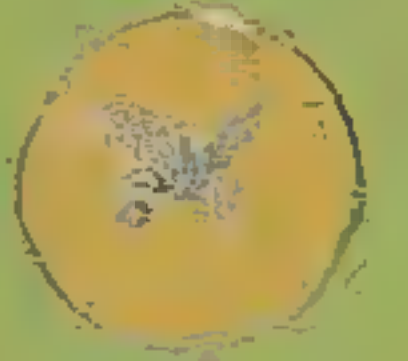


10 CENTS

RADIOLAND

JUNE



10c

15c in Canada



TEMPEST
INMAN

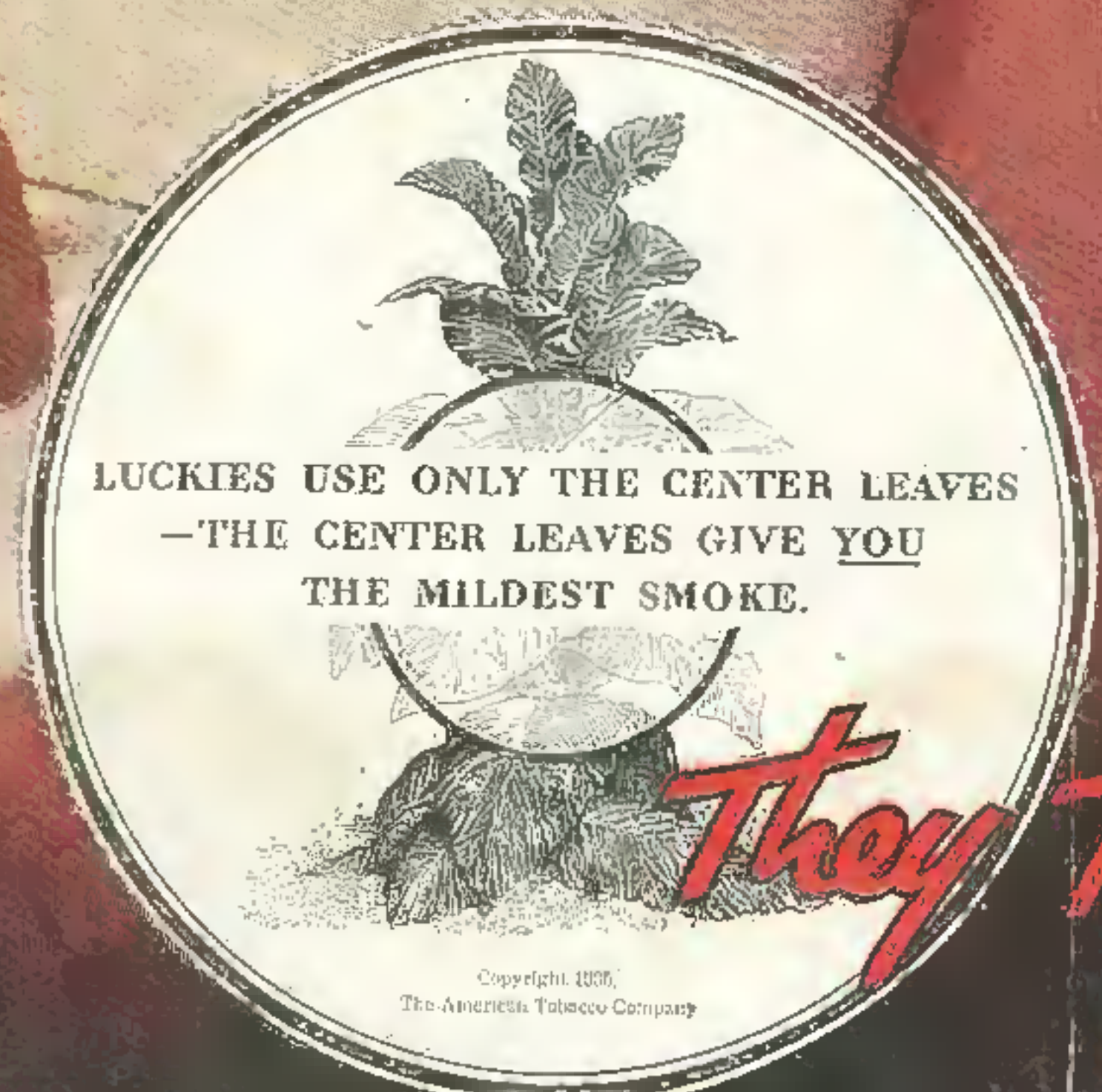
COUNTESS
ALBANI

**RUTH
ETTING Says
SMART GIRLS STAY SINGLE**

I'm your best friend
I am your Lucky Strike



Luckies



They Taste Better

Copyright 1936,
The American Tobacco Company

Mrs. Louis de l'Aigle Munds whose homes on Park Ave., New York, and Narragansett, Rhode Island and on the French Riviera are treasure houses of beautiful objects.

A fortune in Luxuries

**YET SHE PAYS BUT 25¢
FOR HER TOOTH PASTE**

Mrs. Munds finds Listerine Tooth Paste perfect for cleansing and so refreshing that she prefers it to other dentifrices costing much more.

Women of Mrs. Munds' station in life are perhaps the sternest judges of a product and are the most critical of buyers. Since price is no factor, their choice can be based upon but one thing: The results a product gives.

When Mrs. Munds says of Listerine Tooth Paste—"After trying many kinds of tooth paste I have found real pleasure in using Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so cool and refreshing and has such a pleasant taste,"—she expresses the sentiment of more than two million women in every walk of life. On sheer merit alone Listerine Tooth Paste has supplanted older and costlier favorites everywhere.

If you haven't tried this proud product made by the makers of Listerine, do so now.

See how quickly and thoroughly

it cleanses the teeth, attacking tartar, film, and discolorations.

See what a brilliant lustre it imparts to teeth. The precious enamel, unharmed by this gentle dentifrice, seems to gleam and flash with new brilliance.

Note that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and invigoration that follows the use of this unusual dentifrice—a clean, fresh feeling that you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Incidentally, if you have children, it is no task to get them to brush their teeth. They look forward to that refreshed feeling and to this tooth paste's pleasant flavor.

If you are interested in economy, see how far this tooth paste goes. Get a tube today. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo.



The living-room of Mrs. Munds' New York home with its valuable portrait of Joseph Black by Sir Henry Raeburn.

(Below) The Louis XVI girandoles with their bases of burnished gold and their trappings of 18th century Irish glass.



Mrs. Munds' Queen Anne highboy, a priceless possession with unusual patine markings.



(Right) Unusual ruby and diamond spray brooch, a valuable family heirloom in Mrs. Munds' jewel collection.

REGULAR SIZE 25¢ NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

**Listerine
TOOTH PASTE**

RADIOLAND



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ENCHANTING

Radiant Charm
for YOU!

For all women who would retain the thrill of youth and grow attractive-looking.

Blondes use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash as a rinse to restore the sunny golden hues and natural lustre of real blonde hair. Brunettes impart fascinating highlights, a glorious sheen to your dark hair or lighten it any golden tint of "blondeness" you desire. You can get exactly the effect you want as soon as you want it of course. But, best of all, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is so simple to use that you can apply it secretly in your own home and watch your hair slowly assume its new lustrous beauty over a period of weeks or months. Even your most intimate friends will admire your charming brightness—and never suspect the cause!

SMOOTH ARMS AND LEGS ADD TO THE CHARM OF YOUR APPEARANCE

Brunettes especially, and blondes, too, are you risking making your arms and legs coarse and unnatural looking, by shaving or using depilatories? Don't remove the "superfluous" hair nature intended you should have. Make your arms and legs smooth and alluring with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Your druggist has Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package. Start using it some time today.

TRY A BOTTLE—FREE!

(See coupon below)

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest health treatment you can give your hair. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for bottle today.

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH WILL NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW
CHARLES MARCHAND CO. · 251 West 19th Street · NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order, as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State..... P. O. 655

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

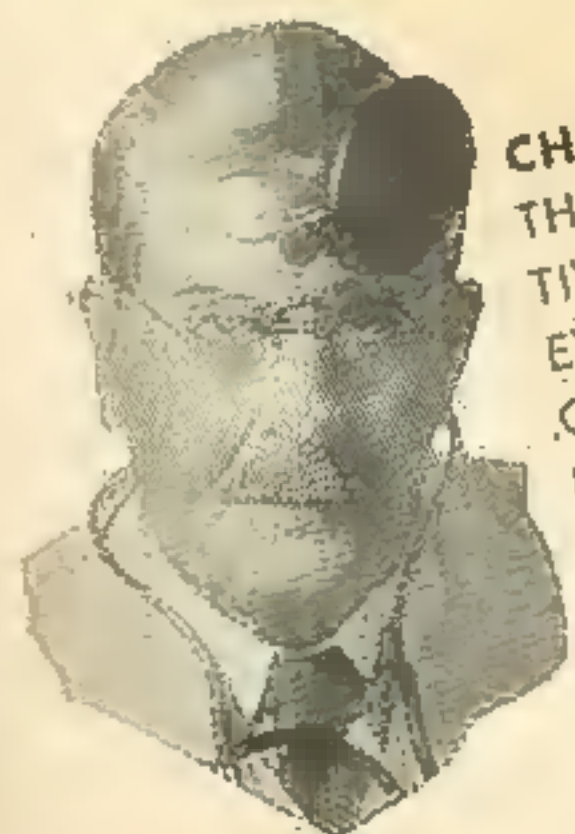
I was sallow and sort of lopy



• Everything I ate seemed to give me gas—I just couldn't get my system regulated properly. My little boy suffered from constipation, too, and didn't like the taste of castor oil. His teacher advised me to give him FEEN-A-MINT. He thought it was just nice chewing gum and took it without the usual fuss. It gave him such a prompt and complete movement that I chewed one myself. That was over a year ago and I want to tell you that FEEN-A-MINT has been a welcome friend in relieving constipation. I wouldn't have any other laxative in the house.

Used by over 15,000,000 people.

Our files are full of letters telling what FEEN-A-MINT does for people. Doctors know that FEEN-A-MINT does a more thorough job, and does it gently, because you must chew it—and chewing spreads the laxative evenly through the intestines so that more complete relief comes without straining and griping. Try FEEN-A-MINT yourself—you'll join the 15,000,000 people who are boosters for FEEN-A-MINT—15 and 25¢ at any druggist's.

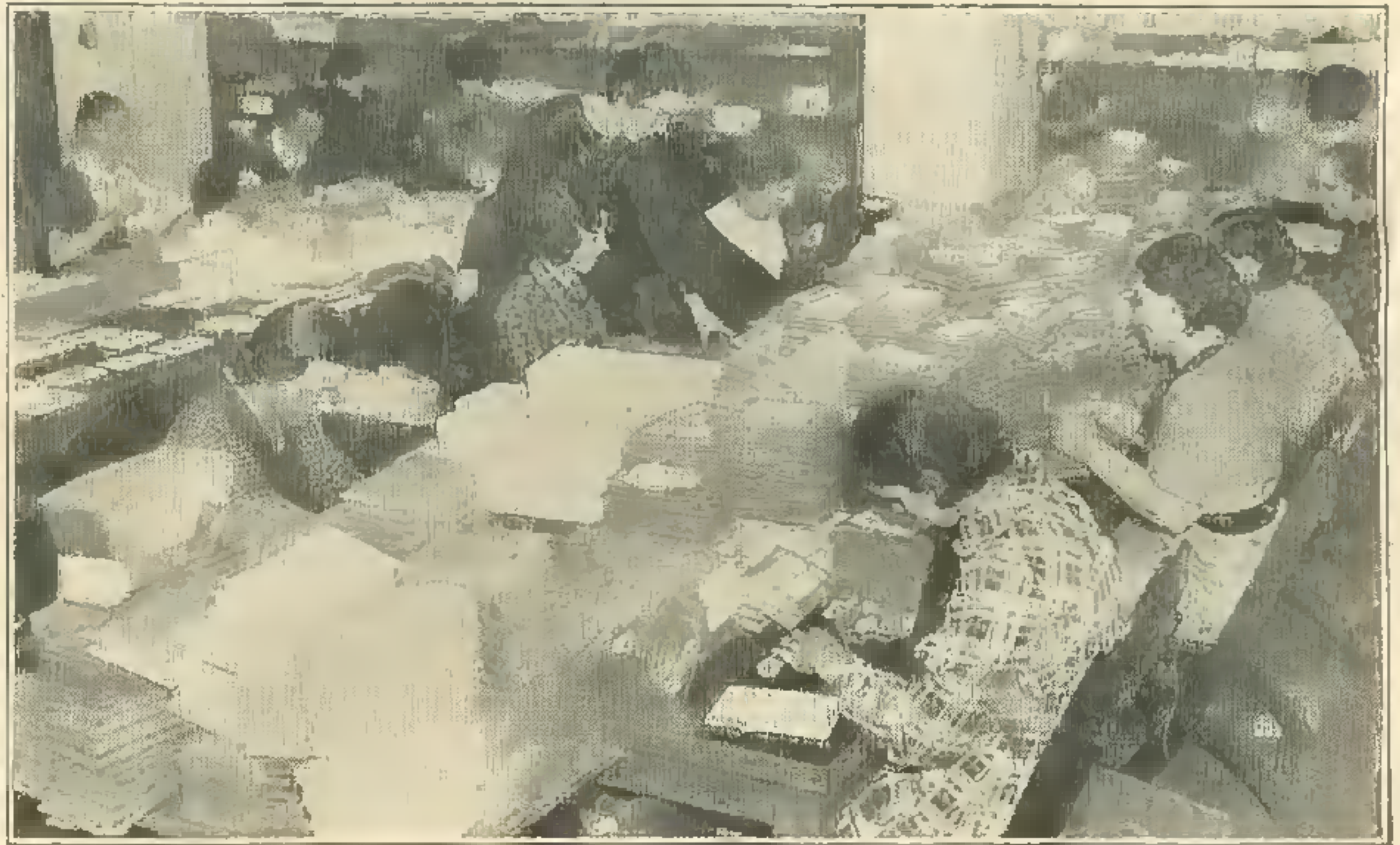


CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE... THEN IT MIXES WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS EVENLY THROUGH THE CLOGGED SYSTEM. THAT IS WHY FEEN-A-MINT GIVES MORE THOROUGH RELIEF. ESPECIALLY ADVISABLE FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

**FOR BETTER RESULTS
CHEW YOUR
LAXATIVE**

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Flashes from the News



—Wide World

Two hundred and seventeen people are required to handle Father Coughlin's mail. Here is a small portion of this vast crew, pictured at work at the Shrine of the Little Flower

Radio Phenomenon

UNQUESTIONABLY the most amazing radio phenomenon of our day is the vast enterprise built up by Father Charles E. Coughlin through his personal persuasiveness and the fire of his economic convictions. A study of the photograph printed at the top of this page is extraordinarily revealing of the dimensions of the movement led by Father Coughlin.

The institution which the radio priest has become—almost, we were tempted to say a third political party—would manifestly have been impossible without radio. The medium of the printed word could not possibly have won as many followers of his doctrines. Certainly the three-sided argument waged by Father Coughlin, Huey Long, and General Johnson established a new peak of interest in a radio debate. We're looking forward to some pretty warm ether battles around the time of the national elections in 1936!

* * * * *

ZaSu Pitts, she of the twittery and futile voice of movie fame, is considerably put out by the frequency with which her mannerisms have been mimicked by imitators on the radio—particularly by amateurs—and she has issued a warning to the studios that she won't stand for such goings-on any more. As the lawyers say, it's an "invasion of privacy."

* * * * *

Beetle Banished

BEETLE, the disembodied heckler whose rasping offstage voice has (ostensibly) been annoying Phil Baker

for years, is no more. And a pity it is, too. He was the "different" touch in the Baker program, establishing himself as a trade mark, and perhaps, as the nostrum labels have it, the fans won't regard the program as genuine without his signature. It was his anonymity which finally got Beetle into trouble. He never got his picture in the papers; nobody asked for his autograph or stared at him in the street. The situation rankled. Beetle emerged from the winter of his discontent and unburdened his heart to

[Continued on page 8]



Robert Simmons, the popular tenor, is pretty much of a country gentleman during his off-hours. His polo pony is Dan Patch

RADIOLAND



TEST the... PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE ... For 10 Days at Our Expense!

REDUCE
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR

...it won't cost you one penny!

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

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

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

Ventilated . . . to Permit the Skin to Breathe!

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

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

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. 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 wonderful results.

JUNE, 1935



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

"They actually allowed me to wear the girdle for 10 days on trial".

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER".



"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy".

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

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



SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 76, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, send FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Uplift 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



**Do You SHUN
A Close up
WHENEVER YOU CAN—
CONSCIOUS OF
THOSE LITTLE SKIN BLEMISHES
YOU COULD NOT CONCEAL?**

YOU can avoid much of this embarrassment, if you will help nature heal these surface defects instead of trying to cover them up.

Your skin is sick when it is broken out and irritated from clogged, sluggish pores or blackheads or perhaps some temporary internal disturbance. It needs external medication—not beautifiers—to aid in relieving the disorder and promoting the return of natural loveliness.

The special medication in Resinol Ointment makes it particularly effective for such cases. It is so gentle, so soothing, so beneficial in its action that doctors and nurses have been using and recommending it for nearly forty years in the treatment of sick skins. Almost as soon as Resinol is applied, the soreness is relieved, and in a short time the irritated spots begin to improve. It does not smart or sting and is kind to the tenderest skin.

Resinol Soap as an Aid

Bathing the skin first with the lightly medicated, non-irritating lather of Resinol Soap, quickens the pleasing effect of the Resinol treatment. All druggists sell Resinol Ointment and Soap. Get them today—use them when you have sick skin—then see the improvement. For a convincing free sample of each write to

Resinol, Dept. 8-D
Baltimore, Md.



USE RESINOL ALSO
to quickly relieve skin
irritations generally—itch-
ing, eczema, chafing,
rashes, burns, blisters,
cuts and scratches.



Resinol
Ointment and Soap

Flashes from the News

[Continued from page 6]



—Wide World
Two daughters of famous men make their radio debuts. At left is Dorothy Ruth, daughter of Babe Ruth, and with her is Edna Cantor, one of Eddie's five famous daughters. The girls are schoolmates in New York, and took part in a local broadcast of their dramatic society

a New York radio reviewer, making his plea for the publicity he deserved but wasn't getting. Shortly after the interview was published, Beetle's banishment ensued.

* * * * *

Major Bowes' Telephones

THE inauguration of the Major Bowes Amateur Hour over the NBC network brought a rush of business to the telephone company, which had to install 200 special lines to handle the vast volume of incoming phone calls registering the preferences of voters on the Major's talent. Ordinarily this might seem to be a nice piece of business for the late Mr. Bell's concern, but company officials earnestly deprecate any such assumption. Very few nickels roll into their coffers, they explain, for most of the incoming calls are placed by subscribers who are entitled to a minimum number of calls per month as part of their service charge. Be this as it may, there's something heartening to watch 200 nimble-fingered young women registering votes quicker than you can say "Major Bowes"—all to the fatalistic end that a yodeler or a man who extracts music from a saw may have his chance at fame.

* * * * *

News notes: There is a Mrs. Parkyakakas, appearing occasionally opposite Mr. Parkyakakas (Harry Einstein) on the Cantor program. She isn't Mrs. Einstein, however, but a friend of yours whom you meet on the Town Hall program. She is none other than Minerva Pious, whose querulous voice is a feature of the Fred Allen show . . . Myrt and Marge have rolled up the impressive total of 1200 performances. They're still quite a way behind Amos and Andy as regards quantity, however.

More Trade Names

THE May issue of RADIOLAND, you may remember, carried an article by gagman David Freedman explaining his methods of writing shows for such comedians as George Givot, Block and Sully, and others. He supplied definitions used by jokesmiths to designate the various types of laugh provokers. Among these was the "titah ma titah," or sophisticated Park Avenue gag; and the "hup cha da bup cha," or the abdominal guffaw.

Now comes Capt. Jean V. Grombach, writer and producer of Willard Robinson's *Deep River* program, and the man who brought Max Baer to the air, with a few additional definitions in common use by the gag trade.



—Wide World
Senator Huey P. Long was given a national network to set forth his side of the famous Long-Coughlin-Johnson controversy. He campaigned for his "share the wealth" program—no wonder he's smiling!

RADIOLAND

From him we learn that a "technocrat" is a great gag which cannot be fitted into the script. A "dragola" is an off-color joke dragged into the script by comedians who can't forego the temptation, even though they are well aware that the sponsor will drag the gags right out again before the show hits the air. A "boffaroo" is a powerful gag sure to evoke an enthusiastic response, while a "weakie" is exactly the opposite. Finally, "dynamite" is any sort of material which is sure-fire.



—Wide World.

Rare photo of the Amos and Andy families together. Charles Correll (Andy) and Freeman Gosden (Amos) stand behind their respective wives, on vacation at Palm Springs, California's popular desert resort.

Greeks bearing gifts (strictly dialectical in nature) have so firmly entrenched themselves in the favor of radio comedy fans that the statisticians must regard them as a major trend. The influx of the Hellenic accent has become so widespread that the Greek now takes its place with the Dutch and the Hebrew as the most-used dialect for comedy purposes. George Givot and Parkyakakas top this new field—making faces at each other, in a perfectly gentlemanly way, of course. It seems there is some professional jealousy as to who was first in this Greek business, anyway. At times we nearly toss up our hands about it all and turn to good old Aristotle.

* * * * *

Carter on the Spot

BOAKE CARTER, who hits out two-fistedly, regardless of how many brass hats his blows may dislodge, has recently been the center of a strange mixture of intrigue and political gangsterism which made him front-page news in the Washington papers.

Carter fans are perfectly well aware of the campaign he has been waging for the establishment of a separate aviation branch of national defense. His barbed shafts, directed at "swivel-chair flyers" and "desk aviators" in the army and navy, evidently penetrated some sensi-

[Continued on page 10]

JUNE, 1935

What's the matter with Me and Men?



"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

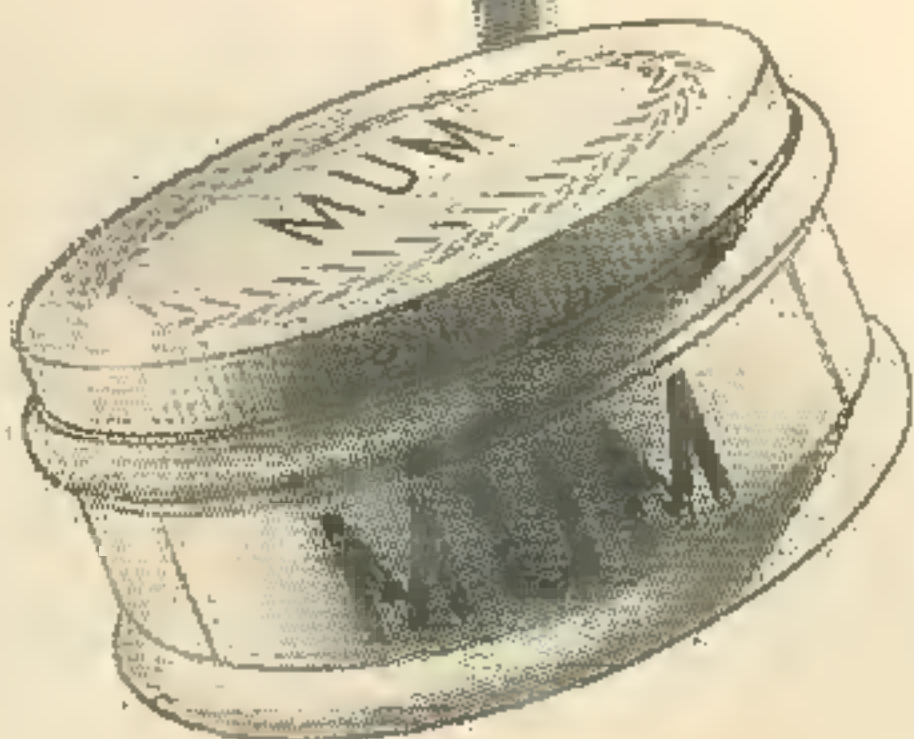
You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — after dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



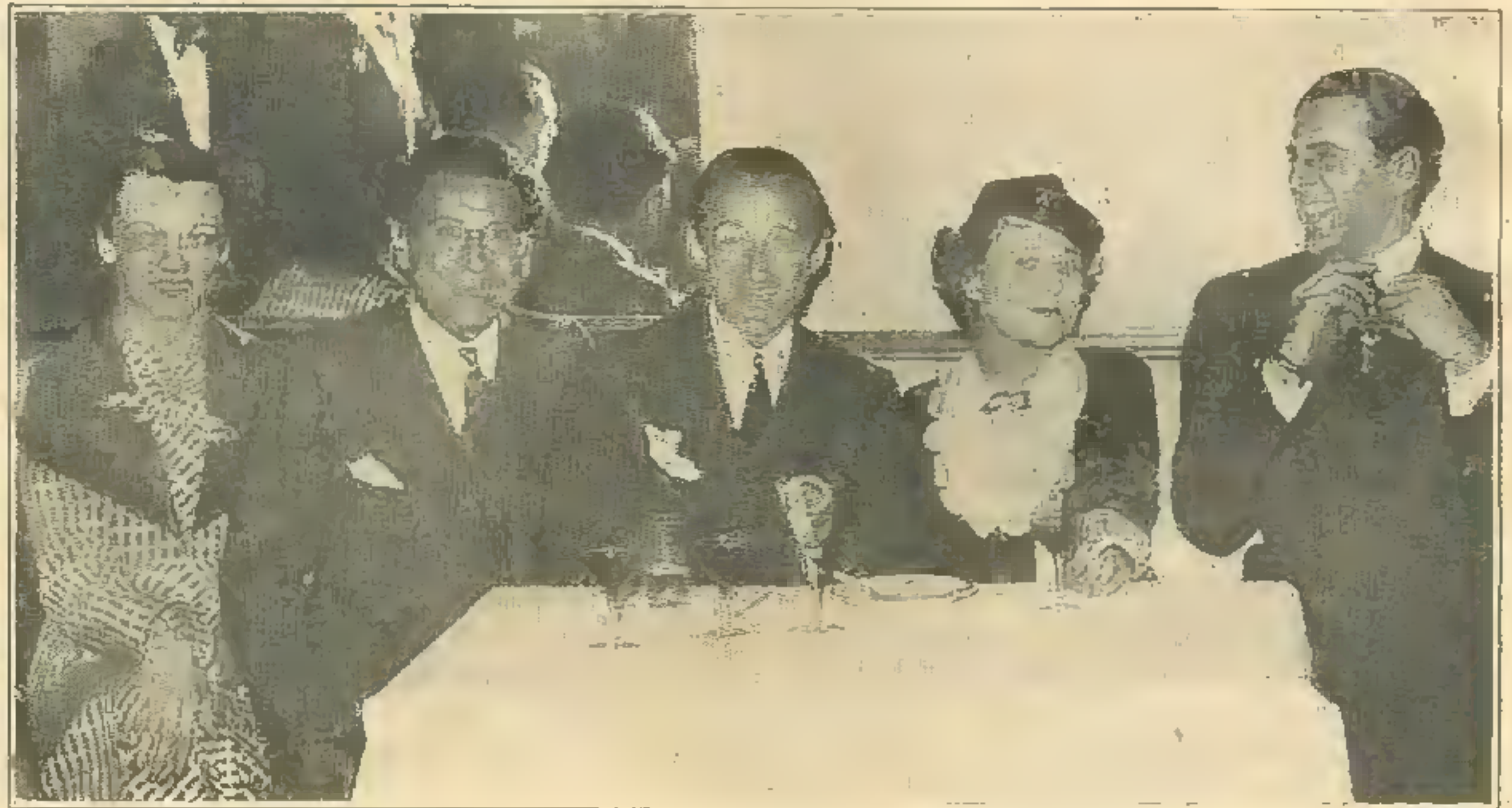
ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO. Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration



Flashes from the News

[Continued from page 9]



Maestro Leon Belasco announced his engagement to Julie Bruner, stage actress, at a cocktail party at the Stork Club. Left to right, we have Vi Bradley, Jack Pearl, Leon Belasco, Miss Bruner, and George Givot.

five skins and caused the owners thereof to seek out a method of silencing the fighting commentator.

By devious means it was allegedly discovered that Carter was not a citizen, and efforts to deport him were got under way. As it happens, Boake took out his papers two years ago, so this effort was abortive. The next move was a kidnap threat in which Boake tried to communicate with the writers of several extortion notes, but failed to contact them. The whole episode won considerable front-page prominence in the capital's papers, but to date Boake has pursued his way with characteristic vigor, letting the chips fall where they may.

* * * * *

Vacation Time

THE summer exodus of radio shows will probably occur with diminished vigor this season, thanks to a changed set of circumstances. Sponsors are frankly fearful that if they relinquish their choice hours during the slack summer season, they will be unable to regain them in the fall. There are more sponsors clamoring for evening program hours than there are hours available, which makes the sales task an easy one for the business departments of the networks.

It also makes the broadcasters a little more discriminating about the type of programs they will accept.

* * * * *

The *March of Time*, having established a precedent by presenting a modification of its radio program upon the screen in newsreel form, is learning that the formula is a reversible one. Pathe, one of the leading producers of movie

newsreels, has laid plans to broadcast its product over the air. Their method will be to use the regular newsreel sound tracks, taken at the scene of the news event, to send out over the air. Because of a rigid rule forbidding the use of "canned" material of any sort, the two major networks have turned down this novel program, but independent stations are not so critical. The program, under the direction of one of the largest radio advertising agencies, is now being broadcast over stations of the mutual network.



Jack Smart ("Cousin Willoughby" and others on Fred Allen's show) won a prize of a beautiful doll at the Lamb's Gambol



Universal City



Chester Morris

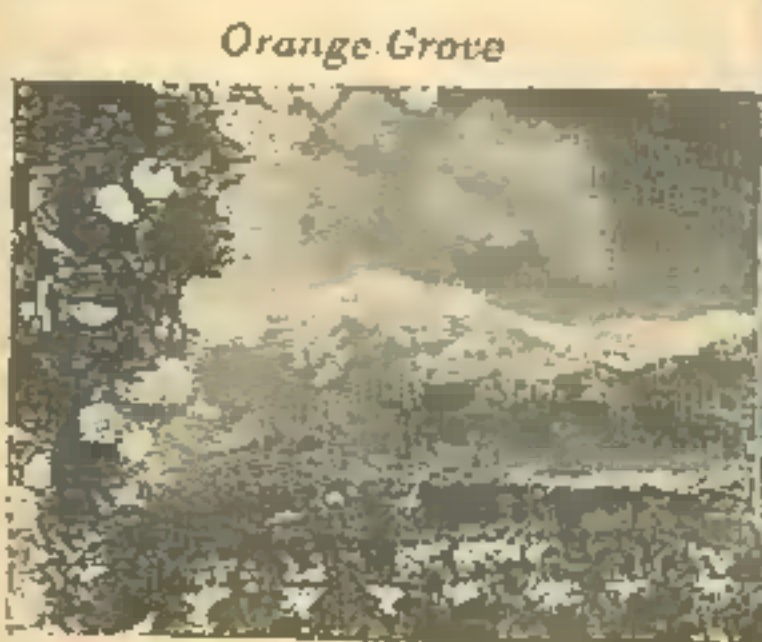
See HOLLYWOOD

Visit Hollywood as an honored guest! Meet and talk with the stars. See pictures actually being made! You can if you join RADIOLAND Magazine's two-weeks' Western trip! As guests of RADIOLAND Magazine, you see and do things no ordinary traveler could hope for.

A special train leaves Chicago August 4th, returning August 18th. Every minute of the time is fun—dinner dances, bridge games, sight-seeing. We visit Seattle, Victoria, Los Angeles—then Hollywood, with the Royal Gorge, Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak on the return trip. The cost of this all-expense trip is amazingly low. Write now for full details.



Multnomah Falls



Orange Grove

G. W. ROYNE, Northern Pacific Railway, 73 E. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. OR S. J. OWENS, Burlington Route, 179 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.

Please send free literature about your Western tour. I am interested.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

RADIOLAND

JUNE, 1935

A Step Forward

BEGINNING with the July issue, RADIOLAND takes a step forward by enlarging its field of interest. In addition to its forceful articles on the glamorous world behind the microphone, its pictures of stars who are daily welcomed into your home through the loudspeaker, its intimate, exclusive presentation of news and stories on radio personalities, the magazine will publish stories from the pens of men and women who have lived romantic stories. In keeping with this forward step, the title of the magazine will become ROMANTIC STORIES Combined with RADIOLAND.

During the past two years RADIOLAND has won a loyal and discriminating audience through its vigorous word pictures of the fascinating world of radio—a world which has become a part of practically every American home, as a source of entertainment and culture. The same fresh and authoritative type of articles will appear in the enlarged magazine, as well as a fascinating type of romantic narrative. There will be no increase in price—ROMANTIC STORIES Combined with RADIOLAND will still come to you for 10 cents at any news stand. Watch for the magazine in its new and sprightly dress, beginning with the next, the July, issue!



RUTH ETTING says—



"Smart girls stay single. It's the only sensible thing to do,"—so says Ruth Etting, who didn't stay single and isn't sorry about it at all. But when she discusses marriage as related to radio fame, she knows what she is talking about

By
**BEVERLY
GRAY**

And that, so help me, from a smart girl who *didn't* stay single and *isn't* sorry about it at all! Every song she sings on the College Prom broadcasts Thursdays at 7:45 p. m. over NBC, she sings to an attractive brunette man she loves.

Ruth Etting has been married for fifteen years to Col. Schneider

For fifteen years now, Ruth's private life has been lived in the capacity of Mrs. Schneider. And when Colonel Schneider slipped his mother's wedding ring on Ruth's fourth finger and promised it wouldn't put an end to her ambitions, she was a sixteen-year-old dancer in a Chicago night club.

Came then, to a strictly marital accompaniment, recordings, musical comedy, the networks, talkies. With the slender gold band a help instead of a hindrance. Until, for a long time now, La Etting has mixed romance with radio to complete perfection in one of the happiest marriages you ever saw.

So whence her startling statement about the single state? Whence: That all started back in 1920. The Radio of today wasn't even born. Ruth first made a name on the stage. Then her husband became her manager, played and still does play a successful leading hand in her promotion. Husbands did things like that then. They were a decided aid.

But you girls, unfortunately, are facing a pretty different situation in 1935.

That situation is what Ruth talked very seriously to me about for three whole hours the other day. There are some things she thinks you may not realize. . . .

The chances are ten to one you won't get your best start in radio if you're married.

Let's pretend that you are married, with assets of one husband and a good deal of other talent.

You'll discover, after you first begin to break the ice of the networks, that the business of crashing into radio is, uniquely, one of the most social procedures in the world. You

"Smart Girls stay Single"

may make the first entry on your own hook with nothing but your own ability and initiative behind you. You may, if you're lucky, take part now and then in some minor chorus or dramatic parts, rubbing elbows with the higher-ups and the stars. You'll keep your head and do your best and pray that your bit will stand out sufficiently to attract the attention of Miss Influential or Mr. Important.

But you'll find, in the rushing chaos that air rehearsals and performances are, that you're only a cog in a busy, impersonal machine. A good cog, surely, but still a cog. And your approaches to the powers that be, so far as your working contact with them goes, will be too hurried and hectic to be of a great deal of value.

But sit next to Miss Influential or Mr. Important at a dinner or cocktail party and that's a different matter. You've a chance to be a personality then. You've a chance to make and leave a social impression on that person which will be infinitely more valuable to you than almost anything else that could happen. The next time an air spot arises which you might fill you're apt to be remembered by that person and given an opportunity.

AND getting to that dinner or cocktail party is where your husband comes in.

It's plainly understandable, and to be expected, that single girls should just simply be asked more places than married ones. They date a lot, they're seen about, they're available

fill-ins to even up a radio host's or hostess' extra male guests. And whether those reasons are very flattering or not they are, nevertheless, the usual ones whereby Miss Unknown takes her first social radio steps. She's more accessible than a Mrs. Unknown could ever be, for it isn't exactly Emily Post-ian to invite a married woman to a function and not invite her husband. Not that her husband wouldn't be as charming a guest as herself, but simply that he'd be totally unknown and something of an outsider to the closed clique of Radio Row.

Whereby, states Ruth Etting, in the beginning the girl with air ambitions is apt to find a husband a handicap instead of an asset.

The chances are ten to one you'll lose your husband if you do get your start in radio.

For he's a rare man who is willing to play second fiddle to his wife's career. Ruth Etting knows plenty about that too, since her fifteen years of professional life have intimately witnessed the makings and breakings of scores of radio, theater and movie marriages.

Even if you are very terribly in love, even if you're so sure you can manage the dynamite combination of career-plus-home-life, you'd be wise to contemplate, if only for your husband's sake, the heavy percentage of those who have found it wouldn't work. Despite their noble efforts and often their more noble sacrifices.

Holding your own on the air [Continued on page 72]



Action scene from one of Ruth Etting's College Prom broadcasts, with orchestra leader Red Nichols furnishing the musical background with his trumpet. Ruth has always had a particular appeal for college students

IF YOU'RE the romantic type, this is your story. If you're cherishing radio ambitions, this is your story too.

But if you're both—romantic and ambitious—well, mademoiselle, something's got to be done about that. Maybe you don't know it, but you're in a pretty awful pickle!

Somebody who ought to know told me so.

Worried? Well, don't be until we talk this thing out. Grab your bonnet and we'll hop a Broadway taxi up to Ruth Etting's skytop suite at the Astor. There, over green tea and tortoni, Ruth will tell you a few revealing ideas of hers about this thing called romance. And when she's done, you'll be "in" on some valuable inside knowledge, even if it does shock you right down to a nub and make you look at the current b. f. tomorrow night with a practical glint in your great big orbs. The way it did me when radio's First Lady of the sad-sweet syncopations asserted:

"Smart girls stay single—these days. It's the only sensible thing to do."

Rudy Vallee's Music Note Book



The latest song hits are analyzed and their chances of enduring popularity estimated

By

Rudy Vallee

Would you like to sit in on a rehearsal of the Vallée Varieties? Here is Rudy giving his *Connecticut Yankees* a few last minute pointers just a minute before they and their guest artists go on the air

performer. Harry Revel, on the other hand, has been perfectly content to sit at the keyboard and bring forth some of the unusually fine melodies that have brightened the hearts of a depressed American public during the past three or four ugly years.

Whether the boys are parting amicably or not is beside the point. Definite word has come that Mack Gordon is going to write completely his songs for the future.

Love In Bloom Songs—

In the case of the songs from Paramount's *Love in Bloom*, three of them are written by Mack Gordon alone, and the fourth by the two together. It so happens, too, that the two that I would elect for first and second place were written by Gordon . . . *Here Comes Cookie*, and *My Heart Is an Open Book*.

Cookie has all the swing, lilt and freshness of *Love Is Just Around The Corner*, though the latter was written by two other individuals. Who sings it in the picture I do not know; how it is presented again I know not. But it is a bright, delightful and breezy composition.

My Heart Is An Open Book is one of the loveliest of torchy love songs written in a long time. It is Mack Gordon at his "typical," and the phrase, "I've nothing up my sleeve, only an arm to caress you with" is so typical of Mack Gordon that did I hear only that strain on the Island of Borneo I would know that it had come from the mind of this particular writer.

You've Got Me Doin' Things is another lilting, bright composition, with Gordon taking the entire bow for it. You'll like all these three, and the fourth, a waltz, *Let Me Sing You To Sleep With A Love Song*, is a beautiful semi-classic. Whether it will achieve a definite popularity as a popular waltz is questionable.

Peculiarly enough, too there is practically no marked difference between the melodies of the Gordon songs and the melody of the one by Gordon and Revel, which might indicate that Harry Revel's melodies have been influenced by what he thought Mack Gordon would like. [Continued on page 52]

WHAT TO DO ABOUT RADIO MADNESS

EVERY good thing can be overdone; that goes without saying. And when the good thing is a radio there can be no question but what it can be so abused that its apparent benefits actually turn out to be a menace in disguise.

Apropos of this statement, let me tell you about an unusual case that was recently brought to my attention. Specifically, it concerned a young woman of twenty, whose parents came to my office claiming their daughter had gone "radio mad."

"From early morning until late at night she has that confounded thing turned on in her room," complained the father with undisguised bitterness. "We have argued with her and tried to reason with her; we have even pleaded with her. But nowadays the girls take the bit in their own mouths and the parents—well, they can go. . . ."

At this juncture the mother interrupted the father's mounting anger. "We've come to consult you, Doctor," she said, "because the radio undoubtedly is affecting our child's nerves. Marian simply cannot resist listening in. It's like an obsession with her. Somehow the excitement of the radio, its very noise, is something she seems to crave and cannot stop. She claims that when she tries to do without it, it only makes her more nervous than ever. I firmly believe she simply cannot help herself."

"Exactly! She's radio mad!" almost shouted the father. "Tell me, Doc, have you ever heard of such a case before?"

Perhaps you don't know there is such a disease as radio madness—but Dr. Bisch, leading New York medical psychologist, explains what it is and gives you valuable pointers on getting the most out of your radio set

By

DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

Frankly, I had to admit that radio madness was a new one on me.

"But why not take the radio away from her?" I inquired. "Surely you could exercise that much authority."

Which suggestion was exactly what the father wanted me to say, while the mother, fearful lest her child might become more nervous if force were exercised, admitted that the desire for settlement of this question had really precipitated their visit to my office.

It turned out subsequently, of course, that said young lady was no more mad than I and that her nervousness was not caused by too much radio but rather that she overdid the radio because she

was nervous. After curing her of her neurotic state Marian quite naturally used her radio in sensible amounts after that.

NEVERTHELESS, that cases do exist, especially among women, where a kind of "radio struck" state of mind develops—akin to what is popularly called being "stage struck"—cannot be denied. Usually these individuals are of neurotic type and they tend to overdo everything anyway, whether it be radio, bridge, the movies, golf or ping pong.

For such persons radio is an escape, the same as excessive card playing or excessive dancing, reading, or whatnot are escapes. Keeping the instrument tuned in the livelong day helps not only to fill in time, but it distracts them as well.

Such persons cannot, to be sure, be said to enjoy their radio. What they need is a doctor's care, specifically a psychoanalysis, in order to remove the causes for the neurotic make-up which is responsible for their restlessness, dissatisfaction, and general emotional instability.

In addition, however, thousands also exist who are not neurotic yet who do not get the best out of their radios simply because they, too, overdo it.

Shall I call these people the careless ones, or possibly the indifferent ones?

Why not the deaf ones? In designating this class of persons as deaf I do [Continued on page 64]



Which shall you tune in—Eddie Cantor and Parkyakakaa, at the right, or Paul White-man and Lou Holtz, at left? Your emotional mood should be the determining factor in selecting programs



"No! No! a Hundred

A hundred "no's!" from Jane failed to discourage Goodman Ace's proposals—so now we have the Easy Aces program

By MARY WATKINS REEVES

IF A YELLOW slice of June moon had stayed behind a cloud just five minutes longer on a certain midnight in 1928, you'd never have heard of that gay and completely charming program called *Easy Aces*.

If yellow slices of June moons didn't have a way of boosting a fellow's nerve, Goodman Ace would never have kissed that blonde.

And if he hadn't kissed that blonde she wouldn't have slapped his face the way she did.

And if she hadn't slapped his face! . . .

Well, that was the last straw for that young man. The darndest, craziest love story you ever read started then and there. Because that one smarting sock on the cheek was all it took to instantly make an ace caveman Romeo out of cub reporter Ace.

Stinging mad, so mad he couldn't see straight, he was vaguely aware of his pert blonde date standing before him on the moonlit porch delivering a *scram!*-speech . . .

"—and furthermore," she wound up, "I've got a good mind to slap you again!"

Sizzling, he seized both her shoulders. "Listen, baby, if you had a *good mind* you'd marry me—you don't know a swell guy when you see one!"

And with that he picked her up bodily in one arm, marched right in the house, and asked her dad for his saucy little daughter.

It all began that way—amusingly, finally.

Finally, because Goodman had known Jane, the feminine fifty-per cent of *Easy Aces*, since they'd sat next to each other in the seventh grade at school. And to his boyish heart she was absolutely *the top* in skirts. She had canary-colored curls long enough to sit on and big brown eyes, and she could skin a fence as well as any tomboy in Kansas City.

THE only trouble was that she didn't have much regard for the robust, prankish lad who sat across the aisle and spent most of his time watching her instead of the blackboard. She was the teacher's pet and she made the honor roll every month, and those two jobs didn't leave a loophole for puppy love in her young life. No sir, she was prissy as well as pretty; she didn't even *like* boys, she told him emphatically one day.

So the lad across the aisle merely worshipped from afar and said nothing.

Came high school. Goodman got his first long pants, and Jane her first low-backed evening dress. And the gang that had come up from grammar school began "going out nights." Naturally, it was the object of his childhood affection whom Goodman asked to accompany him to the high school dances. And just as naturally, you'd think, she would have told him she'd love to go with him and they would have danced together and had a lot of fun until romance blossomed.

But not Jane. High school had done things for her in a big way. Teachers' pets and honor rolls lost their interest as soon as she discovered that canary-colored curls and big brown eyes were meant for more exciting things than books. She took to cosmetics instead of Caesar and afternoon dates instead

—Ray Lee Jackson

It was a June moon which finally nerved Goodman Ace to kiss blond, pert little Jane, and their marriage has been a succession of June moons ever since

Times No!"

of algebra. And found herself, along about her Junior year, the reigning belle of the neighborhood.

And that enviable position, indeed, held no place for mere Goodman Ace, whom she'd known all along. It was impossible to regard him as anything more than a childhood acquaintance. A perfectly sweet, nice boy, but—no thrill, she told him bluntly. Old stuff, Goody. Jane was out after new talent!

SHE got it. Plenty. She had so many dates you couldn't get near her. The closest Goodman ever got was to board the same street car she did after school, or maneuver a few brief cut-ins at a dance. And blindly adoring, he still thought she was swell even if she did treat him like dirt. That gal, that sassy, snooty gal, he guessed, had always just sort of gotten under his skin. And some day, some day, so *help* him, he'd win her!

So he worshipped from afar and said plenty—asking her for dates. And it didn't do him a speck of good. But he kept it up anyway, for four years.

After they'd graduated, Goodman entered the journalism school of Kansas City Junior College, and Jane continued her career of sentimental manslaughter. And Goody was still crazy about her and couldn't do anything about it. And Jane had so many other beaux to think about she didn't care whether he could do anything about it or not. And something *had* to be done about that!

So Goody hit on the bright idea of courting Jane's younger sister who didn't charm him so completely as his heart's desire, but who might serve a very useful purpose. Perhaps Jane would get jealous, he figured; and if she didn't do that, he'd at least have a lot of chances to see her at home. So regularly, three nights a week, he'd go over to help her sister with her lessons. They were, says Goodman, the only lessons he ever did. But they didn't do him much good. For nine times out of ten Jane would skip out of the house with another Romeo five minutes after he got there and leave him holding a history book in one hand and the kid sister's palm in the other.

After a while he landed a job as a reporter for the *Kansas City Journal-Post*. Night work, most of it, which sort of took the blithe little blonde off his mind. Furthermore, he liked the idea of writing for a newspaper. He'd work so hard, he decided, that he'd be famous some day; and then Jane would be sorry. When he was rich and a Winchell or something and married to a beautiful movie star, maybe.

FOR a long time he was so much the young-man-getting-ahead-in-the-world he didn't even bother to see her. For three years, in fact. Until one day, one balmy spring afternoon when young men's fancies are apt to turn hand-springs, his boss handed him



—Roy Lee Jackson

Believe it or not, Jane Ace, whose garbled diction has made her famous, used to top the honor roll in high school



two passes to an Al Jolson show that was playing Kansas City that night. He called Jane and asked her to go with him. And solely because it was Jolson, and none of her other swains had asked to take her, she accepted. Walking home from the theater, for the first time in his life, Goody made a little headway with the girl.

Not that she fell for him, or was even extra sweet to him or anything like that. She simply told him the evening had been fun and she'd consider giving him another date sometime.

The dates she did, with much considering, give him during the next six months were all the encouragement he needed. Before very long he was proposing, regularly, about five times a night!

They laughed, telling me about it. About the crazy places he picked to pop the

[Continued on page 71]

No wonder Jane Ace used to be the reigning belle of her neighborhood in Kansas City, with several dozen suitors



HATS off to SPRING

Whether it's a dashing sailor creation or an off-the-face model, the new mode in headgear is a jaunty salute to spring



Kathleen Wells wears a daringly original sport hat of Talbot blue wool jersey, stitched in Navy blue and banded with a heavy Navy French belting

Definitely youthful is this off-the-face creation modeled by Rosaline Greene of Showboat. The hat is of fine lieret straw with belting inserts

This Maria Guy sailor hat is worn at a sharp angle. It is black straw trimmed with a pie-crust, turned-down edge, belted in black and white

This Talbot spring hat of rough brown straw, trimmed with cork knobs tinted from pale yellow to chocolate, imparts a jaunty air

All models from Annas', Madison Avenue, New York

VIVIENNE SEGAL— Born to be a Star

When she couldn't get the star rôle in a Schubert production at the age of fifteen, Vivienne Segal turned down a chorus part with scorn—and two months later this favorite child of Lady Luck was offered the very rôle that had been refused her because of her inexperience

By RUTH ARELL

TO SOME folks, opportunity comes but once in a life time. If they're at home when the summons arrives, all well and good. They'll probably find their way in the sun.

Rarely, however, does it come continually banging at the same door—again and again—offering new, bigger and better things. But when it does, you can be sure that that fortunate one is indeed Lady Luck's favorite child. Such a person is Vivienne Segal, who has been given stardom in the theatre, the movies, and on the radio. And if you had the opportunity to talk to her and study her as I did, you'd know in a minute that she was just "born to be." For you can almost see the star-dust in the eyes of this singing star of Abe Lyman's alluring radio programs.

First, let me tell you about her entrance into the theatre. Believe it or not, she got her first critical notice in a school show at the age of eight, and at fifteen she was a full-fledged prima donna, starring in a Broadway production. Here's how it happened.

Vivienne received her early vocal training in Philadelphia, where she was born. When she was eight and attending a well-known private school, she organized a dramatic club among her classmates. Under the coaching of a teacher, they gave a performance of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, to which came dramatic critics from the city's leading papers. Vivienne played the part of Puck. The whole show was praised, but she was the only one mentioned by name in the review, for about her performance the critic wrote that "the rôle fitted her better than her tights."

IMMEDIATELY she had dreams of becoming a famous actress. In this she was secretly encouraged by her mother who, as a young girl, had also wanted to go on the stage. Her father,



Vivienne's father consented to her stage career when he saw the ovation her first performance won on the stage

on the other hand, a conservative doctor who was well-known as a specialist in children's diseases, disapproved of a career in the theatre. Yes, he wanted her to take piano lessons and to cultivate her voice, but these talents were to be used to increase her popularity as a society girl when she grew up.

Vivienne studied diligently. But not with her father's idea in mind. Privately she had decided that making a debut and being a drawing room ornament, running around with the Junior League [Continued on page 50]



Here is 15-year-old Vivienne as she appeared as star of *Blue Paradise*

That Daring Young Man

"A hillbilly is a city slicker who sings over the radio."
—Walter (Ol' Pappy) O'Keefe—who should know.

THERE'S feud for thought in them thar words by Broadway's favorite hillbilly. And—listen! Bang! Bang! crack-crack-crack-crack! There's shootin' in them thar Kaintucky hills. Take the shootin' irons down from the wall, boys. The Carstairs and the Hatfield clans are at it again, aiming straight from the shoulder—the shoulder of Walter O'Keefe, as trimly dinner-jacketed a shoulder as ever you've seen on a handsome young Irishman.

It's a snappy affair, this bloody feud instigated by a smoothie who is as much a part of Broadway as Times Square. The O'Keefe claims that all the blood and thunder is legal, and is carried on under the pure feud laws. But that's hard to believe until you've seen the way those boys take it, at the Columbia Playhouse. Bullets whiz straight to their marks. But although the oath-muttering, tobacco-chewing clansmen are bumped off the air with startling frequency, each succeeding week they come bouncing back, as vicious as ever, for more.

Not everyone realizes that the grim warfare is burlesque of the most delightful sort. Walter O'Keefe has received many letters from the misty blue ridges of the South, recounting the horror of actual feuds in which their writers have taken part, offering him full permission to dramatize them over the air.

But most of us know what all the shootin's about. We know that the crack-crack of rifles comes under the sole jurisdiction of Columbia's sound effects department and that the whole thing is in the spirit of good, clean fun. The idea of the feud is, of course, O'Keefe's own. He's glad people like it, because

His most daring stunt—although he didn't know it at the time—was to resurrect and popularize "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze." His friends call him a city slicker who has been metamorphosed into a Broadway Hillbilly

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK

it gives him an excuse to sing hillbilly ballads. So everybody is pleased, and the mock massacre goes on.

We cornered Mike O'Keefe's oldest boy—the one who's working—one morning at rehearsal. We wanted to find out how he, of all people, got into this hillbilly stuff. He certainly doesn't look the part. Even at early morning rehearsal he looks like a page out of a fashion journal.

He asked us to wait while he went out and got a harmonica. We hoped he intended to compose one of his immortal sagas about his experiences, accompanying himself on the harmonica. We knew it wouldn't be beyond him. We settled our notebook more firmly on our knee.

But when the O'Keefe returned we discovered that the mouth-organ had no connection whatever with us, but was needed for a new bit he'd just put into the program for that evening. (He writes all of his own material, and is a Trojan for work. When he has an idea he will sit up all night to finish it, then rush right out to try it out on the folks at rehearsal.)

His eyes looked very tired, but his black patent leather hair



The tobacco-chewing desperadoes of the O'Keefe clan fight it out with due respect for the pure feud laws. Colonel Carstairs (Louis Sorini) has two fingers on the Bowie knife. Zeke Hatfield (Jack O'Keefe) is the barefoot lad.

—WALTER

O'KEEFE

was smooth, his clothes immaculate. And he didn't act tired. He has the vitality and nervousness of a coiled spring. There is no room for languor in him. . . . But let's get back to the story of the metamorphosis of a city slicker into a hillbilly.

"THAT type of vocalizing has always fascinated me," he said, and there was no twang in his voice, but a mere trace of a brogue. "One day—in 1916, I believe, when I was about sixteen—I followed a group of singing evangelists all over town. It bewitched me, the way they sang. They had that *gnaaaaaaa* in their voices—you know, like this."

(We wish we could reproduce that sound for you, but it's impossible. Get Walter to do it for you sometime.)

"They sang *Brighten the Corner Where You Are*, and things like that, and it was swell. I had to find out how to do it, and I followed them around until I got it. That was just before I went to Notre Dame. I used to sing that way for fun at school, and ever since I've been doing it at parties, and at home. I even wrote some songs of that vintage, for my own amusement. But so far as I was concerned, it was just a parlor trick. I never expected to do it professionally. And then one day I came across—"

"*The Man on the Flying Trapeze!*" we exclaimed brightly. Walter put his hand in front of his eyes in a gesture of mock despair.

"You too," he said sadly. "Promise you won't ask me to sing it. I can't get away from it, you see. Mrs. O. and I moved recently, to escape That Man. We used to live in the Fifties. Things were comparatively pleasant until Rudy Vallée started singing it, long after I introduced it. Suddenly *Trapeze* became a Ford—you know, one of those spots you see before your eyes all the time? They started singing it in speak-easies all around us. It drove me mad. In fact, it drove us both mad.

"So we moved up to 96th Street. We took a lovely eleven-room apartment, in place of the four-room flat we'd been living in. The first morning we were awakened at four by the milkman singing—you know. I can't say it. . . . A little later, it was a fruit peddler, then a couple of street singers beneath our window. And now it's worse than ever, because we have eleven rooms. Did you ever try going mad in eleven rooms?"

WALTER O'KEEFE, had he never encountered the daring young man who made a hillbilly out of him, might have been several things. He might have been a priest, for one thing. He might have been a real estate salesman; in fact, he was that, once. He has been soda jerker, bartender, librarian, coal salesman and columnist, and all of them well enough to get by—but not for long, he says.

But it was in the cards that he would wind up as an entertainer. He was born with a ready Irish wit and rare good nature—lasting heritages from his dad, Michael O'Keefe, himself an amateur entertainer who might easily have become as famous as his brilliant son, and from his mother, whose name was Mary Mulcahy and whose eyes had that same infectious twinkle.

They both hoped their oldest boy, Walter, would follow the priesthood. To that end he was educated, partly in this country, in Hartford, Connecticut, which has been called "The Birthplace of the O'Keefe's," and partly in England, at Wimbledon School, near London, which he attended while staying with an Uncle Mulcahy on the other side. On his return to America, Walter entered St. Thomas Academy.

But the thing he wanted was to go West to Notre Dame. It would be expensive, the family argued; perhaps he couldn't get in. There were points against his going so far away from home. . . . But Walter wanted to go to Notre Dame. So he wrote a letter applying for admission. (Later, he was to write himself into other things he wanted, just as successfully.)



Walter O'Keefe claims to be the only Broadway Hillbilly with a dress shirt . . . he went mad in eleven rooms

Within a few short weeks he arrived in South Bend, Indiana, and was registered at the university of his choice. It was his intention to work his way through school; but first he must find a place to live. He went on a critical tour of inspection; after much deliberation he chose a house he liked the look of. It happened to belong to Knute Rockne. Although Walter was not even a football possibility, he lived with the Rocknes a year.

AT COLLEGE he did everything from running a newspaper switchboard to working in the botanical laboratory. He was an excellent student, and stuck his engaging grin into almost every activity on the campus. With such contemporary cronies as Charles Butterworth and East and Dumke, radio's "Sisters of the Skillet," he cavorted in school dramatics. He worked sixteen hours a day and threw on it.

Then came the War; suddenly America was in it, and O'Keefe decided he must be in it also. He was at home on vacation at the time; all Hartford wept and shouted and waved flags at the depot when he left, as he announced, to join the Marines. The band played. Everybody, including Walter himself, had forgotten the fact that he was just seventeen. Of course they turned him down flat. He rushed out, bought all the Hartford papers, rushed back and spread them out before the recruiting sergeant. [Continued on page 68]

Just a GAGGOLO

YOU hear a lot these days about how radio comics have changed their style of delivery by going in for "situation" comedy. Instead of the stooge asking the question and the comedian immediately making the snappy reply, they build up a sally into a scenario. The crack (wise or otherwise) comes as the climax to the conceit.

To illustrate, let's suppose this scene between Ed Wynn and Graham McNamee:

Wynn makes his entrance grotesquely garbed in his conception of what a well-dressed man would wear at a wedding. McNamee, when he gets through chuckling and the laughter of the studio audience has subsided, asks:

"Why, Chief, wherever in the world have you been in that get-up?"

"I've been to a wedding, Graham," explains Wynn.

"Well, well," comes from Graham, "so you've been to a wedding, Chief. And what did you give the bride for a present?"

"I gave her a barrel of wheat flour and a barrel of rye flour," Wynn tells him.

"What a ridiculous wedding gift!" exclaims McNamee. "What was the big idea giving her two barrels of flour?"

"Why, Graham, I wanted to say it with flours," gurgles the Fire Chief.

That's a situation gag.

If Wynn had merely said: "Well, Graham, I've been to a wedding and gave the bride a present; I gave her a barrel of wheat flour and a barrel of rye flour because I wanted to say it with flours," it would have been just a plain gag and it wouldn't have been so funny. The building up process made it better.

This method of arriving at the point of a joke isn't new, however. It's no more new than the joke itself. It is merely relating an anecdote just as an after-dinner speaker does when he starts out, "Once there were two Irishmen named Mike and Pat." The only difference is that the man springing the gag tells it to a companion who helps reach the denouement by apt inquiries and observations.

It is still just a gagolo, or a low gag, if you prefer to put it that way.

AND masters of situation comedy on the air like Eddie Cantor, Fred Allen, Jack Pearl, Jack Benny, Phil Baker, Ed Wynn

SITUATION GAG

Ed Wynn makes his entrance grotesquely garbed, convulsing Graham McNamee with laughter.

"Why, Chief, where in the world have you been in that get-up?"

"I've been to a wedding, Graham," says Wynn.

"A wedding. Well, well! What did you give the bride for a present?"

"I gave her a barrel of wheat flour and a barrel of rye flour," chuckles Wynn.

"What a ridiculous wedding gift! What was the idea of giving her two barrels of flour?"

"Why, Graham, I wanted to say it with flours," quips the Fire Chief.

ORDINARY GAG

"Well, Graham," says Wynn, "I've been to a wedding and gave the bride a present. I gave her a barrel of wheat flour and a barrel of rye flour because I wanted to say it with flours."

That's Nellie Revell's amusing description of what you and I would call a "low gag." But it's just that sort of gag, transformed into "situation comedy," which has maintained the popularity of radio's funny men and which will apparently enable them to pun on forever, to the fans' delight

By NELLIE REVELL

et al, are still digging into their dusty archives for antiquedotes to tell. The new masters have found the old masters are the best sources of material. And they will, for authorities insist there are only seven original jokes in the whole history of humor. These Seven Wonders of the World are continually being revamped and revised to meet new conditions, but no matter how they are twisted or what treatment given them, basically they remain the same.

The founts of fun being so feeble, then, what is the future of the radio comic, you ask. Surely listeners, in time, will weary of these old jests, no matter how skillfully they are refurbished, you argue. And when they tire of the comedians and their old gags, doesn't that necessarily mean their finish? you persist.

I don't subscribe to this conclusion, at all. Nor do the program makers of the networks. Only the other day John Royal, the vice president of the National Broadcasting Company who supervises all programs on the red and blue circuits, predicted even greater popularity for the aerial fun makers. He pointed out that all the favorites of last year are still headliners.

[Continued on page 58]



The Radio Review



HANNAH WILLIAMS
DEMPSEY

You know her better as Mrs. Jack Dempsey. A busy wife and mother, she is regarded as one of New York's best-dressed women, and recently found time to inaugurate a radio career with an appearance on Ben Bernie's program.



NELSON EDDY

Long a reigning favorite with the radio fans as singing star of the Firestone concerts, Nelson Eddy now flashes to the very pinnacle of movie fame as the romantic hero of the musical picture, "Naughty Marietta"

MARY DAVIS

Hats off to this charming vocalist whose voice lends a touch of springtime and youth to Enoch Light's music. And why shouldn't it—for she's just the type of girl you imagine as sweet sixteen in a gingham dress



IRENE BEASLEY

No newcomer to the air, Irene has been steadily forging ahead in popularity and is now recognized as one of the First Ladies of Radio. She hails from way down South in Dixie

GOGO DELYS

She's a bright spot on the new Lucky Strike program, where Lennie Hayton's orchestra also comes into new prominence, and an old favorite with Phil Baker's Friday evening show



RUMORS that Almost Wrecked Them

Gossip, innuendo, insinuations—these are hazards which constantly threaten the stars behind the mike

By MARY JACOBS

G OSSIP—VICIOUS, untrue, feeding on human gullibility, on thoughtlessness. It can ruin your life, besmirch your reputation, break up your home. On its dangerous rocks many radio careers have been smashed; and some stars have just barely managed to save themselves from the slimy effects of scandalmongers' stories. Like a bombshell, without warning of any kind, base rumors may descend upon you, may tear down in a short time what has taken you years to build.

Frank Parker, the gypsy tenor, just barely escaped this fate.

Last spring he awoke one morning to find that a man whom we shall call Mr. X had launched a \$50,000 suit against him for alienation of his wife's affec-

tions. He claimed his wife had left him for Frank Parker in 1924; had come home; and again left him for the handsome tenor in 1931.

You can imagine the furore on radio row when these accusations burst upon Frank's fans. They had always considered young Mr. Parker their idol, the kind of upstanding, decent, moral young man anyone could be proud of. Here's their chance to learn the other side of the story, Frank's side.

"I first met Mr. X when we both were in the chorus of *No Other Girl*, which was on tour. Naturally, we all spent a good deal of time together, in a spirit of friendly camaraderie. But we were just friends.

"When the show broke up, each of us went his own way. If Mrs. X's husband believed I had stolen his wife's love, why didn't he bring suit in 1926? Or 1931? Why did he wait till 1934?"

"I didn't hear from Mrs. X till 1931,

when she besieged me with a series of phone calls and notes, telling me how unhappy she was with her husband. Finally she begged me to see her for old time's sake, and I did. I listened sympathetically while she told me of her troubles. I haven't seen her since 1931."

Three years later, after Frank had forgotten all about the existence of this ex-show girl, the \$50,000 alienation suit was slapped on him.

PARKER is not the only radio star to suffer from insinuation and rumor. Lawrence Tibbett, Seth Parker, Mildred Bailey, Paul Whiteman and Lanny Ross have also felt its dread touch. And only managed by the skin of their teeth to shake themselves free.

Let's take the case of Lanny Ross. Lanny Ross has been built up as a romantic figure, every girl's ideal sweetheart, a very eligible young bachelor. All the tender [Continued on page 60]



Lawrence Tibbett, below, "lost his voice"—according to a rumor which plagued him for months



Gossips spread vicious rumors of "wild parties" aboard the *Seth Parker*. Above, an actual party: Antonio C. Gonzales, American minister; Dr. Harmodio Arias, president of Panama, and Phillips Lord, their host



At right, Lanny Ross and Muriel Wilson. Unfounded rumors said that Lanny is married and a father

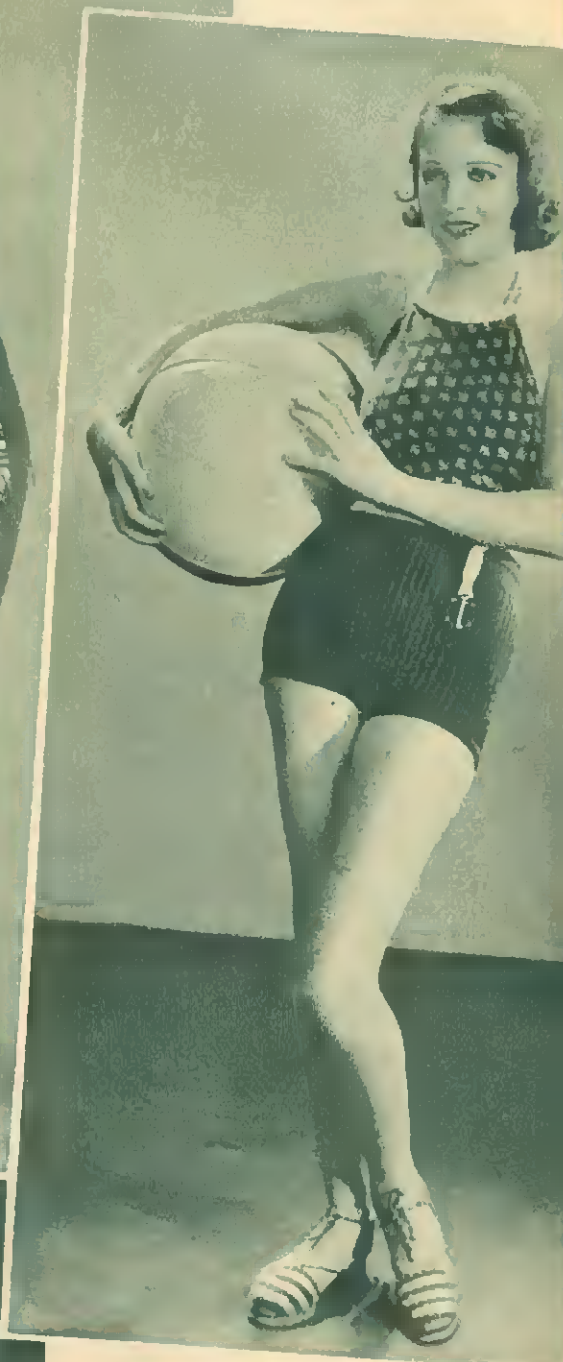
Beauty and the Beach



Anne Darling, Universal pictures star, selects a Jantzen suit for beach wear. The woven belt, continuing around the neck and caught up in the back in a fetching bow, adds a piquant touch of color in the 1935 mode



Famous at beaches in Florida, California and Hawaii is the Banda-Wikie, that novel two-piece suit designed by Gantner and Mattern, and worn here by lovely Mona Mario



Irene Ware chooses a Banda-Wikie suit by Gantner and Mattern. The woven anchor bandana and the waffle-weave trunks are distinctive. The rope weave of the belt and neck strap imparts a nautical note

Mike Says:

By
ARTHUR J.
KELLAR

Views and News
from the Radio
Rialto

Rise Of The Stooze

WONDER what would happen to radio comics if their stoozes organized a union and suddenly walked out on them for higher wages, or something? It's a cinch many of them would be left hanging in the air high and dry.

A comedian without a stooze is as rare on the kilocycles today as an announcer without a sales talk. And most of them are surrounded by a complete crew of comic conspirators. The metamorphosis of a broadcasting buffoon from a monologist into a monopolist of talent has been one of the distinct developments of radio in recent months.

Aids To The Gagster

Ed Wynn remains about the only clown who doesn't rely on a big supporting cast. And, of course, *The Fire Chief* has his horse and *Graham*. The rest are striving nobly to reduce unemployment among the deserving and are continually adding to their assistants. Fred Allen's *Mighty Art Players*, for instance, with Portland Hoffa, Jack Smart, Minerva Pious, et al, to say nothing of the amateurs, loom up as one of the biggest aggregations of stoozes.

Jack Benny, with Mary Livingstone, Sam Hearn, Don Bestor, Frank Parker and Don Wilson, is another with a gang of gagsters. Phil Baker has his bungling butler *Bottle* (Harry McNaughton) and the postiferous haunter *Beetle* (identity unknown) and has recently annexed a feminine Greek dialectician. Then there is Joe Penner with Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hillard and several others stooging nobly for him. And Joe Cook is projecting *Circus Night in Silvertown* with a whole troupe of trained seals including Tim Ryan, Irene Noblette and Lew Hearn.

Cantor Blazed The Trail

Eddie Cantor, pioneer among the stage and screen players to take to the air, was also one of the first to train announcers to do funny bits. See what he did to the diction-medal-winning Jimmy Wallington and what he is now doing with Ted Husing. (Ted will have material for another book before Eddie finishes putting him through the paces.) Harry Einstein, creator of the Greek character, *Parkyakakas*, has been made a regular member of Cantor's company and chief comedy consort at a reported salary of \$20,000 a year.

Lifesaver To The Jester

A good stooze is often a life-saver to a jester struggling for a place in the air castles. There is *Bob Hope*, for example, who was just getting by as emcee on *The Intimate Review* when that zephyr from the Southland, *Honeychile*, otherwise Miss Patricia Wilder, was wafted upon the scene and injected new life into the proceedings. *Walter O'Keefe* enhanced the enjoyment of the *Camel* period by acquiring *Louis Sorin*, *Alice Frost* and others. Even the internationally famed *Beatrice Lillie*, so long accustomed to occupying the stage of the legitimate theatre all by her lonesome, has to have aides on the air.

Humor Amplifiers

And while we are on the subject, where would Jack Pearl be without his *Cliff Hall*, *Colonel Stoognagle* without his *Budd*, *Tom Howard* without his *George Shelton* and *George Givot* without his *Tommy Mack*? Or, for that matter where would any wireless wag be without competent assistants serving as sounding boards and amplifying their humor? The radio studio may be a broadcasting wit's oyster these days, but the pearl in it frequently turns out to be the stooze.

Coughlin To Continue

WHEN this was written *Father Charles E. Coughlin* planned to continue broadcasting his broadsides over the Summer months instead of resting as has been his custom. His regular series expiring Easter Sunday, the fighting radio priest contemplated a supplementary series of Sunday appearances beginning at midnight and lasting a half-



Our idea of a tuneful duet—Jimmie Melton at the piano, with Kate Smith warbling, in an informal moment at a radio party

hour instead of an hour. The design was to bridge the period between Easter Sunday and the resumption of his regular Sabbath afternoon dissertations next October.

Call To Battle

The crusading clergyman was contemplating this extension of his air activities because of several considerations. With Senator Huey Long, he had been bitterly attacked by General Hugh S. Johnson as a dangerous demagogue. Repercussions of his equally vehement reply, together with other developments in Washington and Wall Street, indicated to *Father Coughlin* the menace to his program for economic reforms, were the voice of the *National Union For Social Justice* to be stilled on the air. He didn't want to take any chances of interest relaxing among his partisans, one of the largest followings any radio personage has ever marshalled.

Salary Boost For Rudy

RUDY VALLEE'S contract with the *Fleischmann Yeast Company* has been extended for two years with options on his services until 1942—which is just about the longest-term document known

to radio. The new arrangement provides for an immediate boost in salary of \$1,000 a week, which means Rudy is now collecting \$3,850 a broadcast, of which his Connecticut Yankees receive \$1,300. Another sponsor sought Rudy's talents and is reported to have offered as much as \$10,000 weekly for the same. But *The Vagabond Lover*, who has a well developed sense of loyalty, decided to stick to the concern with which he has been riding to eminence on the kilocycles for the past five years.

Seven Years Of Glory

Rudy has been on the air over seven years, having started in February, 1928, from the *Heigh-Ho Club* in New York City. When he flashed upon the broadcasting horizon to dazzle all femininity, masculine critics pointed the finger of scorn at him. They predicted all sorts of dire disasters for the despised crooner, none of which transpired. Instead, Rudy steadily climbed the heights and today enjoys probably the biggest following of any radio entertainer. In the movies, too, he is a star of the first magnitude his latest flicker, *Sweet Music*, establishing him as an actor of charm and distinction. Detractors, confounded by his success in all arenas of amusement and having seen all their predictions about this remarkable young man knocked into cocked hats, have, in turn, quit knocking him with the exception of few diehards.

CBS Goes Statistical

THE Columbia Broadcasting System, which never seems to tire of digging up statistics about the radio industry, now assures the world there are just

Bobby Gibson and Dot of *The Gibson Family* get out an edition of the *Courier*. You'll recognize Jack and Loretta Clemons



21,455,799 radio sets in these United States. Heretofore receivers were estimated in round numbers—18,000,000, to be precise—and this figure was based on Uncle Sam's census findings in 1930. Columbia surveyors discovered nearly two and a half million more by computations based on house-to-house canvasses in different localities. For those who like to hobnob with statistics, here are some other figures contributed by Columbia: In 1934, 4,084,000 sets were sold in this country at a cost of \$165,000,000; 1,800,000 autos are equipped with receivers; in 2,295,000 homes there are two or more radios and there are twice as many loudspeakers in homes in this country as there are telephones in residences.

Victory For Cantor

CHALK up another victory for Eddie Cantor, the pet peeve of the New York City radio reviewers. His erstwhile employers, *Chase and Sanborn*, found him too big an attraction to buck with their operas in English, and that ambitious program has faded from the air. Replacing is *Major Edward Bowes'* amateur hour, moved over to the NBC networks in toto from WHN, New York's independent station whence it originated.

The *Chase and Sanborn Opera Guild* with *Deems Taylor* as narrator and arranger, a fine orchestra conducted by *Maestro Wilfred Pelletier* of the *Metropolitan Opera*, a chorus of forty and distinguished guest singers, cost \$6,500 per broadcast to produce. It attracted and held a large audience until Cantor appeared as opposition on Columbia for *Pebeco*. Then listeners dwindled so rapidly the sponsors scurried about for a program of wider appeal. The *Bowes* amateur show, deemed the most entertaining of such exhibitions because of the personality of the paternal Major, costs \$3,500 a week to operate—C. & S. thus saving \$3,000 a broadcast, as well as getting a program attractive to a larger audience. Meanwhile, Cantor cavorts to the tune of \$10,000 every Sunday night, which makes his one of the most expensive half-hours on the air.

Miscellany

Willie Morris, the girl singer with the masculine name on the *Palmolive* program, was christened *William* by her parents before birth—so sure were they the stork was bringing a boy . . . *Don Alvarez*, the Columbia singer, was an oil company engineer in Mexico when the broadcasting bug bit him . . . *The Voice of Romance* on NBC is *Maurice Abrams*,



Amos and Andy, vacationing in Hollywood, spend a few minutes (for photographic purposes) in one of those "dog houses" to which movie executives are reputed to send employes in disfavor

Mike Says:

50% Honest

The sponsors of *The Gumps* had a problem to solve which would have stumped Solomon. A sack of 5,800 letters, each containing a dime, sent in accordance with an offer made on the air, was stolen from their safe. Announcement was made of the theft and of the desire of the advertiser to make good if the dime-contributors would just drop a post card with their name and address. In response, over 12,000 solemnly attested they had sent the 5,800 letters. Acting on the theory the customer is always right, the 12,000 claims were recognized.

Press-Bureau Boners

NBC is getting cautious about news bulletins flashed to it by the Press-Radio Bureau. The lesson learned when it put on the air the erroneous verdict of the Hauptmann jury hasn't been forgotten. Then, on top of that mishap, the first dispatch transmitted by Press-Radio reported the Supreme Court's finding as un-

favorable to the government in the famous gold case. NBC waited before releasing that bulletin, and thus learned the reverse was true and was able to give listeners the correct decision. Both were boners of the Associated Press, recognized as the world's greatest news-gathering agency.

Fast One By A Bandsman

You have got to go some to beat a resourceful bandsman. A popular Broadway resort and one of radio's best known maestros argued which should be stressed in the sales talk on the air—the cabaret or the conductor. The restaurant insisted its food and service came first and the announcer's spiel was so written. So what happened? When the microphone man did his stuff, the band leader directed his men in soul-stirring—and resounding—marches which drowned out the talk! P. S.—That band leader doesn't work there any more.

Town Crier Likes Color

Alexander Woollcott uses three styles of stationery. If you are a pal of his he writes on a green-colored letterhead bearing the legend, "Wit's End," at the top. If you are merely an acquaintance, he communicates to you on buff paper crested with his name and address. All others get a canary-tinted sheet imprinted with his name only.

Memos from a radio reporter's pad: Edward MacHugh, the gospel singer, is in difficulties with the United States Immigration officials. They charge MacHugh, a native of Scotland, entered the country illegally by way of Canada . . . Don Richards, the orchestra pilot, is the son of Cesare Sodero, one of radio's pioneer batoneers . . . Bernie Cummins, the bandsman, was once a welter-weight boxer . . . Richard Norton, Columbia's new baritone, is really Bill Hawkins, protégé of John Charles Thomas. He helped out on a Thomas program several weeks ago when the latter was ill. Hawkins was deemed a name okay for a butler but lacking in dignity for a baritone—hence

the change to Norton . . . Lanny Ross has taken to bowling for relaxation . . . Add to social registerites winning favor on the air Eve Symington, daughter of Congressman James Wadsworth. She is a torch singer active of recent months in New York nightclubs and as a guest star in radio with Rudy Vallée and others.

You Can't Scare Charlie

Charlie Hamp, who is the *Voice of Hollywood* over station KNX, is one of those rare souls who never suffers from mike fright. He doesn't even bother to prepare his programs in advance—simply sits down at the piano, ad libs into a funny story or a bit of gossip, and the fans love his spontaneous chatter. He refuses to tune in a radio after working hours, but is a camera fan likely to be encountered in unexpected corners snapping pictures.

Passing Of A Veteran

Radio's oldest actress Adelaide Fitz-Allen, died of pneumonia recently at the age of 79. For four years she played the part of Nancy, the old crone in *The Witch's Tale*. This popular feature, created on Station WOR by Alonzo Dean Cole, now reaches a world-wide audience by electrical transcription . . . Reference to WOR reminds that this station, the New York outlet of the Mutual Broadcasting System, is now operating its 50,000-watt transmitter at Carteret, N. J. It is a directional antenna system, something new in broadcasting, which focusses its greatest power where the largest number of listeners reside and diminishes the signals over thinly settled areas.

Coolidge-Rogers Quip

Will Rogers contributes to the anecdotes illustrating the subtle wit of the late Calvin Coolidge by telling how he invited the former President, then retired

from the White House, to witness one of his broadcasts. "I gab and also on the program is a darn good quartet," said Rogers in explaining the nature of his air period. "Well, I like singing," came dryly from the lips of C. C.

60,000 Miles Of Wire

The telephone wires which carry broadcast programs from station to station across the continent are not ordinary telephone wires. They are thicker and heavier. There are 60,000 miles of them in cables in this country, and 50,000 more miles of special aerial wire. And they represent a tidy sum to the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, for it cost \$20,000,000 to install the equipment necessary for program transmission.

What—No Harmonica Union?

The musician's union doesn't recognize the harmonica (nor the ukulele either, for that matter) as a musical instrument, thereby making miserable Borrah Minevitch, the harmonica king. "It's ridiculous," says Minevitch. "Half the world plays the harmonica and the other half wishes it could." In support of this claim, Borrah points proudly to 125,000 members enrolled in his Harmonica Institute, a school which teaches youngsters how to play the mouth organ in four lessons.

We Can't Radio The Planets

Somebody is always taking the joy out of life. For a long time people have dreamed about talking to other planets by radio. Now comes a scientist, pointing out that since radio waves travel at the speed of 180,000 miles a second it would take four and a half years for the signals to cover the 23,000,000,000,000 miles to a world in a system of the nearest star, Alpha Centauri. And another four and a half years to get the answer.

Eve Sally, with the encouragement of Jesse Block, offers a banana to a friendly and hungry bear in the Bronx Park Zoo



Paul Whiteman, twenty years a bandsman, receives congratulations from Helen Jepson and Rudy Vallée



Jack Dempsey, now proprietor of a New York restaurant, approves plans for a testimonial dinner to Paul Whiteman, assisted by Abe Lyman and Dick Himber

Rescue on the high seas! The crew of the ill-fated *Seth Parker* being taken aboard H. M. S. *Australia* after a mid-Pacific storm disabled the radio celebrity's schooner

a graduate of Temple University . . . Amos 'n' Andy may be emirs of the ether, but they aren't air-minded when it comes to traveling. After an unnerving mishap in an airliner, trains and motors are now speedy enough for them . . . Composer-Conductor Johnny Green is dieting and reducing at the rate of two pounds a week . . . When Ignace Jan Paderewski makes his much-anticipated radio debut next Fall he will be starred simultaneously in a movie.

All-Time Salary Low

Actors' Equity, the union of legitimate players, is meeting with apathy in trying to organize radio performers. Assuming the first thing a union does is to raise salaries, this is rather surprising, for the fees collected by sustaining artists and those who play minor rôles in the various script shows are feeble, indeed. The talent least paid are the actors who dramatize commercial plugs by exchange of dialogue. The average pay for this type of work is \$6.25 per broadcast. Dramatic actors are paid notoriously low salaries, too, but they look on radio as a stepping-stone to the stage.

A Front Seat *at the*

Biggest Show *on Earth*

Act I—BEATRICE LILLIE
In Songs and Dialogue

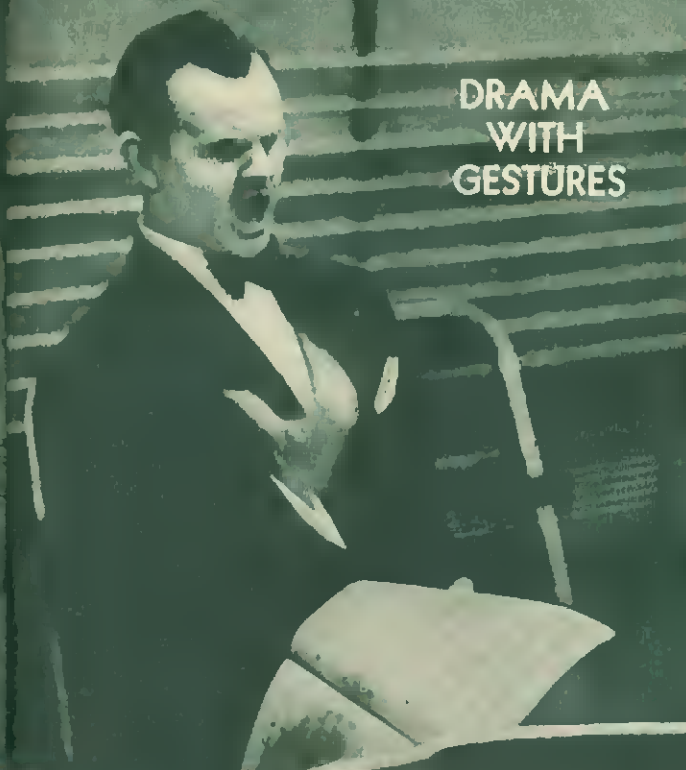


Wonder
if they
got that
one!

Act II—Songs by
LANNY ROSS



Act IV—CLASSICAL NUMBERS by LAWRENCE TIBBETT



DRAMA
WITH
GESTURES

ROMANTIC
PASSAGE



Act III—MELODRAMA WITH HITZ AND DAWSON



Dangerous Paradise is our drama this evening. folks! Nick Dawson, at your extreme left, takes the hero's rôle as Dan; Elsie Hitz plays Gail, his sweetheart; and Bradley Parker is imitating a pack of hungry wolves. Honest—and Gail and Dan are pretty scared, all right

—Rudolf F. Hoffmann

Act V—VARIETY NUMBERS by ROXY & COMPANY



Tense moment during a Roxy broadcast—Leon Rosebrook, conductor, has just finished mopping his brow, and Roxy is busy introducing Lillian Tyorson to the microphone audience

The Loudspeaker

Speaks Out



PERSIMMONS to the sponsor of Ruth Etting's programs who, with the popular songstress under contract, hardly gives her a chance to sing . . . but instead devotes far too much of the time to coaches and other persons who



Ruth Etting . . . a chance to sing

supposedly appeal to the college crowd, whereas nobody could, appeal to the college crowd half so much as Ruth herself . . . Palms to Major Bowes' idea of the telephone vote on his amateur hour with the corresponding announcement of the returns which gives an hour, which now is but a repetition of something already pretty well done to death on the networks, the excitement of a contest and a flavor all its own.

Palms to Auntie Bee Lillie, who continues to get better and better all the time . . . Ripe, juicy persimmons to the sponsors who

have the craze for putting names on the air whether they belong in the spot or lend anything to the situation or not . . . two instances in mind are



Ricardo Cortez on the Lombardo show . . . an able actor who is utterly wasted here . . . and the inclusion of Amelia Earhart for her name's sake on the Red Davis show regardless of the effect on the script.

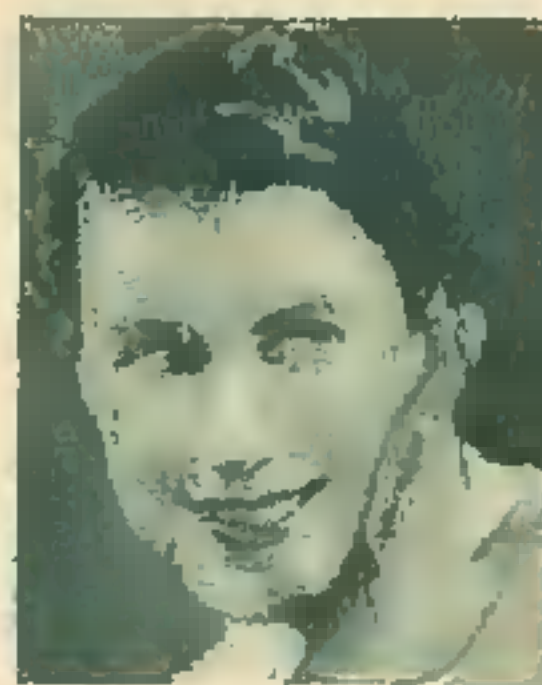
Major Bowes . . . votes by telephone

Palms to the idea of programs

getting together and swapping guest stars, i. e., Benny for Lillie and vice versa, giving an impromptu and spontaneous gaiety that could not be achieved any other way . . . we'd like to see more of it . . . Persimmons to the Minneapolis Symphony program for all the time taken away from the swell music for the versifying, which is out of place.

Palms to Col. Stoopnagle and Budd and their swell series kidding radio, which is absolutely tops as far as anything comic on the air goes . . . Persimmons to Rudy Vallée for his English imitations . . . he ought to

stick to orchestra conducting . . . Palms to Ray Noble's program for Coty . . . with the prediction that he'll be away up there before long . . .



Beatrice Lillie . . . better and better

Persimmons to the Cap'n Dobbie show for not staying longer . . . and Palms to the sponsors who finally brought Ethel Merman to the airwaves . . .

Persimmons to those planted performers on some of the amateur hours . . . we mean the ones who are obviously brought before the mike for the express purpose of getting the gong . . . Palms to Jack Benny for walking away with RADIOLAND'S popularity poll . . . and palms to Tom Howard and George Sheldon on the Vallée Hour for the freshest bit of comedy routine to hit the ether in many moons . . . Persimmons to the plague of Greek dialect artists who are getting too numerous for comfort . . . the original masters are okay but most of their imitators are pretty sour.

The R. F. D.

In which the cash customers are given an opportunity to express their opinions

THE chief complaint from writers this month seems to be one that the Loudspeaker has overlooked. It has to do with musical arrangements. When people think they're going to hear a tune they know, they evidently want it played so they can recognize it, not all dolled up with false whiskers and a putty nose.

Says Anne Church of Harrisburg, Pa.:

"No one admires more than I the artistic ingenuity with which some band leaders can take a mere skeleton of melody and subject it to enchantingly intricate variations of color and tempo without sacrificing its identity. But other conductors so distort and torture a tune in their desire to be different that the piece either sounds discordant or is actually unrecognizable."

There seems to be some disagreement on the subject of Mary Pickford. Mrs. Ethel M. Gilman of Portland, Maine, proffers her a Palm for her performance in *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*. Charles L. Downes of Mount Vernon, N. Y., has a word of praise for her too. But Geraldine Cleaver of Anita, Iowa, objects to "too much dramatics by non-dramatic actresses, particularly in the Mary Pickford plays."

The Loudspeaker didn't realize how popular Beatrice Lillie was until he made some uncomplimentary remarks about her material, whereupon the listeners proceeded to jump down his throat.

Declares John F. Dauphinee of Somerville, Mass.:

"If you listen closely, you will find that she receives as much laughter and applause as any popular comedian."

Mrs. L. C. Da Costa of New Haven, Conn., remarks:

"Beatrice Lillie is always good for a lot of laughs. What fun the people working with her must have!"

Fortunately, Miss Lillie's work has improved tremendously, so the Loud-

speaker is able to ward off a few blows by offering her a Palm himself this month.

Carl Pennington of Jacksonville, Florida, wants to muzzle not only the imitators of Bing Crosby, but the imitators of the imitators of Bing. Amen, Brother Pennington. Hallelujah!

Dorothy Lee Glass wants to register a Palm for Jessica Dragonette. A good idea too.

Miss M. M. Carmichael is indignant at the idea Wayne King is slipping and advises that she could do very nicely without her radio, were it not for the maestro.

Mrs. H. Ruckman of Flushing, Ohio, wants us to know that she feels pretty badly about the possibility of *One Man's Family* going off the air. And we're glad to be able to reassure her in the next column. This will be good news too to Miss Ruth Gaspard of Carlinville, Ill., who also lists the *Family* as tops.

Georgiana Thomas of Coldwater, Mich., is pretty annoyed about women's voices on the air. Says she:

"Forget yourselves, girls, think of the ideas you want to put across and speak to us 'man to man.'"

Lorraine Wroblewski of Menasha, Wis., is peeved at sponsors who insert their advertising in the middle of programs. She thinks they do it right on Jack Benny's program.

Cries Ora Collier Sellers of Gadsden, Alabama:

"Oh, how I detest shouty announcements, musicians who try to ape one another's style, politicals replacing regular programs and mush-mouth diction."

There you have a fair cross section of opinion straight from the fans themselves and if it makes a lot of sponsors' ears burn you can't blame the Loudspeaker. Now let's pass on to the prize winning letter received during the past month.

\$10 Prize Letter

Disagreement Editor,
RADIOLAND.

Dear Sir:

"Just Plain Bill" could be an interesting, appealing little sketch of real small-town life, if they'd eliminate the "sob stuff." For some unknown reason, my little girl enjoys listening to it, but Daddy and I certainly tire of hearing the troubles of Bill, Nancy, Dave and Cary. (Daddy and I are the ones who buy, after all!)

Not a night goes by but Bill practically weeps all over us, then Nancy steps in with her sad, would-be consoling voice, Dave is filled with bitter remorse and good old Cary contributes his share of tears and jealousy. Personally, if I had a couple of long-faced boy friends like Dave and Cary, I'd give them both the air and go out looking for someone who knew how to laugh once in a while! And if I had a dad like honest Bill, I'd leave town in a hurry!

But to listen to something more pleasant! Orchids, and plenty of them, to the Singing Lady, The Lady Next Door, Myrt and Marge, and the Columbia School of the Air! As a mother of four youngsters, I certainly appreciate these splendid programs as a striking contrast to the too-exciting type of children's programs, which call for domestic air-muffs.

Sincerely,

MARY KAY.

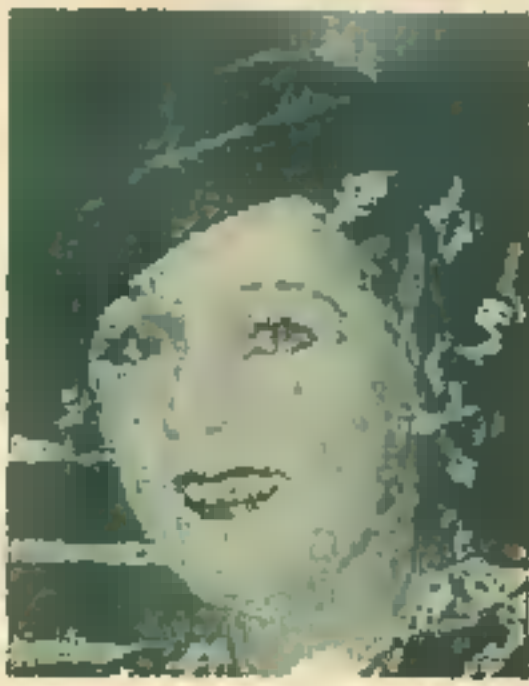
687 Sixth Street, South Boston, Mass.
March 13, 1935.

JUNE, 1935

The Year in Review

MAKE a ring around the season of 1934-1935. It may go down in history as the year when radio really grew up . . . it has swooped down on us and gone its way so fast that it has left us a little breathless . . . but now all, or nearly all, of the entries are in . . . the passage of time gives us perspective . . . so this may be the time to look our radio gifthorse in the mouth and scratch the enamel on our presents from the sponsors.

Nineteen hundred and thirty-four and thirty-five will be remembered among other things as the year when the term "million-dollar show" was first uttered in radio circles with an effect which was at first staggering but soon became commonplace . . . the year when the short wave craze got its firmest hold and slipped back into a class with DX listening . . . when there was more and a better grade of every kind of entertainment than ever before, more comedians, more symphony orchestras, more musical comedies, more script shows . . . the year that first saw baseball sponsored in a big way.



Mary Pickford . . .
good air voice

It was the year that saw drama on the air first come into its own . . . tops for the year in this field was the Lux Beauty Box Theater which made Sunday afternoons something memorable on the air . . . Mary Pickford, in her courageous assault on the new medium also deserves a place in the front rank with her remarkably effective air voice . . . her personality which got across . . . and mention should be made of the First Nighter programs in the Little Theater off Times Square, no newcomer, but a program which kept up a fine standard.

Perhaps the biggest splash of all was made in the direction of musical comedy . . . there was the *Gibson Family*, launched with much fanfare, which had hard going at first, but later settled down to a steady, even course of enjoyability . . . in its own field the *Palmolive Beauty Box* was perhaps even more professionally done, bringing the old favorite musical comedies to the fireside . . . later in the year, *Club Romance* and the Otto Harbach show were to follow the trail which the *Gibson Family* had blazed, *Club Romance* settling down into a straight musical show, and the Harbach show moving up into the

field of first class entertainment . . .

Among the script shows, the old veterans *Amos 'n' Andy* and *Myrt 'n' Marge* carried on steadily, holding their old audiences . . . *Easy Aces* went on and off, switched networks and kept up the pace . . . but never reached the peak set by their sweepstakes gag . . . *One Man's Family* had a stormy time of it, now sustaining, now sponsored, now sustaining again, but at the very end of the season found steady sponsorship in the spot left vacant by Mary Pickford, which it had long deserved . . . Vic and Sade, Clara Lu and 'Em ambled amiably along as before . . . but no single script act caught the fancy of the entire nation as Amos and Andy once did when at their peak . . . in fact, official ratings indicated that less and less would any one show command the fancy of a large segment of the listening audience . . . that each type of entertainment would be a smaller but more loyal and steady audience.

Among the commentators, Hill, Thomas and Carter held on . . . Carter increased his popularity through his coverage of the Lindbergh case and shot into the front rank of favorites . . . but the rising star among them was Alexander Woollcott, who reached his zenith, even in opposition to the Benny show, with his informal showmanship and his store of anecdotes . . . in the ranks of the comics two new voices scored hits, Bob Hope and Parkyakakas (the latter new to the network) and one old timer, Lou Holtz, came back strong . . . Joe Cook came back late.



Boake Carter . . .
gained ground

Late Comers

Lenny Hayton's orchestra and series of guest stars in new series for Lucky Strike on NBC.

Al Jolson with orchestra returns as a comedian with all sob stuff out. NBC.

Major Bowes *Amateur Hour* takes the place of the operas for Chase & Sanborn on Sunday nights. NBC.

And Ethel Merman takes to the airwaves with Johnny Green's orchestra on Sunday nights likewise. CBS.

One Man's Family takes Mary Pickford's place on Wednesday nights. NBC.

And Father Coughlin, for the first time, does not go off this spring, but continues through the summer on a late Sunday night spot.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



Now AN IMPROVED MASCARA

*New Emollient Winx Widely
Welcomed. Gives Your Eyes
Alluring Beauty*

MY final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx is a nationwide sensation. It brings women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx, which I can prove:

- (1) It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.
- (2) Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
- (3) It cannot smart or sting or cause discomfort. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer—your money back, without question, if you don't agree that I can beautify your eyes.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with my Winx Cake Mascara. Shape your brows with a Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

Buy any or all of my Winx eye beautifiers. Make a trial. If you are not pleased, for any reason, return the box to me and I'll refund your full price, no questions asked.

Louise Ross

Mail coupon for my free book—"Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"



Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City F-6-35

Name

Street

City..... State

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

RACKETEERS of RADIO

*Radio stars must
be constantly on
their guard to protect
themselves from rack-
eteers and chisellers intent on
separating them from their
money*

By
SAM BLAKE

IT WAS Dr. Wolf Adler, of Columbia University, who once said that the average tuner-inner, because of radio, had come to possess more imagination than two detective story writers combined.

There is no doubt that radio listeners, minds sharpened by the ether whetstone, have come, like their stage and screen fan brothers and sisters, to enjoy taking apart their air favorites to see what makes them tick. A certain few have gone even further and through means at once odd, sinister and crazy, have made a comfortable living off radio artists. You'd be surprised to know how many racketeers there are among tuner-inners! There is also another species, who, the Lord and they only know why, think it their heavenly duty to see and talk to their favorite entertainer. And if the methods of the radio racketeer seem lunatic, brother, if you'll pardon my Jolson accent, "you ain't heard nothin' yet," when you learn of this gentry.

Let's make this article a grab-bag.

Whatever comes out first will be discussed.

George Haefely. The CBS maestro is best described as the sort of man who would love his mother-in-law ("greater love hath no man"). His programs emanate from the Roseland ballroom in New York and are heard as far South as Georgia. George's programs must touch the hearts of many Georgians, particularly a Savannah lad's. For, late last November, Haefely received a letter from him to the effect he was broke; he was lonesome; that he yearned to visit New York and dance at Roseland; and that in as much as Haefely had created this desire, it was no more than fair that the band leader should pay his fare to New York and put an end once and for all to the ache in his heart.

Now ordinarily such a letter would find its way to the nearest waste basket, but there was a P. S. attached to it. "After thinking it over," it read, "I have decided that unless you give me the money and the good time, I'll kill myself. I mean it." Now that may seem very silly and childish—but have you ever received a letter from a would-be suicide? Haefely was in a cold sweat for twenty-four hours. At the end of that time he arranged for the Savannah fan to come to New York. But he also phoned an employment agency to send him the hardest-boiled male secretary in Manhattan. And when that gentleman was found, he was given the job of reading all Haefely's fan mail. Radio racketeers are now completely out of luck as far as George is concerned, and the baton wielder sleeps peacefully nights.

Grace Hayes. It isn't generally known, but the home address of any important radio artist is worth its weight in gold to insurance agents, stock brokers and what have you. Which is why the studios guard that information so zealously. But sometimes a trick is put over on them and an address is given out innocently. There

[Continued on page 38]



Vera Van was tricked by a man posing as a doctor who professed to have treated her in her childhood when she was a cripple



OH, DARLING!... MY NEW WASHER IS BEAUTIFUL. I'M CRAZY TO TRY IT

AND ARE YOU CHANGING YOUR SOAP, TOO?



YOU BET—NO MORE ORDINARY, OLD-FASHIONED SOAPS FOR ME. RINSO WILL ALWAYS GIVE BEST RESULTS. THE WASHING MACHINE SALESMAN SAID

WELL, HE OUGHT TO KNOW. ALL THOSE SALES-MEN ARE WASHING EXPERTS



HE SAID RINSO GIVES THE BEST SUDS AND WASHES CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER. THAT'S WHY 34 MAKERS OF WASHING MACHINES ENDORSE IT

NEXT WASHDAY

DARLING—SEE! YOUR OLD SHIRTS LOOK BRAND NEW. AND THIS NEW, COLORED ONE DIDN'T FADE A BIT. THOSE RICH, CREAMY RINSO SUDS WERE THE LONGEST-LASTING I EVER SAW

If you have no washer, you'll appreciate Rinso even more; for Rinso's creamy, active suds *soak* out dirt—get clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling. This safe "soak-and-rinse" method makes clothes last 2 or 3 times longer. You'll save money. And Rinso suds (so rich even in hardest water) make dishwashing and *all* cleaning easier. Kind to hands.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

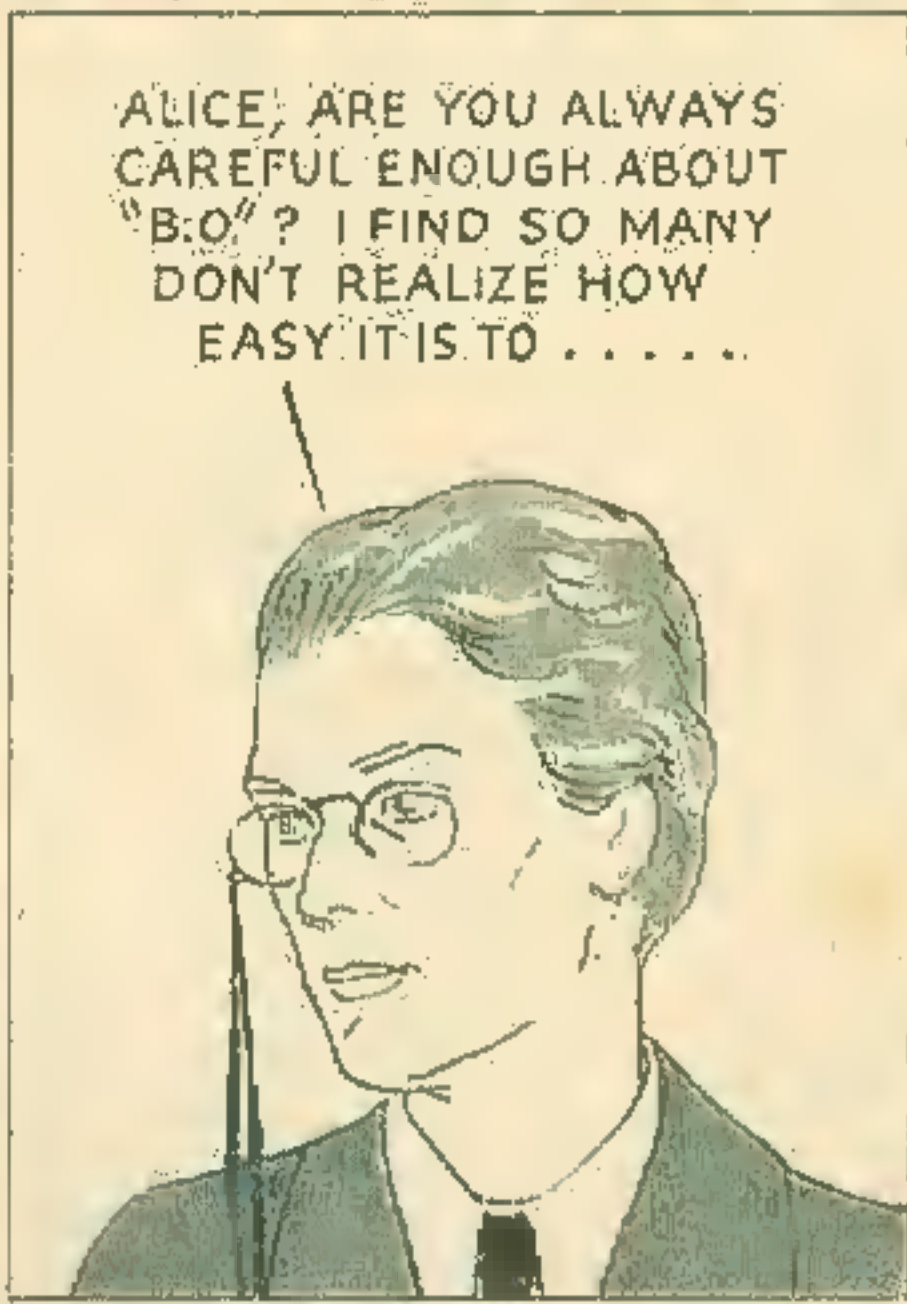
The biggest-selling package soap in America

CUT OFF FROM GOOD TIMES UNTIL—



NOT A THING WRONG WITH YOU, ALICE. YOU'RE JUST BLUE AND DESPONDENT. GO OUT MORE. MAKE FRIENDS

BUT, DOCTOR, I CAN'T SEEM TO. I'VE TRIED SO HARD AT THE OFFICE. BUT THE GIRLS ARE COOL AND DISTANT



ALICE, ARE YOU ALWAYS CAREFUL ENOUGH ABOUT "B.O."? I FIND SO MANY DON'T REALIZE HOW EASY IT IS TO



CAN I HAVE BEEN GUILTY? IS THAT WHY THE GIRLS . . . ? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY NOW AND ALWAYS PLAY SAFE!



"B.O." GONE — *girls (and men) like her!*

HAVING LUNCH WITH US TODAY, ALICE?

TOMORROW, SURE! BUT TODAY PHIL CALLED UP AND

WHAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR LOVELY COMPLEXION?

A SECRET EVERY SMART GIRL KNOWS

It's Lifebuoy, of course, as millions know! Its rich lather deep-cleanses; purifies pores; freshens dull, lifeless complexions. Yet tests on the skins of hundreds of women show Lifebuoy is more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beauty soaps".

Never take chances with "B. O." (body odor). Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its lather is abundant in hardest water. It purifies, deodorizes, protects! Its own clean scent rinses away.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

LIFEBOUY HEALTH SOAP



NAME YOUR OWN Vacation Trip!

- NEW ENGLAND
- 4 GREAT CITIES
(New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Atlantic Beaches)
- NEW YORK STATE
(Lakes and Mountains)
- PENNSYLVANIA
- GREAT LAKES REGION
(Michigan Lake Resorts Ohio and Indiana)
- EASTERN CANADA
- GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS
- NORTHLAND LAKES
(Wisconsin and Minnesota)
- GREAT NORTHWEST
(Yellowstone Route)
- CALIFORNIA
- SAN DIEGO, CAL.
(1935 World's Fair)
- PACIFIC NORTHWEST
- ROCKY MOUNTAINS
- GREAT SOUTHWEST
(Indian Country and Grand Canyon)
- SHENANDOAH VALLEY
(Blue Ridge and Shenandoah Mountains)
- SOUTH ATLANTIC COAST RESORTS
- FLORIDA
- HISTORIC CENTRAL SOUTH
- NEW ORLEANS and Gulf Coast
- MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
- MIDWEST and Ozark Mountains
- TEXAS

Greyhound will bring it to you at a big saving . . .
so check it here,
and mail the coupon

Take a pen or pencil and glance down this list of vacation areas. You are almost sure to find your long-planned summer trip included. Now to discover how you can make that trip at far less than you thought it would cost—with far more fun and scenic interest. Place a check mark after the chosen area—tear out the whole ad and mail it today. You will receive pictorial folder, fares, schedules, all necessary information. Learn for yourself how millions are getting more pleasure out of life without straining travel budgets!

- INFORMATION OFFICES**
- CLEVELAND, O. E. 9th & Superior
 - SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. Pine & Battery Streets
 - PHILADELPHIA, PA. Broad St. Station
 - NEW YORK CITY Nolton Tower
 - CHICAGO, ILL. 12th & Wabash
 - BOSTON, MASS. 290 Baylston Street
 - WASHINGTON, D.C. 1403 New York Ave., N.W.
 - DETROIT, MICH. Tuller Hotel
 - CHARLESTON, W. VA. 801 Virginia Street
 - MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. 509 6th Avenue, N.
 - CINCINNATI, O. 109 E. 7th Street
 - FORT WORTH, TEX. 8th & Commerce Streets
 - LEXINGTON, KY. 801 N. Limestone
 - RICHMOND, VA. 412 E. Broad Street
 - MEMPHIS, TENN. 146 Union Avenue
 - NEW ORLEANS, LA. 400 N. Rampart Street
 - WINDSOR, ONT. 1004 Security Building

GREYHOUND Lines

Mail This for Folder, Information

Check desired trip, fill out return address, and mail this ad to Greyhound office (nearest your home) listed above. Or jot down the place you want to visit, on the margin below, paste the coupon on a penny post card, and mail it.

Name _____
Address _____ #FW6

Racketeers of Radio

[Continued from page 36]

was the time that an executive of the National Broadcasting Company was called to the telephone by a "Detective Mayer."

"This is Detective Mayer," the caller said, "and I want to know where I can reach Grace Hayes. Her son, Lind, has been hurt in an accident and I want to notify her." He got Miss Hayes' West 55th Street address. Soon thereafter the NBC warbler was so deluged with people wanting to sell her everything from gold mine stocks to diamonds, she was compelled, to save her peace of mind, to move to another hotel.

IRVING KAUFMAN. Before taking I to the air as *Lazy Dan* over WABC, Kaufman was one-quarter of the Avon Comedy Four. The act played for many years in all parts of the country. Several weeks ago Kaufman received a telegram from Cleveland signed with the names of two old troupers. The writers pleaded poverty and reminded Kaufman of the time they played on bills with him under the billing of "Jesters of Two Thousand Years Ago." All they wanted was some money to tide them over for a week, after which time they expected to get a job and would repay the loan at once. If there is one thing a stage star never does, it is turning down an old-time fellow player.

Kaufman admitted he would have sent fifty dollars without question. But he recalled in time that the act was called "Jesters of THREE Thousands Years Ago," and decided to do a little checking-up. He learned that the senders of the wire were two men who had been cleaning up a fortune from magnanimous radio performers who were former vaudeville and stage players, by investigating their pre-radio activities and then preying on the more good-natured ones. A further check-up disclosed that the real team was playing at the Park Central's Coconut Grove in New York and were far from needing financial assistance. The gentlemen who erred are now inside looking out.

George Givot. The Greek Ambassador of Good Will is an orphan. His parents were murdered in a pogrom; and he never knew them. He was adopted by an American family, years later. George will always give an audience to anyone who says they knew his folk. As a result he has been and still is the victim of many cruel tricks played by people who have as much heart and scruples as—well, use your own simile. Thus far, racketeers have fleeced him out of thousands of dollars, mainly through the rotten trick such as was originated by a Mr. R. L., a supposedly good friend of the Grik Ambassador. (Mr. R. L. spent eight months in a hospital recuperating from a beating given him by loyal pals of Givot who resented L's means of earning an easy living.)

Mr. R. L. wrote George he knew a party who knew his mother. But this party lived somewhere in the Middle West, and if George would just pay his expenses, he'd take a trip there and find this person. After which he'd have her get in touch with George. Needless to say, George, overjoyed at the prospect of finally finding someone who knew his parents, handed over two hundred dollars.

Two days later he learned he had been victimized.

Vera Van. The delightful CBS bundle of harmony, one of radio's best athletes, was, when a youngster, a cripple. Doctor after doctor treated her before she became well. Vera has always remembered their kindnesses. And so when she received a letter from a Cincinnati doctor that he was going to visit New York and would like to see her again—he had treated her in Marion, Ohio, when she was an infant, he said—why, Vera wired him to be her guest at her Westchester estate. No visitor ever had a finer time seeing the sights and sounds of Manhattan. But the gentleman had a sudden attack of conscience, confessed to Vera he was a fraud and begged her forgiveness. He tricked her as the result of a wager he had made with a friend that he could put one over on her. They parted on friendly terms following his conscience stricken confession.

WE NOW come to the prize package of them all. We can't mention his name. He is a Don Juan and has a notoriously bad memory. These two little facts buried in an obscure story about him in a national publication many issues ago were the means of a New York girl clipping the singer for \$5,000.

Not so long ago, the artist under our typewriter microscope received a letter from a girl living at a local hotel in which she asked for \$5,000. The singer threw it away. A week later he received another letter from the same person. "Have you forgotten after all these years?" Once again this epistle went the way of bizarre fan letters, but with not quite as much force.

The third and final missive was the clincher. "Seeing as how you prefer to ignore me, I have no other alternative but to accept the offer of that newspaperman, who is anxious to buy your love letters to me. I told him to see me next Thursday."

The crooner went pale. In vain he tried to think who the girl was. The hotel address was familiar. But the girl . . . who was she? He had only forty-eight hours in which to make up his mind. Then he moaned. He remembered his contract was coming up soon for renewal. Any adverse publicity would ruin him. Maybe she was just bluffing him. Maybe she didn't have any such letters. Perhaps it was an attempt at blackmail. Should he call in the police? No, that would only result in the papers getting the story. After wearing out the carpet in his apartment, he decided to ask the girl to let him look at the letters and if they were his, he'd try to reduce her demand price. No sooner thought than done. He got in touch with the damsel, but she proved to be coy and said, in sum, "no money, no lookee."

- P. S. 1. She got the money.
- P. S. 2. He got a package containing twenty envelopes.
- P. S. 3. The envelopes were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.
- P. S. 4. The girl skipped town and has completely vanished.
- P. S. 5. The singer has just completed a memory course!



HOLLYWOOD
Magazine

NOW
5¢

**and it's
NEW!**

**June HOLLYWOOD
SCOOPS THE TOWN**
New Price Five Cents

An old favorite becomes a *new* magazine. And a *news* magazine. For the first time on any newsstand, the real News behind the News of Hollywood. Presented comprehensively, concisely, brilliantly. You will have to read HOLLYWOOD to know all that is going on in Hollywood each month. Its news department is the talk of the town.

**The NEW HOLLYWOOD at
THE NEW PRICE**
5c

It is for HOLLYWOOD, now in its twenty-fourth year of publication, that the stars personally write. In the June issue, you will read two of the frankest, most self-revealing stories of the year, of any year:

"I've Been My Own Worst Enemy," by Joan Crawford

"I've Always Been A Show-Off," by Franchot Tone





Charm BEGINS

AT THE HAIRLINE"

SAYS LOVELY MAE CLARK
FILM STAR

Fascinating, smartly groomed women of society, stage and screen are using Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo to keep their hair soft and silky, lovely and lustrous. Their waves last longer . . . their hair is in perfect condition to "take" the beautiful modern hairdresses. Thus . . . they are charming because their hair is an alluring frame which enhances the beauty of the face. You, too, can have the self-assurance of always having beautiful hair . . . but . . .

DON'T WASH YOUR HAIR

WITH SUDS . . . Use

MAR-O-OIL

Ordinary soap suds, because they contain caustic alkalis, dry the scalp and deposit a film on the hair shaft, thus causing dry hair to become drier and brittle and oily hair to become oilier . . . also . . . aggravates dandruff conditions.

Mar-o-Oil, the Soapless Olive Oil Shampoo, is called the All-Purpose shampoo, tonic and dandruff corrective. This amazing cleanser rids the hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness, or excessive oiliness without soap, yet it rinses out in clear warm water. Your hair becomes clean and sweet . . . more manageable . . . waves stay longer.

CONVINCE YOURSELF!

Look at these human hairs magnified 200 times . . .
TOP: Hair washed with ordinary soap suds . . . note scaly particles of foreign matter and bacteria remaining.
BOTTOM: Hair cleaned with Mar-o-Oil . . . notice clean, smooth appearance, free from dandruff, grime and caustic film. The hair is clean!



Start using Mar-o-Oil at once! If you cannot see and feel a difference ten minutes after your first shampoo, we will refund your money. Get Mar-o-Oil at your drug or department store. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.

GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. 65, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois
Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coins) to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

MAR-O-OIL
Soapless
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

The Coming RADIO

"H O HUM! What laxative shall we tune in on tonight?"
With this ironic wisecrack a columnist unwittingly epitomizes a raging war; a war of which the general public is unaware—the bitter Battle of the Radio with the panoplied forces of corporate wealth ranged on one side, and rank upon rank of influential intellectuals—educators, authors, editors, preachers, publishers, publicists—drawn up against them in angry and busy opposition. The munitions of the first of these forces are potent American dollars, the weapons of their opponents are words—but words that stir the souls of men, mould their thoughts, and sting them into action.

It is a war in which many millions in money are already pitted against the vast human resources of politics and propaganda, both paid for and voluntary. It is a war not yet reported as such, but which affects every corner of the country where a radio set is installed. It is a war that will soon thunder through the halls of Congress and disturb the austere quietude of the United States Supreme Court. It is a war that will change the character of radio broadcasting in five years as radically as the World War changed the map of Europe.

On the field of battle are drawn up, face to face, the regiments of Big Business represented by the various broadcasting companies and the advertisers who spend twenty-five million dollars every year on radio programs, while across the present no-man's-land of public indifference are solidly entrenched the enemies of the aforesaid commercial troops, who may be roughly labelled the Intelligentsia. Among these are the big guns of journalism owning newspapers from Coast to Coast. And these folk contend they are fighting a holy war;

they would save the people from the greedy, vulgar giant of the ether whose prowess is being prostituted to the purposes of private profit and corporate gain.

The radio station managers will tell you that the public is cold to programs designed to disseminate mental stimulation; they will prove by graphs and figures that the majority of listeners prefer spirited dance music or sobbing torch songs to a lecture on the cosmos. The average listener, they insist, is affronted by any deliberate effort to "educate" him. All this seems amply borne out by the rising death rate of purely educational programs on the air. "Long live crooning and the selling ballyhoo!" is the battle cry of the commercialists. "Down with the imbecile programs of merchandise peddlers, their cheap music and cheap twaddle!" shout the high-brows. And that dissension is the cause of the national radio row—the motive of increasing hostilities.

IT IS a great war if you and I don't weaken in our allegiance to the side we believe to be right. Shall we submit to those interminable announcements telling how much better one tooth-paste or one laxative is than another? "It's the price of admission to our free show," say the advertisers. "But your gab is too long even if your show is good," say a hundred thousand listeners and tune out. Talk about gassing the enemy? That little knob dingus on your receiving set does more than that—it annihilates in a twinkling a broadcasting studio full of people. And everybody today is a critic of radio programs; it is the one thing about which everybody knows everything.

Of course, the objectors to popular entertainment on the air are not concerned with the inexorable laws of economics. They don't care a darn whether the piper is paid or not, so long as he pipes learnedly, politely and the listener is uplifted mentally. They would rather see the Government take over the whole vast business of broadcasting, which President Roosevelt now threatens to do, than tolerate any longer the increasing volume of "hot number" musical programs, naive negro dialogues,



WAR

It's a war to the finish, and neither you nor I nor any other radio listener can avoid taking part in it

By PERRITON
MAXWELL

vaudeville patter and those obviously fake letters from adoring first users of commodities—the revival of the old patent medicine testimonial gag!

The people who assume a snooty attitude toward radio are not always the most progressive citizens of the land nor are they the best-informed (as is surprisingly revealed by some of the noted ones whose opinions I quote later on). It is a fact that the commercial broadcast dominates the air; there would be very little radio if this were not the case. The commercially-sponsored entertainment is at least a necessity of the moment, an essential step in the amazing evolution of this earth-girdling monster of science.

In the vanguard of the forces opposing the commercial use of radio was Ex-President Herbert Hoover. He is on record as saying:

"It is inconceivable that the American people will allow this new-born system of communication to fall exclusively into the power of any individual, group or combination . . . We are probably only at the threshold of the development of one of the most important human discoveries bearing on education . . . We cannot allow any single person or group to place themselves in a position where they can censor the material which shall be broadcasted to the public . . . Radio communication is not to be considered as merely a business carried on for private gain, for private advertisement, or for entertainment."

It would be interesting to know if Mr. Hoover still holds these views expressed

"Radio is the greatest educational medium that has as yet come to the hands of man," says Fannie Hurst, the novelist. "At present it is little more than a brokerage curb where commercial products are hawked and peddled"



"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . and wherever I go, babies forget their troubles! For I keep their skins smooth and soft as satin—I'm satin-soft myself! I'm made of finest Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either. Your baby will appreciate Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY



"Oh darn! Darn! Double-darn! Every time I get him part way up, he falls down again! I'd like to break his old ladder in a trillion pieces! I will not be quiet—and I won't be good! I'm mad!"

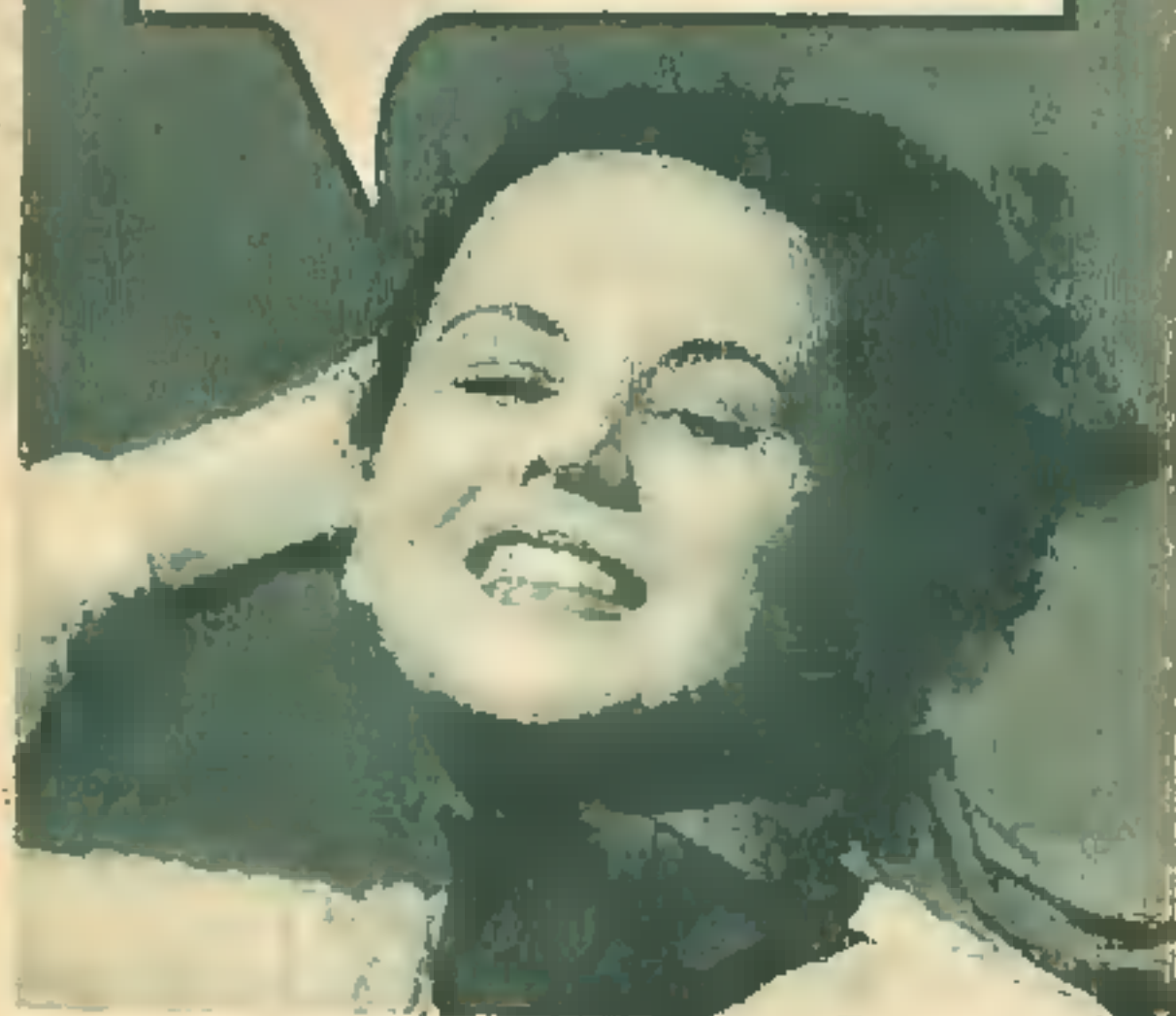


"Bath-time? . . . Oh . . . Well, that's different. Will you let me spank the water—and poke a hole in the soap? And do I get some soft, smooth Johnson's Baby Powder all over me afterward?"



"Hurray! When I'm under that dandypowder shower I could just squeal for joy. And I never have a rash or a prickle or a chafe, do I? What do I care if things go wrong in my work!"

I NEVER NEED
LAXATIVES
ANY MORE!



TO END THE CATHARTIC HABIT

Try This Improved
Pasteurized Yeast
That's EASY TO EAT

IF you take laxatives to keep "regular," you know from experience that drugs and cathartics give only temporary relief from constipation. Such remedies merely cause a drastic purging action. They do not correct the *cause* of your condition.

Doctors now know that in many cases the real cause of constipation is a shortage of the vitamin B complex. This precious factor is sadly deficient in the typical every-day diet. In many foods it is entirely lacking. When this factor is added to the diet in sufficient amounts, constipation goes. Elimination again becomes regular and complete.

Yeast Foam Tablets are pure pasteurized yeast and yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. They should stimulate your weakened intestinal nerves and muscles and quickly restore your eliminative system to normal, healthy function.

With the true cause of your constipation corrected, you will be rid of the evil cathartic habit. Your energy will revive. Headaches will go. Your skin will be clearer and fresher.

Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. *These tablets cannot ferment in the body.* Pasteurization makes this yeast utterly safe for everyone to eat. It has a pleasant, nut-like taste that you will really enjoy. And it contains nothing to put on fat.

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG 6-35
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free introductory package of Yeast Foam Tablets.

Name

Address

City State

The Coming Radio War

[Continued from page 42]

while he was in the White House. I put the question of commercial sponsorship up to him at that time but he evaded it, on the plea of pressure of work. And in passing, it is to be noted that the attitude toward "the freedom of the air" of all high officials continues to occupy considerable attention among the voters.

THE opponents of the commercially sponsored program, with its predominating low moaning songs and low comedy entertainment, were first frightened into action by the report of Harold A. Lafount, chief spokesman for the Federal Radio Commission which, as everyone knows, regulates the affairs of radio for the Government. Mr. Lafount's records show that in four years the number of educational institutions licensed to broadcast were cut in half; those which remain on the air are using only one-third of the time assigned to them.

"Back in May, 1927," says Commissioner Lafount, "ninety-four educational institutions had licenses to broadcast; on March 9, 1931 the number had fallen to forty-nine. But that's nothing to worry about," says the Commissioner. "The commercial stations are giving ten per cent of their time to educational broadcasts."

Anyway, the army that wants to restrict advertising over the controlled air channels and the army that wants to increase its sales of goods by an appeal to the ears of the nation are lining up on two strong battle fronts and will soon go to it by law, by political pressure, by the persuasion of the printed page and through the medium of radio itself. You will hear a lot about all this in the present year of grace, 1935. And you will have to take sides in the fracas. The present situation cannot continue. The conflict

must end in a decision by the people (1) as to whether or not broadcasting is to be taken over by the Government, as in England; (2) it must be determined whether paid advertising over the air shall be more direct, less exaggerated, more specific as in the newspapers and magazines; (3) a conclusion will have to be arrived at as to whether purely educational programs shall be financed by the great universities, by philanthropic foundations, like the Rockefeller and Carnegie foundations or by State appropriations. And from the mechanical angle there are such issues to be fought over as broadcasting by wired wireless, by electrical transcription (phonograph records) and the rapidly developing methods of television. Will your receiving set be taxed this year? Do you think that you can keep out of the fight with that impending aggravation of the soul hanging over you?

Whatever your own personal attitude in this vital rumpus, you will be interested in reading what some of your distinguished compatriots have to say about this feverish radio situation. I have rounded up this group of notables in a kind of grand jury. Their clashing opinions demonstrate quite clearly how difficult it is going to be to bring about an agreement by law upon the best methods of future broadcasting.

HERE is how a great show man views the matter. He is Adolph Zukor. He began as a dealer in hardware, up-



"Radio's quick acceptance by the public," says Adolph Zukor, head of Paramount Pictures, "has obscured the fact that it is not only entertainment, but a great cultural force." He is shown, at left in picture, with Mary Pickford and Maurice Chevalier.

holstery and furs—first in New York and then in Chicago. He got into the show business in 1904 and later joined the late Marcus Loew in presenting vaudeville and motion pictures. He was the founder of the Famous Players Film Co. and is now President of Paramount Publix Corporation, owning more theatres throughout the country and producing more talkies than any other similar organization.

"Within the past few years," says Mr. Zukor, "radio has arisen to become one of the world's leading entertainment media. Its quick acceptance by the public—the lightning-like rapidity with which its stars advanced in popular appeal—has obscured the fact that radio is not only an entertainment but a great cultural force.

"And yet a simple analysis of the programs sent out over any nationwide broadcasting network will demonstrate conclusively that to inform is one of the prime purposes of radio.

"In a recent series arranged for one of the broadcasting companies; for example, every Cabinet officer was invited to take his turn before the microphone and acquaint the American public with various phases of the problems that beset him in connection with his portfolio. Thus the public was enabled to learn at first hand a great deal concerning civics, political economy, and government. Again, one of the radio networks are broadcasting every Sunday afternoon the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Symphony Society—a musical organization without peer. I do not say that every owner of a radio set listened in to these concerts. But I do contend—and the barometer of audience mail supports this assertion—that at the conclusion of the Society's season last year the audience was much more vast than at the outset. In other words, there had been a large section of the American public educated to good music.

"The cultural advantages of radio are no more important in the scheme of things than are the social advantages. Who can say what the presentation of programs from abroad will do toward the development of international understanding?

"I have always felt that the hostility of one nation toward any other nation was largely due to misunderstandings and to ignorance. If, through the radio, the people of one nation may come to know intimately and well the people of another nation, then there is great likelihood that antipathies will be minimized.

"There is no doubt that those who are at the helm of the broadcasting industry in this country are keenly aware of their responsibilities and are directing their efforts toward the new and vital force emanating from the loudspeakers of 18,000,000 radio sets."

MISS FANNIE HURST, celebrated American novelist is often heard on the air. "Radio is the greatest educational medium that has as yet come into the hands of man," says she. "Literally, by way of this invention, the world might become a university with the finest that men are thinking and doing going over the ether into the classroom of Mr. Average Man's home.

"At present, however, this potential university is little more than a brokerage curb where commercial products are hawked and peddled."

[Continued on page 44]

FREDERICS 50% COOLER PERMANENT WAVE



Romance Knows No Weather!

VIRGINIA PINE, Columbia Pictures.

Be just as charming, just as alluring on a damp, foggy day as under the beaming sunshine . . . That's the remarkable thing about a Frederics Vita Tonic or Vitron Permanent Wave . . . it doesn't go limp in humid weather. You can swim, golf, or play tennis without a care about your hair. A Frederics Permanent always stays softly, smoothly, and daintily groomed. Little curls all in place, whether low on the neck, or piled high in the new halo wave. Every wave deep and lustrous . . . manageable under all circumstances . . . the whole summer through. *And now, there's the new . . .*

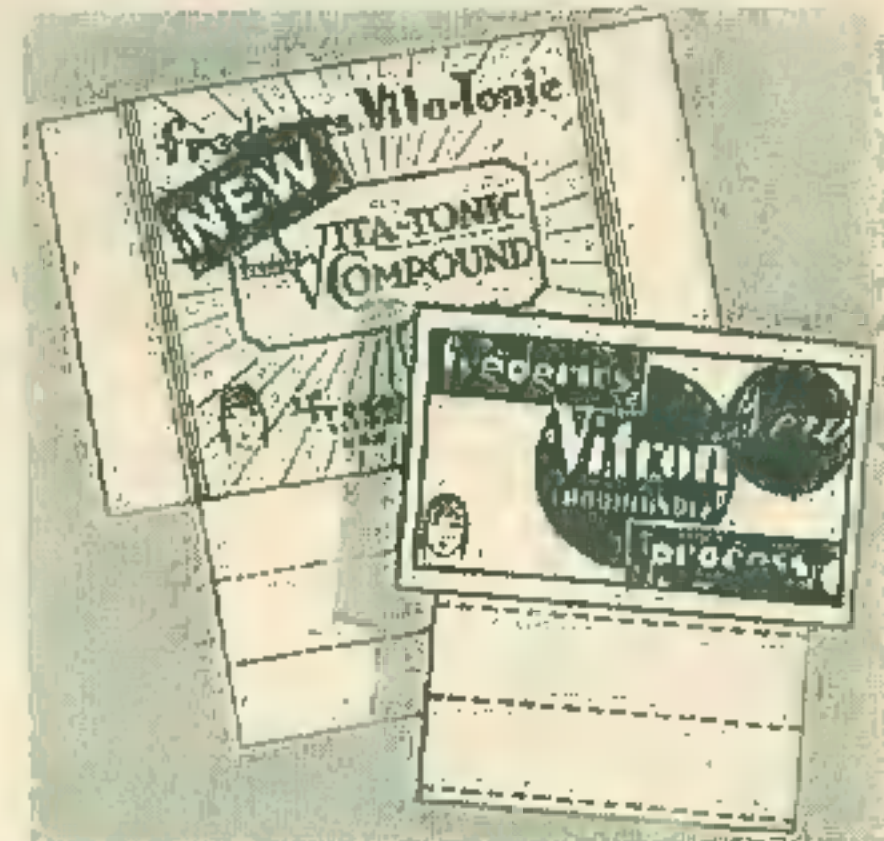
50% COOLER FREDERICS PERMANENT WAVE

The wonderful, improved *controlled-heat* process that removes discomfort from permanent waving. Your hair is actually waved with one-half the heat formerly required, yet your permanent is lovelier, more lasting. Even hair that has been dyed or bleached, white and gray hair, limp or lifeless, can be successfully waved by this marvelous process.

Look for these Wrappers

Frederics Inc. VITA-TONIC AND VITRON Permanent Waves

FOR YOUR PROTECTION—patronize only authorized FREDERICS shops, which display Frederics Franchise. This guarantees the use of the Frederics machine, and Genuine Frederics wrappers and lotions.



E. FREDERICS, Inc., Dept. U-02, 235-247 East 45th Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me free booklet and list of Authorized Frederics Franchise salons:

Name Address
City State

Beautiful Eyes

ARE YOURS FOR THE ASKING
WHEN YOU ASK FOR

Maybelline



says DOROTHY HAMILTON
Noted Beauty Authority of Hollywood.

● Notice how your favorite screen actress depends on the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes to give her eyes that necessary beauty and expression. More than any other feature her eyes express her. More than any other feature your eyes express you. You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive and it is so easy to make them so, instantly, by darkening your lashes with non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless Maybelline mascara.

You cannot afford to neglect your most important beauty feature—your eyes—when just a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline will instantly transform your lashes into the appearance of long, dark, luxuriant fringe, making your eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its absolute harmlessness, Maybelline's famous name is your guarantee of highest quality. Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown, and the new Blue. Try it today—you'll be delighted with the marvelous improvement in your appearance.



The Coming Radio War

[Continued from page 43]

Our outstanding American author, most readers will agree, is Booth Tarkington. A number of his stories have been dramatized for the air. "It is unfortunate," Mr. Tarkington writes me, "that the protracted advertising talks over the radio defeat their own object. However, I think that the radio program experts, like politicians and the Hollywood powers, seek to follow public taste, not to lead it, and that they will continue this process.

"The only remedy is to prove to them that the public's taste is better than they imagine, or if it isn't, to do everything to make it so."

Most radio fans know the voice of Sigmund Spaeth, the "tune detective" and terror of Tin Pan Alley. His genial exposure and gentle kidding of the boys who steal their tunes from the great composers (and as often from each other) have made him nationally famous. On this subject of the commercial control of the air Mr. Spaeth has some definite ideas. He says:

"I think our system of commercial pro-

grams has great possibilities, but the sponsors too often overdo the advertising and create hostility instead of good will. They are also too much inclined to stick to conventional material, mostly popular music. But I think the problems of radio must be solved by those who are active in the field, not by Government control."

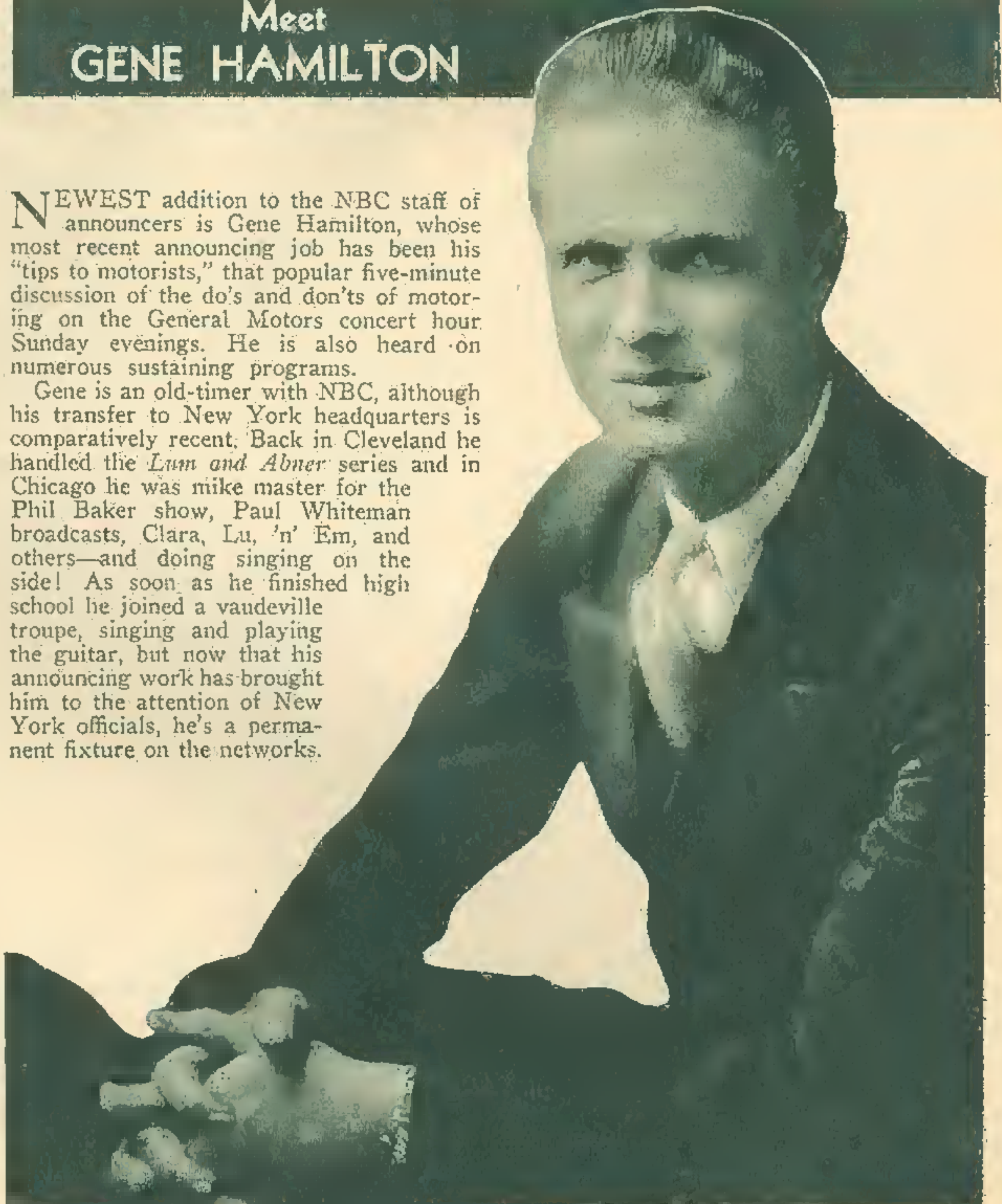
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, famous editor-publisher-author and leading citizen of Kansas has a great vision of radio's future. This is the way he puts it: "Radio is so obviously a distance-wrecking device that it must, in the nature of things, become a unifying machine, one of many that are drawing us together as one nation, one people; and sooner or later as the years roll by the radio in its future perfection will be a means of world unification as well as national solidarity."

And there you have a cross-section of intellectual opinion as expressed by some of the spokesmen for the forces arrayed against sheer commercialism.

Meet GENE HAMILTON

NEWEST addition to the NBC staff of announcers is Gene Hamilton, whose most recent announcing job has been his "tips to motorists," that popular five-minute discussion of the do's and don'ts of motoring on the General Motors concert hour Sunday evenings. He is also heard on numerous sustaining programs.

Gene is an old-timer with NBC, although his transfer to New York headquarters is comparatively recent. Back in Cleveland he handled the *Lum and Abner* series and in Chicago he was mike master for the Phil Baker show, Paul Whiteman broadcasts, Clara, Lu, 'n' Em, and others—and doing singing on the side! As soon as he finished high school he joined a vaudeville troupe, singing and playing the guitar, but now that his announcing work has brought him to the attention of New York officials, he's a permanent fixture on the networks.



RUBY KEELER'S SISTER—Radio's Brightest Prospect



Margie Keeler, coming radio star,
sister of Ruby Keeler of movie fame

A FEW weeks ago the magnetic voice of a 16-year-old girl, going out to a listening audience in the New York City area over station WMCA, established her as radio's brightest prospect by the impression she made on important radio critics who realized the potentialities of her voice.

The young singer was Margie Keeler, sister of Ruby Keeler, the movie star who is the wife of Al Jolson.

Margie's program took the radio capital by complete surprise. No one, least of all her sister Ruby, knew that she was to step before the microphone in the studio of New York's largest local broadcasting station.

It was to be a test, fifteen minute feature, with no announcement of it beforehand. No extra preparations were made. Margie was just squeezed in between two commercials. The shower of publicity which greeted the young guest star the next morning was totally unexpected by the station, Margie's teacher and Margie herself.

Overnight, although the country at large has not yet had the opportunity to hear for itself just what can be expected from another member of the famous Keeler household, Margie found herself acclaimed as the next feminine singer to become nationally known.

Margie is the fifth in the Keeler family to step into the realm of entertainment. Like her oldest sister's career in Hollywood, Margie's future in radio seems destined to reach whatever heights may be held in store for sensational newcomers.

It was because she learned from brother Bill and sisters Gertrude and Helen, who have in past years traveled across the country with some of vaudeville's best acts, the value of independence, that she was prompted to go on the air in New York without fanfare of publicity, and without telling anyone in the family but her mother.

For Ruby, who read the hastily wired news out in California, the reception of Margie's broadcast was her proudest moment. It has always been Margie, the baby of the family, whom Ruby watched anxiously, giving advice, lending support whenever she could.

There is a startling likeness in the oldest and youngest, Ruby and Margie, movie actress and radio singer. While Ruby is admittedly the best looking in the family, Margie has two important years of development ahead of her which should see her as a challenger to Ruby's throne.

—FRED RUTLEDGE.

Beach Magic!



Left to Right

POLKADOT Banda-WIKIES make a beauty of every wearer! Glamorous bow-like collar...skirt-front trunks...back, brief as a wink! Black, Bermuda blue, turquoise, red, spray green, yellow . \$6.50

ESTHER RALSTON,
Hollywood favorite.

Banda-WIKIES with smart sash...serpentine stripe bandana and braided drawstring...a grand success! White, black, cruiser blue, Diablored, seal brown, with multi-color stripe \$6.50

GRACE BRADLEY,
Paramount featured player.

A **TRICKY** little maillot in Batik stitch, as lovely as laco! White, black, Bermuda blue, turquoise, spray green, tile, tangerine, \$5.95. (If skirt front desired . . . \$7.50)

TOBY WING,
Paramount sensation.

"LOOK YOUNG, lovely... dangerous in a Gantner," say the Stars! Gantner swim fashions are light as sea-froth...with French secrets of contour control knit in! They wear and wear...look smart, always!

Gantner swim suits are sold at better stores everywhere...or write us, giving weight, bust measure, & preferred color. (Style book upon request)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
SAN FRANCISCO OR 1410 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Makers of America's Finest Swim Suits

GANTNER SWIM SUITS and Banda-WIKIES

(Garment Pat. Trade Mark Reg.)

LOSE FAT



Lost 55 lbs.
"Look ten years younger!"

WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

Why envy other women when it is so easy to be slender! Do as Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 So. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., did. She writes: "Although I had been overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS by following the directions. I look ten years younger and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS." Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 pounds, and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

NURSE REDUCES... Recommends Easy Way

"As a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health in unsuccessful efforts to reduce," a San Francisco, Calif., Graduate Nurse writes, "my own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS was so satisfactory that I recommend them to others." (Name on request.) She knows how important this fact is to you:

RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dintro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every ingredient.

SO EASY TO USE... just a tasteless capsule according to directions.

FAT GOES... OR NO COST

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

FREE! valuable book

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



GOODBYE, FAT!
 Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., Dept. F356
 746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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

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

The Case of BING



Rudy Vallée

—Ray Lee Jackson

SO MANY of my friends who have heard of my stellar detective work in trailing Rudy Vallée and Bing Crosby to their fateful first meeting, have requested me to give the story to a waiting world, that when a half dozen of them finally cornered me in my room I broke down and revealed the whole story.

"To begin with," I began, "you must remember that for a long time *The Blue Of The Night* and *My Time Is Your Time* were utter strangers. True, they knew of each other and of each other's rapid rise to fame. Everyone else, too, knew of the Paramount contract just signed by Bing, knew that Rudy had been enjoying one for some time. Knew too that each snagged a weekly pay check running into four figures that would have delighted even the eye of a Rockefeller. That one was NBC's white hope and the other the shining star of CBS. But still here it was 1932 and as yet the two had not clasped hands. How, then, did they later greet each other like brothers and swap compliments over night club tables? At what particular time and place did the meeting then occur?"

"You can easily see that I was faced with the problem of my career," I went on. "Indeed, for days I wandered about like a man lost until finally one day as I stood calculating the drop from the George Washington bridge and its final effect on me, I suddenly remembered that I myself had solved the mystery way back in the *Thwarted Crooners Mystery* (Doubleday Deuce... \$2.00). Sure enough, rereading of the story brought it all back to me, even as I now recall it for your pleasure.

"It was a beautiful day, fair and cool and well suited for a downtown stroll. At Forty-fourth Street and Broadway I

In not too serious vein, Rudy's brother gives a first-hand sleuthing account of the first meeting of those crooning rivals of the networks, Crosby and Vallée

By
BILL (Philo) VALLÉE

hopped out of my reverie and deduced that I was walking behind Rudy Vallée. We both turned down the street going West. He into the Paramount Theatre backstage door, while I lingered outside where a boy shined my heels. As he made passes over them, no other than Bing Crosby hove into sight and hove right into the same identical stage door. By this time I was beside myself and behind Crosby and even past him and up the stairs. While I scurried down the hall toward the publicity office, Asher, the bootlegger, told me in Esperanto that Rudy was inside phoning. "Ha!" I said as is my wont, "I'll slip in, hide behind the screen in the corner and assume my place as X on a diagram (already forming in my mind)."

"Suiting the action to the word, I was soon safely ensconced behind the screen when Bing came thru the door and made directly for the publicity director, now cringing behind the desk other than the one Rudy (now Z) was phoning at. Whango! and Bing (Now Y) had unloosed a really terrific string of invective dealing with a broken promise. How Z missed hearing Y can be understood... how he missed seeing him is beyond all comprehension. I'll tell you why. Bing, or rather, Y, (excuse me) is color-blind!

"Yessir, he can't tell one color from another and the result as expressed in clothes is slightly startling. Here's the sartorial bill of fare:

& RUDY



Bing Crosby

flaming yellow muffler
 blue shirt
 vivid red tie
 grey suede shoes
 brown tweed suit
 gray hat (brim turned up)
 brown checked topcoat (over arm)

"Yet somehow Z didn't see Y and went on phoning. At length he finished. The result seemed to electrify the suffering publicity man, for, with a leap that nearly cost him a leg he spun Bing around to face a startled Vallée:

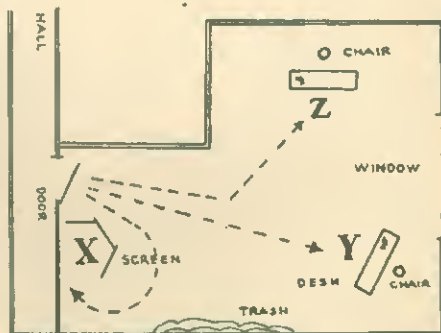
"Mr. Crosby, may I present Mr. Vallée," was all he could gasp before he slid thru the window into the dirty alleyway. Were they surprised? That's not even the word, though at present no other occurs to me.

"Well, well, the Mr. Vallée as I live and breathe," breathed Y heavily.

"This is a pleasure," said Z, "I have all of your records at home. I think your singing is great."

"That goes for me too, Rudy," returned Y, "I never miss one of your broadcast, and so on far into the better adjectives. Finally both stammered, wished each other luck with managers and departed quietly. That is my story, and it is the first time I have revealed this palpitating drama to a waiting world."

I'm glad I am able to tell the world this dramatic story, as Y and Z became fast friends afterward. Then, too, there has developed an imitation of Bing by Rudy that had its foundation in this historic meeting. But what I want to know is how I ever forgot that I had sat cramped up for an hour behind the screen in the Paramount office! (See X on plan!)



This diagram of the Paramount offices gives the scene of action. X indicates our sleuth; Y=Rudy Vallée; Z=Bing Crosby



IS THAT
 HOW
 YOU SELECT
YOUR SHADE
 OF
 FACE POWDER?

The Wrong Color
 Can Make You Look
 5 to 10 Years Older!

By Lady Esther

If there's one thing you want to "try on", it's your face powder shades. You may not realize it, but it's a known fact among artists and make-up experts that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older than you really are.

Many a woman's age is unjustly placed at 5 to 10 years more than it actually is simply on account of the color of face powder she uses. There is no greater error than to choose your face powder color on the basis of "type" or coloring. Matching isn't what you want at all, but flattery—enhancing of your natural gifts.

Seek to Flatter—Not to Match!

Many a brunette who uses a brunette or dark rachel powder wants another shade altogether. The same with blondes. Many a blonde who uses a light rachel or a beige really requires a darker tint. You must remember that the color of your hair doesn't govern the color of your skin. A brunette may have a very light skin, while a blonde may have quite a dark one, and vice versa.

The only sensible and practical way to choose your face powder shade is to "try on" all the five basic shades which colorists agree are sufficient to take care of all tones of skin. And this is the opportunity I give you, at no cost to you!

My Service to the Women of America

In order to help you solve the all important question of which shade of face powder for you, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder absolutely free of cost. When you try on all five shades, as you must, you will discover whether you have been right or wrong in your shade of face powder and whether you have been benefiting or suffering as a result.

Many times it's the woman who is most sure of her shade of face powder that is most astonished with the results of this test. Many times it is the shade that a woman would never suspect that proves to be most youthifying and flattering.

Mail the coupon or a postcard today and learn for yourself whether you are doing yourself justice or injustice in the shade of face powder you are using.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (13) **FREE**
 Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.
 Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.
 Name.....
 Address.....
 City.....State.....
 (If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyrighted by Lady Esther Company, 1955



WHY DRUG
YOURSELF
OVERNIGHT
WITH A
MEDICINAL
LAXATIVE
?

Doctors Say Morning Is the Best Time To End CONSTIPATION



PLUTO WATER
GIVES SAFE RELIEF
IN AN HOUR

Of course, morning is the best time to treat constipation. That's just common sense. Any woman knows that a laxative drug, if kept in her system all night, is liable to harm delicate tissues somehow, some way. That's why doctors say, "Wait until morning before taking a laxative. Then, if nature still refuses, you can always depend on safe, gentle Pluto Water for a natural flush within an hour."

50,000 Doctors Recommend It

50,000 doctors recommend Pluto Water, the saline mineral water that comes from French Lick Springs. And here are four important reasons why it is preferred above all other forms of laxatives: *First*, it is not a drug or a medicine and is therefore non-habit-forming. *Second*, Pluto is prompt—works in an hour. *Third*, Pluto is gentle, it simply flushes the intestines naturally. And, *fourth*, it is practically tasteless when properly used— $\frac{1}{2}$ Pluto, $\frac{1}{2}$ water.

Next time you feel dull . . . when your digestive system is sluggish . . . take this safe way to more natural relief. Take Pluto Water before breakfast. In less than sixty minutes you'll be your old energetic self again—happy, active, clear-headed—for Pluto will cleanse your system gently and completely of all waste poisons. No risk of doping your system overnight, either. You can get a bottle at any drug store—two sizes—25c and 50c.

When Nature Won't Pluto Will

PLUTO
WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

The HILL BILLY

By WELDON MELICK

RADIO music used to consist of jazz from one end of the dial to the other. Not a yokel yodeler or mountain moaner in the whole range of kilocycles. They were still on the range of Ozarks.

But in the past few years, the Bernies and Lombardos have had to shove over and make room for "hillish" noises from cracked guitars and weather-beaten throats. And mountain music has come of age, so to speak, since there are now exactly twenty-one hill billy acts playing programs in Los Angeles county, where this National Blight first gained an ether hold. Not even the networks are safe from it.

Everything might still have been hotsy-jazzy if Glen Rice had been able to afford a good orchestra for a nightly fill-in hour when he was manager of the Beverly Hills station KMPC in 1928. But orchestras were expensive and jazz a drug on the market anyway. So he decided to try old-fashioned music—not just moldy tunes from grandma's trunk, but genuine, living, back-to-the-earth songs.

He found just what he wanted in the Malibu mountains—within fifty miles of Hollywood. Real hill billies who lived isolated lives in tiny log cabins and didn't know who was president. Worse yet, they hadn't even heard of Greta Garbo. Glen brought some samples back with him.

Glorifying the backwoods bumpkin and picking Beverly Hills for his social debut sounds like the gag of a professional humorist. Yet Glen's mountain singers were such an instant and terrific hit on the air that he had to increase the supply. He went into the heart of the Ozarks, where spinning wheels are in common use today, batting out yarn for papa's underwear, socks and shirt. That's near Marshall, Searcy county, Arkansas, 178 miles from Little Rock—just in case you want to check up.

Rice went over impassable roads on horseback to study these people and their music. Out of the mountains he brought souvenirs of carded yarn, more singers, and dozens of folk songs which had never before been written down, but some of which, after exploitation by the Beverly Hill Billies, sold millions of sheet copies and records.

Glen Rice's new discoveries were lionized by film society when they entertained at parties given by Mary Pickford, Tom Mix, Jimmy Cruze, Carrie Jacobs Bond and the rest of the screen elite. The women practically mobbed them. There is something about a rat's nest haircut, a dirty shirt and rawhide boots that Valentinos simply can't compete with.

Moreover, the depression seems only to have encouraged the hill billy business. (And vice versa.)

NOTHING I say in this article will hurt the feelings of Glen's boys. And they don't have any feelings. Four-

teen-year old Hubert Walton, Glen's first find in the Ozarks, will illustrate that point.

Rice brought him to civilization in a twelve-passenger, \$92,000 tri-motored Fokker. It was the luxurious private plane of Macmillan, the petrol prince owner of KMPC, who placed it at the disposal of his mountain-hopping station manager whenever the latter took a notion to do a Gus Edwards. Hubert had never seen an airplane before. On the way from Little Rock to Los Angeles, Glen asked him what he thought of airplanes in general—this airplane—his first trip out of the county where he was born. Hubert's dead-pan reaction to these collective stimuli was "All right, I reckon."

But the kid was a sensation from the first time he yodeled and warbled at the mike. In a month and a half, he was an unmitigated miracle never to be repeated. Then he had to go back. Rice had been able, with a special permit from the Governor of Arkansas, to borrow Hubert for only six weeks. The natives had at first even refused to make any distinction between talent scouts and kidnappers.

When the six weeks were up, 155,000 people, including some of the biggest film stars, were at the United Airport to bid Hubert bon voyage. It took the entire motor police force of Los Angeles two and a half hours to clear the runway enough to let the big Fokker take off. The boy's naive comment on that situation was "What's the crowd fer?"

Then there was Ezra, a singer and fiddler. He had never ridden in a car before "Mr. Tallfeller," as all the boys call Rice, found him in the Boston mountains. After he had worked in the act four months and had learned to drive, he went out one day and bought two new Fords!

WHEN they aren't travelling, Glen installs the gang in apartment houses in Beverly Hills. On tour, he tries to place them in the best hotels, but they are much more at home in auto camps and will resort to cajolery and bribery to have it their way.

A guitar plucker named Lem differed from the others in this respect. Lem had exalted tastes. Nothing was too good for him. In fact, Glen remarks acidly, *nothing was much too good for him.*

One time, Lem had a hundred dollars and wanted to go somewhere for the week-end. Mr. Tallfeller suggested that he could have a swell time in Catalina for a few days on fifteen or twenty dollars. The boy went alone. The first thing to catch his eye was speedboats for hire by the hour or half hour. Lem picked the bulkiest, gaudiest craft in the line-up—a five-dollar-an-hour ark. He couldn't be bothered about watching clocks, or it may have been that he hadn't learned to tell time—at any rate, he signed it up for the day.

Then he rented the penthouse on the St. Catherine Hotel and ordered sent up

MENACE

to that spacious suite of rooms a banquet that would have glutted a starving family. All he could hold hardly made a dimple in the feast. He ate in lonely majesty, against the background of a picturesque circular staircase that wound up to a private lighthouse (also at about five dollars an hour).

But just to save grief all around, Glen now takes charge of their salaries and releases their spending money in conservative installments. Emergency expenses, such as hospital and doctor bills, he pays himself. He sends a good portion of what they make to their parents.

RIVAL radio stations early began to seduce Rice's talent. He made no attempt to hold them when they wanted to leave for any reason. So, strangely enough, he has furnished practically all of his own competition. Many of the rival acts are composed exclusively of Mr. Tallfeller's former protégés. He has discovered and trained for the stage and radio over one hundred hill billies.

When the company is on the road, they frequently have to carry on the show by themselves. Mr. Tallfeller will disappear into the mountain fastnesses when they are near a range and rejoin them three or four days later with the world's raggedest banjo player or a youngster who can play tunes on an alpine stick.

Six months is the average life of a Beverly Hill Billy, though some stay over a year. About a third of Glen Rice's discoveries drift back to the hills from homesickness.

And then their new employers are apt to discover to their chagrin that increased wages don't make better hill billies. They tear their hair trying to figure out how Glen Rice's organization, with a constantly changing personnel, can for five years maintain four times the box-office pull of similar acts—acts that swipe his stars as fast as he can make them.

Part of his secret, of course, is superior showmanship. When radio fans began stampeding the studio every time the boys went on the air, Glen realized that a hill billy's charm (who threw that raspberry?) is as strong visually as it is aurally or even olfactorily. So he went in for personal appearing and has kept them solidly booked in the pick of theaters ever since then, at the same time never neglecting the radio customers.

The rest of Rice's success formula is picking his talent in the raw. In that sense, he has the only real hill billy act there is. The same players who are hill billies when he introduces them to the public become merely entertainers when they leave him. Ex-hill billies.

One of the most talented kids the gang ever had was little Jackie Boone, who was a whiz at the guitar, and could spin any audience on its collective ear with his singing, yodeling and trick stepping. But he was so shy he would hide his head and cry on Glen's shirt right in the middle of the stage show. That's the kind of stuff none of the other hill billy acts have. And can't get—in a theatrical agent's office.

JUNE, 1935

REMOVE corns and pain!



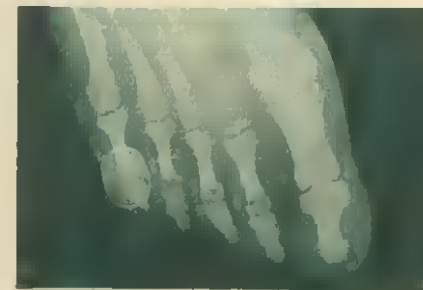
WITH THE NEW
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From the famed Red Cross Laboratories comes this improved method of corn relief . . . a truly professional plaster, made to conform to the toe. A smooth, neat shield in contrast to old-style bulk and bulge! Identify this *Toe-Fitting Plaster* by these distinguishing features:

- Individual Medicated Centers . . . 8 in each box of 12. Use them with full confidence. Very effective against hard corns.
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- Send 10c for trial package of Corn Plasters. Address Dept. 601.

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For professional treatment, consult a chiropodist.



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Just slip this *Toe-Fitting Plaster* over your corn . . . and it fits!

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CORN PLASTERS**

ALSO RED CROSS DRYBAK BUNION AND CALLUS PLASTERS



BOX OF
TWELVE
25¢

**"I Couldn't Sit,
Couldn't Stand,
Couldn't Even
Lie Down!"**



**The Suffering I
Had to Bear In Secret"**

WHAT a toll Piles take—in pain, in physical and mental incapacitation, in drain on vitality! The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet nothing is more fraught with danger than a bad case of Piles, ending, as it may, in serious trouble.

Real treatment for Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo not only relieves the pain, soreness and itching, but it tends to correct the condition as well. Pazo works because it is threefold in effect. First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissue. Third, it is *absorbing*, which tends to reduce the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

Pazo comes in collapsible tube with special Pile Pipe; now also, for the first time, in suppository form, 14 to the box. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo suppositories better than anything they have ever used.

Try It FREE!

Pazo is sold by all drug stores, but a liberal trial tube is free for the asking. Simply mail the coupon or a post card.

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 Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAP-
 PER, your liberal free trial size of PAZO Ointment.

NAME _____
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 CITY _____ STATE _____

Vivienne Segal—Born to be a Star

[Continued from page 19]

set, was the last thing she intended.

As she grew older, she more than fulfilled her teachers' expectations about her ability. She appeared as soloist—vocal and piano—at many concerts given by the Philadelphia Operatic Society, that blue-blooded musical organization that dates back almost to Colonial times. As a soprano, her voice was sweet and clear and of phenomenal range for one so young.

A month before her fifteenth birthday the Society presented *Carmen* with Vivienne singing the name part. A talent scout from the Shubert Brothers, famous producers of Broadway shows, thought she was so good that he went backstage to see her after the performance. He told her that they were casting for a new operetta and advised her to see Lee Shubert in New York.

Vivienne and her mother were overjoyed. But how to get to New York without arousing her father's suspicions as to the real purpose of the trip? Finally they hit upon the feminine excuse of a shopping trip, and they actually did buy a few things to bear out their story.

When Lee Shubert heard her sing he, too, was impressed with her voice. But because she had had no experience in the commercial theater, he offered her a job in the chorus until she acquired "stage presence," promising her a good part in a future production.

"I wish you could have seen me then," Vivienne recalled with almost uncontrollable laughter. "I, who had just sung the lead in *Carmen*, take a job in the chorus? Never! I didn't know or realize

that anyone else would have jumped at the chance to appear under the Shubert banner. Instead, I was outraged at what he offered me.

"It must have been a funny sight as I, a red-headed shrimp—several inches shorter than my present five feet three—drew myself up and said, 'Mr. Shubert, the only part I'll consent to play for you is the lead.' He probably was too astonished to burst out laughing."

So mother and daughter returned to Philadelphia, without a contract to appear in a Shubert show.

NOW with anybody else, that would have been the end of stage dreams. Here was a part, even if it was insignificant, practically handed to her. And she turned it down. Normally, it should have meant "finis." But to Vivienne it was just the beginning. Opportunity, you see, had her name on a preferred list.

Two months later she received a telegram to hurry to Long Beach, New Jersey. She went with her mother. It was from Lee Shubert. The show was scheduled to open in New York in four days. The theater was sold out far in advance. And the leading lady was in the hospital as the result of an accident. Every other possible substitute was unavailable. With no one else to call, he decided to try Vivienne.

"Can you learn the part on such short notice?" he asked.

"I think so," she replied.

"Girl, you more than think so. *You're going to!*"

The rest is history. Seeing the ovation

Don Mario Gives a Singing Lesson



Don Mario, star of *Penthouse Sérénade*, gives a singing lesson to Leo, the penthouse cat. Or maybe it's the other way 'round. The photographer didn't say

she received on the opening night, her father reluctantly gave his consent to her continued appearance. The operetta, *Blue Paradise*, ran over a year and Vivienne, still under sixteen, became Broadway's youngest prima donna.

Later, she appeared in such hits as *The Desert Song*, *Three Musketeers*, *Chocolate Soldier*, *Music in the Air*, and several editions of the *Ziegfeld Follies*.

"Ever since my appearance in *Blue Paradise* I've always played leads. And it has been an extra hard struggle to keep my place in the theater," she explained to me. "Because I did not have the experience of working my way up, I was technically imperfect in a lot of things that can only be learned by long association with the theater. That I did not make more mistakes is due to the fact that I did things instinctively and then had to learn the reason why."

Having showered her with good plays, it was time for Lady Luck to take a vacation. But she didn't. Instead, she worked overtime in Vivienne's behalf.

As star of one of the *Ziegfeld Follies*, she was entitled to a private dressing room. But she had struck up a friendship with Lina Basquette, featured dancer in the revue. The girls liked each other so much that they got a dressing room together.

At this time, talking pictures were just growing out of baby rompers. You may call it fate, but the fact remains that Lina Basquette was the wife of the late Sam Warner, of Warner Brothers pictures, and thus was responsible for Vivienne's entrance into the movies.

One night Mr. Warner called for his wife after the show, accompanied by a young man. After the stranger was introduced to Vivienne he turned to Mr. Warner and said: "Sam, Miss Segal is the very girl I'm looking for. Her coloring is just right."

He was Mervyn Leroy, famous director. In Vivienne, with her red hair and very white skin, he found the girl he wanted to play the lead in the movie *Viennese Nights*, the first picture in technicolor.

A month later, Vivienne was on her way to Hollywood.

TWO years passed. Vivienne returned to New York. Behind her were such screen successes as *Golden Dawn* and *The Cat and the Fiddle*. But, what next?

Reporters met her at the train and asked what her plans were. She had none. She was still wondering what she would do as she stood in her hotel room, looking at her packed bags and trying to put off the ordeal of unpacking.

The phone rang. Abe Lyman, orchestra leader and an old friend, was calling. Would she get into a cab and come down to the Columbia Broadcasting studio for an audition?

Audition? What was that, she asked.

Never mind, he told her. Just come down and he'd explain later.

Well, Mr. Lyman's explanation must have been satisfactory to her, and Vivienne's audition must have pleased him; for today she is featured soloist with his orchestra, broadcasting on a sponsored program. And both must be doing a good job, for when the sponsor took additional time on the National Broadcasting Company, both Vivienne and Lyman were retained for the new show. They now appear on both networks, for the same sponsor.

JUNE, 1935

NOW I'M SO
MUCH HAPPIER



It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not want to use poisons. Those who do take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by *Zonite*.

Zonite is safe, as safe as pure water. And *Zonite* is powerful. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison,

Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.

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Besides the liquid *Zonite* (three sizes 30¢, 60¢, \$1.00) there is a newer form, *Zonite* Suppositories. These are \$1.00 a dozen or 35¢ a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



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Rudy Vallee's Music Note Book

[Continued from page 14]

It will be curious to see what happens to the two boys if they really do break apart. The four songs are published by Crawford, and all of us are looking forward to the picture with great anticipation.

All the King's Horses

All The King's Horses; I have been told by Alice Faye, who saw it at a preview, is a fine production. She was most enthusiastic about the work of Carl Brisson who, frankly, did not please the critics or the fans in his previous efforts in *Murder At The Vanities*. As a vocalist I am told he makes no more pretensions to singing than does the great Chevalier, but that he has a way with him for the ladies. Miss Faye felt very definitely after seeing him in *All The King's Horses*.

I witnessed the play, which is one with a dual role—the king desires to rest and relax, and permits a man who closely resembles him to substitute, with all the usual complications, especially for the girl who has been selected for his queen, as she finds the substitute more delightful and wonders what has happened to the king. Unfortunately, following close on the heels of the *Folies Bergere* picture, it may suffer, since the theme of that composition is likewise centered around a dual rôle—a nobleman and an actor.

The songs are rather weak in this picture, all except *A Little White Gardenia*, which if properly presented, sung slowly and more on the style of a ballad, becomes a very tuneful and interesting composition. *The Careful Young Lady* is only fair; *When My Prince Charming Comes Along* even less interesting. *The King Can Do No Wrong* and *Dancing The Viennese* are, I suppose, typical production numbers, well spotted in the picture, though offering little in the way of popular appeal.

They are all published by Famous Music, Inc., publishers to Paramount Pictures, and written by Sam Coslow, who shows an ability to do either the lyric or melody or both.

Mississippi

Since I said I was starting this discussion with the climax, I might well have mentioned the songs from *Mississippi* before *All The King's Horses* if I were to take the songs in order of their intrinsic and outstanding qualities. The three songs are from the pens of Rodgers and Hart, who startled us all with their *My Heart Stood Still*, *Blue Room*, *With A Song In My Heart*, *Ten Cents A Dance*, and countless others. They have furnished my colleague, Bing, with three excellent songs, though one may have been deleted by the time some retakes are made on the picture itself, which is a story of show-boat river life, with W. C. Fields as its Cap'n Henry. Bing gets a chance to sing the following numbers: *Soon*, *Down By The River*, and *It's Easy To Remember*.

Soon is a one-word title, but it has none of the construction of *Who*, which was another one-word title; yet it is a most enjoyable and well-constructed one. Personally I like *It's Easy To Remember*, though it may be that Bing's excellent recording of it has won me to this song. *Down By The River* is a more pretentious sort of *Old Man River* type of composition which gives Bing's newly found range and strength a chance to manifest itself.

Famous Music, Inc., again has these songs to beguile you and expects big things from them, though I doubt if any one of the three will be another *Love In Bloom*.

Isle of Capri

The Isle Of Capri is a case in point where Mr. Vallée shows very bad judgment. I'll make no alibis for it except to simply say that I did not care for it even when I heard the English recording of it. I listened to the song carefully and felt that the title was so far-fetched, weird and strange that it just would not appeal to American music lovers. It was written by two Englishmen and is a popular hit in England. Even in the face of that, I



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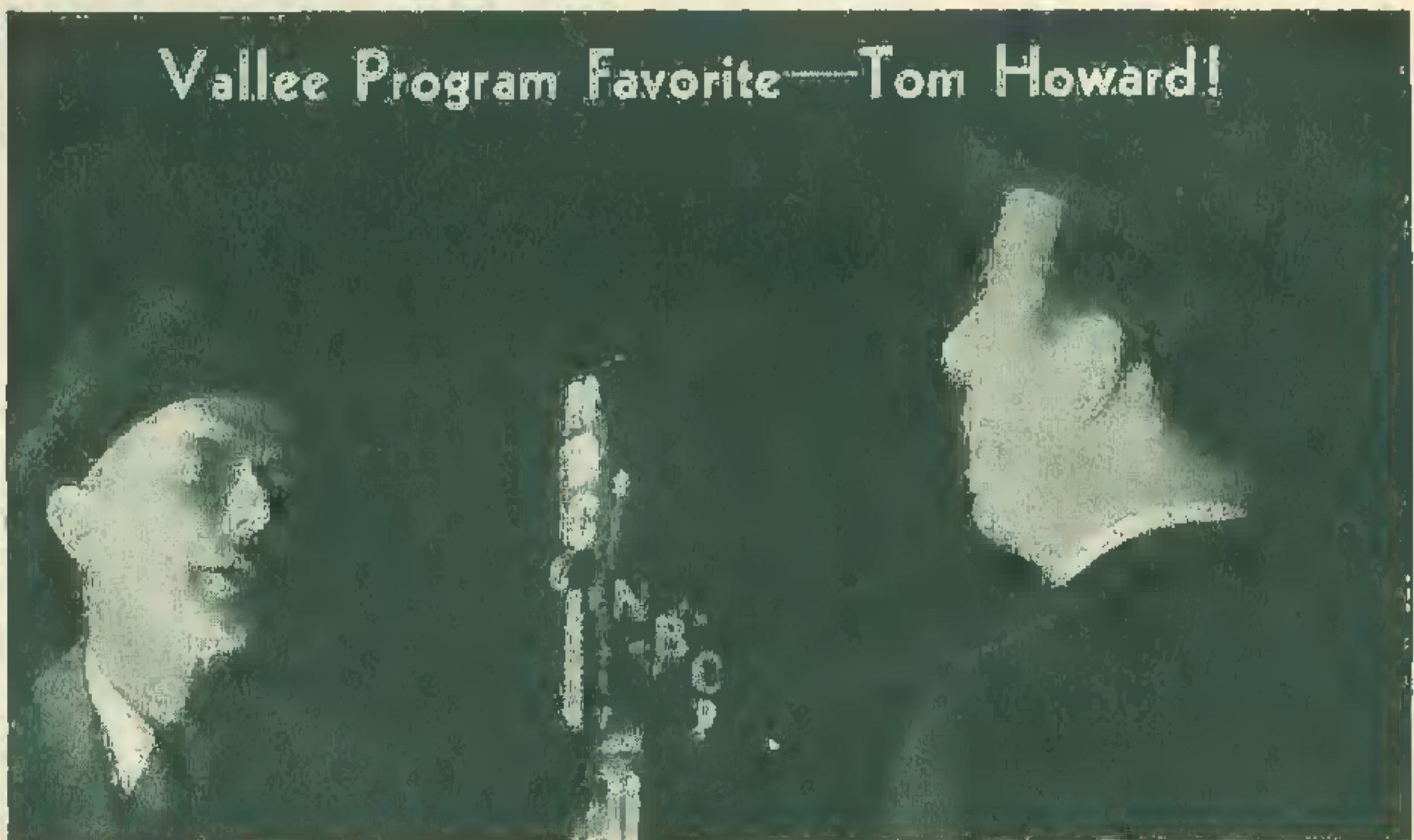
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Vallee Program Favorite—Tom Howard!



Scoring a sensation on the Vallée program, Tom Howard and George Sheldon are paired in a top-notch air team. Tom is the harried individual at the left and the other gentleman is George, his straight man

refused the opportunity to introduce it or to play it, only to find that American audiences have come to accept it whether it is played in rumba form or straight fox trot form. Today it is the most played song on the air, and one of Larry Spier's best sellers. My congratulations to Larry and the firm of T. B. Harms, who should feel very grateful to him for having picked it.

Larry's chief reason for selecting it as a hit possibility was the title, which he felt was so odd, so different that it couldn't help but beguile. Its lyric, of course, is full of the loveliness, charm and sunshine of Italy, and I am still wondering why, though I am honest enough to admit that I have come to like it after hearing it for the hundredth time from my auto radio. I believe that the song is some two years old and has been a continental favorite for some time.

Let's Live Tonight

Love Passes By is another melody from the mind of a very capable motion picture director-composer, Victor Schertzinger. He it was who wrote *Marquita* years ago, and he it was who gave Chevalier such fine direction in his *Love Parade*, and incidentally contributed to its musical score. He it was, too, who directed Grace Moore in her picture, *One Night Of Love*, which gave that young lady such tremendous public acclaim and a new place in the motion picture world after several unsuccessful attempts.

This time he has given Tullio Carminati a fine vocal vehicle for a Columbia picture, *Let's Live Tonight*. *Love Passes By* is one of the more lovely waltzes which will assail you from your radio tubes during the coming season. The Santly brothers are very proud of this waltz acquisition to their catalogue.

Put On An Old Pair Of Shoes deserves popular mention if for no other reason than it was written not only by Billy Hill, composer of *The Last Round-Up*, but his very lovely wife is supposed to have had a part in its writing. It has been a gag in the past for the wife of many a composer to have her name on the composition, though I believe in many cases it has been fairly authentic that the Mrs. really did the lyric or melody, as the case may be. At any rate, *Put On An Old Pair Of Shoes* was written by Mr. & Mrs. Billy Hill, and is published by Shapiro Bernstein.

Believe It, Beloved

That I could have failed to mention *Believe It, Beloved* before in these columns is simply due to the fact that I failed to see a copy of it when it was delivered to my office, thereby missing an opportunity to be one of those to first bore you with a popular song which become boring only due to the fact that its outstanding qualities caused it to be played so often that of course it become a bit exhausting. A popular song that has the lilt, lift, charm and a freshness of this one could not help but find itself on many a radio broadcast, theater program, record album and sheet music counter.

Believe It, Beloved is a fine follow-up of which Broadway Music Co. may well boast, after having had *Be Still My Heart*, and although *Believe It, Beloved* may, like *Be Still My Heart*, not sell many copies, it has caused many a foot to tap and many a pulse to quicken, and given a feeling of rest and enjoyment to many a tired heart. It is that type of composition.

JUNE, 1935

YOU'RE TWICE AS PRETTY SINCE YOU GAINED 10 POUNDS



No need now to be SKINNY

When This Special Quick Way Puts On 10 to 15 lbs. Fast

EVEN if you never could gain an ounce, remember thousands have gained 5 to 15 pounds of attractive flesh this new, easy way—in just a few weeks!

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

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

Concentrated 7 times

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

But that is not all! This super-rich, health-building yeast is ironized with 3 special kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty, new health come—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

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

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by an authority. Remember, results guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 286, Atlanta, Ga.

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A famous piano teacher in Hollywood who has taught such stars as Lila Lee, Neil Hamilton, Mary Carlisle, etc., to play the piano by ear, has written a booklet which will enable YOU to pick out by ear on the piano all the latest song hits. No notes or scales. Even if you are an absolute novice at the piano, his booklet is so simple to understand it will be as clear to you as A B C. Send your name and address and a \$1.00 bill for his regular \$3.00 magic booklet which has taught thousands to play the piano by ear. Your money back without question if you are not entirely satisfied. While copies are available at this \$2.00 saving, mail your \$1.00 bill or C. O. D. request today without fail, to **HOLLYWOOD SCHOOL OF MODERN PIANO**, "School of the Film Stars" (10th year), Dept. F-1, 6842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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YOU can learn at home in spare time to be a "practical" nurse. One graduate saved \$400 while learning. A housewife earned \$430 in 3 months. Clear, simple lessons. Course endorsed by physicians. Est. 26 years. Thousands of graduates. Equipment included. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Men, women, 18-60. Add to your family income!
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On the Care and of Husbands



Josef Koestner, maestro of Household Musical Memories, is as expert in the kitchen as with the baton. He has two favorite food specialties—the concocting of delicious soups, and the preparation of tasty salads



A bit of cheese mixed into the dressing wins an enthusiastic response from the male members of the household

"YOU may lead a man to a balanced meal. But you can't make him eat it."

That, as it happens, is the weak spot in most modern nutrition advice.

That is the reason why food editors get so many S. O. S. letters, in August, from brides whose wedding breakfasts they helped to plan in May.

It isn't the mechanics of cooking which

bothers a young homemaker now-a-days. No indeed! Listen to this letter from our morning's list:

It's from Nancy W—, a bride of last spring. (We helped plan Nancy's wedding supper. And announcement party, too. And just about stocked her recipe file.) But here's what she writes just four months after her exuberant, "Good-bye, office! Hello, kitchenette!"

"Cooking is really a snap, Mrs. Ellis. Lots easier, and more fun than I thought it would be. There are so many things—grand ones—which can be bought already baked or canned, now-a-days. We're crazy about a new canned pineapple juice. And there's corned beef hash. And marvelous canned soups. And beans much better than those mother used to make. And who could be afraid of biscuits or pancakes, when there's boxed biscuit flour, and buckwheat cakes in a sack at the corner grocery?"

"And with almost everything I buy—flours, shortenings, cereals and such—I find such simple easy-to-follow directions, right on the package, that even a numbskull like me couldn't have many failures."

"And it wouldn't be hard to have variety, either. When I run out of ideas, there are such marvelous food programs on the radio. After listening to Miss Gibson, or Mrs. Barton, or Betty Crocker or Mary Ellis Ames, I'm not only chuck full of ideas, but I can almost go to the kitchen

with my eyes shut, and stir up whatever it is they've been talking about. "BUT—what good does all this do me, when the only foods which Bob greets with any enthusiasm are these four—meat, potatoes, cheese and pie. "Now, I know what foods Bob ought to eat. At least, I know, after a fashion, what makes a balanced meal. And I have here that list of foods which you said the average adult should have every day. The simplest statement of my problem would be, to return that list. And give you Bob's reaction to it:

Feeding

RADIOLAND'S Food Consultant, Mrs. Grace Ellis, gives a lesson in the difficult art of making husbands eat the kinds of food that are good for them. With her tasty recipes, the clever wife can give the man of the house the vitamins and food elements he needs, and win praise for her kitchen skill

By Grace Ellis

with my eyes shut, and stir up whatever it is they've been talking about.

"BUT—what good does all this do me, when the only foods which Bob greets with any enthusiasm are these four—meat, potatoes, cheese and pie.

"Now, I know what foods Bob ought to eat. At least, I know, after a fashion, what makes a balanced meal. And I have here that list of foods which you said the average adult should have every day. The simplest statement of my problem would be, to return that list. And give you Bob's reaction to it:

- 1 to 2 pints of milk a day (he won't drink a drop).
- 1 cooked leafy vegetable (shudders at spinach; looks hurt when I mention Brussels sprouts).
- 1 salad (says I should save these for bridge club).
- 1 egg (wants 3—all for breakfast).
- Orange or tomato juice (okay).
- Other fruit (only when coaxed).
- Butter (rather have gravy).
- Cod Liver Oil (won't touch it—kids me about it).
- Only enough meat, starchy vegetables, sweets, etc., to satisfy appetite, after eating other foods (wants to make his entire meal of these).

"Now, Mrs. Ellis, I do know that a diet limited by such prejudices as Bob's is dangerous to health. And I certainly don't want to find him losing his pep, job, hair or waistline, and feel that I could have [Continued on page 67]

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAM PIE!

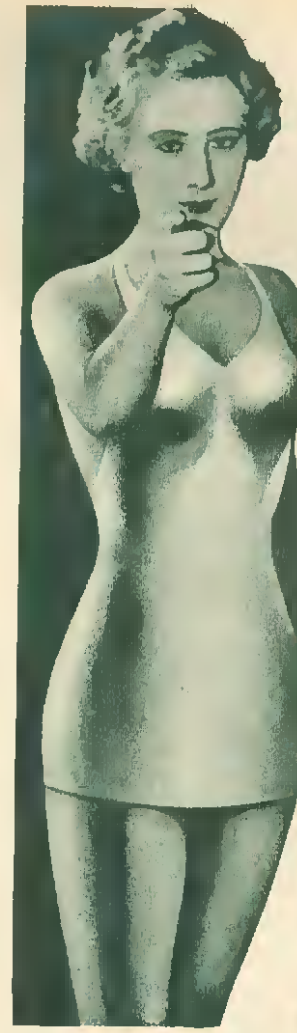
Your "Bob" will love it. And he'll never know that he's "eating" his daily quota of milk.

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Your Own Hose Free

Just a Gagolo

[Continued from page 22]

Comedians won't fade away on the air for—

*One inch of joy surmounts of grief
a span:
Because to laugh is proper to the
man.*

The poet's appraisal being true, comedians have just as permanent a place on the radio as they have on the stage and screen. And they will retain their eminence, whether their jests are new or old. Undoubtedly as the art of broadcasting progresses, the projection of comedy will likewise advance. And television, one of the most imminent of the improvements, will prove as great a boon to the comic clan as to any other type of entertainer.

TO ME, the amazing thing is not that the broadcasting buffoons have been able to hold the affections of the public, but rather that they were able to capture it in the first place, laboring as they do under the handicap of not being visible to their audiences.

The fantastic outfits and foolish antics of Cantor, Pearl and Wynn and other comedians of that genus, play vastly important parts in their performances. Even laugh-inciters like Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd and George Burns and Gracie Allen, who depend more on their material than make-up, are funnier when seen. The microphone, for instance, conveys no hint of the hilarity provoked in the eye

of the beholder when Fred Allen with a perfectly "dead pan" countenance delivers one of his witticisms.

Television, of course, will reveal to the radio audience more of the personality of the performer than the mike can communicate. It will also remove some of the objections of the arm chairs to the presence in the studios of audiences. The latter are too prone to express themselves in loud laughter; the same being most aggravating to the listener because he can discern no apparent reason for much of the merriment that comes through his loudspeaker. He suspects that the comedian has pulled some funny stunt in the studio and is resentful that it has been done within his hearing but beyond his sight.

The television attachment will let him in on the secret and much of the present antagonism to studio spectators will thus be overcome. But there is one thing he can never forgive a studio audience for and which television can't remove. That is, the practice of releasing a roar of applause a split second before the comic reaches the point of his joke; said Niagara of noise effectually preventing its reaching the eager ears of the invisible audience. There is something psychic about studio audiences; this faculty of sensing the crux of a story before it is reached, but perhaps the more natural explanation that the audience is just as familiar with the joke as the jester is the true one.

Critics of studio gatherings overlook, or don't know, the real purpose of their

Two hundred tele-
phones in the
offices of the Na-
tional Broad-
casting Company
receive the votes
of the fans on
Major Bowes
Sunday evening
amateurs. The
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few of the tele-
phone girls who
enter the votes on
ballots as they are
received. Results
are announced
over the air dur-
ing the progress
of the hour, and
the eventual win-
ner announced the
following week



presence. If they weren't there, the chances are the comedians wouldn't be half as funny as they are.

Audiences are as necessary to most of them as food and drink to other mortals. They have to see people to give the proper inflections to their words and to time their quips. Then, too, there is the inspiration furnished by studio spectators. Stage trained for the most part, very few radio comics have the imagination to visualize an audience at a loud-speaker. But they can see a crowd in a studio. They not only see them but they feel their reactions, something vitally essential to a good performance.

HOW important this is is best described by Otis Skinner, the veteran star of the stage. Mr. Skinner wasn't speaking specifically of broadcasting but his remarks are none the less applicable. Said Mr. Skinner:

"Comedy is the most difficult, the most elusive thing in the whole range of acting; it must always involve the co-operation of an audience. For acting is not a one-sided affair; without an audience, it is nothing; with it, it is collaboration. Moreover, the actor must attune himself to the mood of his audience and capture it if he is to achieve success."

It might be well to recall these words of Mr. Skinner the next time you are annoyed by the sounds of a studio crowd. If they weren't there to laugh, perhaps you wouldn't hear much to laugh at, either.

As Mr. Skinner makes clear, being funny is a mighty serious business. And under the limitations imposed by the microphone, being funny on the air is even more serious. If you don't believe it, ask the wives of the air comics and you will learn that their husbands, those clowns who convulse us with their giggles and their gags, are the most unhappy men in the world.

They are unhappy because they are forever worrying about their next broadcast. They start fretting about it the minute the announcer says good night on their last one. That may have been funny but the impending one must be funnier; for there is nothing so dead as a broadcast the morning after the night before. How to make the new one as good or better than the old one is what sends them to bed sleepless with apprehension. Hours and days are spent delving into libraries of humor; jokes are written and re-written so many different ways and from so many different angles that the disciples of Joe Miller despair of ever snaring another laugh again.

Finally, after incessant toil on the part of the comedian, his gag writers and continuity collaborators, a half-hour's fun is evolved. But this is subject to countless revisions, many deletions and possibly total annihilation when the material goes into rehearsal. More than one script, produced by a combination of the best comedy minds in captivity, has been discovered unfit at the last moment and tossed out the window.

When that happens the comedian and his comedy cohorts must start all over again. Which they do with prayers to the Great God Gag to deliver them from their misery and supplications to another divinity to give them strength to resist their natural impulses to commit manslaughter or mayhem, or both, on their fellow workers.

REALLY, in view of the mental distress they suffer, it is not surprising that all comedians secretly long to be tragedians. The everlasting search for a funny line or situation makes of their own lives a real tragedy. Just how much of a tragedy, only their wives know. Eddie Cantor boasts what a great help-mate is Ida Cantor, but Mrs. Cantor could tell a story of the home life of a comedian that would make the spouse of a wife-beating truckman think she was residing in the Garden of Eden.

Mrs. Cantor and the five Cantor girls don't know what it is to sit down with the head of the house and eat a single meal without interruption. Always the phone is ringing with somebody on the wire with a sure-fire gag. Or the gag-men are there in person overrunning the apartment at all hours of the day and night. Then, after the last visitor has been shooed away and the family has retired to snatch what sleep it can, Eddie himself will jump from bed with an idea and arouse the household to pass judgment on his dream child.

[Continued on page 60]

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Hosts of thin, pale, rundown folks—and even "Naturally Skinny" men and women—are amazed at this—new easy way to put on healthy needed pounds quickly. Gains of 15 to 20 lbs. in one month—5 lbs. in a week—are reported regularly.

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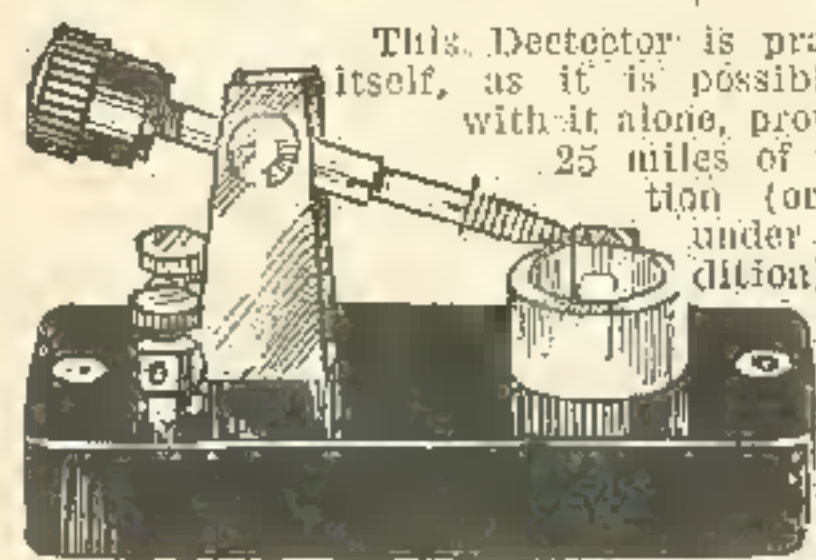


Better, lovelier, more lasting curls in half the usual drying time. That is what the HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry CURLER... "the Curler used by the Stars"... will give you. Easy to apply; comfortable while sleeping; simple to remove. Rubber lock holds hair and curler secure. Perforations insure rapid drying. Tapered and regular models are available in various sizes. HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are used in millions of homes and in better beauty shops everywhere.

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 225-G, Chicago, Illinois

Just a Gagolo

[Continued from page 59]

Fred Allen's missus, Portland Hoffa, suffers with and for her husband when he is in the throes of authorship. He barricades himself in his study and until he emerges with a finished script doesn't eat, drink or sleep for days, so far as this investigator has been able to discover. Mrs. Allen says he writes in a vacant room with a vacant stare, but that is only a pleasantry. If this were true, Fred might properly be expected to reappear with a bunch of white paper. Instead, he gloomily restores himself to civilization with a sheaf of manuscript and confides to Portland his heartfelt conviction that he has produced the worst broadcast ever devised. But when projected on the air, listeners will appraise it differently, Mr. Allen being one of our most ingenious as well as wittiest writers.

Jack Benny spends his conscious hours slaving over his scripts and his subconscious hours revising them. The result is that along about four or five o'clock every morning he pops upright in bed, snaps on the lights and summons Mrs. Benny (Mary Livingstone) to hear what he announces as a gift from on high. But on repetition it doesn't sound so heaven-sent; and the Bennys crawl back under the covers to reflect upon maladjustments of life which make a comedian of a man better equipped for tending furnaces.

Gracie Allen's home life is no bed of roses, either. You might think this an error and that I meant to say, George Burns' home life, etc. But I didn't. On the air, Gracie is the funny one of the team, but it is her husband who creates the comedy. He is forever thinking up dumb cracks for Gracie to say, and of course has to try out his ideas on and with Gracie.

PALS of the couple (usually comics, for professional funny folks naturally gravitate together) may drop in to spend

the evening. But instead of playing bridge or indulging in other diversions of normal persons, the group will go into a huddle to devise gags for each other's acts. This may sound to you, dear reader, like a most enjoyable way to spend an evening, listening to wisecracks as they spout from the lips of their creators. And it would be pleasant for you, if you could eavesdrop on their social sessions. But to the participants these evenings have no fascination, for they are occupied with matters altogether too serious to be diverting.

The trials and tribulations shared by the wives of the gagolo artists remind me of the feud between Al Jolson and Ricardo Cortez during the filming of *Wonder Bar*. I am reminded of that because there is no earthly reason for the association of these ideas. But I do need a tag line for this story and that episode supplies it.

However, perhaps you heard about that famous studio scrap and didn't hear what caused it. In that case I'll have to explain that in the picture, Cortez plays a gigolo dancer. And Jolson, as master of ceremonies, introduces him at the Wonder Bar Café with the remark:

"There is no accounting for taste—some women like monkeys."

When the scene was filmed, Cortez took this as a personal slam—something inserted maliciously in the script to injure him—and was peeved no little. So much so, in fact, that during the rest of the "shooting" he spent his leisure time thinking up mean things to say about Jolson on and off the set.

Well, considering everything that wives of aerial anecdotists have to endure, it strikes me that Jolson's line might be paraphrased to apply to them. Hence this comment:

"There is no accounting for taste—some women even like radio comedians for husbands."

Rumors That Almost Wrecked Them

[Continued from page 26]

love songs he sings are planned to enhance this illusion, to help you and me picture ourselves as Lanny's dream girl, the one and only lass to whom he pours out his eager young heart.

All of a sudden, last winter, columnists came out with the statement that Lanny was not only married, but that he had a baby, too. Even Walter Winchell, the almost-infallible, said, "They say Lanny is a groom and the pop of a baby."

Lanny and his personal representative, Olive White, to whom he was supposed to be married, were in a quandary. How to scotch these false rumors, once and for all; how to restore Lanny's fans' confidence in him? First they denied the rumors personally, but no one would believe them.

So they both broadcast denials via the newspapers: "I am not married at the present moment and have never been

married. I do not expect to be married in the near future to anyone and certainly have no children," Lanny said. To which Olive White added a fervent, "Lanny is not married to me or to anyone else."

Gradually we realized they were telling the truth, and back went Lanny on our list of favorites.

AND IF you think that Lanny Ross has been maligned by gossip mongers, just consider Seth Parker's case. Since Seth started on his long-dreamed-of round-the-world cruise a year ago, nothing but scandal, rumors and wild stories seem to have drifted back. It was said that wine, women and song were a regular part of the parties on board the *Seth Parker*, you may recall. And that the sponsor, the Frigidaire Company, became so incensed that

they cancelled Parker's contract, thereby taking Seth Parker off the air.

I spoke to two members of the cruise who have returned temporarily to New York. "It's all a pack of lies," they said. "But with Seth Parker away in the Pacific, how can he defend himself, bring the guilty parties to justice?"

"Every party on board was eminently proper," they told me. "We only entertained state officials, like the President of Haiti; Sir Arthur Jelf, the Royal Governor of Jamaica; and Rear Admiral John Halligan, Commander of the Naval Air Forces of the U. S. Fleet."

"As to the Frigidaire contract, Frigidaire certainly did not cancel it. They wanted Phillips Lord (Seth Parker) to renew for thirteen more weeks when we were off Miami. They asked him to cruise leisurely around the Gulf of Mexico, stopping frequently for commercial broadcasts. Lord, realizing the public was getting impatient because the cruise to foreign lands was taking so long in getting started, turned down this contract. It would have meant over \$50,000 to him, but he chose to give that up instead of disappointing his radio public. Frigidaire angry at us? It still holds an option on Lord's services for his first series of broadcasts when he returns."

Imagine what the false rumor that he has lost his voice would do to a singer, whose very life as a star depended on his voice! That happened to Lawrence Tibbett once.

How did this rumor start?

At a private dinner party, Lawrence's hostess pleaded with him to sing. Now Tibbett knows that after a heavy dinner his voice tightens up. But so insistent was she that he finally consented. In the middle of his selection, his voice cracked on a high note.

That was all Dame Rumor needed. Soon it was all over town that Tibbett had lost his voice, that he was through. His agents in New York, three thousand miles away, heard it! Letters of sympathy, of advice, began pouring in from every little hamlet in the United States.

For the next year, wherever he went this rumor preceded him. His professional engagements were endangered. Why, a musical comedy producer came forward with an offer.

"Since you are done as an opera singer," he said, "why not sing in one of my shows?" "I'll see there are no high notes in your songs, so you wouldn't have any trouble."

It was a year before Tibbett could live down this rumor, before it died away.

WHAT would you do if wisecracks circulated a report that you were temperamental and touchy, that no one could get along with you, and that's why you were off the air for over a year? That you demanded so much money before you'd sign to sing that you could never land a contract?

That is exactly what Mildred Bailey is up against. You can imagine what such stories do to the radio listener's opinion of her. They are all false.

"I think all these unfounded rumors started when I left Paul Whiteman," she told me frankly, "by wise guys putting two and two together and getting seven. I had been with Paul for four years, and he was lovely to me. So the minute I left everyone said, 'Huh, she must have had a fight.'"

"It was nothing of the sort. I realized then, as I do today, that being just another singer with a band never gets you

anywhere as an individual artist. So when Paul wanted me to sign up for three more years, I thought it better not to. If Paul didn't want me because of my so-called cantankerous disposition, would he have asked me to sign up again, when my contract had still another year to run?"

"I went over to Columbia, where I was for ten months on sustaining, building myself up as an independent singer. Columbia and I got along swell.

"In my last engagement with Willard Robison's orchestra, I had a chance to make real progress, to establish myself.

"It has taken me two years to get started on my own, but I'm not sorry."

AS TO Paul Whiteman, poor Paul, with the best of intentions, let himself in for a whole storm of rumors, of innuendos that tore down the reputation he spent years in building up. Hints he wasn't on the level, was just a publicity hound, etc.

Back in November, 1933, Whiteman announced a yearly musical scholarship award.

The newspapers heralded the announcement with great glee. Here was a break for the struggling young song writer at last. If Paul helped him, he was made.

December came. January. February. March. April. May. June. July—still no word of the scholarship. Some of the radio critics began to question the whole business, and one of them voiced his disappointment. "I am wondering what happened to this benevolent project," he wrote in part. "Nobody seems to have been selected yet. No foundation has been started; no new music has materialized and . . . well, maybe we'd better skip it."

You can imagine what a bombshell such an innuendo was to honest Paul. Why, everyone knew he was reliable, that he meant what he said. How could anyone doubt him?

Then why the delay? Paul made the first announcement in good faith. In fact, months before the newspaper columnists grew wary, he had sketched the gold medal and submitted it to the company making it now. But Paul Whiteman is a very busy man, and he found it hard to undertake all the details of the scholarship fund as soon as he would have liked.

Last Spring, his mother, Mrs. Elfrida Whiteman, became seriously ill, and after a lingering illness, passed away. Certainly no time for monkeying around with a scholarship.

Then the summer approached and he found that the men, topnotchers in the music field, whom he wanted to serve as his judges, and some of whom had promised to, were not available till Fall. Edwin Franko Goldman went to Europe; Deems Taylor went to Hollywood; Robert A. Simon and George Gershwin were the only two here.

Now everything has been settled satisfactorily, and I understand Paul has set aside \$30,000 for perpetuation of this fund for a ten year period at least.

But being called a fraud, having it intimated that the whole business was phony, was no joke, let me tell you.

The next time you buzz with some item of choice gossip about your pet radio star, remember you may be spreading false rumors that may wreck him, and think twice or three times before you say anything!

**"No more 'tired,'
'let-down feeling' for me."**



**"I reasoned that
my red blood corpuscle strength
was low and I simply
took a course of S.S.S. Tonic
and built it back."**

IT is all so simple and reasonable. If your physical let-down is caused by lowered red blood corpuscles—which is all too frequent—then S.S.S. Tonic is waiting to help you . . . and will, unless you have a serious organic trouble that demands a physician or surgeon.

Remember, S.S.S. is not just a so-called "tonic." It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying red corpuscles in the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You may have the will-power to be "up and doing" but unless your blood is in top notch form you are not fully yourself and you may remark, "I wonder why I tire so easily."

Let S.S.S. help build back your blood tone . . . if your case is not exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . steady nerves . . . a good complexion . . . and renewed strength.

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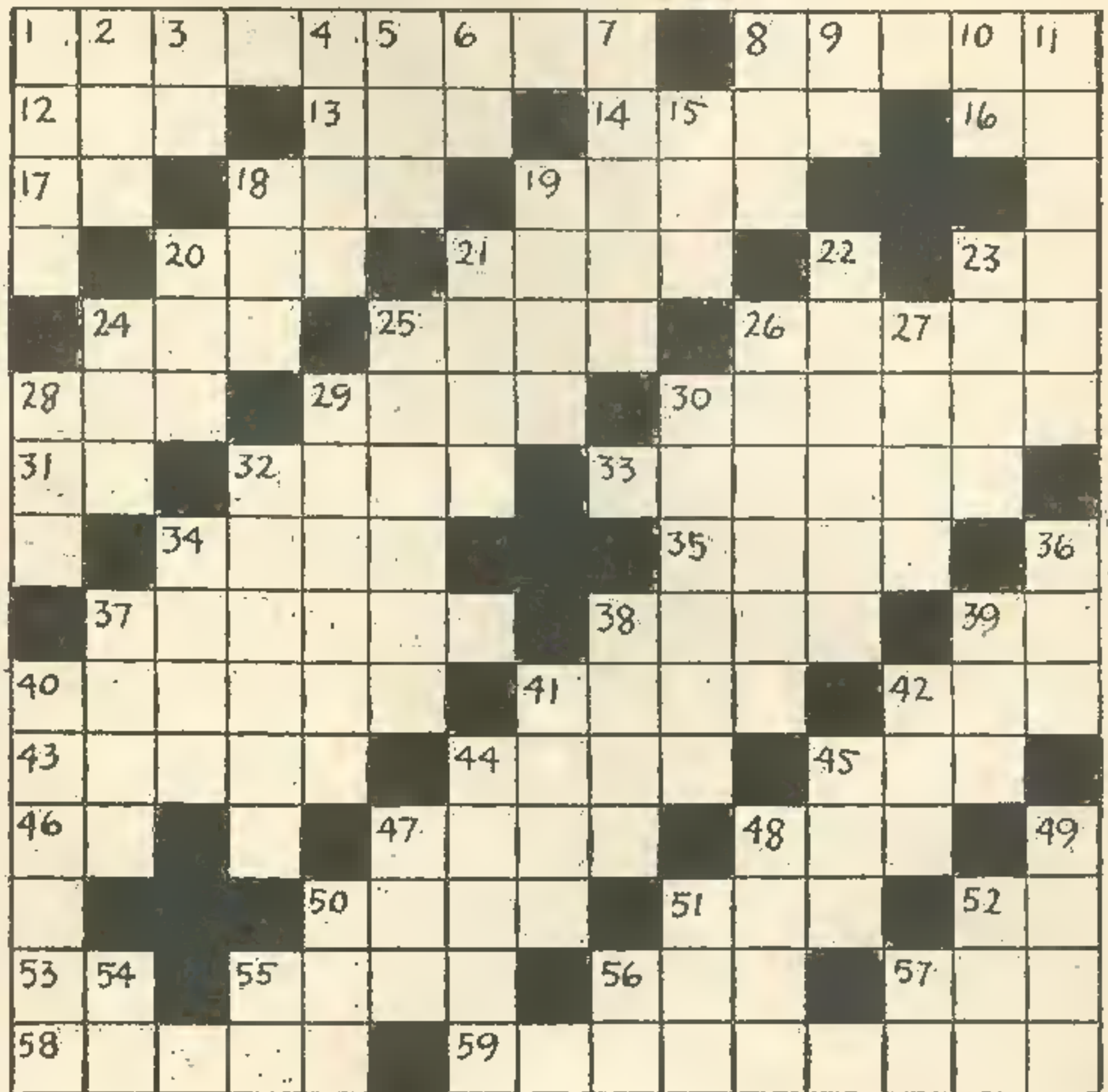
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Radioland's Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Air program
- 8 Peter Pfeiffer in person
- 12 His last name is Gluskin
- 13 What we do with products mentioned on Baker's Broadcast
- 14 Wynn's — name is Leopold
- 16 Pierre — Kreeun sings on Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
- 17 You and me
- 18 Mrs. Andy Gump
- 19 Small U. S. coin
- 20 Product mentioned on Fire Chief program
- 21 Roxy's radio company
- 23 First two initials of President Roosevelt who often talks on networks.
- 24 First name of leader of Royal Canadians
- 25 Part of the Seth Parker on which Phil Lord sailed
- 26 Trap such as Frank Buck uses
- 28 Passenger vehicle mentioned on NBC coast to coast trip
- 29 CBS takes us to — Lake City Tabernacle
- 30 Comedian heard on Baker's Broadcast
- 31 Exist
- 32 Ed Wynn is the — Chief
- 33 To do as does that Sinclair Minstrel when he "feels a verse coming on"
- 34 Requisite of baseball broadcasts
- 35 Acts
- 37 Lonesome Singer of the Air
- 38 Cooking vessels used by the Mystery Chef
- 39 Is Bob Crosby married?
- 40 Brother of 24 Across
- 41 Descriptive of climate where Admiral Byrd has been stationed

- 42 You've heard Gloria La — on Down Lover's Lane program
- 43 The modern ocean — is equipped with radio
- 44 He sings with Muriel Wilson.
- 45 Mr. White, radio organist
- 46 What Bernard of Mollie Minstrels is called
- 47 — Parkes is an announcer
- 48 Hoosier — Shots
- 50 Joe White's former disguise
- 51 Warden Lawes tells us of men who have broken this
- 52 What Miss Bradley, CBS singer, is called
- 53 Smiling. — McConnell
- 55 You hear her with Jolly Bill
- 56 — Campo Orchestra
- 57 We hear — Mario on Penthouse Serenade
- 58 He announces from Radio City
- 59 NBC gives us the — Stage

DOWN

- 1 On which NBC network is WJZ?
- 2 Andre Kostelanetz comes from this European country (abbr.)
- 3 An alleged force or natural power
- 4 NBC songstress
- 5 Where the Lombardo brothers were born (abbr.)
- 6 Near
- 7 Romance of Helen — is presented by CBS
- 8 He performs with Pick in One Night Stands
- 9 Initials of contralto heard with Everett Marshall
- 10 One of the Lane sisters (init.)
- 11 What Vallée is to the Connecticut Yankees

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ZIP

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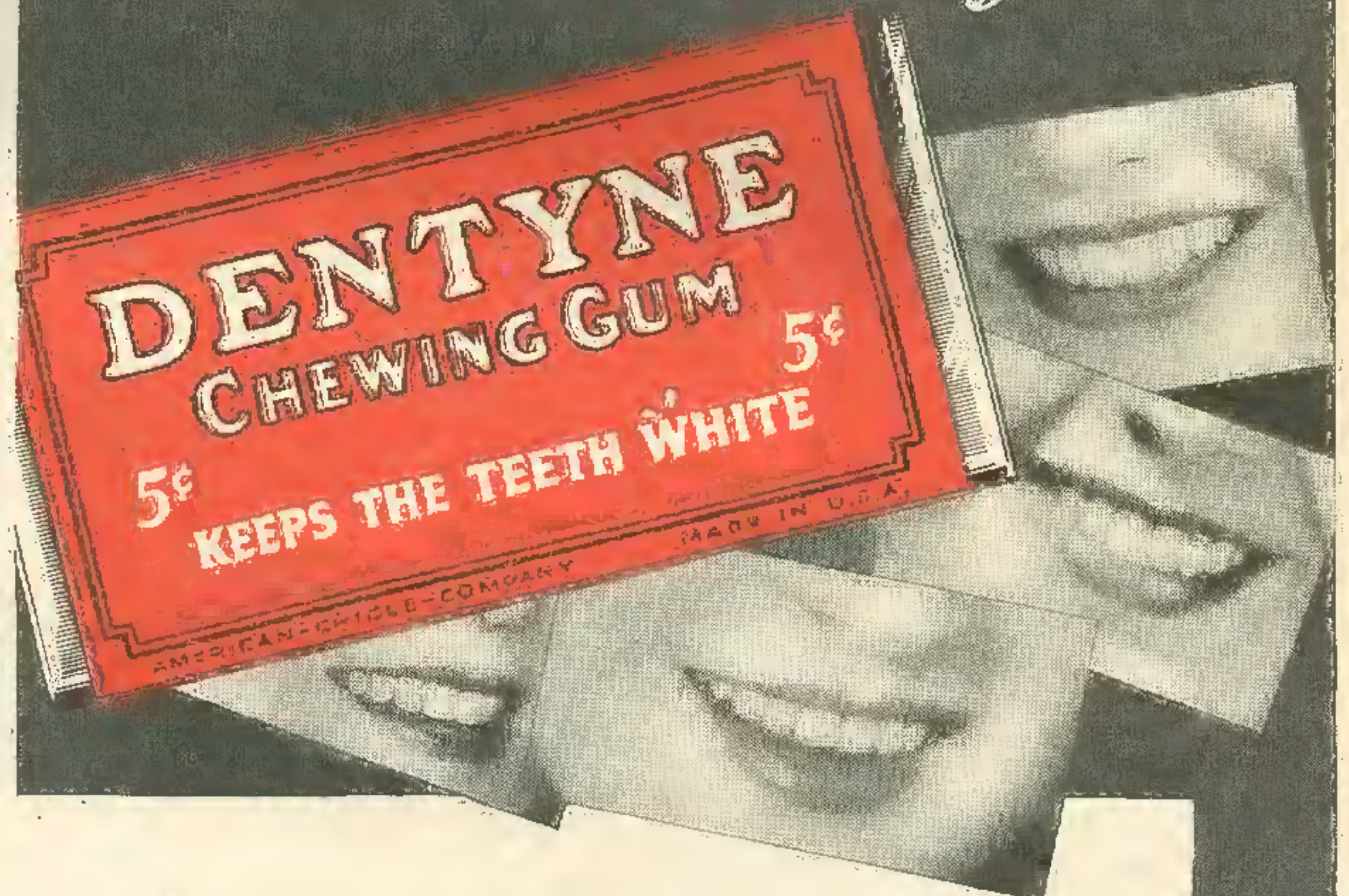
ZIP EPILATOR — IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

15. London's radio stations are here (abbr.)
18. Mrs. Peter de Rose
19. Members of Lux Radio Theater
20. What orchestra leader of Maxwell House Showboat is called.
21. First name of Miss Page
22. Radio orphan based on comic strip character (poss.)
23. Descriptive of tickets to radio broadcasts
24. What Will Rogers chews
25. The Story of Mary —
26. Bing Crosby was born on the — of May
27. Insects
28. You hear Bobby Benson with H—O Rangers
29. Joe White was once known as the — Masked Tenor
30. Parts of instruments used by the Playboys
32. Interested listener to Farm and Home Hour
34. Lulu Belle entertains on National — Dance program
36. Skippy is one
37. It is read on Dear Columbia program
38. Guy Bates —
39. Milton J. Cross was born in — York City
40. NBC announcer
41. Molasses 'n' January appear in burnt — make-up.
42. One of Boswell sisters
44. Orchestra leader heard with Ray Heatherton and Peg La Centra
45. Voice of the Shadow is pitched thus
47. Radio censors — offensive programs
48. He is heard with 8 Across
49. To perform as does Grace Moore
50. RADIOLAND is one (abbr.)
51. First name of orchestra leader on Phillip Morris program
52. Harry — Zell
54. Singer with Re and Mi
55. Initials of vocalist with Richard Himber's orchestra.
56. His orchestra is heard on Club Romance (init.)
57. Ted. — Corsia is one of March of Time cast

SOLUTION TO MAY PUZZLE

I	S	L	E	S		C	L	A	R	A				
T	R	U	E		I	H		R	U	S	H			
S	R		B	O	R	N		A	C	T	S	O	R	
O	I	L		S	E	A	T	T	L	E		D	U	O
L	O	O	P		S	T	A	T	E		E	A	R	L
O		O	R	B		R	U	E		D	A	N	E	
S	A	N	E	L	L	A		D	O	R	S	E	Y	S
			T	O	E			R	U	T				
G	R	E	E	N	E	S		S	E	M	M	L	E	R
I		A	N	D		O	N	E		S	A	Y	E	
L	O	R	D		S	P	O	R	T		N	O	T	E
L	A	S		H	A	R	R	I	E	T		N	O	S
S	T		L	O	M	A		A	D	A	M		M	E
		S	T	O	P		N		L		L	E	T	S
		G	U	S	T	O		S	A	L	L	Y		

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A healthy mouth, white teeth, how important they are to any woman and to all well-groomed men, too! Here's an easy way to have them . . .

DENTYNE IS AN AID TO MOUTH HEALTH
The extra firm consistency of Dentyne provides just the vigorous mouth exercise everyone needs — the exercise lacking in modern soft-food diets. This chewing stimulates the circulation in the tissues, and keeps the mouth and teeth clean. It prevents flabby muscles, too. Many doctors and dentists recommend it as a regular health habit.

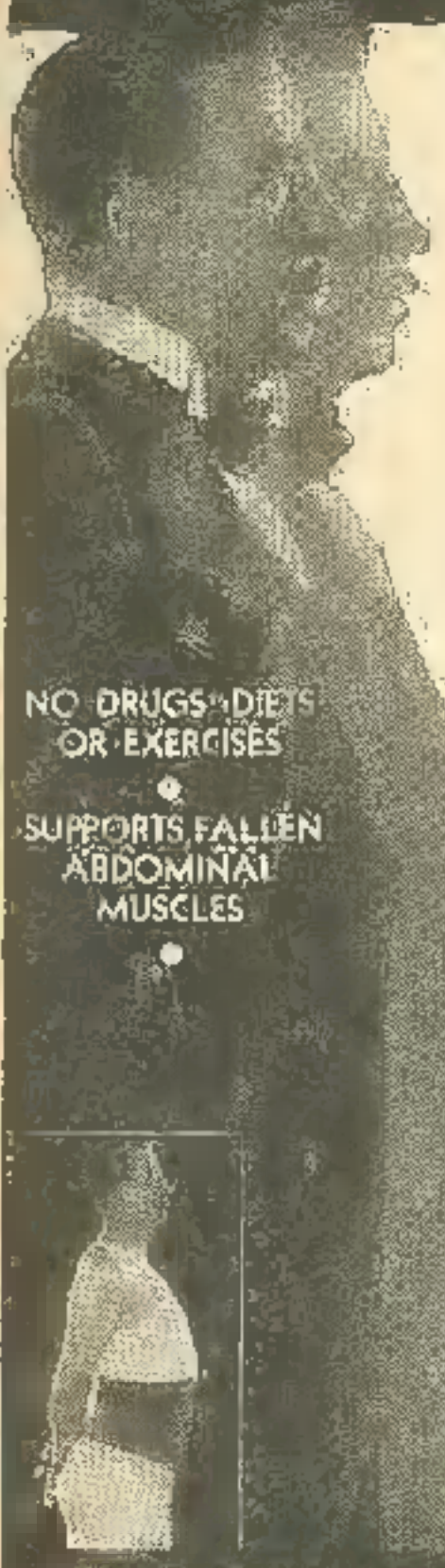
AND A DELICIOUS GUM, TOO — Chewing Dentyne is a pleasant health habit because it is such a delicious gum . . . At the first taste of its spicy, tempting flavor you congratulate yourself on having found a chewing gum that is different . . . thoroughly satisfying. Dentyne has a characteristic, handy, flat shape which makes it easy to carry in your purse or pocket . . . an exclusive feature for many years.

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Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days your waist line will be 3 inches smaller. 3 inches of fat gone or no cost! "I reduced 8 inches" . . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs." writes W. T. Anderson. . . . Hundreds of similar letters.

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NO-NOTES-NO SCALES-NO EXERCISES/

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The secret of the captivating beauty of movie stars! Long, dark, lustrous lashes that transform eyes into bewitching pools of irresistible fascination. Makes the eyes look larger, more brilliant, and far more expressive. Try a pair of these wonderful lashes and you will be surprised at such magic charm so easily acquired. Quickly put on by anyone, absolutely safe, can be used again and again. Mailed promptly on receipt of price: 85¢ pair, 3 pair \$1.00. **MITCHELL BEAUTY PRODUCTS**, 4162 Washington, St. Louis, Mo.

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What to Do About Radio Madness

[Continued from page 15]

not mean to imply that physically they are so handicapped. On the other hand, they are *psychically* deaf. At least they *must* make themselves psychically deaf, else their nervous systems could not stand the strain.

If you have ever had the experience of passing through a boiler factory, or any other place where your ears are assailed by an upsetting din, you probably have noticed that after a while you become more or less accustomed to the noise. In fact, in all such establishments where there is noise, the workers themselves actually do not hear it. They have, in short, made themselves psychically deaf.

What is more, their nerves have done this in *self-defense*.

THAT the mind automatically protects itself in this way against any stimulus from the outside world that is excessive is a well-known mechanism in psychology.

Technically it is spoken of as a *defense mechanism*.

In the case of too much sound the defense mechanism takes the form of psychic deafness; that is, the ear drums and auditory nerves receive the sound, but the brain records it not.

Which kind of defense mechanism is exactly what is set up in every individual who plays his radio overtime.

"Then what difference does it make," perhaps someone will ask, "whether I keep the radio running continually or not? If my mind shuts the thing off, why bother using my muscles?"

True! It wouldn't matter a particle if that were the end of the story. But it isn't!

The trouble is that when the mind shuts itself off in a self-defensive manner, it sooner or later tends to shut off *all* sounds. In other words, since the nervous system has been irritated by excessive sound, after a time all sounds may irritate it, even if not harsh, loud or excessive.

The result is, of course, that such a sound-sensitive person then later finds it difficult to listen even to an outstanding radio program of superior merit.

That hundreds of persons, nay thousands, have become fed up with radio because of the reasons I have given cannot be denied. Like rich food, a little should be enough because a lot, which is too much, makes the stomach rebel.

Radio is such a boon to everyone, even to the sick, that I am truly sorry for those who have tired of it or who never have learned to like it. The presentations are so diversified and it brings one in such close touch with so many celebrities, not to mention the liberal education that can actually be got from well-selected programs, that to do without a radio is like deliberately sticking to a horse and carriage in this age of motor vehicles and speed.

Yes, radio brings the world to your very doorstep—in fact, into any room you choose to relax and be so served. And mind you, really without paying a cent! Could anybody ask for more?

But remember, if you want to get the best out of your radio you must not abuse it. Your physical being will accept *just so much and no more!*

THAT some folks must be educated to radio is another indisputable point—at least, it is self-evident to anyone who has made a study of the human mind and emotions.

For in the last analysis, we are all *visualizers*; that is, our mental images, by means of which we think, are pictures.

Radio, of course, depends upon sound and not upon pictures. And in addition there is something uncanny in the way this sound comes to us, not directly from a person who may be speaking or an orchestra that may be playing—and that *we can see*—but over air waves that travel through hundreds of miles of space and even penetrate solid walls.

To be sure, people have by now ceased to wonder about the marvels displayed by radio transmission, and everybody accepts it nowadays as a matter of course.

Nevertheless our deeper, inner natures have not yet so accepted it. The unconscious mind has not yet accustomed itself to radio as has the conscious mind. The unconscious mind, which is our real, fundamental thinking machinery, still finds visual imagery easier and more gratifying than auditory imagery.

And so, I repeat, some people have not yet become *educated* to radio!

In fact, it requires no little imaginative ability to enjoy, say, a dramatic sketch, when given over the air. For in every radio program the audience contributes as much, if not more, than what the loud speaker emits.

That is why the best radio program is one that *stimulates* the imagination of the listener. If a program does not rouse us as we hear it given—if it does not make us complete the picture, as it were, in our own minds—we soon lose interest in the presentation and consider it flat.

But if it succeeds in arousing those particular gray cells which create mental images—comparable to the running action of a motion picture on the screen—then that program will win us to tune in on it again and again.

SPEAKING of programs brings another important point to mind in connection with the use and abuse of one's radio.

This concerns our selection of the right program to fit our special mood or special desire.

If President Roosevelt or some other prominent person is going to make a speech, and we want to know what he is going to say, and, in addition, want to feel the magnetism that goes with hearing the living voice, we quite naturally tune in at the appointed time rather than wait for the next day to read the speech in the newspapers.

The majority of the programs, however, are not speeches by dignitaries. Most of them are either musical renditions or sketches, or both, and in sketches I would include the work of the comedians such as Cantor, Ed Wynn, Jack Benny, and the like.

Now then, if you want to get the best out of reading, and really enjoy it, you don't force yourself to wade through a volume that does not fit your mood.

If, for instance, you feel like killing time you don't take up a biography or a tome on history or science. These are

"heavy" and you reserve them for hours that seem to call for mental stimulation. Simply to pass the time a newspaper or magazine is about as good as anything. Likewise if you want to relax you read, let us say, detective fiction; if you feel romantic, a love novel, and so on.

For similar reasons you cannot expect to get the best out of your radio set unless you take the trouble to look up the daily program announcements in the newspapers and then tune in only on what actually promises to please you.

If you have the "blues," for example, I would recommend any of the comics. Should you have worries on your mind there is Burns and Allen. Just to pass the time, a mystery drama is excellent. A program like *Show Boat* makes one feel that the world is not such a bad place to live in after all.

REGARDING music, special mention must be made. For music is almost one hundred per cent emotion. Nothing can equal it in touching our motivations, whether they lie deeply and are subtle, or whether they are superficial and plain. In short, the right music can be selected for any state of feeling.

Therefore should you wish to be care-free and be overwhelmed by a sense of abandon, tune in on any of the dance orchestras and drown yourself in jazz rhythms. On the other hand, if you want to experience the joy of pure harmony that brings to life in your mind the finer shades of feeling, a symphony concert by the Philharmonic or other large orchestra

ought to be highly gratifying. Rudy Vallée, Bing Crosby, Guy Lombardo and the rest of the crooner type likewise fill a need in our lives, for their music is of the love and sentiment kind that so many people relish even at seventy. And then there is always Damrosch to explain why certain kinds of music does the things to you that it does.

Apropos of music—in fact, my argument would apply to any sound that comes through the loud speaker—it must be evident that many do not get the best results from their sets because they are careless about dialing accurately.

It is well-known, of course, that even the slightest turn of the dial may blur the sound and, what is more, the volume control must likewise be set exactly right. Program sponsors, program executives, the control room and a host of others, go to all sorts of pains so that the voice or music that comes to you will give the best possible values. If, however, you do not try to differentiate fine shades of sound and thus enrich your reception, all the fussing of the radio producers goes for naught.

Even so minor a detail, apparently, as the type and condition of your aerial, can make or mar the quality of reception on your set, and many owners who now struggle along with sets operating at a fraction of their possible efficiency, would be amazed at the improved quality

[Continued on page 66]



THIS NEW INK CLEANS A PEN AS IT WRITES, AND DRIES ON PAPER SO FAST I NEVER USE A BLOTTER.

Will You Try This Pen-Cleaning Ink if we send a Bottle FREE?

Have you heard about this utterly new KIND of writing ink, called Parker Quink—a marvelous creation that makes a pen a self-cleaner—a Parker Pen, or any other? Here's the way—

Quink contains a secret, harmless ingredient that actually dissolves the dirt and sediment left in your pen by ordinary inks. This keeps your pen from clogging. You don't have to fuss and shake it to start the ink flowing. It writes instantly—every time. Isn't that great?

And look—Quink is attracted to paper fibers like a magnet—penetrates paper instantly—thus dries 31% faster. Yet Quink resists evaporation, so it doesn't dry in your pen.

Get WASHABLE Quink for home and school use because if the Washable kind is spilled on hands, clothes, or rugs, soap and water remove it without trace! One woman writes: "Quink saved our new rug." Another says: "I spilled Quink on my lace tablecloth and it washed out like new."

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Get Quink for 15c from any store selling ink. Or send a postal or this coupon—no money—for 20,000-word bottle, free, to try.

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FOR 20,000-WORD BOTTLE FREE

Parker Quink

Made by the Makers of the Celebrated Parker Pens

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Send demonstration bottle of Quink—

- PERMANENT Blue Black Black
- Blue Brown Red Green Violet
- WASHABLE Blue or Black

Name
Address



Opera stars disported themselves in circus atmosphere when they took part in an entertainment for the benefit of the Metropolitan Opera. Lily Pons, sitting on the shoulder of Lauritz Melchior, is shown in an act billed as "Niebelungen Ringling Bros. & Goetterdammerung"



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Send Nourishine trial bottle and "Home Care of the Hair"

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Address
City State

What to Do About Radio Madness

[Continued from page 65]



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For eye comfort use it daily.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

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Operator No. 38



Follow This Man

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang, Tell-tale finger prints in murdered girl's room. Thrill, Mystery.

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Pain stops almost instantly. Then blessed relief! Fairyfoot helps reduce painful ugly bunions. Foot soon appears more natural. Fairyfoot is easy to use, entirely harmless. Used on over two million feet since 1897. Write for FREE trial treatment today.

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FREE TEST

of reception made possible by a bit of attention by a radio expert.

Persons complain sometimes that their set is worn out or that they are living in a neighborhood where reception is bad, and the like, when all the time it is only a new tube that is needed. A radio set, like every other piece of mechanism, requires care and occasional overhauling. Otherwise even the most expensive set will prove disappointing.

Surely it is a mistake also to stick to one station, as is characteristic of so many radio fans. Somehow they get the notion that a particular station is the best and by listening in on that every day they save trouble and time.

But trouble and time *must* be spent if your radio is to give you the most satisfying results. If you only use one, or even two stations, you are sure to miss some wonderful programs on others.

AND if you really want to get many an extra thrill I strongly advise that you try for distant stations, even if you are compelled to stay up half the night to accomplish it. If your set is equipped for short wave reception, use it and enjoy the feeling of being in touch with the entire world.

It was mentioned some paragraphs back that the proper use of the radio can constitute a liberal education. Actually, this is no exaggeration.

I know of no means available at the present day by which one can learn and keep on learning so readily—so lazily, indeed—as radio. Books you must purchase or borrow and bring into the house. To see plays and motion pictures it is necessary to travel to a theater and perhaps

even stand in line. But radio! A minute's perusal of the daily papers and you can even be instructed in bed!

Current events and news flashes are, of course, constantly on the air. Damrosch has already been referred to in his rôle of interpretive teacher of music. Advertisers frequently employ scientific and literary authorities who add genuine knowledge to a program. Historical events frequently are dramatized. On national holidays much is made of the reasons for celebrating. Recently even psychological tests were given by which one could measure one's own intellectual faculties.

Yes, a radio rightly used, not only can brush away the cobwebs covering the school knowledge which we so laboriously learned but which so soon becomes hazy to all of us, but it can, and does, teach us many new facts which help to brighten us and keep us up on our mental toes.

Actually radio can keep you young. It can keep you spirited and up-to-date. It can stimulate you and fire you with ambition. Its entertainment value is only a sideline, secondary to its other assets.

But, of course, if we abuse our radio in ways which I have mentioned, rather than use it intelligently, all the marvelous benefits it can bestow might as well be non-existent.

In the last analysis it is up to you to get the best out of it. And the beauty of it is that most people do get the most out of their sets. Radio madness of the sort that I have mentioned is indeed a rare ailment and to most folks the problem of operating their sets to get the maximum of enjoyment out of them is a simple matter of common sense.



The Voice of Experience lunches after a broadcast. The Voice (Dr. M. Sayle Taylor) is the gentleman looking out of the tops of his glasses at his luncheon companion

On The Care And Feeding Of Husbands

[Continued from page 57]

prevented it. But neither do I want to nag. As for forcing on him food which he doesn't like—well, no wife wants to do that. And mealtimes are the high spots of our day. When you're still a bride, and he's the grandest fellow on earth, and you'd give your right eye—well, eyebrow, anyway—just to hear that 'Oh, man!' he gives when you bring on something you've made, and he likes—

"Well, what would you do?"

WELL, Nancy (my answer shall run), I think that I'd do pretty much what you are already doing. I certainly wouldn't nag. (Either now or later.) And I'd keep on serving Bob, some, at least, of the food he so genuinely likes.

But some day very soon, I'd sit down and figure out a few surreptitious methods of getting that young man to eat, also, some of those good foods that he doesn't like. It can be done, you know.

About that milk, for instance. Bob needs it. Or will. To save dental and other bills. If not for himself, then for his grandchildren.

But he doesn't need to drink it. And he doesn't have to know he's eating it. It doesn't even have to be bottled milk, you see. There's evaporated, and condensed and powdered milks which are even more nutritious (in one sense), because more concentrated.

You say he likes pie? Funny fellow! Then make a specialty of such pies as chocolate, coconut, lemon-cream and butterscotch. (That chocolate peppermint cream pie is a marvel!) And puddings of the same sort. Cook his cereal in milk, if he eats cereal. Make French toast, and custard, and serve lots and lots of milk sherbet and ice cream.

Try making such dishes as chipped creamed beef with evaporated milk. You can get evaporated milks now which are irradiated and thus substitute for cod liver oil. And use condensed milk for frostings, pies and pudding sauces.

So he dislikes spinach? Then you can substitute asparagus or cabbage. And did you ever try one of those canned cream of spinach soups? I know a number of men who go for that soup in a big way. Honestly. You'd never know it was related to spinach. Cream of asparagus soup is equally good. (Write me if you'd like the brand names of either the irradiated evaporated milk, or the cream soups.)

You say he's fond of cheese? And only lukewarm about fruit. I've known a dozen men who learned to like a combination fruit salad by having it sprinkled with cheese. Nestle generous sections of orange and grapefruit and pear and what-have-you into a lettuce cup. Drop a restrained spoonful of a rich creamy salad dressing at one side of the plate, and sprinkle the whole thing with a soft cheese, rubbed through a kitchen sieve with your thumb.

Or try him out on the most sophisticated of all modern desserts—crackers, fruit and cheese.

YOU can turn almost any man into a vegetable salad fan,* by letting him mix his own at the table. Tell him what so-and-so does. Prod his curiosity. Brag on his sensitivity to flavors. Show him a

picture of some hardy he-man with his arms akimbo over the salad bowl. Then bring on plenty of seasonings, fresh lettuce, sliced onion, and what-he-will. And start gathering praise for the finished product.

If Bob works in an office he needs a sun-substitute. Cod liver oil may be dispensed with if you buy irradiated foods. Or have a sun-lamp. Or take Vitamin D tablets.

Such recipes as these will help you to get those essential foods into the young man:

APRICOT MILK SHERBET (Makes 1 Quart)

1½ cups sieved canned apricots
1 cup sugar
Pinch salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1¼ cups evaporated milk
¾ cup water
¼ teaspoon vanilla

Mix sugar with apricot pulp. Then add remaining ingredients. Pour into one of those tiny 1 quart freezers. Pack in ice and salt—1 part salt to 8 parts ice—and freeze. It takes only a few minutes of cranking. And those tiny freezers cost almost nothing, Nancy.

If you have a mechanical refrigerator, you may freeze the sherbet in a tray. But you will need to chill the evaporated milk and whip it until stiff, before blending it with the other ingredients.

LEMON CREAM PIE

2 cups rich milk or
1 cup evaporated milk and
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
½ cup flour
½ cup lemon juice
2 egg yolks
2 tablespoons butter
Pinch salt
2 egg whites
Baked pie shell

Scald milk in double boiler. Mix dry ingredients and add to milk. Cook for 15 minutes over hot water stirring occasionally. Pour a small quantity of the mixture slowly over the beaten yolks. Pour egg yolk mixture back into double boiler, with rest of filling. Cook, stirring constantly, for 5 minutes. Add butter, vanilla and lemon juice just before removing from fire. Beat hard. Turn into baked crust.

Make a meringue by beating the egg whites until stiff but not dry, and then beating in ¼ cup sugar gradually until mixture is rosey. Spread over pie. Brown meringue to a delicate brown in a slow oven—300 degrees F.

If you're having any difficulties with pie crust, write for our special "Best Ever Pies" leaflet. It contains the recipe for a Never-Fail Hot Water Pie Crust, Banana Cream Pie, and a host of other husband-tamers. [Continued on page 68]

*To all the Nancys whose young husbands shy at salads. RADIOLAND's food editor recommends a grand little salad booklet put out recently by a concern who gives special attention to foods for men. It costs but a few cents and is beautifully illustrated. If one glance at its special salads-for-men will not start your "Bob" to mixing his own at the table, we're badly mistaken. Write Mrs. Ellis if you would like the address.

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On the Care and Feeding of Husbands

[Continued from page 67]

BROILED HAM, CHEESE AND TOMATO SANDWICH

(To inveigle him into eating tomatoes)

Spread a slice of bread with butter. Cover with thin slices of boiled or sliced canned ham. Cover with cheese, either the sliced or the spreading variety. Top with slices of tomato. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Broil under low broiler heat until the cheese is melted and delicately brown.

GREEN SALAD

(To be mixed and seasoned at the table)
Provide your Bob with chilled fresh leaves of lettuce and endive, a few slices each of cucumber and radish and plenty of seasonings—salt, pepper, vinegar, salad oil, (if he likes it), celery salt, a clove of garlic, mustard and sugar. (Your "Bob," of course, has a fine sense of taste. Tell him so. Some of the famous men of the world have been expert salad-mixers. Tell him that. And see what happens.)

And don't forget to send for a copy of that **CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT CREAM PIE RECIPE.**

That Daring Young Man — Walter O'Keefe

[Continued from page 21]

There was the news of his enlistment, in high headlines, his photograph, pictures of his proud family.

He didn't say much; he didn't have to. He got what he wanted, again. But he never went to France; He saw the entire war from Paris—Paris Island.

As soon as he was out of Marine uniform, he started writing lyrics and plays. He wrote a John Golden play which placed among the first ten in a nationwide contest. Then he decided things were moving too slowly for him. Everybody had always said he should be an actor, ever since he had first lifted his voice as a boy soprano in the Hartford choir. The soprano voice had changed when he put on long pants, but he had been singing in the Glee Club at Notre Dame. There had been dramatics at college; and there had been professional engagements. It was in 1912 that Walter O'Keefe had earned his first pay check of \$50 on the stage. His father took the \$50, he remembers, and bought him an elegant baseball and bat.

He wrote his way into the sort of job he wanted by sending Texas Guinan a long, witty telegram which she answered the same day. "If you can be as funny as that for my customers, you're hired," she said in substance.

SO THE O'Keefe entertained suckers and gentlemen-and-ladies-about-town in Tex's New York and Florida places. He went over with a bang. Then suddenly he went into the real estate business in Florida, with his friends Ben

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RADIOLAND

Hecht and Charles MacArthur. The development was called Key Largo, and Walter O'Keefe helped to put the place on the map with a special song of his own. The whole thing was exactly like a musical comedy—the town even had an "angel." The only thing that was different was that the place was infested with mosquitoes the size of hen's eggs. That washed Walter up on the real estate racket.

Three years followed at Barney Gallant's Greenwich Village rendezvous, where he sang, hoofed, wrote his own songs, performed his own skits, did imitations. It was practically a one-man musical comedy, and Walter was again the darling of New York's nighthawks.

Then he caught infantile paralysis and almost died. But he didn't have time to die—there were too many things to do. He decided to write lyrics instead. They weren't sob ballads, either, but two-fisted epics like *Henry Made a Lady Out of Lizzie*, etc. Some of them were very successful. He wrote a musical show, too, called *Just a Minute*, which lasted as long as its name. Some of the other songs he wrote are *Little by Little*, *I Love Love* and the swaggering tune *I'm Gonna Dance Wit' the Guy Who Bring Me*.

Then came Hollywood, where, with Bobby Dolan, the young maestro of Barney Gallant's band, Walter wrote music for a number of film productions. But the East was always home to him; he soon tired of pictures and returned to New York. It was in Bing Crosby's apartment, when Bing was just another Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boy, that Walter came across *The Man on the Flying Trapeze*.

He revamped the lyrics, re-published the song and made many successful records of others of its ilk. Next came his stardom in *The Third Little Show* with Beatrice Lillie—that unforgettable and delightful show in which he sang both *Trapeze* and *When Yuba Played the Tuba Down in Cuba*. His rapid, sure-fire delivery became the rage, as it is the keynote of the success of Camel's Caravan.

YOU can't appreciate the Broadway Hillbilly till you see him work. The smart pace, the nice balance of these programs are not achieved by gags alone. He has a happy faculty of carefully working out his routines in advance, and delivering them with as much ease as though the whole thing were done with mirrors, and entirely extemporaneous. Even his hillbilly stuff has a drawing-room smoothness.

When he uses gags, he somehow makes them shine. He is a natural gag man, and would still be funny if all the keys to all the gag files in the world were lost. His delivery is fluid, his humor never forced, and he introduces musical numbers with the greatest of ease. And when you meet him, you know why he is able to do this. He is a brilliant conversationalist; whatever he says is interesting, deft. His anecdotes move briskly with a lusty mockery which is never cruel—and which is more often directed at himself than at anyone else. Radio needs more comedians like Walter O'Keefe to keep a balance of sanity.

He has a great love for ballads of the dear, dead days of long ago, into which he injects new life. If this is impossible, he simply writes a new ballad. He bought a deserted lighthouse off the coast of Maine last summer, which inspired him to write a song called *The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter, or the*

Daring Young Girl Who Lights Up the Seas. This opus has 27 verses in all, but you'll have to count 'em—we haven't time. Another goes, *I Love the Bearded Lady 'Cause Her Kisses Tickle So*.

But his very favorite hillbilly song is one which he didn't write, though he wishes he had. It begins:

"Father, take the cow away
And put it out of sight,
For I am heavy-hearted
And I cannot milk tonight."

He enjoys radio because it gives him a chance to do the two things he most enjoys doing for a living: writing and building a show—and performing. His present schedule of two half-hour shows each week keeps him very busy, especially since each show is broadcast twice—later in the evening for Coast audiences. He has only one superstition in the world, and that's about sponsors. He thinks his present sponsors bring him luck, and if you could see the size of his pay check you'd undoubtedly agree with him.

HIS wife—"Mrs. O." or "Bert," he calls her—is the lovely Roberta Robinson, star of many musical comedies, notably *The Band Wagon*. She gave up her career when they were married, in 1932, because she didn't think Walter could keep up the strain of chasing around after her when she played in out-of-town shows. They are phenomenally happy, in spite of—you know, that song. They have a home in a little town in Maine, and wish they could live there all the time. Walter loves the neighborliness of a small town—but he also loves the towering, noisy skyscraper canyons of Manhattan. He is interested in everybody and everything. When he is in Maine he sits on the cracker barrel in the grocery store and visits with the boys just like any Broadway hillbilly. He says he would like to spend his summers "just sitting"—but he really wouldn't.

He eats colossally between meals, and also at meals; but he is slim and hard as any diet addict. He is five feet ten and one-half, and weighs 155 pounds. He isn't much of a sport enthusiast, and says he was a sissy even in college. But his mind is always active. He subscribes to thirty-seven newspapers and manages somehow to get them all read—often fleetingly in taxicabs as he dashes about town.

His favorite poet is Robert Burns. He considers the three greatest books written to be *Anthony Adverse*, the Manhattan telephone directory and the Hollywood phone book, and claims to have read all three—and to have memorized most of the first two.

Maybe this is just a gag—one learns to be suspicious of this man O'Keefe regardless of how solemn faced he may be when he delivers an apparently profound remark with a wry and unsuspected twist.

Stepping into Winchell's spats for a split second, we announce rather timidly that Walter has been bassinet-lifting—although we realize it's possible that everyone may have heard before we did. However, we still get a kick out of the fact that the Broadway hillbilly told us himself. Yas suh, 'Ol Pappy Hatfield O'Keefe is about to become a father. And Columbia's sound effect department will have nothing whatever to do with that event!

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Breaking into RADIO

By HAROLD S. KAHM

A GREAT number of articles have been written telling people how they can break into radio and explaining the huge demand for talent. Much of this information offered the public has been so much budge. I therefore felt that I had an opportunity to perform a real service to radio aspirants by interviewing nationally-recognized and unquestioned authorities in the field of radio broadcasting and presenting the real facts concerning opportunities in radio and the step-by-step methods of taking advantage of them.

To this end I have interviewed the following authorities: Wayne Randall of NBC, and the managers of three representative local stations in the middle west—Earl Gammon of WCCO, the CBS local for Minneapolis, Phil Bronson of KSTP, NBC local in St. Paul, and Bob DeHaven of WTCN, an independent station in Minneapolis that has no chain affiliations. These men represent the entire field of radio broadcasting in the United States, insofar as radio-aspirant interest is concerned, and their combined statements afford a clear and vivid picture of the field.

I asked these men the same questions—questions concerning the best way for a person with radio aspirations to get started in their career, with emphasis on what to do, step by step, and what not to do. On some points there was some very slight difference of opinion, but on the whole these widely divergent authorities spoke as with one voice. The first point they made clear to me was this: a beginner hasn't the slightest chance of breaking into a chain without previous radio experience. Mr. Randall of NBC explains as follows:

"The supply of new radio talent (referring to the chains) exceeds the demand about 1000 to 1. Here at NBC we give about 5000 auditions annually, both vocal and dramatic. About one per cent of these get more or less steady work on the air, and every one of these auditions were given to individuals who had had professional singing or acting experience. We do not audition amateurs." Mr. Randall goes on to state that the local station is the only avenue of entry into the radio field for the amateur, or beginner, and the other authorities interviewed agree 100%.

Says Mr. Randall, "If you are sure of your ability, then make an effort to be heard over a small local station—and don't be in a hurry to leave it, for there you can gain practical experience in microphone technique and can acquire poise. If your artistry becomes outstanding you may be sure that you will come to the attention of the largest networks. But if you try for the big networks first—and fail—you leave a record which will make subsequent attempts to break through doubly hard."

TO QUOTE the other authorities interviewed on this point would be almost word-for-word repetition. The unanimous agreement is that a radio aspirant must first sell himself to a local station.

Now it is my intention to present the

step-by-step process by which you can sell yourself to a local station, get a job, and build yourself up to the point where the big chains will come after you. This is not a success formula, but the basic and necessary things that you must do if you are to have any chance at all.

First of all, take stock of yourself. What have you to offer the radio public? Says Mr. Randall, "Analyze your talents. Remember that the microphone amplifies all voice defects tenfold. Correct pronunciation, good enunciation and diction are vital. Don't say you can sing or act as well as so-and-so. You must be better if you expect even to get a chance on the air." On the other hand, Mr. Randall agrees that "program executives are always on the lookout for something new and different." And it is in this latter connection that the average radio aspirant will have his best opportunity.

Earl Gammon of WCCO says, "There is a big demand for radio talent on the part of local stations; any act that is out of the ordinary can win instant success. But the one thing that is not wanted is imitations—unless they are extremely good. No radio station is in the market for a second or third or tenth-rate Bing Crosby or Kate Smith; the market is glutted with them."

"There is another reason for being different, or at least an explanation of why it is so vital. Here at WCCO we give thousands of auditions. The men whose job it is to listen to them eventually get bored stiff, to put it plainly. The level of mediocrity is monotonous. All of the applicants seem to try the same stuff. Consequently, when something really new comes over that loudspeaker it stands out like a sore thumb; those listening prick up their ears; their interest is aroused. It may simply be a voice into which the singer has put a new twist. It may be something completely novel in the way of an act. Whatever it is, if it is different from the average run, it wins attention and interest."

NOW then, we have so far achieved two definite facts for the radio aspirant to remember: First, take stock of yourself and find out what you have to offer that is either different from anything else on the air, or superior to the best now on the air. Second, get an audition at a local station, preferably a small one.

This may surprise some people: "Anyone," says Bob DeHaven of WTCN, "can get an audition. Every radio station devotes a certain amount of time each week to this purpose; some of them close down this department in the summer months, but generally the rule holds. To obtain an audition, all you have to do is go to any station and ask for one. Sometimes the audition time is booked up several weeks in advance, and you will have to be patient and await your turn, but the main thing is you can always be heard." The other authorities agree here without reservations. In other words, you don't have to worry about getting an audition; it's easy.

Now for the next step. Suppose you

[Continued on page 73]

OLD MONEY WANTED

\$2000.00 FOR 1¢

We pay the world's highest prices for old coins, increased postage stamps and paper money. Large Copper Cents up to \$2000.00 each, Half Cents \$250.00, Indian Head Cents \$50.00, 1909 Cent \$10.00, Half Dimas \$150.00, 25c before 1873 \$300.00, 50c before 1873 \$750.00, Silver Dollars before 1874 \$2500.00, Gold dollars \$1000.00, Trade dollars \$250.00, 1822 \$5.00, Gold Piece \$5000.00, Old Paper Money \$20.00. Increased postage stamps \$12.00, Certain Foreign Coins \$150.00 etc. Don't wait! Send Dime Today for our large illustrated list.

ROMANO'S COIN SHOP
Dept. 495, Springfield, Mass.

Roll Your FAT Away

NO DIET - MEDICINE - EXERCISE

An amazing patented invention called **ROLLETTE**, developed in Rochester, Minn., makes it possible for you to rid your self of unsightly pounds and inches of fat quietly. Taken off only where needed. Leaves flesh firm and healthy. This method of reducing approved by physicians everywhere. Users praise and recommend it. Full particulars FREE. Write today.

ROLLETTE COMPANY, Dept. 151
3826 N. Ashland Avenue, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

WOMEN WANTED

TO DISPLAY NEW DRESS STYLES

Single or married women. No experience necessary. Big pay, full or part time. Chance to earn up to \$23.75 in a week. Even inexperienced housewives earn money first day. Your own dresses furnished without cost. Write quick. Send no money—just name and address on postal. **I. V. SEDLER CO., INC., Dept. 19-6, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

3 LOVELY DRESSES \$5.50

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method positively prevents hair from growing again. Safe, easy, permanent. Use it privately, at home. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send for in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet.

Write to: **D. J. MAHLER**, Dept. 32F, Providence, R. I.



I Was a Luxury Bride

Brenda married for lovely clothes, jewels, wealth—but there came a day when she tired of luxuries and found that wealth without love can be poverty! Read her stirring confession in the June ROMANTIC STORIES



Romantic STORIES

JUNE, 1935

"No! No! A Hundred Times No!"

[Continued from page 17]

question—over a couple sodas, under a street light, in the movies, between rubbers of bridge. That was his own idea of the way to get a girl. But all he could ever get out of Jane was a giggle—and a "no."

Then there came that eventful June night when the western moon was playing leapfrog with a skyful of clouds. They'd been to a show and quarrelled over a silly something all the way home and Goody had made up his mind once and for all to transfer his affections elsewhere. Fed up, he was, with pursuing the same dame for eight years and not getting a tumble. He was going to end it and stop being such a sap over the sauciest, snootiest Delilah in Kansas City. He'd tell her, by gum!

So he began the farewell speech he'd planned. Oh yes, he began—standing there on the porch of her house. But before he could finish a moon popped out in the sky and its light tangled up in a curly blond bob and all the words he'd planned to say suddenly went blotto. The first thing he knew, Goodman Ace was doing something he'd never had the nerve to do in all his life before—to Jane, that is. He was kissing her ardently, boldly!

THAT'S where this story started. You know what she did after he did that—and you know what he did after she'd done it! Papa came downstairs in his bathrobe to see what all the clatter and fuss in the front hall was. And by the time he reached the bottom step he had to turn around and walk right back up again.

His daughter, his little Jane, had her arms around that Ace fellow.

You know what happened a few months after they were married. Goody had been writing a movie column for his paper, and in connection with it, broadcasting a daily quarter hour of Hollywood chatter over a Kansas City station. One evening his material gave out too quickly and he had to do something to fill the remaining time on the air. So he motioned to Jane through the control window to come in.

"Folks," he said, "I want you to meet my roommate. Talk, honey."

Jane talked—she could always do that! And he talked back. And in a minute they were violently hashing over the bridge argument they'd had the night before, as uproariously as only Jane and Goody can hash when they get going. Everybody listening got a laugh and wrote a letter in about it. As a result, the station put the Aces on as a regular local feature; a feature that proved such a "wow" to Kansas City that it was soon sponsored and going over a coast-to-coast hookup from New York.

That's the *Easy Aces* series you listen to now. And that's the true story behind one of radioland's most long-lived, happy marriages. The moral being, as Goodman pointed out to me, that love not only always comes out on top—but sometimes it comes through with an air contract.

To which Jane, as I knew she would, helped herself to another waffle and gently, goofily commented without looking up, "I'll say the world!"

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



QUICK, SURE RELIEF.

Pain stops the instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters and make new or tight shoes easy on the feet. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, and in a few days your corns or callouses will lift right off! Try them! Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

NOW 2 KINDS

STANDARD WHITE 25¢ | New DE LUXE flesh color 35¢

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Remove FAT from any part

Be adorably slim!

Feminine attractiveness demands fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with slender, firm, rounded contours, instead of unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just where they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I, myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. P-6, Forest Hills, New York.

I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

FADED GRAY HAIR

Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. Shampoo and color your hair at the same time with new French discovery "SHAMPO-KOLOR," takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Sold only by mail so I can advise users. Don't take advice from inexperienced sales persons. 30 years' experience at your disposal. FREE personal recommendation and laboratory report. Send hair clipping cut close to scalp. Free Booklet. Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 90, 254 W. 31 St., New York

Breaking into Radio

[Continued from page 70]

have an audition, and it proves successful (they will tell you if you're good or not). What then? Do you get a job immediately? Let us take a clear look at the situation: There are two methods used by radio stations in the employment of talent. One is to place the talent on a new program sponsored by an advertiser. The other method is to put the performer on a "sustaining" basis, that is, to work for the station itself, to fill in such time on the air as is not filled by chain broadcasts or local advertisers' programs. The majority of radio aspirants who have had successful auditions are placed on file in the studio offices and when an advertiser is in need of a radio program this file is consulted and selections are made. When this happens a second audition is given, with the advertiser listening in, and if the talent meets with his approval a contract is awarded.

It is nothing unusual for talent, successfully auditioned, to wait six months until an interested advertiser comes along. On the other hand, there are instances when the performer has obtained a contract within a few days of his or her first audition. That is where your personal luck enters into the picture.

THEREFORE, the newcomer to radio's best bet is to get a job from the station directly, as "sustaining" material. In this connection Bob DeHaven offers a word of advice. "It is better," he asserts, "for the beginner to go to a small local station that has no chain affiliations. If a station has no chain broadcasts with which to fill in time, it must buy a large amount of sustaining talent. Such a station pays less in money, but it is easier to get a job, and a job means encouragement and invaluable experience, and if you are good you don't have to worry about your future; you'll be certain to be discovered quickly and snapped up by a bigger outfit."

Now then, here is another angle. Says Earl Gammon, "If you have had a successful audition and your name has been filed in the studio as an active possibility, make a pest of yourself. Haunt the place. Keep after them. It will help speed matters up considerably, and it cannot do you any harm. I know it sounds like strange advice for a studio official to give, but it's true. After all, we are all human. It is often a case of 'out of sight, out of mind.' There may be two individuals each of whom has an equally good act or program. One of them simply stays at home and waits to be called; the other keeps at us constantly, bothering the life out of us. Who do you suppose will be given the first opportunity? The fellow who is uppermost in our minds, of course, he naturally is the one who has been after us continually."

Of course it should be remembered that this advice applies only to those persons who have been told freely and without reservation that their audition was very successful. Otherwise you would stand in danger of being summarily booted down the stairs.

Now for still another angle. Suppose you have been told that you are good, and you have been unsuccessful in finding an opening in any of your

local stations; what then? Mr. Gammon suggests that in this case you try the local station in the next nearest town. Go there armed with a letter of recommendation from your own local station, stating that you are good and deserve an opportunity. You must, however, be sufficiently financed to stay in that nearby town for several days, or possibly weeks.

Not all of the authorities interviewed agree, however, on the wisdom of this course. Says Bob DeHaven, "If you have had a successful audition and you have something worthwhile your best chance is in your own local station, and if you can't get on there, I hardly think that going to another town would benefit you. If you can't get on locally, and you are really good, it would be most unusual."

All of the authorities stated that the factor of nervousness during a first audition (on the part of the performer) is always taken into consideration by the listening officials. That phase doesn't need to worry you.

All agreed on the great value of winning a radio contest, such as are conducted by various stations from time to time. It is a short-cut to success on the air, because it is the best means not only of attracting the interest of radio officials but of the public as well.

Concerning the matter of "being different" and offering something new as a prerequisite to even the smallest success on the air, just how can you go about achieving this? Alas! It is a purely personal problem! All that can be offered you in the way of advice is this: analyze what it is you have to offer the radio public, then make a check-up of the ether waves to find out whether or not it is like something already on the air. If it is, try to change it.

If you are a singer, do not forget that microphone technique differs from concert technique. Says Earl Gammon, "Music teachers say that the most successful singers on the air are 'awful' from the standpoint of ordinary, concert standards. The only way you can learn this radio technique is through experience over a small station." Concerning the greatest faults of the average try-out for radio, Mr. Randall of NBC states that in the case of vocalists it is a matter of poor breath control and voice placing, and inability to maintain perfect pitch. In the case of dramatic actors it is inability, because of inexperience, to read lines correctly.

There is little more to be said concerning the real facts on the subject of breaking into radio. Here are the steps, summarized:

1. Analyze your talents and prepare to offer something different to anything on the air, or something superior by reason of sheer quality.
2. Get an audition at a local station.
3. If the audition is successful, keep after them until you get a job.
4. Stay with the local station until you have established yourself solidly as a strong radio attraction—then the chains will get you.

That's all there is to it. There just isn't any more.



SO TIRED, SO BLUE Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and think for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose 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-HY, St. Louis, Mo.

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

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

Broken Out SKIN NEEDS THIS HOSPITAL HELP!

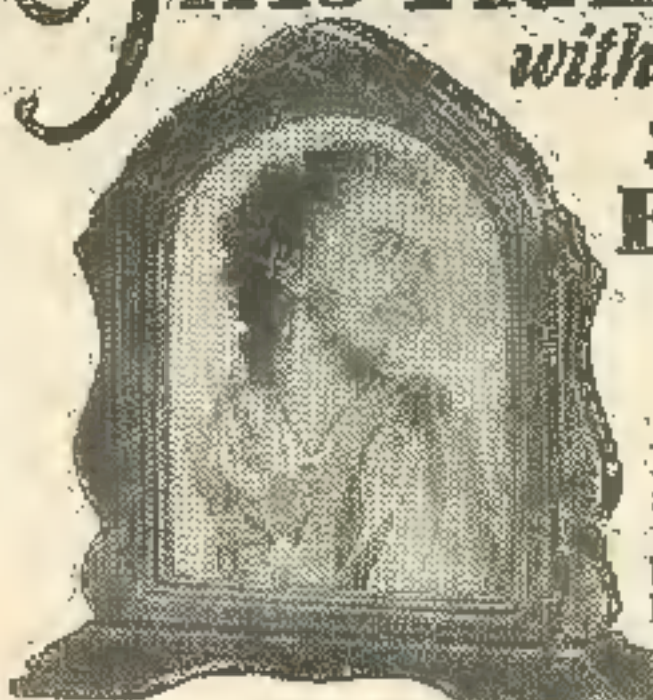


CLEAR REFINED SKIN
WHAT A JOY!

NOT a mere cosmetic! Hydrosal is a scientific skin treatment; successfully used by doctors and hospitals for over 20 years. Here now is real relief from the itching, burning irritation of rashes, eczema, ringworm, pimples and similar skin outbreaks. Almost instantly you can feel it soothe and cool the tender, inflamed skin. Its astringent action refines the coarsened skin tissues. Promotes healing in burns and hurts, too. At all druggists in Liquid and Ointment forms; 30c and 60c. The Hydrosal Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

THIS FRAME is FREE with each PHOTO or SNAPSHOT ENLARGEMENT for only 98c



Simply send us your PHOTO or SNAPSHOT, and in about one week you will receive a BEAUTIFUL ENLARGEMENT, exactly like the original, in an Artistic 5x6 Frame, as illustrated.

Also 8x10 ENLARGEMENT (unframed), with hand-colored Button of your Photo; 89c. Send No Money! Just pay mailman price of enlargement desired plus postage. Or remit with order and we pay postage. Originals returned. Send Photo today. You'll be delighted. **ALTON ART STUDIOS, Dept. 506-B, 4856 N. Damen Ave., Chicago**



QUESTIONS and ANSWERS



Do Jack Benny, Joe Penner, Eddie Cantor, Phil Baker, and *Hollywood Hotel* and *Showboat* broadcast before an audience? When did Myrt and Marge begin their story on the air? Do they broadcast from Chicago or New York?—*J. M., Milwaukee, Wis.*



Phil Baker

Ans.—All of the shows inquired about broadcast before studio audiences, but the *Hollywood Hotel* program emanates from the West Coast. Myrt and Marge have just celebrated their 1200th performance and their fourth year on the air. They broadcast from Chicago.

Are Baby Rose Marie, and Frank Buck's adventures coming back on the air any more? If so, when?—*B. C., Fayetteville, Ark.*

Ans.—Baby Rose Marie is expected back on the networks soon, but there are no immediate plans to resume the Frank Buck series, as Mr. Buck at present is in the Far East.

What has happened to Floyd Gibbons? Has he gone off the air?—*E. G., Minot, N. D.*

Floyd will have returned to the air by the time you read these lines. You can tune in on the *Headline Hunter* Thursday evenings.

How tall are George Gershwin and Irving Berlin, and are they married?—*M. B., Freeport, Texas.*



George Gershwin

Ans.—George Gershwin is 5 ft. 9 in.; Irving Berlin is 5 ft. 6 in. George is a confirmed bachelor, but Irving is the husband of Ellen Mackay.

What is Joe Penner's correct name? How old is he? Is he married or single?—*L. M., New York.*

Ans.—Joe Penner's correct name is Joseph Pinta. He is not yet thirty. Yes, he's married.

Has Ruth Etting ever been married? Where was she born and where does she live?—*M. R., East Syracuse, New York.*

Ans.—Ruth Etting has been married for fifteen years. In private life she is Mrs. Schneider (see article in this issue.) She was born in Nebraska some thirty years ago, and lives part of the year in New York and part in Hollywood.

Are June Meredith, Muriel Wilson, and George Olson married? If so, to whom?—*M. M., St. Joseph, Mo.*

Ans.—June Meredith is unmarried. Muriel Wilson is single, but has announced her engagement to Fred Hufsmith, NBC tenor. George Olson is the husband of Ethel Shutta.

To settle a terrific argument with a girl friend, is Ozzie Nelson blonde or brunette? One of us must be color blind.—*C. G., Grand Forks, B. C.*

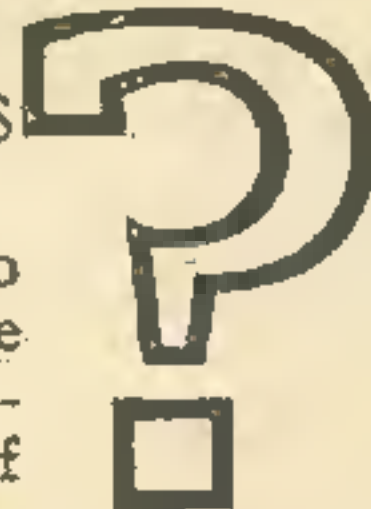


Ozzie Nelson

Ans.—Ozzie, we'd say, is more or less "in between" in classification. He certainly is not a brunette and neither is he a light-haired blonde, though he leans more to the Viking type in classification.

Addresses of the Stars

Readers wishing to write directly to the stars are advised to address them in care of the broadcasting networks—the Columbia Broadcasting System is at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, and the National Broadcasting Company at Rockefeller Center, New York City. RADIOLAND cannot undertake to comply with requests for home addresses of the stars.



Was the schooner *Seth Parker* completely lost? Was Phillips Lord obliged to give up his cruise? Where is he now?—*W. H. K., Trenton, N. J.*



Phillips Lord

Ans.—The *Seth Parker* was towed into port in Samoa by an American naval vessel, where the ship remains at last reports, undergoing repairs. There is some uncertainty as to whether or not the cruise will be resumed. Most of the original crew has returned to the United States.

Who play the parts of Mr. and Mrs. Davis in the *Red Davis* series?—*F. J. H., Tallula, Ill.*

Ans.—Mr. Davis is played by Jack Roseleigh; Mrs. Davis is Marion Barney. Both are veterans of the legitimate stage.

Will you please tell me where I can get the words to the music for a song, "Anchors Away," or something like that? Our lodge is wanting it for use in a military drill.—*C. W. B., Washington, Iowa.*

Ans.—The song you refer to is *Anchors Aweigh*, the song of the Annapolis Naval Academy, and it can be secured under that name from any music shop.

In order to settle an argument, please tell us if the Voice of Experience is married or has ever been. We think he is wonderful, whether or no.—*P. W. H., San Diego, Calif.*



Voice of Experience

Ans.—The Voice of Experience (Dr. M. Sayle Taylor) is married.

Who writes the script for Jack Benny?—*B. M., Indianapolis, Ind.*

Ans.—Jack Benny's script man is Harry Conn, who is also reported to have a hand in the preparation of the movie Jack is now making for M-G-M.

TAKE A MOVIE STAR'S BEAUTY ADVICE

demand a sealed package of pads

for your next permanent wave



Joan Blondell, Warner Bros.' Star in "Traveling Saleslady"



PERC WESTMORE

Nationally famous authority on hair and coiffure design at Warner Bros. Studios, in talking to Joan Blondell says:—"I cannot endorse too highly the protection offered by this new sealed package of Duart Pads. Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair should demand it!"

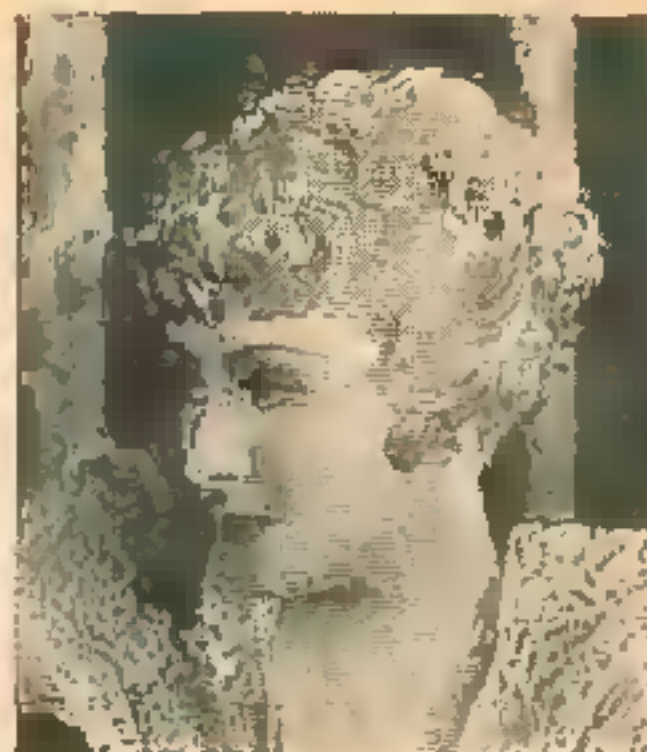
IMAGINE that you are in a beauty shop now, getting a **DUART PERMANENT WAVE**. It is time to place the pads on your curls. You will see the operator break open a **SEALED** individual package of Duart Pads, and you will know without question that they are **GENUINE DUART**, and have never before been used.★ You have the positive and pleasing assurance that your wave will be done with exactly the same kind of materials used to create the most beautiful, most popular permanent waves in America—worn by the Hollywood stars.★ You can be sure also, that the beauty shop you are patronizing is using up-to-date professional methods of beauty culture and will be extremely careful to safeguard the natural beauty of your hair.★ Look for the beauty shop near you that features Duart Waves and the vital protection of the sealed package of Duart pads. Prices may vary with the style of coiffure desired and the artistic reputation of the operator.

Look For DUART Where You See This Sign



FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like a Movie Star

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how their hair is dressed. Hollywood's most noted hair stylist, Perc Westmore, has designed exclusively for Duart, a series of smart new star's coiffures. With this 24-page instruction booklet your hairdresser can copy them for you. Sent **FREE** with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. **NOT** a dye. **NOT** a bleach—just a beautiful tint. Use Coupon.



ONE OF THE SMART NEW COIFFURES
YOU MAY WEAR



Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

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

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish | <input type="checkbox"/> White or | <input type="checkbox"/> Light |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Gray | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |

DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

Finally!



a really bright indelible
lipstick that can't possibly
turn purplish . . .

HERE is the first and only indelible lipstick
that stays gloriously red on the lips.

It positively can't turn purplish.

Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . it
stains the lips, pastelessly and transparently,
to the same pure red as the stick itself.

TATTOO "HAWAIIAN" is the brightest,
livest, reddest red ever seen in lipstick.

It's the same stirring red with all the won-
drous magic too, of Hawaii's ever-so-alluring
Hibiscus blossoms

. . . the very shade you've searched for . . .
hoped for . . . but never found.

Yes, it's a startling red . . . very startling . . .
still, easy to wear, because its intensity is
favored with a richness and sincerity that
make it femininely soft and appealing, in-
stead of bold. Like Hawaii itself, this color
"gets" everyone who gets close to it!

The price, \$1.



YOUR favorite toilet goods
dealer invites you to test, on
your own skin, all five shades
of TATTOO at the Tattoo
Color Selector, illustrated
here and found wherever
fine toilet goods are sold.



TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"
PUT IT ON • • LET IT SET • • WIPE IT OFF • • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS