

10 CENTS

RADIOLAND

January

10c

15¢ in Canada



Lois Bennett
New NBC Radio
Sensation

**LOVE
PROBLEMS
of the
Voice of
Experience**

**Radio
Secrets
WINCHELL
Won't Tell**

Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY OF MOUTH AND LIPS



NATURE HAS PROVIDED A
WAY TO **BEAUTY** through chewing exercise.
*That is why **DOUBLE MINT** gum is so popular
with the **STARS** of the screen and stage.*

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)



"Pink Tooth Brush"—
Makes her avoid all close-ups...dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm.

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that

our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH" And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the

advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. M15
 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.



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

Name _____
 Street _____
 City _____ State _____



IPANA

TOOTH PASTE

RADIOLAND



ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

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Twist the World in!

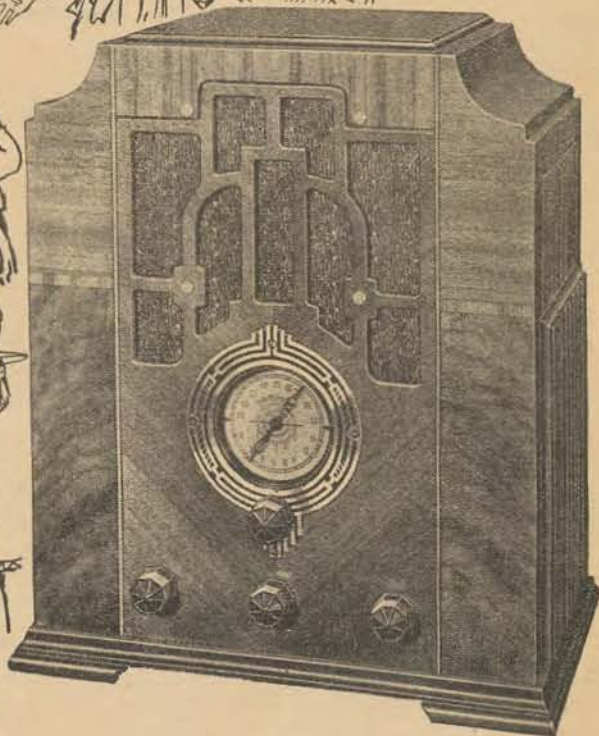
with a

CROSLEY

'ROUND THE WORLD RECEIVER

With the turn of a dial, you can bring right into your own home, stations from foreign countries—France, Germany, Spain, Italy, England, and other lands far flung over the surface of the globe. What a thrill! What glorious adventure! Listen to exciting toreadors at Madrid—jump from there to dear old London . . . or Paris . . . twist the dial and you're in Buenos Aires!

You can **DEPEND** on a Crosley, too . . . for every model uses the latest and most perfected refinements in its class. Each current model is the triumph of 13 years pioneering leadership in radio manufacture.



GOOD FOREIGN RECEPTION REQUIRES SIX TUBES

Prove it to you self by actual comparisons . . . that is the sure way to realize the accuracy of Crosley's discovery that at least **SIX** tubes are absolutely necessary for good foreign reception. It's that extra tube that counts in bringing in really enjoyable entertainment from stations around the world.

Above is illustrated the Crosley Sixty-One American-Foreign Receiver. With six tube superheterodyne chassis, illuminated airplane type dial, automatic volume control, and a luxurious cabinet, it is a typical example of Crosley's marvelous 1935 values. Only \$39.95 complete. Western price slightly higher.

**[THERE'S A CROSLEY DEALER
NEAR YOU—ASK HIM FOR
A DEMONSTRATION]**

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION

Pioneer manufacturers of radio receiving sets

Home of "the Nation's Station" WLW—500,000 watts—most powerful in the world—70 on your dial

Powel Crosley, Jr., President

CINCINNATI, OHIO



Hollywood Offers You 3 steps to Beautiful Hair

Screen stars say, "Your hair is the key to your personality." Merely by a different hair arrangement a star can transform herself instantly from a boyish mix into a queenly beauty. First, the secret of a fascinating hairdress is a wave of soft, lustrous natural beauty. For this very reason natural **DUART WAVES** are featured in 89 Hollywood Beauty Salons and are the choice of Hollywood's stars. • Second, Hollywood beauty experts recommend **DUART RINSE** after every shampoo. It cleanses and reveals the true brilliance of your hair. It **TINTS** just enough to accent the natural hair color. 12 correct shades. Not a dye. Not a bleach. Package of 2 rinses, 10 cents. Third, if after shampooing your hair tends to be dry or too fluffy, use **DUART PERMANENT WAVE OIL**. It will restore the natural soft silkiness everyone admires. 15 cents. At your Beauty Salon or use coupon below.



DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

SEND 10¢ FOR DUART RINSE AND 15¢ FOR PERMANENT WAVE OIL. 25¢ FOR BOTH. MAIL THIS COUPON TO DUART MFG. CO., 984 FOLSOM STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

- Check here for full size bottle of Duart Permanent Wave Oil.
- | | | |
|---|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | | |

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

Letters from the STARS

To the Editor of Radioland:

Just a line about the verse and picture on me in your Hall of Fame page in the September issue—



Rubinoff

The picture, I would say, was flattering. But the verse! Doesn't your poet know that when I am supposed to be speaking on the air, my voice and language are always impersonated by some actor—generally Teddy Bergman?

Sincerely,

Rubinoff

Editor of Radioland, Dear Sir:

I have often been asked, "Is the theater a necessary training ground for radio artists?" I don't think so. Take my own case for example. After spending years on the stage and screen, I came to radio. During those first few weeks, I had to forget almost everything I had learned in the theater, which rests on a foundation of movement and pantomime.

The theater spends years teaching its acolytes how to walk, sit, rise, and express emotion with even the movement of a finger. Stage artists come to depend on these things for the portrayal of character. On the radio, it is the ability to project character with voice and voice alone that counts. That is why so many great actors and actresses are failures on the radio, and also why so many splendid radio performers are colorless on the stage.

Since I have been in radio, I have heard many people say that with stage and vaudeville experience so difficult to get for young people just coming in, it is going to be hard to fill the vacancies left by aging or retiring stars of today.

That is not true. Radio is a young art and like all new things had to borrow from other arts. But it is fast becoming a complete and independent medium which eventually will not rely on any medium but itself.

Sincerely,

Vivienne Segal

Dear Radioland:

As a magazine you know how gratifying it is to hear from pleased subscribers. So you can understand my feelings as author of the *Wheatonville-Billy Batchelor* sketches, for this chance to say "thanks" to my listeners for all their good words, and comment, in passing, upon the idea back of the program.

Briefly, I feel that the day of the blood and thunder program for juveniles is over, and I am trying to give both adult and child listeners some good healthy fare for a change. The response, I am glad to report, has been generous. So generous that we are now in our third year and still building an audience.

Sincerely yours,

Raymond Knight



Grace Hayes

Editor, Radioland:

Did you know, that the word "radio" is 2,000 years old? It is found in the Talmud and its literal translation is "radio—a voice that goes from one end of the world to the other."

Sincerely,

Grace Hayes

Dear Sir:

The futility of trying to create new jokes for radio and stage becomes more apparent with each succeeding broadcast and appearance of the famed comedians.



David Freedman

Accusations of plagiarism are flung at the latter—and the men who write them—without restraint; often at the hint of an old wheeze, dressed up in modern clothes.

I, as the writer of George Givot's, Block and Sully's and other comedians' radio scripts, have been criticized with the others.

That there really is nothing new under the sun as the Bible states, is further evidenced by the fact that Mark Twain once dedicated a book "to Mr. Smith wherever he is found," and it develops that an earlier humorist, Artemus Ward, prefaced a book with a similar inscription.

Lincoln has been credited with the expressive phrase, "Of the people, by the people, for the people," yet Theodore Parker, in a recorded address before the Anti-Slavery Society, May 13, 1854, used that same phrase. What's the answer?

Sincerely,

David Freedman

To the Editor of Radioland:

Apropos of the article about me which appeared in the July issue of RADIOLAND, I would like to add a few words about my love for American music.



Andre Kostelanetz

Who can tell—the popular songs of today will be known as "quaint folk songs" in a generation or two, and a century may see them hallowed as classics. I think that if a song has an honest message

—a universal appeal—it contains the seeds of greatness and immortality. And many of our modern popular songs, such as "Old Man River" and "Dancing in the Dark" and the like are not only melodious, but contain thoughts which are close to the hearts of everyone.

Of course, these songs are not nearly so appealing when played by a blaring jazz band or a hand organ, but neither would grand opera be. If correctly instrumented and performed, American music is equal—and, perhaps, superior—to any music being written anywhere in the world today.

Sincerely yours,

Andre Kostelanetz

JANUARY, 1935



"WHY JEAN! How did you ever get so slim?"



"I Purchased a Perfolastic Girdle... wore it for 10 days on trial, and in a very short time I reduced my hips 9 inches, and my weight 20 Pounds!"

You can

Reduce YOUR waist and hips

THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

...or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

The message-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic 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. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

The Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try them for 10 days... then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the results. Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 71, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

WE'RE ON THE AIR
NOW FOR KENTUCKY
WINNERS.....THE
MILDER CIGARETTE
THAT *CAN'T* GET STALE



"One Man's Family"

America's best-loved Radio Family

Now Sponsors Kentucky Winners
the milder cigarette that
CAN'T get Stale

THAT grand, lovable, human drama of American life—"One Man's Family"—now sponsors Kentucky Winners—the wonderfully mild cigarette that **CAN'T** get stale.

Already this fascinating program has won millions of listeners. And every day it is attracting new friends as the loves, adventures, sorrows and joys of the Barbour family become of national importance.

"One Man's Family" was voted the gold medal for distinguished service to radio by the editors of Radio Stars.

And now, this thrilling inside story of America's favorite family will be brought to you every Wednesday evening 10:30 E. S. T., over N. B. C. WEA-F network.

Kentucky Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. Each individual cigarette is made with moist-proof paper. This remarkable tasteless and odorless paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs. And be sure to listen to "One Man's Family".

Listen in to
"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T.

NBC—WEAF

and associated stations—Consult your local Newspaper

FLASHES from the NEWS



—Wide World

Eve Sully appears to be the only person enjoying herself in this photo, but there's a reason. She is surrounded by a "gloom jury" honorbound not to crack a smile unless Eve's sallies crack through their rock-ribbed cantankerousness

Grouches Wanted

ONE of the more somber of the recent publicity stunts was that recently engineered by the alert minds back of the Block and Sully radio show. Not long ago an ad appeared in New York newspapers offering a dollar an hour to the twenty-five men who could substantiate their claims to being the grouchiest, meanest, most evil-dispositioned hombies in Manhattan. Competition, as may be imagined, was pretty stiff in a metropolitan area numbering some ten million souls, but a couple of dozen cantankerous individuals proved their absolute lack of a sense of humor and were assigned to this novel task:

At the rehearsals of Block and Sully the gloomy jury was ensconced in the studio and their reactions to the flippancies of the comedians carefully noted. If the slightest flicker of amusement appeared on the dour faces, the faintest indication of a boisterously lifted eyelid, it was assumed that the wisecrack which elicited so enthusiastic a response had won a hardboiled verdict and was okay for inclusion in the radio program.

* * * * *

Three-Hour Program

THERE is something new under the radio sun. In evidence, we offer the three-hour program of uninterrupted dance music sponsored over the networks by the National Biscuit Company. For three solid hours on Saturday nights you can get tunes out of your radio which will serve as a background for dance parties. It is the first such program ever attempted, and the first time in which midnight hours have been sold by the networks. Previously, the hours after ten o'clock have not interested sponsors and have been devoted to sustaining programs. Actually,

the dance orchestras—several will be required to fill the assignment—will put in five hours of solid work, owing to the overlapping time intervals between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

* * * * *

Eddie Cantor, who is president of the Screen Actors' Guild as well as a radio comedian, is leading a fight to merge his organization with the American Federation of Labor. If successful, the actors' union may naturally be expected to include radio actors as well.



Kate Smith sings "rock-a-bye baby" to Edward G. Robinson, the movie actor. It's hard to tell which of the two is enjoying the performance most

RADIOLAND

No Diction Awards

RADIO diction either has remained unimproved during the past year or has reached a uniform standard of excellence—at any rate, no announcer has polished his syllables to a sufficient degree to impress the judges of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, which has awarded an annual medal for excellent radio diction. This year no award will be made because no individual's merits were adjudged outstanding. The abandonment is only temporary, the Academy hopes, so your favorite announcer, by diligent application to the nuances of accent and enunciation, still has a chance to win the 1935 award. James Wallington, David Ross, and John S. Young will be remembered as winners in previous years.



TED HUSING
Caricature by Henri Weiner

Football brings out the best in Ted Husing—no doubt that's why he is the ace of gridiron announcers and most eminent of radio's little-sung stars every fall. Whether it's the beauty of the weather, a spinner around right end, or a mix-up in center field, he rattles off his description in mile-a-minute fashion which inspires a pleasant glow of synthetic excitement. Ted has pretty well lived down his famous description of Harvard players as "putrid" which got him barred from the Cambridge stadium a few years ago.

* * * * *

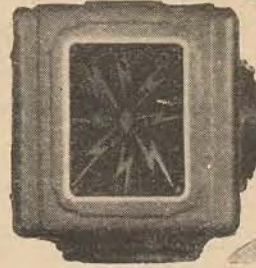
Short-Waves Dying?

WHO'S right about the short-wave craze? One school claims the fad is dying—that it is analogous to the early days of radio when every set owner's yen was to log as many stations from as many distant points as possible, regardless of the quality of the program, and is running the same course to a natural death. The other school points to the fact that practically all the new radio sets are equipped for short-wave reception as proof that interest in foreign and amateur reception is on the upgrade. Whatever the ultimate truth

[Continued on page 10]

JANUARY, 1935

WHO ELSE WANTS TO GET INTO BROADCASTING?



Let the Floyd Gibbons School Train You Quickly At Home In Your Spare Time

MAIL COUPON—Find out about the countless opportunities in this giant, new industry.

DO YOU want to get into the most fascinating, fastest-growing industry in the world today—Broadcasting? Do you want to perform for thousands and even millions over the air? Do you want to earn from \$3,000 to \$15,000 and more a year? If you have natural talent—if you have a good speaking voice or can sing, act, write, direct, read or sell—Broadcasting offers you wonderful opportunities and you can now easily secure the important training in Broadcasting technique right at home in spare



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Announcer

are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as
Announcer
Musical Director
Singer
Program Manager
Actor
Advertising
Publicity
Musician
Reader
Writer
Director

you have a thorough knowledge of the technique of Broadcasting. Many a famous stage star or playwright has failed when brought face to face with the limitations of the microphone—while other talented men and women totally unheard of before, have sprung to fame.

Until recently it was difficult for the average person to get this necessary training in Broadcasting technique. The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting has changed all that. It was founded to bring to every talented man or woman the type of training that they should have to get on the air.

Now, through this new, fascinating home-study Course you get a complete and thorough training in the technique of Broadcasting. In your spare time—right in your own home—without giving up your present job you can train for Broadcasting.

FLOYD GIBBONS Complete Course in Broadcasting Technique

The new, easy Floyd Gibbons Course trains you thoroughly in Broadcasting technique. A few of the subjects covered are: The Station and the Studio, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice, How to Make the Voice Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, the Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Radio Dialogue, Dramatic Broadcasts, Making the Audience Laugh, How to Arrange Daily Programs, Money Making Opportunities Inside and Outside the Studio, and dozens of other subjects.

Send for FREE Book

An interesting FREE Book entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting and describes fully the training offered by our Home Study Course—how it helps you qualify for an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send today for your free copy of "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting." See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No obligation on your part. Act now—send coupon today.

MAIL THIS NOW!

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 5A46, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Without obligation send me your free booklet "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.
(Please print plainly)

Name Age

Address

City State

Big Opportunities in Broadcasting

It is doubtful that any other industry today offers you as many opportunities for success and good pay as Broadcasting. For no other industry is growing at such an amazing rate of speed. Men and women of talent and training are needed—and are highly paid according to their ability and popularity.

Last year advertisers alone spent nearly a hundred million dollars over the air. This year it is predicted that the amount spent for Broadcasting will be even more than this staggering total. Many more men and women will be employed.

Think of what this means to you! Think of the chance this gives you to get into this thrilling young industry. Think of the opportunities it offers you to get your share of these millions.

New Talent Needed

This year hundreds more talented men and women will make their bow over the "mike." New personalities will be heard—new stars will rise to the heights and sway millions.

You may be one of these—if you have talent and the necessary training.

Remember—talent alone is not enough. No matter how talented you are, that does not mean you will be successful in Broadcasting—unless



"RED DAVIS," red-blooded athletic boy whose wholesome adventures are packed with interest.

"RED DAVIS"

IS BACK AGAIN

Laugh, fans, laugh! "Red Davis" is back. And, knowing "Red," you know that means fun to spare.

What's more, here's a program chockful of typical real life action. For "Red Davis" is a regular American youth every day in the week! And Mr. and Mrs. Davis and all the other characters are as familiar to you as the folks next door.

You'll be heartily amused—and moved—as you follow "Red Davis," his family and friends, in this new series of entertaining episodes. Don't miss "Red's" puppy loves... his growing pains... his wholesome adventures—they'll remind you of your own.



LINDA—lovely girl friend of Clink, Red Davis' companion-in-trouble!

NBC • WJZ NETWORK
COAST TO COAST
MON., WED. & FRI. NIGHTS

Sponsored by the Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, New York, makers of Beech-Nut Gum, Candies, Coffee, Biscuits and other foods of finest flavor.



Donald Novis is noted for other things than hitting high notes on the Colgate House Party program. He has been a professional swimming and diving coach and likes nothing better than to instruct an aspirant in the mysteries of the Australian crawl

[Continued from page 9]

may be, there's no denying that sponsors and commercial stations look askance at the intrusion of short-wave broadcasts into the listening time of set owners.



With Christmas only a few weeks away, Ed Wynn anticipated the season with a little tea party. He refused to be committed as to whether the stuffed animals are gifts from his admirers, or remembrances to be passed on to his young friends

"Ad-libbing"—the practice of speaking or performing without a written or memorized script—is as common to masters of ceremonies and certain vaudeville performers as it is uncommon to radio. Roxy is one of the few radio exceptions. His experience began in the early days of broadcasting when it wasn't vital to "hit the program on the nose"—that is, to conclude it precisely on the hour—and he hasn't overcome his old habit. He is a big enough figure to stand aloof from ordinary broadcasting methods, but you can count the other exceptions on the fingers of one hand.

* * * * *

Restraint Of Music

THE battle of ASCAP, the organization of song writers and publishers headed by Gene Buck, to whip the government suit against it as a monopoly in restraint of trade—or, in this case, restraint of music—enters its second stage with the filing of a legal answer in which it is maintained that the organization is simply a cooperative enterprise which assures the song writer and publisher of being paid for their efforts. It is commonly believed that the suit is inspired by radio stations which feel that the sums paid to songsmiths for airing their works are burdensome and excessive. With radio the song writer's biggest single source of income, it seems reasonably obvious that Mr. Buck is correct in his recent statement that if ASCAP is dissolved, the tunesmiths will have no financial incentive for remaining on the job and the melody output will dwindle to the vanishing point.

* * * * *

Radio listeners would never guess it, but radio tenor Frank Parker is noted among his friends for his ability as a mimic. His takeoffs of famous stars in the broadcasting world convulse the favored few for whom he occasionally puts on an impromptu act.

RADIOLAND

JANUARY, 1935

The Editor's Opinion

The Joker in the Contract

WITH a great fanfare of trumpets, the news is broadcast that Oswald Doakes, famous star of stage and screen, has signed a contract for a year's radio appearances. Scarcely is the ink dry on his signature than Mr. Doakes, after an appearance or two before the mike, is gently spirited off the scene and is heard no more by the radio audience, which may conceivably wonder what happened to the unexpired portion of the Doakes contract. Both Mr. Doakes and his predicament are hypothetical, but radio can furnish plenty of real-life counterparts. There is the present instance of Joe Cook. He signed a contract calling for his services up to 1936 or thereabouts, but at this writing he is scheduled to leave the air. Regardless of the length of time covered by a radio contract, all that it actually guarantees to a radio star is a thirteen-week stand. A complicated system of options makes the star's appearances contingent on the taking up of options by his sponsor at the end of each quarter. The system is rooted in the fact that network time is ordinarily contracted for in thirteen-week units, and few sponsors are willing to underwrite an untried program for a longer interval.

* * * * *

Even before he has completed *Sweet Music*, the picture on which he is now working, Rudy Vallée has been signed for three more talkies by Warner Brothers. This lends color to the report that Rudy's home may be shifted from New York to California. Hailing from Maine where the snow flies early, he has a warm spot in his heart for sunny Hollywood as an ideal home-site.

* * * * *

The Television Bomb Shell

NO LESS a person than M. H. Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company, declares that within five years television will be a practical reality and news events and entertainment will be projected on home television screens. A lot of folks have been making similar predictions for a good many moons and television has perversely remained five years in the future, but it is to be suspected that Mr. Aylesworth speaks with a comprehensive knowledge of what has been going on behind closed laboratory doors. He qualifies his prediction by the statement that television will help the movie theaters. Other observers incline to the

belief that television will deal the theater a damaging blow. Perhaps we will turn a dial and tune in our favorite movie on our home screen. One thing you can be pretty sure of: when television is perfected, it will explode right in the middle of the entire amusement industry and we will have to adapt ourselves to an entirely new set of theater habits.

* * * * *

Even radio sponsors have their troubles. A certain famous screen actress, hired at a staggering sum for a solo appearance on the air, spied a gentleman with a camera maneuvering to get a snapshot of her as she rehearsed. Storming furiously, she demanded that the offender be ejected forthwith. The camera-wielder proved to be her sponsor, so she modified the ejection order, but held her ground on the no-snapshot ultimatum, on the somewhat reasonable claim that a candid camera picture might prove libelous in the eyes of her fans, accustomed to seeing her on the screen after hours of skilled prettifying at the hands of studio make-up men.

* * * * *

But Some Go On Forever

FOR the second time, Jack Pearl says farewell to radio as the Baron Munchausen, and thereby helps to prove the fact that radio programs have a natural span of life beyond which no form of artificial resuscitation can revive them. This is particularly true in the case of major ballyhooed programs featuring big names, which monopolize the spotlight for a brief while and then are forced back-stage by a bigger name or a bigger ballyhoo. The only programs immune to this stern law of competition are those of a simple musical nature, those with sustained story interest, or those which mix in a variety of new tricks to keep the old formula from going stale. Amos 'n' Andy, A. & P. Gypsies, Rudy Vallée's and Fred Allen's Hour are examples which come to mind. Eddie Cantor, a fine comedian, is retiring from his famous coffee hour to build a new show, just at the moment when, in this writer's estimation, his Rubinoff-ribbing formula was growing a bit threadbare. Jimmie Durante, with monotonously inferior material, was a disappointment on the air. The lads who stay on top are those who have what the baseball writers designate as

* * * * *

The current stunt of having two announcers speak alternate sentences of radio advertising to relieve monotony is commendable effort to be different which unhappily is being a bit overdone.



RADIO SECRETS *Winchell*



They say that Walter Winchell will tell anything about anybody—but he won't reveal the radio secrets of his friends in the broadcasting world. He's afraid they wouldn't like it. But neither Winchell nor his fellow radio stars can take offense at the amusing and intimate items presented here—the stories Winchell wouldn't tell about his friends!

By **NELSON BROWN**

himself has been writing radio news since 1922 and his circle of friends in the broadcasting world is almost as large as the columnist's. So, applying the Winchell technique for unearthing hot stories, he called on fifty of his friends and got for himself the radio secrets Winchell wouldn't tell. Here is what he learned:

Your inspiration may be Greta Garbo, but Phil (Seth Parker) Lord's was his grandpop, who's the pattern for his program . . . Phil owns seventeen dozen shirts—but only one suit. It always needs pressing . . . He likes to sleep late in the mornings . . . Eats every two hours when working . . . A minister's son . . . Married to Sophia Mecorney, and has two kids, Jean and Patricia.

Art Hickman, the killer, was a classmate of Goodman Ace, whom most fans address as Ace Goodman . . . He doesn't know why the "Goodman" was wished on him except that it was his grandfather's first name . . . Once was a soda jerker at three bucks a wk. . . Always keeps his hat on when broadcasting, a habit gained when a newspaper man (twelve years theatercolumning on the K. C. *Post-Dispatch*) . . . He likes living in the country. Wife Jane likes living in the city . . . They live in the city.



Gracie Allen's face gets hot and her hands get cold when broadcasting

but can warble plenty . . . Smokes O.P.B. only, and is perpetually puzzled as to why most musicians wear funny-looking clothes, as who isn't?

Rossaxophone Gorman once committed the unpardonable sin. Having blown a sour note in a broadcast, he slammed

WON'T TELL!

down his instrument and walked out of the studio, leaving the rest of the gang to carry on without him.

If you want to see Leah Ray (whose last name is really Hubbard) look surprised, ask her about that little gold-framed miniature (Of whom?) . . . She's nineteen, hails from Va., and doesn't like eating in bed . . . She's the only girl member of the Alpha Tau Omega frat . . . Was initiated in 1933 . . . It didn't phase her . . . She always broadcasts standing up.

The mystery that bothers Donna (Marge) Damerel (Mrs. Kretsinger) is how much mail does she and Myrt get . . . The sponsor won't tell 'em . . . Has a two-year-old son . . . And if you make a date with her, don't come early. She's usually a minute or two late . . . She's one of radio's divorced, as are Jimmy Wallington, May Breen and more others than you could guess.

You might catch Countess Olga Medolaga Albani with her hair down, but not with her lips unrouged . . . It's the first thing she does in the morning . . . Made \$25 on her first job and ate chicken salad at the Hotel Plaza until broke again . . . Now she prefers lobster Thermidor, and won't take a drink with anybody . . . Once she had a perfectly gahrand meal and nearly died when they told her she'd eaten an eeeeee! . . . Her son was born, of all dates, on April First.



You can have anything Fred Allen owns—except his banjo

The Metroperaticanary Rosa Melba Ponselle once sang for twelve-fifty a week, and played the piano too . . . It was in a Meriden, Conn., movie house and she was fourteen years old . . . She weighs a hundred and SEVENTY pounds since losing thirty-five . . . But she can carry it; she's 5 feet 8 inches tall . . . Alla same it's quite a lot of gal to ride a bike. Which she does.

Nino Martini, the Larynx King, won't go to the opera any more right now. "It's being done soo-O-badly!" he says . . . The op nearly lost him when a [Continued on page 44]



Walter Winchell tells it to the mike

WALTER WINCHELL has probably been called more different things than any man in radio.

The most accurate phrase used to describe him is "America's star reporter," for Winchell knows more things about more people, and prints or broadcasts them sooner than any other man in the world. They also call him "the man who will say anything about anybody." But that's not true at all. Walter Winchell doesn't talk about his friends.

If this statement surprises you, consider the experience of RADIOLAND's star interviewer who went down to get a story from this ace columnist to be called "Winchell's Lowdown on the Broadcasters." The interviewer dropped into the studio where Walter broadcasts on Sunday evenings, and when he had finished his radio stunt Winchell greeted the interviewer, an old friend of his, with reservations.

"You can have anything you want," he said, "except an interview."

"But an interview is just what we want. Just a little intimate dope on the broadcasters from you—"

"Not a chance. These radio stars are all friends of mine and I wouldn't want to say anything to offend them. Not that there's anything I'd say against them. I'm sorry—but I won't talk about my friends."

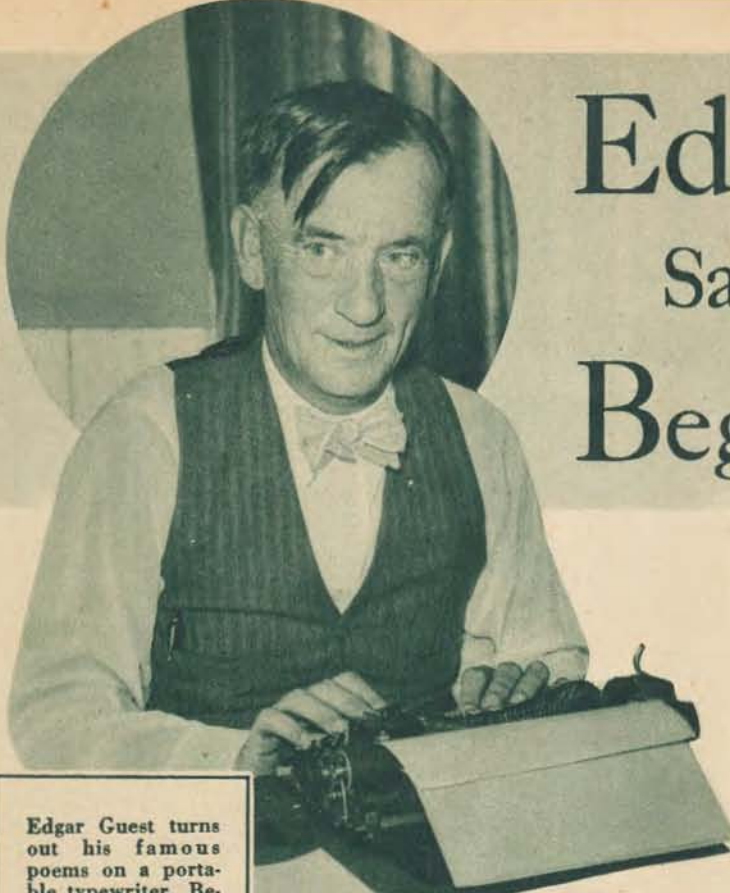
Which seemed to end the matter, except that the interviewer suddenly remembered that Winchell had previously revealed his methods of obtaining news in an article for RADIOLAND. The secret is simple: Winchell is liked by almost everybody. He likes to help people and they like to help him. Most of them help by sending him news. The interviewer

Edgar Guest

Says Happiness Begins at Home

That's one of the messages of Edgar A. Guest, the country's most widely read poet, whose homely philosophy is making him one of radio's biggest drawing cards

By RUTH GERI

A black and white photograph of Edgar Guest, an older man with dark hair, wearing a white shirt, a dark vest, and a light-colored bow tie. He is seated at a desk, looking towards the camera with a slight smile. His hands are on a portable typewriter.

Edgar Guest turns out his famous poems on a portable typewriter. Below, Mr. Guest with his 12-year-old daughter Janet



EVEN as lately as 1890, when little Edgar Guest was a boy of nine in his native Birmingham, England, there persisted the popular misconception that America was a land of fabulous plenty, a land where there was no such thing as want. Today, Edgar Guest, famous poet, still recalls vividly the envy of the Birmingham neighbors when his father, an accountant, made the momentous decision to take his pretty wife and their five children across the Atlantic.

The family had scarcely settled in Detroit when the panic of 1891 swept the land, paralyzed industry, caused widespread want. Little Edgar, recalling the tales of plenty he had heard back in Birmingham, could not understand how his father could have become so suddenly and devastatingly impoverished. But in his heart, he rather enjoyed it, for he was permitted to get a job running errands.

"I can't remember when I didn't work," he reminisced to me in Chicago, whence he had made his weekly trip from his palatial Detroit home for his weekly broadcast. "I worked in a grocery store, delivering orders, doing odd jobs, and then for the butcher—anything I could find that paid, no matter how little, was welcome. It was fun then. You know how any boy of ten would rather work than go to school. Of course, I felt the same way, and I only had a grammar school education. I was only a very ordinary scholar, too," he admitted.

There weren't any movies for youngsters to enjoy in the evenings then, and even if there had been, little Edgar and his brothers and sisters would not have been able to afford the necessary money, for it was several years before the elder Guest sufficiently recovered from his financial set-back to be able to buy more than the barest necessities. Edgar had but one diversion.

No matter how tired he might have been after a hard day's work in grocery, butcher shop, or wherever he might have been employed at the time, there was always one hour set aside each night before bedtime, one hour shared by him and his four brothers and sisters. That was the hour when pretty Mrs. Guest, thinking wistfully perhaps of the comparative comfort she had enjoyed back in Birmingham, read the children poems from one of the many volumes the family had brought to America.

[Continued on page 60]

CRIME takes to the air when Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Penitentiary broadcasts every Wednesday evening over NBC. He's a quiet man of average height, is Warden Lawes, with steady blue eyes and thin gray hair brushed smooth from high forehead. Probably you have heard his broadcasts. In each sketch he plays himself with a supporting cast of actors enacting the dramatic rôles. Each sketch is based on a true crime story. Like his popular book and the motion picture produced from it, Mr. Lawes calls his program *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*. The title signifies an average ten-year sentence being served by each of the 2,000 prisoners which is the usual penitentiary quota.

One prisoner, serving a twenty-year term, wrote to a friend that he wished the Warden would change the title of his broadcasts to *19,985 Years in Sing Sing* and let him go home! The Warden, however, could not chop off the fifteen years that this convict still had to serve, so the time mentioned in the broadcasts remains *20,000 Years in Sing Sing!*

I asked Mr. Lawes where the prisoners listened in to his program. "The penitentiary auditorium?"

"Oh, no," Mr. Lawes seemed surprised at my question. "The men have radios in their cells and from the time they are locked in—which is seven P. M. in the summer and five P. M. in the winter—they can tune in their radios until ten o'clock, at which time all radios are turned off and the men go to bed."

"How long have there been radios in the cells at Sing Sing?" I asked.

"Five years now," the Warden said.

"Are there radios in the death house?"

Mr. Lawes shook his head. "No, but we have a loud speaker in the death house and the programs are heard through this loud speaker."

TWENTY-FIVE men and one woman in the death house at Sing Sing are given the welcomed entertainment of radio an hour or so daily while they wait the fatal day which will see them take their last march to the electric chair.

"Where did the money come from with which to buy all these radios?" I wanted to know.

"From the Mutual Welfare fund," Mr. Lawes enlightened.

Which brings us to one big reason why the Warden of Sing Sing goes on the air in a sponsored program. He receives a fat sum for his broadcasts. Out of this fee, he keeps barely enough to pay his own personal expenses contingent upon the broadcasts. The lion's share of his remuneration he turns over to the Mutual Welfare fund. This is the prison fund that is used for charitable purposes. It is used to help needy relatives of prisoners. When possible, donations are made to other charity organizations in need of contributions.

Crime, says Warden Lawes, is often brought about by poverty and the desperation resulting from poverty. Hence, money is required to combat poverty. Mr. Lawes does everything he possibly can to contribute to the fight against poverty. The earnings from his own writings go into the Welfare fund.

The \$60,000 or so that Mr. Lawes earned from the motion picture version of his book, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* [Continued on page 47]

RADIO *Enters the* FIGHT on CRIME

Warden Lawes believes his *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* radio program is doing its bit in preventing crime by proving that it never pays

By DOROTHY HERZOG



Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing prison broadcasts true incidents of crime selected from his prison experience—the sort of incidents illustrated at the left from his successful movie, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*

LOVE Problems of the

THE man who has solved the problems of millions of people in the United States and Canada during his past eight years on the air now finds himself in the embarrassing position of having a problem of his own which is growing more difficult to handle each day. It is testing all the ingenuity and experience of the famous "Voice of Experience" to grapple with a situation which, should it get out of hand, might wreck his radio career.

In an exclusive interview to RADIOLAND, the "Man Nobody Knows" disclosed the amazing story of what has been going on behind scenes for the past six months—of the startling lengths to which girls and women have gone to pierce his anonymity, so that they might become his "soul-mate," his companion, guide, mistress, or wife.

They have bombarded him with gifts and honeyed missives; they have besieged him in New York, trailed him in taxicabs, waited at the post office in hope that he would call for his mail so that they could find out where he lives, tried vainly to get his private telephone, attempted to lure him to hotel rooms—used a dozen fantastic dodges, any one of which, if it had succeeded, might have landed the Voice of Experience in court and lost his value to radio.

Although it is a situation not unknown in the annals of radio, it is one in which you would expect to find the more romantic Bing Crosby or Rudy Vallée than the impersonal Voice of Experience.

"It has been going on for years, intermittently," he told me, "but there was nothing to get alarmed about—until the last six months. In that time I have had more trouble than in all of my eight years of broadcasting."



The man known to radio as the Voice of Experience, who solves the romantic and personal perplexities of a vast audience of listeners, is himself beset by love problems. Hundreds of women regard him as their ideal romantic lover and go to such incredible lengths to track him down that he has been forced to surround himself with a virtual secret service system as revealed in this amazing story

By
HERBERT WESTEN

would feel more free to bring their problems to one who maintained a strict anonymity. It has been my experience that a man or a woman, a boy or a girl, hesitates to go to another person with a delicate problem, especially when they feel at fault. Also, they are sometimes distrustful of the ability of another human being to solve a problem. I dropped my name early in my broadcasting career and adopted the impersonal title of the 'Voice of Experience.' To my listeners in I then became, not a man with the human failings, but a Voice speaking from experience.

"Let me show you how it works out." He reached into a drawer of his desk, brought out a sheaf of letters and tossed them over to me. "These came in today," he explained.

They were all "conscience letters." One nineteen-year-old girl had turned over to the Voice nine handkerchiefs she had stolen from a New York department store with the request that the Voice return them. A married woman enclosed a check for \$3.50 which she asked the Voice to turn over to the government because she had put in a false claim against the Postoffice Department for dishes which she had claimed had been broken in transit. There were a dozen others.

"These people might have dealt directly with those whom they had wronged," Dr. Taylor explained, "and safely, too. But they preferred to use the anonymity of the Voice."

This situation is as the Voice would have it—complete anonymity working out, from a distance, problems of human relationship. But that thing that killed the cat, that force that prompted Pandora to open the fabled box [Continued on page 56]

Women have trailed the Voice of Experience in taxicabs, laid in wait for his clerks at the post office to ferret out his address, resorted to devious devices to discover his telephone number, lurked about the entrance of the broadcasting studio until he learned to depart by the rear door in self protection

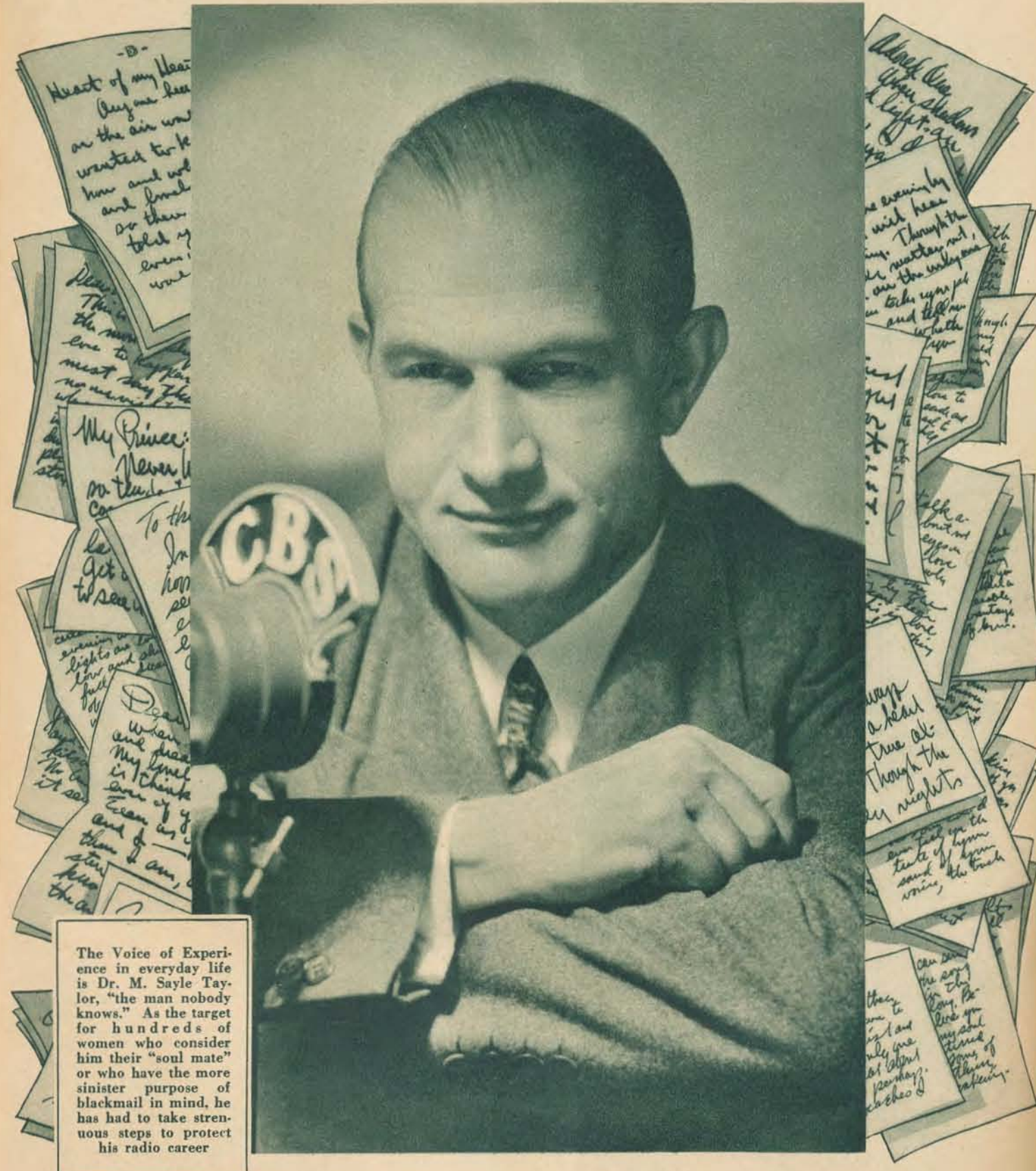
His only explanation for the present serious situation is that during the past six months he has been called upon to handle an unusual number of love problems in his daily broadcasts over the Columbia network—"because the mail happened to run that way." He sees in this a suggestion which has unhappily opened the floodgates of romance on him.

"I CAN'T be my personal appearance," he said, "for most of them don't know what I look like."

This is true. As far as is known there is only one book in the world which gives the Voice's real name. That is the latest *Who's Who in America*. And it wasn't until only a few months ago that he permitted a photograph of himself to be published. The name is Dr. M. Sayle Taylor. A likeness of him will be found illustrating this interview.

"I did this," Dr. Taylor told me, "not from a personal motive, but because I believed that people

VOICE of Experience



The Voice of Experience in everyday life is Dr. M. Sayle Taylor, "the man nobody knows." As the target for hundreds of women who consider him their "soul mate" or who have the more sinister purpose of blackmail in mind, he has had to take strenuous steps to protect his radio career

The Racketeers are Coming!



He smiles when he says it over the radio—but Walter B. Pitkin's ideas are plain dynamite! Author of "Life Begins at 40" and other best sellers, he says that the economic system is in for a nation-wide shake-up, that capitalism is doomed by the menace of racketeers, that—But you'll have to read the story to get the complete picture of this amazing radio personality

By ROBERT EICHBERG

WHEN I finally got to see Dr. Walter B. Pitkin I was feeling pretty discouraged. You see, I'd heard all the stock reports about him—that he was the "easiest man in the world to get to"—that he had a sign on his door saying, "Don't Knock; Walk In"—all that sort of thing.

I'd called his office four times, and been told by his secretary each time that "Dr. Pitkin is so busy he won't be able to see you." And I'd waylaid him at the studio only to have him wave me off with a hurried, "Sorry. Haven't got a minute. Have to dash along."

Well, I thought, nobody can be as busy as this man thinks he is. Wait 'til I do my story on him; won't I rip him apart, though! Then I caught him again, just before a broadcast. He invited me to sit in the studio during it. This evening he had some time, and after coming away from the mike gave me the most astounding interview I have had in all my years of writing. He hadn't spoken more than a dozen words before I was convinced that here was a man with a message that *must* be heard. What he told me was front page stuff for any newspaper in the world!

Before I pass it along to you, let me try to give you a sketch of Dr. Pitkin himself.

No alien radical is this man, despite his foreign-sounding name, nor is he a "Brain Truster" although he is a college professor. He's just plain folks—brighter than most of us, more traveled, and better educated, but just as simple and sincere as is your next door neighbor. He was born on a farm in Ypsilanti, Michigan on February 6, 1878, and two of his sons are now farming. He isn't careful about his appearance—dresses something like Will Rogers does on the screen—and about half the time he drops his "Gs" when pronouncing such words as "driving," "going" and so forth.

In fact, I asked him whether he dropped them on purpose, in order to sound "folksy," or if he just put them in when he remembered to. "I don't know," he said. "I didn't even know I was droppin' 'em."

DR. PITKIN has been specializing in vocational readjustment since 1926, and he stresses the need for finding some way in which professional people can make a living. "They're the real forgotten men," he says.

I asked if he didn't think the administration was remembering the Forgotten Man pretty well. "No," he replied. "The government is ignoring the able upper-middle-class worker. Due to the pressure of politics, the real help is being given to the desperately poor, who represent a lot of votes, and to the wealthy—the bankers, industrialists, Wallstreeters and the like, who control vast numbers of votes indirectly. I don't think the voiceless minority is getting consideration."

His theory that the opportunities for professional people are not keeping pace with the universities' output does not, he says, make him particularly popular with his fellow professors. "I'm sort of a lone wolf up there," he says. "I get a lot of opposition from the college. It doesn't do them any good to have me going around [Continued on page 54]

Radio Kids *Like* CHRISTMAS, Too!

With orders ranging from ponies to chemical laboratories, Santa Claus faces a heavy schedule in taking care of the Yuletide wants of radio's famous children


By ROSE DENIS

ALL over the world, mothers and fathers of little boys and little girls—good little boys and girls, of course—are surreptitiously hiding bulky, suspiciously shaped packages in out-of-the-way corners of the house, where prying eyes of eager offspring cannot find them. That is an annual problem that confronts all mothers and fathers, rich and poor. Mothers and fathers in radioland have been busily engaged these past few weeks in planning for their kiddies' Christmas.


Santa Claus, if he heeds the requests that have deluged his chilly headquarters from the young sons and daughters of your favorite ether stars, will have plenty to do before he is finally ready to shout a cheery "Giddyup" at his reindeer team, for some of the orders he has received are tall ones. Then, of course, as though the poor fellow hadn't enough on his mind, the stork, as he always does, has added a long list of names to the deliveries Santa must make on the night of the twenty-fourth.

There are, for instance, Masters Dennis Michael and Phillip Lang Crosby, whereas last Christmas, there was only little Gary Evans Crosby at the Toluca Lake home near Hollywood where Bing and his lovely wife, Dixie Lee, make their home. Of course, neither Dennis Michael nor Phillip Lang wrote notes to Santa, because they can't write—nor, for that matter, can Gary Evans, for he is only a year and a half old. But just the same, about the huge tree in the Crosby house will be package upon package, piled high in an impressive heap. There is not, within a day's march of Hollywood, a more beloved couple than Bing and Dixie, and you may be sure that there is not a star in Hollywood whose card will be missing from the impressive pile of gifts for the young Crosbys.

OF COURSE, the best route from the North Pole to Toluca Lake leads right through Greenwich, Connecticut, where one of the show places is the estate of the Morton Downeys, another couple whose romance blossomed under Hollywood's encouraging moon. Michael Downey, aged four and one-half years, has sent a note to Santa Claus asking for his heart's desires. You couldn't read the note, nor could I, but Santa can, and I believe little Michael will receive the pony he asked for. He has, Barbara Bennett Downey will assure you, been a very good little boy, and there are scores of cases giving indisputable evidence that Santa can get a pony into his bag. Sean Downey (you pronounce the name, in Ireland, "Shawn") will find a towering heap of toys under the tree when he toddles down the [Continued on page 52]



Margot Eleanor, Phil Baker's year-old daughter, expects a baby brother for Christmas—oh yes, and a teddy bear and stick of peppermint candy



Mark Warnow with his son and daughter, Morton and Elaine. Mark is searching high and low for a "Sherlock Holmes outfit"



"How wonderful you are!" said Jane to Goodman Ace, and so they were married and lived happily ever after



Julia Sanderson became Mrs. Frank Crumit by making him proud of her beauty, her poise and social grace, and by deliberately making him feel he was the boss. Surely a simple but effective formula!



Mary Livingstone made Jack Benny jealous to attract his interest. The formula for a happy marriage certainly worked; we offer this picture as Exhibit A



A sweet, clinging vine is Portland Hoffa, with a bit of the Old Nick thrown in. She lets husband Fred Allen think that he rules the roost

Recipe for ROMANCE

By
**MARY
JACOBS**

"WHEN I was thirteen," Mary Livingstone told me, "Jack Benny, an up-and-coming young actor, came to visit my folks. My older sister and I thought him wonderful; he was a man of the world, a comedian. We pestered him with so many questions that he walked out of the house in disgust.

"I was terribly hurt. I vowed I'd get even some day. I did. Years later I married Jack."

This is Mary Livingstone's account of how she met Jack Benny, her husband, and why she won him. But don't let her fool you. There is more to the story than that. Mary won her man by consciously doing two things: acting indifferent toward him, and making him jealous. That was her technique, pure and simple. It proved very effective.

The second time Mary saw Jack was five years later, when she was quite a young lady—tall, slim, dark and vivacious. Jack, who was appearing in vaudeville in Los Angeles then, took her out a few times. He showed clearly there was nothing sentimental about his attitude. He had some time to pass after the show; Mary was a nice girl, good company. They enjoyed themselves tremendously. That was all.

Mary realized the theater was filled with beautiful, glamorous girls, who didn't see anything wrong in running after men. Who waylaid Jack, invited themselves to dinner with him. These girls dressed better than she; they knew all about the things which interested an actor.

She couldn't compete with them on these grounds. Perhaps if Jack thought her indifferent, a little disinterested; if he realized she liked him for himself, and not because he was a handsome young actor, she'd win him over.

From the start, Mary thought him the nicest young man

she had ever met. But it wouldn't do to let Jack suspect that. Instead, she told him she had a boy friend, which was true. When Jack sent her a diamond wrist watch for Christmas, she let three weeks pass before she sent him a note of thanks. "Indifference was the watchword," she told me laughingly. But the Livingstone method didn't seem to be working. Jack was so peeved by the reception of his gift that he didn't write Mary for several months, while he was on tour.

MARY'S old boy friend proposed to Mary; she accepted him. They were to be married in a month. Jack heard of their engagement. He didn't like it at all. One night, Mary got a long-distance call from Chicago. It was Jack Benny.

"What do you want to get married for in such a hurry?" he demanded. "You know, I always thought when I got married, I'd like to marry you. But I'm not ready to get married now," he added hastily.

"Honestly," Mary told me, "it hadn't occurred to me that Jack meant to marry me. But I never let him know of my uncertainty. I told him I'd consider his proposal; but that I expected to get married within a month." They were married two weeks later.

"You know," Mary added, "I don't believe either one of us was terribly in love with the other when we married. That came afterward, as does everything important in marriage. We admired and respected each other; we realized that since we enjoyed the same things and had many interests in common, we could be happy together. I honestly feel that it is better to marry a man whom you respect and admire than one you love madly. After passion wears off, you're both likely to be disappointed."

Mary's method of indifference wouldn't work for all of us.

Five famous women radio stars reveal the methods they used to win the men they love. Each recipe for romance is different—but every one of them is paying huge dividends in happiness!

I've known men who wanted to be told constantly they were the most remarkable creations. Who liked women who were clinging vines; sweet, adoring young things who always bowed to their superior judgment and wisdom. Men who feel their ideas and plans should always be carried out without question. Fred Allen is something like that. And Portland Hoffa, his wife, is just the sweet, gentle clinging vine you'd imagine her to be, with a bit of the devil thrown in.

Fred and Portland met seven years ago, when Portland was a chorus girl in the *Scandals*, and Fred a hooper in the *Greenwich Village Follies*. Fred Allen was no lady's man; the blasé, flippant, hotcha girls of the theater disgusted him. He spent all his spare time reading and studying; he had no time for women.

Ethel Shutta introduced the young people. Portland was a rarity among chorus girls. She was sweet, simple, without a bit of affectation. She was quiet and unassuming. She was no gold-digger. She used very little make-up, wore inexpensive but feminine clothes which emphasized her lovely figure.

Fred's custom was to go to the fights every Friday night. One night, he asked Portland if she cared to accompany him. She did. They have been going ever since.

Courting Portland was very pleasant. She and Fred met after the theater, and sat around [Continued on page 46]



Gertrude Berg, author of *The Rise of the Goldbergs*, says her recipe for romance is "be natural!" It worked to perfection with Mr. Berg!

Rudy Vallée's Music Notebook



Rudy Vallée writes this month's comment on the new songs from Hollywood, where he is making his new picture

One of radio's oldest stars greets one of its newest—the veteran, Rudy Vallée, extends best wishes to Mary Pickford as they both broadcast from Hollywood

A GAIN your correspondent's discussion of the popular tunes of the day reaches you from the city of glamour, namely Hollywood. Preparation for this issue finds me more happy than I have been in a long time. That happiness could come from only one thing—that is the feeling that I am in the hands of the film company which has made and is making the finest musical pictures, and I am extremely fortunate in having as my boss, Hal Wallis, one of the finest, keenest and most likeable men I have ever met, and having as a director Al Green, whose twenty years of picture experience have endeared him to everyone who knows him. I have often felt that good things come in threes, and I feel that this dip into pictures is going as I said in a recent Thursday broadcast to be a very happy one for me.

Happiness Ahead

Thursday's feeling might well be crystallized into the title of a Warner Brothers' picture, *Happiness Ahead*, that boasts of three excellent songs.

The first song, *Happiness Ahead*, is introduced in a novel fashion. Before the actual title of the picture, Dick Powell appears and sings a chorus of the song, then the actual first sequence flashes on the screen. This particular composition was written by my old friend Allie Wrubel, the Wesleyan College saxophonist, who is now one of the "fair-haired" boys on the Warner lot. Together with Mort Dixon, Allie has

one of the cell-like rooms in the Warner Brothers Music Building.

Also to be credited to these two boys is *Pop Goes Your Heart*, which is unquestionably the best song from the picture. It is a rhythmical type of composition, with the "pop" occurring at the top of an ascending musical figure.

Beauty Must Be Loved

The third song, *Beauty Must Be Loved*, is from the pens of Sammy Fain and Irving Kahal. These two boys are evidently going to be responsible for about eighty per cent of the songs which will appear in my picture. Sammy Fain is an excellent singer himself, and an excellent accompanist at the piano. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that he is beginning to turn out some of the best songs that have appeared in the Warner Brothers pictures. This one, however, in my opinion is the exception that proves the rule, being just a fair song. It is spotted in a sequence which finds Dick and his young, happy, but poor friends in an apartment while he sings it to them at the piano. The picture is an excellent one, and the score well adapted to its presentation in the film. But I believe that, with the exception of *Pop Goes Your Heart* it will not be calculated to achieve any unusual fame for its composers.

Sweetie Pie

Sweetie Pie is one of those delightful novelties published by the same firm and very much akin in spirit to *Fit As a Fiddle*. That is, it is best adapted to a female rendition, especially by a girl trio or a very young lady, let us say on the type of Mitzi Green, a song that deserves more than passing mention and one which should be played quite brightly.

Autumn Night


In The Quiet Of An Autumn Night was written by two young talented friends of mine—Pat Ballard and Charlie Henderson. Charlie, my pianist at my Lombardy Hotel engagement in 1928, when together we wrote *Deep Night*, has since been one of the pillars of the Waring aggregation, but now has aspirations to producing music especially for radio, rehearsing acts for radio consumption, and occasionally turning out a popular hit. *In The Quiet Of An Autumn Night* is one of the most played songs on the air, and the very least I can do is call it to your attention. It is published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, and should be played quite slowly.

Rain

Rain is a clear cut example of a publisher's attempt to have its staff writers put into songs [Continued on page 49]



The Radio Revue



Sigmund Romberg, who wrote *The Student Prince*, *Blossom Time*, and dozens of other famous operettas and musical comedies, brings his musical genius to the new Swift Hour. Most of his numbers on this program are newly composed

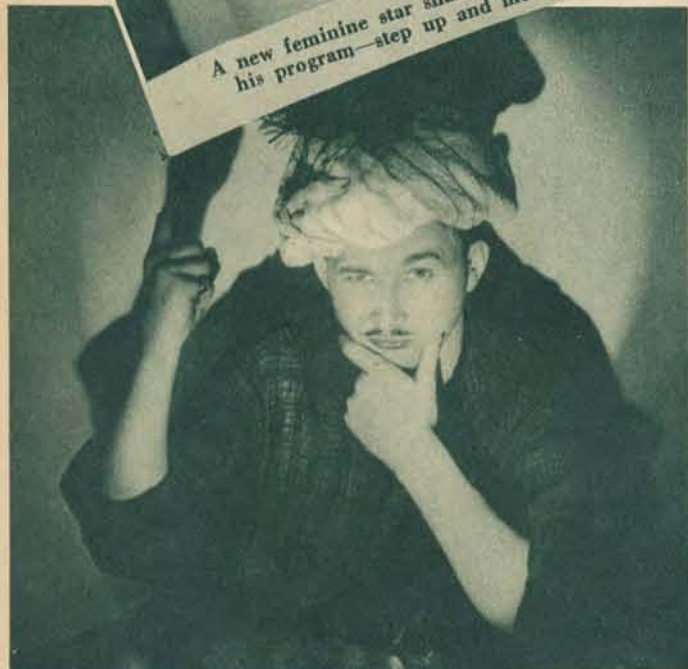
Dorothy Lamour is the glamorous personality behind those *Songs by Lamour* which Herbie Kaye's orchestra presents over the Columbia network out of Chicago. She is featured on a number of sustaining programs



A new feminine star shares honors with Joe Penner on his program—step up and meet Stephanie Diamond
—Roy Lee Jackson



Clifford and Claudia Barbour of One Man's Family are Kathleen Wilson and Barton Yarborough



You've chuckled over the comedy of Yogi Yorgesson, the Scandinavian seer with Al Pearce's Gang. Here he is!



Margaret Speaks, lyric soprano of the Firestone program, is the niece of Oley Speaks, the famous composer
—Roy Lee Jackson



All eyes of the chorus beauties are on Lanny Ross as he goes collegiate in his new movie, College Rhythm



Myrt of the Myrt and Marge team—in real life, Myrtle Vail—writes that program out of her own experiences



That glamorous screen personality, Claudette Colbert, is one of the brilliant stars appearing on the Hall of Fame



Raquel de Carlay's charming French accent makes her songs looked forward to by fans on many NBC programs
—Roy Lee Jackson

"If Only I Had a Chance—"

The article "Stars Wanted" in October *RADIOLAND*, by Peter Dixon explaining the demand for new blood on the air, nearly deluged the author under a phenomenal flood of mail. Most of the letters began with the phrase "If only I had a chance," and asked just how to go about getting on the air. In this article Mr. Dixon, who himself has climbed the ladder of fame as writer and producer of radio dramas, explains candidly and in full detail just what chance the amateur has of becoming a radio star

By PETER DIXON

WITHIN the boundaries of the United States there are probably more than a million persons, young and old, who cherish ambitions to become radio entertainers. Some can sing, some can play the piano and there is one who can make audible clicks with his ears.

At the very most, there are only openings for a few thousand entertainers. At the top, there are only a few hundred opportunities. But to say that you have only one chance in a thousand of getting anywhere as a radio personality is not an accurate estimate of the situation. You may have better than an ever chance of becoming a radio star—on the other hand, you may not have one chance in ten million.

There are a great many more opportunities for ambitious people in radio today than there were four or five months ago when the article preceding this was written. There will probably be more opportunities when this appears in print.

In Manhattan, a small power station, WHN, directed and managed by Major Edward Bowes, is outpulling the big network stations on Tuesday nights from eight until about nine-thirty. The attraction is known as Amateur Night on WHN and it is grand and glorious entertainment. But that isn't the important thing. What is important is that representatives of the networks and of almost all the major air advertising agencies listen to every single voice tried out on that program.

Since the program has been on the air, almost a thousand would-be radio entertainers have had their minutes at the microphone. Possibly a dozen or more have gone on to really good opportunities on larger stations. One even was featured on the Vallee program. Amateur night seems to have proved, in the New York area at any rate, that out of every hundred persons with enough faith and courage to try out in an amateur audition, one has enough talent to move on to more important things

SINCE Major Bowes made such a success of his Amateur Night the same idea has been copied by other stations. Perhaps by the time you read this, the networks will be sponsoring amateur nights. Certainly a vogue for amateur radio auditions is due to sweep the entire nation and it will be a

vogue that will give aspiring entertainers the chances they have been seeking.

I believe that within the next six months, it will be possible for every person with any yearning at all for microphone fame to prove whether he has the first requisites for such a career.

Now I'm going to create an imaginary person called Larry Larkin and try to show you just what Larry is up against in his bid for stardom.

Larry, to begin with, has a pleasing baritone voice and his friends have told him that he is really better than Bing Crosby. Friends are like that. Larry, his confidence built up, tries out in an amateur audition. Hundreds of people telephone in to say he is splendid and perhaps some newspaper critic, listening in, gives him a mention. It must look to Larry as if stardom is just ahead. But it's only the beginning, as Captain Henry always told us.

Larry's first inclination will be to call at the offices of the network executives, display his press clippings and a record of his great success on Amateur Night—and hope that he'll be offered a place on a big program. But he won't be offered anything except a small portion of hope and perhaps a promise of an audition. If he is lucky enough to talk to someone with a sympathetic feeling toward a struggling young artist, he'll be advised to go to a small station and get some more experience.

If he is wise, he will waste no more time with the networks. He'll go to work on any radio station that will have him and he'll work every chance he gets and work for no salary at all if he has to. If he has heard the story of the discovery of Rudy Vallée, he'll realize the importance of that small station training. Vallée's voice was first heard on very small stations in Manhattan—and after a time, the important people heard about it and listened, too. The rest is history.

BUT to return to Larry. He manages to get a program on a small station. Perhaps he sings twice or three times a week. Gradually, he'll build a following if he has any unusual qualities at all. Some of his listeners will write him letters which will make him feel a little bit happier, but more of them, if they like him, will tell their friends to listen and he'll be talked about.

Talk gets around and the best thing that could happen to him is to have his name mentioned as frequently as possible. Sooner or later, someone with influence is going to hear about him.

Thus, when he has served his apprenticeship on a small station, he won't be absolutely unknown when next he tries for a chance on a bigger station. There is always a possibility that a big station will send for him—but if he is a wise young man, he will keep going back to the big stations.

So far, Larry has been able to get along without luck—or without "the breaks," to give good fortune its Broadway name. But the nearer he gets to his goal, the more luck is going to count.

You can't escape the fact that even though you have the finest talents in the world, you've got to find people ready to pay for them. In radio, the artist must look to the advertiser for a real income. And there are more performers than there are advertisers with money to spend on them.

So Larry must hope to be lucky. He, or his manager if by this time he has acquired a manager, keep their ears and eyes open for opportunities. Word may get around that the Mayflower soap people are planning a radio program. A notice of this plan may appear in one of the several publications devoted to the inside business of radio. Though Larry's name is on file with all the advertising agencies and at the network



Major Edward Bowes, noted for his Capitol Family hour on NBC, conducts the Amateur Hour on WHN, a local New York City station, which gives unknown talent a chance on the air and which is proving to be a smash hit with radio listeners. It is so successful that it is starting a vogue for amateur hours on other stations

offices, he doesn't wait for someone to call him to an audition. He finds out who is in charge of the audition and tries in every way possible to see this person and convince him that he should be given a chance at the program.

IF HE does get called for the audition, he still isn't sure of a job. At the first audition he may compete against a dozen other talented singers—some of them perhaps nationally famous entertainers. Even though he may win through these auditions and be selected for the program by the advertising agency, he has yet to be approved by the client or clients—the firm that pays the bills.

Clients are rumored to be curious people. They have definite likes and dislikes and even such a trivial thing as bad taste in neckties has prejudiced a client against an otherwise acceptable entertainer.

But we'll assume that Larry gets the job—his first important program on a network. His contract usually is for thirteen weeks with options of thirteen and twenty-six weeks. BUT most of these contracts, especially those given newcomers, can be broken on two weeks' notice for no reason other than that the sponsor has changed his mind—or the sponsor's wife doesn't like the way. [Continued on page 48]

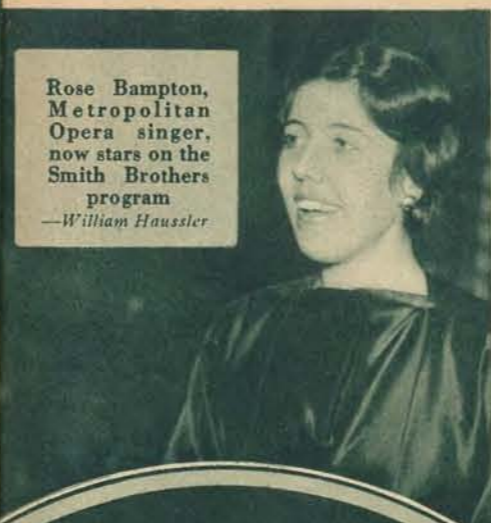




Harry Saz, operating the sound-effect devices on the *Showboat Hour*



Last minute changes in the *Showboat* script being discussed by Captain Henry and William Bacher, script writer



Rose Bampton, Metropolitan Opera singer, now stars on the Smith Brothers program
—William Haussler



One of the Lux Radio Theater's recent guest stars was Walter Huston, snapped here as he appeared at rehearsals



Dick Powell, movie favorite of the *Hollywood Hotel* program, gets real chummy with the microphone



Pat Padgett and Pick Malone exchange quips as *Molasses 'n' January*



Showboat's Mary Lou (Muriel Wilson) hits a high note



NINO MARTINI SINGING WITH THE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA

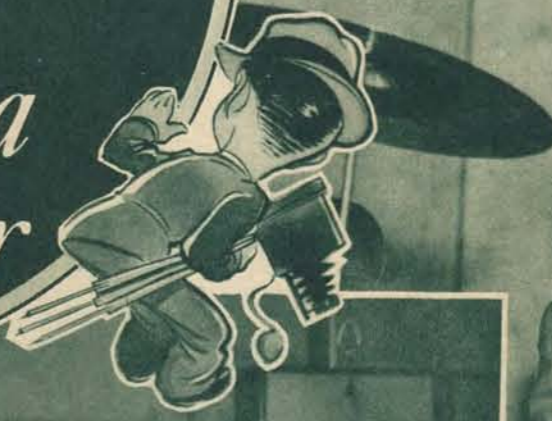


Wilfred Pelletier, conductor of the Packard orchestra, carries the musical score through a complicated passage



Irene Noblette, giving a wise-cracking response to a question from Tim Ryan, waves at the inquisitive cameraman

Peeking In
at the
BROADCASTS
with the
Camera Snooper



Jimmy Melton, on the *Fred Allen Hour*, is surrounded by members of the ensemble as he does a solo



A tense moment in a *March of Time* production. Lester Jay is the anguished player enacting the assassination of King Alexander



An essential member of the Ed Wynn troupe is this orchestra member who controls the siren which ushers in the *Fire Chief's* program

Not JEALOUS —but PROUD

Suppose you were married to a man like Jimmie Melton, adored by a million other women for the molten magic in his voice—would you be jealous? Little and blond and lovely Mrs. Melton proudly answers the question

By Mrs. James Melton

AM I JEALOUS of my husband Jimmie? Would you be jealous of thousands of letters from other women saying "Your voice *thrills* me?" Would you writhe when they beg for his picture—"I want to know what you look like." How would you feel watching and hearing countless women flocking to your husband's concert stage saying, "I *must* meet him."

Not jealous—but proud!

Terrribly proud of your good-looking husband who can bring such pleasure to both men and women that they want to express their appreciation. And "thank-you-James-Melton-for-your-song" is all that these expressions mean. Every woman wants to be proud of her husband, to think that others like and enjoy his efforts. Few women have the privilege of finding that they do. I'm one of the lucky ones.

Any woman who loves her husband has the capacity for jealousy in her, but it is only the unjust, unreasoning wife who is jealous without cause.

Repeatedly I've heard the question: Don't most of the fan letters Mr. Melton receives come from women and aren't they largely "mash notes?" I should say sixty percent of them are from women of all ages and all walks of life. As for "mash notes"—well, there *are* phrases one expects to find only in love-letters, but there are many meanings to a word which spoken may have one meaning and written, appear to have another. Few of us ever use words in a selective sense. We "adore" a frock. A movie is "divine." We'll "simply die" if we miss a train.

In a burst of spontaneous enthusiasm, a woman who has heard Jimmie sing will write ". . . when I heard you, your voice thrilled me so I *had* to write you." Jimmie and I both know that she didn't mean she'd fallen in love with him; she simply and sincerely wanted to pay tribute. That's reciprocity—the basis of all friendship.

A RADIO artist is fortunate to have the medium of fan mail, for no matter in what exaggerated terms its messages are worded, the motive is the same. Therein is the praise or kindly criticism of an unknown friend.

It's the warmest feeling in the world to be liked and to feel that you can return that liking by giving pleasure. Fan mail proves the artist can do [Continued on page 51]



Mrs. James Melton



Lawrence Tibbett greets Jimmie Melton in the studio, with Mrs. Melton, at the right, watching Jimmie proudly. You'll also recognize Gladys Swarthout to left of Tibbett

Choose AMERICA'S

Favorite

Radio Program

RADIOLAND readers are going to choose America's most popular radio program in this great Nationwide Popularity Poll—join in the fun and send in your vote now to help your favorite star win the handsome silver shield which will be awarded to the nation's most popular radio entertainer



Mary Pickford



Lanny Ross



Gracie Allen



Joe Penner



Rudy Vallée



Fred Allen



Ed Wynn

WHAT is America's favorite radio program? What hour of entertainment is most eagerly looked forward to by the vast army of listeners in the United States—is it an hour of comedy, a dramatic serial, a singer, grand opera?

Frankly, we don't know the answer. Neither does anybody else. That's why RADIOLAND is conducting this Nationwide Popularity Poll in which the fans will give a decisive answer to the question.

At the right you will find a ballot for your convenience in voting for your favorite. Write in the name of your favorite radio program in the space provided—you can also vote for your favorite singer, orchestra, announcer, etc. Send in your ballot to RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y. Your favorite star will appreciate your support in helping him or her win the coveted title of the nation's favorite.

Many big new programs are coming to the air in the next few weeks. In order to give these programs a fair chance in the voting, the ballot will be repeated in our February and March issues, and you will have the chance of voting three times if you like. If you vote for one favorite this month, and later on hear some new program you like better you will thus have the opportunity of registering your choice.

The star who receives the greatest number of votes at the conclusion of the poll, which ends March 15, 1935, will receive a beautiful engraved silver shield from the readers of RADIOLAND. Remember, it is *your* vote which will decide which star will win this handsome award. Any reader of RADIOLAND is eligible to vote. Watch for the February issue to learn which stars are leading the race!

JANUARY, 1935

Use this ballot in voting for your favorite radio star. If you do not wish to mutilate the magazine copy it off on a sheet of paper. Help your favorite star by voting NOW

PROGRAM BALLOT

RADIOLAND,
52 Vanderbilt Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

My Favorite Radio Program is:

My Favorite Comedian:

My Favorite News
Commentator:

My Favorite Orchestra:

My Favorite Children's
Program:

My Favorite Woman Singer
(popular):

My Favorite Man Singer
(popular):

My Favorite Woman Singer
(classical):

My Favorite Man Singer
(classical):

My Favorite Announcer:

Vote For One in Each Classification

Name

Address

City

By
ARTHUR
J.
KELLAR



Frank Crumit is pretty proud of his Boston Terriers, Boston Bean and Tiny Princess. Tiny has won three blue ribbons

of 400 comes garbed in swallow tails and décolleté gowns, and the whole atmosphere is that of an opera première rather than a broadcast.

Some radio celebrities register annoyance when solicited for their autographs. It is just make-believe. For they all know when album-bearers begin to ignore their fame is fading. Or as Eddie Cantor expresses it: "When they don't want your signature any more, you're all washed up."

• The Baby Parade

BABY-ADOPTING isn't a new indoor pastime with broadcasters, notwithstanding recent hullabaloes. Isham Jones, the maestro, has been a foster-father a long time. The Morton Downeys acquired their first boy via the adoption route. Kate Smith, being unmarried, couldn't very well rear an adopted child without causing a lot of talk, so she compromised by arranging to support three orphans. A few months ago Gracie Allen and George Burns became foster-parents of a baby girl. Apparently that put the same idea into the heads of the Jack Bennys, the Jack Pearls, the Al Jolsons and other childless couples variously reported as shopping for heirs these days.

• First Night Swank

IT REMAINED for Mary Pickford to show radioland (and incidentally, Hollywood) how to invest a broadcast with swank and class. Every time she takes to the air with a tabloid play from the California NBC studios, the occasion is like a first night at the Metropolitan Opera House. Plush drapes, flowers and special lights decorate what customarily is a bare stage and in the auditorium is the fragrance of perfume. "America's Sweetheart" makes several changes of costume during the performance, another innovation, and her supporting cast appears in formal dress. In the spirit of the occasion, the audience



Parcheesi or persiflage—Mary Livingstone and Jack Benny are equally adept at either. Here they are relaxing after a strenuous broadcast

Make

Ed Wynn isn't the only air comic who has an uncle. Joe Cook has one, too, and his name is Abner, if you are interested. Uncle Abner, according to Joe, is a gentleman of the old school. He sits around the house all day listening to the radio in his shirt sleeves. But the minute a woman singer is announced, Uncle Ab, despite his age and rheumatism, scrambles out of the arm chair and dons his coat with reasonable dispatch. A gallant, if there ever was one, is Uncle Abner, with an impeccable regard for the proprieties.

• Jinx Player

IT MAY not be true but word reaches this department that more than one statesman has requested Arthur Pryor, Jr., the man who stages *The March of Time* program, to please refrain from casting Ted di Corsia as his studio double. It is all because of what happens to the persons di Corsia impersonates. He started his career by being Herbert Hoover's "ghost" and everybody knows what Franklin D. Roosevelt did to him. Then he became General Johnson and it is no secret that the dynamic cavalryman was removed as boss of the NRA in response to popular demand. When Johnson faded from the news pictures, di Corsia was cast as Bruno Richard Hauptmann, whose fate as the suspect in the Lindbergh kidnaping case isn't



Andre Kostelanetz was on the air a good deal last summer when he was off the air—we mean, he did a lot of vacation flying while in Europe

Says:

known at this writing but can be anticipated. So now you know why certain men prominent in the affairs of the nation don't relish the idea of Ted di Corsia impersonating them on the air, fine actor that he is.

Miscellany: Fame sure is fleeting. A Radio City haberdashery which features hats named after NBC announcers promptly removed its "John Holbrook" from the window when that mikeman left the networks . . . Grete Stueckgold is a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake, the English naval commander who helped to crush the Spanish Armada . . . Willard Robison doesn't conduct his orchestra when it's on the air. He plays piano while his sax tooter wields the baton . . . Jack Fulton and Paul Whiteman have parted . . . Before radio, Columbia announcer Andre Baruch was a magazine illustrator. To keep his drawing hand in condition, he still does an occasional cartoon . . . Radio City, the monument to the broadcasting industry, hasn't a single plaque or tablet dedicated to a wireless pioneer. Paul Whiteman has started a movement to do something about it.

• Radio Steps Out

SOME time ago this department quoted the prediction of Jack Lait, alert observer of current events, that eventually the broadcasting industry would embrace all show business. Well, a move in that direction may now be cited, *The Great Waltz*, imported musical being pre-

sented at the Center Theater, Radio City, is jointly owned by the Radio Corporation of America, RKO, the Rockefellers and Max Gordon, the nominal producer. Of the \$225,000 it cost to produce the show, the radio interests contributed \$125,000. And to exploit the spectacle both NBC outlets in New York City—WEAF and WJZ—frequently etherize scenes and songs from the production. In addition trailers advertising *The Great Waltz* are shown in RKO theatres, controlled by NBC, which in turn is a subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America. Thus is radio definitely linked up with legitimate show business and other important developments are impending.

Regarding commentators: Lowell Thomas, between his radio, lecturing, writing and motion picture activities, now has an annual income in excess of \$100,000 . . . Mr. Thomas, recently made a Kentucky Colonel, has also been adopted by the Mohawks. "Hot Coal" is the English equivalent of his Indian name. Here's hoping Colonel Lowell Thomas never burns out . . . Another commentator who has shot up into the big money class is Edwin C. Hill, erstwhile star reporter of the *New York Sun*. He is now appearing on seven weekly programs besides doing a syndicated daily newspaper feature and serving as the voice of the Hearst *Metro-tone News* . . . And Town Crier Alexander Woollcott, sponsored by Cream of Wheat, quite properly is doing a serial on Columbia. (Don't shoot the old grey head of this department, friends, the pun is Mr. Woollcott's.)



It takes a lot of Ruth Etting's time to keep her big book of clippings up to date. But she says she doesn't mind it a bit



Lawrence Tibbett has a lot of fun singing to himself in his apartment



Parker Fenelly and Arthur Allen are those Soconyland down-easters

SPARKLING NEWS NOTES STRAIGHT FROM GLAMOROUS RADIO ROW

Mike Says:



Del Campo, NBC orchestra leader, takes time out to rehearse a dance routine with Sarita, Spanish dancer, in the Hotel Roosevelt Grill

• The Public Be Fooled

A PACIFIC coast correspondent advises Mike that electrical transcriptions are being given unique treatments by a Long Beach station. According to this source, the announcer slurs his words when he mentions the phrase, "electrical transcription," and only a very few very alert listeners ever catch it. Then, supposing the record is one made by Bing Crosby, the announcer welcomes Bing to the studio, names the number and gives the word to the orchestra leader to play, much after the manner of Jack Benny. Bing sings one verse and the "master of ceremonies" interrupts (by stopping the record, of course) to tell Bing a funny story. After the laughter has subsided, he instructs the band to resume and Bing completes the selection. Whereupon the announcer thanks Crosby in a manner as gracious as David Ross himself in his most poetic moment. Nine out of ten listeners are convinced they have heard the living Crosby singing to the accompaniment of a human orchestra, so clever is this chap.

Bits about broadcasters: A cable addressed, "Yowsah, U. S. A.," will be delivered to Ben Bernie, the old maestro . . . Say what you will Gracie Allen is a smart gal. Daylight saving had been abolished two months when she remarked: "I thought something was wrong—it gets dark so early now" . . . "Kate Smith, From Coast to Coast" read a recent radio ad. It inspired so many cracks about the increase in Kate's girth that she requested its discontinuance, which was done . . . Grace Moore's hubby, Valentin Ferrara, who does Spanish versions of Hollywood pictures, once was a bull-fighter in that revolu-

tion-torn country . . . Elder Lightfoot Solomon Michaux, the Negro "Happy Am I" evangelist who recently tried to reform Harlem, was a bartender in his father's saloon in Newport News, Virginia, when he got religion.

• Advertising Example

RECOMMENDED to sponsors anxious for the good will of the public (which is what every advertiser craves): Henry Ford's admirable example in cutting out all commercial ballyhoo when he broadcast the World Series games. The motor monarch spent \$100,000 for the right to etherize the games in addition to what it cost for the facilities of the combined networks to carry the broadcasts to the country—a total which ran around \$300,000. Yet he was content with mere announcements as to the identity of the sponsor and there was no sales talk beyond the gentle intrusion of the slogan, "Watch the Fords go by."

Chiquito, vocalist with Lud Glaskin's Continental Orchestra, the man who made the country *Peanut Vendor* conscious, plays a native Cuban instrument called a tubla, a double drum. Just be-

fore he goes on the air, Chiquito heats the drum heads over a portable stove. They have to reach a certain temperature before the musician can play the strange instrument.

• French While You Wait

MARY EASTMAN was assigned the singing rôle of Grace Moore in *One Night of Love* on a recent *45 Minutes In Hollywood* program. She was scheduled to render the number in French as Miss Moore does in the film. But Miss Eastman doesn't speak French and was plenty worried. She spent two days rehearsing the ditty with a Gallic teacher and did nobly at the broadcast. Where there's a will, there's a way in radio.

Addenda: Nino Martini is a constant attendant at the talkies. He finds them of great service in his study of English . . . Rudy Vallée's contract with Fleischman's Yeast has been extended until January, 1936 . . . H. V. Kaltenborn is lecturing on current events at Columbia University . . . Louis Katzman's son plays piano in his father's orchestra. He is known professionally as Henry Manners . . .



Cantor & Family: Left to right, Janet, Edna, Mrs. Cantor, Marilyn, Marjorie, and—shaking hands with father—Natalie. They recently returned to New York from Hollywood

• Freedman To Einstein

DAVID FREEDMAN, comedy gag writer who supplies much of the air material of Eddie Cantor, Block and Sully and George Givot, has a son fourteen years old, of whom he is mighty proud. The lad (his name is Benedict, by the way) is a freshman at Columbia University and one of the youngest students ever admitted to that institution. Benedict has a natural leaning towards mathematics and if he emerges from Columbia a second Einstein, Papa Freedman won't be a bit surprised; indeed, that is just what he fondly expects and freely predicts.

* * * * *

Contrary woman note: Peter de Rose, composer, husband and co-star of May Singhi Breen, NBC's Ukulele Queen, wrote the song *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*, anticipating an act of nature in due course of time. But today, many years later, Miss Breen hasn't a single grey hair in her curly brown locks.

* * * * *

Lanny's Picture Troubles

CHECK up another instance to prove the apparent point that radio stars can't negotiate the movie hurdle. Lanny Ross, one of the ether's brightest stars, has been released by Paramount after making several pictures, notably *Melody in Spring* and *College Rhythm*. Lanny's fine voice registered to good advantage on the screen; but the movie moguls, it is rumored, weren't so well pleased with his abilities as an actor. Plenty of Lanny's fans are going to be pretty much disappointed.

Eight thousand people attend radio broadcasts every day in the New York studios of the two big networks. Theater owners are unhappy over this possible loss of business, but there seems to be nothing they can do about it. Columbia has just rented another theater for broadcasting.



Lois Bennett, star of *The Gibson Family*, whose portrait appears on the cover of this month's *RADIOLAND*, posed for our noted cover artist, Tempest Inman in a genuine Gibson girl costume resurrected from the Gay Nineties



Al Pearce, maestro of his famous radio song, has an annual hobby of collecting toys for crippled children at Christmas time. This corner of a warehouse shows Al with a few gift packages

Juliet Lowell, NBC script writer who turns out the *Dumb Belles Letters* series, visited a Turkish harem on a recent vacation and presents this photo to prove her story

Lou Holtz, at right, recently guest-starring on Rudy Vallée's hour, goes in for trick pictures, as befits a comedian. He isn't really riding that rickety bicycle—it's just a photographer's gag

—Ray Lee Jackson

Spoiled Brat

"MARK my words, you're ruining that child's life, and some day we'll all be sorry. The idea of giving in to the little brat in everything! Don't tell me she can go through life without getting her come-uppance," said Aunt Julia heatedly. "A few good whalings is all she needs."

Years later, as she sat disconsolate, ashamed, with nothing to live for, Irene Hubbard—Maria of *Showboat* to you—was to remember her Aunt Julia's oft-repeated warning. And was to regret that her big, rollicking father, so full of life and laughter, had spoiled her so terribly. But that is going ahead of the story.

Let's go back to the screaming nine-year-old girl, who had thrown herself prone on the sidewalk, a bedraggled mass of white ruffles, when Papa had refused to buy her a pound of fudge just before dinner. Of course, she got the fudge.

It didn't matter what it was his little orphaned daughter wanted: whether it was ice to suck on the coldest day of winter, or a \$75 coat to play in the child's word was law. When his adored wife had died, all the love and devotion he was capable of he poured out on their only child, seven-year-old Irene.

Though the neighbors complained of her being an unholy terror, no inkling of what an obnoxious little pest she was permeated her consciousness for quite awhile. An experience that might have cured her, was cut short by her father, and made no impression.

It happened this way. Her father, finally realizing she was becoming a wild Indian, sent her to St. Agnes' boarding school in Webb City, Mo. It sounded wonderful [Continued on page 55]



Irene
Hubbard

They Never Told Till Now—

UNTOLD STORIES OF THE STARS—By MARY JACOBS

"MARRY when you are mentally mature, when you know what you want out of life, and when you feel convinced you've found yourself. If you marry before that, you are headed for ruin and heartache."

John Barclay, star of the Palmolive Beauty Box, told me this. And he knows from sad experience, for behind his terse statement lie buried ten years of heartache and misery, the chronicle of his first marriage.

Undoubtedly, you've heard that John Barclay is married to the fascinating Madame Dagmar Rybnar, the pianist, and that they have a lovely five-year-old daughter. But what you've never heard is the story of his first marriage, to his cousin, Kitty Barclay. And never before has he admitted that he has three daughters by that marriage, ranging in age from twelve to nineteen, all lovely, intelligent English lassies.

Just as his second marriage is happy and successful, the first, which took place twenty years ago, was heartrending and disillusioning.

In strangely halting, tense tones he confided to me the tale of that young love. "I didn't have any business getting married the first time," he said slowly. "I was just past twenty-one, and graduating from Cambridge University, where I had prepared for the Church. We were just two darn fool, lovesick kids—"

"Kitty, my first wife, was my cousin, two years my senior. Since my prep school days at Harrow, we had been such good friends. To all my school affairs it was Kitty [Continued on page 62]



John Barclay

Unhappy Husband

Two more years of radio—then two sons and a daughter and a home-making career as plain Mrs. Don Ross. That's the design for living of lovely Jane Froman

By
ETHEL CAREY

"Want Babies"



JANE FROMAN is a mighty funny girl. She has everything that you and I long for: youth, beauty, talent, success, and an adoring husband whom she idolizes. The good fairies at her birth showered her with all the blessings; there isn't a thing they passed up.

Yet is she content? Not on your life. She plays deliberately to upset her apple-cart; to cast aside without hesitation the glamorous, golden existence of a popular radio and stage star. Two years from today, she hopes to retire from the ether waves. Strictly through her own choice will Jane Froman's name soon be only a memory along Radio Row. Lots of singers have catapulted to the heights quite as unexpectedly as did young Ellen Jane (she dropped the "Ellen" for professional reasons), to sink broken-heartedly into oblivion just as fast. But with Jane the story is different. Oblivion is of her own choice and against the pleas of the radio moguls.

I'll let you in on a secret: Jane wants to leave radio to have babies. She wants to change her title of Jane Froman, singing star, to that of plain Mrs. Don Ross, homemaker and mother of a family.

"Don and I," she told me, her lovely blue eyes lighting up in anticipation, "want to have three children, two boys and a girl. Of course, it's thrilling to be a stage star and radio singer. It's lot of fun, but I feel that rearing a family is more important to my happiness."

Like all other little girls, Jane Froman, as she played with her dolls, dreamed dreams of some day having real flesh-and-blood babies of her own to cuddle and pet. As she grew older, unlike most other little girls, her plans didn't change. Most of us dream of fame and fortune, of becoming fascinating actresses, with our names in electric lights, or movie stars with everyone bowing at our feet. But not Jane. Her dream never wavered.

"I never wanted to be famous," she told me earnestly. "I'm not the stuff of which career women are made. All I ever asked from life was love and children. Now that Don and I have been married for three years, we're beginning to think of making our dreams realities."

WHY doesn't Jane Froman retire right now, to have her family? Well, it's because she never does things by halves, and if she were to leave radio now, only part of her dream would be fulfilled.

Jane is a clear-headed, deliberate young miss. She's always gone after what she's wanted regardless of the obstacles. And she's never been willing to compromise. Back in 1930, when she first appeared at Station WLW in Cincinnati, her voice was a lyric soprano of [Continued on page 61]

Rumors that husband Don Ross's radio career is kept alive only through her own importance as a star Jane Froman dismisses as sheer nonsense. If it weren't for him, she says, she never would have broken into radio. At right, Ellen Jane Froman at the age of five



Their Faults were their Fortunes

Rudy Vallée
froze his fingers—Tosca-
nini was so near-sighted he
could hardly see the printed
notes—Schumann-Heink couldn't
read music—but, like many other
radio stars, they turned these
handicaps into fortunes

By
DORON K. ANTRIM



When Kate Smith couldn't reduce,
she decided to capitalize on her big-
hearted personality

GLEE CLUB REJECT



Fred Waring

NEAR-SUICIDE



Mme. Schumann-Heink

ARE you too big, too small, too poor, too rich; were you ever jilted socially; are you crippled, near-sighted, deaf, and so on and on? In short, have you a handicap, or two, or three? If so, don't spend your days pitying yourself. We all have defects, thank God, since we are all human, and ten to one, if you've got any gumption, they will be the making of you.

Recall the tale of the tortoise and the hare? Old Aesop was right. Those who have everything seldom amount to anything. Psychologists say that people react in three ways to handicaps; they are either licked by them, they overcome them, or they cash in on them. President Roosevelt and Connie Boswell are outstanding examples of the overcoming of affliction. While the fights they made strengthened and steeled their characters, these two did not necessarily turn their defects into dividends. I'm speaking of the other kind; those that have been converted into cash, that have turned the tide of success. When you realize what some of our biggest radio stars have had to face, perhaps you will take a new grip on the ball.

You might think, for instance, that Rudy Vallée, today at the top of the heap, just had everything to begin with and dismiss the matter there. Yet Rudy's career was as full of faults as an old shoe. His hurdles began when he was a gangling youngster eyeing with envy a second-hand saxophone in a store win-

dow. How he wanted that instrument, but he did not have the price. His dad turned him down cold when asked to advance the money. Suppose the pater had purchased it, Rudy might easily have lost interest and become the drug clerk which his father wanted him to become. But since he had to get it by taking a job in a theater as usher and saving up hard-earned pennies, when he finally made the down payment and carried it home, he intended to learn to play it or bust. You know how you value things you work for.

RUDY might still be an unknown sax player had he not frozen his fingers practicing in a cold hall one Christmas vacation back in the old home town. That incident turned his mind to other things, such as leading an orchestra, which he did at Yale, paying his way through school.

After acquiring his sheepskin, he played sax in various Boston bands, then came to the big town where the leading orchestras with one exception, turned him down. That was in December, 1927, the heyday of jazz and the demand was for hot sax tooters, the woods being full of them. Rudy could not play strictly hot music; it was foreign to his nature. Finding himself stymied, once again he got some men together on his own. If he had secured the job he wanted, he probably would have been buried for life.

It was a queer outfit he assembled and

RADIOLAND

TOO SMALL



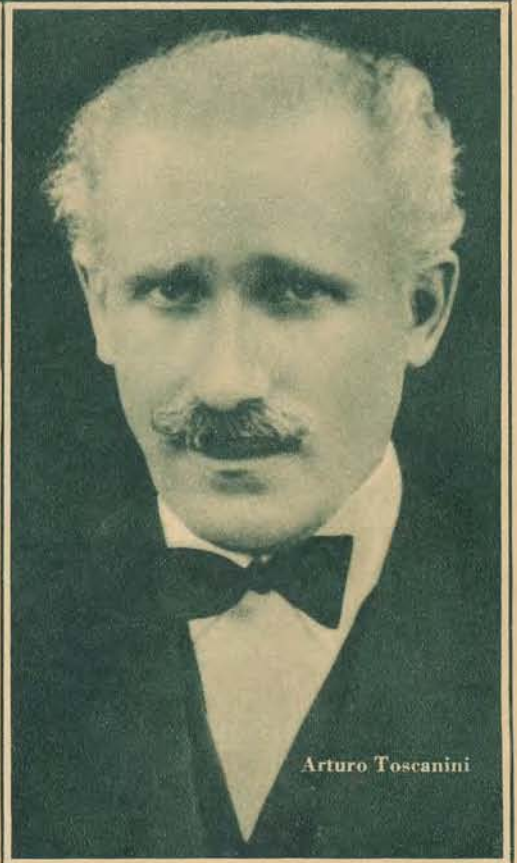
Nathaniel Shilkret

FROZEN FINGERS



Rudy Vallée

NEAR-SIGHTED



Arturo Toscanini

had about as much chance breaking in as a frail bark bucking a tidal wave. Nobody wanted a sweet and simple band when "more heat" was the cry. Should Rudy join the jazz crowd? It was an important decision. We are all faced with the decision sooner or later, of either following the crowd or going our own way and being considered queer. What would you have done under similar circumstances? Rudy decided to be queer.

Then Don Dickerman took a long chance on him at the Heigh-Ho Club and things began to happen. The club had an NBC wire but could not afford an announcer. If Rudy wanted to keep his precarious job, there was only one thing to do; be his own announcer. But don't you see, this kept him from becoming a mere stick waver and forced him into a new field, that of master of ceremonies in which he is king-pin now.

BY ANOTHER fluke he was forced to sing. The singer did not show up one night and Rudy took his place. He had done very little singing before that. His voice was weak and uncertain. But the radio provided the amplification. Rudy Vallée was probably the first of the clan of crooners and success came swiftly. Did quick success go to his head, as in the majority of cases, and ruin him? Not this chap. He kept riding around in a little old flivver when he might have had a Rolls-Royce. But to keep on top—that was still the question.

Came a bid to the theater and he was told he would be a flop since his weak voice would never get over the footlights. Which was true. But he harked back to his college days, grabbed a megaphone and brought down the house. Just one thing after another goading him on and keeping him in the running.

Rudy Vallée has stepped to the pinnacle of success on failures, flukes and faults. But you will have to hand it to him—he has been a pretty clever stepper.

Did you ever have so many bad breaks, one after the other that you felt like taking the gas route out? If so, you can appreciate how Mme. Schumann-Heink has felt any number of times. She has had enough trouble all through her life to crush any but the stoutest heart.

For years she was so poor she came near starving to death, and once decided to end it all by leaping in front of a train with her children. But she drew back the last moment when her smallest child looked at her pitifully and said, "Mamma, I love you." She was unbeautiful and ungainly and when she confided her ambition to a director to become a contralto, he roared with laughter and said he could make her a comedian but never a contralto. She could not even read music and once spoiled a mass in which she sang, thereafter deciding she would learn.

BUT her main handicaps were children—eight of them. They had a habit of coming along at a crucial time

in her career when she was getting a real opportunity, and just ruining the chances. Marrying her first husband at eighteen, she immediately lost her position at the opera and her husband lost his. Her fourth child, Hans, kept her from a long-sought engagement which meant not only much needed money but opportunity. When playing opera in London she got a telegram saying her baby was dying. She rushed from the theater to go to Germany and by so doing broke her contract and closed her career in England.

Although another baby was about to be born, rather than miss her American début, she appeared regardless and received an ovation.

Babies—one after another—they made her keep on. She was their main support and every new arrival meant another mouth to feed. She just could not quit.

No one has had more heart breaking hardships and searing struggle than this glorious universal mother. She has bounced off each like a rubber ball. Sons were taken from her in the war, and to top it all, her fortune was swept away in the late, lamented crash. That's why you hear her singing today at seventy-three and why she puts so much feeling into it.

She has lived every song she sings.

DO YOU happen to be undersize or oversize? Then you are probably sensitive about [Continued on page 53]

Reviews of the NEW PROGRAMS



DICK POWELL proves that he has what it takes for radio success on the *Hollywood Hotel* program, in which Jane Williams—who won the audition contest with the first name of Rowene—supplies the feminine interest. Dick's singing and Ted Fiorito's music have improved outstandingly over last year's performances. El Brendel purveys Swedish dialect comedy and with more time allotted to him might develop into a leading air comedian. There's a bit of movie chatter and guest stars of the cinema, the whole program originating in an authentic Hollywood setting.



HELEN HAYES is one of an impressive series of guest stars who go dramatic on the *Lux Radio Theatre* on Sunday afternoons. This is one of those programs presenting hit plays which have caused a flurry among Broadway producers who are finding the market booming for the radio rights to box-office hits. These dramas are good radio fare, even though working without stage effects.



SIGMUND ROMBERG is known to millions as author of scores of operettas of the tuneful Viennese type, and it is a pleasant achievement of radio which brings him to the *Swift Hour* every Saturday evening to lead the orchestra which plays his own compositions—many of them written expressly for the program, others selected from his vast background of musical accomplishment.



KATE SMITH, the singer, now has become Kate Smith, the showman. As ringmaster of her own daytime revue, which started the trend toward afternoon variety productions, she acts as singer, mistress of ceremonies, comédienne, and producer, and acquits herself capably in all rôles. We still think she's best as a singer. Seems strange she has had but one sponsor during all her radio career. This is a big-time show with remote pick-up novelties, songs, guest stars, a serial and comedy. The hope probably is that it will interest a sponsor.



JOSEF PASTERNAK runs the orchestra on the new Atwater Kent series. You'll remember Atwater Kent as one of the big shows of radio in its early days, and it's welcomed back to the air-waves after a two-year absence. As before, outstanding stars of the operatic and concert world are presented on successive Monday nights, and there isn't a one of them who wouldn't lend distinction to any musical program—such artists as Grace Moore, John Charles Thomas, Fichard Bonelli, and Mario Chamlee being among those presented.



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT receives the accolade of a sponsor as he returns to radio with his stylized anecdotes about his eight hundred personal friends, spiced with sly dissertations on literature and history and topped off with his own distinctive brand of yarn-spinning. One of the chief charms of the program, aside from Woollcott's verbal prestidigitation, is the flexible setup which lends variety from week to week. Any topic, any musical theme, any guest who strikes Woollcott's fancy may pop up on the program at a moment's notice.



ED WYNN proves, as we suspected, to be Ed Wynn—which means that you guffaw heartily at his gags, or gnash your teeth. The whole spirit of his program is so rollicking that we personally recommend entering into it.



VIVIENNE SEGAL carries the soprano rôle in *Waltz Time*, and with Frank Munn as tenor and Abe Lyman's orchestra supplying the music, this is one of the most pleasant of radio's musical half hours in lighter vein. The dreamy waltz tempo is distinctly first class.



DWIGHT FISKE shares honors with JANE FROMAN on his "Intimate Revue." Fiske is Park Avenue's favorite cocktail entertainer. Fiske is handicapped somewhat by having to subdue his racy slant a bit for radio consumption.

Recommended PROGRAMS

HERE is the Radio Rounder's personal selection of programs which seem to him to represent the cream of the current crop. Among those which you can't afford to miss are the following:

Will Rogers; Rudy Vallée's *Variety Show*; Alexander Woollcott; Fred Allen; Jack Benny; the several symphonic hours, such as the *General Motors Symphony Concerts* and the *Ford presentation of the Detroit Symphony*; Fred Waring's *Pennsylvanians*; *Showboat*.

Other programs particularly worth dialing in include: *Major Bowes' Capitol Family*; *The March of Time*; *Hall of Fame*; *Burns and Allen*; *Lux Radio Theater*; *Ben Bernie's Blue Ribbon Orchestra*; *Easy Aces*; *Palmolive Beauty Box Theater*; *Lawrence Tibbett*; *Mary Pickford*; *Paul Whiteman's Music Hall*; *Block and Sully's Big Show*; *Phil Baker's Armour Program*; *Jessica Dragonette* and *Cities Service Orchestra*; *John McCormack*.

Perhaps your rating of the month's best is very different—if so, write and tell us about it.



ELSIE HITZ and NICK DAWSON transport their "Dangerous Paradise" from the South Seas to the far north, but the change in climate doesn't affect the quantity of hair-raising adventures which they pack into their melodramatic serial. Romance, mystery, physical action—all the elements of a blood-stirring thriller are compacted into this program, with the hero playing the rôle of a Canadian mountie. Not designed for critical acclaim, this hour's high-spirited content appeals to the universal yen for swash-buckling adventure.



WILL ROGERS is one of those gifted souls who can't be dull or boring. Whether he's twirling a rope on the stage or narrating his adventures in Russia for his radio audience, he's one of the few people you've simply got to pay attention to. Sometimes we have a hunch he isn't as ungrammatical as he'd have you believe. On his *Headliners* program, he alternates appearances at monthly intervals with Stoopnagle and Budd, the latter pair giving a breezy variety show with their individual brand of humor.



MILDRED BAILEY, the Rocking-Chair Lady, is back on the air in *Vick's Plantation Echoes* after a rather extended radio vacation. Co-featured is Willard Robison and his "deep river" rhythms. There is an unusual quality in the voices of Miss Bailey and Robison which give a subtle distinction to this program, without making it startlingly outstanding. It's a good run-of-the-mine hour which you won't turn off, nor extend yourself particularly to tune in. Emphasis is on music rather than showmanship. Robison's orchestra does well.

By
IDA BAILEY ALLEN



Christmas at the Table

Whether it's cakes or cookies for Yuletide gifts or a roast suckling pig as the piece de resistance, you'll vote these recipes the tastiest you have ever prepared

THERE is a little Normandy village that nestles beneath a lofty cliff in a sweeping curve of the River Seine. It's an old village. And among its oldest houses is one that is famous. Once upon a time it belonged to a noble family. A king's son, wounded in battle a few miles away, came here to die. But that was long ago.

The ancient house is now an inn. Behind tall grey walls, the merry making and laughter of guests may be heard. It is Christmas Eve, and men and women from far and near have come here to celebrate. They are gathered in the great panelled dining room, with its fireplace reaching to the ceiling. Presently, they will slip their coats on over evening dress, and step across the way into the cold shadowy Cathedral. Then with the sound of carols ringing through their heads and with toes frozen stiff, they will return for the Reveillon dinner.

This is the scene that flashed through my mind as I began to plan Christmas dinner. As I thought of it, I knew that there was a dinner so delicious that it might do honor to the most elaborate home, yet so simple that it would be adaptable to the smallest flat. For at the very moment that brilliant lights are shining through the leaded panes of that famous inn, the windows of every little cottage are twinkling just as merrily.

So this is the dinner that grew out of my memory. You will find it in the center column on this page.

NOW, let us see how this dinner may be adapted to purses lean and purses fat. Seasoning and service are the secret of the first course of celery bouillon. For a basis, use a good stock—chicken if you have it, and season until you are satisfied that it can't be bet-

Christmas Tea

Rollod Gress Sandwiches
Goose Liver Paste On Thin Rye
In Fancy Shapes
Brown and White Ribbon Sandwiches
With Anchovy Paste Filling
Wine Cookies Gingernuts
Sienna Cakes Sherry
Hot Tea a la Russe (Served in glasses
with slices of lemon and rum)

Christmas Dinner

Celery Bouillon Croutons
Broiled Oysters on Toast Points or
(Deville'd Shrimp)
Maitre d'Hotel Butter
Little Suckling Pig Sage Stuffing
(Or Stuffed Shoulder of Pork)
Baked Apples Roast Chestnuts
Broccoli Glazed Sweet Potatoes
Lettuce with Tarragon Dressing
Roquefort or Strong American Cheese
Soda Wafers
Sherbet Ring with Brandied Fruits
Gateau de Normandy
Demi-Tasse
WINES: Chablis, with the oysters
Red Burgundy, with the roast
Champagne, with dessert
Brandy, with coffee
(Or in true Normandy style, cider
through the meal with apple-jack
at the end)

Christmas Eve Buffet Supper

Cocktails and Assorted Appetizers
Cold Roast Turkey
Cranberry Jelly Molds
Stuffed Artichokes
Queen Olives Celery Hearts
Buttered Rolls
Rum Cake
Demi-Tasse
WINES:
Choice of California Sauterne or
Claret, with the Turkey
Choice of Muscatel or Port, with
the dessert
Brandy or Assorted liqueurs with
the coffee

ter. Be sure to add a few grains of sugar. Then serve it in your most attractive bouillon cups or two-handled peasant bowls.

For the second course, choose either broiled oysters or devilled shrimp. If it's broiled oysters that win the toss, don't forget to add a bit of lemon juice to the butter in the pan. Then pan-broil them until the edges curl, no longer.

And here are the recipes for Maitre d'Hotel Butter and Devilled Shrimp:

ALL MEASUREMENTS ARE
LEVEL. RECIPES PROPOR-
TIONED FOR SIX.

Maitre d'Hotel Butter

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon minced parsley
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
Sprinkle of cayenne
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Cream the butter, and add the rest of the ingredients. Beat thoroughly, chill in refrigerator; shape into balls with butter paddles and serve.

Deville'd Shrimp

4 cups fresh cooked or canned shrimp
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter or vegetable margarine
Flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon mustard
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cayenne
 $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chili sauce
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon minced parsley

Roll the shrimps in flour. Pan-fry for five minutes in the hot melted butter. Then add the remaining ingredients and cook for three or four minutes. Serve on toast points or rounds and garnish with parsley.

Roast Suckling Pig

For the little suckling pig, should you decide on this *piece de resistance*, better leave as much as possible of the preliminary preparation to the butcher. He will do the "necessaries." Then with the pig in the kitchen, wash in cold water and drain well. Dust to suit with salt and black pepper and stuff the pig

with a rich onion bread-crumbs dressing, mincing the onion thoroughly and using salt, pepper, sage and marjoram liberally. The heart, liver and kidneys may be boiled, minced and added to the dressing if desired. Sew up the opening, and bake in a hot oven from two to three hours, basting frequently the first hour with a half cup butter or vegetable margarine and hot water (or Madeira wine.) Use the butter or margarine alone during the last hour. Shelled chestnuts and apples to be used as garnishes may be baked in the pan with the pig during the last half hour. When served, an apple stuck in the mouth adds a real Christmas touch. Should the ears and tail show signs of burning, cover them with parchment paper.

Or instead of a whole pig, substitute—

Stuffed Shoulder of Pork

Have the butcher bone the pork shoulder. Stuff the opening with a well seasoned bread dressing, and skewer or sew in place. Sprinkle with flour, salt and pepper. Roast in a moderate oven, for about three hours, basting frequently with fat. Apples and shelled chestnuts may be baked in the same pan.

The broccoli served with this course is boiled until tender, drained carefully and served with a little melted butter poured over. If not procurable in your markets, a whole head of cauliflower may be used. This may be garnished with coarse bread crumbs fried in butter or vegetable margarine.

The tarragon dressing for the salad is simply a French dressing in which the so-called tarragon vinegar is used. To make this dressing more piquant, add a small amount of chopped onion or chives, or a clove of garlic (removing it before serving), a sprig of parsley and some prepared mustard; letting it stand for an hour or two before using. The dressing must, of course, be shaken or stirred at the last moment.

Sherbet Rings With Brandied Fruits

For the dessert, you may simply heap sherbet into glass dishes, scoop out the centers and fill with brandied fruits or with diced fruits, flavored with a dash of brandy. Or you may adopt the method of one of New York's smartest hotels, and serve it in a ring with the fruits heaped in the center. To do this, pack hard sherbet into ring cake pans, put wax paper between them and slip into the freezing compartment of the refrigerator, until ready to serve. Unmould onto your handsomest dessert plates, quickly fill the centers with the brandied fruits, and await your guests' applause.

Complete the Normandy cycle with Gâteau de Normandy, a variation of Scotch short-bread.

Gâteau de Normandy

- 2 cups cake flour
- 1 cup butter or vegetable margarine
- 6 tablespoons powdered sugar
- 1/8 teaspoon nutmeg

Mix the ingredients with the hands until smoothly blended and thick like putty. Pat into shallow pans lined with waxed paper, making the dough a fourth of an inch deep. Bake in a moderate oven, 350 degrees F., about thirty minutes. Just before it is done, cut in diamond shapes with a sharp knife and return to the oven to brown.

[Continued on page 64]

Why You Have ACID INDIGESTION

And a Great New
Advance in
Relieving Fussy Stomachs

THERE are many causes for the acid indigestion which at times troubles almost everyone. Eating too fast, an American habit, is one cause. Nervous strain and high tension living, another. Wrong habits in diet such as eating too much rich, highly seasoned foods—too many acid-forming foods—are at the bottom of a great deal of trouble. Then many people complain of certain foods, often their favorites, which for some reason, cause trouble. Even healthful fruits and vegetables contain certain acids or other chemical substances which may be irritating.

Quick, Safe Relief

A splendid way to relieve the distressing symptoms of acid indigestion is to munch 3 or 4 of the new antacid mints, called TUMS, after meals. TUMS have a distinct advantage over older methods. They contain an antacid which is neither acid nor alkali except in the presence of acid. This element acts as what scientists call a *buffer*—it neutralizes excess acid but never over-alkalizes the stomach. When the acid conditions are corrected, if there is any excess of TUMS it passes on undissolved and inert, and without having to go through the blood and kidneys. Unlike raw, caustic alkalies, TUMS soothe the stomach, instead of irritating it.

When mistakes in eating, drinking, excess smoking, cause your stomach to



Hurried meals, nervous strain, wrong eating habits are frequent causes of acid indigestion.

pour out too much acid, try TUMS. You will find them very pleasing, just like eating a dainty candy. They work so quickly to relieve the annoying heartburn, sour stomach, gas, bloating, and are harmless.

Eat Favorite Foods

You'll find you can eat many favorite foods without bad after-effects. Or when you're not feeling just right, try eating 2 or 3 TUMS. You may be surprised at the difference they make. TUMS come in small rolls convenient for pocket or purse, so you can always have them handy for quick relief. You will find them in any drug store—only 10 cents. (TUMS contain no soda.)

FREE

1935 Calendar-Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send stamp for postage and packing to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 8-ACC, St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

TUMS ARE ANTACID
NOT A LAXATIVE

For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR



HANDY TO CARRY

Radio Secrets Winchell Won't Tell

[Continued from page 13]

German bomb knocked a couple of wires off his house during the war. Nino was going to pick 'em up; decided not to and gingerly stepped over 'em . . . Later learned they carried enough volts to blow him into St. Peter's lap.

Was Conrad (Gibson Family) Thibault's face maroon? . . . When he was singing on the Philip Morris program he offered his sponsor a cigarette. It was a Chesterfield . . . Though he's only twenty-eight, he's a widower . . . The marriage was an elopement . . . If he offers you a drink, don't take it. When he was a kid, a bum at the door asked for a drink. Con got him what he thought was a bottle of his pop's best rye. It was his mother's best furniture polish . . . The bum liked it—and lived.

Andre Kostelanetz can't take it when people pass cracks about saxophones . . . Likes the ladies but isn't tied . . . Maybe he wouldn't get a chance to speak his six languages if he were . . . They're Russian, German, French, Polish, Spanish and Hebrew . . . But think of the names he could call her without getting her sore!

Sixty-four-inch tall Mildred Bailey weighs three pounds to the inch, so no wonder the rockin' chair's got her in a vise-like grip . . . Her hobbies are eating spaghetti and fishing . . . Can't stand radio columnists who criticize, or cats, but is so fond of wild animals that she won't wear a fur coat, or even fur trimming.

Tony Wons (otherwise known as Anthony Snow) can't spell any better than the fans who address him as Tony Wong, Toby Ones, etc. . . . He writes Riboletto, Lucy Bori, Dostoyefski, Cathrine Cornell and etc. . . . Though he broadcasts to the boys in the hosps, he vows he takes no interest in any wars, past, present or future . . . AND HE HAS NEVER BEEN IN ANY, despite what you have read.

The biggest thrill Frances Langford ever got was having her pic taken with ex-Gov. Al Emanuel Smith . . . She used to be a soprano; had her tonsils tweezed and turned contralto . . . Once when swimming in Florida water was attacked by a shark. After a short struggle, she licked him. Maybe he was a man-eating shark and didn't like ladies? . . . She may not be an angel, but still I'm sure she'll do. Anyway, she can play a harp, and does unless forcibly prevented.

If you boil Uncle Bob Sherwood's necktie and vest, you'll get a good, nourishing soup; he's that careless with his gravy . . . Though the last of Barnum's clowns, Unk still loves dancing . . . A great guy . . . He thinks all poets are "slightly off their nuts."

If Roy Atwell had been a better actor, he wouldn't be the air's chief speech inverter today . . . Played a serious bit (a butler) in his first appearance. The aud laughed uproariously, and he was

no end hurt . . . Lives peacefully in "lawless" America, but came out of the Royal Auto Club in London, "where they have no crime," and found a man climbing into an overcoat he (Roy) had left in his car. When he told the lug to put it down the guy pulled a gat and winged lead at him. Missed and ran. The R. A. C. doorman took one swing at the heist guy and kayoed him. Then peace reigned cats and dogs.

Everybody asks Jack and Loretta Clemens if they're Mr. and Mrs. They're not. They're brother and sister.

The nicest compliment Don Bestor ever got was from a fellow he had a fight with. "You," said the loser to Don, "pack a healthy wallop" . . . Uses lipstick—colorless—to keep his lips from chapping . . . Married to Frankie Klassen and has a daughter, Mary Ann . . . In a restaurant, Don is the lad who is mixing the salad dressing. Nobody else can do it to suit him.



Garbo may be all the world to Jimmy Durante. However, she'll never get to first base with Phil Harris, who can stand almost anything in women but does demand dainty dogs on 'em . . . His wife's named Mascotte, and they like to read in bed . . . (May Breen and Peter de Rose don't—they're the sweethearts of the air) . . . Give Phil a hammer and he's happy. Not a knocker, mind you, but has liked carpentry ever since studying thumbpoundery in school.

What can be done about pretty, twenty-year-old Vera Van? . . . Her ambition is to have at least three children . . . After she's married, of course . . . You can address her as Vera Geraldine Webster—and you'll be right.

Marion Sayle Taylor, the Voice, has been written to in all seriousness as "Dear Noisy Experience" and "Voice of Expedients" which means that some peo-

ple have pretty punk radio sets . . . If he wasn't mighty brittle, he wouldn't be b'casting . . . Was an organist (working his way through med school) when he broke his hands in thirty-two places in an accident, thus terminating all chances of a future in either organplaying or surgery . . . Took a running broad jump in prep school and smashed bones in both feet . . . Averages 75,000 letters a mo, mostly from married women . . . Has sold 3,000,000 of his books, and has lectured to 4,000,000 people, not counting radiofans.

Jack Benny got married on an hour's notice. To Mary Livingstone, of course . . . Was born on Valentine's Day, 1894. . . . Was kicked out of school some dozen or so years later . . . He can do almost anything except finish jigsaw puzzles. In fact he can't even start 'em.

Jessica Dragonette is another child of Valentine's Day . . . Spends lots of \$\$\$\$ on evening clothes to wear while broadcasting . . . Once when walking to the studio a messenger boy on a bike ran into her and knocked her for a loop . . . She's interested in astrology . . . Wonder if she saw stars then?

The sight of a taxi-meter clicking off nickels causes Gracie Allen acute anguish . . . Her favorite poem is "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses," by Dorothy Parker . . . Once she Told A Lie and her aunt took her new wool stockings and burned 'em in the stove, making Gracie stand on a chair and watch . . . If her aunt could only hear her on the air! . . . Gracie has been Mrs. G. Burns for more than eight years.

That redheaded moosik maker, Wendell Woods Hall, knew Marian Martin, who lived two blocks away in Ravenswood, Chi, Ill., for ten years before they married . . . She can cook his favorite dish just the way he likes it. It's beans . . . He's saved two people from drowning . . . And if you can't make your checkbook balance you're a kindred spirit. He flunked algebra five times.

And the Boswells . . . Vet's real name is Helvetia . . . She and Connie made their first appearances in Navleens, at different theatres. Vet got \$300 a wk; Connie, \$50. And now look at 'em! . . . Each has a nickname. Connie was called Tony in school; Vet was Fatso; Martha, Toad . . . Connie used to worship Jack Dempsey, whom she'd never met . . . She makes a braid over her right ear when she wants to be lucky.

Had David Ross been a wow of a piano salesman, he wouldn't be our suavest announcer . . . Bounced by a dept store's piano dept, he sought a job in the same outfit's little radio station. Got it. When times got tough, he was one of the first they fired . . . CBS immediately snapped him up . . . Which proves that small station directors don't know good announcers . . . Which is probably why they remain small station directors.

Rosario Bourdon keeps TWO stop watches on his conductor's stand when leading the Cities Service Ork . . . One, he feels, might go haywire, but not two at the same time . . . His family thinks he works too hard and doesn't get paid enough.

Overwork has Ted Fiorito so nervous that he can't read or relax on his day off . . . He's written 72 hit tunes, as *Three on a Match* (his pet superstition), *Laugh, Clown, Laugh* and *King for a Day* . . . Ran away from home when twelve . . . Stayed missing two days, then got homesick and hungry . . . Has a white piano out in Chi, with 2,000 signatures on it—all friends and celebs . . . Nothing could make him part with the watch his wife gave him, though he's divorced.

Jimmie Melton is the proud possessor of thirty-five hats . . . Always puts a pillow over his head when he sleeps, to keep the nerve out . . . When he dies, he wants his epitaph to be, "Here lies a good singer—and a better cook." . . . (I want mine to be, "Born August 1902—Died August 2052.")

More than 200 phonograph records have been made and 100 songs published by Carson Jay Robison, Boss of the Buckaroos . . . His pet hate is "radio stars who come from lowly surroundings, make a degree of success and get the big head" . . . Put 'er thar, pardner! . . . Once when he was turning his car on a dark, narrow road he backed the rear wheels off a hundred ft. cliff . . . The bus balanced on its framework, so he wasn't pulverized.

Theodore is NOT Ted Husing's first name, which is Edward . . . He always knocks wood and lights candles before putting on a big job . . . Habitually eats between meals . . . Missed a broadcast once. Nothing romantic like a railroad wreck or a busted leg . . . Just overslept.

Her full name is May Singhi Breen de Rose, for her pop is Singhi, the builder, and her husband is Peter de Rose, her air (and home) Sweetheart . . . He's composed more songs than you can count; among them *When Your Hair Has Turned to Silver*, *Have You Ever Been Lonely*, *Muddy Water*, etc. . . . May's daughter, nee Rita Breen, recently married a lieutenant and is living in Honolulu.

Gladys Swarthout has two cousins who're Deans of Music. Donald M. S. at the U of Kansas; Max von L. S. at the U of S. Calif. . . . Her father-in-law is Dean of the Faculty of the American Museum of Natural History . . . Though a very feminine person, Glad used to take boys parts in the Met Op . . . But you should see her in an evening dress! . . . She met Frank Michler Chapman in the opera house in Florence, Italy; saw him later in N. Y.—after a year they had a joint recital (he's a baritone) and after another year they married . . . She was born on Xmas day, 1904 . . . And she's nervous before every broadcast, but forgets about it when she starts to sing.

When he's seventy (and not a minute before) Art Bagley, 54-year-old gym class conductor, wants to retire . . . He used to be an athletic director, trainer, pro gymnast and newspaper reporter . . . Now takes his exercise playing pinochle, reading, fishing or walking . . . Has been in railroad and boat accidents, but never was scratched . . . Bill Mahoney, his accompanist, has been with him ten years.

Once upon a time Harry (A & P) Horlick had a nice nest egg . . . Wall
[Continued on page 65]

TAKE CARE.. COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE!

AN EMINENT physician states that of the 60,000 preventable deaths yearly in the U. S., many are due to neglect of the common cold. It is vitally important, therefore, that colds be kept under control.

If you catch cold easily—and your colds hang on—don't take needless chances. Follow Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. Thousands of clinical tests, supervised by practicing physicians, have proved its helpfulness—for fewer, shorter and milder colds.

When Colds
THREATEN
.. VICKS
VA-TRO-NOL



At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze, quick! . . . Vicks Va-tro-nol! Just a few drops up each nostril. Its timely use helps to prevent many colds—and to throw off colds in their early stages.



If a Cold
STRIKES
.. VICKS
VAPORUB

At bedtime, massage throat and chest with VapoRub, the modern way of treating colds. Through the night, its direct two-way action—by stimulation and inhalation—brings soothing relief—without risks of "dosing."

(Full details of this unique Plan in each Vicks package.)

VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

Most Amazing Typewriter Bargain EVER OFFERED

NEW REMINGTON PORTABLE
ONLY 10¢ A DAY

Big Price Reduction

FIRST TIME! Remington's new purchase plan now lets you buy a genuine latest model Remington Portable No. 5 direct from the factory for only 10¢ a day. Not used or rebuilt. Not incomplete. A beautiful brand new regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard, standard width carriage, margin release on keyboard, back spacer, automatic ribbon reverse; every essential feature found in standard typewriters.

ONLY 10¢ A DAY. The amazing low price and easy terms now make it possible for you to buy this genuine, complete Remington Portable for only 10¢ a day. But we cannot guarantee present prices long. Higher wage scales, rising cost of materials, everything points to higher prices.

So we say, "Act now . . . while our liberal offer still holds good!"

You don't risk one cent!

Try this typewriter in your home or office on our 10-day FREE TRIAL OFFER. Then if you do not agree that it is the finest portable at any price, return it at our expense. You don't even risk shipping charges. It's the best chance you've ever had to own so complete a machine for so little money. So don't delay. Mail the coupon NOW, or write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 235-1, Buffalo, N. Y.



10 DAY
FREE
TRIAL
OFFER

FREE TYPING COURSE

With your new Remington No. 5, you get . . . ABSOLUTELY FREE a 19-page course in typing. Teaches Touch System, speeds up work. Soon you dash off letters faster than with pen and ink!

FREE CARRYING CASE

You also get FREE a sturdily built carrying case, covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base.



CLIP COUPON NOW

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 235-1, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Money Making Opportunities Always Open

Hundreds of jobs are waiting for people who can type. Typewritten sales reports, letters, stories, ideas, always command more attention than handwriting. A Remington Portable has started many a young man and woman on the road to success.

A Gift for Every Member of the Family

If you want a gift for birthday, Christmas or graduation . . . one that Father, Mother, Sister or Brother will use and appreciate for years to come . . . give a Remington Portable. It's the one gift the whole family will appreciate.

Recipe For Romance

[Continued from page 21]

and talked and joked with fellow actors. Fred hated nightclubs, dances, noisy mobs, orchids and painted ladies. Portland enjoyed a cabaret every now and then, going to a dance. She respected Fred's desires; these were out.

"A year to a day after we met, Fred said he had something to tell me. 'If you think I will make you happy, I'd like for us to get married,' he said humbly. We were married in St. Malachy's church," Portland said.

The Fred Allens are happy. It is Fred who makes all the decisions, who rules their home. "We don't go out much," Portland explained. "Fred's always busy working on new skits. But he's always so sweet to me, I'm more than satisfied. When I get a little restless I go over to my girl friend's, and we play cards."

Portland got the man she wanted by being sweet and adoring and clinging-vinish. She keeps him by adjusting herself to him; they both are content.

GERTRUDE BERG, originator of the Rise of the Goldbergs programs, didn't employ either Mary's or Portland's technique. She won her man by just being natural. She never pretended to be pleased when she was angry; she insisted on having her own opinions. She was the dynamic, wilful young miss Nature intended her to be.

Mrs. Berg is the most brilliant of all the radio stars I have met. Dynamic, sparkling, full of life and energy. Above

all, she possesses a sense of humor. She met her husband, Lou Berg, when she was thirteen and he, twenty-three. Her family had a summer home at High Mount, N. Y. Lou Berg was visiting relatives on his vacation.

Aside from outswimming, out-riding and out-hiking the quiet, serious young engineer, Gertrude never gave him a thought. You don't, at thirteen.

Five years later she again met him in the country. He began to court her in earnest. Two years later they were married. They have two youngsters, a girl of ten and a boy of eight.

Lou Berg is entirely different from his high-spirited wife. He is quiet, serious, has a definitely scientific turn of mind. Why did he marry Gertrude Berg? Why did he deliberately undertake to tame a madcap, to live with a girl who never took pains to conceal her cleverness, who insisted on having her own sweet way?

"Let's ask him why he married me," Mrs. Berg said mischievously. "It's really so long ago I can't remember how it happened." To the phone she went. She interrupted her husband in his office. "Lou," she said teasingly, "why did you marry me? There's a young lady here who must know."

There wasn't a moment's hesitation. "Because," came his reply, "you were such an interesting, brilliant kid. You were so eager to learn, so lively and clever I knew it would be a pleasure to help you develop, to watch you grow.

I knew there'd never be a dull moment, living with you."

GERTRUDE BERG won her man by being natural. If she had tried Julia Sanderson's method, she would have been a grand flop. So perhaps it is just as well she never met Frank Crumit, Julia's husband. Julia became Mrs. Frank Crumit by making Frank proud of her beauty, proud to be seen with the best-dressed woman in town; proud of her poise and social grace. She deliberately tried to make him feel he was boss; to this day she always turns to him for counsel.

"We met several years ago when both of us were playing in musical comedy," she told me. "I immediately liked his wholesome, hearty manner, his friendliness to everyone.

"I knew that as a leading man in the theater he met all kinds of women. Some very beautiful. Others very wealthy. Others with the aura of glamor, of mystery. I knew he appreciated dainty, feminine women. So every dollar I made went into clothes. Soft pinks and grays and blues; feminine trinkets. I was sweet and sympathetic. I let Frank know how much I appreciated the little courtesies he showed me, in our stage work. I went to him for advice. I developed social graces—a pleasant, low voice; I tried to be well-groomed always, with spotless fingernails and shining hair.

"Frank was interested in stocks and bonds; I studied up on them so he could talk to me and I could answer intelligently. I made him feel proud to introduce me to his friends, proud to be with me. That's why he proposed."

JANE ACE'S experience was a bit different from that of the other stars. Nature has made Jane a very determined, shrewd young lady. Nature has made her husband, Goodman, a fine, determined young man, who enjoys—as don't we all—being told how wonderful he is.

Jane adored her big, blond husband since high school days, when he condescendingly offered to help her with her algebra. He was a good tutor, for Jane caught on rapidly. Jane realized that Goodman enjoyed feeling superior to a mere girl; was flattered that he could help her.

She wisely kept up the illusion of not being able to understand algebra, without his assistance. A little later, she had him teach her to ice-skate, while she thrilled audibly at the grace with which he swung his bulky figure around.

Love begets love. Jane appreciated him; certainly she was a remarkable girl. Goodman and Jane were married. Jane still carries on her role.

Really, Jane Ace is not so dumb as she sounds on the air. Goodman goes out of his way to prove he can live up to her ideal of him. They've been married for several years; you'd think they were on their honeymoon, from the gentleness and deference he accords her.

This is how different types of women won their men. Mary Livingstone made Jack Benny jealous; Portland Hoffa made Fred Allen boss; Gertrude Berg acted naturally; Julia Sanderson made Frank Crumit proud of being with her; and Jane Ace used the tried and tested method of repeating "how wonderful you are."

Each one is successful for a definite type of person. Just take your pick.

Olsen and Shutta Score Hit at College Inn



Speaking of radio's romantic couples, don't forget George Olsen and Ethel Shutta. This popular husband-and-wife team has lately been scoring a hit with programs broadcast from the College Inn, Chicago, over the NBC network

Radio Enters the Fight on Crime

[Continued from page 15]

Sing, however, were put to a purpose other than the Welfare fund. The Warden used the bulk of this small fortune to build a modern equipped gymnasium for the inmates of Sing Sing. When finished, the building and its equipment will belong to New York State as it is erected on ground owned by the State, but to this amazing man this is beside the point. The point is that the men serving time will have a gymnasium where they can work off surplus energy and keep themselves in good physical shape. Healthy bodies go a long way to making healthy minds.

AND yet, Mr. Lawes is not a fanatical philanthropist to the point of depriving his family or himself of a few certainly well-deserved luxuries. For instance, the warden's trips back and forth from the penitentiary are made in his own limousine. Which brings me to a story. There are two sets of gates at Sing Sing, a strong pair of inner gates opening to the outer gates, which are called the "Pearly Gates" by the prisoners, are two trustees nicknamed "St. Peter" and "St. Paul."

Mr. Lawes drove through the "Pearly Gates" on one return to the penitentiary and paused long enough to greet the trusty nearest him with: "Hello, Paul." "I'm not Paul, Mr. Lawes," the trusty grinned. "I'm Peter." He looked admiringly at the Warden's car. "Gee, that's a swell buggy you got," he said. Mr. Lawes smiled. "What would you do with a car like this, Peter?" "Oh, boy, what I wouldn't do," sighed Peter.

The Warden drove on, still smiling. Perhaps he had a notion. "St. Peter" was serving time for an amusingly extraordinary crime. He had been caught selling lots in New York's City Park to susceptible strangers whom he picked up on the streets!

"You might be interested to know," a friend who was with the Warden remarked to me, "that the inmates in Sing Sing are the severest critics of Mr. Lawes' broadcasts."

I was both interested and surprised. "Do you mean to say they actually criticize the programs?"

The Warden smiled. "Yes," he said, "they tell me how they liked them. They also sometimes suggest stories for future broadcasts."

In his broadcasts, of course, Mr. Lawes changes the names of the characters, but he does not change their stories. The prisoners usually know the men he is talking about and it increases their interest in the sketches.

"Sometimes," the Warden recollected with a pleased smile, "those I dramatize also tell me what they think of the program. There was Mike, the Rat Catcher, for example."

MIKE dates back to the days before the War when Mr. Lawes was put in charge of the New York Reformatory in New Hampton, a small town up-state from New York city. Mike, Mr. Lawes soon learned, was a boy who had the reputation of being

[Continued on page 50]

THOUSANDS LEARN MUSIC WORLD'S EASIEST WAY

No Expensive Teachers . . . No Botherome Scales . . . No Boring Exercises

BEGINNERS PLAY REAL MUSIC FROM THE START

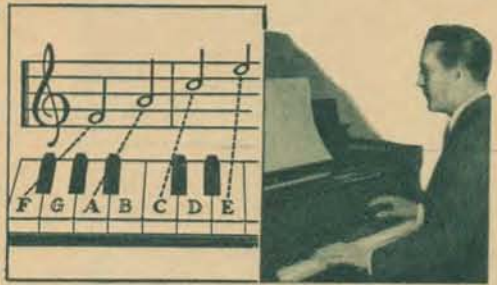
Yes, literally thousands of men and women in all walks of life have learned music—have won new friends, become socially popular—this quick, modern, easy as A-B-C way.

You, too, can learn to play—to entertain others—to pep up any party—just as these thousands of others are doing. And you can do this without the expense of a private teacher—right in your own home. You don't need to be talented. You don't need previous musical training. You don't have to spend hours and hours playing monotonous scales and humdrum finger exercises. You start right in playing real little tunes. And sooner than you expected you find yourself entertaining your friends—having the best times you ever had.

Easy as A-B-C

The U. S. School method is literally as easy as A-B-C. First, it tells you how to do a thing. Then it shows you in pictures how to do it. Then you do it yourself and hear it. What could be simpler? And learning this way is like playing a game. Practicing becomes real fun instead of a bore as it used to be with the old way.

Prove to yourself without cost how easily and quickly you can learn to play. Send



for Free Demonstration Lesson and Explanatory Booklet. See the simple principles around which this method is built. If you really want to learn music—if you want to win new popularity—enjoy good times galore—mail the coupon below. Don't delay—act NOW. U. S. School of Music, 361 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

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Send me your amazing free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane; also Free Demonstration Lesson. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name

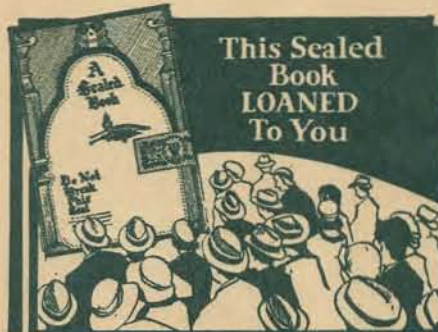
Address

Instrument

Have you Instrument?

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Piano Violin
Guitar Saxophone
Organ Ukulele
Tenor Banjo
Hawaiian Guitar
Piano Accordion
Or Any Other Instrument



THOUSANDS EVERYWHERE ACCLAIM THIS New Psychology Of Life!

Have you unrealized hopes? Does the tomorrow of your ambitions and desires never seem to come? Are the better things of life always just beyond your reach?

Times have changed—but have you? Change your old form of thinking. Adopt a new psychology of life and MASTER YOUR PROBLEMS. It takes no greater mental effort to achieve results when you know how.

Let the Rosicrucians show you, as they have thousands of others, how by the use of simple laws you can apply the same powers of your mind to bring about startling changes in your life. If you are sincere in your desire, address a letter for the free Sealed Book. It will point out how you may obtain this most helpful information. Address: Scribe R. P. D.

The Rosicrucians
-AMORC-
SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

Perpetuating the Ancient Rosicrucian Secret Teachings

Constipated Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last—In Safe ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

IT DATED from about the time she was married—her trouble with intestinal sluggishness, chronic tiredness, nervousness and headaches. Nothing gave more than partial relief until she tried a product containing a balanced combination of natural plant and vegetable laxatives, Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets). The first dose showed her the difference. She felt so much better immediately—more like living.

Your own common sense tells you an all-vegetable laxative is best. You've probably heard your doctor say so. Try NR's today. Note how refreshed you feel. Note the natural action, but the thorough cleansing effect. NR's are so kind to your system—so quickly effective in clearing up colds, biliousness, headaches. And they're non-habit forming. The handy 25 tablet box only 25c at any drug store.

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

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

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

The Lovely Golden Hair You Had... When You Were A Little Girl... Why Not Have it Again?



RESTORE LOST LOVELINESS TO DARKENED BLONDE HAIR WITH MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

THE shining blonde hair that captured hearts when you were a little girl—Why Not Have It Again — To Capture Hearts Again!

Remember—Nature gave you pretty blonde hair—you have every natural right to keep your hair as lovely as nature created it. Give blonde hair the simple treatment it needs—darkening will stop—lustrous golden tints will creep back into your hair. The Marchand hair experts have spent a lifetime studying blonde hair—what causes it to darken and how to offset the effects of darkening, safely and successfully. The fruit of their long scientific labor is Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Thousands of women use this fine product to protect light hair from darkening. Some want striking blonde hair—others want only a tiny, high-light tint—without making a decided change. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will do either. Hair can be lightened a tiny shade at a time until you obtain the tint that pleases you most. New hair can easily be matched.

Marchand's is perfectly safe, not a dye or powder. Will not wash out or come off, has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required. Get a bottle today!

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

Marchand's also makes dark excess hair IN-VISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no re-growths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive thru the sheerest of stockings. Inexpensive, satisfactory! Do it today!

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail—Use Coupon

Marchand's
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y. C. F. G. 135
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name _____
Address _____ City _____ State _____

"If Only I Had a Chance—"

[Continued from page 27]

Larry sings. From the time of his first program on, Larry's career will depend on his grip on listeners' interest, on his own good business judgment, and on luck. He may become a great star—or he may stay in the ranks of those hard-working radio people, who, by getting on three to five programs a week, manage to earn from \$100 to \$300 a week—if they are lucky, too.

It is difficult to advise would-be radio entertainers on how to get a hearing if they live miles from the network centers of New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, San Francisco and Los Angeles. It's difficult enough to get auditions when you live in those cities.

The network officials will not encourage people making a journey just for an audition. In fact, even before an audition is granted these busy days, the network people want some assurance that the person has something worth hearing.

IT IS possible to have a recording made of a voice and, if it is sent to a network, someone will hear it. But good recordings are expensive and cheap ones are worse than worthless.

It is a waste of time and postage stamps to write some established radio artist, asking for help. Not that the radio artists are hard-hearted, but I know it to be a fact that all of them get dozens of such letters every week.

Beware, too, of the so-called radio schools which promise an "audition" at the end of the course and make claims of contacts with important advertising agencies and radio stations. There may be a few reputable schools, but I have yet to hear of any casting director in radio being the slightest bit influenced, except adversely, by a diploma or a recommendation from a school of radio technique.

I've tried to give you an honest picture of what a lot of work is required to get anywhere in radio and I've tried to list some of the useless things many people try. And now I'm going to give you a scene between someone who has been in radio for a long time and a girl, with a sweet voice, who wants to become a radio entertainer. The girl—let's call her Dorothy—has managed to obtain an interview with this person who knows radio. We'll call him Mr. Ward. The curtain goes up on Mr. Ward's office!

WARD: So you want to be a radio entertainer?

DOROTHY: Yes sir.

WARD: What can you do?

DOROTHY: I can sing. I'll sing for you right now.

WARD: No . . . that will come later. I want to ask you some questions and perhaps tell you a few things. Why do you think you have enough ability to be a radio performer?

DOROTHY: All my friends have told me I sing just as well as a lot of girls who are stars on some of the biggest programs.

WARD: One thing to remember is—the best friends usually make the worst critics. Never depend on what your

friends tell you about your abilities as a singer or an actress. They think you are good because they love you—and to them, you are good. But on the air, your audience is made up almost entirely of total strangers. Did anyone else ever tell you you were good?

DOROTHY: Yes. My voice teacher.

WARD: He would, naturally, since you have paid him to give you a well-trained voice. He wants you to feel that you got your money's worth. Have you ever made any money singing?

DOROTHY: No.

WARD: Any professional experience?

DOROTHY: I sing in the choir . . . and at the annual show the Elks' Club gives—I always get a lot of applause.

WARD: Your friends are at those performances, aren't they?

DOROTHY: Oh, yes.

WARD: Do you think you can compete with singers like Jessica Dragonette, Kate Smith, Jane Froman and Virginia Rae?

DOROTHY: Perhaps I wouldn't be as good as they are—anyway, not at first . . . but if I only had a chance . . .

WARD: Listen, young lady, everyone I just mentioned has had years and years of training in music. Years and years of training either in the theatre or at the microphone or both and everyone of them worked for years before they were ever heard of.

DOROTHY: I'm willing to work . . . I'm willing to take years if it is necessary.

WARD: No tell me truthfully—haven't you dreams of being a great radio star in less than a year.

DOROTHY: Well . . . I might . . .

WARD: It has happened . . . but it has happened so very seldom that no one understands just what did happen.

DOROTHY: If I only—

WARD: If you only had a chance. All right . . . you'll get an audition. That'll be your chance—but remember there are hundreds upon hundreds of trained singers waiting for jobs. Singers we know have lovely voices and who would be stars—some of them will be in time—if they only had some good luck.

DOROTHY: Just get me the audition.

WARD: I'll arrange that—but remember—don't be disappointed if nothing comes of it, and if your voice is acceptable, be prepared to wait and to work and work and work. That's the only way you'll ever get anywhere near the top.

OF COURSE our Dorothy is luckier than a lot of people who haven't been able to get auditions. But, if you want that one chance, you can get it if you have enough courage and perseverance and will-to-succeed. There are hundreds of radio stations in every section of the country and while it is impossible for the big stations to test the abilities of everyone applying for an audition, if you have anything at all, surely you can convince the manager of a small station to listen to you. And, after you're once on the air, it's up to you to work your way on up . . . and, if you're lucky, you may be a radio star by-and-by.

Rudy Vallee's Music Notebook

[Continued from page 22]

the tragedy of a nation. It revolves around last summer's drought and the firm of Shapiro & Bernstein has felt that this plea to the Almighty for moisture in any form should be put into song by Billy Hill, whose epic, *The Last Round-Up*, is the greatest saga of our day.

The Gay Divorcée

Back to talking pictures, we come to an RKO picture called *The Gay Divorcée*. It is a picturization of the successful play which featured Fred Astaire in New York City. In the picturization by RKO, Fred finds himself aided and abetted by Ginger Rogers, his lovely partner of *Flying Down To Rio* and the *Carioca*, making, as they did, such an excellent pair in that dance which has since become world famous. It is felt that in this picture a new dance, The Continental, might likewise create another dance vogue.

There is another grand tune from the picture, a tune called *Needle In A Haystack*, which is a most excellent and danceable tune.

Out In The Cold

Out In The Cold Again is a torch song of the torchiest type, but one which consistently grows on the listener, which is a credit to its composers, Rube Bloom and Ted Koehler—a song which I am secretly glad was one of our recordings. I say "secretly," because I am rather loathe to admit that I have reversed my judgment.

Stars Fell On Alabama

Stars Fell On Alabama is a good example of a publisher of popular music trying to capitalize on the success of a best seller in fiction and doing it fairly successfully. As a rule an attempt of Tin Pan Alley to capitalize on a picture

success or book success has not been too happy. *Farewell To Arms* was the exception, and this seems to be another one. I have not read the book, but I have heard the song, and it is a well-constructed one, written by two staff writers of Mills Music, Inc., Mitchell Parish and Frank Perkins.

One Night Of Love

One Night Of Love . . . it would be difficult to mention this song without paying tribute to Grace Moore, Tulio Carminati, and to Columbia Pictures for having given the masses opera, or at least bits of opera, in a most beautiful and easily-assimilated dose. But it is not only the handling of the opera bits, but the development and contrasting of the two characters as portrayed by Miss Moore and Mr. Carminati, that causes the audience to find tears of emotion welling upward as Miss Moore in *Madame Butterfly* prepares to go on the stage to sing without her Svengali to bring out the best in her, only to discover him in the prompter's pit, not knowing whether she wishes him to be there or not. A grand climax of climaxes! The song *One Night Of Love* itself has very little to do with the development of the picture, being merely a song she sings when trying to win a scholarship in a series of auditions being held in an American broadcasting studio.

I might continue this month's resumé of what I think will be the songs you will love to hear by getting you all excited about the songs from Bing's latest picture, and the one Lanny Ross has just completed, but not having seen them I feel that the discussion had better be postponed until next month. As for the songs from my own picture, we'll have to wait until they are definitely selected and spotted in the picture before I let you know the worst. This will probably be in time for next month's issue.

Phil Baker Breaks Out as Play Producer



IT'S an old theatrical tradition that every comedian's ambition is to play *Hamlet*. Phil Baker insists on being a bit different—he isn't treading the boards as a tragedian, but he is producer of a new Broadway play titled *Geraniums in My Window*. At this writing the play is running with apparent success after receiving what the critics call "mixed notices," which means that some are for and some ag'in it. It is rumored that the movie scouts have made an offer for the cinema rights. In the meantime, Phil is still pretty happy with his accordion.

NERVOUS? FIDGETY? IRRITABLE?



Thousands Find Relief in This Remarkable Nerve-Nourishing Food

ARE you apprehensive, easily upset? Do little worries make you irritable and disturb your sleep? Do you often feel depressed and nervous? You do? Then you should combat your condition with a special nerve-nourishing food. You should supply your system with extra quantities of the substances now known to be absolutely essential to strong, steady nerves.

These substances are the vitamin B factors, the precious nutritive elements which, science has discovered, give tone to the nervous system and help to keep it stable. Ordinary foods contain only limited amounts of this nerve-protecting vitamin complex. Many common foods contain none at all! Is it any wonder that so many people fail to nourish their nervous system sufficiently to resist the strain of modern living?

There is one easy way that you can supply your nerves with the food substances they should have. Eat Yeast Foam Tablets. These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the vitamin B complex. They are pure yeast—and pure yeast, science now reports, is the richest known food source of the essential vitamin B elements. These elements will nourish your under-fed nerves, strengthen them and give them needed vigor and stability. At the same time they will help you to correct skin disorders, constipation, indigestion, lack of strength and energy.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Begin now to correct your touchy, irritable condition with this remarkable, nerve-nourishing, health-building food!

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THEY'RE the rage at Hollywood teas... these different Hollywood Tea Balls! And at sophisticated teas in New York and Miami too, they've quickly become the vogue! HOLLYWOOD TEA BALLS are perforated miniature kettles with a charming tray to match. Made of durable, non-tarnishable nickel silver. Perfect for bridge teas, luncheons and everyday meals. Delightful and unique for bridge prizes, shower presents or Christmas gifts. Use them and win the admiration of your guests. Order yours today.

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Also sold 4 in a box for \$4.00. only postpaid
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Kidneys Cause Much Trouble Says Doctor

Use Successful Prescription to Clean out Acids and Purify Blood— Beware Drastic Drugs

Your blood circulates 4 times a minute through 9 million tiny, delicate tubes in your kidneys, which may be endangered by drastic drugs, modern foods and drinks, worry and exposure. Be careful.

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, Ind., says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, frequent night risings, itching, smarting, burning, painful joints, rheumatic pains, headaches and a generally run down exhausted body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects a frequent cause of such conditions (Kidney or Bladder dysfunctions).



Dr. W. R. George

It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract and in freeing the blood of retained toxins." If you suffer from functional Kidney and Bladder disorders don't waste a minute. Get the doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). Formula in every package. Starts work in 15 minutes. Gently soothes and cleans raw, irritated membranes. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to fix you up or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs only 3c a dose. At all drug stores.



Radio Enters the Fight On Crime

[Continued from page 47]

bad. Careful study of Mike, however, gave Mr. Lawes a clue to what he believed was the redeeming feature in the boy's character—his love of animals. The lad had an extraordinary knack of catching rats alive. He kept these curious pets in an old gasoline tank and he was very good to them, so good that he trained them to be quite gentle.

Mr. Lawes thereupon decided that the way to reform Mike was to put him in charge of the horses and leave him to execute his job entirely on his own. Mr. Lawes was right in his analysis of Mike, the Rat Catcher. Left to himself yet subtly guided by the Warden, Mike soon appreciated that he was being trusted. Happy in his work and happy in not being spied upon as "bad boys" frequently are, the boy changed remarkably.

Sixteen years passed from the time Mike was released from the Reformatory until Mr. Lawes dramatized his story over the air. The day after the broadcast of the "Mike The Rat Catcher" sketch, Mr. Lawes received a letter postmarked Brooklyn. It was from Mike:

"I enjoyed my story over the air very much," wrote Mike. Then he went on to say that he had served with the A.E.F. during the War and, upon returning home, had started in the construction business in Brooklyn. He prospered in it, married, had two fine children, and was very happy. "But," Mike added, "I've given up the rat vocation!"

The Warden enjoyed this letter. He appreciated a letter that came from a woman not so very long ago and which said, in part: "After listening to your program, Mr. Lawes, I see now where I could have been of real help to my wayward son had I been more sympathetic in my treatment of him. Maybe because I nagged at him instead of reasoning with him quietly and kindly had a lot to do with his staying away from home nights and going more and more wrong until he was finally arrested and sent up for a prison term."

THIS woman had caught the spirit of Mr. Lawes' broadcasts, for though he preaches no heavy lessons, draws no tiresome morals from the realistic dramas he puts on the air, he does endeavor to convey the thought that kindness and sympathetic guidance are vital emotional factors in helping a man to go straight.

A recent broadcast of a sketch called "The Quality of Mercy," brought the Warden three letters almost identical in substance. One was from a supreme court judge in Baltimore, Maryland, saying he knew just the case that Mr. Lawes had dramatized and he was happy one young man had been rescued from crime by the kindness of the man who had given him a job and a chance to go straight. The judge also stated he knew other instances where ex-convicts were being given the opportunity to go straight and were going straight.

"That," Mr. Lawes stressed, "is what radio can and is doing to help prevent crime."

Letters from radio fans alone con-

tinue to prove this. Both young and grown-ups are thinking of crime and its prevention according to the proven ideas of Mr. Lawes. A New York orphanage penned a note to the Warden telling him that his program had been selected by the orphans of their institution as their favorite radio broadcast. From Waterbury, Conn., a school teacher dropped Mr. Lawes a line to say she had recommended his program to her class as she felt the children should know the realities of crime and that they would learn about these realities through his fascinating broadcasts.

In St. Louis, Mo., a group of young men have organized themselves into "The Lawes' Juniors Club" for the intriguing purpose of discussing Mr. Lawes' broadcasts and their relative values in aiding them to help prevent crime.

Thousands of letters pour in to Mr. Lawes after each of his programs. Practically all of them reveal that the writers are beginning to think about crime from the constructive, kindly viewpoint. This viewpoint and the active execution of it, the Warden believes, will go a long way to blotting out crime.

THE Warden made his first radio broadcast back in 1923. He said: "I debated the subject of Capital Punishment."

"Which side of the question did you take?" I asked.

"I have always been against capital punishment." He half-frowned. Perhaps he was remembering the twenty-five men and the woman now in the death house at Sing Sing waiting electrocution. Perhaps he was remembering the hundreds and hundreds of men, and also women, he has seen "burned" during his twenty-five years and more of prison activities. Clearly, the memories were unpleasant, for he straightened his shoulders impatiently as if to forget these memories and went on to say:

"I've broadcast since 1923, of course, but it was not until 1932 that I entered seriously into this field."

Warden Lawes will probably continue in radio. He is serving a three-fold purpose by so doing: he entertains millions of listeners. His programs tend to help prevent crime. Nearly all the money derived from them goes into the Mutual Welfare fund that plays even a more direct part in preventing crime by caring for the impoverished.

But what radio program do you think the inmates at Sing Sing selected last year as the one they liked the best of all? No, you're wrong. It wasn't the Warden's program. It was the Goldbergs! And why the Goldbergs? Because, according to Mr. Lawes, the Goldbergs is a richly sentimental sketch of the home life of real people and in the hearts of even the worst of criminals is a longing for home and loved ones. To aid criminals, both real and potential, to achieve this commendable longing and to go straight in the achieving is the life work of Lewis E. Lawes, the quiet, gravely kind, steady-eyed Warden of Sing Sing Penitentiary.

Not Jealous—But Proud

[Continued from page 30]

that for more numerous than the so-called "mash notes" are the Request Letters. And in these letters—from both men and women—are the intimate, revealing pictures we like best. You see, usually the writers tell Jimmie why he—or she—wants to hear a special number.

Young people ask to hear "the song I heard at the Country Club dance Saturday night." It means that party was a good one. *I'll Take You Home Again*, *Kathleen* is an old song that many ask for. How many happy memories it must stir to be requested so many, many times!

There's something else I should like to say to those who believe that fan mail is a big, bad bugaboo to arouse the jealousy of an artist's wife. Fan mail has revealed to the Meltons that the public is happy in our happiness. They like it that there is a Mrs. Melton, and a great many of them have written to me.

Not only are there letters from Jimmie's fans to me—among my cherished possessions are many gifts that represent charming gestures of friendship extended from these unseen listeners.

AT THIS time, I wish that through the medium of this story, the Meltons, with most sincere gratitude, might be able to thank a friend we've never been able to find for his touching and much prized gift. Sometime ago, we received from him a water color sketch of our first boat, *Le Reve*. It hangs today in the stateroom of the *Melody*, our

current cruiser, to be admired and to constantly remind us that we would like to tell him—with no small embarrassment—how we lost the address and how sorry we are.

I hope now you understand why fan mail is fun and not a cause for jealousy. Oh that reminds me, there's another Big Question I'd like to settle as just one woman's answer to: Isn't it difficult being the wife of an artist?

Difficult? It's enchanting. I have a full life, exciting and intriguing even though I have no career of my own and want none. I was a student at Bryn Mawr when I met Jimmie and that settled the problem once and for all. I took the job of being Mrs. James Melton and there's nothing routine about that. It has as much variety as a stock actress' rôles. In the course of one short day I play audience, critic, telephone girl, general assistant, hostess and Ambassadors-at-large in the kitchen detailing the course of the day's work so that the odd hours of an artist's household will seem perfectly sane to the servants and perfectly smooth to my husband.

Having been married to Jimmie for five years, I often wonder if it isn't dreadfully difficult to be a business man's wife. Because what should I do if I couldn't see so much of him? What interest would I have if I couldn't share in his music and his work? Oh, I like it this way.

Decidedly the Meltons are full of song. Mine is in my heart.

Stop a COLD the First Day!

**Drive It Out of Your System
—Roots and All!**

A COLD once rooted is a cold of danger! Trust to no makeshift methods.

A cold, being an internal infection, calls for internal treatment.

A cold also calls for a COLD remedy and not a preparation good for a number of other things as well.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is what a cold requires. It is expressly a cold remedy. It is internal and direct—and it does the four things necessary.

Four Effects

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs and fever in the system. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling and tones the entire system.

Only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies these four effects and anything less than that is inviting trouble.

Get Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine at any druggist, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy." Ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine by the full name and accept no substitute on any pretext.



GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassel-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday, 1:45 p. m. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.



LOSE FAT



Lost 63 lbs. ... Feel Fine! WRITES RENO LADY Why not do as she did?

● If you have tried other methods to lose fat and failed, read this letter and take heart! "I tried a lot of methods to reduce yet nothing worked... I was desperate. Then I tried RE-DUCE-OIDS. My weight was 175 lbs., now it is 112! I lost 63 lbs., feel better and look better!"—Mrs. Aldina Wood, 101 Burns St., Reno, Nev. Others write of weight reductions in varying amounts, as much as 80 lbs., and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

A California Graduate Nurse writes: "My own experience with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name and address on request.) As a Graduate Nurse she knows how important this fact is to you: RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dinitrophenol. Expert chemists test every ingredient.

RE-DUCE-OIDS are so easy to use. Just a small, tasteless capsule, according to directions.

FAT GOES...or no cost to you!

● If you are not entirely satisfied with the results you obtain from RE-DUCE-OIDS, you get your money back! You risk no money! Start today before fat gets another day's headway. Sold by drug or department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, send \$2.00 for 1 package or \$5.00 for 3 packages direct to us. (Currency, Money Order, Stamps, or sent C.O.D.). In plain wrapper.

FREE! valuable book

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



GOODBYE, FAT!

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746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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

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

Radio Kids Like Christmas, Too!

(Continued from page 19)

stairway on the morning of the twenty-fifth that will bring a cherubic laugh to his pink little countenance.

Come to think of it, Santa Claus may, if he wishes, bring to Master Michael Downey the pony he had reserved for seven-year-old Ed Lowry Junior. Little Ed, you see, had set his mind on a pony long, long ago, but that was when the Lowrys were living out in California. Dad had promised him the pony, but of course a pony isn't of much use to you when you live in a New York hotel. The Lowrys had to come to New York to live when Ed signed his radio contract, but Ed Junior was a very good sport about the whole matter. He offered to compromise on a fireman's and a policeman's uniform, and dad Lowry was so pleased at his being such a little man in spite of the disappointment, that he promised the boy the pony as soon as they move out of New York.

Now a pony, you must admit, is a pretty large order, but it seems small when you consider pretty Miss Jean East, who is sixteen, and a daughter of jovial Eddie East, of the Sisters of the Skillet. Jean, who is, of course, a very grown-up young lady, is coming home from Smith College with a whole bevy of girl friends for the holidays, and she is already quite aware that the shiny new roadster she asked for will be parked outside the door awaiting her on Christmas morning.

David Friedman, who writes Eddie Cantor's comicalities, has spent much more time in department stores of late than he has at his typewriter. Dave, with three young Friedmans already, and the stork scheduled to arrive in February—just too late for Christmas—has his hands full.

BENEDICT FRIEDMAN, fourteen, is the youngest student ever to be enrolled in Columbia University, and his wants are as manifold as his academic attainments. A set of ivory chessmen, skates, tennis racket, some additions to his stamp collection are minor items on his Christmas list. The principal present he wants (and will receive) is—of all things!—a fully equipped laboratory. Now of course, there is a limit somewhere. Santa simply can't get a fully equipped laboratory into his bag, but the important thing is that Dave Friedman can get it into his apartment, the apartment being one of New York's most lavish triplex penthouses. Noel, twelve, and sheik of the Clan Friedman, wants his first pair of long trousers, so that he can appear to best advantage among his extensive feminine acquaintance. Toby Friedman, who is ten, wants a Punch and Judy theater. To let you in on a family secret, Toby is stage-struck. "Can you beat that?" demands his daddy, "after all he's seen of actors, he still wants to be one!"

Carson Robison, whose Buckaroos are heard over CBS, has an ambitious five-and-a-half year old daughter, Patricia, who has told Santa Claus in no uncertain terms that she would like to have a two-wheeled bicycle, please; she's tired of tricycles. Her little brother Bobbie, who is a leap year baby, born

February 29, 1932, insists he wants a tractor like the one on his daddy's farm, and sticks to his story no matter how hard they try to switch him off to something else.

Mark Warnow's little boy Morton, nine, wants to be a detective when he grows up, and he has told Mark that a suitable Christmas present would be a "Sherlock Holmes outfit" — whatever that may be. You would be taking a load off Mark's mind if you could tell him where to get one, or even, for that matter, just what "a Sherlock Holmes outfit" consists of. The wants of the middle Warnow child, Elaine, who is seven, are more clearly defined. Elaine wants to be an actress, and she has given Mark a list of the costumes she wants for Christmas, so she can perfect herself in the rôles she wishes to enact. Sandra Warnow, who is only six months, doesn't even know what Christmas is yet, so she hasn't been consulted in the matter.

WHEN you are speaking of the Christmas of radio folk, you cannot overlook Tim Ryan and Irene Noblette. Tim Ryan has sixteen brothers and sisters, and thirty-five nephews and nieces. Each Christmas, Tim and Irene throw a huge party, with presents, mind you, for every one of the fifty-one relatives! Who says there isn't any Santa Claus? You ought to see the Ryan menage at Bayonne, N. J., on December twenty-fifth.

Santy was a bit worried about his visit to the Phil Baker domicile, and surely he could not disappoint little Margot Eleanor on her very first Christmas. Last year didn't really count because she was only one month old but she had been a very good girl all year and expected Santa to reward her. Mama Baker and little Margot are wintering in Florida at their Palm Beach home and "Donder and Blitzen" are not keen on making the trip to the sunny southland.

However, two gallant friends came to Santa's assistance. Little Margot Eleanor had gurgled her Christmas requests in baby language which only St. Nick and papa and mama understand. She wanted a teddy bear, a stick of peppermint candy and a little brother or sister to play with. Daddy Phil offered to make the trip by plane and substitute for Santa, bringing a load of toys, and Sir Stork had promised to deliver a baby brother by Christmas or at the very latest by New Year's. And so Christmas at the Baker home will be a merry occasion not only for little Margot but for Daddy Phil too, whose fondest wish will be realized when a little son is deposited in the beribboned bassinet which is waiting down in Florida for its new occupant.

WANT TO GET ON THE AIR?
Then don't miss **RADIOLAND'S**
School of the Air—Fred Waring
gives the first lesson in the
February issue.

Their Faults Were Their Fortunes

(Continued from page 39)

it. But don't worry. More often than not, this handicap will bring out some exceptional or unsuspected quality you never dreamed you had.

When Nathaniel Shilkret was a boy, the other kids called him "Pee-wee." He didn't mind it so much then, but when he realized he would never be more than half-pint in size, it hurt. He wanted to be an orchestral conductor and a conductor should be tall and commanding.

He began setting up a defense complex. He would make them forget his physical stature by doing more than was expected of him. He would master so many details he could not be disregarded.

He began by learning to play every instrument in the orchestra, so that if he corrected a player who came back with, "Ah, what do you know about the oboe?" he could show him. Knowing how to play the instruments, he was able to write music for the orchestra, to make the arrangements. He literally studied with the old masters. Taking a piano arrangement of a Wagner opera, he would make a full score and then compare it with the original. What a bear he was for punishment!

When he went with the Victor Company, he sat up nights after the day's work was done, making arrangements, making up for his shortness of stature.

I have seen him work all night on a score to be ready for next day's rehearsal, while his helper, a man twice his size, would be curled up over the desk long since, dead to the world. Tell me, would Nat have put himself through all these paces if he had been a big, handsome brute? Ask old Aesop.

THEN there is the other extreme, the person who is too big, and that one is—you guessed it—Kate Smith. At first Kate was extremely sensitive about her size, especially since she came up through the stage where appearances count. She tried to do something about it to no avail, and then she decided to capitalize on it. She has built herself around a personality that is big in size and big in heart. You just couldn't imagine her being a perfect thirty-six.

Not all our handicaps are physical by any means. How would you feel, for instance, if you were not accepted in the social group to which you had set your heart on belonging? Would it leave you baffled, or would it stir the old fighting spirit?

Jack Denny was born in Greencastle, Indiana and naturally went to DePauw University there, where his father was professor. But Jack was not scholastically inclined, preferring to pound the piano in picture shows and at dances.

Jack did not make any of the fraternities at school. It was a bitter pill and rankled. When Jack left school to join a vaudeville act, he subconsciously decided to show the school bunch a thing or two. It was a hard, long trail, but Jack pushed to the top. He has forgotten about the incident long ago. But don't you see, he had to justify that early rebuke. A recent issue of the university alumni paper points with pride to Jack Denny, the "famous orchestra leader."

FRED WARING faced a situation somewhat similar. Back at Penn State, he failed to make the glee club. Since then he has shown not only the university, but the whole world, what a glee club can really do. Strange how a failure or defeat will fire a man to go out and do the seemingly impossible.

Some years ago there was a cello player of Parma, Italy—and this is the most amazing tale of all. The youth played in the opera house orchestra and was so near-sighted he had to bend close to the score to see the notes. To most orchestra players, this might not seem like much of a hardship, they being hidden away in the pit out of sight of the audience. But to this particular cellist the thought of going through life with his nose stuck in a score was not to be tolerated. He decided to be done with the bondage of printed notes and began committing his parts to memory. Not content with that, he kept right on and learned every other note in the score by heart.

If you have ever tried to commit a little piece, you have probably found it a tough assignment. But suppose you tried to commit an entire orchestra score. One page alone is made up of at least twenty staves each one scattered with notes, and the score may easily run to one hundred pages. Maybe you can begin to realize what a job it would be. Our cellist learned in this way everything he played. If he had been endowed with keen eyesight, there would have been no need to memorize all of this. None of the others did.

He had taken his seat in the pit one evening preparatory to playing his part in the opera, *Aida*, when word was received that the regular conductor was ill and would be unable to assume his duties. The management put up a substitute conductor. He had no sooner made his appearance than the fiery Italians assembled in the audience hooted him off the stand.

Another substitute was likewise hooted off. What to do? Some of the players, knowing of the cellist's uncanny familiarity with scores, proposed him. The management took a desperate chance. The young cello player ascended the conductor's stand. He was only nineteen and had never conducted before in his life. The audience was amused at sight of this apparent youngster unknown to them. They were also interested in seeing what he could do, so gave him a break. Naturally they thought he would be a grand flop, in which case they would howl him down like a pack of wolves.

He calmly closed the score book and proceeded to conduct the entire opera from memory. In fact, he made such a hit, he was appointed permanent conductor from then on.

Thus began the career of Arturo Toscanini, universally conceded the greatest conductor the world has produced. From that day to this he has never used a score. His memory is one of the constant marvels of the profession. But tell me, would he—would you—have gone to all that trouble with perfectly good eyesight to begin with?

ASTROLOGY

Ask the
White
Wizard



Internationally known psychologist and philosopher, answers burning questions of the soul, puzzles of business, etc. You've heard him over KMOX, KMTB, KLZ, KYA, CJOB, KJH, KOL, KEX, KSL, and other radio stations.

Address **WHITE WIZARD**, Box 1275, Tacoma, Wash.

F. M. D.—Your readings have proven so satisfactory for the past two years that I am now sending for my next year's reading. Will I get the foreman's job when the present party leaves through a marriage the first of the year?
A.—You will get this job as you are already chosen for this promotion by the heads of the firm.
S. F. L.—Your readings which my sister recently received from you we think are wonderful. Will I make the trip to Honolulu which I am planning and will there be a marriage for me this coming year?
A.—There will be a marriage for you and a honeymoon trip to Honolulu during this winter.
K. H. E.—The best reading I ever had is the one I got from you the beginning of this year. I am now sending for my next year's reading. Will my husband get an increase in wages where he is now employed or would you advise him to start a business of his own?
A.—I would advise him to start a business of his own where you and your daughter can both be of help to him. According to his birthdate he should be running into a four-year lucky cycle beginning the first of next year.
H. N. W.—I am greatly in love with a dark-haired boy to whom I am slightly acquainted with. Does he care anything for me?
A.—This boy and you will become better acquainted but I do not believe there will be a marriage within two years for you. According to your birthdate 1936 appears to be a year when matrimonial happiness will come your way.
M. H. D.—I am a widow of 35 and was left considerable property. There are three men who wish to buy an interest in this business who were previously employed by my husband. Would you advise me to sell out to them or take them in as partners or just continue to keep them on the payroll?
A.—A partnership proposition is the best and what I would advise.
S. F. L.—When and when will I marry?
A.—You will marry a rather heavy set party with the initials of H. C. with whom you are slightly acquainted in a business way at the present time.
H. N. A.—Your readings and advice are certainly wonderful. If I marry the girl with whom I have been keeping company for the past year would it turn out successfully?
A.—According to your two birthdates you are well mated and a happy and successful marriage is indicated for you during the early spring.
F. B. F.—Would you advise us to buy our own home at the present time or start a business of our own first?
A.—I would advise you to buy your own home and also start the business that you have in mind as you will be successful in both paying for your home and making a success of the business.
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Nourishine, \$1.25; Shampoo, 50¢, at drug and department stores or by mail, except in California, from NOURISHINE COMPANY, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

NOURISHINE BEST FOR GRAY HAIR

The Racketeers are Coming!

[Continued from page 18]

saying that there are no jobs for graduates."

But Pitkin doesn't care what other people say or think about him. He says whatever he thinks needs saying. He thinks education doesn't pay—that it's just a waste of time—and he doesn't give half a hoot who hears him.

I HAD heard that the Doctor could converse freely on any subject. I tried him on African demonology (a hobby of mine) and was astonished by his fluency on the subject. Then I told him what I had heard of his versatility. "Don't you believe it!" he exclaimed. "There are plenty of things I know nothing about and care less. Botany is one of them. Maybe I could tell the difference between a three-leaf clover and a four-leaf clover, but that's about all.

"And political history doesn't mean a thing to me. I don't believe it's 1% reliable, and I'm not interested in reading the words of international press agents or subsidized hacks—which is what most historians really are.

"Neither do I give a hoot about baseball, football or the other popular sports. They're fun enough when you can take part in them yourself, but what's the joy in watching somebody else exercise?"

"Transatlantic flights impress me as being mildly foolish, but arctic explorations seem completely idiotic. I can't see any sense in a man's freezing the seat out of his pants just to get the latitude and longitude of a cake of ice."

There! Now you have a panorama of Pitkin, and I think his big news has been held off long enough. Brace yourself. Here it comes.

"Mark my words," says Dr. Pitkin, "by next March the idea which Upton Sinclair is starting in California will result in a nationwide shake-up of our entire economic system. I'm no admirer of Sinclair's, and he knows it. But I do think he has started something tremendous and, possibly, dangerous."

As you know, the Sinclair idea is to put the unemployed to work on state-managed farms and industries, using idle lands and factories, and paying off in food, clothing and tax receipts.

"If Sinclair's plan is successful," Dr. Pitkin says, "two million Californians will be working for the state. Other states may take up the idea—undoubtedly will. Then we'll have another fight, similar to the one between prison and outside labor, but on a far greater scale.

"Surplus products produced by these subsistence workers will be dumped on the open market by the states, in a logical effort to reduce taxes. This will cause competition with established businesses, which will be unable to meet the low prices and will consequently fail, making more unemployed to work on the subsistence projects. The industrial system will be shattered!

"Of course, what I have just said is entirely contingent upon the success with which the subsistence plan operates. I have assumed that it will meet with general favor.

BUT even if it does not, I think a crack-up of the capitalistic system will come through the racketeers. Offi-

cial figures show that there are between 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 criminals in the United States, and that from 65,000,000 to 75,000,000 persons are either directly or indirectly dependent upon government support, as through agricultural adjustment, the CWA, the PWA, the CCC, city relief and so forth.

"Already the racketeers have commenced to exploit these unfortunates. Why, I have definite proof of instances where the employees of concerns operating under the NRA are forced to kick back a percentage of their salaries to their crooked employers. As time elapses, the racketeers will strengthen their hold until they are ruling half the population of the United States.

"People are afraid of Socialism and Communism. This will be even worse. It will be slavery!"

Dr. Pitkin paused, smiled, and said, "There! I'm all sweet little Pollyanna, eh?"

"Well," I asked, "what do you think must be done to combat this state of affairs? Or is it inevitable?"

"It can be averted," he replied, "in several ways. One of them is to recognize the respectability of the unemployed; to let them keep their self respect. Another is to break up government subsidy of the jobless."

BESIDES teaching, Dr. Pitkin has worked at a half-dozen different jobs, including cook, interpreter and cattle boss. He has written sixteen books, the best known of which are *The Twilight of the American Mind*, *The Psychology of Happiness*, *Life Begins at Forty*, and his newest, *More Power To You*. Besides these he has collaborated on or contributed to eight other volumes. And he still finds time to indulge his hobby; playing his own compositions on the piano.

Perhaps the man who knows him best is Clark Getts, his lecture manager. I talked to Getts in the lobby of the Columbia Broadcasting System building and he gave me a lot of interesting highlights on this most amazing professor.

"When Pitkin first went to teach at Columbia," said Getts, "the rather pompous professors there were mildly annoyed at his lack of polish. What irked them most was that he took to wearing flannel shirts and wrinkled clothes. While the dapper faculty members fumed, his simplicity won the hearts of his students. No matter where you go you'll find somebody who studied with Pitkin, and every student sings his praises.

"He'll never tell you, but he was the American editor of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the story editor for Universal Pictures, in Hollywood, and is now doing a feature column for the Dillely Syndicate in Chicago. It probably all traces back to the influence of his father, who was a newspaper editor in Ypsilanti.

"Pitkin is as tireless as Edison—gets up at six o'clock in the morning. He eats two meals a day; breakfast and dinner.

"He has one peculiarity. That is, he doesn't like sleeping cars. You see, he's over six feet tall and his feet stick out. The fact that he'll only travel in the daytime makes it tough for me to get him around to lecture dates."

Spoiled Brat

[Continued from page 36]

and she spent her days in dreaming of how she'd impress the other little girls, show them who she was.

Of course, the boarding school circular specified all students were to wear the regulation dress, a blue serge sailor dress. But what were rules to young Irene?

She ordered her governess to buy her a completely new wardrobe. Resplendent in a white organdy, with a lovely white lace hat to match, she accompanied her father to the school. Her joy was short-lived. "That dress must come off, young lady," the house-mother told her.

In spite of her father's pleas, the officials refused to make an exception of his spoiled darling. "We want no prima donnas here," they said firmly.

Had she remained long enough in the school, perhaps much of her later heartache would have been avoided. But unable to resist her tearful pleas, her soft-hearted father took her back home, and engaged private tutors for her.

IN HER late teens, Maria of *Showboat* announced she wanted to become an actress, a leading lady. Never mind the fact she had no dramatic training, no experience, no noticeable talent, and that her small though sweet voice was trained for a drawing room and not the stage. An actress she'd be.

Sir Ben Greet, the famous Shakespearean producer, happened to be touring the United States with a company, putting on Shakespearean plays. As he was a friend of the Hubbard family, they suggested he employ Irene. Not particularly enthusiastic after he had tried her out, Sir Ben finally agreed to do so as a favor to the Hubbards. There was only one condition: *that she receive no salary and that her father pay him \$18 a week for keeping her.*

"Even then I only lasted six weeks. And I don't see how they stood me so long. I was brutal. I thought I knew it all, resented any criticism and made their lives miserable by demanding lead

parts. Accustomed to having people fetch and carry for me, I treated those seasoned actors as if they were the dirt under my feet," she admitted.

The sixth week she was with the company, her first theatrical engagement ended abruptly, and gave her the comeuppance she needed so badly.

Why was she fired? Because she brought down the house while playing a minor rôle in Hamlet. "I had a few lines to say in the duel scene," she told me frankly, "and I was so anxious to make sure everyone would see and hear me that I pushed in front of the two featured players. In my haste I became tangled in my cape, and fell down on top of them, dragging them down with me."

"You're just a spoiled brat," the actors told her, "and none of us can stand you. You're through."

SENT home in disgrace, Irene Hubbard had plenty of time to think things over. She refused her father's offer of a trip to Europe to make her forget. Regardless of what she said or did, the taunting, angry remarks of the outraged players and management rang in her ears. They were right: she was a parasite, a weak, spoiled ingrate. If she wanted to amount to anything ever, she'd better turn over a new leaf and do it quickly. She had eighteen years of training to undo.

After four months of sulking around the house, miserable and afraid, she made up her mind she would become somebody, a real actress. On her own initiative, she answered an ad in the *Dramatic Mirror* and got a beginner's job with the Woodward Stock Players, where she spent several years learning acting. Before coming to *Showboat*, she had become one of our best beloved actresses of the legitimate stage, starring in such plays as *Madame X*, *Lawful Larceny* and *Rain*.

Through the years she learned courtesy and unselfishness and sweetness. For a spoiled brat, she hasn't turned out badly at all. What do you think?

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Meet that popular gang of H-Bar-O Rangers—left to right, Bill (Bill Mitchell), Polly Benson (Florence Halop), John (John Mitchell), Bobby Benson (Billy Halop), and Waco (Johnny Shea)



Love Problems of the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 17)

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Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

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releasing upon an innocent world all of its present ills—curiosity!—also spoiled for the "Man Nobody Knows" what otherwise might have been a beautiful existence. And, as the philosophers have so often pointed out, women were the cause of it all.

IT STARTED when Dr. Taylor's public began to seek more personal attention. It had been, and still is, his practice to give his solution to problems, which are always submitted to him by mail, only over the air, except in extraordinary cases where a mailed reply is absolutely necessary, or, as in a very, very few cases, where a personal interview only will suffice. These latter cases usually concern criminals who come for advice and remain to confess. Dr. Taylor told me he has had nine confessions of murder made to him.

This mail which pours into the expansive offices occupying an entire floor of a building in the heart of New York numbers on the average of 2,500 letters a day and taxes the efforts of between thirty and forty clerks.

"Even if I were not opposed to personal contact," Dr. Taylor explained, "the long hours required for my work would make it necessary for me to protect myself against intrusion."

And up until six months ago he had successfully discouraged all attempts at personal contact. But he reckoned without the ingenuity of women.

Today, although he still holds the fort after some heavy bombardment and strategic skirmishing, he does so only through the cooperation of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the shrewd tactics of Elmer A. Rogers, his manager and attorney, rated as one of the smartest lawyers in New York, whose ability to protect the Voice from being trapped into a compromising situation has won him the unstinted gratitude of Dr. Taylor.

A word of explanation is necessary here. Not all of the women who have besieged the Voice, of course, could be said to have gone after him coldly with the intention of suing him. But men in public and professional life cannot be too careful. The fury of a woman scorned is too well known to man for man to be caught unguarded.

Men before the public eye must be extremely careful. One breath of scandal and they are through. There are two main classes of women who prey on these figures. One is the professional blackmailer who usually is spotted from the start and rarely gets into court. The other is the "crank class," composed of unbalanced women who believe they were chosen by destiny to be the soul-mate of the celebrity, who have dreamed that he was in love with them, or who merely want to shine in his reflected glory. It is this second class which has caused most of Dr. Taylor's troubles.

HE MAY have been warned of the approaching peril when his mail suddenly began to include an increasing number of letters containing money and asking for a private consultation.

"The money was sent back promptly," Dr. Taylor said, "and the correspondent

was told to present her problem through the usual channel."

He was reluctant to talk about what followed. "It's a story that hasn't come out before," he said, "and I don't know how you happened onto it, but as long as you are here, you might as well look over these."

He reached into a large private drawer of his desk and brought out a bundle of letters—love letters addressed: "My Precious One," "Heart of My Heart," "My Prince," "Darling Voice," etc.

"Tripe!" said Dr. Taylor. There were pictures, too. Some of the women were exceedingly attractive. None looked like the usual "cranks."

"I'll tell you about these later," said Dr. Taylor. "These represent the last act of the drama—or at least I hope it is the last act."

"When this situation first started to get serious my attention was called to it by my manager, my sponsors, and the Columbia Broadcasting System.

"They reported that all manner of efforts were being made to reach me. I had been too busy to pay much attention to it. They would try to reach me first by mail. Finally, when that failed, they would try to contact me through officials of Columbia or through letters to my sponsors, praising the product in order to get passes to the studio while I was broadcasting.

"Fortunately, we were warned about the latter in time. All passes to the studio were cancelled and I alone was allowed to issue them. This rule is in existence at this time. Neither Columbia nor my sponsors can issue a pass to my broadcasts.

"After this, they tried haunting the corridors and waiting outside of the building for me. Fortunately, few of my pictures had been published, so few recognized me. The attendants were sworn not to point me out. However, when two did recognize me and started trailing me home in taxicabs one day, I decided that this had gone far enough, and thereafter I left by the rear door!

"But this didn't stop them. They would lie in wait for me at the postoffice, hoping that I would come for the mail, or that they could trail one of my clerks back to my home.

"One woman went as far as to send me a registered letter, hoping that she could trace where it was delivered to me from the receipted slip.

"They try in vain to get my private telephone number which is not even listed in the private directory of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Only two as yet have found my private address, but as you yourself know, it would be hard for them to get in here through that phalanx of secretaries outside."

IT WAS true. I had to pass all but a secret service test to get into Dr. Taylor's study.

"It's all ridiculous, of course," Dr. Taylor continued, "and I could smile with you, if it wasn't so annoying and dangerous.

"There are all kinds of them and they have used means so fantastic that you and I would never think of them.

"One woman in Brooklyn haunted the

RADIOLAND

Columbia Broadcasting building for days until the attendants had her so well spotted that she did not have a chance to get to me. Finally, she made a trip to another state, New Jersey, called Columbia long distance, said she was a distant relative of mine, had misplaced my telephone number, and wanted to get in touch with me as her daughter had just died. Columbia didn't have my number and she didn't get it. But we got hers.

"There is another group who claim they have known me personally and are merely calling at the studio to pay a social visit. We handle that type neatly. One of my secretaries is always sent to greet them. He, of course, is mistaken for the Voice of Experience and the cat is out of the bag.

"Usually that class is harmless, and some of the others are too, but a number of them, my attorney has found out, might prove dangerous. We have a little secret service of our own and we check on all of them.

"Then there is an entirely different class," Dr. Taylor continued, pointing to the bundle of letters before me. "These are women who think they are my 'soul mate,' those who imagine they are in love with me and would give up home and everything so that we may marry and those who think that I haven't had quite enough experience to solve other people's problems and so need an advisor.

"There is the case of an Ohio girl," and Dr. Taylor pulled a sheaf of her correspondence out of the pile. "She has written me every day for five months. She's convinced that we are 'soul mates.' She claims that at nights our souls are released and that she helps me prepare my broadcast for the following day as her soul and mine meet on an astral plane.

"She apparently is an intelligent woman too. She'll write and criticize my answer to a problem, saying that 'we

had decided to answer differently last night.'

"This didn't look dangerous until her cousin suddenly appeared in New York one day, demanding to see me. Fortunately, I was leaving the Columbia Broadcasting building by the back way at the time, so she didn't succeed. But the letters are still coming in.

"HERE is another. For a year I had been receiving letters from this little nineteen-year-old girl out in Illinois pleading me to come to her. I never answered any of them, of course. Finally, last week, I got a heartrending letter stating that her father was going to make her leave home because of her infatuation for me. It was a ticklish situation. I sent one letter to the father to find out why the girl should write me such letters and another to the chief of police of the town to check up on her home life. The chief reported her home life okay. The father reported that the girl was partly paralyzed. It explained the infatuation.

"But if these were the only cases," the Voice of Experience continued, "I wouldn't get so many gray hairs."

He picked out from the pile a picture of an attractive young college woman in her graduation robe, and separated a large bundle of letters.

"This is the one which had us up in the air for weeks. This young woman is now in her early thirties, married, and is, I sincerely hope, back with her husband in a Pacific Coast city. About three or four months ago I began to get little friendly notes from her—nothing personal, just wishing me good luck and telling me how she appreciated my broadcasts.

"Then suddenly came a red hot love letter. This was followed by the announcement that she had had a dream and that she was told by the spirit world that she was the chosen one to come into

[Continued on page 59]



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—Naïa Andreyeff.

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CLEANLINESS FOR BEAUTY



By using immaculate disposable powder puffs and plenty of toning lotion after her soap and water scrubbing, Margaret Speaks, radio singer, keeps her fair skin unblemished and fine in texture

Is your skin marred by oiliness, large pores? If it is, why don't you write to Wynne McKay? She'll send you a personal letter of advice, outlining a corrective beauty routine, provided you don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U.S. postage only). Address her at **RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City**



By WYNNE MCKAY

WHILE cleanliness is the greatest single corrective measure for any kind of skin trouble, its importance in treating the type of skin inclined toward oiliness and enlarged pores cannot be over-estimated. . . . Scrupulous and untiring cleanliness should be the first consideration of every woman whose skin shows these distressing signs.

I do not mean merely that she should cleanse her skin frequently and with vigor, but that she should be meticulous and watchful about everything that comes in contact with her skin, making

sure that it is as clean as a surgeon's gown. . . .

The very nature of the oily, coarse-pored skin makes this imperative. In the first place, the presence of an over-supply of oil on the skin surface attracts all forms of dirt more readily than does an unoiled surface, and the relaxed condition of the pores makes it all the easier for the dirt to gain a permanent and destructive foothold. So, you can readily see that the use of wash cloths, towels, cleansing tissues or powder puffs not scrupulously clean will only aggravate the unwanted condition.

To check a skin condition of this nature, you should use lots of soap and warm water. The soap must be bland and non-irritating and yet it must have a sufficient amount of alkali in combination with its oils to "cut" the over-abundant facial oil. There is an excellent soap that combines these two requisites beautifully. The fact that it lathers freely in very hard water indicates that it has superior oil-removing powers. I have found that it is very popular with women living in the Southwest where the water is so alkaline that it discourages most toilet soaps. . . . A second quality of this soap which makes it ideal for use on oily skin is that the bubbles of which the lather is formed are so minute that they have very great penetrative power, getting into the tiniest skin crevice and removing oil and foreign matter more thoroughly than

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As Much as 5 Pounds a Week



can "coarser" lather. This soap is untinged and has a faint floral perfume. It's very moderately priced, too, an incentive for oily-skinned individuals who must, of necessity, wash their faces at least twice, and preferably three times a day.

TO CARRY on the good work begun by soap and water, always apply a skin tonic or astringent after each cleansing. I recommend a very fine one that has its own cleansing as well as invigorating properties. Applied with a bit of cotton, it removes all traces of free alkali left by some soaps which, if allowed to remain on the skin, proves harmful. In addition, it stimulates and tones the skin delightfully, producing a pleasant, tingling sensation. It is a thin, transparent liquid, attractively packaged, and priced at 35 cents. You will find it a joy to use, and be amazed at the improvement it works in your skin. Many women find it so soothing and refreshing to the skin that they use it as a rub-down after the bath. Its most important use, however, is as a facial tonic, to removed hidden dirt, neutralize alkali and reduce the size of the pores, thereby preventing the formation of blackheads. If you are interested, don't hesitate to ask me for the trade name.

Cleansing tissues and personal powder puffs are so cheap now that I cannot understand any woman's using indifferently clean towels to remove cream or frankly grimy puffs to apply powder.

Especially for the person whose skin is oily, the personal or disposable powder puff is most suitable. Those I use are small disks of soft, fluffy material, about the size of a fifty cent piece. They come in pastel shades, packed in cellophane drums so that they can be kept away from dust and dirt while on your dressing table. These puffs are surprisingly cheap, and generous supplies can

be bought for as little as 25 cents. My favorite package, and a dainty, colorful one it is, contains 72 powder puffs, 200 cleansing tissues and a clever powder puff case with a mirror. If you would like the name of the manufacturer of these disposable puffs, write me a note.

CLEANLINESS of the teeth is as important to their preservation and beauty as cleanliness of the skin is to its attractiveness. . . . Tooth powder has long been considered very effective as a cleansing and polishing agent, and the new powder dentifrice recently introduced seems to me to combine all the best qualities of its type. It is a snow-white powder with a distinctly pleasant taste, and contains an ingredient to curb the destructive action of mouth acids. The size of the 25 cent can makes it a real bargain in dentifrices, too, something that can't be over-looked. I was much impressed with the ingenious and easy-to-operate helmet dispenser, a decided improvement over the usual ones. To release the powder, you simply flip open a visor-like shield. I'll be glad to send you the trade name of this dentifrice.

For you who repeatedly incur husband's or brother's wrath by using his razor, comes something to put a stop to it all. . . . A tiny, curved razor made especially for women, with the corners of the blade protected to prevent cuts. It works effortlessly and quickly and should certainly merit the plaudits of all busy women who find little time to attend to the details of personal daintiness, such as the removal of underarm hair. The razor comes in an attractive ivory colored box, all ready for use. When the original blade grows dull, you can use any standard flexible blade. The price of this useful little gadget is only one dollar.

Love Problems of the Voice of Experience

(Continued from page 57)

my lonely life to administer to my comfort.

"I thought nothing more of it until I received a third letter announcing that, at a big sacrifice, she was disposing of all her property, would take the \$12,000 she expected to get, buy an automobile and drive to New York where we would be married and live happily ever after.

"She came on to New York and went directly to my Columbia studio. A page boy told her I saw no one. She said I was expecting her, that she had come all the way from the West to keep an engagement with me. She spoke so persuasively that the page boy was all but convinced—until he noticed that I had entered the reception room and had passed her two or three times without recognition. It was a close call, but the fun had only started!

"She went to see my manager. When she was told gently but firmly that it would be impossible to see me, she resorted to guile. There were mysterious telephone calls purporting to be from friends in distress, requesting me to call at such-and-such a room in several prominent midtown hotels. There were

telegrams and threats. It lasted for a week, and finally she left New York in a furore. It was one of the worst weeks we've ever had."

DR. TAYLOR mopped his brow and swept the letters into a pile distastefully. "There are a dozen other cases here—all of them dangerous if encouraged by so much as a slip of a reply of courtesy or kindness," he added. "That's why I can never acknowledge them."

"Wouldn't it be better," I suggested, "to drop the veil of anonymity for once, to present a true picture of yourself to the public so as to dispel the air of mystery which is breeding these romantic illusions?"

Dr. Taylor tapped his pencil thoughtfully on his desk. "It might help," he said. "As you can see, sitting opposite me here, I am far from a romantic figure. I'm a serious student of human affairs. I think we can discourage the type of women looking for a romantic lover if you tell them that I'm a minister's son, forty-five years of age, and inclined toward baldness."



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Edgar Guest Says Happiness Begins At Home

[Continued from page 14]

TODAY those fireside hours in the little Detroit home are Edgar Guest's fondest memories. He would be rich, he says, even though he were penniless, with those memories.

In 1895, the fourteen year old boy got a job as an office boy on the Detroit *Free Press*. Next year, he will celebrate his fortieth year on the paper's payroll. From office boy to cub reporter; from cub reporter on up the laborious, tedious climb of newspaper work until, one triumphant day, he was permitted to write his poetry under his by-line for the first time. The syndication of the popular poetry, and Guest's subsequent rise to international fame followed. But do not get the idea that his rise was as simple as the telling. Consider this.

At the age of twenty-five, Guest had been an employe of the *Free Press* for eleven years. He was making \$12 a week. He remembers his weekly salary very clearly, for he recalls the hours he spent with paper and pencil, laborious hours figuring out exactly how two could get along on \$12 a week.

The present Mrs. Nellie Guest, shy, retiring, insisting upon remaining always in the background, was a bridesmaid at the wedding of a friend of the young reporter in Detroit twenty-eight years ago. When the bride tossed her bouquet gaily after the ceremony, the pretty bridesmaid caught it. Two months later she herself was a bride, the bride of young Eddie Guest, whom she had met for the first time at the first wedding.

"THE only chance of lasting happiness is in the home," the poet says, and his happiness in his home lasted

during the whole twenty-eight years of his happy marriage. Mrs. Guest insists upon remaining in the background, apart from her husband's public life, and will not even permit herself to be photographed. Her two children, Edgar Junior, whom they call "Bud" and Janet, twelve, have likewise been sheltered from publicity, in order to permit them to grow up into normal, unspoiled American children. Guest's aversion to talking of himself and his children is marked, but in the case of the children, he is in the end just another dad, for once he starts, floodgates of affection are loosed, and he becomes as voluble as any father of a twenty-two-year-old son and a pretty twelve-year-old daughter.

Young Edgar, if he will make his way in the world, following in his father's footsteps, must stand firmly upon his own feet. Upon his recent graduation from college, he landed a job as a cub reporter on the *Free Press*, but he had no help from Guest Sr. in getting the job, and he will have no help in holding it.

"Janet," her father says, "is all warmth and fire and understanding, like her mother."

The poet believes both his children will carve out for themselves satisfactory careers, although he holds that material success is secondary to happiness. He himself, he says, never was concerned about success. It just chanced along.

"Most people who are failures in life fail because they try to do only big things in life; to fill one's small place well, and spread happiness among one's friends, neighbors, and family, is to be just as successful as the man or woman

Mary Pickford's Dramatic Troupe in Action



Here we have America's Sweetheart and her dramatic company in action before the microphone. Mary's broadcasts, which have come from Hollywood, now originate in New York

who serves in a bigger way," he declared.

His viewpoint upon present-day conditions is in keeping with his philosophical outlook upon life as a whole.

CONVERSATIONALLY, Guest is philosophical in the same homely manner with which his poems have won their way into the hearts of a million readers. He elaborated upon his views on life being the same the world over, and continuing to be the same forever.

Ponce de Leon braved death, travelled thousands of weary miles, pursuing a chimerical source of everlasting youth. Edgar Guest has found it—in a dozen words.

When I first saw him in the studio, rehearsing for his broadcast, a boundless vitality and enthusiasm, indefinable, somehow emanated from him. It was something youthful, although I knew that this man was no youth. The musicians and other members of the cast caught it. The rehearsal had a "lift" to it that made you feel it wasn't just a rehearsal; that it was an actual performance. Later I asked the poet about the impression I had gained.

"The secret of eternal youth," he told me, "is a boundless interest in all things and people."

He elaborated enthusiastically upon the theme.

"Everything we are interested in," he said, "gives us a new world in which to be happy. There are so many worlds in which to be happy, and laziness shuts you out of these worlds."

One world is denied Guest—that of music. He is tone deaf, and it always has been a matter of deep regret to him that he is denied that world in which to roam at will. He is happy, though, because his children are both musical, and thus have one more world than he in which they may find happiness.

"I Want Babies"

[Continued from page 37]

the type of Jessica Dragonette's. She had studied voice for years, preparatory to a concert career. Her work as star in her college plays and a later experience on the vaudeville stage had given her the poise which so few singers possess. But when she came to radio, she discovered that her training was worthless; that prima donnas weren't wanted.

"What we need," Mr. Crosley, director of WLW told her, "is a cross between Kate Smith and Ruth Etting. Someone with a heart-throb in her voice. Forget all your teachers taught you about singing."

Jane Froman didn't get on her high horse; she went off by herself and thought things over. She decided Mr. Crosley was right. Deliberately she changed her style and pitch, and became a blues singer.

"I'd rather be a successful performer than a starving artist," she said to me, "and I have no regrets."

It wasn't as easy as it sounds and had it not been for the aid and encouragement of Don Ross, a boy whom she met singing at the same station, and whom she married, she feels she would never have amounted to anything in radio.

"My friends and family were horrified," she told me, "when they heard my radio voice. 'That isn't our Ellen singing,' they said, 'why, she sounds like a torch singer.'"

Which was just what she and Don were striving for.

"For the five years that Don and I have known each other; in fact, since we first met—he has been my inspiration, my teacher, my manager. He coaches me and helps with my song

[Continued on page 63]

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Dr. Walter Damrosch and Family



—Wide World

Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of NBC's conductors, poses for his portrait with his three sons-in-law and daughters and his six grandchildren. Dr. Damrosch at center, rear
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28x4.90-19	2.55	32x4.5	3.25
30x4.90-20	2.65	32x4.5	3.45
28x4.90-18	2.60	32x4.5	3.45
29x4.90-19	2.95	30x5	3.65
30x4.90-20	2.95	32x5	3.75
31x4.90-21	2.25	32x5	3.75
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Unhappy Husband

[Continued from page 36]

whom I invited, it was to her I first told my dreams of becoming a singer instead of a minister. Long before my parents realized this, she knew all about my plans. As far as they were concerned, my future was all set. If I did not continue with the Church, my father wanted me to go into business with him, and help him run the flourishing brewery of Barclay, Perkins and Company."

When his family realized John really meant to forsake the old traditions and study music in Italy, they were aghast. "At least if you insist upon going, why don't you marry Kitty first?" his father said. "Then you wouldn't be so lonely away from home."

It was May Week at Cambridge, back in 1914, and the rowing races between Cambridge and Oxford were in full swing. In celebration, the seniors gave their big affair then, corresponding to our Senior Prom at college. Kitty, pretty as a picture, came down for the dance, chaperoned by John's mother.

"That night we took a walk after the ball, and I blurted out my proposal," he told me. "Kitty, poor kid, accepted me, and we married shortly after. All summer long we lived in a toy Garden of Eden, two happy, confident young fools, without a care in the world. In September, we planned to go to Italy where I was to study voice seriously."

August 1914—War broke out in Europe. True to old English traditions, John Barclay enlisted and became a commissioned officer, first at the London War office and later in active service at the front. It was during this time that his first daughter was born.

"All during the War I dreamed of coming back to my wife and baby, to my home, and when I came back"—he waved his hand in a helpless gesture.

John Barclay discovered that he had

changed completely, was an entirely new person. From the young, conceited gentleman of the upper class he had been, he had emerged a man of the world, cosmopolitan to his finger-tips, hating the sheltered, easy-going existence he was expected to settle down to.

KITTY, meanwhile, had remained a typical English matron of the wealthy, privileged class, well-bred, loyal and kind, but unable to cope with the new, flaming, restless John. Why, he seemed a different being from the person she had married! When he suggested leaving England, throwing overboard their comfortable, jolly, well-ordered existence, she was amazed.

The chasm between husband and wife widened. Kitty was satisfied with the peaceful, humdrum, uneventful domesticity of ordinary life; it grew more and more intolerable to John Barclay.

In 1921 the Barclays came to the United States where John hoped to make a career for himself as a singer. He just knew he could make good, and on his own. The adventure of starting out in a new land, without accepting a penny from his family, thrilled him. But not Kitty. After a few months of a more or less hand-to-mouth existence she went back to England. The three girls went with her.

After Barclay met his present wife in 1924, he returned to England for six months to see if they could patch matters up or whether it was better to part irrevocably. "Finally, we both agreed to call it a day," he said. "My first wife and our three children remained in their beloved England, and I, of course, support them. My first wife and I are still good friends, I hope; but my second wife and I are mates, real pals."

From Touchdowns to Tubas with Ozzie Nelson



Ozzie Nelson is now famous as a radio orchestra leader, but not so long ago he was noted as All-Eastern quarterback at Rutgers College

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Myrna Loy Says
"IT PAYS TO BE HOMELY"

"I'm glad I was born homely. It's the luckiest break I ever had" Myrna Loy tells Grace Mack in an exclusive story appearing in

JANUARY
HOLLYWOOD
The Smartly Different Screen Magazine

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ON SALE
AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

JANUARY, 1935

"I Want Babies"

[Continued from page 61]

arrangements. A lot of rumors have been circulating to the effect that Don needs me to keep his radio career alive; that I have helped him in radio. I don't know of anything more preposterous. The only reason I'm on the air is because of my husband. He was an established radio artist when I was a timid beginner. It was he who got me my first chance in New York. Don, you know, had been lured to New York by the Chesterfield people to star on their program. And he insisted that I appear with him. He sold the idea to his sponsor. That's how I got my start here."

TODAY Jane is one of the most popular stars on Radio Row. She is the star of the Pontiac Hour. And that isn't all. You remember how she "wowed" them as featured singer in the last edition of the *Follies*.

You may not know that she was offered a featured rôle in the current hit *The Great Waltz*. But she turned it down.

"Even now Don and my home are the most important things in my life, and I want to have time and energy to live a normal life. In radio work, you are on the air, say, twice a week. You can spend most afternoons and evenings at home. It's different with the theatre. One has to play matinees, and then one gets home at one or one-thirty in the morning, from the evening performances. All the time is spent in rehearsing and acting. That's not my idea at all."

DON and Jane aren't throwing their money around as are some radio stars. You see, it's money that's making them wait two years to make their dreams come true.

"We want to save enough to buy a home in the country," says Jane. "I'm not concerned about the style of architecture, but I want a big, rambling low white house covered with ivy, cozy and cheery, with lots of porches. And a large garden with trees and flowers and immense lawns for the children to play on. No city-bred youngsters for us!"

And she'd like it near a golf course. Don and she play golf every single day they can get away from New York.

The Rosses don't believe in having an only child. Jane was an only child, and doesn't think it's fair.

"My parents were wealthy and cultured; they tried to give me everything I wanted. Yet I had a lonely, miserable childhood. I was shy and unhappy, and always longed to have a brother or sister to play with."

There's another thing she expects to do. Jane doesn't want to be the kind of mother who is wrapped up in her family to the exclusion of everything else. The kind whose children suffer from her over-solicitude, because she has no other outlet for her emotions.

You'd think that Don and Jane, who are constantly in the limelight, would live a life of glamor, a constant round of cocktail parties, midnight suppers and night clubs, with hosts of friends and extravagant entertaining. But Jane Froman and Don Ross do not live that way at all.

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28x4.50-20	2.35	85.85	30x4.00-21	2.35	85.75	32x4.50-21	3.45	115.15
30x4.00-21	2.40	85.85	32x4.00-21	2.95	85.85	34x4.50-21	3.45	115.15
28x4.75-19	2.45	95.95	32x4.50-21	2.95	85.85	34x4.50-21	3.65	125.15
28x4.75-20	2.50	95.95	34x4.00-21	2.95	85.85	34x4.50-21	3.75	145.15
28x5.00-19	2.85	105.95	34x4.50-21	3.45	95.85	34x4.50-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.00-20	2.85	105.95	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.25-18	2.90	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.25-19	2.95	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.50-18	3.25	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.50-19	3.25	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.50-20	3.35	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.50-21	3.45	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
30x5.50-22	3.45	115.15	34x5.00-21	3.45	105.85	34x5.00-21	3.95	145.15
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Christmas at the Table

[Continued from page 43]

WE HAVE suddenly discovered that there's no grander Christmas present than one of those old-time fruity cakes, with its tantalizing whiffs of "ginger and spice and everything nice."

Christmas Fruit Cake

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 3/4 cup brown sugar
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 1/3 cup chopped, candied orange peel
- 1 cup cleaned currants
- 1/2 cup citron, minced
- 1/2 cup diced, moist figs
- 1/2 cup molasses
- 3 eggs
- 1/2 cup milk or grape juice
- 2 cups flour
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon allspice
- 1/8 teaspoon clove
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg
- Grated rind 1/2 small orange

Mix together the flour, salt, soda, spices and orange rind and add the prepared fruit. Cream the shortening; then beat in the sugar, the eggs and molasses. Add the flour mixture alternately with the milk or grape juice till all is in. Oil two good-sized brick-shaped pans and line with paper. Pour in the fruit cake mixture; cover and steam for one hour. Then place in a slow oven for a second or two. Turn out of the pans and cool. Wrap in waxed paper and keep at least a week before serving.

Christmas Yule-Log Cake

- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup cold coffee
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/8 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- A scant 1/2 teaspoon soda

Beat the eggs slightly; add the sugar, mix well, then add the salt, coffee and

flavoring. Sift the flour, soda and cream of tartar, and beat slowly into the mixture. Spread in a large, oiled and floured dripping pan, bake quickly; and turn out onto a paper dusted thickly with sifted powdered sugar. Cut off the edges (if over-baked), spread with any tart jelly or jam, beaten until it will spread and roll up quickly. Wrap snugly in waxed paper and cool. Cut off the two ends of the loaf crosswise so the cross sections of the jelly roll will show. Cover the cake, (leaving the ends bare) with Mocha Icing and then dust it thickly with grated sweet chocolate. Decorate further with a few candied cherries and a spray of leaves cut from citron.

Mocha Frosting

- 1 1/2 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 tablespoon dry cocoa
- 2 1/2 tablespoons strong coffee
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 1/2 cups confectioners' sugar

Stir the butter until creamy. Add the cocoa and one-half cup of the sugar. Then alternately add coffee and sugar until all is in. Then stir in the vanilla.

Rum Cake

- 4 eggs
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 tablespoon rum
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup pastry flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder

Add the sugar and rum to the yolks beaten light. Add salt and beat until lemon colored. Sift flour and baking powder together; beat whites stiff. Then add whites and flour alternately to the sugar mixture. Bake in a slow oven, in a fancy ring mould. A half hour before serving, sprinkle with rum diluted with water and sweetened with sugar. Heap the center with sweetened whipped cream or custard, and just before bringing to the table, sprinkle once more with rum mixture.



"He used to be a swell tenor, but now he's just the wind in the tree tops of the Nature Study Hour!"

Will Rogers— Mystery Man of Radio

Homer Croy, the noted author, who probably knows more about Will Rogers than any living man, reveals the gripping inside story of this intensely human radio star in the February issue of *Radioland*. There's also a great article by Fred Waring, telling how to get on the air, the first of a smashing new series by radio's most brilliant stars who are conducting *Radioland's* School of Broadcasting.

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Radio Secrets Winchell Won't Tell

[Continued from page 45]

street took it . . . (Hello, Brother!) . . . When he gets some more, he's going to buck the tiger again . . . Doesn't he know those boys play for keeps? . . . Fought in the Russian army during the war . . . Born in Tiflis . . . So his Russian music is probably authentic.

If Frank Munn had had his way, he'd be a locomotive engineer today . . . Despite the fact that his singing of *Sylvia* won him a personal visit and a flock of compliments from Oley Speaks, composer of the song, he still gets nervous at the mike sometimes.

Irene Noblette, wife of Tim Ryan, has flown . . . Once . . . for 15 minutes . . . "It was enuf!" she says . . . She can pardon punsters only when they're paid to do it . . . Tim never buttons the next-to-top button on his shirt . . . It looks sloppy but he thinks it brings him luck . . . Though not Chinese, he always starts his newspapers at the back and reads forward.

Parker Fennelly's most embarrassing moment took place during a broadcast. A sound effects man accidentally set off a "cuckoo effect" left over from a preceding program . . . He had a tough time convincing Fen that it was an accident and not a criticism.

Both Frank Crumit and the Mrs., Julia Sanderson, were playing in *Tangerine* when they first met . . . No children, but they have a dog, Joek, and a parrot, Chico . . . Frank's first appearance was in *Opry, Il Trovatore*, at the U of Ohio . . . If you visit them, he'll show you the sword his grandpop carried in the Civil War (podden me, The War Between the States) . . . The house, Dunrovin, is filled with thousands of copies of old songs, which he collects.

Jack Fogarty wants to be a rancher and raise cyows . . . The Gov. of Mont once gave him a 10-gal. hat . . . He was born in S. Dak. and is a rodeo fan . . . Was a shavetail in the World War when 16 . . . Wotta man!

Rudy Vallée got the shock of his life in a movie theatre . . . When the audience applauded a pic of Dillinger . . . He can't understand people like the clappers . . . Says if they knew how much crime cost them through the higher prices they have to pay so that merchants can pay off racketeers, they'd hissssssssss.

Wilbur BUDD Hulick used to write this sort of col (only better), for the *Asbury Park Press* . . . He never wears an undershirt . . . His sidekick, Col. L. T. Stoopnagle, is Frederick Chase Taylor and no relation to the Voice of Exp. . . . The Col. is an expert diablo player, having demonstrated the device for four bits a day.

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Questions and Answers

Is Ethel Shutta still on the air? If so, when and from where can she be heard?—*M. A. C., Culbertson, Mont.*



Ethel Shutta

Ans.—Ethel Shutta and George Olsen can be heard at 12:00 o'clock midnight Eastern time on Thursdays over the WJZ network of the National

Broadcasting Company. They are at present in Chicago, broadcasting from the College Inn.

Are Cab Calloway, Mills Brothers, and Beale Street Boys now broadcasting? If so, over what stations?—*J. B. H., Tuxedo, N. C.*

Ans.—The Mills Brothers are now making personal appearance tours in Eastern cities. The other stars mentioned are not broadcasting at present.

Is it true that Jan Garber is a Lombardo brother?—*G. H., Pasadena, Calif.*

Ans.—There are four Lombardo brothers, but Jan Garber is not one of them.

Who takes the part of Park-Your-Carcass on the Eddie Cantor program? Does Rubinoff speak or does someone take his part?—*E. M., Warehouse Point, Conn.*

Ans.—Rubinoff has never spoken over the air. His part and that of Park-Your-Carcass are taken by Teddy Bergman, dialectician.

Where can I write to Dick Powell? Will you tell me if Johnnie Marvin is on the air? If so, what program and where can I write him?—*C. J., Concord, N. C.*



Johnnie Marvin

Ans.—Dick Powell can be addressed in care of Warner Brothers Studio, Hollywood, California. Johnnie Marvin is on

the air at 9:45 E. S. T., on the NBC network, on his own program. Address him in care of the National Broadcasting Co., Radio Center, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me the color of Rudy Vallée's hair. Where can I get a picture of Rudy and one of Alice Faye?—*E. T., Montreal, Quebec.*

Ans.—Rudy's hair is dark brown. For a photo of him, address Warner Brothers studio, Hollywood, Cal.; for Alice Faye's picture, Fox Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

I am a sincere admirer of Nino Martini. To me he is the finest singer on the air, and I listen in spellbound. Could you let me know where I could write him for a photograph?—*F. M., Walton, N. Y.*

Ans.—Mr. Martini will be glad to hear from you through the Columbia Broadcasting System (address given in another question above.)

What do you want to know



What do you want to know about your favorite radio stars? Just drop a line to Questions & Answers, RADIO-LAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., and the answers will be printed as soon after receipt as possible in this column.

How can I secure a photograph of Fred Waring? Is he married and if so, to whom?—*A. A., Windsor, Conn.*

Ans.—Write Fred at WMCA, 53rd and Broadway, New York City. Fred is married to Evelyn Nair who formerly danced with the Pennsylvanians and is the father of a baby girl, Dixie, now three months old.

You recently published a picture of the Red Davis cast, including Jean Sothorn. Can you tell me whether she ever played in the movies?—*P. M. R., Manchester, N. H.*

Ans.—Jean has never played in the movies. Probably you are confusing her with Ann Sothorn, a Columbia pictures player.

In a recent issue you published a photograph of a stunning girl of Turkish extraction. Owing to a misprint I couldn't get the name. Can you oblige me?—*R. F., London, Ont.*

Ans.—You are referring to Joy Lynne, NBC player.

What color are the eyes and hair of Bob Crosby and what orchestra does he sing with? Are Fred Allen and Gracie Allen brother and sister? Who is taking the place of Captain Henry on the Showboat program?—*B. P. N., St. Paul, Minn.*



Fred Allen

Ans.—Bob's hair is black and his eyes blue-gray. He sings with the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra. Fred and Gracie Allen are not related; Fred Allen's real name is John Lawrence Sullivan. Frank McIntyre is filling the Captain Henry spot on the Showboat.

How can pictures be secured from the performers of the air?—*M. B., Kerrville, Texas.*

Ans.—The usual method is to address the artist personally in care of the network system he broadcasts from. Columbia Broadcasting System is at 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. The National Broadcasting System is at Radio Center, New York, N. Y.

What relationship are Jack and Loretta Clemens?—*E. A., New York City.*

Ans.—Jack and Loretta are brother and sister.

Where does the Showboat program originate? Is it possible to get tickets for it? How soon will Lanny Ross make another picture and what is his address? Personally, I think Lanny is just grand. —*Peg.*



Lanny Ross

Ans.—The Showboat program originates in the NBC studios in New York City. Tickets are available but are difficult to secure, though you might try writing to the sponsor. Lanny Ross' latest picture is *College Rhythm* but he has severed relations with Paramount, the producer, and has no immediate plans for future movie work. Mail addressed to NBC (see address above) will reach him.

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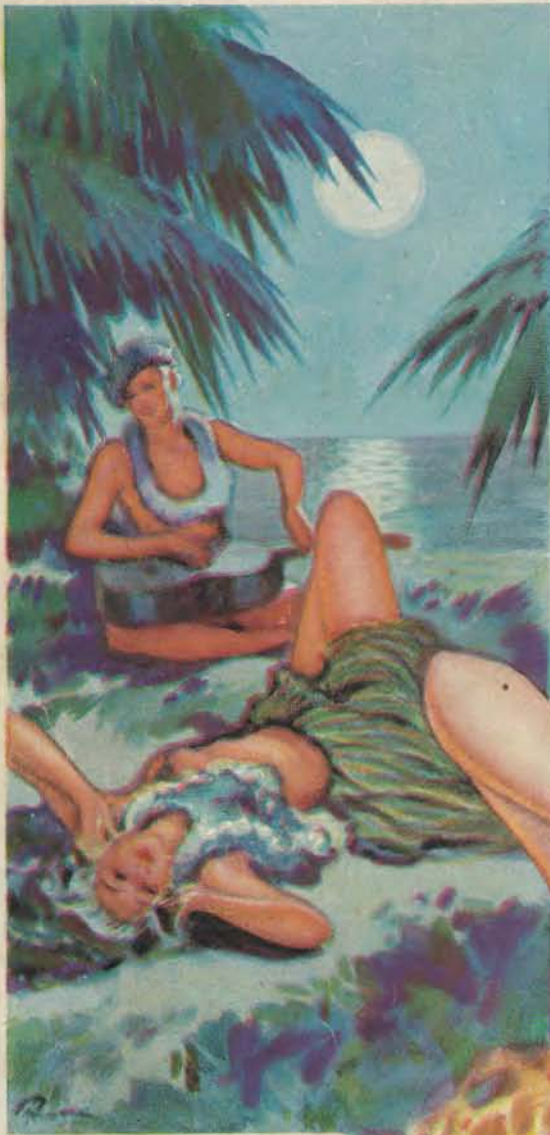
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