

RADIOLAND

September

10c

15c in Canada



Can
Wall Street
SILENCE
COUGHLIN?

Rosemary Lane

Mae West Should Get Married!

Read this daring story by a famous
Hollywood writer in September

SCREEN BOOK

Other remarkable features in this issue: Margaret Sullavan's Mystery Husband Talks, The Mystery Man in Marlene Dietrich's Past, and outstanding stories about Alice Faye, Joan and Constance Bennett and Katherine DeMille



SCOOP!

Don't miss *The Tragic
Story Behind Dorothy
Dell's Death!*

FREE!

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from a Hollywood expert free of charge
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ON ALL NEWSTANDS



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PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

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RADIOLAND



ROSCOE FAWCETT, *Editor*

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FEATURES

Can Wall Street Silence Coughlin?	12
<i>The Future of the Radio Priest</i> By HERBERT WESTEN	
Radio Doubles of the Movie Stars	16
<i>Impersonations via Radio</i> By HAROLD WEST	
Radioland's Hall of Fame	18
<i>Ether Celebrities in Caricature</i> By DOROTHY ANN BLANK and HENRI WEINER	
Hollywood—the New Radio Capital?	22
<i>The Battle Between Radio and Movies</i>	
Radio Hits the Circus Trail	28
<i>Sawdust and Spangles on the Air</i> By EARL CHAPIN MAY	
Mike Says	32
<i>Inside Tips from Radio Row</i> By ARTHUR J. KELLAR	
Radio Love Song	36
<i>Smashing Conclusion of a Great Radio Story</i> By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM	
The Big Fadeout Menaces All Radio Stars	38
<i>Danger for Celebrities!</i> By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH	
Random Reviews of Popular Programs	42
SPECIAL FEATURES	
Letters from the Stars	6
Flashes from the News	10
The Editor's Opinion	11

PERSONALITIES

Rudy Vallee Discusses the Summer Song Hits	14
By RUDY VALLEE	
Romance for Two	15
<i>Tom Waring and Rosemary Lane</i> By DICK BROOKS	
Radioland Has a Party	19
The Taxi or the Tiger?	20
<i>Amos and Andy vs. Frank Buck</i> By B. F. WILSON	
Read Your Future from the Stars ..	26
<i>Lessons in Astrology</i> By JESSICA DRAGONETTE	
Outdoors With the Stars	30
<i>Radio Favorites at Play</i>	
Microphone Miniatures	40
<i>The Family Album of Radio</i>	

PERSONALITY PORTRAITS

Frances Langford	23
Grace Hayes	23
Lazy Dan	24
Tim and Irene	24
Martha Mears	24
Marion Bergeron	25
Helen Menken	25
Easy Aces	25

DEPARTMENTS

Woman and Her Problems	45
By IDA BAILEY ALLEN	
Masks for Beauty	54
By WYNNE MCKAY	
Questions and Answers	66

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Midwest Amazes Friends!
Last night I listened to LNX talk to KFZ and also New York. Then I received KFZ direct. Then I tuned back to LNX and KFZ and heard them plainly. My friends were amazed. Dr. F. C. Naegeli, Devils Lake, N. D.



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My friends can hardly believe I paid so little for my Midwest 16. My best foreign stations are LNX, Buenos Aires, EAQ, Madrid, DJA, Germany, CSB, England, PRAC, Brazil, G. E. Wagner, 2102 Wyoming Street, St. Louis, Mo.



Unequaled Foreign Reception!
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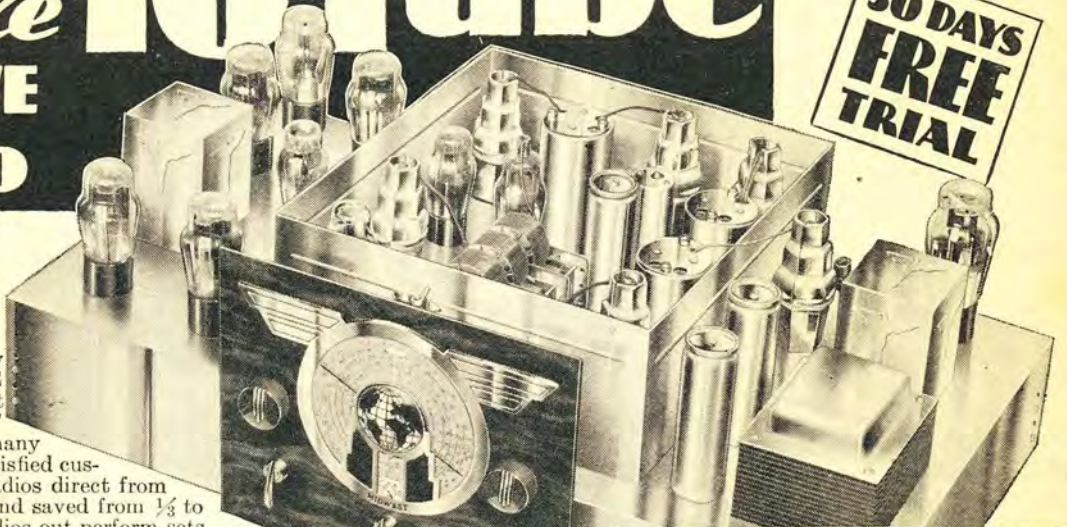
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My Midwest 16 is best radio I have ever seen. It pulls stations I could never get before. Foreign reception clear as locals. Secured Spain, South America, England, Cuba, etc. Also get Byrd Expedition direct. J.I.L. Hudson, Loudon, Tenn.

Thrill to Unequaled World-Wide Performance with this.

Amazing NEW 1935 SUPER Deluxe 16-Tube ALL-WAVE Radio

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Now, you can enjoy super American, Canadian and ship broadcasts, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . and derive new delight and new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance. Now, you can enjoy the DX-ing hobby and secure verifications from more of

the world's most distant stations. Thrill to the chimes of Big Ben from GSB, London, England . . . tune in on the "Marseillaise" from FYA, Pointoise, France . . . hear sparkling music from EAQ, Madrid, Spain . . . delight in lively tangos from YVIBC, Caracas, Venezuela . . . listen to the call of the Kookaburra bird, from VK2ME, Sydney, Australia, etc. Send today for money-saving facts.

TERMS AS LOW AS \$5.00 DOWN!

WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE

\$57.50 with New Deluxe Auditorium-Type SPEAKER
... LESS TUBES ...



NEW STYLE CONSOLES
The new, big, Midwest 36-page 1935 catalog pictures a complete line of beautiful, artistic de luxe consoles and chassis . . . in four colors . . . a model for every purse. Hand made by master craftsmen, they harmonize beautifully with any furniture arrangement. Write for new FREE catalog today!

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Increasing costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW! . . . while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values . . . No middlemen's profits to pay. You can order your radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy direct this popular way . . . you get 30 days FREE trial . . . as little as \$5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Write for FREE catalog.

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AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.,
Dept. 563
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new FREE 1935 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents
Make Easy Extra Money
Check Here for Details

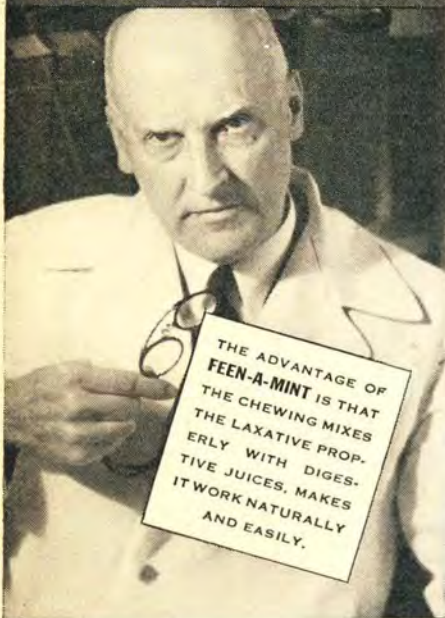
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DEPT. 563 - CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.
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SAVE UP TO 50%

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

RELIEF FROM
CONSTIPATION FOUND IN USING
LAXATIVE IN CHEWING-GUM
FORM, SCIENCE REPORTS



Every day new thousands of people turn to FEEN-A-MINT for relief from constipation. And here's the reason. It's so easy to take—it's so modernly scientific because it mixes the laxative with digestive juices, thus letting nature do its part in helping the laxative work more thoroughly.

FEEN-A-MINT gently increases the movement of the lower intestine, which is what nature wants. It doesn't give you that distended feeling that many cathartics do, it does not cause cramps. And, above all, it is not habit-forming.

Join the more than 15 millions who take their laxative this modern, easy way—by chewing FEEN-A-MINT.

I REALLY
LOVE THE TASTE OF
FEEN-A-MINT—AND
IT CERTAINLY WORKS
MORE EFFECTIVELY
AND SMOOTHLY THAN
ANY OTHER LAXATIVE
I'VE EVER TRIED.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Letters from the STARS



Gracie Allen

Dear Mr. Editor:

Did you know there was a Fair going on in some city—Chicago, I think? Well, George and I were out there and I thought you'd like to know about it.

It's a very big Fair, and when we were there 789,765 people were there too.

George couldn't understand how I counted them so fast. So I explained it to him—I just counted their eyes and divided by the number of their legs. George wanted to know what I would have done if there'd been a one-legged man among them. But there were four one-legged men, so it came out all right.

You ought to go out and see the Fair some time. There's a booth where you throw a ring over a knife, and if the ring really goes over the knife, you get the knife free. You could save a lot of money that way, if you need a knife.

And, if you do go there, please win the knife with the pearl handle.

It would just go with my little blue hat.

Lots of love,
GRACIE ALLEN.

When you come back from Europe, Gracie, after trying to keep up with that husband of yours, George Burns, your little blue hat will probably be an absolute wreck, so why ask the editor to get a pearl-handled knife to match it? There may be some of your fans crazy enough about you to make a trip to the fair to try that ring-tossing stunt for you, but personally we think your brother has an interest in that fair concession and you're trying to get in a little free advertising for him.



Joe Penner

To the Editor of RADIOLAND:

When I read that story about me in RADIOLAND it was the first I knew that Gogo, my duck, could talk. He certainly said plenty, didn't he?

That reminds me of the story of the ventriloquist who found himself broke in a small town. He took his pet dog into a restaurant, and

set him on a chair. When the waiter came, the dog apparently said, "Waiter, bring me a nice rare steak." The waiter was so impressed with the "talking" dog that he called the proprietor who, after a brief demonstration, insisted on buying the pup.

As the ventriloquist pocketed the money and was slipping out of the door, the dog said, "Okay, Boss, if that's the way you treat a pal, I'll never speak another word."

So if Gogo is going to tell as much about me as he did in your story, I'll sell him just to keep his beak shut.

Wanna buy a duck?

Sincerely,
JOE PENNER.

You'll sell your duck to keep his beak shut—you should hear 20,000,000 radio fans laughing at that statement, Joe. They know you couldn't sell a duck if your life depended on it. If you can't dispose of your duck over a network which costs radio advertisers thousands of dollars a minute, we're of the opinion that you'd better take time out for a few lessons under a good Fuller brush salesman. But seriously, we hope you're enjoying your Hollywood visit and are getting well rested up so that when you return to the air in the fall you'll continue your broadcasts which made you the surprise success of 1934.



Jack Pearl

Hello:

I thought you might be interested in learning how I first became a reader of RADIOLAND. I guess this was before your time—1902.

I was sitting starving in my tent on the middle of the Sahara Desert when a Scotch musician came along. He was a sand piper, you know. He

was on his way to the ocean, to go to court. He wanted to get a herring.

So I said to him, "Have you got anything to eat? I'm starving to death." And he said, "Why don't you eat the sand—which is here?"

He was a pal—like Sharlie.

So I ate the sand, and I was so hungry that pretty soon I had made a hole ten miles deep and struck water. It was salt water, and there was a whale in it. The whale was sitting there saying, "I'm a great guy. I'm a great guy." (He was an awful blow-hard.)

RADIOLAND

So I ate the whale, too. And when I cut him up, I found a man sitting in his stomach, reading, and the man said, "Hello, what are you doing in my house?" And I said, "You're not in a house. You're in a whale's stomach." And he said, "Well, well, so I was! But I was so interested in this magazine that I hadn't noticed it."

So I took the magazine away from him.

And that's how I started reading RADIOLAND.

Yours very TRULY,

Baron Jack Munchausen Pearl.

P. S. You want to know how I got out of that ten-mile deep hole? It was easy. I sprang lightly out. You see, I had on my light spring suit.

Sounds a little fishy to us, Jack, but we vassn't there, so how can we prove that there wasn't a *Radioland* Magazine in 1602? Anyhow, it's a whale of a story and we wish we had thought of it ourselves. You might have added a line or two which would inform our readers of your plans for the coming season, but they probably wouldn't take your statements seriously, so perhaps we'd better tell them ourselves that the Baron will continue to be heard on the networks and that rumors of his imminent demise are exaggerated.

Dear Sir:

O-o! Again that persistent, nagging "o" has got into my hair—or, more accurately, my name. I find it in an item about me on page 33 of the July number of your handsome and entertaining magazine. Like the mythical "hoopsnake" that was reputed to



Gilbert Patten

take its tail in its mouth and roll over the ground in pursuit of its chosen victims, that little round letter has pursued me since the days of my youth. Away back there—and I wasn't born seventy years ago, as stated in the same item in RADIOLAND—editors began changing the "c" in Patten to an "o."

I've fought that haunting "o" with, I think, rare determination and courage. It has never appeared in my name as printed on hundreds of short stories, serials and paper-covered books which have been published and rather widely distributed. Nor upon any one of fourteen cloth-bound books of mine which were published by such houses as D. Appleton and Co., Dodd, Mead and Co., Barse and Co., and David McKay. Nor upon many signed articles of mine published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Outlook* and minor periodicals. Even George Jean Nathan, writing about me in the *American Mercury* in 1925, did not let that confounded endless letter sneak into my name. And so, even though the book-keeper of a syndicate that carries a Frank Merriwell cartoon adventure strip in more than 200 newspapers continues to make my checks out to Gilbert Patton, I'd begun to imagine I had the thing licked. Now hope again gets a wallop in the wind. I'm down once more, but

[Continued on page 8]

Rudy Vallee hears a new note
ON HOW TO GET RADIO AT ITS BEST
—THANKS TO HELEN KANE

1 AT RUDY VALLEE'S REHEARSAL

HELLO, HELEN KANE—JUST IN TIME. I'M VERY GLAD YOU'RE GOING TO BE A GUEST STAR ON MY PROGRAM.

I'M GLAD, TOO, MR. VALLEE. YOU SEE, I'VE BEGUN TO LISTEN TO YOUR PROGRAMS DURING THE PAST THREE WEEKS.

WELL, WELL—IS THAT BECAUSE I'VE IMPROVED SO MUCH RECENTLY?

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT—BUT YOU SEE, I JUST GOT NEW TUBES FOR MY SET—NOW I REALLY ENJOY RADIO AGAIN.

2

3

BY GEORGE—LET ME MAKE A NOTE RIGHT NOW—THAT'S PROBABLY WHAT MY SET NEEDS.

IT CERTAINLY IS, IF YOUR RADIO TUBES ARE OVER A YEAR OLD...MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION FOR THAT MEMO OF YOURS, MR. VALLEE?

4

WHY DON'T YOU CALL YOUR SERVICE MAN RIGHT AFTER THIS REHEARSAL, AND TELL HIM TO BRING YOU A NEW SET OF MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES.

MICRO-SENSITIVE... RCA... RADIO... TUBES... YOU BET I'LL CALL HIM—NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT TO GET A RADIO FIXED UP.

5 NEXT DAY

I WANT TO BROADCAST TO ALL YOU FOLKS THE GOOD ADVICE MISS KANE GAVE ME...TO MAKE A RADIO SET WORK LIKE NEW—THERE IS NOTHING LIKE NEW TUBES. MY THANKS TO MISS KANE FOR HER HINT.

MAKE YOUR RADIO YOUNG AGAIN WITH MICRO-SENSITIVE RCA RADIO TUBES

TODAY'S Micro-Sensitive RCA Radio Tubes are one of science's greatest contributions to the joy of radio. Why not get all the pleasure of today's fine programs? Replace worn tubes with these remarkable new ones. For true-to-life reception a radio tube must be sensitive enough to

pick up a microscopic electrical impulse—the millionth part of a volt. In RCA Radio Tubes you get such "Micro-Sensitive" accuracy. Have your service man test your tubes today. Replace those that are worn with the only tubes guaranteed by RCA Radiotron Co., Inc., to give these 5 improvements:

- 1 Quicker Start.
- 2 Quieter Operation.
- 3 Uniform Volume.
- 4 Uniform Performance.
- 5 Every Tube is Matched.



RCA **Lunningham** **Radiotron** **RADIO TUBES**

Fling a challenge
to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

SEE TRIAL
OFFER BELOW



4

STARTLING SHADES

TATTOO for Lips and **TATTOO ROUGE** (for cheeks and lips) come in these really startling shades.

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it very effective!

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

Don't be misled by imitators... there is nothing else like **TATTOO!**

Tattoo your lips, and you'll dare romance! **TATTOO**... that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance... tempting in itself, but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite **TATTOO!** Different from anything else. Put it on... let it set... wipe it off... only the color stays. No pastiness... only the color... the warm red of challenge to adventure... to fate! Then, **TATTOO** your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of **TATTOO ROUGE**.

Choose your most suitable shade of **TATTOO** by actually testing all four at the **Tattoo Color Selector** displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. **TATTOO FOR LIPS** is \$1.

TATTOO ROUGE (for Lips and Cheeks)... 75c



SEND COUPON FOR TRIAL

A miniature size of **TATTOO** (LIPSTICK) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

TATTOO, CHICAGO

TATTOO, Dept. 16,
11 E. Austin Ave., Chicago.
10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size
Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.

Coral Exotic Natural Pastel

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

TATTOO

Letters from the Stars

[Continued from page 7]

darned if I don't refuse to stay down and take the count.

And now just a word, please, about my age. It was a guessing publicity man—not mine, however—who started that hoop rolling. He said I was seventy-one, and I still have some years to go before I reach that mark. But what difference does a man's age make anyway unless he feels old? And the only things that make me feel over forty are some of my photographs and my image in the mirror when I take my shave in the morning.

I dislike age, but not old persons—unless they've lost their grip on youth. You see, I believe in youth; in endless, undying youth. I believe that the salvation of the world, its rescue from the terrible mess it's now in, will come through youth, not through the hidebound, ossified, purblind old men and women who are living in the days of thirty or forty or more years ago and fighting like morons every effort that the younger and wiser generation is making to save them from the red destruction that menaces us all. Always youth looks forward, age looks back.

And that's why I refuse to grow old. That's why, even though I should live to be ninety, I hope to hold fast unto the end to an outlook that will cause all who know me well to regard me—mentally and in spirit, anyhow—as not over forty.

But what's this all got to do with Radio? Well, it's my hope and prayer that Radio will enlist on the side of youth in the vital battle against ossification, senility and decay that are now striving to lead us back into the crooked paths of the past which can take us only to the Valley of Chaos.

GILBERT PATTEN.

We're truly sorry about misspelling your name, Mr. Patten, because we really know better. Mr. Patten is author of the famous *Frank Merriwell* tales and he writes the scripts for Frank's adventures on the air. The program will resume in the fall. Mr. Patten is one of the most prolific writers of all time. For years he turned out one *Frank Merriwell* novel a week, and he has carried over his industry into his radio programs to such good effect that he has upwards of 30 Merriwell shows all written ready for the air. He wrote his famous stories under the pen name of Burt L. Standish.

Editor, RADIOLAND,
52 Vanderbilt Ave.,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

I am writing in reference to a slight error in a recent issue which you may wish to correct because it undoubtedly will confuse a good many radio listeners.

In the story about *The Last Roundup* you say that the undersigned was once the "Masked Tenor." You apparently refer to the "Silver Masked Tenor," whose label was a family byword a few years ago. This is Joe White—no relation to me. In the seven years that I have been working on stations in New York City I have been singing cowboy songs and nothing else.

One of the high spots of my recent trip to the West to gather song material was a visit with Dominik J. White, also no relation, who is the author of many of the poems that have become famous as cowboy songs. Among the well known pieces written by Mr. White, who spent most of his cowpunching days near Miles City, Montana, are *When the Work Is Done Next Fall*, *The Tenderfoot* and *The Cowboy's Dream*. These are to



John White

be found in virtually every printed collection of native American ballads, always appearing as anonymous compositions because they were written so long ago that the author has been forgotten.

I hope that this information is of interest.

Respectfully yours,
JOHN WHITE,
Canterbury Lane,
Westfield, N. J.

His seven years on the radio entitle Mr. White to enter his name in the Oldest-Radio-Celebrity contest. This information will probably be a surprise to many fans who believe that the vogue for cowboy ballads on the air is of recent origin.

Dear Sir:

I have a theory I want to tell you about. It's this: You can tell what a speaker or singer is actually thinking, more easily when you hear him through your loud speaker than when you're seeing him face to face.

I believe the reason is this:

All our lives we develop the ability to hide our true state of mind and mood, by the expression on our faces. But—(and here's the point) unless we're actors—and good ones—we never similarly develop our voice.

So... when you broadcast, that good old face that's masked your true self all these years suddenly becomes of no

RADIOLAND

effect, because your audience is concentrating on your voice. . . . And if you're insincere; if what you say isn't what you're actually thinking, your hearer will instantly know it. He may not realize you're lying to him; he may only sense an emptiness, a flatness, a hollowness, and decide that you're a poor radio personality.

So . . . to be effective, I believe you *have* to be *sincere* in what you say and sing (at least while you're saying or singing it). Nothing is flatter or more uninteresting than the way most singers utter "I love you." They're not thinking of loving anybody, at the moment. They're thinking about their voice or the director or whether the radio editors are listening or lunch or something, and merely reciting parrot-like the words they see on the paper before them.

I've tried it out, thoroughly. When I sing to you, I mean every word I sing. I forget the studio audience and the things I've been doing and thinking all day—and live the lines I'm singing to you. That, to me, is sincerity. I love to do it. That's singing in the real sense, to me. People BELIEVE ME when I sing to them—at least a lot of them do. Enough to convince me that—

You can't fool the radio audience. I don't try. Be sincere and you won't have to—or at least that's the opinion of

FRANK LUTHER,
120 W. 45th St.,
New York City.

Mr. Luther is one of the Men-About-Town quartette and one of radio's busiest singers, for he also appears on numerous programs under his own and other names. If any proof were needed of the effectiveness of his theories, the fact that he is offered many more radio contracts than he can accept should convince the most skeptical.

To the Editor of RADIOLAND:
Dear Sir:

There has been a decided improvement in the standard of musical taste in the past few years, for which broadcasting can take the credit. Before the advent of broadcasting as a means of entertainment and enlightenment, relatively few were familiar with the higher musical forms. With such cultural advantages now available to all through the length and breadth of the country, at the twist of a dial, those who had never heard of Beethoven, Bach, or Brahms, or who were unfamiliar with their genius, now know and appreciate it and look forward to every opportunity of hearing their works. We also find that young people are expressing an increased interest in studying music. They write us for advice on where to study and many of them ask us for two-piano arrangements, showing that the art of two-piano playing is becoming more popular—after all these years. We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating and encouraging the continuance of their interest in good music.

Yours very truly,
MARIO BRAGGIOTTI.

Undeniably it is the radio, as Mr. Braggiotti points out, which is responsible for the present popularity of two-piano teams, and a consequent revival of interest in the better types of music.

SEPTEMBER, 1934



5 TO 15 POUNDS GAINED *Fast*

New easy way adds solid flesh in a few weeks. Thousands gain with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny", scrawny and unattractive, and so lose all your chances of making friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and alluring curves—often when they could never gain before—in just a few weeks!

You know that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm, good-looking flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, 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 concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

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

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



Helen Roethle

20 pounds

"I was skinny and unhealthy but Ironized Yeast gave me 20 lbs. in 2 months." Helen Roethle, N. Richmond, Wis.



F. E. Sherrill

11 lbs. quick

"I was thin, my nerves on edge before taking Ironized Yeast. Gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and feel wonderful." Frederic E. Sherrill, Gastonia, N. C.

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 the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast 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 are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.

"HELLO Dirty Face"



Use FREE Coupon Below

● Years ago—remember when your Dad called to you, "Hello, Dirty Face?" It was "clean dirt" that he referred to—easily washed away.

Today, lurking *underneath* the surface of your skin, may be a much more treacherous dirt—(caused by dried make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water)—and it is *this kind* of dirt that stops up your pores, bringing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and shiny skin.

Don't take chances with "dirty face" and the skin blemishes that come when pores cannot *breathe* naturally. Send for a FREE Gift Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new, liquid skin cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin. (1) Dampen a piece of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton! If it is dirty—heed the warning. Use DRESKIN regularly each night to remove the *hidden dirt*—neutralize the alkali—*reduce* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

Campana

Dreskin



THE ORIGINAL
SKIN INVIGORATOR
—by the makers of
CAMPANA'S
ITALIAN BALM

CAMPANA DRESKIN,
2928 Lincoln Highway,
Batavia, Illinois

Free Gentlemen: Please send me FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator—enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., 103 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

FLASHES from the NEWS

Winchell-Bernie Feud Ended



IF ANY proof were needed that the much-publicized feud between Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie is just a clever gag conceived by the boys, the picture above should dispel any lingering doubts. Ben Bernie, at the left, is receiving a watch presented to him by his sponsors, and the gentleman giving the speech of presentation is none other than Walter Winchell. Ruth Etting, to the left of the microphone, and Ginger Rogers, attractive RKO movie star, look on as witnesses while the two old enemies bury the hatchet.

Tips On New Programs

TONY WONS, it is reported, will soon swing over to the NBC circuit with a program for his same sponsor to be called *The House by the Side of the Road* . . . Campbell Soup will soon be on the air with an ambitious hour-length show, emanating from the movie capital, bearing the title *Hollywood Hotel*. J. P. McEvoy is doing the script . . . Ivory Soap is shaping up a big show for fall presentation. Too early at this writing to name its stars . . . Fred Allen's show has changed its form slightly and comes out under a new title—the *Town Hall* series. Happily, his Bedlamite adventures will be retained.

Bits About Personalities

CLARA, Lu, and Em landed in New York the other day after steering clear of the big town for years. Em picked up a case of ptomaine poisoning which kept her abed for awhile. Clara reports that her husband has never heard her broadcast, but she doesn't seem incensed about it . . . Babe Ruth brought in so many cereal box tops for his sponsor that they had to take him off the air in self-defense. The Babe certainly scored a homer with his program . . . Ruth Etting sang at the funeral of Dorothy Dell, movie star whose tragic death in an automobile accident cut short a brilliant career.



RADIOLAND

September, 1934

The Editor's Opinion

Announcers Under Fire



Graham McNamee

GRAHAM McNAMEE, once the dean of all sports announcers, has been taking it on the chin from the critics lately. In broadcasting the Baer-Carnera fight he inadvertently reported Baer as delivering a crushing uppercut to his own jaw, and a little later in the match had Carnera contorting himself in a similar self-destructive way. A few days later Graham reported a boat race with considerable success, except that he named the second-place crew as winner. These little lapses were not amiably received by fans who take their sports seriously, even though it was obvious that the announcer was

working in a state of feverish excitement. But Graham really created the "excitement" school of announcing and can't logically complain if it's boomeranging now. The current high priest of the crisp, staccato, tensely repressed announcing technique is Harry von Zell, who makes Time parade in the *March of Time*. For that particular program the style is ideal, but it has attracted so many imitators that you can't sit in your easy chair without having some announcer reach out of the loud-speaker, jerk you to your feet, cuff you around a bit, and demand that you start pawing the air in febrile sympathy with his own state of high-pitched emotion. But fads always run their courses, in radio as in all things else. Perhaps the next swing of the pendulum will bring us a sweetness and light era.

* * * * *

Speaking of announcers, there are a lot of current misconceptions about them, the most popular one being that they receive fabulous salaries. As a matter of sober truth, in the largest stations a \$75 a week salary is something to write home about, and in medium-sized and small stations, the range is from \$40 to \$22—and in more instances than you would imagine, part of that salary is made up of sponsored products. At the end of the week, John Announcer may trot home with a gross of toothpaste tubes, a packing-box full of breakfast food, nine gallons of mouth wash, four cases of beer, eight pounds of coffee, three quarts of lubricating oil, and \$6.95 in cash.



Harry Von Zell

Free Speech for Radio

AMERICANS have for a long time realized that in European countries radio is a government-controlled function which is little more than an organ for spreading propaganda, but the idea that such a fate could befall radio in this country has been inconceivable. But there is a growing group of view-with-alarms who maintain that radio is not only likely to become a mere government mouthpiece, but that it already is! The New York *Herald Tribune* has made the sensational charge that the Federal Radio Commission exercises an invisible radio censorship to make certain that no important speaker shall go on the air who is not a supporter of the administration's policies. The threat which, it is charged, the Commission uses to enforce its wishes, is the simple one that the chains may find it difficult to get their licenses renewed if they do not do as they are told. Recently, the Commission has been studying the advisability of cancelling licenses issued to three stations operated by Henry Ford, ostensibly for the reason that they interfere with distress signals from Great Lakes steamers. The politically-minded, however, see the move as a lash applied to Ford because of his refusal to come under the NRA.

* * * * *

Have you observed the distinct trend toward sweet music on the radio? The smashing success of Wayne King with his dreamy waltz music is credited by those "in the know" with responsibility for the popularity of this type of program—for which many thanks are due to Wayne. Abe Lyman is being played up as Wayne's most dangerous rival, but Victor Young and others also render this type of music superlatively well. You'll hear more of it in the fall on programs which have just now reached the planning stage.

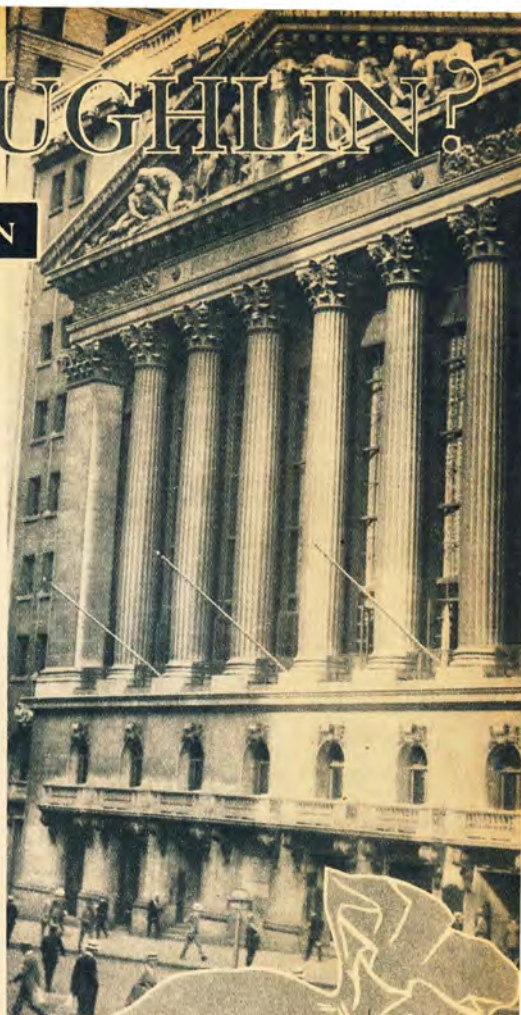
* * * * *

Drama on the Radio

RADIO has on its hands the same sort of problem that confronted the silent movies ten or twelve years ago. Everything in pictures then had to be done *visually*—and the movies proved it could be done very well indeed. But if you doubt that radio's problem is much touchier, ask yourself the question: If you had to make such an unhappy choice, would you choose to be blind or deaf? So would we. Limited to sound, can radio ever get over the hazardous hurdle of making drama on the air really convincing? Never—if you have ever attended a dramatic broadcast and had the illusion stripped away for you. Not long ago we saw a lovely young movie actress do a scene from *Coquette* in which the father threatens to kill her young lover. The studio audience had a difficult time realizing that it was a tensely dramatic moment, for the father and the young lover stood affectionately close together as they read the crackling lines. This only goes to prove that the place to enjoy radio is in the home and not inside the studio.

Can WALL STREET Silence COUGHLIN?

The Radio Priest Faces His Severest Battle—By HERBERT WESTEN



DURING the night of March 29, 1933, a bomb was exploded in the basement of Father Coughlin's home at Royal Oak, Michigan, with a repercussion that was heard in Wall Street.

The financial ailment which for a time effectively paralyzed the whole nation had first come to a head the month previous in Detroit—thirteen miles from Father Coughlin's home—where the condition of two local banks, the Guardian National and the First National, necessitated the first of the bank holidays which rapidly spread to other states.

On February 11 the banks had been closed. Father Coughlin, who had made it his business to be well informed on the approaching financial crisis, already was in possession of some startling facts concerning bank conditions which he began to reveal, bit by bit, through his radio broadcasts.

The blow-off came on March 26, when he let loose an epochal blast in an air sermon, accusing Detroit bankers of dodging their responsibility to depositors by hiding behind the "perfectly legal but unmoral device of a holding company."

The accusation rocked the town. Money was tight, the banks were closed, and the people, already aroused to a sense of social injustice, were in an ugly mood.

Every attempt was made to muzzle Father Coughlin. The publisher of the Detroit *Free Press*, who, as a banker, was an object of the radio priest's attack, led the fight against him.

Then, on the night of March 29, came the bomb explosion in Father Coughlin's home. No evidence was ever found as to the possible identity of any perpetrators. Fortunately, Father Coughlin was not injured, but the explosion changed the course of his life. From a critic of local financial methods he merged as an active foe of national conditions, from the attack on Detroit bankers he moved up to open fire on Wall Street, with such success that today he is described as the "most powerful private man in public life."

The year was one of the most momentous in the history of the country and the stormiest in Father Coughlin's career.

HE MINCED no words. "Wall Street is filthy with the dirt of dressed-up gangsters," he charged. He demanded that the "Augean stables of the Street" be purged of their "speculative filth" and that the brokerage offices be conducted upon "the Christian religious principles of justice and charity."

He opposed the Street's time-honored championing of the gold standard and came out for inflation. "Jewish gold" and "gentile silver" were his favorite terms. International bankers were his targets. They arose, supported by some of his own sect, and fought him bitterly. A rabbi stepped into the ring and publicly scored the priest's "vicious attack" on Jewish financiers. But Father Coughlin kept on, thundering that it's "Roosevelt or ruin." Called a "Modern Savonarola," and hailed as "being on the side of the angels," he became the talk of the nation.

And then, last April, he announced during his final broadcast that he was "giving it all up." The reason was—ironically—financial.

Barred from the use of the two major broadcasting systems on the claim that the Catholic censorship committee for religious programs would not "clear" him, Father Coughlin had been forced to organize his own independent network. There has been nothing quite like it in all radio. He had bought time simultaneously on stations reaching from St. Louis to Portland, Maine—twenty-seven in all—and paid the additional stiff charge of having his broadcasts transmitted by the A. T. & T.

lines. The time alone cost \$14,000 an hour, the gross overhead, including necessary clerical help, running somewhere around \$20,000 a week.

It was a huge undertaking to raise this money, and keep it coming in, a financial feat that Wall Street could appreciate, and undoubtedly Wall Street breathed a sigh of relief when Father Coughlin sang his swan song on that Sunday afternoon last April.

But radio men and others close to the priest keep their tongues in their cheeks.

"He'll never quit of his own accord," one executive told me. "It's in his blood; he's too much the artist and the showman. Of course, if outside forces are brought to bear, if in some mysterious way money would cease to flow his way, or, if, by a turn of the wheel he could be barred from the air entirely—" The executive shrugged his shoulders. "You never can tell about those things," he said.

TODAY, it is reported, powerful forces are moving in a direction that may eventually silence Father Coughlin. It is too early at the moment to speculate on the quarter from which the first blow will come, but it is safe to predict that the priest will not be unprepared.

These rumors came to the attention of *RADIOLAND* and the magazine dispatched a telegram to Father Coughlin, requesting him to affirm or deny reports that he will not return to the air this Fall. The reply, signed by Miss Amy Collins, his secretary, stated that she was unable either to affirm or deny the reports; that Father Coughlin himself will not return to his offices for the rest of the Summer.

The radio priest has never been a man, however, to take others into his confidence. When he makes up his mind, he strikes. The probability is that he is quietly planning a new campaign, gathering facts, fabricating some Coughlin grenades of typical high-explosive potency to scatter the Wall Street crowd which is his particular target of attack. No arrangements have been made, however, with his network of radio stations for a resumption of his Sunday talks.

How, it has been asked, could Wall Street silence Father Coughlin? There are several possible avenues open. The stations which carry Father Coughlin's broadcasts are in the business of selling time to commercial sponsors; without advertisers, a radio station can operate only at a loss. Big business sponsors, sympathetic to the causes Father Coughlin attacks, could, if they wished, bring pressure to bear on stations by a threat to withdraw their advertising support if the priest's talks were not barred.

There is also a possible political weapon. The new radio control bill passed by the last Congress provides for a Commission which will exercise a rather rigid control over the licensing of radio stations, with power to revoke operating licenses almost at their will. Members of this Commission will soon be appointed, and if men friendly to Wall Street can be named to the board, their powerful influence would make any radio station owner think twice before broadcasting a program distasteful to members of the Commission whose decisions are literally life or death to a station, which cannot exist without a federal wave-length license.

Father Coughlin, it must be remembered, said things last year in a vigorous fashion which would have brought the house down around the ears of any other individual in the country. He "got away" with his statements because an aroused public opinion was in a large measure

[Continued on page 58]

RADIOLAND

SEPTEMBER, 1934

—Wide World
Father Coughlin has been silent since last April. The time draws near when, if he is to return to the air, he must make his plans. Last winter he made thousands of new friends, but hundreds of powerful enemies as well. Do these enemies wield enough influence to undo the work Father Coughlin has been carrying on? Is the most amazing figure in the history of radio to be permanently silenced? Thrilling, gripping, the facts in this article carry all the drama of a real-life story

—Wide World
Wall Street, whose Stock Exchange is shown above, is still smarting under the stinging blows delivered by Father Coughlin. The Exchange is now strictly regulated by a law for which Father Coughlin campaigned; J. P. Morgan & Co., particular object of the priest's attack, has been forced to abandon the flotation of international securities. No wonder the Street would like to silence this militant man who wields unprecedented leadership over a following of millions!

The SUMMER SONG HITS

Cocktails For Two

Influenced, no doubt, by the tremendous success of cocktail drinking, especially in the big cities where smart, fashionable places are swamped with lovely ladies, tired business men, romance hunters, and people from smart Park Avenue, the songwriters whose specific job it was to furnish the directors of Mr. Carroll's picturization of his *Murder at the Vanities* decided that this, perhaps, should be the outstanding song to be reprised and sung by the hero and heroine in the picture. Currently it is heard often on the air.

The picture itself, a very lavish production which has pleased a great many, brings a new personality to the screen—a combination of Chevalier, Reginald Denny and Thomas Meighan, with emphasis on the Meighan. This gentleman, who Paramount no doubt hopes will be the new feminine breath-taker and whose name is Carl Brisson sings in an unorthodox type of voice the various songs, but especially *Cocktails For Two*. . . . The Song was written by Arthur Johnson and Sam Coslow, and is published by Famous Music Inc., the publishers for Paramount Music.

Freckle Face You're Beautiful



A light little summer song, dedicated to the young ladies of the thin-skinned type who find that to expose their loveliness to the sun's rays results in freckles. Here, however, Cliff Friend and Carmen Lombardo pay tribute to a young lady who has freckles; Witmark, Inc., are the publishers. It should be played at a moderate dance tempo.

I Wish that I Were Twins

Light and breezy, bordering on the novelty type of composition, is this tune which furnishes the Warings with a grand opportunity to display their comic vein; between Babs Ryan and the numerous clever vocalists in the band they do a grand job of this tune. It was written by three people and is published by Donaldson, Douglas and Gumble. Most of the bands are giving it a pretty fast interpretation.

As Far As I'm Concerned

One of the writers of *It's the Talk of the Town*, Al Neiburg by name, has taken a popular catch phrase again, and this time with two others is trying to duplicate in a certain measure the success of his other song, which was a grand success. Joe Keit, who was one of the men responsible for the continued success of the firm of Remick, Inc., is behind this one, which is



Like the sailor who goes rowing on his day off, Rudy spends his spare time teaching his dog to play the saxophone. . . . Read this page of comment

By RUDY VALLEE

the usual torch ballad of unhappiness. The refrain is a tale of woe, with everything, as far as the singer is concerned, over. It must be done fairly slow, and is published by Keit Music, Inc.

Let's Honeymoon Again

Speaking of new waltzes, the firm of E. B. Marks has picked a tune, this time peculiarly enough from dear old Sweden. The title in Swedish is *Nar Brollopsplockor Ringa*, which means *Let's Honeymoon Again*. The English lyrics are by Bartley Costello, the old timer who still turns them out and does such a grand job of writing lyrics. He has given the interpretation of a very simple and old-fashioned type of waltz. The firm of Marks has a great deal of faith in this song and no one would be happier than I to see this faith justified.

I've Got a Warm Spot In My Heart


Messrs. Spina and Burke, whose *Beat o' My Heart* still continues, at least in my humble opinion, to be the most unusual song written in a long time, have turned out this one—perhaps in a moment of idleness—because it is not an attempt to write a particularly deep or clever song, but just a simple melody and a simple lyric. It must have been gratifying to the Irishman of the team, Mr. Burke, as he recently lay at the hospital, to hear not only *Beat o' My Heart* but some excellent renditions of *Warm Spot*. Both songs are published by the firm of Berlin, Inc., who feel that these two boys have tremendous possibilities, and I quite agree with that opinion. They are rapidly forging their way to the top.



Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven—Fare Thee Well

The Lombardos have finally gone the way of all orchestral flesh! Shortly after, or perhaps it was while they were playing at the Cocomat Grove in Hollywood, the boys took enough time out to make a picture. Just what four brothers, the nucleus of a band, will do in a Paramount picture is something about which one may well speculate. However, these boys have been pretty shrewd and smart in everything they have done to date, and I imagine that they will handle themselves as easily and as successfully as in everything they have undertaken since they left Canada years back.

These are the two outstanding songs from the picture. It has not yet been my good fortune to see a preview of it. The songs, however, have been recorded, and played by nearly everyone. Personally I prefer *The* [Continued on page 65]



Tom Waring and Rosemary Lane are the Romance Team with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians on their weekly Ford Show broadcasts

Romance for Two

—but it's all make believe!

ROSEMARY LANE and Tom Waring have been singing romantic songs to each other over the air with Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians to such effect that radio listeners are beginning to wonder if it may not be a genuine radio romance they are listening in on.

Just in order to settle the question for anxious readers, *RADIOLAND's* reporter asked Rosemary and Tom "How about it?" and they looked at each other and grinned and finally broke down and admitted that it was that sly young match-maker, Fred Waring himself, who had decided to build them up gradually as the leading romantic duo of the air-waves. So, although Rosemary is charming enough to sweep any man off his feet (as proved by our cover) and Tom is handsome enough to set any girl's heart aflutter, and they're really together a lot and make a grand pair, the much-discussed romance between Rosemary and Tom is just another

winner pulled from the bottomless bag of tricks of that master showman, brother Fred.

It is only in the last two or three months that radio listeners throughout the country have become aware of the combination of Rosemary and Tom. It wasn't until then that Fred felt that Rosey had developed sufficiently to become a featured singer. Remember that it was only about eighteen months ago that he walked into a New York music publishing house and saw two young women, fresh from Iowa, going over some numbers. He saw the possibilities in Rosemary and Priscilla Lane at once, though they were—and still are—in their 'teens.

Neither sister had ever faced a radio microphone before Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians started their cigarette series over CBS in 1933. If they had expected to become solo stars right off the Lane girls were greatly mistaken. They spent months [Continued on page 63]



By **DICK BROOKS**

Take one beautiful girl (Rosemary Lane, on *RADIOLAND's* cover this month), add one handsome young man (Tom Waring) and the sum total is naturally Romance. But everything is not always as it seems over the radio, as this article reveals



Marjorie Anderson impersonates Carole Lombard

Jack Smart impersonates Victor McLaglen

Arlene Frances impersonates Lupe Velez

"TOM," said young Mr. Donald Stauffer, grinning at his casting director, "all we need for this next program is:

"A Maurice Chevalier, a Clark Gable, a Jean Harlow, a Robert Montgomery, a Greta Garbo, a Lionel Barrymore, a Wallace Beery, a Jackie Cooper, a Franchot Tone—"

He drew a long breath. . . .
"—a Marie Dressler, a John Barrymore, a Norma Shearer, an Irving Thalberg, a Charles Laughton, a Lupe Velez—"

He sighed. . . .
"—a Polly Moran, a Charles Butterworth, a George Givot, a Jack Pearl, a Jimmy Durante—"

He was getting hot now. . . .
"—and," he added triumphantly, "a Mickey Mouse!"

Tom Harrington stirred in his chair. "Are you sure that is all?" There might have been a faint trace of irony in his voice. It was his job as casting director of the Borden's *Forty-five Minutes from Hollywood* hour to go forth onto the highways and byways of life and find for Mr. Stauffer, the production chief, human beings who could impersonate these stars before the microphone.

Mr. Stauffer knew that Mr. Harrington could do it, for hadn't they both had charge of the *March of Time* program, rated as one of the best in radioland, where they even had to find impersonators for United States Senators?

A friend of mine who had returned from abroad was listening-in with me the other Sunday night on the *Forty-five Minutes from Broadway* program over the Columbia network. It was one of his first American programs. He had been in the theatrical business.

"These are not the real stars?" he asked incredulously.

I shook my head. "It would be impossible to get them all before the microphone for anything under the total of the French national debt," I said.

He looked puzzled. "I don't see how they do it," he said. "In the old days it was enough if one person could do a perfect imitation of another stage celebrity. He or she made it a life work. But here you have an all-star Hollywood cast being impersonated by just a few people. How do they do it?"

Believe it or not, a dozen radio actors can impersonate all the stars of Hollywood on the air so cleverly you'd never guess they were mimics if they didn't proudly admit it!



RADIO Doubles of the MOVIE STARS

By HAROLD WEST

TOM HARRINGTON explained. "It's a new art," he said, "and even has us guessing at times. But we're always experimenting and learning things.

"In the first place, the birth of this kind of a program really dates back to the *March of Time* program. Stauffer and I had charge of that program and we started learning about impersonations from putting it on. The program was difficult and entailed hours of

looking at and listening to countless newsreels in order to build the program. Then there was the search for those who could impersonate the voices of those who figured in the news.

"By the time we were to launch the *Forty-five Minutes from Hollywood* program we decided to let the bars down in our search for impersonators. We sent the word around, through radioland, Broadway and non-professional circles that we were looking for impersonators.

"The next day the office was filled. I didn't know there were so many impersonators in the world.

"And," he added smiling, "most of them were bad.

"Some would have the manners, but not the personality. We struggled through the grind of hearing fifty voices a week. There were from ten to fifty telephone calls to our office each day. In New York alone there are 500 women who think they can imitate Mae West!

"We learned plenty. We found that the best actors make the poorest impersonators. We found also that those without professional experience were useless to us. There was only one exception, and curiously enough, she has turned out to be one of our mainstays. I will speak of her later.

"Those we did select—we finally narrowed the field down to ten people who are with us practically every week—are curiously fitted for this new art. All, with the one exception, are from the theatre, and all have had previous radio experience and often appear on other programs.

"Their range of impersonations is truly amazing and is growing with each show.

"Take Dwight Weist, for instance. His range includes such widely diversified stars as Douglas



Fairbanks, Jr., W. C. Fields, John and Lionel Barrymore, Franchot Tone, Paul Lukas, Charles Ruggles and Nils Asther. He got his experience with theatrical stock companies and it is invaluable now.

"So did Fred Ural who is Boris Karloff, Ronald Colman, Maurice Chevalier, H. B. Warner, Frank Buck and Leslie Howard rolled into one.

"And the Clark Gable you hear over the air? He is none other than Wilfred Lytell, brother of the famous Bert Lytell of Hollywood and Broadway fame.

"Our 'find'—Marion Hopkinson—can be Marlene Dietrich, Constance Bennett, Dorothea Weick, Katharine Hepburn, Anna Sten, Irene Dunne or Tallulah Bankhead, as the program calls for. She is the one who has never been near the theatre. Her discovery was accidental. We needed someone for the part of an opera singer in the *March of Time* and Mr. Stauffer happened to know her brother who thought she would do. She did!

"Arlene Frances, who has a rich background of stage experience, can impersonate Lupe Velez, Constance Cummings, Frances Drake, Gloria Stuart, Jean Harlow and Evelyn Venable without ever having met them in person. Perhaps it is better that way.

"Peggy Allenby startles us in the studio with her Claudette Colbert and Alice Brady.

"Ann Harding is more difficult for Mary Newton, but Garbo is easy for Iciss Brinn. I'll explain why later.

"The reason for Frances Halliday's success as Mary Boland is that she is one of Miss Boland's best friends and followed her into the rôle of a Broadway show when Miss Boland went west to the movies.

"Jimmy Durante? We have received letters saying that Frank Gould is better than Mr. Durante himself. And is Jimmy mortified!

"Virginia Morgan has received the highest compliment thus far of any of our impersonators. The late Lilyan Tashman, the movie star and a close friend of Margaret Sullavan, was in the studio one day when Miss Morgan was rehearsing an impersonation of Miss Sullavan. Miss Tashman listened intently. At the end of the rehearsal she went over and kissed her."

HARRINGTON leaned back and lit a cigarette. "But it's not all a lot of fun," he continued. "There's plenty of hard work and plenty of [Continued on page 57]"

Even Mickey Mouse has his mimic on the air! Ray Boyce (one of the Eton Boys quartette) plays the part of Mickey, who appears to be well satisfied with his impersonator, even though they have never met socially

Movie Stars Are Impersonated

by Radio Actors Who Have Never Met Them

Fred Ural impersonates dozens of movie stars on the air including those at the right

Leslie Howard

Ronald Colman

Maurice Chevalier

Katharine Hepburn

Marlene Dietrich

Constance Bennett

Marion Hopkinson, impersonates the three screen sirens at the left



RADIOLAND'S HALL OF FAME

By DOROTHY ANN BLANK & HENRI WEINER



GERTRUDE NIESEN



Sultry and sullen, like a desert breeze—
Dark lure... (Add other phrases just like these.)
A Brooklyn heat wave... (Don't forget "exotic".)
Siren of songs. (And let's get in "hypnotic".)
She fills the ether with a vague unrest:
We give you, list'ners, Radio's Mae West!

WILL ROGERS



With homespun gag and pungent quip
Will Rogers cracks his verbal whip.
Throughout this country of the free
He spreads his dry philosophy.
He knows his onions and his ropes
And p l e a s e s both highbrows and dopes.

STOOPNAGLE AND BUDD



"Ta-daaaaa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!"
A roll on the drums for two pretty men
Who gallop up at the hour of ten
On Friday nights, to clown for you
In a program called the Spotlight Revue.
And if they fail to bewitch you completely,
You might just as well commit suicide neatly!

RUBINOFF



When fiddling, he's a man of words;
His nationalities are various.
But calling on him for a speech
Has proved a little bit precarious.
We like him better when he talks
In universal Stradivarius!

CAPTAIN HENRY



The Show Boat sails its tranquil way
Through lake and river, sea and bay,
With coffee after every meal
And Captain Henry at the wheel.
There's song and dance and minstrelsy
And several kinds of jollity.
But still, there might as well be NO boat
If Captain Henry left the Show Boat!



Capt. Roscoe Fawcett chatting with Gertrude Niesen, one of the many Columbia System stars who attended the party

Songstress Vera Van and announcer Harry von Zell watch Johnny Green perform at the piano

Radioland has a party

Johnny Green, musical genius of the Columbia Broadcasting System, was host at a party where Capt. Roscoe Fawcett, publisher of RADIOLAND, was guest of honor

In the usual left to right order, we have Nino Martini, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, their big boss, Fred Waring, and announcer David Ross

Host Johnny Green ripples off a few bars from his *Night Club Suite* for his guest, Capt. Roscoe Fawcett

Dean Moore puzzles Betty Barthell, Vera Van, and Mark Warnow with a few card tricks — positively nothing up his sleeve!



The TAXI



Frank Buck, famous capturer of wild animals, who is taking the place of Amos and Andy on the air, makes friends with a golden gibbon, at the left—and above, our artist's not-too-serious conception of the race for radio popularity which Buck's tiger is giving Amos and Andy's taxicab

REMEMBER the story by Frank Stockton which had the older generation all upset a few years ago? It was called *The Lady or the Tiger*, and as we recall it, its hero was left with the choice of opening one of two doors. Behind one of the doors was the beautiful damsel he loved, behind the other, a non-vegetarian tiger, and depending on which of the doors he opened, the hero could look forward to a life of romantic bliss, or a carnivorous termination of his predicament.

A dilemma of similar sort is now presented to radio fans, except that in this instance the choice is between the taxi or the tiger. The taxicab, as you may have guessed, is the rickety vehicle made famous by the Fresh Air Taxicab Co., Incorporated—otherwise Amos and Andy. The tiger is the trademark of Frank Buck, noted wild animal capturer, who, with his jungle sound effects, is pinch-hitting for Amos and Andy during the two months the boys are vacationing in Europe.

It's nothing short of a radio revolution to have the two blackface comedians desert the airwaves, even temporarily—after six years they still remain the premier attraction of radio. But, having once accepted the fact of their absence, how will radioland react to it? That is what is puzzling a lot of folks who realize the fickle loyalties of the public to its favorites, and who are inclined to place their money on the tiger over the long run.

On the other hand, there is a conflicting school of thought, numbering among its members some of the shrewdest publicity-wise executives in the business, who maintain that the best way to maintain a loyal radio audience is for a star to take a brief vacation now and then, just at the moment when his fans are crying for more. That is a contributing reason for the absence of Bing Crosby from the air this summer.

Whether the theory will prove itself in the case of a dramatic skit like Amos and Andy's is an open question. As this is written, nobody knows. But you can be sure of this much: the drama of the Taxi or the Tiger is being played out before your eyes, and you are one of the millions whose reactions will decide the issue.

IN THIS epic battle, the Tiger's ace card is Frank Buck himself. Buck, famous for his movies *Bring 'Em Back Alive* and *Wild Cargo*, and for his books and magazine articles on the thrills of an animal hunter's life, has the advantage of being

already known to a vast army of radio listeners. He has appeared as guest star on several programs.

His one regret in constructing his radio program was that he could not bring his best actors into the studio and put them before the mike. Can you imagine what would happen if some of his four-footed friends suddenly appeared in Radio City? They have to use ingenious sound effects to get that tiger's roar or leopard's snarl you hear over the air, but Frank would like to have the real thing if it were at all possible, for as a showman he ranks with the late P. T. Barnum.

It isn't the easiest thing in the world for an animal salesman to carry a nightly broadcast over national network for a series running into six months and more. You have to have something with that famous "to-be-continued-in-our-next" thrill in order to hold your audience. Amos and Andy did it very well with their taxicab—but how could a man whose chief assets were wild animals do the job?

HE COULDN'T intersperse songs—for in addition to the fact that he can't carry a tune, he himself declares that the old bromide about music soothing the savage beast is a lot of apple sauce. He doesn't even know how to play the zither! But no one is capable of resisting a contract made of solid gold. So he decided to evolve a dramatic narrative describing the hazardous thrills he encountered in following his profession.

His sponsors thought the idea excellent. But—they were going after the younger generation in a new sales campaign. Could he put into his broadcasts some element that would force the attention of American youth to the absolute necessity of buying their tooth-paste? He could, and that is how Tim Thompson, the young stowaway of the program, happened into existence.

For something like twenty-five years Frank Buck has made a living selling lions, tigers, jaguars, cassowaries (whatever they are!), monkeys, apes, panthers and similar pets. He will take your order for anything in the wild animal line from a flying fox to a python, with the same nonchalance your butcher promises to send you round a couple of pounds of hamburger.

RADIOLAND

or the TIGER?

By
B. F. WILSON

WILL FRANK BUCK DISPLACE AMOS AND ANDY

in the affections of radio fans, now that he is taking the place of the blackface comedians? Will Buck's tigers and wild animals become as famous as Amos and Andy's taxicab? Here is the story of the man who now occupies radio's most famous quarter-hour. It introduces you to the behind-the-scenes drama now being enacted on radio—the unpublicized story of the Taxi or the Tiger



"Andrew H. Brown, President, sho' needs a vacation—but them tigers, an' things, of that Frank Buck may eat us out of a job, or somethin'." But Amos doesn't seem to regard the matter seriously

articles for a leading weekly publication, he is finishing a new book on adventure for the fall, and he is busy counting the shekels coming in from his latest thriller of cinema fame, *Wild Cargo*, which latter epic is making motion picture producers of romance, with high salaried human stars, wild with envy.

All of this success is directly traceable to Frank's interest in animals from his earliest childhood days. He was born in San Angelo, Texas, fifty-two years ago. His parents were hard-working farmers trying to wrestle with the arid soil for a living. Frank brought every animal he could find in the nearby-forest, and kept them for pets on his father's farm. Often, his mother would step out-doors to be confronted by the sight of a large snake sunning itself in a small, crudely built cage made of chicken wire. More often, stray chicken feathers would denote the true source of the snake's complacency.

Even in those days, Frank had learned the art of "bringing 'em back alive," for the snake had been captured with a forked stick, made by himself, and a gunnysack. Nearby the snake, there would be seen young coyotes, wild geese, a cub bear, or peculiar looking ducks which had been discovered by the nine-year-old hunter in the hidden recesses of the woods. The backyard of the farm took on the appearance of an embryonic circus, and Frank would exhibit the contents of his boxes, crates and other paraphernalia for housing his animals, with the true pride of the veteran showman. At seventeen, he decided that Texas could offer him nothing further in the way of developing this talent and off he went [Continued on page 61]

Do you think you ought to have a cute little rhino to fill a long-felt want in your home? Would you prefer a little lady rhino to a gentleman one? Call Mr. Buck on the telephone. He will make a memorandum in his well-worn brown leather order book, and the next time he returns from one of his annual expeditions into darkest Asia, your little rhino will be sitting on the door-step waiting patiently for you to come home and get supper ready.

JUST because, as a kid, he discovered the financial value of squirrel skins, Frank Buck is today drawing down the third largest salary in radio history. His contract calls for several months' appearance on the Amos and Andy spot. Following that, he will continue his dramatic narrative of jungle hunting for the same sponsor on another hour. In addition to his radio work, he is coining a fortune out at the Chicago Fair where he is running a wild animal show consisting of something like a thousand specimens. He is writing a series of magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1934

HOLLYWOOD

The New Radio Capital?



All eyes are on Hollywood, the glamour capital of the world; soon the whole world may be listening to it as well

FOR something more than a year now there has been a slow but steady trickle of radio to the west coast. In recent months with radio stars going to Hollywood in increasing numbers to fulfill picture contracts, with sponsors seeking important screen names with established drawing power as guest stars, the movement has grown to the proportions of a stampede.

And now, with the announcement that Hollywood has captured one of the broadcasting plums for next season, it becomes apparent that the west coast city has thrown down the gauntlet to New York as a serious contender for the title of Radio Capital of America.

The "plum" in question is one of the most pretentious shows planned for next season, the hour long program, entitled *Hollywood Hotel* which will be heard weekly over eighty-six stations of the Columbia network, throughout the United States and Canada, under the sponsorship of Campbell's Soup.

A romantic story will be woven through the program concerning the adventures of a hat check girl and her rise to fame through singing in the hotel's floor show. The story will be written by J. P. McEvoy.

Dick Powell, a favorite with radio as well as motion picture audiences, will play the part of master-of-ceremonies at the hostelry. Other stars on the program will include Ted Fiorito and his orchestra, William O'Neal, El Brendel, Muzzy Marcellino, and the Debutantes.

As a special feature, Louella Parsons, noted motion picture columnist and critic will bring to the air outstanding screen stars in guest performances.

The star who will play the rôle of the hat check girl opposite Dick Powell is yet to be selected. In one of the most exhaustive talent hunts ever conducted, the Columbia Broadcasting System has been holding auditions through approximately one hundred affiliated stations offering opportunity to some singer, either known or unknown to rise to stardom over night. Selection will be made on basis of voice alone, the contestants remaining unseen by the judges.

The auditions have already been held locally. Candidates will compete in regional auditions about the middle of August and the winners will go to Station WABC in New York for the final trial shortly thereafter.

ALTHOUGH there has been some objection on the part of movie producers to their contract players appearing on a series of broadcasts such as the recent tiffs over the air appearances of Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, the trend towards more frequent appearances of movie stars as program guests, still goes on.

Among the shows which have brought guest stars to the microphone during late months are *California Melodies*, the *Charis* program, the *Rudy Vallée* show and *Hollywood On the Air*.

Hollywood Hotel, however, will be the most complete and elaborate show to emanate continuously from Hollywood.

There are a number of reasons for the growing popularity of Hollywood as a broadcasting center, including the abundance of talent, increased production facilities and lowered line charges.

Chief among them, however, is the fact that Hollywood is the glamour capital of the nation, the wondrous land of make-believe where the impossible comes true, and romance is an every day occurrence.

The principal obstacle to Hollywood's actually becoming New York's rival radio capital lies in the attitude of the movie producers themselves. When a movie star's contract runs out and he is handed a new one for his signature, it now almost invariably contains a clause forbidding him to appear on radio programs without the express permission of the producer. The movie magnates' objections are founded on the fact that radio and the silver screen are competing forms of entertainment, and when the public gets a chance to hear a favorite star on the radio, a distressing percentage of the potential theater audience stays right by the fireside.

Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland were recently signed for an eight-week appearance on the Hall of Fame hour, but at the last moment—after preliminary publicity on their appearance had been released by the sponsor—they were forced to pass up the plum because of the attitude of the movie studios. Lionel Barrymore's contract now contains an anti-radio clause, and Clark Gable is also restricted from ether appearances.

Nevertheless, the Hollywood radio rush continues—and New York is looking to its laurels.

The Radio Parade



—Ray Lee Jackson



—Ray Lee Jackson

★ Frances Langford

From her deep-down blues singing, you'd imagine Frances Langford of the Colgate House Party to be a husky young woman—but actually she's trying hard to build her weight up to 100 pounds!

SEPTEMBER, 1934

★ Grace Hayes

Famous as a musical comedy star on Broadway long before she came to radio, Grace Hayes is repeating her success as a songstress over the NBC networks. She is well-known in vaudeville

The Radio

Parade



★ *Lazy Dan*

Without his burnt cork, he's known as Irving Kaufman, a veteran minstrelman who plays all the parts of his Sunday afternoon CBS show



★ *Tim and Irene*

They're Mr. and Mrs. Ryan off the air, and are principals in Tim Ryan's Rendezvous programs over NBC

Ray Lee Jackson



★ *Marion Bergeron*

She's Miss America, 1933, leader and featured soloist with her own CBS orchestra



★ *Helen Menken*

Miss Menken has left for Hollywood after scoring a radio hit on the Big Show over CBS, but you'll soon hear her on the air again



★ *Martha Mears*

She came from St. Louis to score an immediate hit as singer over the NBC network—and to spend her off-hours decorating the beaches in a trim bathing suit



★ *Easy Aces*

Jane and Goodman Ace at home, where Jane is a much more helpful housewife than you'd imagine from her broadcasts

Read your FUTURE from

IT IS hardly fair to quote my views on astrology just because I asked you your birthday! Although this question does indicate my interest in the "stars," I must confess it is still an open question in my mind as to whether the planets in their courses control the destiny of man. I do not wish to give any false impressions. I am only an amateur and my observations are not to be received with the same seriousness as those of experts who have made astrology a life study.

I have found astrology a most stimulating topic of conversation. For, according to astrology, the time of one's birth indicates the kind of person one is, and you can readily see how even the most superficial knowledge of this subject stimulates one to an unusual interest in people. It is an immediate challenge to identify and classify human beings into the twelve planetary groups of the zodiac.

which are easily available to anyone. The fundamentals of astrology, however, are unvarying.

To cast a horoscope, we consider the Earth, not the Sun, as being the center of the Solar System, and imagine that the sun and all the planets revolve around it, as people thought hundreds of years ago. Their position in relation to the Earth and to each other, taken in connection with the aspects of the Sun and the Moon, are the basis of all astrological readings.

The Sun is said to make the people born under its sign proud, generous, honest and brave, and produces lives of honor and success. Its children are well built, with clear complexions, round heads, firm chins and upright carriage.

The Moon produces romantic natures—persuasive people—travelers and the like. Chief features of Moon people are

the STARS

By JESSICA DRAGONETTE

As told to Robert Eichberg

Radio's famous songbird reveals herself as an amateur astrologer and presents data which will enable you to join the fun by reading what the planets say about your character. Whether or not you believe the stars control the destinies of men, you'll find this dip into astrology under her direction a fascinating pastime.

Jessica Dragonette



What the Planets Say About the Radio Stars



Jack Benny, Feb. 14, 1904: You love praise, fear blame . . . get along well with men, but find it hard to be even kind to women. Don't become selfish.

Kate Smith, May 1, 1908: You are energetic and firm-willed . . . You will have difficulty in your love affairs . . . Control your emotions.

Rudy Vallee, July 26, 1901: You have ability to carry out plans & a pitiful jealousy and rivalry . . . Tendencies are toward art and culture. You will take pride in your home.

Ann Leaf, June 28, 1906: You are sympathetic, cheerful, sociable. Will succeed if you work and study. Clever, talented, though volatile, and constant when in love.

Joe Penner, Nov. 11, 1904: You are courageous . . . You will have trouble with the opposite sex . . . You insist upon your rights.

Grace Allen, July 26 (won't tell year): You are fond of poetry and fluent of tongue and pen . . . Will stay single unless you marry young (she did). Success will come through own efforts.

Morton Downey, Nov. 14, 1901: You have a quick but well-controlled temper . . . You think rather than talk . . . Fond of family and home, but have many interests.

Annette Hanshaw, Oct. 18, 1910: You are too prone to believe flattery. Your charm attracts real friends . . . Don't give way to moods.

Eddie Cantor, Jan. 31, 1892: Be more self-reliant and persevering . . . You are ambitious; don't be easily discouraged . . . You like nature and outdoor life.

Jimmy Wallington, Sept. 15, 1907: You are much attracted to, and admired by, women . . . You waste much energy . . . Control your emotions and enthusiasm.

<p>Jan. 21 to Feb. 19—Sign is Aquarius, ruling planet Uranus. Electricians, promoters, scientists, Uranus people are original, inventive, tall, energetic, and wiry. Their financial successes are variable.</p> <p>The world is entering an Aquarian age.</p>	<p>Feb. 20 to Mar. 21—Sign is Pisces, ruling planet Jupiter. Fish dealers, prison keepers, hospital attendants, Jupiter endows subjects with optimism, generosity, and an open mind.</p> <p>Large expressive eyes and strong physiques.</p>	<p>Mar. 22 to Apr. 20—Sign is Aries, ruling planet Mars. Soldiers and pioneers. Mars brings executive ability, frankness, scorn of consequences. Physically strong, florid, and an open mind.</p> <p>Marrriages in Leo or Sagittarius.</p>	<p>Apr. 21 to May 21—Sign is Taurus, ruling planet Venus. Realtors and brokers. Venus folk are artistic, gentle, pleasure-seeking. Divinity in appearance with soft eyes and fine teeth. Best marriages in Leo, Capricorn, or Libra.</p>	<p>May 22 to June 22—Sign is Gemini, ruling planet Mercury. Writers, Mercenaries are alert, business-like. Tall, thin and active, with small eyes, large mouths, long arms. Mercury people usually walk rapidly and talk a lot and are very active.</p>	<p>June 23 to July 22—Sign is Cancer, governed by the Moon. Seamen and innkeepers. Moon produces travelers and characters with romantic natures. Physically they are short in stature, pale, with high, fat foreheads. Imaginative, with some trends toward day-dreaming.</p>	<p>July 23 to Aug. 23—Sign is Leo, governed by the Sun. Actors and artists ruled by Leo. People born under the Sun are proud, generous, honest and brave. Have round heads, clear complexions, firm chin, upright carriage.</p>	<p>Aug. 24 to Sept. 23—Sign is Virgo, ruling planet Mercury. Dealers in food-stuffs and clothing. Mercenary qualities described under May 22-June 22 birthdate. Marriages in Virgo, Libra, or Sagittarius. Dainty and attractive in physical appearance.</p>	<p>Sept. 24 to Oct. 23—Sign is Libra, ruling planet Venus. Estimators, assayers, pawnbrokers. Venus people are well-suited to artistic or rustic enterprises. Marriages best in Virgo, Libra, or Sagittarius. Dainty and attractive in physical appearance.</p>	<p>Oct. 24 to Nov. 23—Sign is Scorpio, ruling planet Mars. Navy men, chemists, liquor dealers. For women, marriages suggested are in Virgo, Libra, or Scorpio; for men, Cancer under Feb. 20-Mar. 21 birthdate. Physically strong, good health, expressive eyes.</p>	<p>Nov. 23 to Dec. 22—Sign is Sagittarius, ruling planet Jupiter. Explorers, clergymen, lawyers. No one ever fails miserably under Jupiter; characteristics more fully described under Feb. 20-Mar. 21 birthdate. Physically strong, good health, expressive eyes.</p>	<p>Dec. 23 to Jan. 20—Sign is Capricorn, ruling planet Saturn. Politicians, ruling cabinet members. Saturn a prudent, thoughtful, patient people who can struggle through hardships to success. Lean and dark, long noses, sallow complexions.</p>
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The Paragraphs Immediately Above Give you the Zodiacal Signs

Governing Your Birthdate, With the Qualities They Contribute

How can one avoid an interest in the stars, when we find constant reference to them in our reading in the literature of the world? Astrology is as old as the priests of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt. They studied the heavens to foretell the future of the nation and the royal family. About 400 B. C. the belief in the stars' effect upon Man's destiny spread to Greece, and from there to the rest of the world, until in the Middle Ages, hardly a court of Europe lacked its own private astrologer, who would draw up astrological charts from which to tell the King whether or not to make war, how the crops would be and even when a Prince or a Princess would be born!

Countless interesting books have been written on astrology

short stature, with a tendency toward fat, high foreheads and pale complexions.

As to the planets, Jupiter endows one with optimism, generosity and a fertile mind. Nobody born under it ever fails miserably in life. Its physical contributions are large, expressive eyes, oval faces and strong physiques.

Mars is the bringer of executive ability, frankness, and a scorn of consequences. Children of Mars are strong, florid, and frequently have scars or other marks on their faces.

Mercury produces alert, business-like people, who are tall, thin and active, with small eyes, large mouths and long arms. The typical Mercurian walks rapidly and talks a lot.

Neptune brings either lunatics or geniuses—and people born under it are likely to be tricky or irresponsible. They are, for the most part, thin, with long faces wearing a strained or startled look.

Saturn produces thoughtful, steadfast, patient people, who can struggle through hardships to a slow but assured success. They are lean and dark, with long noses and sallow complexions.

Uranians are original and inventive—often even wayward or eccentric. In financial affairs they are successes today, failures tomorrow and successes the day after. They are tall, energetic and wiry.

Finally, the people born under Venus are artistic, gentle and pleasure-seeking, well suited to artistic or rustic enterprises, dainty in appearance with soft eyes and fine teeth.

NOW come outdoors for a moment. Face South and imagine a great circle passing over your head from left to right. This circle is divided into twelve equal "Celestial Houses". Commencing at the Eastern horizon, and progressing eastward around the earth.

The First House governs personal appearance; the Second, finance and commerce; the Third, short trips, communications and near relatives; the Fourth, [Continued on page 52]

Radio Hits

By EARL CHAPIN MAY



Wide World
Radio goes right to the peak of the big top! Robert Jones, radio announcer, carries the mike up a 75-foot rope ladder to broadcast the thrilling Wallenda High Wire Act of the Big Show.



SOMEWHERE on the southern Pacific Coast the death-defying tiger trainer, Mabel Stark, has recently been telling a good part of the world, through KGB at San Diego, KFX at San Bernardino, KFVB at Los Angeles or any one of a half dozen other broadcasting stations, how a slight, blonde, blue-eyed young woman can wrestle a four hundred-pound tiger without spending most of her time in a hospital.

Somewhere in Manhattan or vicinity myriads of young and old listeners have heard, through receiving sets, intriguing tales of surprising happenings with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's Combined Circus as that famous aggregation has given astounding performances in Madison Square Garden, New York City; Madison Square Garden, Boston, or under the billowing big-top in Brooklyn, Newark, Philadelphia or Washington.

Millions of radio fans in our Middle West have been inspired to attend the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus during its annual spring engagement in Chicago's Coliseum or under canvas at St. Louis and other cities by the magic voice of a circus-trained broadcaster who has relayed the big show's wonders through various microphones and networks.

Elsewhere on the continent the larger of thirty motorized circuses have enticingly announced their presence through scores of rural or semi-rural stations near which Downie Bros., Sam B. Dill's, Barnett Bros., and other three-ring circuses that travel from town to town by motive power are pitching their tents for "one day and date, only."

During the past few years the colorful, itinerant tented in-

Microphones Replace Leather Lungs

the Circus Trail

The colossal and stupendous Greatest Show on Earth learns a few new tricks about luring business through the microphone



Klara Knecht is radio advance agent of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus. Last season she broadcast the lure of sawdust and spangles over 210 radio stations. Probably you have heard her voice

stitution which is peculiarly American in style and development has elaborated on its traditional methods of acquiring patronage. It has not discarded the multi-hued posters which herald "The Greatest Show's" coming from city billboards and country barns. But during the past few years it has become radio wise. The never changing circus does change, occasionally.

LOUD speakers with tent shows were, until radio became popular, organ-voiced orators like the marvelous Lew Graham who, standing at the center of the Combined's big top, filling his chest and tightening his diaphragm, could make everyone in an audience of 15,000 hear every word of his exciting announcements. Lew was the king of all circus announcers, although there were divers runners-up in the alluring business. "La-dees a-n-d Gen-tle-men. Your attention, please!" I can hear him now. So can many other circus fans.

Deep-lunged, strong-voiced ballyhoo specialists oratorically described the advantages of buying concert or "after-show" tickets or letting all eyes behold some feature of the three-ring performances. Some of these orators have survived, but most of them operate behind microphones. Clyde Ingalls, Harvey Mack and divers others can fill a big-top with their unaided voices, but they do not attempt to unless something goes wrong with the air-wave machinery.

Both inside and outside the circuses the public is reached through scientific amplifiers. It is a puny tented exhibitor of lions, tigers, elephants, aerialists, riders and acrobats which does not rely importantly on radio. The best circuses carry special ambassadors for special broadcasts. The pioneer in this field is Klara Knecht. K's run [Continued on page 62]



of the Big Top Ballyhoo Artists

Outdoors with the Stars



Songstress Vera Van got her graduate degree in beachcombing in her native California, but these days she's acquiring her tan on Long Island



Week-ends find Jimmy Melton and his charming wife enjoying life on the bounding main in their yacht *Melody*. Oh for the life of a radio star!



Stoopnagle and Budd won't even take a shipwreck seriously. Be-calmed alongside a pier, the Colonel hounds to his trusty oar while Budd makes slighting remarks of dubious assistance



Gertrude Niesen proves she's an able seaman or would you say sea-woman? by nonchalantly balancing on a heeling racing yacht with nothing behind her but the briny deep



Baritoneing is no problem at all to Paul Keast of the Silver Dust Serenaders, but golfing is something else again. We can't bring ourselves to print what he's saying to the ball in the sand trap



Freddie Rich, at the left, consoles the crooning troubadour, Nick Lucas, over the three-figure score on Nick's golf card



You'd expect to find Buck Rogers and Wilma Deering on a super-rocket boat or a radium-driven ship, but here they are on an ordinary yacht. Off the radio, Buck Rogers is Curtis Arnall, and Wilma is Adele Ronson

Tennis with William Tell variations is the Oxol Trio's idea of summer sport. This is how Gordon, Dave and Bunny kill time between sets



Betty Winkler and Loretta Poynton, whose NBC programs emanate from Chicago, examine a sailboat preparatory to going in for a summer on the water

• Bits About Broadcasters

Bing Crosby is breeding thoroughbred race horses on his California ranch. . . . There are five former baton wielders in Don Bestor's orchestra. . . . S. S. Van Dine is collecting \$2,000 per script for those original radio dramas. That makes him the highest paid author in radioland. . . . And J. P. McEvoy, stage, screen and magazine humorist and once writer of greeting cards, is reported engaged to create the Burns and Allen patter when they return to the airlines in the fall. . . . The singer on NBC mysteriously billed as "Your Lover" is Frank Luther.

Mike

Edited by
**ARTHUR J.
KELLAR**

war on provocation less slight. Which explains why the United States Department of State and the diplomats of the National Broadcasting Company have since been occupied trying to explain the *faux pas* to the Mikado's government. Since diplomatic relations are still intact, it is to be presumed that explanations were successful.

• Hill's Success Secret

What is the secret of Edwin C. Hill's success as a broadcaster? The former star reporter of the New York Sun, by many regarded as the outstanding commentator on the air, thinks it is the romance he features in his talks. "Listeners don't want the glamour of sophistication," says Mr. Hill. "They want the glamour of romance and sentiment. The strong and simple things are the order of the day. Hard times have cured most people of a lot of superficial nonsense and have introduced the desire for human interest entertainment. Hence my 'Human Side of the News.'"

Who says Phil Baker can't read? Nobody, as far as we know—but this shot of Phil in his library would squelch the rumor if there were one



• Japanese Boner

ADMIRAL TOGO, the idol of Japan, died and was buried with due reverence by a mourning nation. NBC joined in the solemn ceremony of consecrating him to his ancestors by short-waving a program from New York. Jap listeners were much impressed by America's touching tribute to their war hero. That is, up to a certain point. The American contribution to the sacred occasion wasn't properly timed and ran short. To fill out the allotted time the band struck up *Kappore*, a tune of truly Japanese origin and therefore deemed appropriate. But what the New York band leader didn't know was that *Kappore* is the Nipponese equivalent of our *Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here*. It is a ribald ditty reserved for those times when the general is all liquored up on saki and is never rendered at the obsequies of an admiral, even one less worshipped than was Togo. So, Tokio newspapers, reflecting the great indignation, protested to high heaven the Yankee outrage perpetrated on a nation in its hour of sorrow. The Japanese, a very proud and sensitive people, have been known to declare

• Rudy's Summer "Camp"

At Center Lovell, Maine, Rudy Vallée has his summer lodge to which he retreats with a few selected guests during intervals between broadcasts. Study the photo at the right and you'll see why his camp in the woods costs Rudy \$5,000 a year to keep up. If you study the picture carefully you'll see two boats and a canoe, diving tower, and eight-room cottage almost hidden under birches and maple trees.



Just before leaving for his vacation cruise, President Roosevelt talked to the country over the radio summing up the year's achievements of the NRA. His request to listeners that they check up and see if they haven't been better off under the new deal would have brought a revealing response if they had been able to express themselves by a radio-voting device such as was recently described in *Radioland*. . . . Incidentally, it is radio which makes it possible for the President to take his cruise without relaxing the reins of government. A short-wave radio on his ship keeps him constantly in touch with Washington.

Says:

• The Lombardo Switch

GUY LOMBARDO, whose orchestra has long been a Columbia feature, is now performing on the NBC kilocycles and there is an interesting yarn behind the switch in affiliations. When Guy and his brothers and their band were struggling for recognition years ago they were playing at the Granada in Chicago. The proprietor of the resort was anxious to broadcast the band for the advertising advantages, but lacked the coin to cover the cost. Enter Ralph Atlas, then operating WBBM, at that time an independent Chicago station. Liking Lombardo's brand of music, he agreed to project their concerts on the air without expense to the *Granada*. In gratitude, Lombardo promised Atlas he would never leave him or any station or circuit with which he was associated for

five years. The pledge applied to the Columbia network, for shortly after the deal with Atlas WBBM became the network's Chicago outlet. The five-year period recently expiring, Lombardo was free to go to work for a sponsor on the rival chain.

Don Bigelow has added a washboard to his band. Not to launder the lyrics of suggestive songs but to help produce rumbas. It is played with thimbles.

• Wallington's Pride

IF JIMMY WALLINGTON'S voice comes through your loudspeaker with greater clarity and has an unusual undertone of pride and power there's a reason. Jimmy, one of the thirty announcers scattered over the sea and the land to report the arrival of the United States fleet in New York waters, was stationed on the Indianapolis, the reviewing ship. Alongside of him sat President Roosevelt who borrowed Jimmy's earphones to hear he might listen to the behind-the-scenes orders from the master control room in Radio City to the pickup engineers and announcers in addition to the regular broadcast that the public heard. The Chief Executive became so engrossed in his eavesdropping that he expressed the wish to Wallington that NBC continue the service beyond 4:45 p. m., the scheduled signing-off time. Jimmy communicated this desire to headquarters and in accordance therewith the chain remained on the air an additional quarter hour. Which explains Wallington's elation ever since; the opportunity isn't given to every man to do a favor for the President of the United States.

• Exit Bernie's Tonsils

Ben Bernie's tonsils were removed during the summer and the occasion was seized upon by the wits for a Roman holiday. Walter Winchell intimated to his listeners that the Old Maestro was always unconscious and didn't need to take ether. Ben himself took advantage of the operation to pull a good gag. It seems two days before he went to the hospital he lost fifty dollars to Al Jolson in a contest on the golf links, but didn't pay the wager. When he recovered Jolson reminded him of the bet. "Say, Al," exclaimed Bernie, "do you know that since going under the ether I can't remember anything that happened a few days before the operation?"

—Wide World
Ed Wynn is going around claiming that his services as masseur "so-o-o-ed" up the fight for Maxie Baer in his championship battle with Primo Carnera





It was a shabby, furtive Dolph who approached Chick the next evening as he sat, a forlorn figure, on a lonely park bench. Chick, once the toast of twenty million radio fans—now a forgotten park-bench bum!

HARDY
 1934

EXACTLY what happened in Gay D'Argey's apartment after Peter Van Schuyler revealed his presence, even the most avid gossip-columnists were obliged to leave to wild conjecture. But the results of the interview were felt all over Manhattan early the next morning. Van Schuyler hit hard, and the first person to feel the blow was Corky Cochran.

Corky was still asleep when the ringing of a telephone aroused him from sweet dreams of last night's triumph. Visions of gigantic sponsor-accounts wafted deliciously towards him; he wrote checks to himself in six figures until the shrill voice of the world aroused him and he listened incredulously to the words which came over the wire.

"Yes," said Van Schuyler's voice, "I said take them off the air! Do it now. . . . No, the contract is to be washed up. How? That's your worry."

"What?" shouted Corky. "The best program I've offered in years? Say, listen, Mr. Van Schuyler, you can't do this. You've got a contract—"

"I'll buy it back," said the millionaire sharply. "Send me a note of the amount."

"But man alive. . . ." Corky cried distractedly. "I can't—" He was talking to the empty air.

In Joe Raymond's office the blow fell upon shoulders which were used to taking it. The sartorially immaculate Joe, much dishevelled, sat at his desk surrounded by several telephones into which he talked in rapid succession.

"Hello!" said Raymond. "Publishing department? Stop Allen and Rose's new members—yes, I said stop the presses! Don't print another copy. . . . Don't ask me why, all I know is Van Schuyler took us off the air. . . . Break the plates, then. What do I care?" Mr. Raymond hung up and immediately grabbed another telephone into which he spoke in a tired, bored voice.

RADIO

The smashing conclusion of the greatest serial yet written about the new world of radio, with its heartbreaks and its sudden rises to fame. Here is the climax of the career of one radio Romeo and his faithful pal—and aren't you wondering what's become of Sally?

"Hello, Miss Cressy!" he said. "Allen in yet?"

"Not yet, Mr. Raymond," said Chick's stenographer, as if she had not said the same thing twenty times already. "But he ought to be here any minute."

"Have him call me as soon as he comes in!" said Raymond, also for the twentieth time in three hours. He looked about him for a fresh phone and addressed it.

"Get me Steinberg," he commanded. "Hello—Lew? Say listen, what are the boys doing? Raising hell, eh? Tell them to keep their shirts on, they ain't going to lose anything. . . . Yeah, have the whole gang wait in rehearsal hall. You come on in, I want to talk to you."

LOVE SONG

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

A few moments later, Mr. Steinberg, looking like a frightened hare, eased himself into the office and closed the door.

"Believe me," he announced in an awed whisper, "if Chick was to go in the back room now, them fellers would kill him."

"He's safe enough, then," Raymond commented. "Looks like he's not showing up at all. Dolph in there?" He indicated the rehearsal hall.

"No," said Lew apprehensively. "I phoned Sally and it seems he went to the hospital. Kind of a nervous breakdown." "Damn convenient," muttered the manager. "Maybe it's just as well. . . . Look, Lew, there's no use kidding ourselves—Allen and Rose are washed up!"

The bewildered little East-sider had started to speak, but Raymond stopped him with a gesture.

"The public would still go for Chick," Raymond continued, "but they'll never be given a chance. These phones of mine are redhot from what I've been hearing all morning. Newspapers, stations, theaters—even the Parkview Grill, are cancelling. Van Schuyler's behind it all, of course. What's behind him, I guess you know as well as I do."

"Dames!" sighed Lew. "Oh, what they do to us!"

"Yeh!" Raymond's voice was far from sentimental. "I'm sorry for Chick, the so-and-so, and Rose, too. But what we've got to think of is our own necks. We've got an organization here and we're going right on using it. I wouldn't try to buck the old man with Allen and Rose, but I might try it with Lew Steinberg."

Lew's face broke into a broad smile; his chest swelled visibly. "You can depend on me!" he said.

Raymond nodded. His plan would work out. "We could try it on a station program," he said cautiously. "My idea is an All-Southern layout, but the name Steinberg won't do. For something more suitable I thought we'd call it 'Br'er Rabbit's Band'."

"Br'er Rabbit?" stammered Lew indignantly. Raymond let out a long groan and waved Lew away. "Never mind the name!" he wailed. "You go lay out a few numbers—make them Southern, soothing and snappy. This is your big chance, Lew—act quick, before our booking's shot to hell!"

AT MUSIC stores all over town, astonishment reigned supreme as word came through that Allen and Rose were off the air and that plugging of their numbers would cease. Editorial offices received odd, private instructions, and newspaper copy on the Midvale Oil program died a sudden, violent death. Nothing so drastic had ever happened before in the radio world. Program managers heard of it with amazement from Coast to Coast, frantically rearranging time to meet the emergency.

[Continued on page 44]

The Big FADEOUT Menaces all Radio STARS

Says the eminent Medical Psychologist
DR. LOUIS E. BISCH

who says "the quickest way
for any star to become a
'has-been' is to sign a radio
contract"



Louis E. Bisch, M. D., Ph. D.

TO RADIO listeners as well as magazine readers, the name of Dr. Bisch has long been a familiar one. He has frequently given radio talks on psychology as applied to the individual, and is particularly proud of his reputation of being able to unravel the intricacies of the human mind and to explain them in understandable language. He is author of a syndicated newspaper column, of several books on psychology and related topics, has been professor of Nervous and Mental Diseases at the New York Polyclinic Medical School, and has had two plays produced on Broadway, and is a member of numerous scientific organizations. He was in charge of the psychological examination of persons arrested by the New York police department—the first time such a task was ever undertaken.

HAVE you ever heard of Whispering Jack Smith? Does the name of Kurt Peterson sound vaguely familiar? Does Keith McCloud mean anything to you?

I wonder!

Should you be able to recall these names at all, is it not true that they seem to emerge from a mighty dim and long-forgotten past? Yet these three personalities were as popular in their day as are Cantor, Vallée and Ed Wynn now.

What became, for instance, of Joseph Knecht, director of the formerly popular Rose Room Orchestra at the Waldorf-Astoria? What happened to the Silvertown Orchestra that once was such a rage? Why should the fan mail of Morton Downey and dozens of other radio celebrities have fallen off after reaching a phenomenal peak?

Bear in mind, too, that radio is still young. It is only about fifteen years old!

As a friend of mine poetized not long ago while in an exuberant mood, and à la *Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star*:

Why don't you twinkle, great big star?

I often wonder where you are.

You used to shine so bright each night,

Now other stars they dim your light.

This may not be a good jingle but it does bring out the truth. Surely the brilliance of the radio star does not dazzle long!

And why?

The first reason to present itself flows from the fact, already mentioned, that radio is still young, that it constitutes a new field of entertainment.

Drama has existed for ages; vaudeville, too, is generations old. Opera was

FLICKER, FLICKER, RADIO STAR—HOW LONG WILL YOU GLITTER FROM AFAR?



The constant cry for new material, fickleness of the public, lost interest of sponsors, and dozens of other factors account for the comparatively short life of radio stars. There is not a single star on the ether, from the small station vocalist to the "big time" Cantors and Wynns, whose professional life is not constantly menaced by these influences

is about. The sidetracking, however, is only apparent.

For, in the last analysis, were radio less experimental its stars would most certainly last longer. The headliners now as well as five, ten and more years ago were all capable people. Nowadays the minimum of thirteen weeks on the air is often the maximum. The radio star's performance fills but a few minutes of time each week and before he knows it, both the program and himself are completely "washed up."

It must be admitted that the American public is the most fickle that exists.

First of all, it is a hero-worshipping public. It often lifts an entertainer into national fame almost overnight. On the other hand, like the proverbial "hot cake," it drops him just as quickly.

It is true that an act like Amos and Andy, or the Goldbergs, or Singing Sam, or some of the crooners, have revealed remarkable vitality and sustaining qualities. Are they, however, as popular as they were before despite the fact that their performances are still of an undiminished high order? Jessica Dragonette, for instance, is an artist of unusual merit and once was the highest-priced voice on the air. Nowadays, however, she does not command five thousand a week as do six other stars who surely do not possess accomplishments superior to hers.

As radio is conducted now it is a Moloch that consumes talent as eagerly and completely as does fire a barn full of hay. It takes a gifted individual, exalts him, saps his strength, then discards

him. It would seem almost that the quickest way for a star in any field to become a "has-been" is to sign up for a radio contract.

Yes, Amos and Andy, the Goldbergs, Singing Sam and the others who somehow manage to hold on are the exceptions that prove the rule.

IT MUST be remembered that striking differences exist between hearing a star over the ether waves and seeing him or her in the living flesh on a stage, or even in a series of photographs on the screen.

When an advertising firm presents a radio star you are supposed to enjoy the talents of this same individual at least

once each week or possibly two or three times each week. Too much of a thing, no matter how good it may be, invariably results in a let-down of interest.

In order to hold the interest week after week a radio star must need present better and more varied entertainment each time. Which, of course, is manifestly impossible. The only factor which really can save a star is an unusual personality—an asset quite apart, really, from his technique and the material presented—and this is what men like Will Rogers, Ed Wynn, Geo. M. Cohan and Paul Whiteman actually possess.

Another handicap a star wrestles with is the fact that no matter how clever he may be—indeed, despite even his personality qualities—his performance over the air must needs be "thin" as compared to his performance via other media.

With only *voice* to aid him in getting his stunt across, with no visual presentation possible, with interruptions by the announcer giving his factual selling "speel," any star's performance is bound to be a one-sided and often lop-sided business. Small wonder, then, they don't last long in public favor.

Another point to be emphasized is the utter impossibility of any star, in fact of any performer, giving the best that is in him over the air.

If ever you have had the experience of standing before a microphone you will realize at once what a hopeless sort of problem it presents.

[Continued on page 56]

RADIO SPONSORS—

—**experiment too much with their programs in an effort to give the public what they think it wants, says Dr. Bisch.**

—**give entirely too much weight to fan mail response.**

—**handicap their radio artists by forcing them to present material in a choppy, condensed fashion in a desire to cram too much into a fifteen-minute or half-hour period.**



Richard Humber

THE strain of conducting the Studebaker Champions on the 9:30 Tuesday evening Columbia network hour has reduced Richard Humber from a husky 210-pounder to a mere wraith tipping the beams at 175 pounds. Or maybe it was dieting that did the trick. Anyhow, with a height of five feet eight inches, his 175 pounds still leave him this side of emaciation and it is to be presumed that somewhere he will find strength to carry on.

Dick is red-headed but good-natured. He was born February 20, 1906, in Newark, N. J., and fourteen years later made his debut as a violin soloist on the stage of the local high school. During the early days of his career he met Rudy Vallee and became one of the dozens of radio celebrities who trace the beginnings of their own success back to Rudy's sponsorship. Dick was secretary to Rudy for a time, and it was on one of the Vallee programs that young Humber made his first appearance before the microphone.

Dick has conducted an orchestra for Sophie Tucker, and at the swanky Essex House and Ritz-Carlton hotels in New York. He says that American composers reflect the mood and spirit of the American people as did the minstrels of olden days. "Orchestra leaders should conduct those thoughts to hearers in an understandable as well as danceable manner," he says. "That is why I sometimes play new tunes more slowly than some leaders. When the idea has been put over we offer the piece at a faster pace."

Dick can speak with authority about composers because he is one himself. One of his tunes, "It isn't Fair," serves as a theme song for his program which features the tenor voice of Joey Nash. His latest composition is for a lyric by Ned Washington entitled "I'm Living a Lie."

Dick can do fancy tricks with a cue and billiard balls, can deal his bridge partner thirteen cards of the same suit, transform a quarter into a matchbox, and a lot of other parlor stunts. It is also reported that he can sever a cigarette with the rifle bullet. We are unable to vouch for this first hand, since when Dick and his rifle are around, people swiftly become strict non-smokers.

Humber hates raw vegetables, a trait he shares with many vaudeville performers. He managed to eat a few, though, as a dietetic step in his 35-pound reduction. He likes the works of Victor Hugo, W. Somerset Maugham, Dumas, and Shakespeare, from which it will be seen that his tendencies are toward the classical. He may like Sherlock Holmes, Harold Bell Wright, and Gene Stratton-Porter, but the chances are he doesn't, for he had nothing whatever to say about them.

Dick's first job was as a package wrapper in a department store. His wages were \$6 a week. He has been doing somewhat better lately.

Microphone

IT IS A testimonial to the recklessness of our ambition that we presume to present a miniature of Clara, Lu, 'n Em, when it properly takes what the literary critics term "a broader canvas" to paint a complete picture of their activities. But the girls are loyal readers of **RADIOLAND**, as the picture proves, and we aren't going to let the completion of their fourth year on the air pass without acknowledging it. Now that they're going on five years, microphonically speaking, they can begin thinking of themselves as an institution. Everybody knows they graduated from Northwestern University, that they are married, that Clara's name is Louise Starkey, Lu's Isobel Carothers, and Em's, Helen King. They always pose for their pictures in the order of their names—Clara, Lu, 'n Em.

Clara's ambition is to lose 40 of her 165 pounds. Can't draw, but attends art school to encourage her husband, who has plenty of talent. Lu, giggling and frivolous, has auburn hair, blue eyes, and lots of freckles—cute ones. Once was secretary to the Secretary of State's secretary in Iowa. Has a passion for making hooked rugs, but radio pays better. Plays the harmonica, but all families have those skeletons in the closet. Em, third in the trio, really got the girls started. She couldn't get a radio job as a pianist or organist, so she got the other girls together, devised a script, had an audition and went on as a sustaining program. Pretty soon along came a sponsor and four years of radio work, and it looks as if the girls were set for another decade or so.



Clara, Lu 'n Em

RADIOLAND

Miniatures

SHE doesn't particularly like being billed as a Countess, but that's what she is and that's how she is known to millions of radio fans, so the Countess Albani retains her titled personality on the Cities Service program. If you think of a countess as a stately and decrepit dowager, unthink those thoughts at once, for Olga Albani is as fresh and charming a young woman as you could hope to meet. So young, in fact, that most people are amazed to learn that she is the mother of a six-year-old son, Guardo, who is one of her three careers—the other two being her husband and radio.

Her Spanish blood is obvious in her slender figure, olive complexion, slumbering dark eyes and glossy black hair. She has not only sung about castles in Spain, but she was born in one, removing from it at the age of five (with her parents) for the United States, to be near her father's sugar estate in Porto Rico—from which plantations, by the way, she returned recently just in time to go on her new program, after recuperating from a tonsil operation.

Her studies in a convent school included a thorough training in music, and she made plans for a career as a singer which were interrupted by a swift romance and marriage with dashing Count Arturo Albani. The idea of endless rounds of society parties didn't "take," however, and she was signed by the National Broadcasting Company after her clear soprano voice scored a hit in Romberg's "New Moon." She has been on the air ever since and you will hear more of her this fall.



Uncle Bob Sherwood

IT'S QUITE a long time since Uncle Bob Sherwood ran away from home to join the circus. He wasn't Uncle Bob then, but just plain Bob. It for he was only nine years old when he left the old homestead behind him at St. Clairsville, Ohio, to become a trapeze artist and clown with Dan Rice's circus. This was about the time when daring young men on the flying trapeze first burst on the country's musical consciousness, and perhaps explains the young Sherwood ambition.

Since that runaway day, Uncle Bob has worked for every important circus in the country, and if the people who have seen him would line up single file, they would make quite a spectacle of themselves.

As it happened, Uncle Bob turned away from trapezing to become the foremost clown in circusdom, and that's why he's heard at 6:45 Monday evenings over the CBS network as ringmaster of the Dixie Circus program. It's a pretty lively program, too, what with his tales of the sawdust ring accumulated during sixty years of adventure under the big tops. There are a lot of animals and callolopes mixed up in the radio hour, which is quite as it should be. One of Uncle Bob's radio stories which scored a big hit had to do with Samson, an elephant of esthetic tastes, who went berserk in the winter quarters of the circus because his trainer appeared before him in torn trousers. Uncle Bob says the elephant had temperament, but we'd say he had a sense of propriety.

Uncle Bob—or "Pop," as he is known to most of his intimates—has a fund of anecdotes which probably will never be retailed over the air to his listeners. One of them deals with Mark Twain, with whom Uncle Bob became acquainted in 1878. In 1903 Pop had left the circus to open a bookstore at 793 Broadway, and Mark Twain, who lived in the neighborhood, used to join him at the noon hour for a meal which included several portions of liquor. Twain always drank his straight.

"Each time the bartender brought a chaser," recounts Uncle Bob, "Twain would exclaim, 'What in — is the use of starting a fire if you're going to put it out again!' and he would push the glass of water away disdainfully."

When they were in London while Twain was writing "Following the Equator," Sherwood, experienced showman that he is, suggested that his friend ought to publicize himself more. The next day, to the amazement of staid Britishers, Twain appeared in Hyde Park clad in pajamas and dressing robe.

"He got plenty of publicity all right," chuckles Uncle Bob, "but 'Following the Equator' was one of the poorest sellers of all Twain's works." Uncle Bob is 75. He is far from being a club-window-sitter-inner, however. Give him a lively band and a pretty girl and he'll trip the light fantastic—as the quaint phrase goes—with the best of them.



Countess Albani

SEPTEMBER, 1934



Stoopnagle and Budd
SPOTLIGHT REVUE

A big-name show of excellent quality which suffers a little bit from cramming too many celebrities and too much advertising talk within its 45 minute period. Stoopnagle and Budd are a great comedy team, but the boys deserve room enough to turn around in. Everett Marshall, Frank Crumit, Alice Remsen, Victor Young's orchestra, and two or three other talent names are offered in this show, making it an all-star cast.



Helen Jepson
PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL

NBC is crowing with justifiable pride over the fact that Helen Jepson's soprano singing in Paul Whiteman's Music Hall hour has won her a Metropolitan Opera contract, solely on the strength of her network appearances. Now that Gatti-Casazza of the opera has put his stamp of approval on Miss Jepson's voice, there's nothing this critic can add except to point out that folk won't get screechy blues songs from her.



Frank Munn and Muriel Wilson
LAVENDER AND OLD LACE

Tender ballads and sweet old songs of other days which have held the consistent favor of the radio listener, year in and year out, are heard on this hour, admirably rendered by three of radio's perennial favorites—Frank Munn, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; and maestro Gustav Haenschen. Unreservedly recommended to one and all who enjoy soft and sentimental music. The title of the program captures its spirit admirably.



Dick Barthelmess
FLEISCHMANN VARIETIES

Here's a tip: If you're curious who the coming stars of radio will be, pay attention to the guest stars on Rudy Vallee's program. More fresh radio talent has had its first break through Rudy than through any other source. Not that he ignores stage or screen stars, either. Dick Barthelmess was one of his recent guest stars who made a hit, and movie and stage names appear quite regularly. Dick will probably win a radio contract.



Lud Gluskin
SUMMER INTERLUDE

This is the successor to the popular "Big Show" for the hot summer months, featuring Lud Gluskin, who is ballyhooed as a band leader of distinct individuality, and who carries out the promise with rhythms of a brilliant and melodic continental flavor which stamp him as a "find" of the season. The whole program features new talent with Henrietta Schumann, concert pianist; Chiquito, Cuban crooner; and the Three Marshalls.



Lowell Thomas
COMMENTS BY THOMAS

Lowell Thomas has practically reached the Amo and Andy stage of indispensability. His early evening reports in which he hits the high spots of the day's news carry you from one continent to another with dazzling rapidity. There's something ingratiating about the Thomas technique—he rarely lashes out at the news as do some of the commentators, but he dissects it goodhumoredly and leaves it to you to like it or leave it.



Gale Page
CLIMALENE CARNIVAL

A well-done program of morning music, featuring Jackie Heller, whose popularity in recent months has taken a phenomenal leap, and Gale Page, contralto. A completely satisfying program, valued especially for its mid-morning spot by busy housewives.



Nila Mack
LET'S PRETEND

Mid-morning on Saturdays is the time for princesses, witches, dragons, and such accessories of fairyland to be brought to life by Nila Mack and her juvenile stock company. The leading ladies and leading men range in age from seven to fifteen—sufficiently mature to lead the dragon attack.

Random Reviews of Popular Programs



Johnny Green
IN THE MODERN MANNER

Drums throb, cymbals clash and trumpets hoot when Johnny Green, smilingest and busiest and one of the most brilliant maestros in Manhattan, gets into the swing of this weekly CBS program. This young man, who can do practically every plain and fancy trick in the musical arena, is noted as the modernistic composer of "Body and Soul" and "Night Club Suite." On this program, which most certainly lives up to its name, he is assisted by Bernard Herman, assistant conductor, and Conrad Slasinger, arranger. Johnny is musical adviser to the CBS system and helps touch up many network programs. He is now composing another suite which will take rank with the best of modern music.



Vivienne Segal
ACCORDIANA

This program is an excellent example of the trend toward soft, sweet music observable in an increasing number of radio shows. Abe Lyman, whose orchestra is featured on this hour, is currently hailed as the most dangerous rival of Wayne King, whose insinuating waltz numbers are credited with bringing him the largest following of woman fans of any orchestra leader on the air. Lyman is assisted by Vivienne Segal, lyric soprano star of stage and screen, and Oliver Smith, tenor. Miss Segal will be remembered for her numerous appearances in musical pictures. She will bear watching, for the rumor is that numerous sponsors are angling for her services in their new fall radio programs.



George Givot
ACROPOLIS No. 7

George Givot, who calls himself the Greek Ambassador of Good Will; although he has never been in Greece, shows unmistakable signs of crashing the front rank of radio comedians. He has been winning a receptive audience with his adventures revolving around his Acropolis No. 7 restaurant, and although he hasn't departed widely from the pun-formula of radio humor, his accent gives his script reading a geniality and naivety which distinctly registers over the kilocycles. As a matter of fact, George Givot has never been in Greece and his famous Greek dialect is artificially acquired. He made his first appearances on the air as a guest star with Eddy Cantor on his old coffee hour program.



Will Rogers
GULF OIL

Will Rogers is back again with his droll comments on the national scene, bringing along his famous alarm clock to warn him when his time is up. It becomes almost a patriotic duty for the radio fan to tune in on Will and his political observations.



Babe Ruth
QUAKER OATS

Babe Ruth appears above as he looks after a gym workout, not as he emerges from a radio broadcast. For the Babe has licked his fear of the mike and a few million youngsters find his latest dicta on the sport situation thrilling in the extreme.

Who are your favorite radio stars? RADIOLAND Magazine wants to know which stars are most popular so that we can present more pictures and articles about national favorites. With this issue we inaugurate a monthly popularity poll to discover which stars rate highest with the fans. Put a check mark after the names of your favorites—you are not restricted to voting for one star alone—and send your votes to RADIOLAND'S Popularity Poll, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N.Y. Several blank lines have been provided for writing in the names of local favorites.

RADIOLAND'S POPULARITY POLL

Alban, Olga	Hanshaw, Annette	Penner, Joe
Allen, Fred	Harris, Paul	Percy, David
Amodeo, Don	Hayton, Lemmy	Ponselle, Rosa
Amos 'n' Andy	Heller, Jack	Rich, Freddie
Babe Ruth	Hill, Edwin C.	Rich, Irene
Baby Rosemarie	Hilliard, Harriet	Riehman, Harry
Baer, Max	Howard, Shirley	Rogers, Will
Baker, Phil	Jessel, George	Rouff, Leo
Barclay, John	Johnson, Chic	Ross, David
Barthel, Betty	Jolson, Al	Ross, Lanny
Beasley, Irene	Jones, Isham	Ryan, Babe
Belasco, Leon	King, Wayne	Sanderson, Julia
Benny, Jack	Knight, Raymond	Shikret, Nat
Bernie, Ben	Kostelanetz, Andre	Shutta, Ethel
Berg, Gertrude	Lambert, Serappy	Singlet, Sam
Bestor, Don	Lane, Priscilla	Spauldin, Albert
Black, Frank	Lane, Rosemary	Stoopnagle and Budd
Bowen, Connel	Lang, Jennie	Swarthout, Gladys
Byrd, Admiral Richard	Little Jack Little	Tanner
Calloway, Cab	Lombardo, Guy	Thibault, Conrad
Cantor, Eddie	Lopez, Vincent	Thomas, John Charles
Carter, Hooper	Louis, Nick	Thomas, Lowell
Clara, Lu 'n' Em	Lyman, Abe	Tibbett, Lawrence
Cohan, Geo. M.	Malone, Madly	Van, Vera
Cook, Joe	Marshall, Everett	Voice of Experience
Coughlin, Fisher Charles	McClintock, Polly	Yorston, Dan
Crosby, Bing	McCormack, John	Waring, Fred
Crumit, Frank	McLaughlin, Tommy	Whiteman, Paul
Dannoch, Dr. Walter	Melton, James	Wicks, Irene
Denny, Jack	Meredith, June	Wiley, Leo
Downey, Morton	Morgan, Helen	Wilson, Kathleen
Dragonette, Jessica	Myrt & Marge	Wilson, Muriel
Durane, Jimmy	Nieto, Ozlie	Willing, Walter
Etting, Ruth	Nielsen, Gertrude	Winning, Charles
Faye, Alice	Novis, Donald	Wons, Tony
Fiorito, Ted	O'Keefe, Walter	Wynn, Ed
Fronan, Jane	Olsen, George	Young, Victor
Gale, Jan	Olson, Olan	
Gene and Glen	Osborne, Will	
Green, Johnny	Palge, Edmund	
Grofe, Ferd	Parker, Frank	
Gulizar, Tito	Parsons, Al	
Hall, Wendell	Pearl, Jack	

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 37]

At the Central Hospital Sally, weary from a long vigil, looked into the wide, unconscious face which seemed so far removed from the old familiar smiling Dolph, then raised anxious eyes to the attending physician.

"He's been under a long strain," said the doctor. "And I gather that on top of that he's had a shock of some sort."

Sally nodded. "Yes," she said. "How serious is it, Doctor?"

"Oh, he'll get well!" the medico pronounced in cheerful off-handedness. "But it may take time. These nervous breakdowns often take weeks, sometimes months. But with rest and the proper care—"

"Weeks!" gasped Sally. "Months! Why, he won't be able to play—who'll take care of the music? I must find Chick at once!"

But the man with whom she talked at R. C. A. could only tell her that Mr. Allen would not be on the air that night. Puzzled, deeply alarmed, she hung up and called his apartment. No, Mr. Allen had not been there this morning. Sally was insistent—had Mr. Allen been home last night? A slight pause at the other end of the wire, and then the reluctant admission from the man servant that Mr. Allen had not been home the last two nights, nor had he telephoned.

"Raymond ought to know, if anyone does," suggested Doris, who had arrived with the notes for Sally's broadcast. "You're on at ten-fifteen, Sally—it's twenty of. You've just got time to make it."

"I can't do it!" Sally cried forlornly. "I can't! Oh, Doris, he may have been killed."

"Not that one," said her aide, scornfully. "Come on, Sally—think of the sharpened pencils waiting for you all over the country."

"I tell you," Sally insisted stubbornly, "I can't do it—not until I know."

"Get your hat," Doris commanded sternly, "while I get Raymond on the wire. He'll know where that bum is, if anybody does."

A few moments later, Sally, ready for the street, her notes in her bag, her tears held back by hope, heard Joe Raymond's voice. "I hate to tell you," said Raymond, "but it seems absolutely final. He's off; it's going to hurt him badly."

"But Joe, you won't go back on him?" Sally's voice was desperate.

"Go back on him, hell!" said Joe. "Excuse me, Sally, but I don't see what I can do."

"Don't decide yet," she begged. "Not until after I've talked to him. He can't be through. Besides, there's Dolph, sick and broken. Chick's got to see him—got to say he's sorry. Oh, Joe, don't you realize what that would do for Dolph? Won't you please help me locate Chick?"

There was a pause at Raymond's end of the phone—so long that Sally began to think that Joe had left the instrument. At length he spoke reluctantly.

"Sally, you dear little loyal fool," he said. "All right, if you insist. Try Miss D'Argey's apartment."

"Oh!" said Sally in a small voice.

How she got through the ensuing hour, Sally never quite knew. "Coffee jelly a la mode, ladies, makes a real lovely

for Sunday night supper . . ." *Perhaps they're going away together.* "Whip the cream in an iced bowl, unless you have an electric beater . . ." *She'd have expensive scents, heavy like gardenias in a closed room.* "The best way to get jelly out of a mould is . . ." *Chick hadn't saved a penny, but Gay had money. After all, she owed him something—she's ruined his career, his life.* "Turkey dressing makes the loveliest stuffing for bell-peppers . . ." *she must be made to give Chick up. It was Dolph's very life, perhaps.*

From a great distance came the announcer's voice. "You have been listening to Aunt Hattie, the Nation's Household Counselor." Then the chimes.

The girl in the reception room stared at Sally curiously as she passed. Somehow she was in a taxi, then at the grilled door of the elaborate apartment house.

"Miss D'Argey," said the butler, "is too busy to see anyone."

"But I'm not a reporter!" Sally cried. "It's a matter of life and death. I must see her!"

Panic gave Sally sudden strength and before he was fairly aware of her purpose Sally had pushed the man out of her way, walked into the living-room. Within, trunks stood packed and labeled with the name of a famous trans-Atlantic steamer. Gay, drawing on expensive beige gloves, motioned the butler to silence as the telephone rang. The maid, closing the last of the hand-luggage, picked the instrument off its hook, and answered it.

"It's Mr. Allen again," she said, turning anxiously to Gay. "He says if he can't speak to you he'll shoot himself."

A spasm of anger crossed Gay's face. "Tell him," she said crisply, "to go to hell!"

A thudding sound from the living-room caused the butler to look behind him. "Excuse me!" he gasped. "There's a young lady—she seems to have fainted!"

IN MANHATTAN two weeks is a long time. Shame, failure, even fame, remain actively important only in the minds of the principals. It is all but impossible to recall the figures to whom Broadway bowed a twelve months ago, and twenty-four months takes history back to the Stone Age.

Nobody noticed Chick Allen in his shabby suit as he looked long into a pawnshop window on a dull Sixth Avenue corner, and, with a swift glance in either direction, made a dart for the interior. Presently he emerged in the same gingerly fashion, turning down a side street in the upper Forties, and entered the basement door of a brownstone house.

There was a long, crowded bar at the Club Forty-Nine. At one end of it stood three men, one of whom held a little book in which he wrote as the others watched him eagerly.

"Two bucks on Silver-Reel in the second," said one of the men. "On the nose!"

Next to these at the bar was a young lady with metallic red curls, busy airing grievances to her boy-friend, a pasty-faced youth with black oil-cloth hair. The girl, a little tight, emphasized her remarks with loud thumps on the bar. "So I told that lousy agent," she shouted, "Me play Pottsville without a jump? Never!"

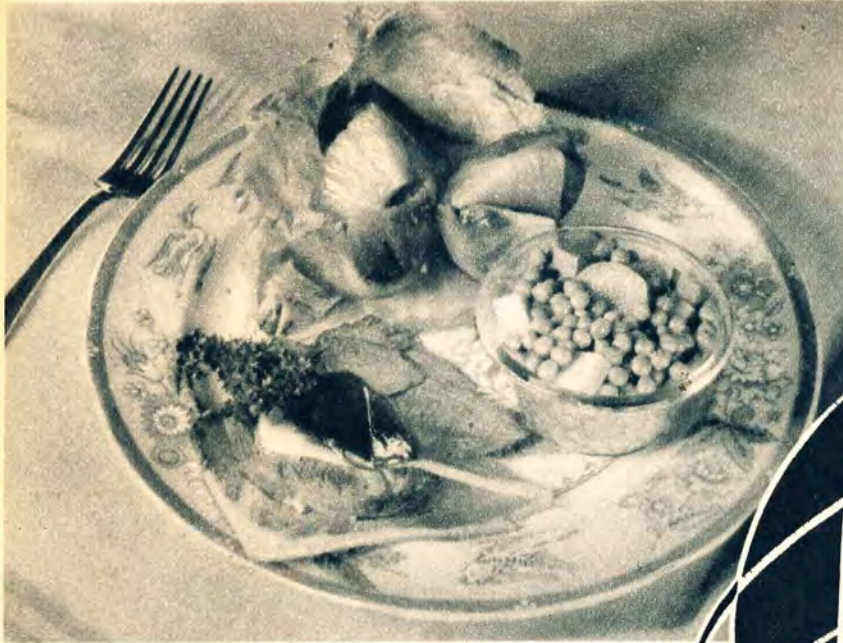
Beyond her stood a fat man, reading *Variety* and conveying pretzels to his mouth with equal absorption. Chick stepped into the space beside him and nodded to the bartender who, without asking, shoved whisky in front of him. This was the first sign of recognition which had been given Chick; he leaned over the bar confidentially.

[Continued on page 46]



Woman and Her - PROBLEMS

By IDA BAILEY ALLEN



For a summer luncheon plate that paints an inviting picture, Mrs. Allen suggests cold cuts with currant jelly, macedoine of garden vegetables and tomato and pineapple salad

Every-day meals can be made good looking if one appreciates the real beauty in rich tones of vegetables, fruits and salad plants. Many hints are given

Fascinating FOOD Plates

YEARS ago, when the style of individual plate service from the pantry was introduced from Russia into this country, it was a complete innovation. Practical housewives shook their heads and prophesied it would never become popular—it entailed too much work. They were all for the platter service of foods. But individual plate service has become popular for a reason contrary to the objection raised a decade ago—it *saves* work. Moreover, it makes the actual apportioning of food easier, relieves the host from carving and serving, and if the foods are carefully arranged, small amounts can be made to look important and so go farther.

It is especially well suited to the needs of the woman with little or no maid service. Of course, anyone can place food on a plate, but to create a charming and attractive effect, one must appreciate the real beauty in the rich tones of vegetables, fruits and salad plants.

If you have not stopped to realize this, check back in memory to the last visit you paid to an exhibit of paintings. Didn't you "Oh" and "Ah" over the lovely food and flower combinations? Or perhaps you recently passed by the beautifully decorated windows of a smart shop and realized that arrangements of vegetables in tones of green, cream and brown could be as stunning as your best summer ensemble.

When we look upon the arranging of a food-plate, as the artist does, from the standpoint of the creation of a picture, we find a wealth of color and form from which to choose. For the background, there is plain colored, or gay patterned china, and the bright colors of glassware and linen; and for the food ensemble itself, there are foods and garnishes in many tones

of reds, greens, yellows, orange, purples and browns. The real charm of the food plate will depend on the cleverness with which you combine different colors and shapes of foods. For instance, there is so much you can do with slim orange carrots, flat green lima beans, the deep brown of roast chicken, or the bright scarlet of tomatoes.

BUT even more fascinating from the standpoint of color and shape are garnishes, which incidentally, should always be edible. You will find that food-plate designing becomes a real pleasure if you will keep on hand a choice of the simpler garnishes, such as parsley, cress, green peppers, pimientos, pickled beets and onions, radishes, mint and currant jelly and stuffed and ripe olives. Some stalks of fringed celery, radishes cut like roses, shredded cabbage, strips of pimiento or mint jelly cut into rounds, will transform an uninteresting plate meal into a most attractive one.

For special occasions, you may plan baked halves of orange or slices of orange with dots of mint jelly, or halves of apple baked and garnished with squares of currant jelly, or slices of fried apple, or glazed pineapple, [Continued on page 60]

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 44]

"How ya doin', Mac?" he said, hungry for talk. "Business good?"

"Fair," said the bartender. "How's things with you?"

"Swell," said Chick airily. "I got a wow of a song; first one I've had time to write in quite some time, but it'll knock 'em cold. I took it up to Raymond, the fellow who manages Steinberg's Sunnyslenders, and I says to him, 'A thousand bucks advance on this, or consider the deal cold. Not that I need the dough,' I says, 'but—'"

"That'll be thirty-five cents, buddy," the bartender interrupted. Chick fished a crumpled dollar bill out of his vest pocket, tossed it on the bar.

"Take out seventy," said he. "I'm having another." He picked up his glass and continued. "And Raymond started to kick, so I says, 'Look here, big shot,' I says, 'don't forget I'm the guy who wrote *The Door Of My Heart*.'"

"Whenja write that?" asked the big man next him, his eyes free on *Variety*. "In 1906, wasn't it?"

"Wise guy!" sneered Chick.

"Say," interrupted the bartender, "d'ya ever see that guy you used to go 'round with? Dolph was his name, wasn't it?"

"Naw!" said Chick sullenly. "I never see him."

"Nice guy," said the bartender. "I remember him. Nice guy! He never comes around any more. Ever hear what became of him?"

"Oh, hell!" said Chick. "Quit talking such a lot, can't you? And give us another shot of varnish."

Suddenly someone turned the dial of the radio. A stentorian voice filled the crowded room with an unruly bellow.

"Played by Lew Steinberg's Sunnyslenders," roared the announcer. "With the refrain sung by Jackie Cohen. This is an electrical recording—"

Tuned in properly now, a wave of soft melody mingled discreetly with the buzz of unguarded conversation. Chick looked long in the direction of the radio, drained his glass and, with uncertain steps, made for the open air.

"Lousy dump," he muttered. "Lousy radio music."

JUST off of Sixth Avenue, on a particularly dusty side street, one shop stood out among its hodge-podge of neighbors. It was a small shop but conspicuous because of its cleanliness, its bright paint and the neat array of merchandise in its window. There were three stamp albums, two saucers full of old coins, and some blue writing paper stacked in rolled columns. On the window, a modest sign announced the nature of the enterprise.

DOLPH ROSE

Rare Stamps, Albums and Stationery

The interior, though simple, was bright and prosperous looking. Dolph in his shirt sleeves, sat comfortably at his desk while he talked into the telephone.

"Hello, Mr. Goosenberg," said he. "This is Dolph Rose again. I hate to bother you, but did you get that inverted U. S. airmail stamp for me yet? . . . Oh, you're still trying. That's fine,

Mr. Goosenberg! Remember, I'll go two hundred and fifty bucks for it. Good-bye, Mr. Goosenberg!"

He hung up the receiver and turned to find Sally standing in the doorway, fresh and charming in a blue gown, her eyes twinkling with friendly amusement.

"Hello, Dolph," she said, coming in and tossing a large packet of letters on his desk. "Here's my today's fan-mail. I haven't even looked through them myself yet. Perhaps you'll find that inverted airmail stamp on one of 'em!"

"Gee, that's swell, Sally!" Dolph beamed at her. "Do you know there were a couple of stamps on your yesterday's mail that were quite rare!"

"That's fine!" said she. "How's business?"

"I certainly can't complain," said Dolph, cheerfully. "In fact, it's so good I just made myself a swell investment yesterday."

"Dolph," said Sally severely, "don't tell me you're playing the stock market?"

"I may be a sap," he replied with a chuckle, "but I ain't that bad!"

"What is it then?" she asked. "A secret?"

"Well," said Dolph self-consciously, "will you promise you won't laugh if I tell you?"

"Cross my heart," she said with mock solemnity.

"You know that old saying," he began hesitantly, "about a woman changing her mind? Not that you're a changeable woman, Sally, but—well, what I bought was a little bungalow in Rahway, N. J. So if you ever *did* change your mind—well, you know what I mean."

"You still love me," said Sally, deeply touched, "don't you, Dolph?"

He picked up the letters and shuffled them mechanically. "I've loved you from the minute I saw you, and I guess I always will."

There was a brief silence. Then, "Is it a pretty bungalow, Dolph?" she asked softly.

"It's got a swell little garden," Dolph enthused. "And it's only a stone's throw from the depot—that is, if you're a good thrower," he added with a shy laugh.

"Gee, it would be nice to keep house, wouldn't it, Dolph?" she murmured. "Instead of just broadcasting about it!"

"Don't tease me, Sally," said Dolph, with desperate seriousness. "Would you really consider what I just said?"

"Dolph," said Sally, visibly hesitant, "we're awfully good friends."

"Isn't that enough to start with?"

"It *might* be enough," said Sally.

"Perhaps," said he, "it would help you to forget someone who's—kind of disappeared."

"You mean Chick," she said quickly.

"Everybody thought," he went on slowly, "that I had a tough break when Chick quit me and I couldn't get back on the air. And it's true I can't write songs any more—but it seems like he can't, either. What's more, the break gave me a chance with you. Chick threw that chance away and he's in a tough spot now, Sally. He can't look after himself, much less a woman."

"Oh, Dolph!" she cried. "Have you heard from him—do you know where he is? Tell me, Dolph—I have to know!"

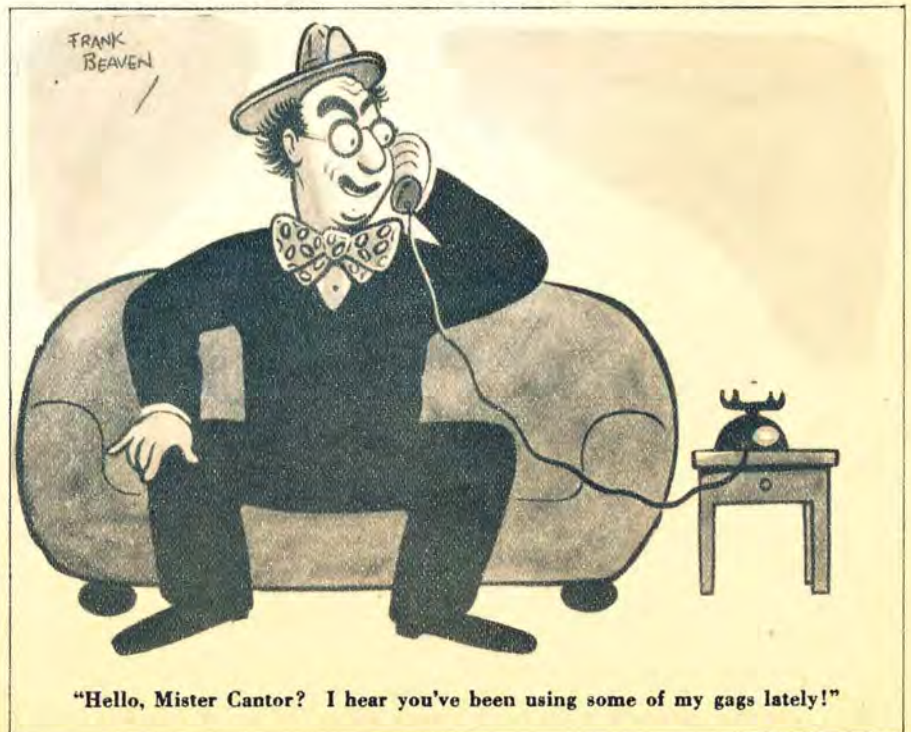
"Yeah," said Dolph reluctantly, "I know where he is."

"You've known all this time," she said indignantly, "and you never told me!"



"No," said he quietly. "I wouldn't tell you because you knew him when he was a man. And if I can help it, you'll never see him any other way."

Dolph was still turning over Sally's fan mail; now he actually saw one of the letters he had been shuffling absent-mindedly. His startled expression drew

[Continued on page 48]



"Hello, Mister Cantor? I hear you've been using some of my gags lately!"

isn't  LIFE  half as much fun for
FAT PEOPLE!



The PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
may be worn with or with-
out the new PERFOLASTIC
UPLIFT BRASSIERE

TEST the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
FOR TEN DAYS
... at our expense!

IN 10 SHORT DAYS YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER
SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

■ "I have reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

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waist and hips

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or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to

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■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

Radio Love Song

(Continued from page 46)

a swift question from the girl. Dolph blushed. "When I heard Chick was hard up," he explained, "I sent him a letter with a few bucks in it. I didn't give a return address and here he's answered me in care of you at the station."

"Oh, Dolph!" Sally was trembling. "Open it, for heaven's sake!"

The paper made a sharp crackling sound in the eager silence, and from the open envelope fluttered out a check for one hundred dollars, bearing Dolph's signature.

"It's not money he needs most," said Sally with a break in her voice. "Maybe you shouldn't have sent him money."

"Chick always was plenty proud," said Dolph sadly.

LOOKING haggard and ill, Chick was at that very moment seated in Lew Steinberg's office in the Raymond Building, his shabby shoes crossed jauntily, as he helped himself to one of Lew's cigarettes. Lew's office was unchanged, save for a few additional flag pins in the map on the wall. In fact, Lew was running out of townships in the more obvious Southern states; a few flags had crept over into Texas. Seated comfortably on the sofa, one arm encircling the slim waist of Mary-Lou, Mr. Steinberg regarded his old rival with sympathetic eyes as he endeavored to be casual in the Broadway manner.

"Well, Chick," he said cordially, "this is a pleasure! So you were in Atlantic City all this time!"

"Yeah," replied Chick, maintaining the code with a traditional lie. "The salt air kinda agrees with me."

"Yo'-all don't look a bit sunburned to me," Mary-Lou volunteered, eyeing Chick critically.

"Shah! Shah!" Lew admonished her sharply. Then he smiled at Chick. "The song you wrote in Atlantic City," said he, "sounds plenty good to me. I think Raymond's going to let me try it out. It really ain't bad."

"Ain't bad!" exclaimed Chick, outraged. "Why, you're damn lucky I'm willing to let your Village band have first crack at it!"

Before Mr. Steinberg could think, Joe Raymond's voice came through the half open door to the adjoining room, Chick's old office, now ante-chamber to the boss's private quarters.

"Chick Allen in there?" Joe called. Chick rose to his feet and waved a debonair farewell to the little East-sider and his Southern charmer. "I'll be seein' you!" he said. "As soon as I get this advance, we'll all have a little dinner on me!" Then, with swaggering shoulders, he went in to where Joe Raymond sat absorbed in a huge check-book which lay open on his desk.

His one-time manager growled a "Hello" but did not look up from his writing as Chick drew up a chair and flung himself into it with an air of assurance.

"Listen," the visitor began, "the only thing I insist on is that the song'll be featured and plugged as the hit number on the opening week of the new Midvale program. And in order to play ball with you, I'll take a five hundred dollar advance."

Raymond laid down his fountain pen, picked up a cigar, bit the end off of it and looked quizzically at his caller.

"Look here, Chick," he said, "I want to talk to you!"

"All right," said Chick hastily. "All right, we won't argue about a couple hundred bucks. Make it two-fifty."

"Listen, Chick!" said Raymond with a silencing gesture. "It looks to me as if you're never going to learn anything. I knew you when you were a punk slinging beer. I took you out of a dive and put you in a penthouse . . . What happened? You broke up a swell friendship that was also a profitable partnership, you chiseled with a dame belonging to your own backer, and as for me—well, you froze me out of half a million bucks cold, when old Papa Van Schuyler got sore at me because I ran you. But you might still have got by, only for one thing. When I had to take the rap, you didn't see me going down to Ryan's and loading myself up with a lot of varnish! That's just the difference between you and me, Chick—you can't take it."

Chick sprang to his feet, his bravado somewhat shaken, but his conceit still stubborn. "I resent that!" he shouted.

"Shut up, you stew-bum!" growled Raymond. "You're through. For a while you had it—probably because you were teamed with a partner who kept you sane. My advice is, get a pick and shovel and sweat it out! You can get your manuscript on your way to the elevator."

Furious, Chick made for the door.

There he turned and hurled one last gesture of defiance. "I'll take it to Lengle's," he said, naming a rival orchestra. "They'll be glad to grab it."

By way of answer, Joe Raymond drew out a dollar bill and threw it on his desk. "Here!" he contemptuously said. "Get yourself a cup of coffee. And remember. I said coffee!"

For a long moment, Chick eyed the money in silence. Then hunger got the best of him. "All right," he said sullenly. "Just as a temporary loan." Picking up the dollar bill, he turned and walked heavily from the office.

OUTSIDE the window of Chick's hall bedroom, the Sixth Avenue elevated clanked horribly. A few hours later, Chick lay sprawled on the unmade bed, his rejected manuscript crushed under the heel of his shoe, a soiled copy of *Variety* on the floor beside him. A half-empty bottle on the oilcloth-covered table stood as a memorial to Raymond's departed dollar and a cigarette burned close to his listless fingers. For the first time in years, Chick was unshaven—a sure sign that he was truly at the end of his rope. His eyes burned dully with the pain of seeing himself as Raymond saw him, for at last the slow agony of self-judgment was creeping over him. It was all the more painful for being so long delayed.

So absorbed was Chick by the unpleasant picture he beheld in the mirror of his mind that he scarcely heeded a knock on his door until it was repeated for the third time. "Come in," he said at length, without moving.

Sally opened the door and, closing it softly behind her, looked in shocked pity at the sordid room. Then, going quietly to the foot of the bed, she stood there trembling a little as she spoke.



Jesse Block and Eve Sully bid adieu to New York as they leave for Hollywood, where they will be featured in Eddie Cantor's new picture, *Kid Millions*. Block and Sully will soon be heard on a big new program. Lud Gluskin (on extreme left) conductor of the radio series to which Block and Sully will return in the fall, watches intently, while Harry Von Zell, CBS announcer, holds the mike

"Hello, Chick!" said she, very gently. At the sound of her voice, Chick sat up, bewildered, his eyes focusing on her with difficulty. "Sally!" he muttered. Then he pulled himself together and smiled at her. "Well, well, this is a surprise!" he said. "Sit down, Sally. Tell me, how've you been?"

"Oh, Chick!" she said pityingly, but sat beside him none the less, shaking her head and smiling wistfully.

"Excuse the looks of the place," said he. "I'm only living here temporarily. A couple of my checks were held up."

"Don't lie to me, Chick, dear!" said Sally tenderly. "Everybody in town knows how you're fixed. Oh, why won't you let us help you? Can't you realize that there are still people—who—who love you? All those fans you once had—they can't have forgotten you!"

"FORGOTTEN me?" he snorted bitterly. "How could they—I furnished 'em a nine-day wonder, didn't I?"

"It isn't that that people remember." Sally tried to make her voice convincing. "It's your voice, Chick, your charm—you're a tradition in Radio, like Valentino in pictures."

"Valentino's dead," said he, with a shadow of his old aggressiveness, "but I ain't. I don't see what's troubling you, Sally."

"If you won't think of what you once were to all those unseen people who adored you," she pleaded, "why can't you realize that you have close friends, real friends like me—like Dolph . . .! Chick, how could you send back Dolph's money?"

"I didn't need it!" said he. "I tell you, I'm dickering for big dough. I've got an idea that will make Chick Allen's old outfit look like—"

"Stop it, Chick!" Sally commanded firmly. "You can't fool me. The only person you're fooling now is yourself!"

"All right then!" he said in a shaky voice. "Let me fool myself! It's no skin off your nose. I haven't asked you for any help, have I? You might at least leave me that much self-respect, without coming in and shaking tambourines at me. I don't want anybody's charity!"

"Oh, Chick, Chick!" she cried desperately. "If only you'd admit you've been wrong and make a new start! Can't you see, dear, there's no one standing in your way except yourself?"

He pushed the hand she had laid on his arm away and sprang to his feet, pacing the floor furiously as he talked, his face distorted. "God!" he shouted. "Can't you see I know that now? Can't you see it's eating me alive? . . . But it's too late, I tell you. When you know you're a bum, what's the use of pretending to be anything else?" He laughed hysterically. "I'm a bum, a drunk, washed up! I'm all through! Now are you satisfied? But I don't want help from any of you. This is all my own fault. I know it and I'll take my punishment. But if I'm a bum, I'll be a bum by myself! Now get out of here! I want to be alone!"

He threw himself face downward on the bed and broke into hysterical, strangling sobs. For a moment, Sally watched him, paralyzed with the pain of his suffering. Then she kissed him on the one visible corner of his forehead and left him to the grief which was too deeply personal for even her sympathetic eyes.

Parked under the menacing elevated structure in front of the grimy lodging-house, Dolph waited in his neat little

[Continued on page 50]

How Mary Ellen Won the \$5,000 Beauty Contest



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YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, con-

stipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. A 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

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Please send free sample of YEAST FOAM TABLETS and descriptive circular.

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No more blind dates



NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for all day.

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.



Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 49]

sedan, his eyes fixed intently on the door. When Sally emerged, frankly crying by now, he sprang out and helped her into the car, getting in beside her. "Well, how did you come out?" he asked eagerly.

"I can't talk right now," said Sally. "Drive me some place!"

Obediently Dolph started the motor and for a while drove in silence. When he saw that the girl had somewhat recovered her self-control, he blurted out another question. "Did he ask about me, Sally?"

"You mustn't mind what he says or does," she replied with kindly evasion. "He's all shot, Dolph. And he's so stubborn. His vanity will be the death of him yet!"

"Well, you can't blame a guy for having a little pride," said Dolph loyally. "Have you got any idea what we can do?"

"That vanity!" she exclaimed with sudden enlightenment. "It's the only way to reach him. Some people thrive on criticism, Dolph—it makes them fight to do better. But Chick's the kind who has to believe he's good or he can't accomplish a thing. You may laugh, Dolph, but I know that's part of what helped him make good while everybody expected it of him. But now that he's down, all he gets is kicks. Perhaps if you were down, too, he'd listen. . . . Wait! I have an idea. It's the last chance of saving him. Dolph, it's all up to you!"

"Anything you say, Sally," he assured her.

"You see, Dolph," she went on eagerly, "something has given Chick a realization of how wrong he's been. He's finally seen himself, and unless he's helped right away with a little self-confidence—*real* self-confidence this time, not his old bluff—he may do something desperate. I talked to the landlady on the way down. They're turning him out of his room. You must watch the house and not let him out of your sight. I'll take charge of your shop while you're gone. And he mustn't think you're any better off than he is. Then you'll be able to reach him, see?"

"Anything you say, Sally," said Dolph again.

THE next evening a cold moon, peering down upon Bryant Park, saw a battalion from the army of the unemployed camped forlornly, stretched upon the grass, or moving listlessly about in search of a resting place. On one of the benches Chick Allen, his knees drawn up, a newspaper over his chest and another over his face, sank into a fitful slumber.

But not for long. Presently a shabby figure approached the bench and laying a hand on the sleeper's shoulder, shook him gently.

"All right, officer!" grumbled Chick, drowsily. "I'm moving!"

"Move over and give a pal a little room," said Dolph, "will you, buddy?"

At sound of the familiar voice Chick struggled out of his weariness and stared at the newcomer. "Dolph!" he stammered, taking in the Dutchman's shabby appearance in swift surprise.

"Dolph! What the devil are you doing here?"

"Never heard of the stock market, didja?" replied Dolph, lying convincingly for the first time in his life.

"Why, you poor cluck!" Chick exclaimed. "Why didn't you come to me before you did a dumb thing like that? I wouldn't of let you lose it!"

"Well," said Dolph apologetically, "I've been looking for you, but—"

"Why didn't you keep on looking?" Chick demanded with rising indignation. "You've no right to handle money!"

"I know it, Chick," said Dolph sheepishly, "but it's too late to cry about that now. . . . Gee, Chick—it's a funny thing to confess, but since we split I haven't been able to write a single tune. I haven't made a quarter."

"Well, Dolph," said Chick generously, "to be frank with you, neither have I. You know, Dolph, we were a couple of chumps to split."

"We sure were, Chick!" Dolph agreed heartily. "You see, teams mean everything. Take the Smith Brothers, and— and corned beef and cabbage—"

"—And Allen and Rose," added Chick wistfully. "I wonder if we still have anything, Dolph?"

"Sure we have, pally!" exclaimed Dolph, confidently.

"I dunno!" replied Chick, suddenly lapsing into his dull despair. "I often think what would happen if I ever did write a good song again. I'm what you call blackballed, see?"

"Maybe you couldn't go back on the ether for a while," said Dolph, "but people forget, Chick. And a good song would sell to somebody who could put it over."

"Do you really think anybody would go to the front for us?" Chick put the question with what was, from him, a strange humility.

"Sally would," said Dolph quickly. "We're not such rat poison as you seem to believe. Sally can talk Raymond into anything—if it's any good. And I'm telling you, Chick, personally, I'm not too proud to take her help."

"She hadn't ought to give it," said Chick, almost in a whisper. "We've gone down too low."

"Just remember we started in a beer joint," protested Dolph. "That's one rung lower than a park bench. Now look! I've got an idea for a song that's been working around and around in my head. I can't do it by myself, but if it hits you, Chick, maybe we can work it out. If it goes over, o. k. And if it don't, we'll just take it on the chin together."

Suddenly, at these last words, Chick grabbed Dolph by the wrist, a look of excitement sweeping his face. "Hold it, you sap!" he cried. "Hold it! I can see it. . . . I can see it! Listen!"

"But you ain't even heard it yet," Dolph protested.

"I don't want to!" shouted Chick aggressively. "Shut up, before I lose my idea. Here:

"We'll take it on the chin—together. . . . La-de-la-la-la-di—"

See what I mean, boy?" He stopped singing and looked at Dolph, the old creative light in his eyes.

"I get you!" Dolph smiled happily

RADIOLAND

"Sort of a hard-times chanty—only brave. Boy, where can we get a piano?"

"I'll fix that!" exclaimed Chick. "Just leave everything to me. We'll go to Angelo's—Kelly's cook. Remember him? Well, he's got an old one-lung square piano at his dump. C'mon—got carfare to Jersey, or will we have to swim?"

"I got nearly a dollar," said Dolph, beaming magnificently.

IT WAS a month later. Spring was in the air, the brisk, clear spring of Manhattan; and a breeze brought a scent of green from the park as it fluttered the curtains of Sally's living-room. A new radio had been added to the furnishings of the room. Before it sat the song-writing team of Allen and Rose, in new suits, their ears glued to the sounds which came from the loud speaker. An orchestra was playing the most popular melody of the day; a male crooner joined in the refrain.

*"We can take it—
So long as we're together
Stormy weather
Doesn't bother us now—"*

Dolph turned to his partner and smiled shyly. "Well," said he, "it looks like we're back in the money!"

"Why, we were never out of the money!" laughed Chick. "That was only a temporary moratorium!"

Dolph shot an affectionate look at his friend, turned off the radio and, fumbling in his coat pocket, took out a little velvet jewel box. He opened it with a snap and held up a modest solitaire diamond ring.

"Say, Chick," he began, embarrassed. "I want to ask you something. You've had a lot of experience with women; man to man, what would you do in a spot like this?"

"Now look here—" protested Chick.

"Wait a minute," Dolph pleaded. "I want to get married, see? But I don't know how to—oh, hell, you know what I mean!"

"So!" said Chick. "Turned sappy, did you? No dames between us!"

"This one is different," Dolph said hastily.

"None of them are different!" declared Chick. "Do I know her?"

Before Dolph could get out his hesitant reply, Sally walked in, her hands full of fan-letters, her hair becomingly rumpled from the breeze. Dolph hastily thrust the ring back into his pocket as the girl flung her purse and letters on the table and discarded her hat, running her fingers through her hair.

"Hey, hey!" she said with mock severity. "Is this the way to treat a pal? Here I come home from my broadcast starved, and no dinner on the table! What a big help you two are."

"Sorry, Sally," apologized Chick, "but we were listening to the radio. Our song just came through from Chicago!"

"I'll go get supper, Sally," Dolph volunteered, but immediately Chick was on his feet.

"No, you don't!" he said with unusual vehemence. "Come along, Sally, we'll get it. If he cooks, we'll have to eat out."

"O. k.!" said she, getting up and handing Dolph the mail she had brought home. "Look these over for stamps, Dolph."

Chick and Sally vanished into the kitchen. For a few minutes Dolph examined the letters idly, oblivious of the gay voices which came intermittently

[Continued on page 53]

SEPTEMBER, 1934



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Read Your Future From the Stars

[Continued from page 27]

real estate, one's mother, and the end of one's life; the Fifth, one's children and domestic relations; the Sixth, one's physical needs; the Seventh, marriages and partnerships; the Eighth, death, loss and legacies; the Ninth, long journeys, religion and legal affairs; the Tenth, fame and one's father; the Eleventh, friends and social relations; and the Twelfth House, ambushes, imprisonments and so forth.

Of course, an accurate astrological reading requires a terrific amount of mathematical work, for a person born a few minutes later than another, even on the same date, may have an entirely different horoscope, due to the difference in the positions of various heavenly bodies.

One can, however, arrive at certain very general impressions merely by knowing a birth date. Here is a brief resume of the months: January; birthstone, garnet; symbolizing constancy; Flower, snowdrop; Color, dark blue or black. Persons born before the twentieth are under the sign of Capricorn and are governed by Saturn. They are companionable with people born under Libra, Virgo and Taurus. Those born from January 21 to February 19 are Aquarians, governed by Uranus.

February's birthstone is the amethyst for sincerity, its flower the primrose, and its sympathetic colors light blue and yellow. If you were born between February 20 and March 21, your sign is Pisces and your ruling planet Jupiter. Pisces women are best suited to Cancer men, and men to Capricorn or Virgo women.

The birthstone of March is the aquamarine and bloodstone, signifying valor; its flower the violet and its color, white. People born from March 22 to April 20 are under the sign of Aries, governed by Mars and should marry Leo or Sagittarius persons.

For April, the birthstone is the diamond, typifying innocence. Its flower is the daisy and its colors are red and yellow. Persons born between April 21 and May 21 come under the influence of Taurus, with Venus as their ruling planet, and should marry persons born under Virgo, Capricorn or Libra.

May has as its birthstone the emerald, which is said to insure happiness and success in love. The iris is its flower, and its colors the same as April. If you were born between May 22 and June 22, your sign is Gemini, your planet Mercury, and you will be happiest with Libra, Aquarius and Gemini people.

BOTH pearls and agates are birthstones for June, and are supposed to bring their wearers health. Light blue and white are this month's colors, and honeysuckle its flower. June 22 to July 22 birthdates are under Cancer, with the Moon governing. Women born during this period should marry Pisces or Cancer men; while the men should wed Pisces, Virgo or Libra women.

Contentment, with the ruby or carnelian or birthstone, is given to people born in July, whose flower is the water-lily, and whose colors are green and brown. Leo is the sign from July 23 to August 23, with the Sun ruling. Mar-

riages are said to be best in Aries for women; in Aries or Sagittarius for Leo men.

August's stone is the sardonyx, for marital bliss; its flower the poppy and its colors red and orange. From August 24 to September 23, the sign is Virgo, with Mercury its ruler. Marriages in Virgo, Libra or Sagittarius are recommended.

The sapphire for wisdom is September's birthstone; the morning glory its flower, and brown with blue dots its color. September 24 to October 23 is under Libra, ruled by Venus. Save that Aquarius is substituted for Sagittarius, marital signs are the same as during the preceding period.

DRAGONETTE ON THE SCREEN

You will soon see Jessica Dragonette in the big new Paramount radio picture, *Big Broadcast of 1935*



October people should be a jolly lot, for their flower is the hop. Their birthstone is the opal for hope, their colors, white and yellow. From the 24th of this month to the 22nd of November, the sign is Scorpio; the planet, Mars. Marriages suggested are:—Women, Virgo, Libra or Scorpio; Men, Cancer or Virgo.

For November, we find the topaz for fidelity; the chrysanthemum; the colors, dark blue and dark red. November 23 to December 22 has as its sign Sagittarius; as its planet, Jupiter. Weddings with people born under Leo, Aquarius or Libra are supposed to be best for Sagittarius people.

And, finally, December has the turquoise, said to bring prosperity, as its birthstone; holly as its flower and deep violet-blue and green as its colors. The period from December 23 to 31 has the same signs and other attributes as were described for January 1 to 20.

Remember, these are only general remarks, for the signs may be modified in endless ways by the planets in mid-heaven, or rising, setting, or in any of a dozen other positions.

The sign of Aries denotes soldiers and pioneers; Taurus, realtors and brokers; Gemini, writers; Cancer, seamen and inn-keepers; Leo; actors and artists; Virgo, dealers in food stuffs and clothing; Libra, estimators, assayers and pawnbrokers; Scorpio, navy men, chemists and liquor dealers; Sagittarius, explorers, clergymen and lawyers; Capricorn, politicians and cabinet members; Aquarius, electricians, promoters and scientists; and Pisces, fish dealers, prison keepers and hospital attendants.

RADIOLAND

Radio Love Song

[Continued from page 51]

through the open door. Suddenly, in the stillness of the living-room, he became aware that the clatter of plates and the tinkle of silverware had ceased and that the talk which drifted from the kitchen concerned him.

"Are you sure it's not too late?" Chick was saying.

"It's been a long time," said Sally, "but it's not too late. I've been waiting for you, Chick!"

"Oh, honey!" said Chick's voice brokenly. Dolph sat motionless, while the letters fell from his heedless hands.

"First thing tomorrow morning," came Chick's jubilant tones suddenly, "we'll go down to City Hall. I'm not the kind of guy who likes to stall. Do you mind?"

"Mind!" cried Sally. "I'd marry you tonight, if the license bureau was open!"

"And as far as a home is concerned," Chick's voice went on happily, "we haven't a thing to worry about. D'you know, darling, Dolph bought himself a house in Rahway, New Jersey. He's not going to live in it, and I know as soon as he hears about us, he'll let us have it reasonable!"

"Would you be satisfied to live in Rahway, Chick?"

"I'd be satisfied any place, with you!"

Dolph got slowly to his feet, supporting himself by the edge of the table. Automatically, he reached for his hat, tried to shut the door softly behind him. But the spring wind banged it slightly.

In Chick's arms, Sally heard and wondered. "What was that?" she asked. "Did you hear something?"

"Oh, it's probably good old Dolph," said Chick, "going to the corner for cigarettes. Kiss me, honey."

The moon, high above the glittering lights of Central Park, shone tenderly down on Dolph's weary figure as, with bent head, he strolled a deserted path. The city seemed a world removed; the park was unusually silent and deserted. Under an arc-lamp on a corner, Dolph paused uncertainly, and his eye fell upon a dirty envelope at his feet. Instinctively, he picked it up, glanced at the stamp it bore. Then an electric thrill shot through him and he stared again, almost unable to believe his eyes. This humble, long discarded envelope, addressed to some unknown Mr. Smith, bore in its upper right-hand corner a perfect U. S. inverted airmail stamp!

THE END



Jack Parker, NBC's new Tintype Tenor

SEPTEMBER, 1934

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Photo by Freulich

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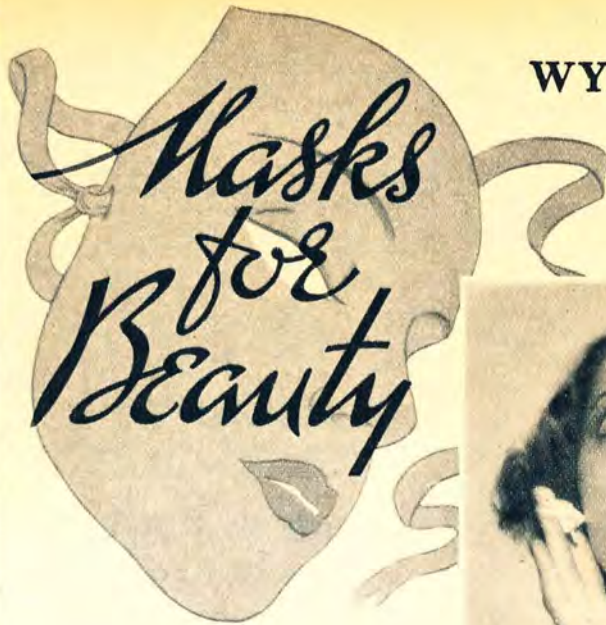
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By
WYNNE MCKAY

Not only new facial masks, but a number of new beauty accessories from face powder to bob pins are discussed this month by RADIOLAND'S beauty editor



—Maurice Seymour
Irene Wicker—NBC's Singing Lady
—applies a facial mask to tone up her skin and bleach her summer tan

IN A few weeks, every woman in the country will begin to be bored with her suntan, and will cast around for a quick means of banishing it . . . and that is where the mask idea comes in. For not only does a facial mask bleach the skin gradually, but it also refines skin coarsened and roughened by an over-dose of summer sun.

The way you use a mask depends, largely, upon the condition of your skin. If it is dry and sensitive, slather on oil or cream, then remove the excess before applying the mask. But if your skin is oily and inclined toward blackheads, cleanse it with soap and water and then apply the mask. One of the most effective masks for toning up sluggish skin, stimulating circulation, and contracting large pores, is a whitish paste. This mask is quite inexpensive—only 50 cents a tube—so you can treat your face and throat to a home facial several times a week if you like. Your skin shows remarkable improvement even after one application of this youthifying mask.

Of course, as is the case with all masks, the 20 or 30 minute rest period during which you lie relaxed while the mask hardens and contracts is a distinct

aid in achieving the desired results; but in fairness, I must admit that the rest period without the mask would accomplish nothing at all in beautifying a tired, sluggish skin. If you want the name of this reconditioning mask, let me know.

Busy business women and housewives, unable to take the time for a 30 minute mask treatment, have been insistent in their demands for a facial mask that will tone up the skin in a shorter time—something they can apply before hopping into the tub and remove immediately after the bath. To meet this demand, comes a delightful new creamy facial mask that does its work of rejuvenating a tired, down-and-out face in exactly seven minutes. It is of a slithering consistency that enables you to smear it all over your face and throat in a few seconds and it can be removed with warm water in a minute, without

a lot of scraping and scrubbing because it doesn't harden completely. You couldn't find a quicker and more effective pick-up for your skin. It's just the thing to use before an evening date, when your face looks discouraged. The delightful, even pull it exerts on the facial muscles is so exhilarating and stimulating that it leaves the skin rosy and

Wynne McKay will be glad to help you solve your beauty problems if you will address questions to her in care of RADIOLAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.—and be sure to enclose a stamped envelope!

RADIOLAND

firm looking. The mask is, of course, excellent for correcting enlarged pores and blackheads, when used regularly, and for erasing wrinkles and bolstering up sagging muscles. A twelve-treatment jar of this cream facial costs \$1, but you can buy a trial size for 25 cents. Write to me for the manufacturer's address.

A THIRTY minute mask treatment is made doubly beautifying if you place lotion-soaked cotton pads on your eyes, to refresh them and make them bright and sparkly. Some cotton pads that are ideal for this purpose have just been put up in a new and convenient manner—in a flat box that fits beautifully into your top vanity drawer. There is a bit of paper between each of the pads so that you can pull one out without disturbing the other 120 pads in the box. Just right in size and shape for eye-pads, these cotton squares pull apart easily if you want smaller pieces of cotton for applying lotions or manicuring.

A few days ago the postman brought me a box of face powder from a well known manufacturer. I opened it and felt the texture, sniffed the perfume, thought it very nice and then put the powder on my dressing table, meaning to pass it on to one of my assistants. For in spite of resolutions to use all cosmetics impartially, I have always been a crank about my face powder—luscious-smelling stuff that costs \$3 a box—refusing flatly to use any other.

But the newcomer—priced at exactly 79 cents a box—has not been passed on to an assistant! It is being transferred from the box to my own face two or three times a day! To my surprise and delight, I like its texture, color, perfume and adherent qualities even better than those of my old favorite. If you want to try this powder, you have a grand opportunity now; the manufacturer is offering a combination package of a small, purse size box and a full size box for 79 cents. You open the small box, use the powder and, if you do not find it the most flattering you've ever tried, you may return the large box, unopened, and get your money back!

AT LAST! A new idea in bob pins that isn't just a lot of sales talk! A smart manufacturer has brought out a dull-surfaced pin—in black, brown, blonde and gray—that doesn't reflect the light. It blends in perfectly with your hair, so that only the closest inspection reveals its presence! I know how necessary bob pins are in keeping the hair neat, but I have long deplored the fact that they must shriek their presence so loudly. After all, the secret of beauty is in concealing its mechanics. But now, I need deplore no longer. I hope you'll trot right out and buy yourself some of these pins. Twenty-four cost one dime. If you can't find them, write to me for the trade name.

A well-known French perfume with glamour and distinction is available for the first time in purse flacons costing only 50 cents. Cylindrical in shape, like a lipstick, the flask is made of practically unbreakable midnight blue glass, with a silver label. The screw cap screws on tight, to prevent any accident that might drench your *purse* with glamour and distinction; and there's a festive looking cord and tassel attached to the cap, so that you can conveniently drag the flacon out from the midst of purse miscellany. If you wish the trade name, I'll be glad to send it to you.

SEPTEMBER, 1934



AT LAST!

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'LOST FAT' CALIFORNIA Nurse Says

Recommends Easy Way

● Miss Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse, 1286 Treat Avenue, San Francisco, Calif., writes: "In my work as a Graduate Nurse I have met many people who have ruined their health by harmful diets, weakening baths, or over-strenuous exercises in unsuccessful efforts to reduce. My own experience in reducing with RE-DUCE-OIDS has been so satisfactory that I feel justified in recommending them to others. I lost 27 lbs., and never felt better in my life." (Signed) Louise Langham, Graduate Nurse.

"LOST 63 LBS!"

writes Reno woman

● Mrs. Aldina Wood, 101 Burns St., Reno, Nev., writes: "I lost 63 lbs. with RE-DUCE-OIDS." Mrs. Jennie Schafer, 1029 Jackson St., Kansas City, Mo., reports losing 50 lbs. Why endure the humiliation of fat any longer, when others are regaining slender figures, admired by everyone! **STAFF PHYSICIANS AND CHEMISTS** test the ingredients contained in easy-to-use, tasteless RE-DUCE-OIDS capsules.

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The Big Fadeout Menaces Radio Stars

[Continued from page 39]

When you deliver a speech ordinarily you actually *see* the people before you; their presence; their reaction to what you say is consciously noted by you. But when the actor talks into a perforated piece of metal, it is impossible for him to know how his gags, or whatever specialty he is engaged in, are being received. There is no way for him to gauge audience reaction. And should he happen to be hitting on the wrong key, so to speak, he can sweep himself out of popularity within a few minutes.

That is why Ed Wynn always insists upon an audience to clown to. In fact, I believe he was the first star to refuse to go on the air unless he could have such an audience.

DID Joseph White, the "Silver Masked Tenor," and the one-time famous team of Goldy and Dusty (in the persons of Harvey Hindermyer and Earl Tuckerman), or the equally popular Vaughn De Leath—did these stars fall by the wayside because the radio did not permit them to give more of themselves or otherwise round out their performances? Of necessity there must be some such reason when stars of that magnitude do not last long.

The newspapers, of course, and the magazines play an important rôle in building up a performer's reputation, in sustaining it, also in breaking it. Here news items, intimate glimpses of the star's private life, pictures, street car and subway advertisements—every one of these means of "blurring" is as essential to the radio star as it is to the movie celebrity.

Nevertheless, the radio star is in a poor spot for all that; for most of the factors that aid other performers in keeping their hold on the public are denied him.

LASTLY, even if he is able to surmount all handicaps, even if he is making a hit week after week, how does he know but what the advertiser who is sponsoring him will not discontinue his services because the stock value of the company has depreciated, or the product does not sell as well as before, or must be sold more cheaply, or because the sponsor has decided not to spend so much money during the summer, or because—well, the reason for dismissing the star can be most anything.

However, say what you will, the public, not knowing the real inside reasons, invariably jumps to the conclusion that the star was not wanted and that he is not as good as he used to be.

If the stars could run the show themselves, so to speak, there might be a possibility of their extending their radio lives longer. They probably would put more artistry and imagination into their work. They might be allowed to do a little in a leisurely and finished manner rather than a lot in a cryptic, condensed fashion, stuffing as much as possible into the crowded and interrupted fifteen minutes allowed them.

They might even be able to silence, once for all, that hue and cry about giving the public what it wants. They actually might be able to be independent and self-reliant artists who invent and devise and are leaders, thereby bringing to the fore their finest capabilities, thereby at one and the same time also giving the public what it wants because what they would give would be characterized by Grade A excellence.

But radio, unfortunately, is not yet motivated by a desire to foster art, without which identification no star, whether he be a comedian or a tragedian, can continue to be famous.



"There must be the mirage of a radio somewhere! Hear that music?"

Radio Doubles of the Movie Stars

[Continued from page 17]

headaches. Hollywood changes and we have to. Stars appear different from picture to picture, using different voices. One of our impersonators did a swell Hepburn one week, but couldn't do it again.

"For instance, a Hollywood star may have a natural Southern accent to start in with, like Margaret Sullavan, but by the time she appears in her next picture the directors and the phoneticians have been working on her and we have to watch out on this end. Too, an imported foreign star loses his or her accent by degrees.

"Furthermore, there is the natural change in a star as he or she grows to maturity or grows old. We have to be careful to note these changes.

lished artists of the screen are the easiest. It's the so-called 'straight' actors and actresses like Gable, Menjou, Mary Astor, Colbert and Ann Harding who are the most difficult.

"Let me list them. These are the easiest to imitate: Lee Tracy, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, Anna Sten, Greta Garbo, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Lupe Velez, Jean Harlow, George Raft, Dorothea Weick, W. C. Fields, Victor McLaglen, Boris Karloff, Maurice Chevalier, Wallace Beery.—And a dozen others. Not to mention Jimmy Durante. There are any three boys on our call list who can out-Durante Durante.

"The reason for this can be explained in one word—character. The more character the screen star has, the easier it is for the radio impersonator to study idiosyncrasies in manner and delivery and offset the difference in voice quality.

"On the other hand, when you run into a Clark Gable, who is a 'natural'—that is, a personality who doesn't pretend to be the artist, with the artist's characteristics, you're running into trouble. This type has something native that no one can imitate. He heads the list of the hardest to impersonate, which includes: Claudette Colbert, Mary Astor, Ann Harding, Alice Brady, Richard Arlen, Adolphe Menjou."

My friend stirred. "How about Mickey Mouse?" he asked.

"We'll come to that," said Mr. Harrington firmly.

MR. HARRINGTON, incidentally, is well fitted for his job as casting director. He has a background of experience as director of theatrical stock companies, seasoned by seven years of radio experience. Mr. Stauffer is the showman. A Princeton graduate, nursed by the Triangle Club, the university's famous theatrical organization, he came to the big city, experimented with the theater, wrote a book or two and made good in radio. They're both young men.

Never, under any circumstances, will they permit their impersonators to meet the stars they are to imitate.

"The reason is this," Harrington explained. "There is a great deal of difference between the way a star's voice sounds when addressing you personally and when thrown from the sound track of a talking picture. We've tried all the experiments—phonograph records and personal contacts—and we've found that the movies are the best study for an impersonation. There is an affinity between the voice you hear at a talkie and the one that goes out over the air via the microphone.

"As a result our people practically live in the movie theaters. They see five or six pictures a week, sitting through the same picture.

"Sometimes it doesn't work. We sent a hurry call to Fred Ural not long ago to do an impersonation of Boris Karloff. He searched all over town for a picture in which Karloff appeared and finally found one up in Harlem. He sat through the entire picture and practically all Karloff said was 'Ump!' which wasn't much help."

Have DAINTY Legs Avoid ALL Re- growths

Make Ugly
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Invisible!



Make excess hair INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive and avoid troubles.

"Dark hair on arms and legs use to drive me to tears" writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. It actually made the hair invisible. Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

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Who Impersonates Who

Marion Hopkinson	{ Marlene Dietrich Constance Bennett Dorothea Weick Katharine Hepburn Anna Sten Irene Dunne Tallulah Bankhead
Peggy Allenby	{ Claudette Colbert Alice Brady
Arlene Francis	{ Lupe Velez Constance Cummings Frances Drake Gloria Stuart Jean Harlow Evelyn Venable
Mary Newton	{ Ann Harding
Iciss Brinn	{ Greta Garbo
Frances Halliday	{ Mary Boland
Virginia Morgan	{ Margaret Sullavan
Wilfred Lytel	{ Clark Gable
Fred Ural	{ Boris Karloff H. B. Warner Tulio Carminati Ronald Colman Frank Buck Maurice Chevalier Leslie Howard
Dwight Weist	{ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Franchot Tone W. C. Fields Paul Lukas Charles Ruggles Nils Asther John and Lionel Barrymore
Milton Herman	{ George Raft Jack Pearl
Frank Gould	{ Jimmy Durante

"Then there is the problem when one actor plays two rôles, that is, the rôle of a young man and old man. Thus far we have found that the actor is ahead of us on this. He can play both rôles, but we have to use two people. In the case of the accomplished Ronald Colman, Fred Ural plays him 'old' and Lester Joy 'young.'

"Who are the hardest stars to imitate? That will surprise you! It's just the opposite of what you think.

"Broadly speaking, the most accom-

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—Mae West

"No Man is Worth
Fighting For"

—Jean Harlow

TWO STARS DEFEND
THEIR PHILOSOPHIES
OF LOVE

in the September

HOLLYWOOD

Now on Sale

Can Wall Street Silence Coughlin?

[Continued from page 13]

behind the priest, and because of his well-known reputation for telling the strict truth. Wall Street, master of press agency, would not find it too difficult a task to hire clever operators to build up and crystallize a certain section of public opinion which would conceivably prove a stumbling block to Father Coughlin in getting back on the air.

And finally—though not very probably—Wall Street could put on a rival program, broadcast over the networks at the same hour as Father Coughlin's Sunday talk, so crammed with big names of the theater or the political arena as to attract his audience away from the radio priest.

The story of Father Coughlin's early life, of his first radio talks, of his growing interest in matters of finance and economics, brought home to him by the misery and squalor with which he came into first-hand contact as a parish priest, has already been told in earlier issues of RADIOLAND, but a brief resume will recall the pertinent points of his career. It is significant of his growth of interests that he did not launch his Wall Street attacks until his fourth year on the air.

He plays no favorites in his attacks. He started in on the international bankers while those worthies were still sacrosanct, ruthlessly tearing the veil from the myth of prosperity while many of his countrymen were struggling hard to believe in it.

THEN he turned to the other extreme, attacking Socialism and Communism. He clashed with Norman Thomas, head of the Socialist party, and he accused Henry Ford of aiding the spread of Communism through his policy toward workers.

He attacked Former Governor Alfred E. Smith, probably the nation's most prominent Catholic layman, as a tool of the Morgan interests.

Although he is on the side of President Roosevelt and his policies, he has not hesitated to pour bitter fire on the high brow of Professor Rexford G. Tugwell for his attitude toward the farmers.

And he even has threatened to bolt from the President over the bonus.

"I have tried as a priest," Father Coughlin says, "to preach the virtues of justice and charity. I realize this Roman collar I wear means I'm more interested in the salvation of souls.

"But I can't follow the supernatural path until the nation's natural path has been defended. Why should a priest stand by and allow his fellow-men to walk down the path of life and be waylaid by the scribes and Pharisees?"

"We are told to hold our tongues against the financial question. But that isn't the doctrine of Jesus Christ. His doctrine is to preach justice and charity, and I believe that opportunity has been extended to me.

"It is not my province to enter into politics, but it is, while I have a vote within me, my province to talk politics in the sense that I shall endeavor to inject the living doctrine of Christ into those who make laws and lead us."

Wall Street could have swallowed this without gagging too much. It was when

Father Coughlin's lone voice in the wilderness started urging the abandonment of the gold standard, long before there seemed to be any possibility of such a move, that the bankers seemed to stir.

He demanded the revaluation of the dollar and the remonetization of silver. He pointed out that inflation is a conflict between the "have got's" and the "haven't got's"—owners of property, creditors, mortgage holders, bankers, stand to lose by it, but inarticulate millions, farmers, home owners, small merchants, weighed down by a crushing burden of debt contracted in boom times, looked to inflation as the only means of saving themselves from a hopeless struggle. And all of these, hearing Father Coughlin's reassuring voice coming over the air, turned to him as their champion, and poured a million letters a week into the Shrine of the Little Flower, while Wall Street worried.

"Dressed up gangsters with loaded dice," he called the bankers.

All right then, what did he want? Father Coughlin's response was quick. In a signed article, appearing in the magazine *Today*, published by Vincent Astor, close friend of President Roosevelt, and edited by Professor Raymond Moley, former head of the President's "brain trust," he came out with his own solution of the money problem, a plan which he called "symmetallism."

He talked to the bankers in a language which left nothing to be desired for straightforwardness.

"The old psychology of 'stop thief,' he charged, "was the keynote of every argument put forth by Bernard Baruch, James Warburg, and other bankers in Wall Street, together with those defenders of the theory that all those in debt should not only pay back dollar for dollar, but twenty-three cents over and above after the manner of a "bonus to the banksters."

"Specifically," he added, "the 'stop thief' argument, as used too eloquently by Bernard Baruch, painted the gloomy picture of what happened in Germany when both ink and paper were plentiful and gold was scarce . . .

"Now with the agility of a gymnastic logician, Bernard Baruch and the entire group of so-called sound money men shout in unison that the same thing will happen in America . . . They forget that the United States has gold upon which printing press money can be based while Germany had none of it . . . They shout: 'Give me death or give me the 123 cents on the dollar!' . . . To loan cheap dollars to force the debtors to pay back dear dollars—that is the practice which always and ever will appeal to that type of patriot."

Father Coughlin pointed out that silver was used as money in the history of the world long before gold. "Silver," he said, "is still used by four-fifths of the people of this earth as money . . . Silver was used as basic money both in England and the United States (not to mention all the European nations) until the year 1846 and 1873 respectively, when in both countries it was fraudulently outlawed in favor of the single gold standard.

"Now the conclusions are obvious," he added, "when we consider that money, whether it be gold or silver, is nothing more than the medium of trade, the transportation system which distributes the wealth of the world. It is not wealth. It is merely the means to distribute wealth."

THEN he explained his plan. "I am in favor of 'symmetalism' which means that I advocate using gold and silver together in one coin. In this coin, which we call a dollar, there will be twenty-five cents worth of gold and seventy-five cents worth of silver (figuratively) . . . Under the single gold standard system the paper dollar was backed by only forty cents of gold. In one sense, it was a real printing press dollar—at least sixty cents of it was. Under symmetalism, we are advocating a change where the dollar will be completely backed by real metal."

Then Father Coughlin went further. He advocated that the nation itself—not its bankers, not its private citizens—control every ounce of commercial silver resident within its borders. "This means," he said, "the national ownership of the greatest public utility in our country."

This was not only strong talk, fighting talk, but to the type of mind which the words "Wall Street" symbolize—mentalities with an exaggerated reverence for things-as-they-are—it was nothing less than the heretical ranting of a mountebank.

The ink was hardly dry on the paper when Wall Street hit back. In the tone of a kindly teacher giving an erring pupil a little private lesson, Warburg, vice-president of the Bank of Manhattan Company, declared in a widely published statement that "there is not enough gold and silver in the world to carry out Father Coughlin's suggestion of symmetalism."

Luigi Criscuolo, a prominent investment banker and decorated by the Vatican as a grand officer of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, hit harder. In a pamphlet issued from 40 Wall Street, the Catholic banker said: "You seem to feel that we can erect a Chinese wall around our country. In doing so you are reverting to the Middle Ages, to a

selfish nationalism, to an unsplendid isolationism. As a Catholic and a Christian, I do not believe that such a theory coincides with the teachings of Christ. I believe that you know that also."

Rabbi Louis I. Newman of one of the richest temples in New York, was bitter. He accused the Catholic priest of sowing the seeds of anti-Semitism by referring to "certain Jewish financiers" as "notorious Dillingers in international finance and control."

He minced no words. "Such phrases as 'gentile silver' or 'unsuspecting gentile' betray an empoisoned and embittered frame of mind in Father Coughlin," the rabbi said from the pulpit, "which is the outgrowth either of poor health or of a splenetic, maladjusted temperament."

Warburg's statement stirred the priest to answer in his next weekly broadcast. He described the banker as the "spokesman of Wall Street" and declared that he labored under the delusion that the people were on the side of things as they were and that those who opposed the bankers stood in the way of recovery.

"The philosophy that gold was the medium of control," Father Coughlin said, "was now ready to take its place with the philosophy of slavery and feudalism."

Not long after the controversy, Banker Warburg announced his support of the inflation policy.

Father Coughlin pushed his advantage. What he wanted, and still wants today, is the establishment of a national central bank to replace the Federal Reserve System. He wants branches in every city.

"This is the bank which should control Wall Street," he thundered from the pulpit of the Shrine of the Little Flower. "This is the institution which could keep the factories open at a profit. This is the organization whose duty it would be to the best of its ability to maintain a balance of trade as it is the duty of the Department of State to maintain a balance of diplomacy. This is the main spring which will enable manufacturers to pay a living wage and permit the farmer to obtain a profitable livelihood."

[Continued on page 64]

Do You Recognize Lanny Ross in this Photo?



The gentleman with the topper at the extreme right, folks, is none other than Lanny Ross!

EVERYBODY knows that Lanny Ross, famous *Showboat* singer and movie star, was one of the best track men Yale ever produced. The photograph which appears at the left was resurrected out of his private scrapbook and shows Lanny (at extreme right) with his comrades of the cinder track, perpetrating one of those collegiate pranks which go to lighten the strain of learning in American universities. Dressed in racing shorts and track shoes, the boys thought it would be a good idea to inject a bit of the comic element into an impending track event, so they donned silk hats and cutaways and the photograph preserves them for posterity as fifty per cent high-society, fifty per cent cinder stars. Elsewhere in this issue we have recorded the news that Lanny has just signed a new fifty-two-week contract to take effect when his present one expires next fall, so you'll hear him on the air for many months to come.

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Charles Atlas (Actual Photo)

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Fascinating Food Plates

[Continued from page 45]

or such old-fashioned delicacies as pickled pears or peaches pricked with cloves.

One of the most interesting salad garnishes I have seen for years was fashioned by a Japanese butler from large carrots. First they were scraped, then cut crosswise in slices an eighth of an inch thick. These are quickly notched to form petals, then crisped in ice water until they "blossomed." This same man created roses from large stuffed olives. He notched down the upper green portion to form petals around the red pimiento center—very trick indeed.

Let us assume we have a whole kitchenful of fascinating foods before us—ready to be transformed into food plates in the modern manner. What essentials must we keep in mind?

1. An attractive plate that is not overfigured in design.
2. Foods that have shape or that can be made to look shapely.
3. Foods of suitable temperatures to be grouped together.
4. Food colors that will contrast or harmonize to make a food picture.

You might be planning to serve barbecued veal chops, mashed potatoes, sautéed fresh corn kernels and mint jelly. The chop is placed on one side of the plate (not on the rim, however.) Near the center is placed a mound of mashed potatoes, surrounded by a wreath of yellow corn kernels; a little to one side, to balance, is placed a square of mint jelly on a slice of orange. The garnish could be watercress. Or, instead of serving the jelly, a very small portion of a combination salad-relish may be put on the plate if desired.

A COLD fish plate is in order at this season. It might consist of slices of cold boiled fresh salmon marked with mayonnaise and decorated with capers; string beans vinaigrette sauce tomatoes stuffed with macaroni and olive salad. Heart leaves of lettuce would make a charming garnish.

Or possibly you wish to serve a fried chicken dinner. In this case a portion of chicken may occupy the center of the plate; around it may be arranged four quarters of glazed pineapple, each garnished with a cube of currant jelly. Stalks of broccoli, cress or chard may be placed symmetrically between the pineapple sections, and new potatoes dusted with paprika will complete a charming color and flavor harmony.

Undoubtedly you have added both dinner and luncheon sized glass plates to your stock of serving dishes. In this case try a group of plate innovations for breakfast—they are most attractive. Here are a few breakfast experiments:

1. Eggs shirred in tomatoes; broiled bacon; garnish of parsley, and old-fashioned Johnny cake.
2. Creamed chicken or eggs with green peppers on rice; warm baked new apples; little biscuits.
3. French toast with broiled bacon and warm spiced grilled peaches.

Any of these—preceded with cooling fruit juice and served with plenty of hot coffee—would turn an early morning grouch into good-nature. Try it—and you'll be convinced.

RADIO RESEMBLANCES



LOPEZ



RUBINOFF



CANTOR

Fred Moran

The Taxi or the Tiger?

[Continued from page 21]

to Chicago to try to get a job in the zoo. Animals were his special forte, but the lanky, scarcely civilized-looking country boy found it impossible to convince zoo authorities that he would be an asset to their particular field of endeavor.

He hung around Chicago for a long time trying to get work, and finally, he landed in the office of the Shubert Brothers who were running the theatrical world of Chicago, at that time, pretty much to suit themselves. More training in showmanship, as everyone connected with the early days of the theatre and the Shuberts, will remember. When Frank reached the ripe age of twenty, he was assistant manager in the office, but the love of adventure, and especially, the call of the wild, stirred in his veins, and he was off on a search of rare birds to South America. He financed the trip himself, and upon his return, he recalled that when he had sold the skins of squirrels in his boy-hood days, he had made money. Now he decided he would see what he could do with his capture of birds. The deal he made was profitable enough to determine his vocation. He would be a salesman—not only of birds, but of all kinds of animals, and at the same time, fulfill his craving for thrills in hunting big game in foreign lands.

ABOUT four years ago, Frank woke up one fine day to discover that old man Depression had hit the animal kingdom as well as the human one. Nobody wanted to buy any lions, tigers, elephants or cobras. You couldn't sell a tapir for a tu'penny. What should he do? He had fallen in love and married a red-headed girl from Ohio. The two were living in California at the time, and something had to be done to keep the happy home fires going.

What's the most obvious way to make a living in California? You guessed it—so Frank decided to take a gambling chance and a camera man and go back to the jungle. The missus went with him as far as Singapore, and remained there until he returned with about 100,000 feet of film showing his various exciting adventures in capturing wild animals. *Bring 'Em Back Alive* was an immediate outstanding success.

He's a mild looking man, this hunter of jungle killers. Short, stocky, with a pair of shoulders fit for a prize-fighter, he radiates health and virility. His blue eyes twinkle continuously, and at all times, he impresses one with his acute air of being "alive." There is a scar above the neat little mustache which adorns his upper lip, and he bears innumerable witnesses to the danger of his calling all over his body. A honey bear lacerated his knee, which became infected some time after the encounter, and caused him to limp for nearly a year. He has a hole in his hand made by a lynx resenting intrusion of his privacy, and a broken nose from an encounter with a crocodile. A black spitting cobra once sent its poison straight into Frank's eyes, but fortunately, they were able to remove the venom before it affected his sight. He has knocked out an orang-outang in a fist fight, and bears

SEPTEMBER, 1934

the scars on his knuckles from the battle.

"You don't have to be brave to catch wild animals," he declares. "It isn't a question of courage at all—just plain, ordinary common sense. The everyday common sense that you would use in handling the most common-place situation, is all that is required to net a big cat. I never take any chances.

HE IS the father of a three-year old girl-child who spends most of her time with his parents in Texas, and even when he talks of the ultimate goal, one feels that it is just a dream, a fancy which will never materialize, for he is the type that will keep going until the end.

"When I get too old, too tired to work, I am going to buy a big farm," he said. "I shall have the finest wild animal farm in the world. I am going to landscape it as nearly as possible like the native haunts of the animals which I will bring over. I shall breed the rarest specimens,—you know, animals that are dying out—becoming extinct. I won't sell them—I will do this for my own pleasure, and when I pass on, I shall give them to the various zoos so that the future generations may know them."

He laughed suddenly. A hearty, deep, infectious laugh. "I just happened to think of my No. 1 boy. He has been with me for years. His name is Ali Bin Bahojo. He came over in charge of my last shipment of animals, and he is with me—together with ten other natives, in my show at Chicago. Also, he is one of my chief actors in the radio broadcast. Well, I dressed him up in civilized clothes—and he was like a child. But you should have seen him when he first saw Radio City—and went up in an express elevator. He was absolutely dazed—and when the elevator stopped on the 22nd floor he didn't know that it had even started up, and his face as he saw the skyscrapers of New York from the window was the funniest thing I ever witnessed."

Frank forgot to add the interesting fact that he is practically a god to these hunters who work with him. More than once, he has owed his life to their quickness and bravery. In the last expedition, Ali risked death to himself, by knife-slashing a huge python who had unexpectedly gotten Frank in it's deadly coils, so that Frank could reach his pistol and shoot the animal.

This, then, is the man whom Amos and Andy fans hear when they tune in on the famous old Taxicab quarter-hour. He is about as remotely removed from blackface comedy as a human being could be. And of course nothing is further from his intentions than attempting to erase Amos and Andy from the memories of their fans. He probably isn't even aware that his Tiger is getting all tangled up with the Taxicab. It's a rash individual who ventures to predict anything about radio, which stands alone as the most erratic and unpredictable unit in the entertainment world. But you can be sure of this much: when a man like Buck brings the jungle to the microphone, something important is bound to happen!

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29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85	31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85	28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
29x5.00-19	2.55	1.00	30x6.00-19	3.45	1.15
30x5.00-20	2.65	1.05	32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15	33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES					
Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$2.25	\$0.65	32x4 1/2	\$3.35	\$1.15
30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4 1/2	3.55	1.15
32x4	2.95	0.85	30x5	3.65	1.35
33x4	2.95	0.85	33x5	3.75	1.45

HEAVY DUTY TRUCK TIRES					
TRUCK BALLOON			HIGH PRESSURE		
Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	\$3.75	\$1.00	32x8	\$4.25	\$1.95
6.50-20	4.45	1.95	32x8 8-ply	4.95	2.75
7.00-20	5.95	2.95	32x8 10-ply	8.95	2.75
7.50-20	6.95	3.75	36x8	9.95	3.95
8.25-20	8.95	4.95	34x7	10.95	3.95
9.00-20	10.95	5.65	36x8	12.45	4.25
9.75-20	13.95	6.45	40x8	15.95	4.95

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Radio Hits the Circus Trail

[Continued from page 29]

in her family, for her brother, a cartoonist for The Evansville, Ind., *Courier* and a long time secretary and treasurer of The Circus Fans Association of America, Inc., is Karl Kae Knecht. And you can take that name or leave it.

IN ALL probability Klara Knecht has spoken through more station microphones than any other individual. Graduated from high school and high school teaching, Miss Knecht served as a playground supervisor and story teller to children.

By 1929 Manager Zack Terrell of the Sells Floto Circus Beautiful awoke to the advisability of filling the blue seats and reserves of his canvas auditorium through the medium of air wave invitations. Looking about for a likely radio announcer, his attention was called to the playground story teller. She did the attention-calling by haunting his circus. Since that year Miss Knecht has been attached to the microphone and the circus, has done her stuff in every State but the Dakotas and New Mexico, has traveled an average* of 15,000 miles yearly.

During several springtime Chicago engagements the girl with so many K's in her name has broadcast thirty times in less than three weeks. In such cities as Memphis and Philadelphia she has been on the air a half dozen times. Last season with the Hagenbeck-Wallace show she talked to armies of listeners 210 times within thirty-odd weeks, about circuses. She would have broadcast more frequently had the circus not pitched at sixty stands which did not boast stations.

The Hagenbeck-Wallace intriguing assemblage of athletes and animals played to fifty "straw houses" in 174 stands, a "stand" being a town or city in which it exhibited, a "straw house" being one including so many patrons that a large part of them had to sit on straw spread in front of the seats, on the oval hippodrome track which encloses the stages and rings. As you may guess, a "straw house" is the synonym for very good business. Much of this business was attributed to radio, for almost any set owner will tune in for a circus talk or for the amplifying of circus sounds.

DURING two of three seasons, both at Madison Square Garden and while the Combined Ringling-Barnum enormous united circuses toured the continent under canvas, the tall, well-poised Beverly Kelley was professionally responsible for its radio-circus programs. Beverly is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan College of Delaware, O., and his radio specialty was animal sounds. He had the menagerie so well trained in broadcasting that millions at receiving sets could recognize remarks made by the elephants, ponies, monkeys, cat animals, zebras, parakeets, hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses. But the giraffe was too much for him. The giraffe, as you may know, cannot make a sound, hasn't any vocal cords to speak of or with.

A good many New Yorkers who heard the Beverly Kelley circus broadcasts thought they were being spoofed a bit.

They imagined that radio's prince of animal impersonators, Bradley Barker was doing his stuff, for there is no animal voice that Bradley can not intimately imitate. But while Bradley was present, to get sound ideas, he did not contribute to the Kelley programs. Beverly managed to get along without Bradley. So Bradley went on the air as Emulsion's animals in *Circus Days*.

As I have suggested, Klara Knecht is something of a traveller but she has to go far to beat Mabel Stark as an itinerant broadcaster. Beginning in April and ending in September, the only woman, the only person of either sex who deliberately and regularly wrestles with tigers, told receiving set people about her unique and death-tempting calling from stations in California, Utah, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Arkansas, Arizona, and Texas.

INCIDENTS both grave and gay come over the air on account of the circus. It was more than a year ago that a grave one occurred which is still fresh in many memories. One of our most brilliant radio news-commentators was relaying the top news of the day. In the course of his remarks, to which millions daily listened, he said: "John Ringling, the great circus owner, has just had one of his legs amputated."

It chanced at that moment that the last of the five mighty Ringling Brothers was taking his ease at a Coffey Island inn. It also happened that John was listening, being especially partial to that particular commentator. John had been indisposed, but none of his legs had been amputated.

While the popular commentator was still commenting, he received an urgent message by telephone and studio page boy to the effect that the report of the amputation was greatly exaggerated. John Ringling continues to use the leg taken off by radio.

Of a less grave nature, but one with potentialities, was the incident in which the dean of all circus public relations councilors unintentionally figured. The dean, as all might know, is Dexter Fellows. During the Garden engagement of the Ringling-Barnum circus Dexter was prevailed upon to attend a luncheon given by the Advertising Club of New York in their Park Avenue clubhouse.

Dexter accepted, on the verbal understanding that he would not be required to say anything. Dexter is a great press agent but bashful on his feet, perhaps because he has long been threatened with falling arches. He arrived at the guests' table to find himself mingling with Grover Whalen and others of royalty. After the menu had been disposed of, Dexter was teased into telling a story. So he told the old one about Adam Forepaugh.

"That great circus owner," said Mr. Fellows, "was very tight and quite profane. One day his favorite tiger sought to escape from captivity. Mr. Forepaugh rallied his keepers around the cage and cautioned them to keep the tiger captive, but on no account to in-

RADIOLAND

jure it because it was practically invaluable.

"At that stage of the proceedings the tiger escaped. Having broken loose, it took after Mr. Forepaugh. The latter took to his heels shouting loudly: "Kill the gosh-darned son-of-a-gun! Kill the gosh-darned son-of-a-gun!"

THIS story was rewarded with peals of laughter, Dean Fellows being an arch story teller. The real laugh, however, was on this celebrated raconteur because he did not realize that the little black instrument in front of him was carrying his wit and humor all over the NBC network. Dexter, talking to a strictly stag audience, had not said: "Gosh-darned son-of-a-gun." He had used much harsher language, thus accurately quoting the late Adam Forepaugh.

What the NBC officials and patrons said is another story. But Ed C. Hill, who was scheduled to interview Dexter Fellows over the Columbia network, had to lasso that press agent to get him in front of a Columbia mike.

As I write these lines I can see and hear debonair Duke Drukenbrod, face close to an out-door mike, valiantly and effectively soliciting business for his freak department of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus Of A Century. Verily, the leather-lunged orators of the sawdust and spangles are on their way to join the dodos.

Romance for Two

[Continued from page 15]

singing nothing but "oohs's" and "aah's" in glee club and ensemble learning technique. Then last fall Fred thought his girls were getting along well enough to let them have more individual roles. Priscilla had shown a remarkable flair for comedy work. A clever lyricist, she had submitted trick choruses for well-known tunes to Fred and he liked them. Pat, as they call her, started working in with those lovable clowns, Poley McClintock and Johnny Davis. Then she wrote a novelty entitled *Sea Seaside Bessie* which became a hit overnight.

IN THE meantime Rosemary's voice was becoming richer and more mature. And then came the night when Fred decided to give her a real chance. She sang as soloist with the famous Waring Glee Club. The tune was *Louisville Lady*. Both the studio audience and the fans on the outside clamored for more. A few programs later Fred assigned Rosemary to a solo of *Darkness on the Delta* and the results were equally gratifying. At the beginning of 1934 Rosemary Lane was acquiring all the confidence so necessary to a big-time radio performer. The reason she had confidence was that she knew that Fred Waring had confidence in her. In January Fred gave her two individual numbers on a single program—both were from the Berlin hit, *As Thousands Cheer*.

With the beginning of his two-a-week series for the Ford Dealers of America, Fred was ready to pull another trick out of his well-filled bag—the romantic singing duo of Rosemary Lane and Tom Waring. As everyone knows, it requires

infinitely more skill or the voice blending and precise timing required by duet singing. Rosemary has developed splendidly, but a great deal of credit for the success of the combination must go to the generalship of Fred and the incontestable ability of his brother Tom. Tom is not only a first class singer, but he is likewise pianist, composer and lyricist of the ton flight.

Rosemary and Tom are seen together a lot because they work together a lot. In addition to rehearsing with the entire gang every day of the week except Mondays, Rosemary and Tom closet themselves two or three hours a day in Tom's private office. They take turns alternating at the piano and the typewriter. Why the typewriter, you may ask. Well, the answer is simple enough. You see, they always feature special lyrics and these have to be very carefully worked out and recorded. Remember the song they did called *How About Tomorrow Night, Baby*—the song-story of a boy and a girl making a date. Tom and Rosemary worked out a special version, in which Rosemary said she would love to go out with him, but Fred was expecting her at rehearsal. In the next chorus, Tom came back, said he'd fixed it up with his brother, and that Rosemary would be excused.

Rosemary and Tom enjoy working together and listeners, if Fred's fan mail may be taken as a criterion, are showing that they like the combination too. Tom has just written a new number for them to do. Its name is *This Evening Breeze*. If it takes, he's going to turn out some more.

They make a very lovely picture at the microphone. Rosemary's appearance is as charming as her voice. She's had motion-picture offers but for the time being she's going to stay with the Pennsylvanians. If you want the exact statistics they are as follows: 108 pounds, five feet, three and three-quarter inches tall, ash blond hair and blue eyes. Even Tom's worst enemy would have to grant that he is handsome. His measurements are five feet, eight; 145 pounds, dark brown hair and gray eyes. In short—they're a swell couple of kids.

Solution to August Puzzle

Below appears the correct solution to the crossword puzzle which appeared in the August issue of *RADIOLAND* magazine. It was created by F. Gregory Hartswick, noted puzzle expert. An interesting feature of the puzzle is the fact that all the words around the outside columns describe some important feature of the best radio programs.

D	R	A	M	A	N	E	W	S	S	P	O	R	T
A	U	T	O	S	A	N	E	W	K	O	R	E	A
N	M	B	A	S	I	C	E	L	Y	B	A	L	
C	O	R	S	P	R	O	B	E	S	D	I	C	K
E	R	E	A	Y	P	R	E	T	B	A	T	H	S
	P	A	R	S	E	N	S	O	D				
B	E	A	R	C	A	T	I	T	C	H	M	E	G
A	P	S	E	P	R	O	G	R	A	M	A	D	O
N	E	T	S	P	U	R	N	E	R	A	R	G	O
D	E	E	A	L	M	A	A	P	P	L	I	E	D
	F	A	Y	T	N	T	E	L	M				
P	U	R	E	R	Y	O	U	T	R	B	A	S	
I	N	E	Z	T	U	R	T	L	E	C	A	T	O
A	C	E	A	I	L	R	I	A	T	A	O	N	
N	A	V	A	L	E	R	I	A	O	R	A	N	G
O	P	E	R	A	S	T	A	R	P	L	A	Y	S

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Can Wall Street Silence Coughlin?

[Continued from page 59]

TO WALL STREET, this was heresy.

There was a rumbling in the financial canyons of lower Manhattan as the big guns were loaded and the inflationary fight was carried to Washington. Republican interests, quick to seize ammunition to fight the administration, mobilized and rushed to the side of Wall Street.

At a psychological moment last April, just after Father Coughlin's final radio blast, the sensational revelation was made that Father Coughlin's Radio League of the Little Flower held twenty contracts for the purchase of 500,000 ounces of silver.

The demand was made that the Senate State Banking and Currency Committee investigate the holdings. But nothing ever came of it.

Miss Amy Collins, secretary-treasurer of the league, came out and publicly admitted that she had invested \$200,000 of the league money in the silver contracts on the President's word that he would "raise the prices of American goods to the 1926 levels."

Father Coughlin added a statement in which he attacked Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury, and denounced the proposed investigation.

Wall Street fulminated—and waited.

Father Coughlin then became a familiar figure in the corridors of the nation's capitol, appearing before Congressional committees and laboring valiantly for the passage of the Fletcher-Rayburn stock market control bill. It passed and he chuckled.

"For 100 years," he said, "Wall Street has thrived on false reports. 'Let the buyer beware,' has been its motto. The government now makes the motto, 'Let the seller beware.'"

This summer came, Father Coughlin went off the air and Wall Street went on its vacation. Perhaps a harassed public sighed with relief. But summer has brought no cessation of the fight. Only a few days before this article was written the powerful New York *Herald-Tribune*, a Republican newspaper, came out with the sensational charge that the Federal Radio Commission was exercising an invisible radio censorship of all that was not partial to the administration's policies.

The newspaper charged that members of the commission had frankly told chains that they must support the administration moves or else it might be difficult to get their air licenses renewed.

Publication of the articles caused a hurried meeting of the commission in Washington and the passing of a resolution asking that the newspaper submit facts.

Ogden Reid, editor of the *Herald-Tribune*, declined to render an account, referring the commission to the Constitution of the United States—especially that part guaranteeing free speech.

THERE are dozens of rumors that Father Coughlin, if he does go on the air again this Fall, will find it more difficult than ever to be heard. Wall Street, it is reported, is preparing, through powerful agencies, to make a stronger stand than ever to silence him.

Perhaps it is significant that Father

Coughlin this summer spent a week at the health farm of New York State Boxing Commissioner William J. Brown. The commissioner, an old-time fight impresario and referee, said he put the priest through a rigorous course—tennis, riding, swimming, handball—"and he's a fine handball player too."

This, then, is the status of the Coughlin-Wall Street controversy as this article goes to press. The battle lines are sharply drawn. At the moment, Father Coughlin is unquestionably the victor—though not so completely as he had hoped—with regulatory measures imposed on Wall Street, to such effect that the famous firm of J. P. Morgan and Company, symbol of the forces he has fought, has been forced by law to abandon its flotation of international securities, only the simple functions of a bank of deposit remaining to it.

But the forces which Father Coughlin has forced into submission are still powerful, still biding their time. And Father Coughlin himself, resting from his triumphs, has not authorized either an affirmation or a denial of the rumors that he will not return to the air this fall. In one of his concluding radio addresses, he intimated that, although he himself might not be able to take up the gage of battle this fall, someone, somewhere, would carry on for his principles.

It is difficult to overestimate the part the radio priest has played in the fight for inflation, for silver revaluation, for Wall Street regulation. He has swayed and crystallized public opinion in a way no ordinary politician could hope to equal. No wonder his name is anathema to the forces of rock-ribbed conservatism summed up in the term "Wall Street." That Father Coughlin will be back on the air this fall, in spite of the bitter opposition of his enemies, is the prediction of this writer.

But it is only a prediction. Neither the stations which carry his broadcasts, nor the priest himself, will admit that any plans are being made for his return.

Waring Greets the Mayor



MAYOR J. Hampton Moore of Philadelphia was on hand to greet Fred Waring when the Pennsylvanians went to Independence City recently to broadcast for the Ford Dealers. From left to right, we have Babs Ryan, Mayor Moore, Fred Waring and Rosemary Lane.

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SEPTEMBER, 1934

Rudy Vallee (Continued from page 14)

Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven, written by Cliff Friend and Carmen Lombardo, putting into musical verse the compliment once paid them by a newspaper man years ago, which compliment has been their slogan—and a very clever phrase it is.

They play another song called *Fare Thee Well*. This is the work of one of the cleverest of Broadway's Tin Pan Alleyites, who makes California his permanent residence—Sam Coslow. . . . We play *The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven* quite brightly. *Fare Thee Well*, however, must be done somewhat more slowly. Both are published by Famous Music Inc.

All I Do Is Dream of You

Perhaps unintentionally—or maybe intentionally—Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown decided that it was about time that the familiar theme of *Bambolina* be dressed up in a new gown, and the result is one of the most delightful songs of the season. It was introduced in Joan Crawford's newest picture, *Sadie McKee*, and one can quite easily forget that it resembles, at least in its few opening measures, the general trend of that tuneful hit from *Wild Flower*.

Sailor Beware

As I am discussing this group of songs the Fleet is steaming up from the South—some 111 or more ships in all. Tomorrow, off Ambrose Channel Light-house, President Roosevelt, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy will review the Fleet and for the next two or three weeks New York will be "sailor-mad." As a former gob I can well appreciate how much the boys are looking forward to spending these weeks in the big city, and there will be gala days and nights for not only the gobs themselves but the commissioned and non-commissioned officers.

Of course such an event could be no less than a signal for every songwriter on Tin Pan Alley to try, as the minstrels did in days of yore, to put into music and rhyme the story of the coming of the Fleet, its stay, and its departure. One group of writers found themselves inspired by the success of one of the lightest but most delightful farces of the year, *Sailor Beware*; from the idea in the title they have developed the thought that the young ladies of other ports should adjure their various boy friends in the Fleet to be true to them and them alone, which makes a breezy, peppy song, most delightful and enjoyable, which we programmed on last week's broadcast.

Always Yours

Yours truly believed that this was a grand song for the beginning spot on the Fleischmann Thursday night broadcast, only to find that the fan mail reaction was the most unusual in many weeks; not that fan mail means a great deal, but still it was unusual for this song to have been so cordially received by our radio listeners.

It was written by Al Opler, and is published by the firm of Robbins, Ins., and we play it in quite a brilliant tempo.

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29x4-50-20	2.35	30x3 3/4	2.35	30x3 3/4	34x4 1/2	3.45
30x4-50-21	2.40	31x4	2.95	31x4	34x4 1/2	3.45
28x4-75-19	2.45	32x4	2.95	32x4	36x4 1/2	3.65
29x4-75-20	2.50	33x4	2.95	33x4	36x4 1/2	3.75
29x5-00-19	2.85	34x4	3.25	34x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
30x5-00-20	2.85	35x4	3.25	35x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
28x5-25-18	2.90	36x4	3.25	36x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
29x5-25-19	2.95	37x4	3.25	37x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
30x5-25-20	2.95	38x4	3.25	38x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
31x5-25-21	3.25	39x4	3.25	39x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
28x5-50-18	3.35	40x4	3.25	40x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
29x5-50-19	3.35	41x4	3.25	41x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
30x5-50-20	3.40	42x4	3.25	42x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
31x5-50-21	3.40	43x4	3.25	43x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
32x5-50-22	3.40	44x4	3.25	44x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
33x6-00-21	3.65	45x4	3.25	45x4	38x4 1/2	3.95
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Questions and Answers



Will you please tell who is Mary Lou, Lanny Ross' sweetheart, in the Showboat program? We wonder if there are different girls.—*Cincinnati, Ohio.*



Muriel Wilson

by Muriel Wilson.

Ans.—The Mary Lou dramatic part is played by Rosaline Greene; the singing Mary Lou is played

Please tell me the name of the selection played before the presentation of the Amos and Andy program.—*Miss J. E. G., Hershey, Pa.*

Ans.—Amos and Andy's theme song is *The Perfect Song.*

Kindly answer the following questions about Joe Penner and Rudy Vallée: when and where born, nationality. Are they married and if so have they any children? Is Rudy Vallée's only profession singing and orchestra leading?—*A. V. G., Waburn, Mass.*

Ans.—Joe Penner was born in Nagy Berskerek, Hungaria, November 11, 1904. Rudy Vallée was born 29 years ago in Westbrook, Maine. Both Penner and Vallée are married, though Vallée is separated from his wife, Fay Webb, and a divorce is pending. Neither have children. Rudy's only active profession is that of musician, except for occasional appearances in the movies.

Is Tom Waring the oldest of the Waring Brothers? Is he married? — *C. Hooke, Cincinnati, Ohio.*



Tom Waring

ing's Pennsylvanians. Tom is unmarried.

Please tell me if Guy Lombardo has anything to do with Jan Garber's orchestra.—*August Sullivan, Steubenville, Ohio.*

Ans.—Where did you get that idea?

The two orchestras are not associated.

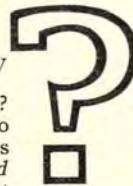
What nationality is Morton Downey, Phil Baker, and George Olsen? Is Lanny Ross going to make another picture? If so, what is the name of it? — *Marie M., Omaha, Nebraska.*



George Olsen

Ans.—Morton Downey is of Irish extraction, Phil Baker a Yankee, and George Olsen is of Scandinavian descent. Lanny Ross will be seen in several movies to be made by Paramount, but the titles are not available at this writing.

What do you want to know



about the radio stars? Address your queries to Questions and Answers department, *Radioland Magazine*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, and they will be answered on this page as soon as possible after receipt.

How long has Rubinoff been living in the United States? How long has Joe Penner been living here? Who plays the part of Roy Atwell on the *Hour of Smiles* program? — *George Burrow, Meridian, Miss.*



Rubinoff

Ans.—Joe Penner has been living under the stars and stripes for 24 years and Rubinoff claims 28 years as a resident of this country. Don't be shocked, but a man by the name of Roy Atwell plays the part of Roy Atwell on the *Hour of Smiles* program.

How old is Baby Rose Marie? What is her weight and how tall is she? How

can I secure a photograph of her? — *Rae Polonsky, Philadelphia, Pa.*



Baby Rose Marie

Ans.—Baby Rose Marie is nine years old, weighs 79 pounds and is 4 ft. 7 in. tall. You can secure a photograph of her by writing to her in care of National Broadcasting Co., Radio City, New York.

Will you please tell me where I can write Jimmy Durante, Bing Crosby, and Rudy Vallée? — *J. M. Y., Palatka, Florida.*

Ans.—Write Jimmy Durante in care of J. Walter Thompson, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City; Bing Crosby, Toluca Lake, Hollywood, California; and Rudy Vallée, Steinway Hall, New York City.

Why doesn't Conrad Thibault ever talk or announce his own numbers on the Showboat hour—all the rest do. Is he married? Please give age, height, weight and coloring of said gentleman.—*M. D., Hollywood, Cal.*

Ans.—Conrad prefers to have his singing voice do all the talking for him. He is not married but is a widower. His age is twenty-eight, height 5 ft. 10 in., and weight 155 pounds. He is a blond.

Are Molasses 'n' January real negroes? Is Will Rogers married and does he have any children? Is Dick Powell married? — *Will Emerson, Iowa.*

Ans.—Molasses 'n' January are white but very adept at the art of blackening their faces. They acquired this talent for using cork many years ago while playing in old time minstrel shows. Will Rogers is married and the father of two boys and a girl. Dick Powell was married but is back in circulation.

How old is Don Ameche, and is he married? — *N. S., Fayette City, Pa.*

Don.—Don is twenty-six and has been married a couple of years.

How old is Jessica Dragonette and is she married or engaged? — *Bob Read.*

Ans.—Jessica Dragonette is in her late twenties and she is neither married nor engaged.

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St. Omer

*Genevieve
Tobin*
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