mondays at 12 midnight; Fridays at 12:30 a. m.

**ISHAM JONES' ORCHESTRA**. CBS, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 11:30 p. m.; Saturdays at 11:00 p. m.

**MEYER DAVIS** and his Hotel St. Regis orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 11:30 p. m.; Wednesdays at 11:00 p. m.; Fridays at 11:00 p. m.

**VINCENT LOPEZ' ORCHESTRA**. CBS, Tuesdays at 12:00 midnight.



Albert Spalding

**OZZIE NELSON'S ORCHESTRA**. CBS, Wednesdays at 11:30 p. m.; Thursdays at 12:00 midnight.

**PHIL SPITALNY** and his Paramount Hotel orchestra. NBC-WJZ, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 12:00 midnight.

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

**CAB CALLOWAY** and his Cotton Club orchestra. NBC-WEAF, Thursdays at 12:05 a. m. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 12:00 midnight.

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

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

## More Serious Music:

**SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR**—The renowned choir in devotional selections. CBS, Sundays at 11:30 a. m.

**THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—A

two hour program of selections from the great masters conducted by Bruno Walter. CBS, Sundays at 3:00 p. m.

**RADIO CITY CONCERT**—Roxy presents the Radio City Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erno Rapee, soloists and a chorus. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 12:30 p. m.

**DEEP RIVER**—Willard Robison, Evangelist of Rhythm. CBS, Sundays at 6:45 p. m.; Thursdays at 10:00 p. m.

**NEW YORK OPERA ASSOCIATION PROGRAM**—Popular selections by popular stars from the Metropolitan and Chicago Opera Companies. WOR, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

**PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**—Conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Excellent selections. CBS, every day except Sunday at 9:00 p. m.

**LIGHT OPERA GEMS**—Popular selections from light opera. Channon Collinge conducts the orchestra. CBS, Tuesdays at 10:45 p. m.

**EGON PETRI**—One hour piano recital by the distinguished European concert pianist. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 8:00 p. m.

**CASTORIA** presents Albert Spalding, famous violinist and Conrad Thibault, popular baritone from the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. Also, Don Voorhees and his orchestra. CBS, Wednesdays at 8:30 p. m.



Dr. Damrosch

**HARLEM SERENADE**—The famous Hall Johnson Singers and Claude Hopkins' Orchestra. CBS, Thursdays at 8:30 p. m.

**NBC MUSIC APPRECIATION HOUR**—Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American conductors, continues with his class—the largest in the world. NBC-WEAF-WJZ, Fridays at 11:00 a. m.

**CITIES SERVICE CONCERT**—Starring Jessica Dragonette, soprano, and the Cavaliers. Classical and popular selections. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 8:00 p. m.

## Comedy Sketches:

**AMOS 'N' ANDY**—The black faced comedians are still going strong. NBC-WJZ, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:00 p. m. and again at 11:00 p. m. for those west of Chicago.

**CLARA, LU 'N' EM**—This is more than just gossip. With Louise Starky, Isabelle Carothers and Helen King. NBC-WJZ, every morning except Saturdays and Sundays at 10:15 a. m.

**THE GOLDBERGS**—A serial of a family and their friends, bringing more than just laughter. NBC-WEAF, every evening except Saturdays and Sundays at 7:45 p. m.

**LUM AND ABNER**—The Ford dealers of the air discuss the "goin's on" in Pine Ridge. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Thursdays at 7:30 p. m. and a sociable on Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

**POTASH AND PERLMUTTER**—The famous cloak and suiters. NBC-WJZ, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30 p. m.

## Dramatic Programs:

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

**ROSES AND DRUMS**—Dramas based on American history. CBS, Sundays at 5:00 p. m.

**TALKIE PICTURE TIME**—The inside story of what goes on when pictures are in the making. Directed by Charles P. Hughes and starring June Meredith. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

**GRAND HOTEL**—Original radio sketches sponsored by the Campana Corp. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 5:30 p. m.

**PATRI'S DRAMAS OF CHILDHOOD**—A true-life drama of the average American household. With Angelo Patri, distinguished

RADIOLAND



educator and noted stage star. Sponsored by Cream of Wheat. CBS, Sundays at 10:00 p. m.

**SUNDAY AT SETH PARKER'S**—A Sabbath meetin' Down East. NBC-WEAF, Sundays at 11:30 p. m.

**MYRT AND MARGE**—A serial of two chorus girls and their adventures. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:00 p. m. Sponsored by Wm. Wrigley, Jr. Company.

**JUST PLAIN BILL**—Bill Davidson, a rural barber, and his experiences. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:15 p. m. Sponsored by Kolynos Sales Company.

**BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY**—A bit of futurism. CBS, Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at 6:00 p. m. Sponsored by Cocomalt.

**SOCONYLAND SKETCHES**—Interesting rural skits. NBC-WEAF, Mondays at 8:00 p. m.

**EASY ACES**—Jane and Goodman Ace at the bridge table. CBS, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays at 1:30 p. m. Sponsored by Jad Salts.

**LIVES AT STAKE**—Dramatizing the stories of famous heroes. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:00 p. m.

**CIRCUS DAYS**—The thrills and dangers of circus life dramatized by Courtney Riley Cooper. NBC-WEAF, Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 p. m.

**MARCH OF TIME**—Thrilling dramatizations of news events directed by Fred Smith. Sponsored by Remington-Rand, Inc. CBS, Fridays at 8:30 p. m.



**Buck Rogers**

**BAR X DAYS AND NIGHTS**—Ranch life with Carson Robison and his Buckaroos and a talented cast. CBS, Saturdays at 8:30 p. m.

### Featured Stars:

**TITO GUIZAR**—Serenades by the Mexican tenor and his guitar. CBS, Saturdays at 6:45 p. m.

**LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN**—Old songs and new. Sponsored by A. S. Bole's floor wax. CBS, Sundays at 1:30 p. m.

**HELEN MORGAN** and Albert Batlett, the Tango King. Sponsored by Bi-So-Dol. CBS, Sundays at 2:00 p. m.

**ABE LYMAN**—Featured in "The Big Hollywood Show" with "Accordiana." Sponsored by Phillips Dental Magnesia. CBS, Sundays at 2:30 p. m.

**"SMILING ED MCCONNELL"** — Offers old folk songs and hymns. CBS, Sundays at 6:30 p. m.

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

**MILDRED BAILEY**—The "Rockin' Chair" lady in soulful songs. CBS, Saturdays at 7:15 p. m.

**SINGIN' SAM, THE BARBASOL MAN**—In a variety of songs. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:15 p. m.

**NINO MARTINI**—Gatti-Casazza thought so well of this young tenor that you will hear him in the Metropolitan this season. CBS, Tuesdays at 9:30 p. m.

**KATE SMITH**—The cheerful "Songbird of the South." CBS, Mondays and Wednesdays at 9:15 p. m.; Tuesdays at 8:45 p. m.

**"BIG FREDDY" MILLER**—Popular and hill-billy songs by the husky baritone. CBS, Tuesdays and Fridays at 11:15 a. m.

**THE BOSWELL SISTERS**—Connie, Martha and Vet in vocal harmony. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:00 p. m.

**ALEXANDER WOOLCOTT**, "The Town Crier"—Interesting comments on plays, literature and people. CBS, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:30 p. m.

**EVAN EVANS**—Baritone, formerly of the Opera Comique, accompanied by Howard Barlow's Symphony Orchestra. CBS, Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

**MEET THE ARTIST**—Bob Taplinger interviews radio stars. Very informal. CBS, Saturdays at 6:00 p. m.

**GEORGE JESSEL**—Comedian; assisted by Vera Van contralto and Freddie Rich's Orchestra. CBS, Saturdays at 10:30 p. m.

### Children's Programs:

**THE LADY NEXT DOOR**—Madge Tucker writes and directs this program given by children for children. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Fridays at 4:45 p. m. and Saturdays at 5:00 p. m.

**JACK ARMSTRONG-ALL AMERICAN BOY**—Talented juniors in a program for older boys and girls. CBS, Mondays to Saturdays at 5:30 p. m. Sponsored by Wheaties.

**H-BAR-O-RANGERS**—The adventures of young Bobby Benson. Sponsored by Hecker-H-O cereal. CBS, Mondays to Fridays at 6:15 p. m.

**BILLY BACHELOR**—By and with Ray Knight. Sponsored by Wheatena. NBC-WEAF, Mondays to Fridays at 7:15 p. m.

**ADVENTURES OF TOM MIX** and his Ralston Straight Shooters. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:30 p. m.

**THE WIZARD OF OZ**—A very popular series. NBC-WEAF, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 5:45 p. m.

**WINNIE THE POOH**—A. A. Milne stories. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays at 5:15 p. m.

**ADVENTURES OF HELEN AND MARY**—Nila Mack writes and directs these delightful fairy stories. CBS, Saturdays at 11:00 a. m.

### News Commentators:

**H. V. KALTENBORN**—Interesting comments on world affairs. CBS, Sundays at 7:30 p. m. and Fridays at 6:00 p. m.

**EDWIN C. HILL**—This veteran reporter covers the human side of the news. CBS, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:15 p. m.

**BOAKE CARTER**—The important events of the day. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 7:45 p. m.

**GENERAL MILLS NEWS FLASHES**—Just a brief resume of the day's happenings. CBS, every day except Sunday at 12:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m.

**LOWELL THOMAS**—The highspots of the day. NBC-WJZ, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 6:45 p. m.

**FLOYD GIBBONS**—The rapid reporter. NBC-WJZ, Fridays at 10:45 p. m.

**WALTER WINCHELL**—Revelations about interesting people. NBC-WJZ, Sundays at 9:30 p. m.

**FREDERIC WILLIAM WILE**—What's happening in Washington. CBS, Saturdays at 7:00 p. m.

### Specialty Programs:

**CHURCH OF THE AIR**—The outstanding Ecclesiastics in Sunday sermons. CBS, Sundays at 10:00 a. m. and 1:00 p. m.

**FATHER COUGHLIN**—"The Crusader of the Air" from the Shrine of the Little Flower. WOR, Sundays at 4:00 p. m.

**CHEERIO**—Starts the day right—full of cheer. NBC-WEAF, every day, except Sundays at 8:30 a. m.

**THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE**—Advice to those who seek it. CBS, every day except Saturday and Sunday at 12 noon and Tuesdays at 8:30 p. m.

**TONY WONS**—Poetry and homely philosophy. CBS, Mondays and Thursdays at 11:30 a. m.

**THE MYSTERY CHEF**—Interesting recipes to be added to your menu. CBS, Tuesdays and Thursdays at 9:45 a. m. NBC-WEAF, Wednesdays and Fridays at 10:00 a. m.

**MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD**—Expert advice on health and beauty. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:30 p. m.

**YOUR CHILD**—Advice to parents by Dr. Ella Oppenheimer of the Children's Bureau. NBC-WEAF, Tuesdays at 10:45 a. m.

**IDA BAILEY ALLEN**—Radioland's own authority on Woman and her Problems. CBS, Thursdays at 10:15 a. m.

**MAGIC OF SPEECH**—Dramatic programs and lectures on speech habits by Vida Ravencroft Sutton. NBC-WEAF, Fridays at 2:00 p. m.

**COLUMBIA AFFAIRS INSTITUTE**—American affairs viewed by prominent Government officials. CBS, Saturdays at 10:00 p. m.



# Radio Sounds Are Not What They Seem

[Continued from page 49]

tially filled with gravel and waved gently before the microphone, gives you the gentle lapping of a calm sea against the sides of a skiff.

A recent Lucky Strike program called for a windy night, in which two automobiles collided. A wind machine; a pane of glass and an old stovepipe; a wooden platform and a half-dozen flimsy wooden fruit boxes, usually used for strawberries, comprised most of the equipment.

The wind machine is a queer round contraption, in which paddles revolve against canvas at varying rates of speed, depending upon the intensity of the gale you desire. The stove pipe was struck against the glass pane to imitate the wild crash of shattered glass. Dropping the wooden platform on the fruit boxes gave an authentic crash of two car bodies. A square wooden slab holding a complete assortment of auto horns gave honest-to-goodness squawks.

It took hours of patient testing of clocks, whistles and motors before it was discovered that electric buzzers make excellent stock tickers; that alarm clocks with the alarm muffled sound so much like riveting machines in motion that an expert could not distinguish between them over the air; that small bells make an excellent ship's telegraph; that beating knives and forks together rhythmically gives the click of rapier thrusts in a duel; that cracking stiff paper creates the illusion of a roaring flame.

SOME natural sounds can be used as is. When you hear the sound of a door slamming, an actual door is being slammed.

When you hear Mrs. Goldberg open her dumb-waiter door, this is a bona fide action. When Potash and Perlmutter open the windows to let out the conversation, they actually open windows. These comprise part of the portable equipment that is transferred from one studio to another, as occasion demands.

How can the sounds of men fighting, of men falling, of soldiers tramping be faked, I often wondered. Here's how. A good slap on the chest gives the sound of someone being stabbed; dropping sand bags, the report of a fall. The plop of a body striking the water is got by hitting the heel of one hand with the fist of the other. The thud of someone being beaten is just the sound of a hose slapped against your arm. The tramp, tramp of soldiers is created by raising and lowering a square wooden frame, from which wooden blocks are suspended . . . you get the rhythmic, shuffling sound perfectly.

TO PRODUCE bird calls, whistles and the hundreds of animal sounds used in our broadcasts, requires an entirely different technique. Sometimes trained cats and dogs and canaries do their bit before the microphone; but since there is nothing more futile than trying to get a cricket chirp when he has made up his mind not to, a dog to refrain from barking when he decides to bark, substitutes have been found. Enter a sound studio and you will find row upon row of specially constructed whistles, pasteboard boxes, redesigned children toys, de-

vices that would make Rube Goldberg green with envy. Blow into that whistle and you get the call of a whippoorwill; pick up that lop-sided box and you hear the shrill chatter of monkeys. Run a resined cord through the skin-covered bottom on an ordinary tin pail, and the loud roar of an angry lion rings out. . . .

A few actors specialize in bird tweets, bleats of goats, horses' brays and barks of dogs. Bradley Barker is the official animal vocalizer for National Broadcasting Studios. A dog himself would be fooled by Mr. Barker's growls and whines.

Mrs. Ora Nichols, head of the sound effects laboratory at Columbia Broadcasting Studios, is their champion mooing cow, meowing cat and wailing baby. Had I not seen her imitate the cry of a new born baby, I would have believed someone had stuck a pin into my favorite new nephew.

A one-man railroad that simulates all the noises of a train, from the chugs and puffs, the clackety-click of the railheads, to the grind of the brakes and shriek of whistles, is housed in a wooden box three feet square. One out-of-town visitor made a special trip to the broadcasting studio to ascertain just how train sounds were obtained. She said her husband insisted they were not make-believe; the studio must face a railroad yard, the noises being picked up by a microphone held out of the window. She was permitted to test the various noises made by the box equipment. Then she went back home to convince her husband that once again radio sounds were not what they seemed.

## Fan Mail Takes Radio's Pulse

[Continued from page 55]

The number of letters that Cheerio, the Voice of Experience, Captain Dobbsie and other advice and sunshine salesmen of the air receive runs up into the thousands weekly, but since people are writing more or less by invitation, their notes are not fan mail, strictly speaking. Believe it or not, but in the eight years Dobbsie has been on the air with his Ship of Joy, he has received more than 2,000,000 letters. From them he has made many of his best friends. One admirer wrote in "I have grown fat and improved in health since I started listening to your shows."

Surprising to me were the huge stacks of mail radio announcers received. Ted Husing gets as many as 3,000 a week; Graham McNamee's interpretation of a World Series brought 50,000. A goodly number are from youngsters who want to know how to become second Teds and Grams. Most of them, though, are violently admiring or reproachful.

Within the past year McNamee has received one hundred requests from his European audience from men and women

who want him to advance their fare across the Atlantic—they all are so sure of their talent they just know they will be able to repay him within a month or two.

Thousands of people seem to feel that as a radio star makes a great deal of money, he should be willing to give a good part of it to them. Pleas for money are frequent, as are those for old clothes, automobiles, temporary lodging in New York, and jewelry for sweethearts. Several of the stars investigate cases that seem deserving, and literally adopt whole families.

SOME of the requests are laughable, though. B. A. Rolfe, the orchestra leader, was sent a heartrending epistle by a fan. Her husband had been out of work for a year; her four children were starving; the good part of their furniture had been sold to get money for food; they had no clothes. Mr. Rolfe, whose broadcasts were the one ray of sunshine in their lives, was the exact build of her husband. Would he please send his *tuxedo* to her man?

Another admirer wanted Nino Martini,

who suddenly rose to operatic fame via the radio, to sell his house by air. He even offered to give Martini a salesman's commission. Because Martini's rise has been so swift, hundreds of people appeal to him for aid. He has been asked for everything from a bicycle to a bathtub.

Dave Rubinoff, the violinist, whose mail runs into the thousands weekly, also receives a multitude of requests. A girl in a small Iowa town wrote to tell him how much she admired his playing, and how she gladly walked a few miles each Sunday night to get to her friend's house to listen to his Chase and Sanborn hour. The letter closed with a P. S. "Don't you think you should send me a few pairs of silk stockings, size 9? I've worn out so many pairs walking back and forth to hear you. We have no radio at home."

Orchestra leaders are among the top-notch receivers of fan mail. Paul Whiteman gets about 2,000 letters a week. Last week one said, "You are the best singer on the air." Since his world famous reduc-

[Continued on page 86]





**Reduce..**  
**YOUR WAIST AND HIPS**  
**3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR**  
*... it won't cost you one penny!*



● This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Bandeau.



# TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

*...at our expense!*

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

## *Reduce Quickly, Easily and Safely!*

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

## *Ventilated ... to Permit the Skin to Breathe*

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body.

It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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

● You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

## **SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!**

**PERFOLASTIC, Inc.**

41 EAST 42nd STREET, Dept. 221, New York, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, 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



# The Story of Ole and Chic

[Continued from page 29]

"Speedy." He found a pair of pants and dove into them. "Maybe it's more than luck," he continued. "It must be fate. Every time we go to sign a bum contract, something delays us, and in the meantime we get a better offer. Excuse me a minute, I've got to do my turn."

IT SEEMS that Ole tried to work his way through Northwestern by tending furnaces and singing in a church. Then he got a job performing all night in a cafe, so he dropped the furnace work. He discovered he liked the new life, and as long as he never had time to study anyway, he dropped college as well, neatly and with dispatch. He teamed up with a piano player and another musician, playing the violin and singing as his contribution.

On one appearance in Chicago, the piano player quit the act and Olsen asked a friend in the theatrical business if he knew of a substitute. "Nope," said the friend promptly. "I can't think of a—wait a minute!" He sprang to the door and hailed a chubby young fellow who was drifting past. "Come in here," he ordered, grabbing the chubby fellow by the arm. "Ole, I want you to meet a darned good piano player. Chic Johnson—Ole Olsen." And a team was born.

At first they went along with a small time act, which deserved nothing better. Then this element "Fate," which Olsen speaks of as a pal, operated again by placing them in Chicago's North American cafe for luncheon on the day that a portion of the noon entertainment failed to appear. The manager coaxed them into performing, although they were unable to do their regular act without the third musician. With extem-

poraneous abandon, they "mugged" and carried on with a wild mixture of everything they knew—and were a sensation. A vaudeville booking agent happened to be there and talked them into making an act of it.

OLSEN arrived at this point in the story and had to struggle into his costume for the hilarious "Daniel Boone" scene, but he gamely tried to give me a little more information. "The act went well, but we still weren't big timers. I want to show you how lucky we were about contracts. We were in Waco, Texas, anxiously haunting the telegraph office for a wire which would route us to a few small towns nearby. Something delayed that wire, and in the meantime we received an offer to go to New York. We snapped it up, and that was the move that really shot us toward the top.

"Ten years later fate intervened again and while we were waiting in Los Angeles for a New York telephone call which would have resulted in a New York contract: trouble on the telephone lines delayed the New York call and in the meantime an agency which might not have reached us otherwise, got through to us with an offer to go to Australia. The offer was accepted and we were the first to bring to Australia our type of entertainment. It resulted in a two years' stay.

"Incidentally we were the first to do a short wave broadcast from Australia. So far as radio goes we're old time—" he broke off and made a beeline for the stage, just getting there in time, as usual.

When the performance ended, I still had learned nothing of the new radio program,

so we arranged to go to a night club together. "We can talk there," Ole said confidently. "This place is a mad-house."

But we didn't get to talk about radio programs at the night club. Ole's sixteen-cylinder Cadillac wasn't where he left it. It might have been stolen, or a friend might have borrowed it. He got a police escort to look up his friend. The car was finally located—but by that time it was too late and he was too exhausted to think about interviews. So he invited me to spend what remained of the night with him.

In the morning we breakfasted, went to the radio station at 10:30, then to a noon appointment with an advertising agency man, then looked over the day's mail, posed for portraits—just an average day in the life of a radio comedian. We finally ended up for dinner at the College Inn without my learning anything from Ole that touched on the subject of my interview. We were both too tired and there had been too much for Ole to do.

Fate quit working for Olsen for a while and worked for me. We had a grand talk that wasn't interrupted for minutes on end. By one o'clock I knew that originally Olsen was the funny man of the team, and then gradually Chic made his bid and the order was reversed. "It's O. K.," Olsen said. "We don't care who has the limelight and gets the laughs. The only thing that concerns us is the net result in the bank at the end of a year." The net result this year will be considerable. Olsen and Johnson have done so well during the depression that they're scared to death of the next boom.

The Swift program is their first major radio engagement and like all stage stars they are nervous about it and more than anxious to make good.

## What's My Opinion Against Millions of Others?

[Continued from page 43]

vivant. The hoi polloi of society. They says that to me.

"Then they told me to keep it down to the level of the other people on the program. Jack Pearl—he calls himself a baron which I know is right. He's barren of morals, barren of honesty, barren of soul. I played pinochle with him.

"BROADCASTING is like stud poker. You find out the kind of guys you got around you when you get in it.

"When I start to broadcast they say, 'The air is yours.' That is no treat to me. I've had the air in some of the finest places in New York and in the homes of the elite in Beverly Hills. I tells them so.

"Ed Wynn, who is in the audience, lets out one of them soprano cackles of his. I looks at him sternly. Like the basilisk I seeks to blast him with the fury of my eyes.

"But is he abashed? Is he confounded by the majesty of my look? No! He says he'll stick to his horse and I'd better stick

to my love conquests around the studios. He mentions Greta.

"That cut me to the quick. Greta and me ain't like we used to be since she chose Jack Gilbert as her leading man instead of me. 'Those is things,' I tells Ed Wynn, 'that gentlemen don't bring up.'

"At my first rehearsal they gimme a piano and a fellow to play it. We starts together. Then I lost myself in my music. I was inspired by the sensitive tones of my own voice. And I was thinking of Joan Crawford listening in. No piano player is going to make me forget Joan and Greta. I got a duty to my public.

"They kept telling me the piano player had finished. 'But I ain't finished,' I tells them. Then they tells me that I got to stick with the piano. 'Let the piano stick with me,' I says.

"I want to make a pledge to my radio public. I'll give them the best I got. I'll make them laugh and cry. Chase and Sanborn is lucky folks to have me. Now I don't think I'm so very good—but what's

my opinion against millions of others!"

And that, folks, is how Jimmy Durante feels about broadcasting. He doesn't want to boast. He doesn't want you to think him conceited. His great heart is touched by the sad plight of Bing Crosby—whose vogue will be over now that Durante has taken the air.

I WISH you could have seen Jimmy broadcast the first time. Seriously, the microphone limits him. His impulse was to play to the audience in the studio rather than to the microphone. He kept looking up at it all the time to make sure he wasn't too far away. He had to be pretty far away on account of that schnozzle.

In songs he sticks to the letter of the text, but lines he ad libs. And no microphone will ever stop him from doing that. All they can do is call time on him when he has to quit. For when Jimmy gets going he has to be stopped forcibly. He goes mad before an audience. He almost destroys himself in an effort to please.





**"I DRANK COCOMALT WHILE  
NURSING MY BABY"**

"I drank Cocomalt regularly before my baby came and while I was nursing him. I know he'll have strong bones and teeth, for Cocomalt is rich in Sunshine Vitamin D."

**"I'LL HAVE ANOTHER, NURSE  
—IT'S DELICIOUS!"**

"Cocomalt tastes so good, I believe it has brought back my appetite! It's delicious. I feel lots stronger, too, since I began drinking it."

**"SEE HOW HUSKY MY LITTLE  
BOY HAS BECOME"**

"Bobby was underweight until I began giving him Cocomalt in milk. Now he's a real husky youngster, well-rounded and full of vitality."

**"I'D LIE AWAKE FOR HOURS"**

"Every night I'd count sheep but I couldn't fall asleep. A hot drink of Cocomalt before retiring, and I drop into sound, restful sleep almost as soon as my head touches the pillow."

**"HATED MILK—NOW BEGS  
FOR IT"**

"Milk was distasteful to my little girl—but how she adores it mixed with Cocomalt! She says it tastes like chocolate soda; she drinks all I give her and begs for more!"

**"MORE PEP AND ENERGY THAN  
I'VE HAD IN YEARS"**

"It's amazing, what Cocomalt has done for me! I don't know what four-o'clock fatigue is, any more. That delicious food-drink has filled me with wonderful new pep!"

## Delicious food-drink gives new strength and energy to thousands

### Children show remarkable gains in weight

**B**EGIN at once giving your children Cocomalt mixed with milk. Drink it yourself. Serve it to your guests as a special treat. Cocomalt is *delicious*!

Prepared as directed, Cocomalt adds 70% more food-energy nourishment to milk. Every glass you or your child drinks is equal in food-energy value to almost two glasses of milk alone.

Equally important, Cocomalt contains a rich supply of Sunshine Vitamin D (under license by Wisconsin University Alumni Research Founda-

tion). A glass of Cocomalt, properly prepared, is equivalent in Vitamin D content to two-thirds of a teaspoonful of standard cod-liver oil. This Vitamin D enables the body to efficiently utilize the food-calcium and food-phosphorus—richly supplied by Cocomalt and milk—in developing strong bones, sound teeth and sturdy bodies.

Sold at grocery and drug stores in 1/2-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. vacuum-sealed cans. But be sure you get the genuine Cocomalt, the Vitamin D food drink.

**Special offer**—Mail coupon (and 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing) for a trial-size can of Cocomalt.



Cocomalt is a scientific food concentrate of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. It is accepted by the Committee on Foods of The American Medical Association.



R. B. Davis Co., Dept. GL-1, Hoboken, N.J.  
Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# A Benny For Your Thoughts

[Continued from page 37]

was the same violin that was to land him at the top of the nation's professional entertainers.

Benny's entrance into the theatrical business was a curious thing. His first job in show business was doorman in a Waukegan theater. It was that job that started him definitely on a theatrical career. The property man in the theater quit and Benny took the job. While he was handling the props in the theater, the yen for the fiddle came back. A year later he was playing in the pit orchestra.

Show business changes come rapidly. The Waukegan house closed and sent Fiddler Benny into a twenty-year stretch of vaudeville. His first act was a violin-piano act, vastly different from the calm, ironic, succinct humor of the Benny shows today.

In 1918 Jack started as a single entertainer. With him went his fiddle. There were not very many performances, however, before the violin pieces shrunk and the jokes increased. It was adding gags to this act that launched Benny on a career as one of the originators of what we know today as a Master of Ceremonies.

Out of vaudeville into the revues was a short jump. His first "big-time" came in a Shubert show at the Winter Garden in *Great Temptations*.

Jack re-entered vaudeville in 1926 at the Palace in Chicago as Master of Ceremonies. This tour landed him at the Orpheum in Los Angeles. In one of his audiences one night sat several motion picture moguls. They watched the smoothness of his work, recognized in him picture possibilities.

WITH the expiration of his vaudeville contract he signed for his first big picture, *The Hollywood Revue*. There is

nothing quite so pleasant to the movie executives as the clicking of the turnstiles and Benny twirled them. After the success of this picture, Jack Benny made two more films for Hollywood.

In 1930 Earl Carroll selected Benny for the big spot in his *Vanities*. The show played in Gotham for a year and toured another year as a road show.

Jack's start in radio was another irregularity in the comedian's life. A New York newspaper columnist was planning a broadcast over one of the New York stations. To give a little variety to the program he solicited the aid of the Benny fellow.

Jack dashed off his script in a couple of hours, went down to the station with no more than his customary urge to entertain. Something about his presentation, his radio audience appeal created a stir in listening circles. The next morning radio critics on the New York papers had paragraphs on the new radio find.

Among the tuners-in that night also were members of the advertising agency who were handling the account of Canada Dry. A week later Benny was signed for his first long-time radio contract. Subsequent weeks built Mr. Benny into what many consider the highest paid radio entertainer in the world. Jack doesn't like to discuss openly the figures of his new Chevrolet contract. He did say, however, that he'll probably make more in one half hour program than he would have made all year in the haberdashery business in Waukegan.

A story heard commonly about radio comedians is that they buy all their material from a syndicate of joke writers or dig through old files of joke magazines. Benny's method is neither of these.

During his vaudeville and stage career he wrote every line of his comedy himself. The demands of a twice-weekly broadcast were a little too heavy. One man could not possibly supply sufficient material to lend variety to a series of programs. For years Jack had been an intimate friend of Harry Conn, famed Broadway wit. Arrangements were made for Harry and Jack to collaborate on their radio programs. Today Jack gives Mr. Conn a great deal of credit and praise for the success they have achieved over the air.

THE Bennys have a serious eye on the future. Jack, for instance, believes now that the straight gagging, joking, punning radio comic is on the way out.

"When the entire field of humor can be reduced to six or seven basic gags," he says, "there can't be much variation. The modified versions of the original jokes are pretty well shopworn right now. The situation comedy, the type I've used in my three series of commercial programs, has years to go before it will become tedious to the listener."

"If you can't step up in front of a microphone and make good, if you can't please the audience there's something more to blame than the fact that you might have whistled in the dressing room before he took the air. And when you're wowing them you can whistle all day and it won't break them."

In January 1927, Jack married Sayde Marks who is the Mary Livingstone you've heard over the air with him. His pet name for her is Doll. Her pet name for him is Doll. Their married life is exemplified by their rôles in the programs. They laugh themselves through life, enjoy each other thoroughly.

## Two Black Crows Fly Back

[Continued from page 56]

few years had passed and the immense popularity of their first records had waned would they return.

Now that the public has forgotten "gooper feathers," "very close veins," "black horses eat more than white horses" (or was it the other way 'round?) and "you wasn't the head man in that show" they're willing to return and broadcast on the Old Gold Hour.

It takes two days—eight hours a day—to write three minutes of dialogue. And it's a serious business.

"I don't think any joke is funny," Mack explained. "I never have laughed at a joke. All I want is to hear the audience laugh. Oh yes, once I heard a joke that made me laugh. Now I can't think what it was—but I remember laughing. You see, we've used almost all the jokes there are. If I can make up twenty new ones a year I'm good. All we can do now is

try to make them sound funny by the way we say them."

THE way they say them is natural. Mack was born on the border of Kansas and Oklahoma. Away from the radio he talks as he does on it. That funny slow drawl is his own. He knows the negro accent because he played with colored boys all the time when he was a child.

Curiously enough, Moran was born just a few miles from Mack and spent his childhood in St. Joe, Missouri. But they did not meet until years later after Mack had had a variety of jobs—selling newspapers, being a messenger boy, running an elevator, washing dishes, clerking in a store, playing catcher on a professional baseball team, working on a farm, selling articles from door to door and, interspersing all this, being in show business.

The show business thing started when he used to think up jokes and sell them to

vaudeville acts. It suddenly occurred to him one day that if his jokes were funny enough to make actors buy them that there was no reason why he couldn't say the jokes himself on the stage. He chose black face because he was embarrassed. He could hide behind the burnt cork as if it were a screen.

GEORGE MORAN had made his first appearance in black face in a road show of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. He had been on the stage in vaudeville and musical comedies. He met Mack and the two decided to team.

"But the radio is the hardest job in the world," Mack will tell you. "When you go on it's like a dress rehearsal. But it isn't a dress rehearsal. It's the show. You pull a gag once. If it doesn't go over you can't change it for the next time—because the next time you've got to have new stuff."



# Follow that Trail!

## He's Weakening Fast!



*A simple story that  
will help intelligent women  
to protect the well-being  
of their families*

**W**AVING FOOTPRINTS in the snow betrayed the fugitive's muscular fatigue, his approaching physical exhaustion. It was then but a matter of minutes until once again a "Mountie" would "get his man"...The grim, relentless tenacity of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police is of world renown. Yet their famed efficiency in capturing criminals of the Northland was based on simple intelligence... as well as superb physical endurance.

Once on the trail, for example, they gave their quarry no rest, no relaxation...not even TIME TO EAT. They pushed forward, shrewdly interrupting the fugitive's attempts to restore his strength and energy, gradually wearing him down until complete fatigue assailed him.

### A Little Lesson in Fatigue

Fatigue is to the body what lack of fuel is to a motor. The human body too, is a machine which operates on "fuel". Every moving part of a machine is dependent upon fuel to keep it going...likewise every muscle and cell in the body requires "fuel" to keep it alive, active and energetic.

Medical authorities recognize Karo as an ideal food for infants...Ask your doctor about it.

One asks "what is the fuel of the human body"? The answer is "carbo-

hydrates". Carbohydrates are present in most foods we eat. But before the body can use them as energy, carbohydrates must be changed into DEXTROSE by the process of digestion.

Dextrose is a simple sugar which circulates in the blood, is stored in the liver and in every muscle and cell in the body. Dextrose creates energy. Without this energy no muscle can function.

Your doctor can confirm these facts and, if you ask him, will perhaps explain more fully why Dextrose is the very sugar which operates the energetic functions of the body.

### A Great Source of Dextrose

With the knowledge of the importance of Dextrose in banishing fatigue, in balancing the wear and repair of the body, in pro-

viding a reserve supply of energy in muscles and cells of the body, intelligent people will be interested to know where Dextrose is available—and how they can feed this great energizing element to their bodies. An unusual source of Dextrose is Karo—the famous delicious syrup sold by every grocer in America. Karo contains Dextrose in abundance—and other quick-acting carbohydrates (Maltose and Dextrins) which are quickly changed into Dextrose by the digestion.

For this reason, the medical profession recognizes in Karo Syrup one of the most nourishing, fatigue-banishing foods. As a result, Karo is widely recommended for infant feeding, for growing children, for active men and women—and even for invalids and elderly people who fatigue easily.

"Throughout Infancy and Childhood... from Childhood to Old Age" covers the entire range of Karo's contribution to the health and the vigor of human life.

For more than twenty-five years Karo has been known and served in homes everywhere. It is delicious in flavor, remarkable in its quick-acting nutritive qualities, and very economical in price. Illustrated are several of the many ways Karo Syrup can...and should...be served as a daily ration.

If any member of your family...or yourself... tires quickly, suffers nervous irritability, or generally "eats poorly", start on a Karo schedule today. Red Label or Blue Label Karo is equally effective in quick-acting results.

### FREE!

"The Miracle of the Match" is a startling book which tells you in simple language why quick-acting Karo Syrup provides vital energy...also dozens of new recipes for serving Karo in many delicious ways.

Write to: CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. R-1, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta. New York



As a delicious sauce for desserts, Karo improves flavor and adds quick energy value.



Two tablespoons of Karo in a glass of milk improves its flavor and doubles its energy value.



No. 1  
A Fresh Muscle in Action

This chart (No. 1) indicates how a fresh muscle acts. Repeated activity gradually diminishes its reflex action until complete fatigue takes place. During this activity, the supply of Dextrose stored in this muscle is gradually consumed. Now here (No. 2) is a tired muscle lacking the necessary supply of Dextrose. Notice how few reflex actions it can withstand. See how quickly it tires when compared with the sustained action of the fresh muscle.



No. 2  
A Tired Muscle



# How Radio Programs Are Built

[Continued from page 19]



**Ted Di Corsia delivering an impersonation of General Johnson on the March of Time**

sent back to Spain to buy supplies. After the war, a wealthy Spaniard took him into partnership.

They made money and lost money, and in 1920 Smith returned to this country, decided that radio was the coming thing, and went to see Powell Crosly, Jr., who gave him a job at the struggling young station of WLW where he became manager.

In the succeeding years, Smith added all-around radio experience to his general knowledge of world affairs. So when the chance came he was particularly equipped to turn out the *March of Time* show.

The first *March of Time* programs were made on records and released to stations for advertising purposes in the same manner as the news broadcasts.

Smith then went out on the road to interest additional stations in using the record releases. In less than a year's time, a hundred and twenty stations were using the program regularly and the *Time* people decided that its success was sufficient to justify the expense of putting the show on a national network.

At this juncture, the advertising agency of Batten, Barton, Durstine and Osborne, was called in to put the show on the air. Arthur Pryor, Jr., son of the famous leader of Pryor's military band and brother of Roger Pryor, movie and stage actor, head of the agency's radio department, became director of the program.

The effectiveness of the *March of Time* is due in part to the musical transitions which make possible the change of mood and scene. For these, Pryor, with Howard Barlow, who conducts the orchestra, is responsible.

Into consultation with Smith and Pryor and Barlow and executives from the magazine and the agency, were called Mrs. Ora D. Nichols, sound effects expert of the

Columbia Broadcasting System, and the Columbia staff of engineers. Hundreds of actors from Broadway and the radio ranks were auditioned both for all around dramatic performance and their ability to impersonate well known people. Many of those drawn from that first panel are still with the *March of Time* today.

On Friday, March 6, 1931, the *March of Time* made its debut on the Columbia network. The acclaim was enthusiastic and instantaneous. The Columbia people thought so highly of it that in the fall of 1932, just before election, the chain put it on the air as a sustaining program for eight weeks. The program goes on the air this year under the sponsorship of Remington-Rand, manufacturers of office equipment.

Last year, Smith went to Europe for a vacation, and Pryor, his time taken up with other duties, turned the active direction of the program over to an assistant.

But this year both men are back in the harness.

Smith's first hunch that the *March of Time* could not be successfully imitated, has been proven correct. Many efforts have been made to copy the technique, but no one has been able to reproduce the swift pace and unique flavor of the program.

But then no other program has behind it the world wide news-gathering facilities of *Time*, the tradition of terseness and accuracy of that magazine, nor the morale of the workers who built up the presentation.

By Sunday night news flashes from all parts of the world are coming into the *Time* office, giving a rough indication of what the high spots of the week will be.

At that time, Smith and his two assistants, Ann Barley, who was an actress for a while and came to the program from the staff of the magazine, and Dwight Cook, who has been a farmer and a playwright, go into a huddle with the editors of the magazine and rough out a tentative program.

There are usually seven or eight sketches on a program. One can only handle two or three sketches comfortably.

The dramatists have three days to do all their research, verify their facts and write the scripts. Besides getting in all the background, the historical and social significance of the events as well as their dramatic interest, they must naturally exercise extreme care in only putting into the mouths of the characters, especially where well-known people are used, words which have appeared in print or in recorded testimony and which have in them nothing of a libelous nature which might reflect on themselves or on others.

When the scripts are completed, Smith and assistants also add any notes which may be of help to the producing staff in rendering the most accurate and authentic reproduction.

Late Wednesday, the scripts go to the producing staff. There is a conference now

between Pryor, Mrs. Nichols and Barlow and others engaged in the actual production.

First they go over the script and set the musical interludes.

Next the sound effects must be cued in. The scripts may call for anything from staccato noises of a busy office or a street scene to a storm at sea or the rattle of rifle fire. The sound effects perfect the illusion by filling in the picture for the imagination. For small noises, actual sounds are frequently used. But for hurricanes, gunfire, etc., all sorts of devices must be employed. The sound of a ruler tapped smartly on the seat of a chair makes the most convincing shot. The two hardest jobs they ever had to reproduce were an oil well burning, and the sound of a locomotive being hit by a tornado.

The preliminary casting is also sketched out at the conference, but the final casting is not done until rehearsal begins on Thursday morning.

The *March of Time* dramatic company is one of the most interesting on the air. It is composed of twenty principals and thirty voices for the mob.

President Roosevelt is usually portrayed by tall, rangy Bill Adams, veteran stage and radio actor, distant relative of Maude Adams.

Marion Hopkinson is both Mrs. Roosevelt and Frances Perkins, secretary of labor. She is a New York society girl who studied for the opera and got her first radio dramatic rôle when a friend of hers wanted her to take the part of an opera singer in an air skit.

Ted di Corsia has undergone a remarkable transformation. He is the man who used to play President Hoover. Now you will hear him on the *March of Time* as General Johnson.

John Battle, a southerner, often plays southerners on the air. He has been John Nance Garner and Huey Long.

Frank Readick's characterizations have ranged from Lindbergh to Zangara, slayer of Mayor Cermak. He has also played Jimmy Walker and Cordell Hull. He is a veteran stage and radio actor, who used to be the famous "Shadow" on a mystery program.

Although Harry von Zell, announcer on the All-American football show, Elmer Everett Yess and other programs, takes no dramatic part, he plays an important rôle in the blending of the program. As the "Voice of Time," giving the interpolations, "Time Marches On!" and marking the change of scene, he does much to set the pace of the show. It is one of his toughest assignments. Instead of being a friendly, individualized personality, he must sound as impersonal, as imperturbable as *Time* itself.

The impersonations have been so exact that friends of famous people have often told them how much they enjoyed their broadcast on the *March of Time* program last week. No one has ever complained. They seem to be flattered and pleased rather than annoyed.



# 100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER



MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE



1

WHY ARE YOU HOME SO EARLY?

I FEEL TERRIBLY. I THINK I'M GETTING THE GRIPPE!

HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY \$26,000,000

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF

2

I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SICK.

I'LL PHONE THE DOCTOR, BUT TAKE TWO **HEXIN** TABLETS WITH WATER NOW.

SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

## Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus Infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.

3

I'VE GIVEN HIM TWO **HEXIN** DOCTOR, AND HE'S IN BED.

GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

## NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 **HEXIN** tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

**HEXIN** relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body, which need strength to resist cold germs.

The mildly alkaline formula of **HEXIN** also helps neutralize the acidity which nearly always accompanies colds. It will not harm the heart.

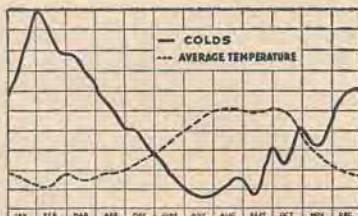
4

DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?

YES, MY FEVER IS GONE, AND I FEEL FINE.

NEXT DAY AND BETTER

## Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.

5

BACK SO SOON? HOW DID YOU DO IT?

**HEXIN** FIXED ME UP QUICK.

AT OFFICE-NO LOST TIME



## Modern Druggists Prefer HEXIN

Buy a box of **HEXIN** today. If your druggist should not have it on hand, insist that he order it. You can buy **HEXIN** in convenient tins containing 12 tablets and in economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets. Don't let your druggist give you anything but **HEXIN**. Nothing else is "just as good".

Originally Developed for Children **HEXIN**—an alkaline formula—was developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of **HEXIN** for adult use. The action of **HEXIN** is immediate for children or adults.

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## HEXIN, INC.

RO-1134

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Please mail me a generous **FREE** sample of **HEXIN**.

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# Vamp Till Ready

[Continued from page 45]

remark, and then decided it was beneath the notice of an executive.

"In the second place," he said blandly, "I want you to stay away from Spread-eagle. I asked Levi Macnamara, the studio boss there, to keep you out, but he said it was entirely beyond his jurisdiction."

"Jurisdiction, Buzzie," crooned Jewel. "Wherever did you get that simply mahhhhhvelous tie?"

FROM then on the forces of justice fought a losing battle. Mr. Ersters talked and gestured with half-hearted ferocity, and Miss Sheringham countered with the statement that she was completely overboard about Roger, but that her individuality must be preserved at all costs. Part of the cost was borne by the now dizzy Mr. Ersters, when, after a feeble excuse to the announcer, he was wangled into taking the siren out to a large and expensive supper.

By next midday he was once more the iron-jawed genius, presiding at a get-together luncheon in the studio where several new advertisers and artists had to be met, and programs discussed. Roger was there as a matter of course, and after a whirl of introductions Mr. Ersters noted that he was seated beside no less a person than Mademoiselle Gabrielle Lavolette, grand opera soprano, who was to aid in making the public conscious of Slipsey Spaghetti.

Mlle. Lavolette was a large and luscious blonde, with eyes like blue china doorknobs and the usual knack of a parisienne in making a man think that she had lived for nothing but the purpose of meeting him.

"Ah, monsieur," she gushed to Roger, "often I 'ave leesten to you, an' I say to myself, 'Mon Dieu! could I joost see zat man wiz ze cr-r-reesp, exciting voice, pair-

haps he could titch me 'ow bettaire to spik Engleesh.'"

Mr. Winship, being human, glowed at this tribute to his ability. "At your service, mademoiselle," he said gallantly, whereupon the emotional Gabrielle managed to sit half on her chair and half on his while she prattled of her forthcoming debut on

From the head of the table Mr. Ersters watched his announcer with an awakened interest. Personally the crafty Buzz had shied away from the frothy Frenchwoman, but now his gaze grew thoughtful as he appraised her, and his smile widened to a positive leer when the luncheon party filed into the corridor just as Jewel Sheringham was floating into a rehearsal room.

In that brief moment the sultry brown eyes narrowed and the blue ones cracked roughly.

After a torrid and hurried rehearsal Jewel sought out her fiancé, smoothed his lapels and straightened his tie.

"You have to work so hard, honey," she tinkled, "and the awful people you're forced to meet. That oversize kewpie, for instance, that was purring in your ear. Who is she?"

"Shhh, not so loud. That's Lavolette, the Metropolitan soprano."

"So that's the thing they're going to bill as a *cantatrice*, eh? Of course, I could tell she wasn't a mere warbler—she looks like the Toast of the Navy! Well, let's forget about her. Take me out to a movie, darling, you're not on the air till seven."

"I'd like to," Mr. Winship said longingly, "but it's impossible. This spaghetti's an important account, and Mlle. Lavolette's about the biggest name that ever struck the studio. They open three days from now, so common courtesy demands that I coach her on English for a little speech she wants to make to the fans. She—sweetheart, let me explain!"

But Miss Sheringham flounced away, registering what she imagined to be haughty disdain.

FOR the next three days she rehearsed persistently and unnecessarily at Station WHEW, and was rewarded by seeing the obliging Roger taken in tow by the prima donna. The great Lavolette seemed to require constant attention, and to make matters worse she leaned against him as they strolled up and down discussing pronunciation. She ogled him at every turn, rippled flowery compliments, and indulged in a series of winks, sighs and quivers that made Jewel wish that her overly blonde head was a beet top.

At last the night arrived when Slipsey Spaghetti was presented to an ear-straining public, and after the usual preliminaries it streamed out into the air as a flawless unit of high class entertainment. Everyone was beaming at the finale—sponsors, orchestra, Roger, and the widest beamer of all was Mr. Ersters. As for Gabrielle she was a mixture of ecstasy and tears.

"Like ze lar-r-rk I seeng!" she declared, seizing the flustered Mr. Sheringham. "All bicoss of you, mon cheri! An' my spitch—was it not *magnifique*? Ah, I kees you wance, twice, a dozen times! Voila!"

A succession of smacks resounded like a machine gun, and then an inwardly raging Miss Sheringham interrupted the scene.

"Roger, darling," she said huskily, "you seem to forget that I'm wearing your ring."

"Gosh," said the crimsoning Roger. "This really doesn't mean anything—"

"And I seem to remember," went on Jewel, lying with charming simplicity, "that *this* was the very night we were to get our marriage license."

Station WHEW, spaghetti and Gabrielle faded away in the rosy light that filled Mr. Winship's world. "Darling!" he shouted. "You really mean it?"

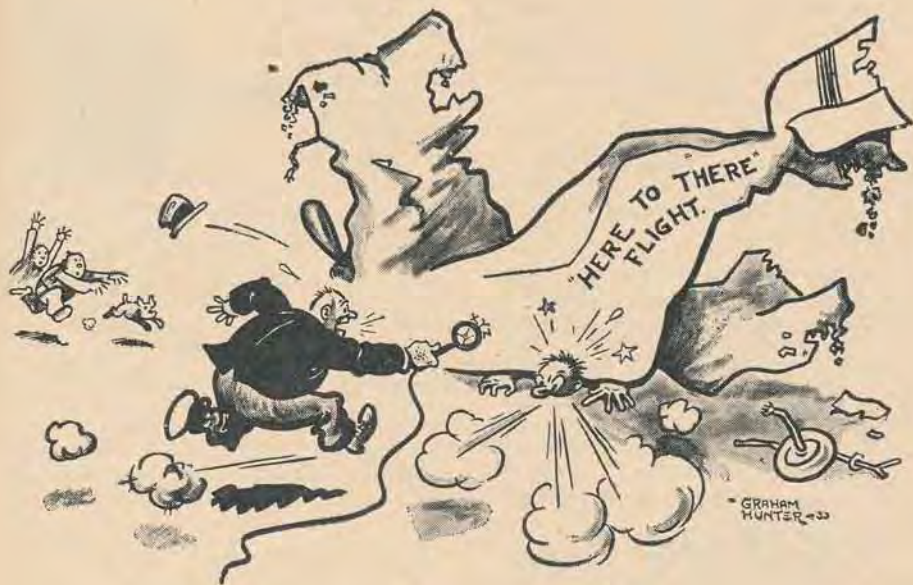
Jewel disengaged one of Mlle. Lavolette's plump white arms from his shoulder, and steered him, hatless, toward the elevator. "I do," she crooned with all her artistry. "Hear that—I *do*—why, I love the sound of it! Don't let's bother about a taxi, honey; the subway's a whole lot quicker."

\* \* \* \* \*

"One hundred," said Mr. Ersters, as he fondled a pulpy roll of bills, "two, three . . . five hundred smackers, and cheap at the price. I'd never have thought of it if it hadn't been for those oo-la-la manners of yours, and we certainly got quick action from Jewel."

Mademoiselle Lavolette rolled her eyes until they almost clicked in their sockets. "Sooch a nize couple," she trilled. "I know zey will be ver' happy, an' me, I would do anyzing for lofers! But it was so easy, monsieur, zat I am almos' ashame' to deprive you of your money."

Mr. Ersters beamed anew and poured a brace of cocktails. "No depravity, dolling," he assured her brightly. "Absolutely no depravity at all!"



"All right, Captain—you're on the air!"



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SUPER Deluxe

16-TUBE  
ALL-WAVE Radio

9 TO 2,000 METERS

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Try this Midwest radio... in your own home... for thirty days before you decide. See for yourself the 40 new 1934 features that insure amazing performance. Other features include: Automatic Select-O-Band, Amplified Automatic Volume Control, 16 New Type Tubes, Balanced Unit Superheterodyne Circuit, Velvety Action Tuning, Super-Power Class "A" Amplifier, 29 Tuned Circuits, New Duplex-Diode-High Mu Pentode Tubes, No-Image Heterodynes, Full Rubber Floated Chassis, Variable Tone Blender, Centralized Tuning, 7 KC Selectivity, New Thermionic Rectifier, Automatic Tone Compensation, Auditorium Type Speaker, etc. These features are usually found only in sets selling from \$100 to \$150.

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AMAZING  
FOREIGN RECEPTION

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# Is Radio A Menace To Children?

[Continued from page 39]

particular family where I was staying claimed that her little girl of ten now falls asleep more quickly and no longer starts or cries out in her sleep since she doesn't hear gruesome detective stories any more.

"And I have noted an improvement in Junior's nerves," she declared. Junior, by the way, is twelve. "He's not so keyed-up. He gets along better with the other boys and he doesn't yell all over the place as before."

These reactions on the part of my host and her children were, of course, of intense interest to me. For we psychiatrists realize, even more than does the average parent, how tremendously significant are the experiences a child undergoes during his waking hours in the moulding of his character, his nerve stamina, his emotional make-up and his morals.

A fright during the tender, impressionable years may lay the foundation for a later inferiority complex. A belief in ghosts, engendered in childhood, may be the forerunner of superstitious beliefs and fatalistic ideas that seriously interfere with ambition and accomplishment. Guilty feelings and obsessions of self-accusation have been known to arise from hearing a story in which the hero, possessing alleged supernatural powers, was able to read other peoples' thoughts.

AM I exaggerating the effects of childhood impressions? Scarcely! If anything, I am underrating them.

But only specialists in medical psychology fully appreciate these facts. For it is they who see such victims crowd into their offices; victims of various kinds of functional nervous disorders, every single one of which started in childhood.

To be sure, not every boy or girl who listens in on a radio thriller is influenced in the same way, nor is each one doomed to suffer neurotic trouble later in life be-

cause of that fact.

Marked individual differences exist even between children of the same family; even, indeed, between twins.

Some children are more robust in their emotional constitution than are others. Some are less impressionable. Some make little use of what they hear and see and what goes in one ear, as the saying goes, quite as quickly leaves by the other.

Yet the average child, be he boy or girl, and irrespective of his age, is changed more by a radio program than he is by his school studies or by what his father and mother try to teach him.

The reason, of course, is readily understood. Radio is *entertainment*. It is good fun.

I was discussing this whole problem with a radio executive not long ago and he agreed that many a radio program is bad for children.

"But," he countered, "radio was not invented to be a pastime for our youngsters nor was it ever suggested that it should become primarily an educational medium. In the last analysis, radio is a commercial enterprise, specifically an advertising business. If a parent considers any program unfit for his or her child, if it is going to disturb that child, affect his nerves or put wrong ideas into his head, well—all such a parent has to do is tune out that particular program."

"On the other hand," one is constrained to reply, "how is anyone to know what a program is going to be about until it is actually heard—part of it at least—and perhaps *after* the damage, if any, is already done?"

NEVERTHELESS, in all fairness to the sponsors of radio programs, it must be admitted that, except in the case of avowedly children's hours, they are in-

terested solely in the reactions of grown-ups and should not be held responsible if a child hears a sexy love story, for instance, when such a program did not, of necessity, take children into consideration at all.

A parent would not think of taking his children to a burlesque show or to a risqué stage comedy, and if he allows his youngsters to attend gangster, murder and sensuous movies he has only himself to blame.

One difficulty is the fact that, unlike the stage or the motion pictures, radio is such a distinctly *family affair*.

RADIO sponsors have, to be sure, been careful from the very beginning not to offend their listeners. They have always been keenly aware of the diversified audiences they cater to—people with all sorts of backgrounds, with all sorts of faiths—and it is only comparatively recently that, via the talks of the "Voice of Experience," sex, as such, has been openly discussed.

Advertisers do not want to hurt anybody's feelings. That would be the worst possible sales resistance they could create. What they set out to do is to please and to entertain you so that you will *buy*!

If one were, for purposes of argument, deliberately to plan radio programs for children alone, the task would by no means be an easy one.

To prove this to my own satisfaction, I made the experiment of asking two boys and two girls what they liked best to hear.

Said the boy of nine: "Give me adventure stories."

Said the girl of eight: "I like fairy tales best."

Said the boy of eleven: "Me for the detective who keeps you guessing if he'll catch the villain the next time."

Said the girl who was shortly to be fourteen: "What I prefer on the radio is a good love story."

Frankly, these replies were about what I expected. Even the precocious interest in romance of the fourteen-year-old was not astonishing. Children at different ages like different things. What appeals to a boy does not usually appeal to a girl, and vice versa. What a youngster liked at, say eight, he or she will probably despise two years later.

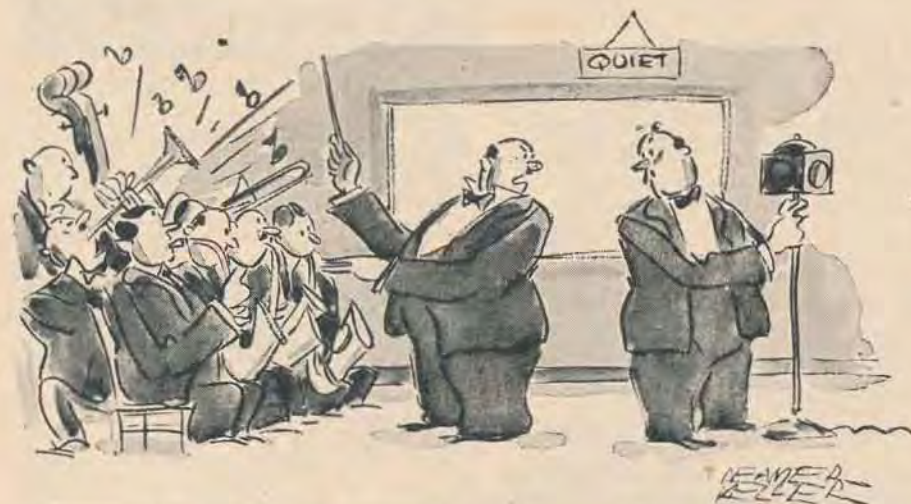
BUT what, then, is one to think or to do? How can one solve so complicated a problem?

Should we deprive our youngsters of hearing the radio entirely?

Surely that would be a foolish and shortsighted policy even if it were possible of accomplishment. What is more, just as soon as we ordered them *not* to listen they would move heaven and earth to do so.

No, we cannot so readily stop our children from listening to the radio as we can stop them from attending the theatre or a picture show.

Besides, is it not also true that this



"Why shouldn't my stomach be on the blink—jumping from Hampbell Bean to the Benhouse Coffee and then to the Pink Ribbon Beer program without a bite to eat!"



# Christmas Through the House

[Continued from page 59]

the best silver polished, and the "company" dishes washed.

The next consideration is the house itself. Are the draperies fresh? Is the guest room in order? Do you need new lamp-shades or sofa-pillows? Are the floors freshly waxed? Have you put away all unnecessary accessories to make room for the Christmas gifts and decorations? For, after all, the house is—or should be—a background for living.

If you have children, a brief review of the family wardrobe is necessary, for the youngsters will be going to the Sunday School Christmas Tree Entertainment, or perhaps they will be speaking pieces at school. Besides, there is Christmas Day itself to be considered. Some mothers I know, who understand children, provide—as part of the surprise on Christmas morning—simple costumes for the smaller children to wear during the day—Santa Claus suits, brownie or fairy costumes.

## Staging Christmas

IT'S part of the staging of Christmas. The decorating of the house is the second part. It has always seemed to me a wasted opportunity to cram all the decorations into one or two rooms. Christmas should be represented all through the house. A wreath on the front door, one in the front hall, greens festooned over the fireplace, sprays of holly or laurel behind the pictures, a wreath in the kitchen, bouquets of Christmas greens in the bed-rooms, candles to light the living and dining rooms on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day—these will cost little time and money and will gladden even a drab atmosphere.

In most homes the Christmas gifts this year will be practical, some of them household furnishings. One family I know, now getting on its financial feet, has planned a series of gifts, one from each person, for every room in the house. These are to be arranged in groups as though they were being presented to various members of the family—each group being tagged with a large sign bearing the name of each room. I happen to have been let in on the secret.

The living-room will have a new lamp, a waste-basket, bookends and furniture covers; the dining-room new doilies, a rug, candlesticks and glassware; the kitchen a coat of paint, new linoleum, a strainer, a red tea kettle and new gadgets to group around the sink; the bed-rooms, draperies and bedspreads, a home-made dressing table, new floor wax and rag rugs; the bathroom a coat of paint, shower curtain, sash curtain and glass bottles for toilet preparations; and the hall, a new mirror.

## Presenting The Gifts

EACH year many radio listeners write to ask for suggestions for presenting the gifts to their families. How and when

[Continued on page 84]

If You  
Want a Job



or a  
Hobby



that Pays  
Well



Where You  
can be Your  
Own Boss



and Keep Your  
Own Hours



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Dull, coarse complexions invariably repel men. He was no different. She knew it—and suddenly transformed her ugly, rough skin to a luscious creamy whiteness a new way. Captured him. Amazed her friends. You, too, can gain new complexion loveliness.

## Stop Worrying About That Dull Complexion

LET Golden Peacock Bleach Cream remove the beauty-marring effects of age, wind and sun—amazingly. Perfected by 30 great specialists, this truly wonderful discovery is guaranteed to whiten your skin one shade a night—or money back. Just smooth this cool, fragrant cream over your skin tonight. Tomorrow, what a delightful surprise—your complexion more divinely fair, clearer, more alluring. And, as it whitens, this natural aid smoothes and refines the skin—banishes muddiness, freckles, pimples, blotches, safely. Try it. See for yourself that Golden Peacock Bleach Cream is the gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that work. And note how little you use because it works so fast (certain rare ingredients, the reason)—therefore more economical. Over half a million women have experienced the seeming magic of it. Get your jar TODAY. Prove the results—at our risk. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

**Golden Peacock**  
BLEACH CREAM

## Try This Exquisite FACE POWDER

Marvelously fine in texture, Golden Peacock Tonic Face Powder clings smoothly for hours. Certain imported ingredients make it actually a skin tonic—effective in correcting coarse pores, blemishes. At all toilet goods counters. New Gardenia face powder—with all the properties exclusive to Golden Peacock—already a sensation! Introductory size package at ten cent counters.



## Christmas Through the House

[Continued from page 83]

should it be done? In assemblies of adults, Christmas Eve is the ideal time—about nine in the evening. When there are children, early Christmas morning provides time for Santa Claus to leave his gifts during the night. The children should be dressed for the day and should not be allowed to rush pell-mell after their stockings. The prettiest way to approach the gifts is for the whole family to march to the living-room after breakfast singing a Christmas carol. The father—in lieu of Santa Claus—should give out the presents, and the mother must be ready to list the gifts and the giver of each child's presents, so proper thanks may be extended.

The illustrations show a clever way of presenting gifts when there is insufficient room for a large tree. A benign old Santa Claus, dressed in red and white crepe paper has been fashioned over a floor lamp. He has a false face, which is easy to secure anywhere, and his beard can be made by using cotton wool. Take a 48-inch length of wire and tie it in the center of the top of the floor lamp base, to represent his arms. Use a pair of men's pajamas—both coat and trousers—over which you fashion the crepe paper outfit. Stitch the crepe paper coat, trousers, and hat by sewing machine. The ermine fur looks very realistic indeed, with the use of white crushed crepe paper and bits of black gummed paper for the ermine spots. A leather belt may be used, or one can make one of shiny black paper. Cut a pair of mittens from four thicknesses of white crepe, using an ordinary pair of mittens as a pattern guide. Use any available pair of rubber boots, and put a border of the crepe paper fur around the top.

The irresistible-looking gift packages are wrapped with bright cellophane—which comes, by the way, in all the Christmas colors—and are fastened with gummed ribbon which comes in red, gold, and silver, and is attractive and sturdy for tying.

The big Christmas stocking is a delightful thing and holds all of the extra, last-minute gifts and small knick-knacks. It is made from red crepe paper covered with red cellophane to give a glistening effect—two thicknesses of each, stitched on the sewing machine. To finish it, take an eight-inch strip of crepe paper that has been gathered in the center to form a ruffle, and decorate the top of the stocking with this double ruffle. The smaller stockings are made in the same way.

## Meals On Christmas Day

CHRISTMAS DAY begins with breakfast. The meal should be simple, gay and different. Use a brilliant peasant cloth and napkins, and dishes not in daily use; and make the centerpiece of a bowl or basket of assorted fruit. If any new piece of electrical breakfast equipment is among your gifts, plan to use it. Carry out the Christmas colors, if possible, in the menu. It might include:

### Assorted Fruit

(Apples, oranges, bananas, grapes, figs and dates)

Crisp flakes in gay bowls      Top cream  
Spanish omelette      Diced fried potatoes  
Nut muffins      Coffee

If a harmonious day is anticipated, the Christmas dinner and supper should be well organized beforehand. Much of the preparation should be done ahead. The puddings and cookies may be made days in advance, and most of the other foods can be prepared the day before.

## The Christmas Dinner

### Pimento Star Canapes

Consommé with Chopped Peppers and Mushrooms

### Whole Wheat Crackers

Roast Turkey or Goose with Stuffing  
Giblet Gravy      Mashed Potatoes  
Brussels Sprouts      Cranberry Conserve  
Romaine with Thousand Island Dressing  
Cheese Sticks

### Individual English Steamed Puddings

Hard Sauce      Demi-tasse

The pudding, cheese sticks, hard sauce and Thousand Island Dressing may be prepared a few days in advance. List the perishable supplies needed and market so they will be delivered early on the morning of the twenty-fourth. During the day the turkey should be cleaned, stuffed and trussed; the soup prepared ready to reheat; the canape garnish made ready; the vegetables cleaned, ready to cook; the cranberry sauce made; and the romaine washed and put to crisp. The actual preparation time for the dinner will then consume only about forty-five minutes—the stove will do the rest.

## The Christmas Table Decoration

THE illustration shows a new and intriguing table decoration—a star centerpiece.

The dark, rich green of the natural evergreen against a filet lace or plain white cloth, the soft glow of the Christmas electric bulbs, and the subdued sheen of the silver star cut-outs combine to make a really beautiful decoration. The cut-outs may be bought in almost any stationery or department store, and holes can be punched in them large enough to permit the end of the electric bulb to be pushed through. The whole effect is charming.

Colorful favors may be made of cellophane or crepe paper to decorate the table further and to act as place cards. Bags of either may be stitched on the machine, a double thickness being used where desired for strength. The usual Christmas red and green may be chosen, or any favorite color scheme may be carried out, as there is a wide variety of colors from which to choose.



# The Modern Cinderella

[Continued from page 22]

just one of many voices. Before *The Miracle* opened she had been selected for a solo. But the audience never saw her. She sang the part of an angel, perched precariously at the top of the theatre above the "prop" clouds. She sang without accompaniment in a lovely clear young voice which thrilled a vast New York audience.

YOU would never expect it of anyone so chuck full of American idealism and tender love of her fans, but Jessica was born in Calcutta, India. Her father was French, her mother Italian. She was brought to this country when she was six and put into a convent. The Indian background—glamorous as it was—slipped away from her. It was the atmosphere of the convent that stuck.

Her parents both died. She knew she must earn her living and she had sung, really, before she had spoken. The voice was God given. Her teacher, Estelle Leibling, helped it along. Roxy met her at one of Leibling's teas and asked her to broadcast with his gang. She did—just once, but she wanted the stage more than radio then and that's why she turned all her energies in that direction.

After *The Miracle* she knew she must gain more experience so she toured a vaudeville circuit, gave concerts and then was given the Kathie rôle in *The Student Prince*, followed by a leading rôle in *The Grand Street Follies*.

And then a curious thing happened. One day there came a letter asking her to join the newly formed National Broadcasting Company.

The decision meant a great deal to her. Should she turn her back on the stage—a career with which she was just becoming familiar—and pioneer in radio?

She hasn't regretted giving the infant radio art a whirl. She gets something like \$2,000 a broadcast and receives hundreds of fan letters a day—letters which are a constant mystery and delight to her.

SHE takes most things seriously, as a matter of fact. She writes poetry and has a number of very fine theories about the universality of radio and the public taste. She believes in the good taste in music of the public. And she will talk at length about the romantic language of song—but she is really shy of people. Somehow, she seems to be the perfect radio product. She literally likes being heard and not seen, although she is pretty enough for anybody's eyes.

You will notice that most of the things I've told you about Jessica concern her career. It is pretty much all that can be told about her—for her private life is wrapped up in her work—her heart is, actually, in that huge scrap book of fan letters which she has received throughout the years. The scrap book reposes on a bench in her living room. It is a never-ending source of wonder and delight to her.

JANUARY, 1934

## How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically

pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

### FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.

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Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

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# HAPPY ENDING

BY JEFFERSON MACHTER



**MINE**—say millions who have made a pleasant discovery. You don't have to take nasty, bitter purgatives to get "results"!

Ex-Lax tastes like delicious chocolate—so it's pleasant to take. It's so gentle! Yet it is as effective as any harsh, nasty laxative ever was!

Be sure to get the genuine—spelled E-X-L-A-X. At all drug stores, 10c and 25c. Or write for free sample, Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. RL14, Box 170, Times Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Keep "regular" with  
**EX-LAX**  
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

# Fan Mail Takes Radio's Pulse

[Continued from page 68]

tion in weight, Whiteman has received enough presents of reducing salts, recipes for eating and growing thin and specially prepared fat-less foods to take care of all the circus fat men in captivity.

**FRED WARING** and **Guy Lombardo** each receives about 2,000 fan letters a week. The handsome screen favorites are fast being replaced by radio's romantic figures, as recipients of flappers' and sentimentally inclined women's confidences. Thousands thrill to their music and write in their sob stories: "Shall I leave my husband? I have fallen in love with you after hearing you play. Please send me a word of encouragement." Lanny Ross, James Melton and other romantic young men receive so many crush notes and frantic telegrams from females they don't know what to do with them.

Nor are the women stars exempt from crush notes, proposals and propositions via the mails. It seems every college boy has a crush on fluffy little Jeanie Lang. Grace Moore, Gladys Rice, Vera Van also receive a good share of impassioned love notes.

The tables were turned recently when a heartbroken miss, signing herself "Lonely Sweetheart," sent the following note to lovely Jane Froman.

"Please stop singing over the radio. You have stolen my sweetheart. He used to love me and carry my picture over his heart. Now all he ever thinks about is you. He only lives for your singing. Can't you fix things up for me again?"

It is not only pleas and crush notes the fans send their favorites. They send them gifts of all kinds—handkerchiefs; ties; shawls; portraits of the stars; home-made cakes and candies and jellies; jewelry ranging from Woolworth's to Tiffany's. Remarkable inventions from patent back-scratchers to radios that don't work. Pets from living tropical fish to stuffed bears. Locks of hair, clothes . . . everything you can think of. Believe it or not, Elsie Hitz was actually offered a yacht by an ardent fan.

Fred Waring was fortunate enough to receive the following note on the stationery of a clothing concern:

"I and the other girls in our office enjoy your programs immensely. We thought we'd write and tell you that if you or the boys in your orchestra want any new clothes, we can get them for you at wholesale rates. We'll tell the boss they are for relatives. Let us just know what you want."

Frank Readie, who was "The Shadow," got a letter with no address—just the picture of a Shadow Man. The mailman delivered it. It was from a young lady in Schenectady who said she had always wanted to be made love to by a Shadow Man. Would "The Shadow" let her know when he would be next in Schenectady, so they could get together?

**PERHAPS** the persons who receive the most heartbreaking letters are the poet readers, David Ross, Edgar A. Guest and Anthony Frome's programs. People are becoming more and more poetry conscious; the shortest way to a person's heart is through poetry. Their programs certainly have seriously influenced thousands of lives. On one occasion Ross recited a very touching poem on the death of a loved one, and how to get consolation. He was astonished at the multitude of letters written by people who thanked him for the solace his poem had provided.

Charles Carlile, the tenor, is at the receiving end for poetry. Every week he receives a letter from a mysterious girl, who never signs her name. These letters are always typed; always postmarked from the same station between the hours of 10:00 and 12:00 a. m.

Gypsy Nina is another radio singer who gets unusual fan letters. She gets mail in many languages, sent by people who consider her a real gypsy. She has several lovers by mail, one of whom wires her frantically. "I haven't heard from you in ages," his last wire read. "Is something wrong with you physically or has a he-man swept you off your feet. Write me in a hurry."

Gladys Rice gets most of her fan mail from men and children. One man sends her regularly sketches in water colors suggested by the songs she sings. *Yaller Dog* and *I Got a Pain in My Sawdust* are the children's favorites.

Often friendships are made, make believe and even long-lost relatives discovered through the radio. The Do-Re-Mi sisters, whose fans number mostly motherly women, have several adopted aunts and uncles. While they were playing in Baltimore, one of their adopted relatives whisked down from Washington and carried the three girls off for a week-end, entertaining them royally. This "aunt" corresponds with them weekly.

**VERA VAN** discovered a bona-fide aunt and two cousins of whose existence she had known nothing. They lived in Pennsylvania; she on the west coast. After hearing her broadcast a few times, they wrote asking questions about her family, and established their relationship.

"Do the stars answer fan mail themselves? How do they cope with it?" are questions we fans wonder about. Most stars employ a staff of assistants to assort the mail. Requests for photographs are attended to; letters requiring personal attention are always given directly to the stars. Rest assured that if you write a letter of intelligent criticism, or a friendly, cheerful note, the artist will read it.

Sometimes it take a little time to get an answer, but if your letter is really worthy of a reply, practically every star I saw agreed he'd be glad to answer it.

RADIOLAND



## Not a Dry Martini Story

[Continued from page 41]

was ready to make his debut. His first operatic rôle was that of the Duke in *Rigoletto* and he made such an instantaneous success that he was offered a contract to sing in Bellini's *I Puritani*. For fifty years this opera had not been produced in its original key, requiring as it does a voice of really remarkable range. Martini's voice covers more than two and a half octaves and his performance in this opera was an event.

The biography of all singers sounds pretty much the same—concerts in Paris, Nice, Monte Carlo and London and, eventually, the Discovery that brings them to New York. I could never see why there is so much to do about this discovery. Nino Martini was probably discovered by the first audience who heard him sing. I was told he was Discovered by Jesse Lasky. Mr. Lasky was snooping around Paris looking for someone like Nino Martini (and aren't we all?) and, the way things do happen in Paris, he found him. When Martini said to Mr. Lasky, "I bet I can do something you can't do," and sang the "F" above high "C." Mr. Lasky signed him up. Since then he has been starred in five short pictures and featured in *Paramount on Parade* with Maurice Chevalier.

LATER he made his debut with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company with Josephine Lucchese and John Charles Thomas in *Rigoletto*, his favorite opera. When he sang *La Donna e Mobile*, Philadelphians threw their hats in the air and tore up the seats and he was forced to break all precedent and sing an encore.

Now for some fun. The Columbia Broadcasting System have a questionnaire that they give to their artists to fill out. Whether they give it to all their artists or just the ones they like best, I don't know. Anyway, Nino Martini got one and he filled it out. And if you read it, you can find out all about him. You can find out, for instance, that he was born August 8, 1904, in Verona, which saves having to ask embarrassing questions. You can find out that he sang in a boy's choir for three years and that his first salary was 100 liras a concert; that he made his debut with Columbia in 1929, his debut in Italy in Verona at the Philharmonic Theatre in concert when he was twenty-one years old; that he speaks Spanish, French, Italian and English (with a decided accent); that he likes to play ping pong and soccer but would rather watch soccer than watch any game; that he has a dog (no name but I can look into it); that although he would like to live in California, he prefers to spend his Summers in the South of France; that he would rather be a great sportsman than a singer and most certainly would not like to be a radio executive, but then who would; that he has no superstitions, which is odd, but then, as I said, I do not think he is imaginative enough to be superstitious; and most important of all you can learn that his favorite proverb is, "By going with wolves you learn to howl."

JANUARY, 1934

# HIRE A JANITOR FOR LIFE for \$28.50



**H**OW many times a day, from October to May, do you run downstairs to look at the furnace or adjust damper chains hanging on hooks on the base-board?

Not only is this old-fashioned method costly in time and a nuisance to comfort, but it is also costly in fuel expense. Being at the mercy of human time and human whim, it is impossible to shut off your plant exactly when it should be shut off or started at exactly the moment it should be forced.

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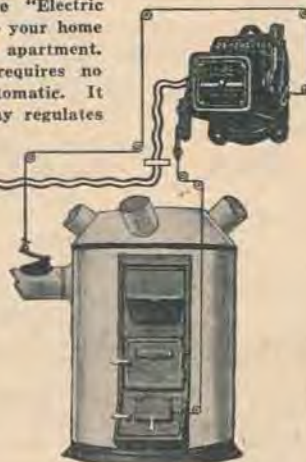
Minneapolis-Honeywell, pioneers in furnace control, have adapted for small home use, their famous thermostat controls, which bring to every home, automatic furnace control at a fraction of its former cost. This amazing device, called the "Electric Janitor," will last a lifetime and bring to your home the comfort and the convenience of an apartment. Once installed, the "Electric Janitor" requires no further attention as it is completely automatic. It operates by electricity and 24 hours a day regulates your furnace drafts, bringing uniform heat and saving fuel.



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The "Janitor" is fully guaranteed by the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company—the leading manufacturers of automatic heating controls—Established in the year 1885. You can buy this wonderful comfort and fuel saving device for only \$28.50 cash from your heating dealer. He will install it for you for a small additional charge if you do not care to install it yourself. . . . Send the Home Comfort Coupon today.



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# The ELECTRIC JANITOR



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They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered Dynamic-Tension. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." Now I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

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No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gaunt? Are you short-winded, peepish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I'll PROVE that Dynamic-Tension—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weightlifting and bulking—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN!** Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 107-A, 133 E. 23rd St., N. Y. C.

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Address .....

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

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## The Romantic Life Story of Bing Crosby

[Continued from page 21]

swimming. His mother showed me a string of medals which he had won in a swimming meet.

WHEN Bing finished High School he enrolled at Gonzaga College. It was his parents' wish that he should be a lawyer and Bing himself fancied the idea of one day having an office with "Attorney-at-Law" on the door.

Gonzaga College is a Jesuit school. And the kindly fathers had a great influence upon Bing.

"So much so that at one time I thought very seriously of becoming a priest," he told me. "But I was young and full of life and I doubted my ability to turn my back upon worldly things. You see I loved the theatre. I had smelled just enough greasepaint to make me stagestruck. And I knew that the stage and priesthood were far apart."

Of course Bing sang in the College Glee Club. He also continued playing with the band which was becoming more and more popular. By this time a quartette had been added. He and a chap by the name of Al Rinker were the leading lights. They sang at one of the picture theatres in Spokane, receiving the magnificent sum of \$25 per week. Bing's specialty number was *Red Hot Henry Brown*. He wore a silk topper and carried a cane.

"To me it was much more fun to play for dances than to dance myself," says Bing. "I liked girls all right but it would have been much more work for me to have to dance with them all evening than it was to play. And there was never a time when I didn't love to sing."

"Finally it occurred to me that since people seemed to like to listen to me I might be able to earn my living that way. Al Rinker and I put our heads together and decided that when the band finished the Summer season we would take a gamble on going some place where we would have a wider field for our talents. Al had a sister in Los Angeles—Mildred Bailey. She was in show business and we figured that she might be able to put us in touch with somebody who would give us a job."

"I talked it over with my mother and told her that I thought I had a better chance of becoming a successful singer than I had of becoming a successful lawyer. She had always been interested in music and she believed that I had a voice. I think that she was secretly pleased that I had decided to try to do something with it. The one thing she warned me about was getting conceited, in case I did achieve success."

"And so, with about \$20 between us, Al and I shoved off for Los Angeles in a broken down Ford. We had to coax it every step of the way. It was always falling apart in unexpected places and we spent hours along the road, trying to wire it together. It took us about three weeks to make the trip."

"Finally, when we were nearing Hollywood the old Ford wheezed its last and no amount of coaxing or pleading could persuade it to go a step farther. We took stock of our finances and found we had just enough to pay our car fare into town. So we abandoned the flivver and walked about two miles to a street car line."

CAN'T you see these two kids arriving at the home of Mildred Bailey with nothing but ambition and a natural gift for song? Little did she dream when she took them down to the old Tent Cafe in Los Angeles and introduced them to Mike Lyman, the manager, that it was to be a springboard to fame and fortune for Bing Crosby.

Lyman listened to the two boys sing and decided that they had something. The customers agreed with him. Bing and Al and their little portable piano caught on immediately. They went from table to table, booth to booth, singing whatever the customers ordered.

Fanchon and Marco, who are always on the lookout for new talent, heard them and signed them up. \$65 a week for the two of them. They appeared in various west coast theatres and went over with a bang.

Then the Big Moment happened. Call it fate—destiny—whatever you like. At any rate, while they were singing at a Los Angeles picture house Paul Whiteman and his Band came to town. He heard about these two boys and their portable piano. He sent for them and asked them to do their stuff for him.

"I guess that was just about the biggest thrill I've ever had," says Bing in telling about it. "The idea that a great band leader like Whiteman should actually send for a couple of punks like us seemed too inconceivable to be true. We entered the room where Whiteman was, in a complete daze. My throat was so tense that it's a wonder I was able to sing a note. We did *In a Little Spanish Town* which was popular then and a couple of hot numbers. When we had finished Whiteman said that we were okay and asked how we would like to join his band. He offered us \$200 a week each. It sounded like all the money in the world and believe me we didn't lose any time putting our names on the dotted line."

Bing and Al went East with Whiteman. When they got to New York a third vocalist joined them. His name was Harry Barris.

This was the beginning of Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys who were soon to be known from coast to coast. And it was the beginning of a fame and fortune for Bing Crosby such as he had never even imagined.

"Even now I sometimes wonder if I won't wake up and find that it has all been a fantastic dream," he said to me a few nights ago when we were sitting be-

RADIOLAND



fore the fire in the beautiful new home at Toluca Lake which his crooning has built. "When I think of the people who have studied voice for years, who have slaved and sacrificed in order to win success, it just doesn't seem logical that I, who have never had a singing lesson in my life and scarcely know one note from another, should have been lucky enough to win this success and earn all this money with so little effort."

"How do you analyze it?" I asked him. "I hesitate to say this because it will probably sound sentimental," he said. "But I've thought quite a lot about it and I honestly believe that there is just one answer to why I have been able to make a success with my voice. And that answer is—my mother's prayers. There hasn't been a day since I left my home in Spokane that she hasn't prayed for my success. Not only that, but she has had all of the Sisters in every convent in the Northwest praying for me. Any number of times she has written me that the Sisters at a certain convent have said a *novena* for me. 'Next week the Sisters at Saint Theresa's will say a *novena* for you,' she writes. That has been going on for years. And I say this in all sincerity. I believe that I am where I am today because of those prayers."

Just before I said goodnight I met Bing's mother. She had come down from Spokane to attend the christening of her new grandson, Gary Evan Crosby.

"Bing wouldn't have the christening until I could be here," she said.

In talking with her it was hard to tell of whom she was proudest, her son or her grandson. And as I listened to her talk I could not help but think of the advice she had given Bing when he first went away from home . . . "Don't ever let success turn your head."

Next month we will follow him up the ladder of success and I'll tell you about his romance with Dixie Lee.

## What Radio Has Meant to Me

[Continued from page 6]

which I was unaware. Music has been my sole enjoyment in life, and about four years ago while listening to a pretty dance melody, I felt the desire to write words to songs. With my favorite radio singer for inspiration, I've been writing for four years. My latest lyric, which has been set to a pretty melody, is to be played soon at a local Loew's theatre. My words will be on the screen. Radio has done this for me.

KITT CULLMER,

91-52-193rd Street, Hollis, New York.

Five prizes of \$1 each go to Mrs. Rebecca Lavender, 6030 First Ave. N., Birmingham, Alabama; Miss Ida Kaech, New Glarus, Wisconsin; John E. Riley, 1100 N. 39th St., Fort Smith, Arkansas; Grace Madelon Frame, 625 Fourth St. S., St. Petersburg, Florida; and F. August Engendorf, Columbus, New Mexico.

JANUARY, 1934

# Half a Million People have learned music this easy way

You, too, Can Learn to Play Your Favorite Instrument Without a Teacher

## Easy as A-B-C

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## The Only Man Who Knows GRETA GARBO

Who is he—this man on whom Garbo's success depends even more than on director or producer? He has sat in front of her and studied every emotion until her every emotion and secret thought is an open book to him. Who is this man who holds Garbo's destiny in his hand? He reveals himself in the January

## SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

Other Features of the JANUARY Issue:

### Mickey Mouse Exposed

Walt Disney himself, creator of the famous Mickey, tells a few tales on the mischievous character who has made Disney a millionaire.

### Will Films Be More Daring in 1934?

Is the new season's crop of pictures to outdo the 1933 product, or will the stern hand of censorship be felt? Predictions as to how the pendulum will swing.

### Personality Stories

on Sylvia Sydney, Alice Brady, Marlene Dietrich, George Raft—scores of photos straight from Hollywood—intimate bits about the stars.



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### Other Big Features:

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**Modern Mechanix and Inventions**  
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**NOW ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS**

## He's Afraid of the Mike

[Continued from page 47]

accustomed to work with "stooges"—persons placed in the audience to razz his act—and he didn't see how that could be done over the air. Again, he didn't want to go on radio and be a flop, and he admitted to himself that he would flop unless he could arrange to get good material week after week. And in the third place, he knew he couldn't begin on radio and earn the same money that he received in his familiar business.

A series of things finally put him on the air. He solved the "stooge" idea by having a mysterious, unseen person break into the program with admonitions to "get off the air" and other similar phrases of disrespect. This is the character "Beetles." Again, seeing the success of other comedians, Phil couldn't resist trying his hand.

"Another thing that worried me about radio," Phil said, swinging in a hammock thoughtfully, "was the fact that about the only asset I have is the ability to strike up a spark of understanding between myself and my audience. I didn't know if I could do this over the air. After all, I'm no great anything. I'm not a great comedian, I'm not a great musician, either. On the stage, I could usually give the impression that most of my chatter was extemporaneous, something audiences love to believe. On the air, of course, that was out. I've fared better than I expected in that regard."

**T**HERE'S nothing extemporaneous about a big radio program. It is rehearsed and timed to a fraction of a second. On the Armour hour, two minutes are allowed for laughs from the audience which packs the studio at eight-thirty standard time on Friday nights.

Most performers experience nervousness at the beginning of their turn, even when doing four a day in picture houses, and Phil Baker has been no exception, but the emotional state he achieves before each broadcast is something to marvel at. His hands tremble, rash appears on his face and body, and he invariably thinks it isn't worth it. After a few moments, however, the nervousness leaves him.

Phil has never been absent from the stage for as long a period as the present one—five months—in his life, and he is obviously burning for a chance to return. Now that he is beginning to feel easier while working on the Armour hour, after more than twenty weeks, he is looking around for a musical show book, and when he either writes one or buys one, he will produce it in Chicago. This, he believes, will be the ideal set-up.

"One thing I like about radio," Phil said, "is that I have a chance to use my own gags first. For years I've suffered pirating of the worst sort. Gags have been my business, my stock in trade, and yet as soon as I have opened in a stage show my material has been stolen and bruited about the country. On the air, at least, I can beat any 'Thief of Badgag' to the punch."

RADIOLAND



# What Shall I Give?

[Continued from page 61]

may be of the family, of the house, of friends, or of oneself.

For the children, the Christmas gift might be gingerbread men, a few of the Christmas mints, or some of the Star Cookies featured on page 60 of this issue.

## Some New Crafts

THIS season has introduced three new home crafts, all of them useful in making Christmas gifts at home. The first is Crepe Paper Crochet. It may sound weird, and far from durable; but as a matter of fact we have been using and wearing all sorts of articles commercially made from paper, so why not home-make a few? All you need is a slight knowledge of crocheting. It's simple and quick to do, and you can make all sorts of charming articles—sofa pillows, bedroom slippers, hats, baskets, sewing bags, envelope hand bags, book covers, as well as the friendly little book mark and pencil holder shown in one of the illustrations, which is suitable to give anyone who reads. Here are the directions for making it:

The favorite colors should be chosen—apricot crepe paper, for example, and rust—and cut across the grain into strips one-half inch wide. Use a Number 0 steel crochet hook. With the apricot crepe, chain 12; then crochet one single crochet in each stitch for eight inches, placing the hook in the back half of each stitch. Break the apricot, and start with the rust. Make four rows of single crochet in each stitch to the first row of rust, to form the pencil holder; then crochet a small ball of rust, and attach it to a one-inch rust chain. Turn back the corners of the end, crochet together, and join the rust chain and ball to the end point.

## Lustrous Leather Craft

THE second brand new home craft is called Lustrous Leather Craft. It is very simple to carry out and is fast becoming popular for the making of many gifts like blotter corners and covers, flat hand-bags, book covers and note-books. These are especially suitable to give to men. Few materials are necessary—one fold of Van Dyke Brown Crepe Paper, a wax moulder, some paste and a little patience are the only requirements. Here are the directions:

Cut and stretch six squares of crepe somewhat larger than the book cover or portfolio you wish to make. With a soft brush, apply the paste stirred to a creamy consistency. Paste the six layers together, one directly on top of another. While the crepe is moist, lay the design in position, (this can be original or traced on stiff paper). With a blunt pencil, trace around the design; then lift the design from the square. Bring the design into bold relief with the flat edge of the wax moulder. Stipple the background with the point of the moulder. When the design is almost

dry, rub the surface with the back of the moulder to give it a gloss. To make the binding, punch holes around the edges and weave in and out of the holes with strips or twisted crepe.

## Singercraft

THE third craft, which you will find very intriguing, is called Singercraft, from the name of the gadget (the "Singercraft Guide") which is bought separately and attached to the sewing machine, which does most of the work. The articles that can be made by means of this new instrument are amazing. Bath mats and table squares; pillow tops and pseudo-Oriental rugs; replicas of early American rugs; imitation-fur trimming; fringe for towels and bridge sets; table scarves, and the most fascinating cuddly toys for children.

Perhaps the best way to explain the actual Singercraft process is to describe how to make a hooked rug. You need only the Singercraft Guide. First, cut the material in inch-wide strips and wrap these strips around the Singercraft Guide. Then slip the backing and Guide under the presser foot of the sewing machine and sew between the edges of the metal guide. The Guide holds the cloth strips in place while they are stitched to the backing, and the design is carried out. In other words, loops of material are simply stitched down instead of being pulled through the backing, as Grandmother used to do when she made hooked rugs. Then cut the loops and shear them a bit. Patterns, guides and full directions for making articles with this new craft can be purchased anywhere.

If you are remembering a little child this Christmas, you might Singercraft the cat shown in one of the illustrations.

## A New Lampshade

IF IT'S a lampshade you wish to give, you can turn again to paper. All you need for the charming shade shown in the photo is one fold of crepe paper to harmonize with the receiver's color scheme, a wire lampshade frame, and some passe-partout. Cut the crepe paper across the grain into strips one and a half inches wide. Fold these lengthwise in halves, and wrap around the wire frame from top to bottom, overlapping to give the pleated effect. Passe-partout or fluted crepe paper may be used for the edge of the lampshade.

## The Stocking Craft

THERE'S still another craft that every woman in the country will be glad to hear about, that can be used in making a variety of Christmas gifts—I mean, the Silk Stocking Craft. This name is my own humble invention. The object is to turn old silk stockings into new and interesting articles; and the suggestions I am

[Continued on page 92]

## Fountain of Youth!

You are not a day older than you feel. All you have to do to keep young is—feel young. There is now offered

**"P.W.G."** a marvelous new food- tonic, "P. W. G." (Pure Wheat Germ),

that contains generous quantities of those essential vitamins, A, B, E and G, that physicians declare absolutely necessary to resist disease and build up daily the energy consumed.

Vitamin A—The energy builder. Vitamin B and Vitamin G, the restorers of disease.

Vitamin E—necessary to life reproduction. "P. W. G." is not a drug, but nature's own food.

A small quantity added to fruit or cereal improves the flavor and brings all these benefits as well.

"P. W. G." is obtained from selected wheat by a special process, and can only be obtained from our mill laboratory. Send \$1.00 today for a supply sufficient for one month's diet. Inquiries invited. Minneapolis Milling Co., original manufacturers and distributors of "P. W. G." (Pure Wheat Germ) to the consumer. Be sure to get the original.

Dept. R. L.  
Minneapolis Milling Co., Chamber of Commerce, Minneapolis, Minnesota.  
Enclosed find \$1.00 for one month's diet.

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

## Tune in on ED WYNN



**TEXACO'S FAMOUS  
FIRE-CHIEF**

**Tuesday Nights**

**9.30 E.T.**

**WEAF-NBC**

**Coast-to-Coast Network**





## A BRIGHT ARRAY OF LOVE STORIES of the Screen

*An intimate story of*

### CONSTANCE KENT and "ELYSIA"

*The Sensational Hollywood Nudist Movie*

"MALIBU" with Jean Parker and Russell Hardie

"THE VINEGAR TREE" with Lionel Barrymore  
and Alice Brady

"THE LOST PATROL" with Victor McLaglen  
and Boris Karloff

"BOLERO" with George Raft and Carole Lombard

"JIMMY AND SALLY" with James Dunn and  
Claire Trevor

*These are only a few of the treats in the January issue*

# 15c

• If your newsdealer is sold out, send 15c (stamps or coin) to ROMANTIC MOVIE STORIES, 529 South Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn., and your copy of the January issue will be mailed to you.

## Romantic MOVIE STORIES

NOW ON SALE

## What Shall I Give?

[Continued from page 91]

giving for using old stockings in this way were sent me by radio listeners in response to a contest I conducted through one of my chain broadcasts.

### A Stocking Bathrobe, Afghan Or Scarf

CUT the stockings from top to toe in  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch strips. Sew together to make length and roll in balls like wool. Using a large pair of wooden knitting needles, knit first two rows of plain knitting, then knit a row and purl a row. Shape in the usual manner. Stockings should be first laundered; and if you care to have a special color, they should be dyed before cutting. Cut off the heavy tops, toes and heels; then cut straight down the seam. Cut the top all across in  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch nicks to make straight runs, and it is easy to get the strips straight. Strips should be joined on the wrong side by hand. The sides will then roll in as the knitting proceeds, so the finished surface is smooth and silky.

### Dustless Dust Mops

TAKE eight or ten pairs of stockings; cut in strips, wash them, and dip in lemon oil. Rinse; let dry; pack in a lacquered box and add a mop stick for good luck, wrapped in Christmas paper.

### Under-stocking Spats

CUT the soles from old silk stockings, beginning at the heel; leave the upper part intact. Cut off the toe entirely; sew a narrow hem, or blanket stitch all around; then sew under the instep a piece of elastic or tape to hold the stockings in place. The foot part of the stockings will resemble spats. These are ideal for wear under silk stockings in Winter.

### Silk Cats

CUT the foot off the stocking, then seam the part that is cut; stuff with old pieces of snipped material, and form a round ball for the head. Measure down three inches; and gather in with small running stitches, forming the neck. Stuff the part under the neck; shape to form an oval (this is the body, which should measure about six inches); cut off the remainder of the stocking, and gather tightly at the bottom. For the face, do a simple backstitch to form green almond eyes, and put circles of orange running stitches in them; use red French knots for the nose; and orange basting stitches for whiskers. The ears are made on the side of the head—black basting stitches to look like an inverted V. For the tail, cut a strip of the cotton part of the stockings about five inches long rounding one end; seam, stuff, and attach to the back. Tie a bow around the neck. Wrap in a big box. I'll guarantee this cat will be loved and mauled until next Christmas rolls around.

RADIOLAND



# Why I Like News Broadcasts

[Continued from page 6]

the facts about which they may have read. Me for bigger and better news broadcasts, with the same high type of editorial comment we've been getting!

ETHEL GREENFIELD.

334 West 86th St., New York City.

## Second Prize (\$10)

I'm a rural schoolteacher. My meager salary was cut almost fifty per cent this year. That meant almost unbelievable retrenchments in our family expenses. The daily paper was one of the first things to go, as we felt it was not absolutely necessary to our existence. We have a five tube, battery radio. We felt we just couldn't get along without it and keep our reason, as it is the one thing that keeps us in touch with the outside world. I forgot to mention that we live "out in the hills."

Our little radio, through the various news broadcasts, keeps us in touch with what is going on outside in the world. We never fail to listen in on all the news broadcasts we can get. They are vitally necessary to our very existence, and life would be dull indeed if this kind of broadcasting were discontinued. We cannot tell how long we'll be able to keep our little radio going, but this we do know: we'll be listening in for every single news broadcast as long as the radio runs.

PAUL TOLSON,  
Washington, West Virginia.

## Third Prize (\$5)

The principle is good but the interest

wanes. Consciously or unconsciously, it seems most news broadcasters must classify us according to the movie impressions of our mental ages. The type of items selected and the treatment accorded them show a lack of discrimination akin to news reels. "Interest the children"—which unfortunately means practically all of us in the opinions of the disseminators of news. When humor is introduced it is of the forced slapstick variety—verbal custard pies are thrown. When serious, it is much ado about nothing.

I generalize and feel that in a brief letter any attempt to particularize would be unfair. There are a few outstanding news reviewers whose pleasing voices and careful selectivity of topics make their broadcasts intellectual and stimulating. The majority of daily purveyors concoct a hash too often indigestible. I like news that is news, not kittenish tries at being clever. In other words, I enjoy knowing what goes on and not the mere mental gymnastics and aired cleverness of the narrator. News should be broadcast, not radio personalities.

B. C. BLACK,  
Box 1061, Prescott, Arizona.

## \$1 Prizes

Five prizes of \$1 each have been awarded to the following: Eugene Reilly, U. S. S. West Virginia, San Pedro, Cal.; A. M. Commenator, 13045 Charlevoix Ave., Detroit, Mich.; John F. Caine, Jr., 2640 E. Monument St., Baltimore, Md.; Ruth Gaspard, 123 W Buchanan St., Carlinville, Ill.; and R. Bill Williamson, Lafayette, Louisiana.

# Let Down the Bars

[Continued from page 62]

THE Christmas season presents a splendid opportunity to come closer to the hearts of our children than at most times. It is a wise parent who knows when to be stern and when not; when to pull hard on the check rein and when to give the youthful ego its head. A constant chafing under restrictions will one day bring upheaval that will be volcanic in proportions or result in a broken spirit. Letting the children have special privileges at the Christmas season, will on the other hand bring parents and children nearer in understanding and friendship. And friendship is something that should be preserved at all costs between parents and their children.

How shall we go about giving freedom to our children? How shall we let down the bars?

In the case of the younger folks little privileges such as the extension of the bed-time hour count heavily. Allow them to play more and, if possible, fulfill more of their small wishes. They will understand such kindness and repay it a thousand fold. You will find them voluntarily doing the things they were so mulish about

before. Play with them more yourself, and above all never refuse any invitation they may give you to join them.

The older children who are at home from high school or college present a larger problem. Their whole world has become altered, especially in the latter case where they have no daily contact with home. They have been acting a good deal on their own responsibility and it would be unwise to try to undermine or replace their new won freedom with a too peremptory discipline. They will be full of new and often incoherent ideas—but it is not for the parents to cry these ruthlessly down. No parent can fully agree with the ideas and ideals of his children, for they are but new souls awakening to the life their parents know and understand so well. If there must be disagreement, let it be without rancor.

The Christmas season of peace and goodwill may be for parents and children one of the happiest periods of the year, a chance to know each other better, to weigh in quiet discussion the old and the new things of the world.

## "Here is the SECRET"

SOYS

Mary Bruin



## MOON GLOW

NAIL POLISH

Beautifies Your Hands

YOU will be delighted with the smartness of your hands when you beautify them with MOON GLOW Nail Polish. Keep on your shelf all of the five MOON GLOW shades—Natural, Medium, Rose, Platinum Pearl and Carmine. If you paid \$1 you couldn't get finer nail polish than MOON GLOW—the new Hollywood favorite. Ask your department or drug store for all shades of MOON GLOW Nail Polish in two sizes, 10c and 25c. If they cannot supply you fill in the coupon below and mail today.

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen: Please send me introductory pkg. of Moon Glow. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Platinum Pearl ( ) Carmine.

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## "I Should Have a Terrible Heartburn

But I Won't... Thanks to TUMS"

ONCE a party like that—with a big meal—would have given me heartburn, probably lasting for hours, spoiling my whole day. But not now! For I am one of the millions who have learned about Tums. I just eat three or four of those delightful candy-like mints after meals or whenever sour stomach, heartburn, gas, threaten to make me uncomfortable. Tums contain no soda or water soluble alkalies, only soothing insoluble antacids that pass off undissolved and inert when the acid conditions are corrected. Only 10c at any drug store.

**Free** Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples TUMS and NR—Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. A826 St. Louis, Mo.

**TUMS** FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT ALKALINE

STOMACH DISTURBANCE

HANDY TO CARRY

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR



*Loveliness*  
**THAT DAZZLES**



Be amazed and delighted with the increased beauty of your complexion; win and keep a fresh youthful skin by using Kränk Lemon Cleansing Cream every day. This marvelous cream evokes hidden beauty as if by magic by clearing away the cloudiness caused by embedded dirt; thoroughly cleansed, your skin will glow with natural, unsullied loveliness. Send this ad and ten cents to Kränk, Beauty Park, St. Paul, Minnesota, for a generous trial jar and you will find your skin perceptibly clearer and lovelier after even the first application.

**NRA**  
WE DO OUR PART

**kränk (cleansing) LEMON CREAM**

## Party Beauty

[Continued from page 65]

as your hair is concerned, for the most formal partying. . . . A bottle of this liquid costing only \$1 contains enough for twenty-five dry shampoos.

To charm your dancing partner's olfactory nerves and also to give your hair a higher sheen under electric lights, you will of course want it shampooed with a fragrant shampoo-rinse that I have found very successful. This preparation comes in two shades, camomile for blondes and drab blondes and henna for dark-haired women. Each shade brings out the best in the hair for which it is adapted, not bleaching nor harming it, however. One of these shampoo-rinses costs only twenty-five cents. Write to me if you want the trade name.

But there are things to be considered besides one's coiffure. . . . There is, for example, the state of one's skin. Coarseness, sallowness and a general "let-down" appearance often assail skin at this time of year, principally because we fail to get enough outdoor exercise to stimulate the skin to a rosy clearness. This can be done artificially, in honor of a party, with a "home facial," including the use of a good pack or mask suitable for your skin. I know a lovely one, made of all sorts of herbs that are beneficial to the skin. This mask has a distinct advantage. Depending on the condition of your skin, it can be applied in a paper-thin layer or in a thick one. A generous size jar of this herbal mask costs \$2.

actually does conceal such blemishes, not impartially nor for an hour or two, but completely, for as long as it is allowed to remain on the skin.

The thick, creamy liquid is applied with a brush and when applied properly, forms an opaque film over the blemish, and when dry forms a base for powder and rouge. The liquid comes in five shades to match every skin tone. If it must be ordered by mail, the firm furnishes a color chart on request to enable the buyer to select the correct shade to match her skin. This unusual preparation is ideal, too, for covering up such blemishes as vaccination marks, bruises and an occasional skin eruption, as well as birthmarks, scars and moles. A two-ounce bottle costs \$3, the brush for applying accompanying each bottle. If you are interested in this remarkable cream, I can give you the name of the manufacturer.

It is one thing to look beautiful as you put the last-minute touches to your face and hair before starting for a party, but quite another thing to look beautiful two hours later, in the midst of all the fun! Nothing is so disconcerting to one's poise as to look into a mirror, while the party is at its height, and find one's nose a shining beacon. That is always the fate of the one who fails to use adequate foundation under her powder and rouge. A famous maker of creams has recently introduced a new make-up foundation cream, the aim of which is to do away with shiny noses and glistening foreheads. It is so light and fluffy in texture that it cannot clog the pores and it goes on so smoothly. It comes in white or colorless for florid skins, rachel for olive or tan skins and in natural for pinky faces, and is on sale at the better toiletry counters for \$1 a jar.

I had almost forgot your hands and nails! What an omission! They should be treated to a thorough manicure and massage the day of the party. And, if you want them to look particularly nice, paint the nails the same shade as your lip rouge. If you cannot have the two matching, then please refrain from wearing a tinted nail polish at all. Buff the nails to a high sheen instead. But a gala affair really seems to me to demand the extra touch of bright-tipped nails and impudently bright lips. There is a canny manufacturer who, agreeing with me, has brought out six new shades of liquid nail enamel to match her six shades of lipstick. The enticing names of these shades are Mahogany, Grenate, Cyclamen, Rose Fonce, Nasturtium and Clear. If you are interested, drop me a line in care of **RADIOLAND**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City and enclose return postage.

Much concern is being expressed by the food, drug, and cosmetic manufacturers, over the "Tugwell Bill," coming up before the next Congress. This bill is so un-American and dangerous to the welfare of the people that **RADIOLAND** urges its readers to familiarize themselves with its absurdities and to voice their opposition to their Senators and Congressmen.

**WANT A STEADY JOB?**  
Work for "Uncle Sam"  
\$1260 to \$3400 year



MEN—WOMEN 18 to 50. Common Education usually sufficient. Short hours. Vacation with full pay. Write immediately for free 32-page book, with list of positions and full particulars telling how to get them.

**FRANKLIN INSTITUTE**  
Dept. S-224 Rochester, N. Y.

How would you like to have your favorite radio star answer your intimate questions about his life and work? That chance is yours through

**RADIOLAND**

Magazine

Read the full announcement in the February issue.

**YOU** can refresh and beautify your body by a stimulating bath just as you refresh your face with a mask treatment. For this purpose your bath should consist of a long luxurious "soak" and "scrub" in a tubful of hot water fragrant with bath crystals, followed by a cool shower. . . . Do not neglect a thorough dusting with bath powder, after you are dried. Not with a dead white or poisonous pink powder, but with one that matches the tone of your skin. The only one that makes any pretense of doing this comes in a big blue box and costs \$1.

There is nothing that can spoil a party more thoroughly for a woman than to discover that her new frock is stained by underarm perspiration or to realize that she is offending others by perspiration odor. For many women, the application of an antiperspirant and deodorant at home, after the bath, is not sufficient protection for a party that goes on and on until the early hours of the morning. For these women, the new compact containing deodorant powder is the very thing! It is a flat, smart looking, silvery compact that can be tucked into a corner of one's evening purse without causing the slightest bulge.

Facial blemishes such as birthmarks, moles and scars are always more of a bitter trial to their owners when they are prettying up for a party than any other time. They then long desperately but hopelessly for some means of concealing them. There is a liquid cream on the market that relatively few know about, however, that



# Christmas Gifts You Can Cook

[Continued from page 60]

supper makes an acceptable gift: home-made soup in glass jars; a chicken or oyster pie; the Christmas pudding with its sauce; or cookies for between-times entertaining.

Men appreciate cake, cookies, cinnamon buns, mince pie or home-made doughnuts; and young people and children are always ready for cookies, candy and salted nuts.

The following recipes, with suggestions for presenting the gifts, offer a wide selection. All Measurements Are Level.

## Cocoanut Oatmeal Macaroons

- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup shredded cocoanut
- 2 1/4 cups rolled oats

Beat the eggs light with the sugar. Add the other ingredients in the order given. Mix thoroughly and drop by a teaspoon onto a well-oiled cookie sheet, shaping the mixture into symmetrical rounds. Bake until brown and crisp in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., about twelve minutes. This recipe makes approximately three dozen macaroons.

These cookies are not only delicious, but wholesome and beloved by all children. Heaped in a small wooden wheelbarrow (for a boy) or a doll's cradle (for a girl), and wrapped in cellophane, they make a gift to gladden any child's heart.

## Brownie Bars

- 1/4 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 slightly beaten eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 2 1/2 squares (oz.) bitter chocolate, melted
- 2/3 cup cake flour
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 3/4 cup chopped nut meats

Cream the shortening, sugar, vanilla, eggs and chocolate together. Add the milk and then the flour, nuts and salt, well mixed. Beat thoroughly and spread the batter one-fourth inch thick on a shallow oiled pan. Bake fifteen minutes in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., and cut in bars while warm, about an inch wide and two and a half inches long. This makes about two dozen brownies.

Brownies, to be at their best, should not be more than twenty-four hours old; they should be baked the day before Christmas, packed in tin containers lined with waxed paper, to keep out the air, and delivered by hand.

## Sugar Cookies

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 eggs

- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 1/2 teaspoons vanilla or other flavoring
- 3 1/4 cups cake flour
- 1/3 teaspoon salt

Stir the shortening till creamy; add the sugar, the eggs (well beaten), and the flavoring, and stir till very creamy. Mix together the baking powder, salt and flour and add to the mixture. Chill for several hours; then turn one fourth of the dough onto a slightly floured board and roll it to a scant fourth inch in thickness. Shape with a cookie cutter, transfer to an oiled cookie sheet or large pan, brush with slightly beaten egg white, dust with granulated sugar, and bake ten minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. The old-fashioned flavoring for these cookies consists of a teaspoon of rose water and a half teaspoon of nutmeg. This makes about four dozen cookies.

These sugar cookies are simple to make, inexpensive and will keep and pack well. They make an ideal gift for young children (by packing them in toys, as a doll's wash tub or a tin automobile); the older generation also appreciates them, especially for "dunking" in coffee.

## Cranberry Conserve

- 2 quarts cranberries
- 2 cups water
- Juice and pulp of three oranges
- Juice 1/2 lemon
- 2 cups raisins
- 4 cups sugar

Combine the cranberries, oranges, lemon juice, raisins and water, and boil rapidly till the cranberries burst and the mixture is soft. Then add the sugar and cook slowly till thick. Seal in sterilized glasses, using melted paraffin to cover the tops.

A delightful way to present this conserve and furnish a gift at the same time, is to pour it for sealing into small ramekins or custard cups.

## Gingerbread Men

- 2 3/4 cups flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon ginger
- 2/3 cup dark molasses
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 egg
- 1/3 cup shortening

White frosting and currants

Sift together the dry ingredients; then mix together the molasses, sugar, egg and the shortening, melted. Combine, turn onto a slightly floured board, and roll to an eighth of an inch in thickness. Using a pattern cut from cardboard of the size to make a gingerbread man from six to eight inches tall, cut out the head, body, legs and arms. Assemble these pieces on a slightly oiled cookie sheet; press currants in

[Continued on page 96]



## Be As Beautiful As Your Favorite Star!

The Secret: A Skilful Make-up

Picture yourself so charming—so beautiful—so popular. A skilful make-up will do wonders for you. Hollywood Stars require expensive equipment and correct illumination to secure a faultless make-up, yet you can enjoy these Hollywood facilities in your own home, at little cost, with the new



## HOLLYWOOD Make-up Mirror

A modern beauty aid. Appeals to all. Has powerful electric bulb to illuminate face—no glare—no shadows. Large mirror with optical magnifying mirror attached by hinge (swings out of sight when not in use) for true line work—eye shadow—eyebrow plucking, and removing facial blemishes. Size 5 1/2"x8". Compact and portable. Doeskin finish. Colors: Black (Silver Striped), Sea Green and Biege. Complete with bulb and cord. Only \$2.50. Makes a wonderful gift. If your dealer is not stocked, order direct, giving dealer's name.

AMERICAN AUTOMATIC DEVICES CO.;  
516 Throop Street., Chicago, Ill.  
Please send me..... Hollywood Make-up Mirrors.  
Enclosed find \$..... Black..Green..Biege.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
Town..... State.....  
Dealer's Name.....



Here is the most generous introductory offer. UTHAGEN (Youth Again) is the Hollywood sensation extensively used by the stars. Results with UTHAGEN are truly magic. It gives you a healthy, youthful, beautiful skin. Gets rid of complexion cloudiness, large pores, blackheads, age lines and crepey neck. Stop right now, before you lay this magazine aside and bring to your own dressing table

## Hollywood's Coveted Secret

This Complete UTHAGEN Beauty Routine  
—6 Exquisite Preparations  
EXACTLY THE SAME AS USED BY  
HOLLYWOOD STARS

Sent to you for only \$1.00, postage prepaid. Satisfaction GUARANTEED or Money Refunded.

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# Christmas Gifts You Can Cook

[Continued from page 95]

the right places for buttons, and bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., about fifteen minutes. When done, and cool, fashion eyes, nose and mouth of the frosting, putting it on with a small pastry tube and bag.

The most fascinating gingerbread men I ever saw came from Germany and were on sale—carefully packed, one in a box—in a smart shop in New York City. But they had been baked months ahead and were disappointingly hard. Nevertheless the children loved them. In reality, they are very easy to make. When finished, place each on a sheet of cardboard, wrap in cellophane, secure it with seals, and pack in a shallow box that fits.

## Inexpensive Dark Fruit Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup raisins
- 3/4 cup chopped candied lemon peel
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1/2 cup shredded citron
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup dark molasses
- 1/2 cup milk
- 2 cups cake flour
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/8 teaspoon clove
- 1 teaspoon orange extract

Sift together the dry ingredients and add the prepared fruit. Stir till the fruit is well coated with flour. Then cream the shortening, and beat in the sugar, eggs and flavoring. When well blended, add the molasses. Stir the dry ingredients into this alternately with the milk. Oil two brick-shaped pans thoroughly and line them with waxed paper. Pour in the cake batter; cover; and steam for an hour. Then bake an hour in a very slow oven, 325-350 degrees F. This cake can be made weeks in advance. Do not ice until the day it is served.

The most practical way to prepare fruit cake for giving, is to bake it in new shiny pans, in which it can later be packed. After baking, remove the cake from the pans, cool and wrap in foil. Wash the pans, put the cake back, wrap in Christmas paper and tie with ribbon and holly. If you wish to make fruit cake presents, but have little time, try one of the new commercial fruit cake mixtures. They give excellent results. One can be baked in the box in which it is purchased.

## Christmas Mince Pie

- 1 pint canned mince meat
- 1 cup chopped apple or banana
- Brandy for flavoring (optional)
- Flaky pastry

Line a nine-inch pie plate with flaky pastry. Spread in the mince meat, mixed

with the apple or banana, and flavor to taste with the brandy, (of course, the mince meat should not be too moist). Cover with the top crust slashed in the center to form a Christmas tree. Press the edges of the pastry together with a fork and brush the pie all over with a little rich milk to form a glaze. Bake thirty-five minutes in a hot oven, 375 degrees F. If desired, individual mince pies may be made in patty or muffin pans.

Christmas mince pies of this size sell in the stores from a dollar up, so a mince pie is a gift of value as well as love. For packing, wrap in cellophane, secure with seals and put on a paper plate. Top with a second paper plate, fasten the edges with seals, wrap again in cellophane and tie with Christmas ribbon.

## Cheese Sticks

- 1 cup flour
- 1 cup grated highly flavored cheese
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 egg yolk
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon cayenne

Put the flour, seasonings and cheese in a bowl. Rub in the butter and the egg yolk, mixed with two tablespoons cold water. The mixture should be stiff enough to hold together. Roll to one-eighth inch thickness and cut into strips about five inches long and one-fourth inch wide. Twist these. Lay the strips on a slightly floured baking sheet and bake carefully in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., until crisp. This makes about a dozen and a half.

For a hostess who is entertaining and appreciates the unusual in food, these cheese sticks will be welcomed to serve with the salad course at the Christmas dinner. Make them a day in advance and pack in a wax paper-lined tin box, with a fold of paper between each layer.

## Steamed English Christmas Pudding

- 1 cup chopped beef suet
- 1/2 cup molasses, dark
- 1/4 cup brown sugar
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon clove
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/2 cup chopped figs
- 3/4 cup chopped raisins
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/4 cup currants

Combine the flour, soda, salt, spices and fruit; mix thoroughly so the fruit will be well covered. Combine the molasses, sour milk, egg and suet. Add the flour mixture; mix well; pour into a well-oiled and

floured mould (three pint size); and steam steadily for four hours. Unmould; place on a good sized plate, put a sprig of holly in the center and when ready to serve pour a little brandy around the sides of the pudding and light it. It should be brought blazing to the table. Serve with hard cherry sauce.

## Hard Cherry Sauce

- 1/2 cup butter or nut margarine
- 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 2 tablespoons maraschino cherry juice
- 1/4 cup chopped maraschino cherries

Stir the butter till creamy and gradually work in alternately the confectioners' sugar and cherry juice. Then add the cherries, and chill.

In making this Christmas pudding for small families, steam it in one-pound coffee cans. The recipe will make two puddings. Pack in the cans for giving, and accompany with a glass jar of hard cherry sauce.

## Chocolate Dipped Nuts

- 1 pound mixed nut meats, blanched
- Dipping chocolate

To blanch the nuts, cover with cold water, bring to a boil and rub off the skins. Dry the nuts on a towel. Meanwhile, cut two pounds of chocolate in bits and melt it over hot water. Then cool till it is barely lukewarm. Drop in the nut meats two of three at a time; remove at once with a fork; drain a bit, and place on heavy waxed paper. Decorate with tiny "hundreds and thousands" candies, or with bits of candied cherries or citron. In dipping peanuts or filberts, place them together in threes to dry, cloverleaf fashion.

For a friend who likes chocolate-covered nuts, this is a delightful gift. I'd suggest packing them in a candy jar.

## Christmas Mints

- 2 egg whites
- 8 drops oil of peppermint
- 2 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- Tiny red candies
- Bits of citron or angelica

Beat the egg whites slightly, and add the sugar a little at a time. The mixture should be thick enough to knead; the peppermint should be kneaded in. Then dust a little sugar on a moulding board and roll out the candy mixture to one-eighth inch in thickness. Shape with a small biscuit cutter in rounds and fashion a sprig of holly on each with a red candy and leaves and stem of angelica (or citron). The mints should be allowed to dry for several hours before packing.

These candies are especially planned to act as "eye pieces" or decoration pieces in a box of mixed candies. In any case, they should be placed in paper bon-bon cups so they will not break.



# Questions and Answers

## about the Radio Stars—for RADIOLAND'S Readers

In what year were Guy, Carmen, Leibert and Victor Lombardo born? How long have Leibert and Victor been married? Where is Guy's office? Does he employ a general manager, a comptroller of finance, secretaries and a press agent?—Lucile Cornelius, Columbia City, Ind.

Ans.—The Lombardos are in their late twenties. Leibert and Victor have been married three years. Guy's office is wherever he happens to be playing; he moves about the country so much that he maintains no permanent office. He has no general manager, nor any other of the employees queried about except a secretary.

I wonder if you could publish in your next book the addresses of some radio stars. I would like to write to them for photos and I don't know where to address their mail so that they can get it personally.—Nina, Edmonton, Alberta.

Ans.—The best way to get mail personally to the stars is to address them in care of the national network studios, which always keep in touch with the rapid changes of address incident to a profession requiring personal appearances throughout the country. NBC stars can be addressed in care of NBC Studios, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; CBS stars in care of Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How old is Eddie Duchin and what is his nationality? I would like to see him and his orchestra in RADIOLAND Magazine next month.—Interested, Avella, Pa.

Ans.—Eddie Duchin is in his early twenties and his nationality is American.

When was Will Osborne born and where? Is he married? How long has he been playing on the air? How many men are playing in his orchestra? Does he make any recordings now? Did Will Osborne pick out a medical career? What nationality is he?—O. S. O., New York, N. Y.

Ans.—Will Osborne's birthday is November 25. He is a Canadian by birth, seeing the light of day in Toronto. He is unmarried, has been playing on the air since 1924. Twelve

men play in his orchestra. He makes no recordings now. Will never chose a medical career for himself.

When was Dave Rubinoff born and where? Is he married? Also how tall is Harry Richman, what color are his eyes and hair? How much does he weigh?—Gracie Huntley, Providence, R. I.

Ans.—Rubinoff was born in Grodna, Russia, in 1898. He is unmarried. Harry Richman is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, has gray eyes, weighs 160 pounds, and is in his early thirties.

Would you kindly let me know what Rudy Vallée's address is so a letter would reach him?—Mrs. Grace Charest, Middleton, Mass.

Ans.—A letter addressed to Rudy Vallée, care of NBC Studios, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York, will reach him.

What is the real name of Singin' Sam? How much does he weigh? Is he married? Where is his residence?—Mrs. W. L. Ripley, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ans.—Singin' Sam's real name is Harry Frankel. He weighs 200 pounds, about what you would expect to accompany that bass voice of his. He is a bachelor who lives in Manhattan, but who was raised in Indiana.

In your November issue of RADIOLAND you have a picture of Jack and Loretta Clemens. I would greatly appreciate it if you could give me Loretta Clemens' address, as I knew her in Cleveland, Ohio, about five years ago and would like to hear from her again.—Eugene Reilly, U. S. S. West Virginia, c/o P. M., San Pedro, Calif.

Ans.—Loretta Clemens may be addressed in care of NBC Studios, 711 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

What are the names of the Sisters of the Skillet? How old are they and what part of the country do they hail from?—Hugo Hezel, Los Angeles, Calif.

Ans.—Eddie East and Ralph Dumke are the two boys who present the Sisters of the Skillet program. East was born in Bloomington, Indiana, April 4, 1894. Dumke was born in South Bend, Indiana, July 25, 1899.

**What do You Want to Know** about your favorite radio singer, announcer, or commentator? Send your questions to Question and Answer Department, RADIOLAND magazine, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. The answer to your questions will be printed in the magazine as soon after receipt as possible.

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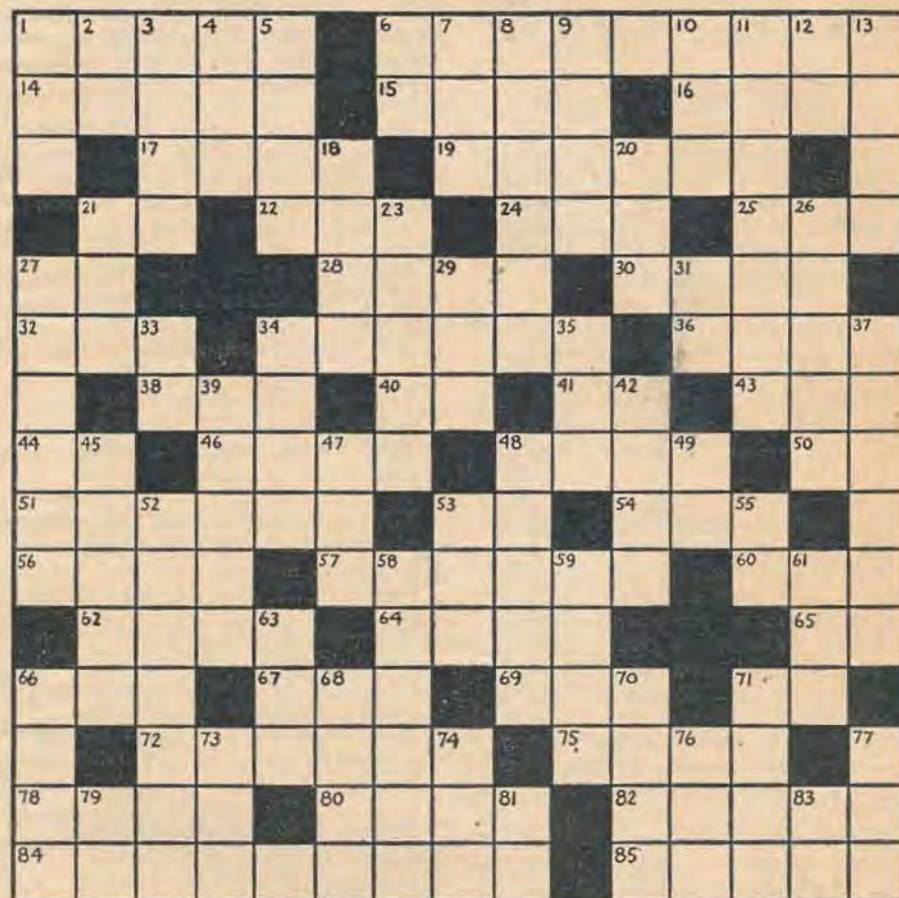
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# Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

HERE'S a chance for crossword puzzle fans who are also radio enthusiasts to combine their two hobbies in **RADIOLAND'S** crossword puzzle. A new one will appear each month. The solution to this month's puzzle will appear in the February issue. The famous F. Gregory Hartwick, whose crossword puzzles in newspapers and in book form have reached millions of fans, devised this brain teaser.



### ACROSS

- 1 What we tune in on
- 6 Those who listen
- 14 Young person
- 15 Singing act with three persons
- 16 One of the national networks
- 17 Malt liquors
- 19 Lure
- 21 Nickname of popular blackface singer
- 22 "Singin' \_\_\_\_\_"
- 23 Obtain
- 25 Initials of lecturer on WABC, 10 p. m. Saturdays
- 27 Kind of shot; also initials of famous maestro
- 28 Baby \_\_\_\_\_ Marie
- 30 We're sorry when a good program is \_\_\_\_\_
- 32 Almer's partner
- 34 Those who feel deeply
- 36 Amount of supply going in
- 38 Cliff Edwards favorite weapon
- 40 What singers need for radio fame
- 41 Popular wizard of radio
- 43 Type of dancing done by Dorothy Stone
- 44 Symbol for cyanide
- 46 Common metal
- 48 Vulgar upstart
- 50 Compass-point
- 51 What Will Rogers is when he talks about Congress
- 53 Philippine Islands (abbr.)
- 54 American humorist of pre-radio days
- 56 Moved rapidly
- 57 Infrequent
- 60 Mineral spring or health resort
- 62 Drug used for relief of asthma
- 64 Surface
- 65 Like
- 66 Department of Social Activities (abbr.)
- 67 Long period of time
- 69 National organization to fight depression; speakers on the air every day
- 71 How you tune on a program you like
- 72 Flexible reed
- 75 Observe closely and carefully
- 78 A great deal
- 80 Notice
- 82 Go into
- 84 What all radio stations do
- 85 Famous comedian of the stage and air

### DOWN

- 1 Organization responsible for much broadcasting
- 2 Exclamation of surprise
- 3 What you turn to tune in or out
- 4 Not well
- 5 Poems
- 6 Initials of famous news-broadcaster
- 7 Anger
- 8 Few radio programs complete without one
- 9 Carry (slang)
- 10 Initials of a network broadcasting company
- 11 One of the parts of a vacuum-tube
- 12 Chemical symbol for ruthenium
- 13 \_\_\_\_\_ Parker
- 18 Woman's name
- 20 Famous Japanese statesman
- 21 Common Mohammedan given name
- 23 Name of sisters on WJZ at 3:45 p. m.
- 26 Favorite studio musical instrument
- 27 Radio orchestra conducted by the arranger for the Revellers
- 29 Built-up background for dramatic broadcasts
- 31 Roman six
- 33 Greek M
- 34 To seal up in wax
- 35 Male offspring
- 37 Musical dramas sometimes broadcast
- 39 Term for a child's radio program
- 42 Limited space
- 45 Cloth garments worn by South Sea Islanders
- 47 Expressions of alternation
- 48 This ushers in Ed Wynn's program
- 49 Alongside of
- 52 Trio on WEAF Sundays at 9 p. m.
- 53 Perfect
- 55 Initials of George Olsen's wife, popular radio singer
- 58 Country north of the U. S. A.
- 59 Automobiles
- 61 What you say about programs you don't like (slang)
- 63 Allow
- 66 What Gracie Allen is
- 68 Pertaining to the ear
- 70 These are easy at 1:30 E. S. T. on WABC
- 71 Within
- 73 Exclamation of triumph
- 74 New England States (abbr.)
- 76 Industrious insect
- 77 Native metal
- 79 Biblical birthplace of Abraham
- 81 In the direction of
- 83 Measure of type



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