

10 CENTS

RADIOLAND

November

10c

15¢ in Canada



Leah Ray

The
SETH PARKER
DISASTER

Bing Crosby's New Rival



DUART *Permanent Waves*

*are the
choice of
Hollywood
Stars*

IT'S A FACT. Eighty-nine Hollywood beauty shops who serve the world's most famous and fastidious patrons feature Duart permanent waves. What surer guide to beautiful hair can you have than to follow the advice of the Hollywood Stars and choose DUART for your next permanent?



Billie Burke RKO-Radio Star

DUART *hair* RINSE

is a Hollywood favorite, too!

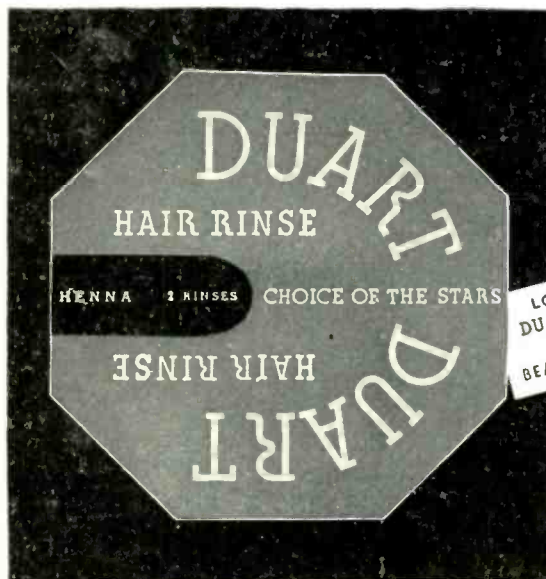
You can easily give your hair the soft glowing radiance that men so much admire. It's as simple as A B C if you use a correct shade of Duart Rinse after every shampoo. It does not dye and it does not bleach. But, it delicately tints and beautifies the natural color of your hair while rinsing away the tiny soap curds that cover your hair with a dull gray film. With 12 shades of Duart Rinse to choose from, Hollywood beauty experts recommend that you use a shade slightly lighter than the color of your hair.

If your beauty Salon does not yet have their supply of Duart's new hair rinse, use the coupon below.

SEND 10 CENTS for each shade you order

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Titian | <input type="checkbox"/> Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde |
| <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde |

Duart Mfg. Co., Ltd.
984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
Gentlemen:—I enclose 10 cents for each shade marked at left. Please send one package of each to —
Name.....
Address.....
State.....



LOOK FOR
DUART RINSE
at your
BEAUTY SALON



Reduce...



YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the

PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

... or it won't cost you a cent!

W

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

REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY AND SAFELY!

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

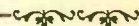
VENTILATED TO ALLOW THE SKIN TO BREATHE!

● And it is so comfortable! The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times.

There is no sticky, unpleasant feeling. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

TEST THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND BRASSIERE AT OUR EXPENSE!

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



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 711 NEW YORK, N. Y.
Without obligation on my part, send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of Perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



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

"I REDUCED MY HIPS NINE INCHES WITH THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE"

... writes Miss Jean Healy

● "It massages like magic", writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away", writes Mrs. McSorley... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches", writes Miss Brian... "Reduced almost 20 pounds", writes Mrs. Noble... "Without your girdle I am lost", writes Mrs. Browne.



NOVEMBER, 1934

VOL. III NO. 3

RADIOLAND



ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

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(This month's cover portrait of Leah Ray was painted by Al Wilson)

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Mary Pickford Comes to the Air!



Mary Pickford

FOLLOWING negotiations which have been prolonged through many months during which several sponsors tried to sign her, Mary Pickford has at last signed to do her first radio program. Beginning October 3 she is to head the first radio dramatic stock company to broadcast half-hour performances from successful plays and movie scenarios. Mary will, of course, play the lead rôles, supported by a Hollywood cast, as the hour will originate in the movie capital. The Pickford program will occupy the early Wednesday evening NBC spot previously held down by Jack Pearl, who is retiring from the air as the Baron Munchausen.

What does Mary think of her new radio job—what does she plan to do—how would she regulate broadcasting if she were czar of radioland? Mary herself answers these and many other questions in an absorbing article which appears in the December RADIOLAND. This is but one of dozens of sparkling articles covering personalities and programs of the new radio season, which will provide the richest entertainment radio has ever known. It's a wise precaution to have your dealer reserve now your copy of the December

RADIOLAND

The News Magazine of the Air
NOVEMBER, 1934

THE RADIO FANS HAVE VOTED!



"RED DAVIS"

RETURNS TO THE AIR
OCTOBER FIRST

AND no wonder! For "Red Davis" is the story of a red-blooded American boy. It is a typical story of American family life.

Adventure—romance—heart-aches—growing pains—love—life—humor and action. "Red Davis" is the kind of radio program that everyone can enjoy! It is clean, wholesome entertainment—the kind of adventures that you, yourself, have lived.

When "Red Davis" was first produced last year it met with instant enthusiasm. Now—"Red Davis" is to be back on the air. Thousands of unsolicited letters from young people and their parents have demanded his return!

You'll like "Red"

You'll find the "Red Davis" program more interesting than ever. Red and his girls—Betty—Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Clink, Linda and a host of others—they're all there, in a new series of fascinating adventures. And they're just as human and humorous as ever.

Monday night, *October 1st*, is the date. Don't forget the night and tune in.

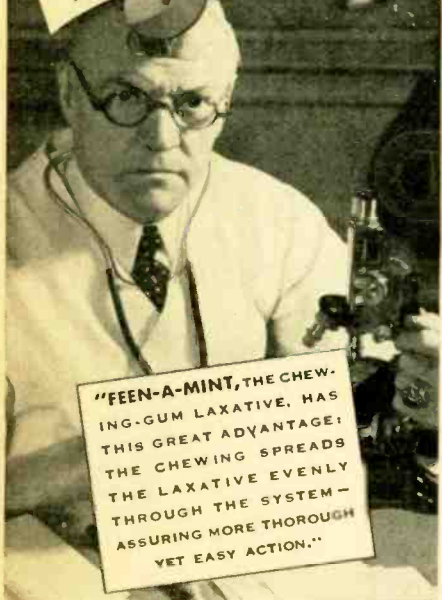


NBC • WJZ NETWORK
Coast-to-Coast
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY
AND FRIDAY NIGHTS

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

**DON'T SUFFER
CONSTIPATION—**
*there is effective relief
if you just*

**CHEW
YOUR
LAXATIVE**



To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Letters from the STARS

Dear RADIOLAND:

I should like to take advantage of your generous offer of space in your splendid magazine to say: "No, I do not choose to run!" (with apologies to our late and revered President).



Don Bestor

Since I've accepted an appointment as a deputy sheriff of New York City, many rumors are afloat to the effect that once more I am throwing my hat into the political ring. Such rumors are untrue.

Eight years ago, I was an alderman of Kankakee, Illinois, and was mentioned as a nominee for mayor. After deserting the profession of music, I settled down to the career of being a business man and civic leader. But after a few years of that, I became firmly convinced that I had music in my bones and that there was no antidote in the world strong enough to kill that disease.

So I returned to the bandstand and baton, and shall never again try to leave it. However, although I shall never run for public office, I see no reason why a musician and radio artist cannot be an active, interested member and worker in the affairs of his community.

Very truly yours,

Don Bestor

Dear RADIOLAND:

Thanks ever so much for running the nice story about my brother Frankie. Frankie is the fondest thing I am of (as Amos 'n' Andy would say), and nothing could have pleased me more.



Annette Hanshaw

I'd like to say something striking and important about radio, but really, when I'm not working, I'm just another fan, and all I know is what I like and what I don't like. Like any girl, I'm crazy about Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross, and I

could listen to dance orchestras from morning until night—Glen Gray, Jack Denny and Don Bestor are my favorites.

Which reminds me of one of the things I don't like. I hate the necessity of jumping up every fifteen minutes, fiddling around with the dial, thumbing frantically through program listings until I find the program I want to hear. Wouldn't it be marvelous if there were one station which would broadcast nothing but dance music? I could hear all I wanted of it then without losing five out of every fifteen minutes of entertainment looking for it.

Then, another station could be devoted exclusively to classical music for those who prefer the more serious concerts; another station could feature dramatic programs; another educational topics, etc.

It would be almost perfect and I'm sure everyone would be happy. What do you think?

Sincerely,

Annette Hanshaw

Dear RADIOLAND:

Thanks for this opportunity to address the large audience of RADIOLAND readers.



Jack Denny

And now that I have an audience, I'm going to get a matter that has been bothering me for some time, off my chest. I think there ought to be a law against "jazzed" arrangements of classics.

Ambitious orchestra leaders, eager to establish reputations for marked originality, can let their imaginations go as wild as they please with modern songs. As a matter of fact, most modern orchestral music carries only a skeleton of melody anyway and the orchestrations are left to the bands which play them. But why any bandleader should tamper with classics which have already been orchestrated by the composer, is a mystery to me. It requires a great deal of courage (or would "blindness" be more apt?) to think that one can improve *The Blue Danube* as originally planned and conceived by the great, immortal Johann Strauss. Unfortunately that indescribably beautiful waltz is massacred more often than any other single piece of classical music.

RADIOLAND

I should like to move that a national slogan for bandleaders be adopted to the following effect: "Play them as written or leave them alone."

Sincerely,

Jack Denny

Editor RADIOLAND:

I want to thank the poet of your Hall of Fame page for the clever verse about my hour, which accompanied the splendid caricature. I think, however, that you do me too much honor.



Charles Winninger

Really, I feel that the credit for the program should go entirely to the various members of the cast. So let me take this opportunity of saying in print what I have so often said during a broadcast.

My thanks for the success of Show Boat goes to Lanny Ross, Annette Hanshaw, Muriel Wilson, Conrad Thibault, Rosaline Green, Irene Hubbard (Maria), Gus Haenschen, the Show Boat Four, and, last, but not least, Molasses and January. Not only are they all fine artists, but grand people—a pleasure to work with.

I would like to have the time to tell you more about them. For what I have just said is "only the beginnin', folks, only the bee-ginnin'."

Cordially yours,

Charles J. Winninger

Editor, Radioland:

Entirely too much criticism—and not enough suggestion—has been directed at the poor sponsor, seeking to sell his wares.



Leon Belasco

Glance over ads in newspapers and digest the great abundance of superlatives. They're there all right, but the eye can skip over them and read the meat of the ad at a glance. Not so with the ear, however. Whether the ear likes it or not, it must listen to all

of the advertising blurb; and no wonder it has become tiresome.

What radio sponsors should do, is to omit superlatives, adjectives and most of the hooey, get right down to brass tacks, mention their product's name, price and where it can be gotten.

The law of repetition will insure a sale of the product.

Sincerely,

Leon Belasco

NOVEMBER, 1934

GLAMOUR! ROMANCE!

BIG MONEY!

RADIO Broadcasting

OFFERS YOU THESE AND MORE



DO YOU, too, want to get into Broadcasting—the big, fascinating, glamorous industry of today? Do you want to earn good money? Do you want to have your voice brought into hundreds of thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, you'll read every word of this amazing opportunity.

For no matter where you live—no matter how old or how young you are—if you have talent—then here is a remarkable new way to realize your life's ambition. Broadcasting needs new talent—in fact, the demand far exceeds the available supply.



FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio
Announcer

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

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

Great Opportunity in Radio Broadcasting

Because Broadcasting is expanding so fast that no one can predict to what gigantic size it will grow in the next few years—Broadcasting offers unusual opportunities for fame and success to those who can qualify.

Think of it! Broadcasting has been taking such rapid strides that today advertisers alone are spending more than a hundred million dollars for advertising over the air. Think of the millions that will be spent next year, and the year after over more than 600 stations—think of the glorious opportunities for thousands of talented and properly trained men and women.

Many Earn Good Money Quickly

Why not get your share of these millions? For if you speaking or singing voice shows promise, if you are good at thinking up ideas, if you can act, if you have any hidden talents that can be turned to profitable Broadcasting purposes, perhaps you may qualify for a job before the microphone. Let the Floyd Gibbons course show you how to turn your natural ability into money! But talent alone may not bring you Broadcasting success. You must have a thorough and complete knowledge of the technique of this new industry. Many a singer, actor, writer or other type of artist who had been successful in different lines of entertainment was a dismal failure before the microphone. Yet others, practically unknown a short time ago, have risen to undreamed of fame and fortune. Why? Because they were trained in Broadcasting technique, while those others who failed were not.

Yet Broadcasting stations have not the time to train you. That is why the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded—to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every

phase of a actual Broadcasting. Now you can profit by Floyd Gibbons' years of experience in Broadcasting. Through this remarkable course, you can train for a good paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time and without giving up your present position.

Complete Course in Radio Broadcasting by FLOYD GIBBONS

A few of the subjects covered are: The Studio and How It Works, Microphone Technique, How to Control the Voice and Make It Expressive, How to Train a Singing Voice for Broadcasting, The Knack of Describing, How to Write Radio Plays, Dramatic Broadcasts. How to Build Correct Speech Habits, How to Develop a Radio Personality, Sports Announcing, Educational Broadcasting, Radio Publicity, Advertising Broadcasts. Program Management, and dozens of other subjects.

Send For Valuable FREE Booklet

An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. Let us show you how to qualify for a leading job in Broadcasting. Let us show you how to turn your undeveloped talents into money. Here is your chance to fill an important role in one of the most glamorous, powerful industries in the world. Send for "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" today. See for yourself how complete and practical the Floyd Gibbons Course in Broadcasting is. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MAIL
THIS
NOW:

Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting,
Dept. 4P46, U. S. Savings Bank Building,
2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Without obligation send me your free booklet,
"How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting,"
and full particulars of your home study course.

Name Age.....
Address
City State

Flashes from the NEWS



—Wide World
 Father Charles E. Coughlin giving his Americanism Day address at the World's Fair, which was widely broadcast

Coughlin Strikes Again

THE battle between Wall Street and Father Charles E. Coughlin, the radio priest, as exclusively reported in the article "Can Wall Street Silence Coughlin?" in the September issue of *RADIOLAND*, is raging more fiercely than ever. On the occasion of his Americanism Day speech early this month at the World Fair, Father Coughlin opened his campaign against "The Street" and the financial and economic forces it represents. His broadcast remarks gave fresh evidence that the *RADIOLAND* article was 100 per cent accurate in predicting a fight to the finish against the Wall

Street barons when the radio priest comes back to the air October 28 on his regular network.

Having hit the bull's-eye with our Coughlin forecast, we are emboldened to don the prophet's robes again, and we predict that the following topics will furnish most of the ammunition for Father Coughlin's addresses this coming season: Tax measures for relieving economic distress; an expansion of his campaign for inflation, modified by his partial success in fighting for silver revaluation; further attacks on banking methods and the financial system; a plea for extension of government aid to victims of the depression and the drought.

* * * * *

Bulletins: *The March of Time*, beginning life as a radio program, now has become a movie news-reel as well . . . *Dangerous Paradise*, just returned to the air, has been put between boards and is available as a book of that title . . . Rudy Vallee has been conferring with the director of the musical he is scheduled to make for Warner Brothers . . . Eddie Cantor will finish his eight-weeks stand for his coffee sponsor this fall, but at this writing nobody knows what program will fill the spot he leaves. It is rumored that the choice lies between two radically different types of shows.

* * * * *

Movie Moguls Retract

DISMAYED by the clamorous protests of movie stars who saw radio's glittering bags of gold yanked away from their eager fingers by the refusal of their Hollywood employers to permit them to broadcast because of the screen competition involved, the film magnates have almost unanimously lifted the ban

and a rush for radio's luscious salaries appears to be in order. As straws to show the direction of the wind we can advance the cases of Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland, who have finally been permitted to appear on the identical program in which they were forbidden to participate last summer by their movie bosses. The *Hall of Fame* hour is going to continue its emphasis on movie names, as it did last season, and a number of its programs are scheduled for Hollywood production. The new *Hollywood Hotel* program will likewise be liberally sprinkled with movie talent appearing in a guest star capacity.

* * * * *

Program News: Frank Buck will continue his air show on a different hour after Amos and Andy return—just as we predicted when our article on the new Buck program appeared a couple of months back . . . Jack Benny shifts sponsors again and jumps into the top-money class with a \$5,750 weekly stipend on his Jello show . . . Buddy Rogers, appearing on that new show with Jeanie Lang, may soon be back to work in the movies for Universal . . . Ford may soon be represented by a second show in addition to the Waring program.



—Wide World
 Stoopnagle and Budd's latest invention, demonstrated above, is a cake of soap tied to balloons for use in the shower bath. At left, the famous radio Goldberg family lunches at the Atlantic City steel pier, on tour—left to right, Sammy, Mrs. Gertrude Berg (Molly Goldberg), Jake, and Rosalie; standing behind them, Mrs. Gross and Kerrigan



—Wide World

Rafael Perez, hunger-striking Mexican radio performer, is assisted to the microphone by Merce Carida

Radio Hunger Strike

THE old theory that an artist works better when goaded on to genius by the pangs of starvation was put to the test recently by radio performers attached to Mexican station XEAL. Unpaid for two months, the artists took possession of the station, announced that they would refuse food until their overdue checks arrived, and settled down with tightened belts to croon and talk until the money arrived or they collapsed from lack of nourishment. Many fans were of the opinion that the longer the artists starved, the better their programs became, but it is impossible to estimate to what heights the performers might have risen, for the employer surrendered after four days of this campaign and the back salaries were paid in full. This marks the first time that the familiar weapon of the hunger-strike has been employed in radio, but there is no immediate indication that the idea will spread to other countries.

* * * * *

In England they not only censor all song lyrics for purity, but go over them a second time to make sure that nothing in the way of subtle advertising has crept into the words, according to Dave Apollon, who has just returned to NBC from England. Advertising plugs of all sorts are strictly barred by the government-controlled British Broadcasting Corporation.

* * * * *

Brinkley's Politics

DR. JOHN R. BRINKLEY (nicknamed "Goat Gland" for his rejuvenation experiments), nearly became governor of Kansas a couple of years ago and in so doing proved that the radio is the most powerful vote-getter

[Continued on page 10]

NOBODY NEED BE
SKINNY
HERE'S HOW TO
ADD POUNDS AND
ATTRACTIVE CURVES
—QUICK!

IF I ONLY HAD
YOUR FIGURE,
PEP AND
CHARM

SKINNY?

NEW DISCOVERY ADDS POUNDS

—double quick!

5 to 15 lbs. gained in a few weeks with new double tonic.

Richest imported ale yeast concentrated 7 times, iron added

NO NEED to be "skinny" when this new easy treatment is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. 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!

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant 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 kinds of strengthening iron.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

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

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 a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.



HIS JOB-

to make your trips

PROMPT • • •

PLEASANT • • •

COMFORTABLE

Watch passengers disembarking from any Greyhound bus. At least two or three will pause a moment for a friendly word with the driver. Eavesdropping, you'll hear something like this . . . "You gave us a very pleasant trip!"

It's a fact. Watching a Greyhound driver at the wheel is a big share of the trip's enjoyment. Steady hands at the wheel—keen eyes on the highway—more than his share of road courtesy to other motorists. While you save dollars on trips to any part of America, it's fine to know that your driver is hand-picked, specially trained—one of the world's best.

Greyhound Information Offices

CLEVELAND, OHIO	East 9th & Superior
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.	Pine & Battery Streets
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Broad Street Station
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS	12th & Wabash
NEW YORK CITY	Nelson Tower
WASHINGTON, D. C.	1403 New York Ave., N. W.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS	8th & Commerce Streets
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.	509 Sixth Avenue, N.
CHARLESTON, W. VA.	601 Virginia Street
LXINGTON, KY.	801 North Limestone
CINCINNATI, OHIO	109 East 7th Street
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA	412 East Broad Street
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE	146 Union Avenue
NEW ORLEANS, LA.	400 North Rampart
WINDSOR, ONTARIO	1004 Security Building



SEND FOR BOOKLET, INFORMATION

Mail this coupon to nearest Greyhound office, listed above, for interesting pictorial booklet "By Greyhound". On the margin below, jot down any trip about which information is desired.

Name _____

Address _____ FW11

Flashes from the News

[Continued from page 9]

yet devised for a good platform speaker. At that time Dr. Brinkley owned a powerful station which blanketed the state. The news that he has just been snowed under in another attempt to win the governorship presents an interesting corollary to the amazing Brinkley radio story, in the swiftness with which he became the "forgotten man" following the loss of his broadcasting license. True, he crossed the border and set up a Mexican station, but with his forced removal from his home state, his political importance dwindled. He still plans to erect a powerful floating station in international waters, as revealed in **RADIOLAND**, but much of the glamor appears to have been stripped from his name.

* * * * *

Radio's Pickens sisters have been signed to appear in *Thumbs Up*, a musical comedy produced by Eddie Dowling which is soon to hit Broadway. They will play dramatic parts as well as sing. Patti, youngest of the Pickens trio, will have the ingénue lead . . . Jack Pearl, leaving the air for his present sponsor, says that he will never again broadcast as the Baron Munchausen.

* * * * *

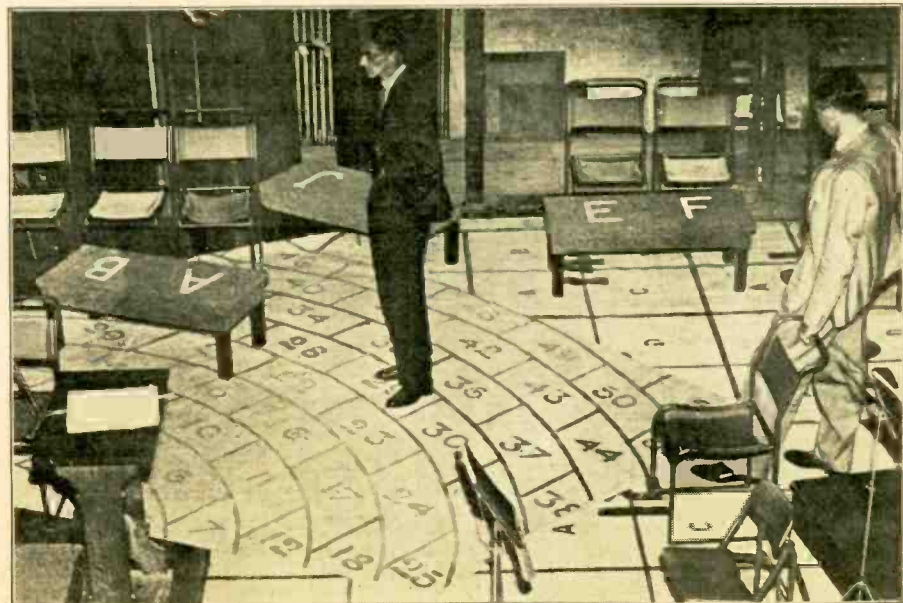
Radio "Associated Press"

SENATOR C. C. DILL of Washington is the latest to draw fire from the newspapers for meddling with the delicate press-radio situation. The Senator sent a questionnaire to broadcasters soliciting their opinions as to whether or not the present services of the Press Radio Bureau, which supplies brief bulletins on news events to subscribing stations, is satisfactory. The real bit of



John S. Young, NBC announcer, has been touring English cathedrals in time taken off from his duties as summer instructor in broadcasting technique at Cambridge University

dynamite, however, lay in the Senator's expressed belief that the time has come for broadcasters to develop their own "associated press," in which members would organize their own newsgathering forces and pool their news over short-wave teletype machines. This, of course, would be an extremely damaging blow to newspapers, or so at least they regard it. Indications are that this oft-compromised but never settled problem will break out anew this fall.



Diagrammed and numbered carpets are used by the British Broadcasting Company to keep large radio casts in their proper positions before the microphones so their voices will register properly. The carpets can be rolled up when not in use

—Wide World

RADIOLAND

NOVEMBER, 1934

The Editor's Opinion



Stars on the Spot

FEW individuals are more harassed by the "gimme" chorus than those at the top of the radio ladder, and the manifold rackets to which they are subject range from pan-handling requests for a few dollars to out-and-out blackmail and extortion. The

natural result is that most stars have learned to be ultra-cautious in dealing with strangers and handling correspondence. Threats of legal action are commonplace in the lives of every radio celebrity and it would amaze the man in the street to realize the vast variety and number of the assaults which are made on the stars' pocketbooks. In most cases the hope is that the nuisance value of legal suits will lead to a settlement out of court. Perhaps because he is several times a millionaire and also stands as a love idol to unguessed millions of women, Rudy Vallée is subject to more suits than any other man in radio. He has just been made defendant in a claim for a quarter of a million dollars by a young woman whom he says he has never heard of before, but who asserts that by a private code system the songs he sang over the air conveyed his matrimonial intentions to her. Rudy's lawyer stated that the crooner is "pestered to death with suits like this," which goes to show that the business of being a radio star isn't all roses and soft lights.

The Piper Must Be Paid

FEW radio fans are aware of the fact that the popular music they dial in on their sets costs the broadcasting companies several millions of dollars yearly—not for printed copies of the scores, but for licenses permitting them to put the tunes on the air. The complicated machinery which controls the broadcasting of popular songs is exposed by the suit just filed by the United States government to dissolve the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers as violators of the Sherman anti-trust act. It is this organization, familiarly known as ASCAP, which exercises a practical monopoly on new music and permits stations to broadcast its tunes only on payment of a substantial fee. The big radio chains have unsuccessfully sought to break the power of ASCAP through the courts on several occasions. ASCAP was organized by Victor Herbert who, annoyed by hearing his compositions played by orchestras without a penny being paid to him, banded his fellow writers and composers together to protect their copyrights. Which, considering the tremendous drop in sheet music sales attributable to radio, seems fair enough. No reasonable individual can ask the songsmith to play the piper and pay him too.

Coughlin's Break With New Deal

AS LONG ago as last May, when Father Charles E. Coughlin was concluding his series of radio addresses, RADIOLAND predicted that the radio priest was preparing to break away from the policies of President Roosevelt and the New Deal, of which, earlier in the fall, he had been an ardent supporter. Now comes confirmation of that prediction in a letter which Father Coughlin has sent to members of his Radio League, the organization which sponsors his talks on the air. In the letter the militant priest condemns in biting terms the policies of the Department of Agriculture, which have included the slaughtering of pigs, the burning of wheat and plowing under of corn, which he terms not a "New Deal" but a "Pagan Deal." He pillories the financial system, asserting that the Treasury Department has not seriously attempted to repair the breakdown of our economic system. He refers to "rubber stamp sycophants who prefer to follow the dictates of the Drain Trust," and makes liberal use of similar fighting phrases which may very well be the match to fire the tinder which the conflict of fall campaigns and elections has left ready for the torch.

What Next In Sets?

AFTER studying the new radio sets with their amazing technical improvements, such as high-fidelity reception, automatic selection of programs throughout the day, elimination of background noises, and the like, the question naturally arises as to what problems remain for the manufacturer to solve. Even the television bogey isn't so much a matter of mechanical difficulty at the moment as it is a problem of finance and broadcasting organization. The next logical step for manufacturers seems to be the perfection of an ultra-midget set small enough to be carried conveniently in the pocket—a sort of personal radio which can be carried about like a wrist watch to relieve the tedium of a shopping tour or a wait for a street car. The possibilities are intriguing and even amusing as visualized by our artist, and as a matter of sober fact the idea is far less fantastic than it sounds.



The Seth Parker

NOW it can be told—the inside story of what will go down in radio history as the “Seth Parker Disaster,” a story which has set the tongues of scandal wagging wherever this homely, God-fearing old New England character has reached into the hearts of people.

At the present writing it has left young Phillips H. Lord, creator of Seth Parker, all but marooned from the radio world at Perlas Island, in Panama Bay, on his romantic round-the-world schooner, fighting to win back the adulation of 4,000,000 radio fans.

NBC believes he will. They are backing Lord to the limit in the face of the wide-spread rumors that he has been “killed” for radio because of charges that Lord’s conduct off and on the good ship *Seth Parker* was not becoming to the pious, philosophic Yankee which he portrayed on the air.

Hundreds of letters have come to NBC, the editor of *RADIO-LAND*, and other magazines, pathetically demanding to know if old Seth Parker was not what he pretended to be. Many of these were from ministers who pleaded to be informed so that they could set their congregations right as to whether “Seth Parker” was “a common fake” or really sincere.

“Let me thank you in advance for any assistance you are able to give in restoring the faith of some of my people whose religion seems to have been based around Seth Parker,” wrote a South Dakota pastor.

It all began when Dame Rumor started flipping her skirts and noising it about that she had peeked into Seth Parker’s shoes and found that he had cloven hoofs. The reports had it that as soon as young Mr. Lord emerged from the character of the seventy-two-year-old Seth Parker he became his thirty-two-year-old self. Drinking parties aboard the ship, trouble with the crew, clashes with authorities were a few of the things that you couldn’t write Ma about back in Jonesport, Maine.

This present round-the-world trip which has thus far landed



Seth Parker—the lovable Yankee as Phillips Lord created him to the delight of millions of radio listeners



This rare photo shows Phillips Lord starting his first trip around the world—at the age of six. He has always loved boats and water



Above, the schooner *Seth Parker* in which Phillips Lord is cruising around the world. At left, map shows Caribbean region in which the *Seth Parker* is now cruising. Jamaica was the scene of near disaster for Lord. His most recent broadcasts have come from Panama

RADIOLAND

DISASTER

The good ship "Seth Parker", skippered by Phillips Lord, nearly foun-
dered on the rocks of vicious rumor
and distorted fact which have lain in
the wake of its trip around the world.
These rumors have attacked Lord's
character, have given groundless rea-
sons for the withdrawal of his sponsor,
have declared that a break impended
between Lord and NBC. RADIO-
LAND has dug the kernel of truth from
the bewildering tangle of gossip and
fiction, and herewith presents the
authentic story of the most amazing
adventure in radio history

By GENE EASTON

young Captain Lord at the eastern entrance to the Panama Canal is his first fling at romance and fulfills a life-long ambition. It started last November after he had made his first \$1,000,000 from radio.

LOVABLE old Seth Parker, who had been content to "stay put" and help his neighbors, suddenly doffed his ancient cutaway, shaved off his whiskers, donned a natty uniform and sailed away, leaving his radio followers in silence. Perhaps this is what his four million fans first objected to. They were hurt. Then came the breath of scandal which confused them and sent protests pouring into New York. They were unprepared when young Phillips Lord stepped out of his old-fashioned Yankee character and became himself, a normal, gregarious, young modern with tastes of his own and a life of his own to live which had little to do with Seth Parker. "It's an old story," sighed one NBC executive, "of the artist's private life and that side which he shows to his public."

In this case, however, the story has more drama and color and human striving, and mistakes, than is usual in such conflicts.

Young Phillips Haynes Lord's background may have had a good deal to do with it. Critics of the American *mores* may see in it the revolt against New England puritanism and a wild clamoring for a delayed romanticism unsatisfied in his youth.

He was born the son of a poor Congregational minister in Meriden, Connecticut, and what he saw of New England life in his home state, and in Vermont and Maine where he lived later, he was to put into his radio sketches.

It took him some time to find himself. After being graduated from Bowdoin College in Maine, in 1925 he tried business, school teaching and writing, but failed in all of them. Meanwhile, he had married and become the father of two children.

In order to keep his family from going hungry, he went to work in a candy factory. It was while here that he heard a radio broadcast of a sketch that was a takeoff on New England life. As when you and I hear things over radio which we know something about, it didn't seem to ring quite true. He wrote a protest to the Hartford, Connecticut, station and was told tersely that if he thought he could do any better to go ahead.

He did. He recalled the Sunday hymn meetings in the home of his father, the Rev. Albert J. Lord, and he wrote a radio sketch of his boyhood memories in Connecticut and Maine. The Hartford station put him on and he clicked from the start. Everyone always has agreed that he is "a natural showman."

THREE years ago he stepped from a regional to a national figure when NBC took him over and he started on the way to his first million dollars.

It wasn't that success went to his head. He was and is an incurable romanticist and has very young ideas as to what the world contains. Last year he started talking around NBC of his plan to get a ship, sail around the world, and check up on all the tall tales he had believed as a boy. He wanted to find the East Indian tree that kills a maiden once a year by crushing her in its crotch, the [Continued on page 40]

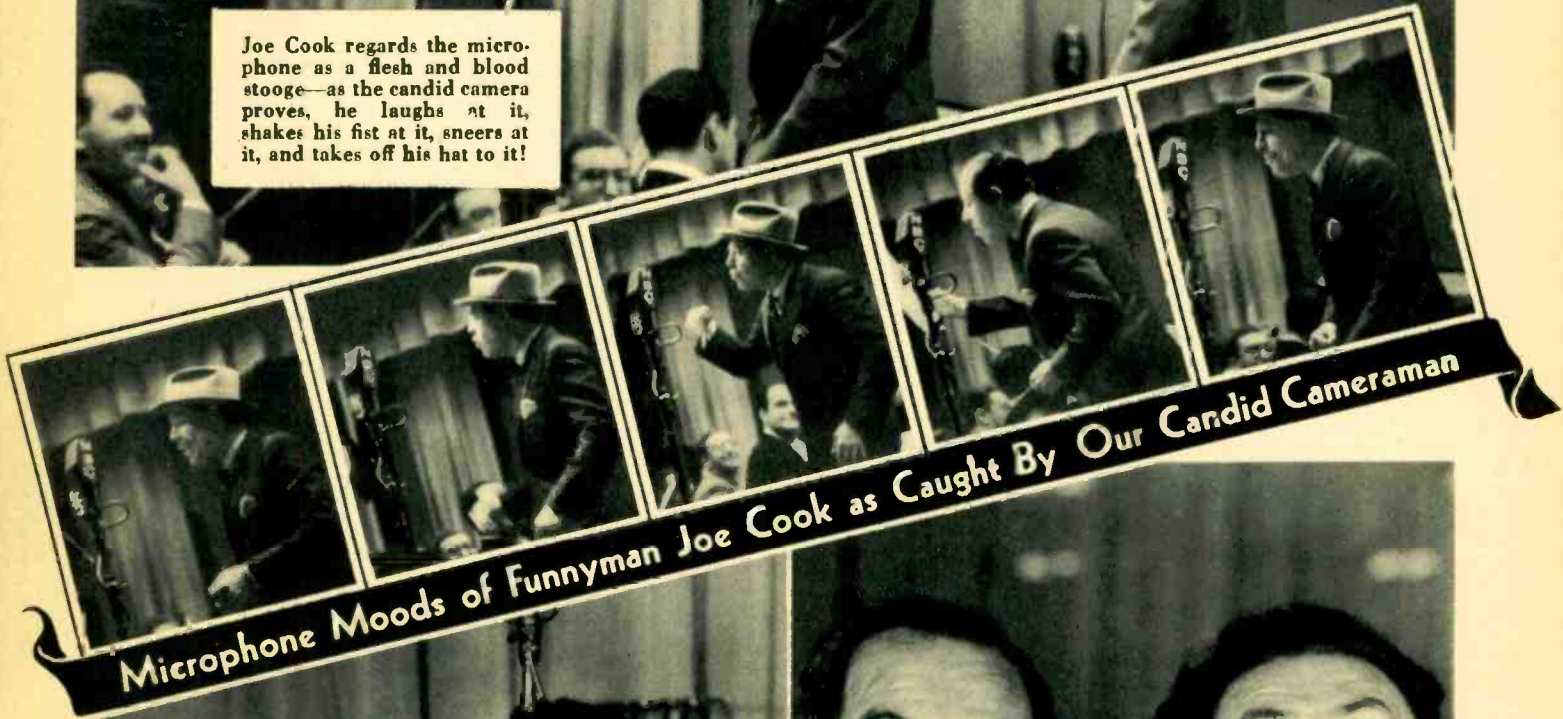


Phillips Lord as he appears off-stage minus his Seth Parker makeup

Backstage with the Comics



Joe Cook regards the microphone as a flesh and blood stooge—as the candid camera proves, he laughs at it, shakes his fist at it, sneers at it, and takes off his hat to it!



Microphone Moods of Funnyman Joe Cook as Caught By Our Candid Cameraman



Jack Pearl, better known as the Baron, cuts down on his lunch bills by milking the xylophone. Yes, that's Jack at the right too, with his partner Sharlie (Cliff Hall), flattening their noses against the control room windows



MEET

Your Lover

"DARLING, you are the only one in the world for me. I love you—really I do. I love you *so much*."

If you haven't heard those very words over the air—felt a thrill run up and down your spine—by this time, it won't be the fault of Frank Luther, who whispers them every week to a million incurably romantic women.

And if you haven't, you should. Perhaps you won't thrill to those words. Perhaps you'll decide they're too thickly coated with sentiment. Perhaps you'll join in with the guffaws with which many columnists greeted this radio hour. And it is equally possible that you will cherish the program as the most romantically soul-satisfying bit of entertainment on the air. Whatever your reaction, you can't ignore the fact that here is an utterly new and different program which marks a distinct innovation in the season's radio fare.

This unique hour, known simply and somewhat dramatically as *Your Lover*, which is now broadcast over a national network of stations brings you for the first time a singer or monologist or what you will who addresses songs and words to one person—a girl in this case—and not to the entire radio audience!

Frank Luther it is who hit upon the novel idea of making love in front of the microphone to a mythical sweetheart, for the edification of all listeners-in. He it is who is cast romantically as *Your Lover*.

HIS story, because it traces his sensational rise from a local station in New Jersey to the lofty heights of the National Broadcasting Company's country-wide hookup of stations in less than a year, belongs in a Horatio Alger list of classics.

Which all goes to prove that critics can be very, very wrong in their judgments. Just two months ago,

NOVEMBER, 1934



He really imagines himself to be "Your Lover" when he sends his softly thrilling voice out to you over the air—that's how Frank Luther explains the phenomenal success of his radio program of that name. Here, for the first time, the mask is removed from the man who created the most amazing romantic hour in all radio history

By
FRED SAMUELS

when Luther was broadcasting from a single New York station, columnists began holding their ears and howling their scorn.

Yet while he was being showered under with unfriendly notices from the press he was receiving the nearly eighteen hundred letters a week from his fans which were to raise him to the peak in radio.

Even the officials of the Jersey station where Luther originated his program were doubtful of its eventual success. As he himself described it, the beginning of *Your Lover* was an extremely painful one.

"They gave me my fifteen minutes at the beginning of what they call the zero hour—three in the afternoon," he explained to me. "You see, scarcely anyone ever listens in then. Only under those conditions was I allowed to go on—I was considered that terrible."

Not, however, for long. The amazing flood of letters which poured into the station in response proved Luther's contention that because a program was different it didn't have to be [Continued on page 46]



REBELLIOUS

By HERBERT WESTEN

HERE is the man who a few weeks ago appeared to have lost his last skirmish on the theatrical battlefield. "He'll see you at 2 p. m., Thursday," they told me.

"Where?"
"Majestic Apartments—Central Park West."

I whistled. Swanky. For a man all but thrown off his majestic throne at the height of his career, the Great Roxy apparently had landed on his feet.

I was as curious as the rest of the world as to "What has become of Roxy?"—pioneer of radio entertainment, father of all the modern radio programs, maker of stars, the man who, after ten years, had risen to the throne as the high god of Radio City, only to mysteriously disappear down some trapdoor to oblivion early this year.

New York had buzzed with rumors—the great lowdown—while the rest of the country, cut off, sat puzzled.

"Apartment 16D," said the attendant.

A short, worn man, a little grayer than when I last saw him, the lines on his face more deeply etched—a little more tired—opened the door.

For a moment his eyes held a question . . . Friend or foe? . . .

Then he led me into a large, handsomely-appointed living room, paneled in maple, overlooking the lake and trees of Central Park.

He didn't know what to say for a moment. He kept walking around in circles, restlessly twisting a baton, perhaps a little suspicious. But there was a driving enthusiasm and fire, which he tried to hide under diffidence when he spoke. He was on the spot.

"Make yourself at home," he said, "I'll be with you in a few minutes. Nellie Revell and I are talking over the new show."

He ordered a highball for me and pushed a button which turned on a radio hidden in a panel of the wall. He smiled at my surprise and admiration. "You've never heard anything like that before, have you? It was built for me by the Victor people. It can't be placed on the market because of litigation over patents. But it shows you what radio can be.

"Drink hearty!" he commanded, setting a glass before me. "I'll be right with you. You came on a good day. I've got something to tell you." I watched him as he left, and then glanced down at a book, half open on the table beside me, which he had been reading. It was Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*, a story of defeat.

WHILE we're waiting, we've got time to take a look at Roxy's past life.

He was born Samuel Lionel Rothafel in Stillwater, Minn.,

on July 9, 1882—which makes him staging his comeback at 52.

Forty years ago his parents moved to New York and Roxy entered public life as a cash boy in a Fourteenth Street department store. He worked at various jobs in the city until he was seventeen, when he decided to go traveling. For a year he "boomed" through various cities, as a house-to-house book agent, as a ticket agent, and even a professional ballplayer.

Then he joined the Marine Corps and served for seven years.

When he got out, he went to the coal fields of Pennsylvania, still trying to find himself. It was there, in a town called Forrest City, that he launched upon a career which was to carry him to the heights, and drop him overnight twenty-six years later.

In a vacant storeroom, fitted with seats borrowed from the town undertaker, Roxy made his first venture into the motion picture field. The crude projector, the poor lights and the shaky screen were so far from the lavish shows he later was to put on in New York that he smiles wryly when he tells about it. It was in Forrest City that he married and became the father of a son and a daughter.

Six years later he decided to make his entry into New York. He was

RED-HOT REMARKS BY ROXY

Radio programs are static. There have been no new ideas put into radio. The public is fed up.

"Ear pictures" are next in radio. When you listen you're not only going to get sound, but a definite picture, a sequence, a story, a climax and an anti-climax.

The star system in radio is going to the ash heap.

What program is timed intelligently today? They may end up all right at the end of the quarter hour, but it's shoddy work. What I mean by timing is musical timing, change of pace, variety, relief—artistic completeness.

There are plenty of new radio ideas floating around if given a chance to break through the front office.

Radio is now traveling the same road as the movies. Everything is there technically but nothing important is coming out creatively.

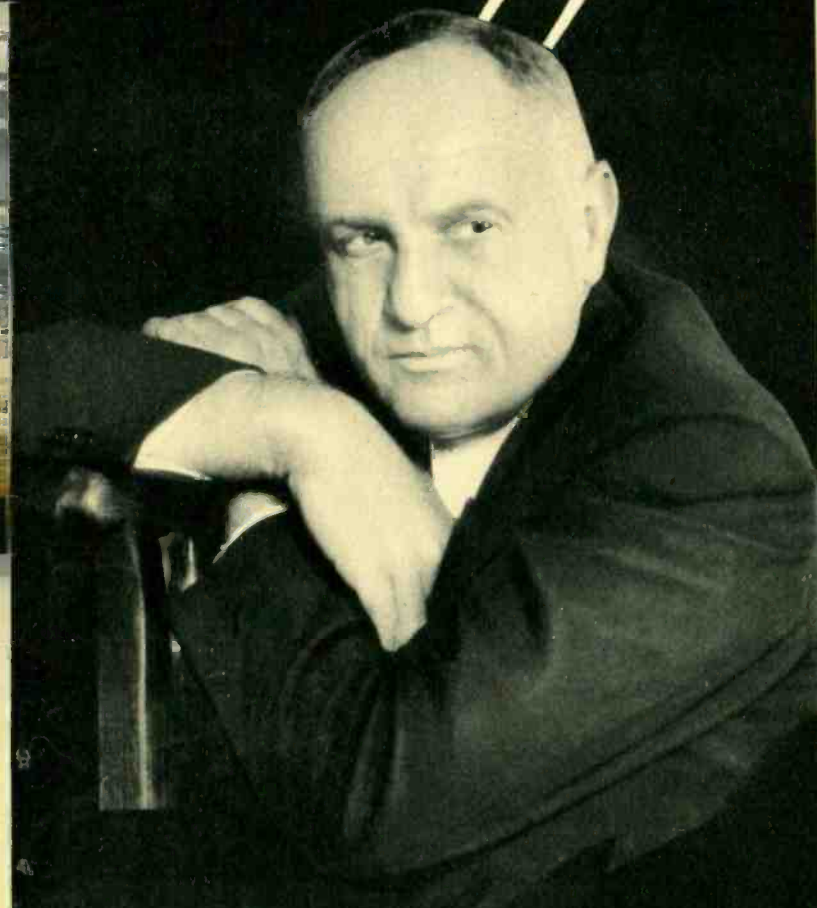


Falling stars in the radio sky? Roxy predicts that the star system is doomed, asserting that programs must stand on their own, rather than be carried limping along by the brightness of some particular

star



Roxy RETURNS



All his life a theatrical rebel whose revolts have left their permanent imprint on the modern movie palace, the stage revue, the present-day radio program, S. L. Rothafel—known the world over as "Roxy"—comes back to radio to stage the newest Roxy revolution. He is in open revolt against radio methods, most of which he was instrumental in establishing, and in this remarkably frank article he calls a spade a spade as he swings into the fray like the battle-scarred veteran he is

anxious to become connected with a big chain of theaters, but his timidity defeated that purpose. While waiting in the outer office for an interview with Marcus Lowe, he heard Mr. Lowe's voice rise in anger with another applicant, and he left hurriedly.

His modesty landed him far uptown in an obscure little independent theater, which perhaps was just as well because it gave him a chance to work out the ideas which were to revolutionize the presentation of motion pictures and ultimately give birth to the present form of our radio programs.

Up until that time, you must remember, motion pictures were just "put on." You went to a motion picture theater and you saw a motion picture. That was all.

Roxy wanted a complete show, but it must be in harmony with the picture. He started experimenting with the coordination of light, music and color. The movie prologue, with its surrounding features of entertainment, now in use throughout the United States and Europe, was his. The innovation proved so popular that it began to attract the "carriage trade" to his obscure theater.

His fame spread. When the Strand Theater, then the largest motion picture theater in the world, was opened on Broadway in 1913, Roxy was chosen as managing director. Subsequently he was lured to the Rialto, the Rivoli, and Capitol theaters.

The latter started him on his radio career.

UNTIL that time radio had been in its infancy. There were no such things as "programs." Anything was used to make a noise over the air. The antagonism of showmen and show business to radio kept any talent, which might have been inclined to take a chance with the new medium, away from the microphones.

Rebellious Roxy, however, kicked over the traces. In 1924 he announced that he would permit broadcasting from the stage of the Capitol. It was treason.

It also was the first time first-class music and artists had been put on the air. Roxy gave the radio audience everything he had on the stage, his symphony orchestra, which he developed and now is standard on radio programs, his choral ensemble, his operatic and concert soloists.

The story goes that when it came time for him to sign off that first night he was so completely overwhelmed with emotion that his carefully prepared signing-off speech had completely flown. From sheer inspiration he ended his first broadcast with a, "Good night, pleasant dreams, God bless you!"

A radio executive the next day placed before him numerous telegrams—from Fredericksburg, Va., South Hadley, Mass., East Orange, N. J., Puyallup, Wash., towns near and far.

"Your 'God-bless-you!' was a benediction," said one of them.

"Your voice helped me to feel that I will be blessed," wired another.

"I have found an interesting friend," came from a third.

That afternoon a newspaper writer referred to him as the "High Priest in the Cathedral of Entertainment," and the title stuck.

In March, 1927, Roxy realized a life ambition and opened his own theater, the Roxy, completely equipped with a broadcasting studio, with an outlet over [Continued on page 54]

Love MUST WAIT



Leah Ray, as this month's RADIOLAND cover proves, is one of the most charming girls in radio—a nineteen-year-old brunette whose enthusiasms include radio, the theater, Hollywood, New York, and swimming and dancing

—says Leah Ray, the young torch singer with Phil Harris' orchestra, who receives hundreds of marriage proposals every month. But there'll be no marriage for her, she says, until she's had enough of radio

By ARNOLD GEER



THE nineteen-year-old torch singer who has received hundreds of proposals of marriage since she has been on the air with Phil Harris and his orchestra, turned wide, innocent eyes on me, and asked:

"Why do men do that?"

I gulped quickly, reached to straighten my toupee, shot my cuffs, coughed nervously, and finally managed to counter:

"Have you looked into the mirror this morning? You're really very easy on the eyes."

"I know," she replied quickly, "but they never see me, they only hear my voice. I get the craziest proposals of marriage. While we were broadcasting from the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles they all came from Honolulu and Australia. Here in New York, most of them come from Chicago. I don't know whether it's because the reception is clearer there, or the men lonelier. The funniest one I received came only recently from a trombone player. I didn't know whether to be angry or flattered. He said he would like to accompany on the trombone."

Leah Ray smiled and sighed. "I guess my love life will have to wait," she said.

Singing comes first with her. She has been singing all her life. Her mother, who was busy in the apartment packing bags for a vacation trip home to Norfolk, Virginia, avowed that the first howl out of Leah was not the usual baby's cry, but a blues song.

Her rise in the radio world has been rapid. She takes no credit for it herself. She points out that she has relatives who were in a position to introduce her to the right people, and she got the breaks.

One look at Miss Ray, however, will convince you that this doesn't entirely account for her success. She is a highly talented young lady, charming and unspoiled, and serious about her work. Besides that she is all girl. She loves to swim, ride horses, play tennis, and would dance all night if her mother would let her. She's crazy about radio, the theater, Hollywood, New York, and her home in Norfolk. Her great weakness is a passion for acquiring more things than she can ever get into her traveling bags.


ALTHOUGH a torch singer who says marriage must wait, she loves to buy dishes and admits that she knits exceedingly well.

She is a brunette with dark chestnut hair, exquisitely groomed, weighs 123 pounds and is five feet, six inches tall. She is as friendly and as easy going as the songs she sings, and dislikes temperamental people. She is never nervous before the microphone and has blown her lines only once.

Members of the orchestra and the technical staff swear by her. If she accepted every date she was offered she would never get time for herself which, she admits, is just about what happens in New York. That's [Continued on page 61]

Radio Reactions





**TWO
BLACK
EGGS**

◆

**AMOS
AND
ANDY**

◆

“Egg-a-
toons”

By
**Graham
Dale**

HERE we have Amos and Andy presented in a new form of caricature invented by Graham Dale. The artist calls his creations *Egg-a-toons*, since they are painted on eggs from which the contents have been blown. Some partisans hold out for *Egg-zag-gerations* as a title, dividing the fans into two hostile camps, but in this instance, as a radio comedian would remark, the yolk seems to be on Amos and Andy.

Miscellany



**HALL
OF
FAME**

**AL
JOLSON**

It's difficult to rave of Mammy
And not be definitely hammy.
But Jolson does it to our taste,
So there's this question to be
faced:
Shall we exalt him for his
drama
Or for the songs he sings of
mama?


Verses by
DOROTHY ANN BLANK




**JOE
COOK**

When life is dull, and nothing's
new beneath the sun
(Or so it looks)—
When there's no thrill in long-
lashed lass or lad
(Even in books)—
Contraptions and strange gad-
gets give us zest
(If they're Joe Cook's).
His face may not be very fancy,
But orchids to his necromancy!

Caricatures by
HENRI WEINER




VALLEE




RUBINOFF

Vandals Deface Old Maestros

Kumquat, Kamchatka, Oct. 1—The most dastardly crime ever to befoul the fair name of Kumquat was committed today by a vandal who daubed black paint on the faces of famous old radio maestros in Kumquat's Municipal Gallery of Radio Celebrities. Suspicion was directed at one Carlo von Buettnerwitz, organizer of the Brotherhood of Mustache Putter-Oners, but von B scornfully stated that the vandalism was the work of an untrained amateur. He has 3,000 enthusiasts, working nationally at the task of putting sideburns on pretty girls in billboard ads, any one of whom, he said, would have displayed professional skill not evident in the Kumquat outrage.



STOOPNAGLE



WINCHELL

Bing Crosby's

What—Bing Crosby's throne in danger? An inconceivable thought to millions of his fans! But Bing himself has deliberately planned to abdicate in favor of his brother Bob, as revealed in this exclusive interview—and Bob also tells for the first time the inside story of that fantastic tale about the "corn" on Bing's vocal cords

By FRED RUTLEDGE

BING CROSBY, who left the air waves early last summer unchallenged as the king of crooners, comes back to radio this fall faced with a rival of his own choice who is scheduled shortly to unseat him from his throne.

Bing has, in short, placed a younger brother in New York to win over a fan following. In a year's time, according to present arrangements, he will be ready to take Bing's place, when that famous young star withdraws from active work.

The announcements you may have read these past months told you that Bing had made definite plans for quitting. They gave various reasons—he was tired, he was lazy, his voice was nearly gone—and none of them was quite true.

Until late in August it was purely a Crosby family secret as to the whys and wherefores. No one else was to know it before late fall, when publicity stories would be released to the public.

RADIOLAND Magazine uncovered the truth ahead of time when this interviewer caught Bob Crosby—youngest of seven Crosbys—backstage of the Paramount theater in New York, the week that he was making a personal appearance there.

At first the young singer was unwilling to talk about it. He confessed that his agents—the same who handle Bing—had warned him against revealing any of his plans for the fall.

"Not that we couldn't think up a swell story, though," he said, between hasty gulps of a ham sandwich.

BUT the truth will out. Before we were through, Bob had told the whole story. As soon as he becomes popular enough on his own program—he starts before long on a New York station—he will go directly to Hollywood and take over Bing's work out there.

This is all in accordance with Bing's own plans. It may seem strange, at first glance, that he should be so willing to withdraw as soon as possible in favor of Bob, just because the younger brother has a voice which is good.

The fact that Columbia Broadcasting System's announcement of Bing's return to the air brought an avalanche of approving mail would indicate that Bing has not yet reached the peak of his popularity.

But Bing is more farseeing. He realizes that doubling in



Bing
THE KING

New RIVAL-



Bob

THE CROWN PRINCE

Following out a plan carefully plotted by Bing Crosby, his brother Bob is now building up a radio fan following preparatory to filling Bing's shoes when he retires soon

both radio and movies shortens a career, nearly cuts the length of its duration in half. That is why he decided to have Bob ready to shove in the breach, when he gets set to quit.

Under gentle persuasion Bob told me of his trip to New York, his program for the coming winter, and the place Bing has in the plans.

"This fall when I go on the air, the D'Orsey brothers (they accompanied Connie Boswell and sisters on all their phonograph records) will provide the background for the program.

"That's why I'm staying in the East now that my week at the Paramount is up. I'm going to spend all my time rehearsing for my broadcasts."

"Then you aren't starting a tour of vaudeville?"

"Nope, my agents just got me this one week so I could have a little theater experience. This was my first time on the stage," he volunteered. "It was fun, but it was nerve wracking. I'd much rather stand in front of a microphone when I sing."

Bob only recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday. His voice, which has held a world of promise since he was a kid in knee pants, has finally attained the throaty menace which brought Bing many of his laurels.

When he sang from the stage of the Paramount that week, he made a decided hit with his pleasant baritone, which sounded exactly like Bing's without any of the polish or training. More like a Crosby in the rough. He is taller than Bing, and heavier. His hair is black, his eyes dark, and fringed with dark lashes. Only his mouth resembles Bing's, especially when he smiles.

"This is the place to be," he continued. "If I broadcast here, I stand a good chance of getting a big following, and that's what I have to do."

He looked a little ashamed when he finished that statement, as though he had given away the whole secret, which he had. After that, the rest was easy.

"YOU see, if I get a good number of fans in New York and in the middle west, there's no reason why I won't be asked to go out to Hollywood. Bing thought that too when I was with him in the spring.

"When I left him, I didn't know at first whether to keep my own name or take another, but I decided that if I changed, everyone would call me a cheap imitator of Bing.

"So now I'm known simply as Bob Crosby. Or as they billed me at the theater—the boy who is living up to a singing name."

After you have listened to Bing Tuesday night, it might be well if you looked up Bob's program in your local papers to find just when you can hear it. Evidently the time will soon come when you will have to change your allegiance, anyway, and you might as well get used to it.

"It's an awfully big assignment, though," Bob continued, "taking Bing's place in a year or two. How can I be sure that anyone'll be willing to have me substitute?"

The only answer is to take the story of Bob's short career in singing which started in his home town of Spokane and led first to Chicago, then Hollywood and on to New York.

"It's funny," Bob began. "When we were all together in Spokane, I was the one who always [Continued on page 52]

NO ONE who has listened to Sylvia Froos' voice over the radio networks, or who has seen and heard her in *Stand Up and Cheer*, dressed in a sophisticated costume and singing a romantic duet with John Boles, can possibly be prepared for the shock he would undergo if he met Sylvia Froos, in street clothes and devoid of stage make-up, face to face.

On the screen, made up and costumed as a siren in miniature, Sylvia is pleasing to the eye—but not particularly surprising. Hollywood has a way of turning out its dainty little ingenues and its breezy little vamps (for screen purposes) pretty much according to the same set of specifications. Particularly in the filmed musical comedies, they're types rather than individuals.

And on the air! The Froos vocal cords are vibrant and strong. After all, you say to yourself, this singer has been filling the great houses of vaudeville circuits—way back to the top galleries—since she was seven and a half.

Sylvia sings with Power—with a capital "P." You like her voice and are rather thrilled by it. And if you have never seen her at all on stage or screen you picture the singer as a tall, deep-breasted woman in her thirties, with a Junoesque rather than a delicate figure. Voices can be misleading!

Now meet the *real* Sylvia. Imagine looking at her for the first time as I did—suddenly—across a big desk in a busy humming city news room. She said, in a small, rather childish voice, "I'm Sylvia Froos."

A slender, delicately-boned person—she is just a little over five feet tall and she wears size eleven dresses—with trusting blue eyes, soft brown hair, newly-cut and guiltless of a permanent wave. Paley tanned soft skin, her face without a trace of powder or rouge except for a bit of lipstick rather inex-

STAGE CHILD



Don't trust the picture your imagination has painted of Sylvia Froos—her radio personality doesn't begin to do her justice!

By JOSEPHINE LESUEUR

pertly put on. A little nose embellished with a wide spatter of tiny sun freckles.

SYLVIA FROOS, born in Manhattan within a stone's throw of Broadway's bright lights, turns out to be an engaging child, completely unspoiled by her years in the theater and the adulation of friends, fans, and song pluggers!

Lunch and a shopping tour with Sylvia complete the impression of her as a very young person whose life behind the footlights for thirteen long years has not succeeded in making her either blasé or world weary. She is still the little girl who has never had enough of roller-skating and tennis and riding a horse, because her schedule of playing three-a-day circuits, making trains, taking screen tests and being in time for shots on location, radio rehearsals and every other kind of rehearsals and actual appearances in every branch of the entertainment field has never allowed for much of a life outside the working one.

"I've loved every bit of it," she confides, "from the time I first sang, when I was about six, for the annual convention of my father's lodge. I had a little suit especially made—a tiny tuxedo—and Mother stood me up on a chair to sing *Rosy, Make It Rosy For Me*, and *Avalon* and two or three more things before she lifted me down, in tears because I couldn't keep on indefinitely.

"Almost ever since then I *have* kept on. Mother found out from a song publisher what keys were best for me to sing in, as I grew older, and I picked out the melodies on the piano by ear. I learned simple dance routines just by watching people in other acts on the same bill do them. There never was time to stop for lessons anywhere. I've never taken a [Continued on page 62]



You can't believe all the pictures your imagination paints of personalities whom you know over the radio by voice alone. Most of her fans think of Sylvia Froos as a powerful singer of the statuesque operatic type—but as her portrait reveals, she's a slender little person just over five feet tall, with the manner of a cheerful little girl which years of experience on stage and screen hasn't succeeded in hardening



The
Ethier
Review

Lanny Ross

The romantic tenor of *Showboat* fame poses for a still on the set of *College Rhythm*, the Paramount picture he is making. Judging from Lanny's presence and the background of musical notes, it's going to be a tuneful production

Shirley Howard

is back again as star of the Mollé program after a summer vacation. Shirley was a newspaper "sob sister" before she left the Fourth Estate



Tito Guizar

The Mexican Troubadour of Song confesses to a bursting pride in his wife and baby. The family photograph makes his reasons self-evident

Frank Chapman and Gladys Swarthout

are one of radio's real romance teams, off the air as well as on, for Gladys Swarthout in private life is Mrs. Chapman. They are both opera stars in their own right—in fact, that was how they happened to meet. They appear together in the *Voice of Firestone* program, and Miss Swarthout also stars in the *Palmolive Beauty Box Theater* series of popular operettas



-Ray Lee Jackson



Irene Beasley

has built up a huge fan following with her one-woman variety show over NBC and now she is heard as the featured contralto on the *Armour* program which Floyd Gibbons has just taken over during the temporary absence of Phil Baker. Miss Beasley is just two inches short of being a six-footer, which explains her nickname of "the long, tall gal"



Pick and Pat

Pat Padgett and Pick Malone (done up in blackface) star under their own names in *One Night Stands*, and bring down the house as *Molasses* and *January* on the *Showboat Hour*

Hollywood
Hotel
Contest
Winner

Columbia
Broadcasting
System



Rowene Williams

MEET the newest star in radioland—Rowene Williams, who won out over 20,000 contestants for the coveted spot of leading lady to play opposite Dick Powell in the new *Hollywood Hotel* Program. The contest was staged by the Columbia Broadcasting System in a nation-wide search for new radio talent.

Miss Williams hails from Minneapolis and Chicago. She is not a stranger to local microphones, but her victory was not achieved without tasting the bitterness of disappointment. Only a day before the final auditions she suffered an attack of laryngitis which she feared would prove fatal to her chances, but her fine voice and musical background, which embraces the classical as well as the "hot cha," carried her through successfully. She will play a dramatic rôle as well as sing on the new program, which will be broadcast from Hollywood. A toast of congratulation and best wishes for future success to a brand new star made famous overnight!



Dick Powell

has more musical tricks up his sleeve than you can shake a stick at—though he probably won't play the saxophone and tuba simultaneously on his new *Hollywood Hotel* program, in which he will star as singing and dramatic lead. Dick has the reputation of being second only to Bing Crosby in building songs into popularity, and feminine hearts start fluttering when he appears on air or screen. Watch this lad on his new program!



Mary Small

is a full-fledged radio star in spite of her ten years—as little Miss Bab-O her surprisingly mature voice brings her listeners back for more every Sunday

—Ray Lee Jackson



Holman Sisters

Betty Jane and Virginia Holman, the mid-morning NBC piano duo, boast that their radio career dates back to the old earphone days when they broadcast over KSD, St. Louis

—Ray Lee Jackson

Romance F.O.B. Ukelele

By ROSE
DENIS

May Singhi Breen,
the Ukelele Lady,
and Peter de
Rose, composer
of *Wagon Wheels*



A chance Christmas gift of a ukelele played a strange part in setting the stage for radio's sweetest real life love story—the romance of May Singhi Breen and Peter de Rose, Sweethearts of the Air. If May had exchanged the uke for that orchid bathrobe she wanted so badly . . .

MAY SINGHI BREEN'S girl friend had an extra five dollar bill to spend for Christmas gifts, back in 1922. That is why May is the world-famous Ukelele Lady today, beloved by the millions who have heard her cheery tunes; that is how she came to marry Peter de Rose, the other half of their duet; and that is why they are the eternal sweethearts of the air.

May's girl friend went down to Macy's and bought May a uke. And was May happy? She was furious. As a budding pianist she hated the ukelele; the four chords her friend thumped monotonously, regardless of the tune she was singing, drove her crazy. Back in 1922 there were no musical accompaniments with the uke for jazz and classical songs. You just thumped as your fancy dictated.

The daughter of musical folks, May Singhi Breen had begun to take piano lessons when she was eight. She had crossed the Atlantic five times in her childhood; both here and abroad she was considered a find. Some day she would startle the world with her piano playing.

Play a ukelele? Why, it was ludicrous. So the day after Christmas she marched down to the department store, determined to exchange the hated instrument for a bathrobe. She selected a beautiful orchid robe (even then this was her favorite color) and asked the sales girl to hold it while she arranged the exchange.

"The young lady must still be holding it," she told me, with

her infectious laugh, with blue eyes dancing. "The floor-walker insisted he couldn't mix the music department accounts with those of the bathrobe department. Even my nicest manner wouldn't change his mind."

She took the ukelele back home. A few weeks later, while playing *The Rosary* on the piano, she had an inspiration. Why not try it on the ukelele, and use her knowledge of music to work out an accompaniment that really fit? Just for the fun of it, she tried it. Though faltering at the beginning, once she got well into the song, it sounded swell. That determined May. She hunted up a Hawaiian and took a few lessons from him. Believe it or not, that was all the instruction which launched the ukelele lady on her career.

"**I** BECAME so interested in this instrument," she said, "that I would play it for hours at a time, neglecting my piano. Ten years ago we had no ukelele accompaniment to any sheet music; people considered this only appropriate for the languorous, wistful Hawaiian melodies. I played around with my once-unwanted present, transposing classical pieces, semi-classical numbers and jazz as best I could. My family's plans to make a concert pianist of me just went bye-bye. I was enamored of this four-stringed instrument.

"Then someone suggested I try radio. I had lots of friends who had crystal sets; they all encouraged me. Radio was a mystery to me; I hadn't the

[Continued on page 42]

That Tiny Triplet—

— triplet in personality only, of course. There are three amazing Jeanie Langs wrapped up in a single ninety-pound package



Jeanie Lang was almost lost under the shower of flowers which descended on her following the premiere of the new Ward program. Buddy Rogers shares the congratulations

MEET little Jeanie Lang, one. Meet little Jeanie Lang, two. Meet little Jeanie Lang, three. Right . . . for here's triple personality, if ever there was one. Three distinct gals in one is this dynamic young star who giggled her way to fame and fortune.

She giggled away last season on the Hudnut Program, and now she's co-star with Buddy Rogers on the brand new Ward Family Theater Hour. Buddy Rogers is no stranger to the millions who remember him as America's Boy Friend during his movie days. He deserted the screen to give his all to music, his first love, and in recent years he and his *California Cavaliers* have been touring the country and

By VERA INGERSOLL

making, in addition to their theatrical engagements, frequent air appearances. The present program is Buddy's most ambitious radio effort and by it he will probably stand or fall, perhaps going on to enroll his *Cavaliers* in that select company headed by Waring's *Pennsylvanians*, Vallée's *Connecticut Yankees*, and the organizations of Whiteman, Bernie, and Lombardo.

Already the new Rogers-Lang combination has made its radio mark, and to Jeanie must go her fair share of credit. The program proves that Jeanie has shed much of her "giggle" trade-mark, which has been known to bring a reverent glow of beatitude to many countenances, and at the same time to send strong men into telephone booths tearing up directories between their bare hands to the accompaniment of low moans. She is such a positive personality that she inspires positive reactions. She is, as we have intimated, a triplet in personality.

To understand Jeanie Lang aright, you will want to know each of these glittering, many-faceted selves, even if it does rather leave you gasping and mopping your brow to find so much dynamite in one tiny, ninety-pound package.

First of all then, let me introduce:

JJEANIE, No. 1, the radio star as her public knows her—Jeanie, the tiny, frolicsome "cutie" of the bubbling baby-talk and the gurgling giggle, at whose pleasant nonsense you regularly chuckle, thinking all the while: "What a little bundle of fluff! Wonder how she ever knew enough to get on the air! But of course she has some big, brawny man to fight all her business battles for her!"

It's a good line—this Jeanie, the Giggle-O Girl, whose baby-talk in three short years has netted her well up into six figures—most people would be perfectly willing to go low-brow for that!

And then her tiny size! Ever notice how all the fully-arrived, capable, portly people fairly tumble over themselves to assist the tiny, helpless ones? It's been ever thus with Jeanie, from that wild, adventurous night all of four years ago when she first scandalized her prudent St. Louis family by appearing in a stage act. As the curtain rose, she was too faint with joyous excitement to walk on, so Brooks Johns, a gallant six-footer, solved the problem by picking her up and carrying her on under his arm. The audience loved it. Before long, plenty of offers for other stage-jobs featuring her tiny size began coming along.

Paul Whiteman, the bandmaster, then making *The King of Jazz* for Universal, was the next two-hundred-pounder to fall under her spell.

"How'd you like to make a screen test, little girl?" he inquired, instantly intrigued by her bantam size and pixen charm.

"I'd rather have a 'mike' test. I want to be a radio singer,"

Jeanie Lang

history records that Jeanie responded. She got both tests and did so well in them that her wish promptly came true. She was singing regularly for a small California station when Jack Denny, another burly band-leader, sent her a wire, with what an offer! A chance to sing in New York, with his Waldorf program.

"He wants me to come right on, without even seeing me. Now wouldn't that give you a bang?" Jeanie giggled. "Whatever makes him think I can do it? But I ought to send him some sort of an answer, shouldn't I, honey? Can you lend me a fountain pen?"

As I said, it's a good line; some two hundred thousand dollars good, so it's said. This is the best-known Jeanie, one so fondly regarded by her public they'd be more than satisfied if it were all there is to her. But I'm here to tell you of a second and quite another Jeanie standing as a watchdog over the first. Meet the

JEANIE, No. 2, the business Jeanie. You don't believe there's such a Jeanie? She must have a manager? So she has had from time to time, several managers, as she has decided she needed one, but in every case the decision has been made by her real manager—Jeanie Lang.

To go back two years, you recall those letters of introduction Jeanie brought with her [Continued on page 44]



Rehearsing for the show—Jeanie Lang, Buddy Rogers, and Ray Apple, CBS dramatic production chief



Jack "Screwy" Douglas of the *Cavaliers* supplies comedy relief on the new Rogers-Lang program, specializing in a trick voice



Jeanie Lang at home with a few portraits

They Never Told Till Now-



Frank Parker won to fame through **HEARTBREAK**

TODAY Frank Parker—dark, slim, handsome—is one of the most popular tenors on the air. You've heard him with the Jack Benny show, the A. & P. Gypsies, and with The Revelers, on half a dozen programs weekly. Behind the wistful longing of his tones is the story he has never told before, that he hates to talk about. His crushed romance, which hurts him almost as badly today, as it did when it happened.

Let's go back ten years. Eighteen-year-old Frank is an ordinary hooper, a novice chorus man in the *Greenwich Village Follies*. Just a fun-loving, empty-headed boy without a thought for the future. Quite impressed with himself; wasn't he making fifty bucks a week while his friends were still in high school? So why worry?

He was to change completely and his whole outlook on life was to be altered. All because there was a pert, saucy, blue-eyed miss among the chorus girls who was to single him out, to fall in love with him. And he with her.

She was his dancing partner in the show. Reporting for rehearsal the first day, Frank was terribly nervous, as he is whenever he starts anything new. He had never had a dancing lesson in his life. How could he compete with these [Continued on page 65]

In every life there is an untold story, some secret that snuggles close to the heart. Here are the intimate revelations of two famous radio stars

By
**MARY
JACOBS**



Mary Livingston found success through **JEALOUSY**

HERE is the story Mary Livingston never told before. It is buried so deep in her heart that she never dreamed of betraying how misery and wretchedness drove her on to fame.

Yet if she had not been goaded on by the whip of inferiority, by jealousy of her older sister, she would never have been on the air, she would never have met or married Jack Benny, and no one would ever have heard of her.

You see, her sister Toots was two years older than Mary, so Toots got the preference in everything. When it came time for spring shopping, she'd get all the new dresses while little Mary got the cast-offs. Money was none too plentiful in the Livingston household, and when their older daughter outgrew a dress, it looked almost new. Why go out and buy others for Mary, her parents reasoned.

Whenever there was company it was Toots who stayed up with the grownups and Mary who was sent off to bed. She was eternally the little baby who should be seen and not heard.

Somehow, everything Mary did fell short in comparison with her older sister's actions. For Mary, a [Continued on page 53]



Betty, little sister of Red Davis, is played by Betty Wragge



Burgess Meredith plays the part of Red Davis in the new radio dramatic series

Red Davis and Co.

BILLED as the typical young American (which might be interpreted to mean that he's a good Indian) Red Davis is back on the air with his family and pals after scoring a hit during a brief radio appearance last season. The program revolves around incidents typical of American family life, which means that football is going to play a considerable part in the fall programs, as demonstrated by the photo below.

Burgess Meredith stars in the character of Red Davis. Meredith is a juvenile who has been making a name for himself along Broadway, most re-

cently for his work in *She Loves Me Not*. Because the program has been expanded to cover the entire country, two broadcasts are being given, the later one going to the Pacific Coast—making it necessary for Meredith to hop into a cab and race from a Broadway theater to the NBC studios. But he classifies that dash under the general heading of "fun."

Meredith hails from Cleveland. He attended Amherst for a time, did a stint as cub reporter, put in a term sailing before the mast and finally landed in the theater a couple of years ago, to the considerable gratification of his audiences. He can sing, too, or at least that was the general opinion of the church choir of which he was once a member.



Red Davis' pals—left to right, Elizabeth Wragge (sister Betty), Johnny Kane (Clink), Jean Sothern and Ruth Russell

Mike SAYS

Radio Gossip by ARTHUR J. KELLAR

FAREWELL TO RUSS COLUMBO

THE tragic death of Russ Columbo, following the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a friend, was a distinct shock to fans who recall the meteor-like trail which Columbo blazed across the radio heavens before he turned his talents, in recent months, to movie work. Thousands of radio fans remember the famous "battle of the crooners" in which the newspapers represented Columbo as a bitter rival of Bing Crosby. This was back in the days when Crosby was being groomed by one national network and Columbo by a rival chain. The height of the "battle," which both Columbo and Crosby regarded with some amusement as they were the best of friends, was reached when a popular song bearing the title "Crosby, Columbo and Vallee" swept the country. Columbo withdrew from radio two years ago, following a series of disagreements with his manager, leaving Vallee and Crosby in undisputed possession of the crooning field, but recently he made several broadcasts from the west coast and was planning a radio comeback this fall, in addition to his picture work. Russ Columbo was only 26 years old when the tragic accident cut short a career which may be truly said to have been just begun.



Jean Harlow and Will Rogers? Wrong—it's Peggy Healy and Johnny Mercer of Whiteman's band, behind masks of the movie stars

• Jolson The Pioneer

AL JOLSON is a natural born pioneer. He revolutionized the movies by making the first talkie, *The Jass Singer*. Now, as the Daniel Boone of broadcasters, he has been blazing a trail showing the world how dramatic sketches should be projected on the air. And again he is making history.

Only a block separates the New York Winter Garden, where Jolson made his reputation as a black-face comedian, and Radio City, where he has established himself as the ether's premier player. But the distance that Jolson has covered in the progress of radio art is much more than a block. It is too close to the event now to measure accurately his influence on the future of broadcasting; however, it is already evident that it is quite considerable.

* * * *

A recent blessed event in the home of the Georgie Prices was a girl. Obviously having in mind Eddie Cantor's yearning for a son, George dispatched this telegram to the banjo-eyed comic announcing the arrival: **IT'S A GIRL STOP IF WE HAD WANTED A BOY WE WOULD HAVE CALLED WESTERN UNION.** Georgie, incidentally owns a seat on the Stock Exchange.

• A Page Of Allen Script

FRED ALLEN'S comedy, some critics say, is too subtle for radio audiences. If Fred went in for humor more obvious, he would soon become Air Comic No. 1, they contend. Well, maybe so. But certainly the nasal comedian's scripts are funny to read. Here's a bit of dialogue from a recent broadcast which has many a chuckle—if not the uproarious laughs some listeners crave:

FRED: Is poppa still talking behind my back?

PORTLAND: No. He says it's almost impossible to talk behind your back.

FRED: Why?

PORTLAND: Well, poppa says when a person's two-faced he can even see what's going on behind him.

FRED: Poppa will never get round-shouldered from boosting anybody.

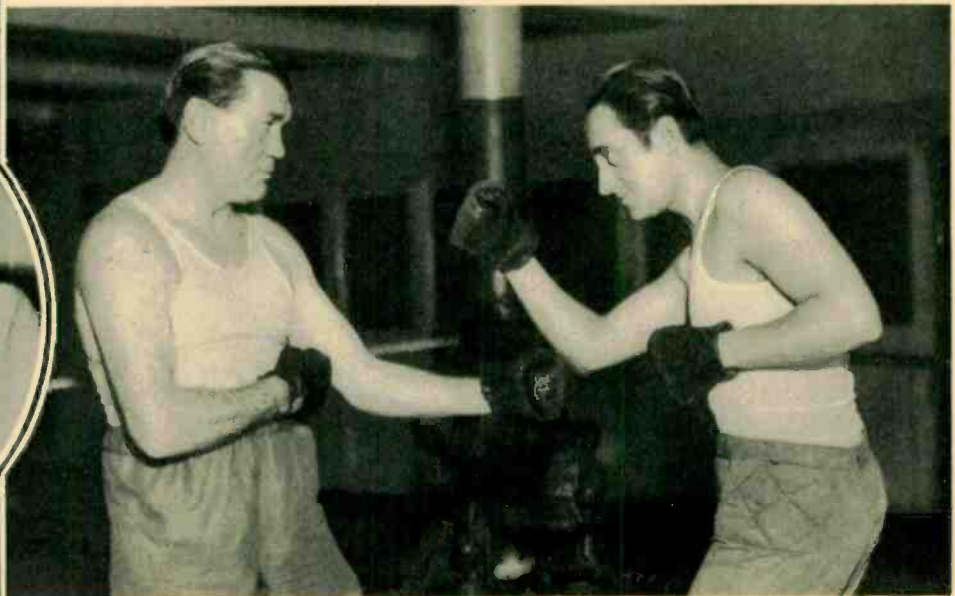
PORTLAND: He's pretty tricky, all right. If he was Dr. Jekyll he would criticize Mr. Hyde.

FRED: Yes, he's the knife of the party, all right.

PORTLAND: I don't think he likes actors. That's the trouble.

FRED: And if all the world's a stage—that means poppa hates everybody, eh?

PORTLAND: I know. You think



Who says pugilism and radio don't mix? Leon Belasco (at right), the CBS maestro, exchanges assorted uppercuts and cauliflower ears with that famous trainer of champions, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. It's all done to keep the orchestra leader fit

he wants to make the world a bitter place to live in.

FRED: The world a bitter place? Is that a joke?

PORTLAND: Yes. I guess you didn't get it—did you?

FRED: Not enough of it to upset me—No.

PORTLAND: Well, I must have been nearer to it. That's why I laughed. I got it right away.

* * * * *

● Television Next Year?

NOW they are talking about putting television sets on the market late next year. They are to retail at \$300 a set which prohibits their wide use. Still, it is estimated that 700,000 will be sold at that figure in America. To service that number of customers Alfred J. McCosker, President of the National Association of Broadcasters, figures 80 transmitting stations would be needed and that the cost of installing equipment would reach \$40,000,000. Add to that \$58,000,000 annually for talent and other costs of projection and the yearly expense to the television stations comes to \$98,000,000. With the \$210,000,000 (on the basis of 700,000 sets) spent by the public for receivers the total cost the first year of television comes to \$368,000,000. It's a lot of money these days and explains why there is no great rush to introduce television to the nation. The electrical and allied interests controlling the situation are awaiting a more auspicious moment.

* * * * *

Miscellany: Abe Lyman has taken out a \$1,000,000 life insurance policy. This tops any in radio circles. . . . There is a real Russian count announcing from Station WOW, Omaha. Now he is plain John Chapel but time was when he was Count Ivan Kuropatkin. . . . The wife of Carmen Lombardo operates a modiste's shop on Fifth

avenue. . . . If all the options are exercised Joe Cook will remain on the air for the same sponsor until January, 1936. He is believed to be the longest term contract in radio. . . . Because "Lazy Bill" Huggins broadcasts afternoons draped on a high stool, Columbia studio attaches refer to him as "Sitting Bill, the matinee idle."

* * * * *

● No Radio Spendthrifts

A SYNDICATED newspaper columnist spreads the information from coast to coast that radio stars have become the best customers of New York penthouses. He represents them as *nouveaux riche* bent on spending money faster than they make it, having replaced the movie folks in extravagance. Such conclusions aren't supported by the facts. There are several millionaires among radio stars and most of those earning sums in the higher brackets have demonstrated their ability to save and invest judiciously. The paragrapher notes Amos 'n' Andy as exceptions, thereby overlooking Kate Smith, Rudy Vallée, Isham Jones, Burns and Allen and a long list of others well known to Radio Row.

* * * * *

NBC's own John S. Young, only announcer qualified to tack LL.D. to his name, spent his vacation lecturing on radio at Oxford University, England. Dr. Young regularly conducts classes on broadcasting at one of New York's colleges.

* * * * *

● Broadcast Boners

WHENEVER radio folks get on the subject of broadcast boners some one is sure to recall the mishap to the program from the Vatican a couple of years ago. Cardinal O'Con-



**INFORMALITY
at the MICROPHONE**

Maybe it's just as well that television hasn't been perfected, considering the epidemic of informality which has lately swept the studios. Dial twisters might be perturbed to have the above savage in the leopard skin leap out of their receivers, only to learn that it's Lawrence Tibbett, singing an operatic role. Below, Cliff Edwards broadcasts a shower bath to ice-bound members of the Byrd Expedition. The modesty of the mike is in this case preserved by a rubber bathing cap.



Rowene Williams (extreme right) is congratulated on winning the contest for *Hollywood Hotel's* leading lady by Don Cooley, Executive Editor of *RADTOLAND*. Beside her is Zella Sexton, a sectional winner



Mike SAYS=



Perhaps you have wondered how the "Three X Sisters" came to embrace such an odd label. It was wished on them years ago by their manager when the girls organized and he was stumped for a title. Until he could think of something better he listed them on a program as the "Three X Sisters"—the X standing for the name he couldn't think of. And they have been the "Three X Sisters" ever since.

* * * *

• When Jolson Saved Givot

GEORGE GIVOT, genial assassin of English when performing on the air waves as the Greek restaurant man, owes his present eminence, in a measure, to the support given him at a crucial moment by Al Jolson. It happened years ago at a Sunday night vaudeville concert at the New York Winter Garden. Givot, nervous at making his Broadway debut before a notoriously difficult audience, wasn't going so well. The spectators gave him a gentle razzberry. Jolson sprang up from his seat in the audience. "Just a minute, folks," he admonished. "Let's be fair. Let's give this young fellow a chance to do his stuff before passing judgment." The appeal caught the crowd and also restored Givot's confidence. He finished his act in a riot of applause.

• Blame Molasses 'n' January

DON'T say that radio doesn't exert an influence on life in America. A colored man was arrested for stealing chickens in St. Petersburg, Fla. He told the judge that all he did was to pick up in the dark in a neighbor's back yard a length of lumber which was just what he needed to repair his fence. When he got home and lit the lantern he was surprised to find six chickens perching on the timber. "An' dat, Judge, Your Honor, is all they is to it," explained the darkey. But on further questioning he confessed he had heard a similar hap-

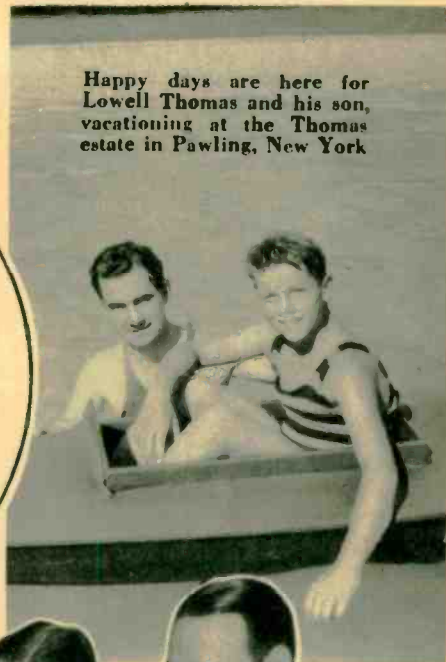
nell from Boston introduced what was intended to be the Vatican Choir chanting from Station HVJ, Rome. Instead, the loudspeaker brought the moans of saxophones forming the background of a violently jazzy jazz orchestra, which made the Cardinal particularly unhappy since he has long regarded jazz as a musical menace. What happened was that through some slip-up in the engineering department Station HBJ in Switzerland had been linked up instead of the Vatican HVJ. However, the broadcast was quickly cut off.

* * * *

Fred Crumit, radio headliner, and Ben Ames Williams, novelist and short story spinner, were fellow students at Ohio State University. They were enthusiastic about everything but their classes. The Brain Trusters of those days shook their heads and predicted they would never amount to much. Soon after leaving school Crumit made his first phonograph record "My Girl Sal" and Williams sold his first story to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Crumit is still making records that sell all over the world and Williams is one of America's cleverest writers of fiction.

Mike's Tips for Tuner-Inners

Listen in on the new Ed Wynn series; Eddie Duchin supplies the music this season, and the young piano maestro ought to go on to greater success on this popular spot . . . Pick up Annette Hanshaw on her new cigarette program to prove to yourself that she deserves her new spot as featured vocalist, following her "Showboat" success . . . Reserve a weekly hour for the Ivory Soap show which will present brand new operetta tunes every week under the title of "The Gibson Family" . . . Follow Roxy's program for the new ideas he promises to inject into radio . . . Watch for Lawrence Tibbett in a triple role—singer, commentator, actor—in his forthcoming hour sponsored by Packard.



Happy days are here for Lowell Thomas and his son, vacationing at the Thomas estate in Pawling, New York

—Ray Lee Jackson



—Wide World

Meet Mrs. Andy—rather, Mrs. Charles J. Correll, who with her husband, the Andy half of the famous Amos and Andy team, has just returned from a brief vacation in London



Rosemary Lane approved highly of her cover picture on September RADIOLAND. At her left is Roscoe Kent Fawcett. Tom Waring and Poley McClintock of the Pennsylvanians look on

pening related on the radio. Inasmuch as the man in the story broadcast had been exonerated by the court, he thought it a good idea worth trying. "Thirty days" announced the magistrate and Abraham Lincoln Jackson was led away to reflect upon the vagaries of human nature. The chicken story that brought so much misery to the Negro was told on the air by Molasses 'n' January, otherwise Pat Padgett and Pic Malone.

* * * *

Since Finland became first among foreign nations in the affections of America through the simple process of repaying and not repudiating its debts, Walter Winchell has been vigorously campaigning a "Trade With Finland" movement. Freddie Martin, the bandman, beat him to it. For some time Freddie has maintained a staff of nothing but Finnish servants at his home on Long Island. Years ago he was saxophonist with an American orchestra that toured Finland so long that Freddie learned the language.

* * * *

• Amos And Andy: Showmen

THERE are tricks in all trades but it remains for Amos 'n' Andy to pull the cutest when they want to stimulate audience reaction. Here's a stunt of theirs which illustrates how clever these boys really are. The clock struck two and Andy remarked that it was 3 o'clock. They weren't off the air before the telephone switchboard at the Chicago NBC studios was swamped with calls from listeners gleefully calling attention to



RADIO'S SONG CENSOR BOARD

the supposed error. Then began the parade of messenger boys with telegrams and a week afterwards letters were still pouring in from alert listeners. Showmen? You said it—there are none on the air to compare with Amos 'n' Andy.

* * * *

Broadcast bulletins: Father Coughlin resumes his Sunday afternoon talks with a circuit of 28 independent stations. The Radio Priest will be on the air for 26 weeks beginning from mid-October. . . . Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, Sisters of the Skillet, have become brothers of the drama, having written two plays, one with a studio background. . . . Tony Wons refers to them as wise cracketeers. . . . Charles Previn, the Silken Strings maestro, has signed a two-year contract with his hosiery sponsor. . . . Elaborate new studios are being built for Station KDKA, Pittsburgh, generally regarded as the birthplace of broadcasting. . . . Ida Bailey Allen's 16-year-old son is a potential stage star. He plays under the name of Thomas Allen Chapman.

NO LONGER need the radio fan blush with shame at some of the "hot" songs he hears over the air. A committee of five orchestra leaders is unofficially going to edit the words of all songs presented to them, deleting any questionable passages. Richard Himber was the organizing spirit behind the group, which includes Paul Whiteman, Rudy Vallee, Guy Lombardo and Abe Lyman. Just what effect the song censoring will have on radio programs is uncertain, since it is manifestly difficult for a crooner to sing a row of asterisks with any happy musical result. Mr. Whiteman acknowledged to RADIOLAND'S inquisitive reporter that not a single letter had been received complaining about suggestive songs, but they considered their committee idea a happy one nevertheless. Considering the fact that the networks have always leaned over backward in "editing" songs, it is our guess that the committee doesn't come under the strict heading of radio necessities, but Mr. Whiteman as chairman is on the job, graciously ready to receive complaints from fans who may be moved to protest against songs as they are.

ALL FOR ALMA MATER

The Columbia network has been taking its mike into a lot of queer places lately, but it remained for Tom Shirley, who announces the "Myrt and Marge" program, to demonstrate a waterproof microphone when he went overboard to broadcast a Coast Guard "capsize" drill which you may have heard. Tom made the supreme sacrifice for his alma mater when he consented to have the CBS initials stenciled on his chest out of deference to the publicity department. The rumor that the press agents wanted Tom to have the initials tattooed on permanently, but that he balked even when promised a two-color anchor on one forearm and his own initials on the other, is utterly unfounded as far as our news sleuths have been able to discover. The photo shows the genial Mr. Shirley on the job with microphone, initials, and a pair of bathing trunks.



• Cousins—Not Twins

"WHAT a thrill to hear you darlings on the air," wrote a lady to Al and Lee Reiser, the piano duo. "It seems as though it were only yesterday when I held you in my arms—new born twins." What's wrong with this story? Nothing except that Al and Lee aren't twins; indeed, they aren't even brothers—they are cousins. Which reminds that when twins came to the Bing Crosby domicile, Lennie Hayton, his bandmaster pal, was as happy about it as Bing. Lennie circulated along Broadway and Radio Row handing out cigars just like a proud papa. But Bing! He was so overcome with excitement that he had to go to bed!

* * * *

SHIRLEY HOWARD reports the ultimate in service at a gas filling station near Philadelphia. After wiping off the wind shield, the attendant reached through the open window and powdered her nose! Or so says Shirley.

Rudy Vallée's Music Notebook

Love In Bloom

AS JOE YOUNG, the famous songwriter, remarked to me at the Pavillon Royal, anyone who has studied the chart of popular music in the last six or seven months must be convinced of one thing—that unless it is a picture song it practically hasn't a chance. Of course, if it is a terrifically unusual "natural," like *The Last Round-up*, or *Little Man, You've Had A Busy Day*, it may crash through, but on the whole if it is just an average song and well-spotted in a picture, it stands a great chance of becoming a national favorite both from the sheet music and the phonograph record sales, as well as a constant reiteration over the air waves.

For the months of August and September *Love In Bloom* is elected to first place among the picture songs. In every Bing Crosby picture at least one of his songs has become a hit. So much so, that during one of my recent afternoon concerts at Manhattan Beach, before some 50,000 people, when we offered a medley of some twelve tunes garnered from the four or five pictures which Bing has made, we found that two-thirds of the tremendous audience joined in on every song and hummed or sang the chorus of each of the songs.

Love In Bloom was written by two excellent writers, Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger, who gave his first great picture song, *Please*, from *The Big Broadcast*. The boys knew pretty much what Bing should have for singing material, though in giving him *Love In Bloom* they gave him a song that has a most unusual range. It goes from a low B natural to a high F sharp, which is range enough to test the mettle of even a Tibbett, let alone Bing Crosby who, like yours truly, has never made any pretensions to having an unusual range or vocalistic prowess.

The song was first played for me by Dana Suesse up at the lovely Paul Whiteman apartment one night when a group of us gathered there after my long session at the Hollywood Restaurant. Dana, who knows better than any one else how to "sell a song," convinced me that evening that the song was a beautiful one. It is published by Famous Music Corp.

Pardon My Southern Accent

A LIGHT little, half-comic ditty from the pens of Johnny Mercer and Matt Malneck. Johnny, who with Hoagy Carmichael wrote *Lazy Bones*, and who is a vocal member of the Whiteman combination, made the excellent record of *Fare Thee Well To Harlem*, incidentally his own composition. In this case, with Matt Malneck, Mrs. Whiteman's concert master, he has turned out a light little thought kidding the southern accent which so many Southerners affect and cultivate as they come

North, knowing that its unusual quality tickles the Northern ear. Irving Berlin, Inc., are the publishers of the tune, and it should not be played in other than a slow tempo.

New England In The Rain

ANOTHER adaptation from a poem—this time a poem by John L. Rooney, set to music by Larry Stock, with whatever extra words were necessary by Paul Francis Webster. A beautiful song that the publishers believe may be another *Spinning Wheel*. Inasmuch as Shapiro, Bernstein and Company have been the most successful of the popular music publishers in the past year, having had *The Last Round-up*, *Spinning Wheel*, and many other hit songs to their credit, they should know whereof they speak.

As a New Englander, I really feel that the song catches the spirit of that section of the country, and I greatly enjoy playing and singing it. I find that it, too, has an unusual range, and must, above all things, not be played brightly.

Panama

ONE of the best American pseudo-rumbas, having the quality of *When Yuba Played The Rumba On The Tuba Down In Cuba* in that there are a lot of lyrics to get in; especially if the composition is played brightly, does it demand clean and quick enunciation.

For All We Know

THIS song should really have started off this issue of popular songs. Today Johnny White, the proud general manager of Leo Feist, Inc., informed me that the song reached first place throughout the country; it is the leader in sheet music and phonograph record sales, as well as radio programmings.

It is probably the first time in a long time that Freddy Coots has had a No. 1 song hit. Not since his *Precious Little Thing Called Love*, has Freddy had a sweeping sensational hit. Together with Sam Lewis, who has been writing for eons and eons, he has presented us with a lovely song which was first called to my attention by Alice Faye, who heard it at one of the road houses near the Pavillon Royal. It should be played quite slowly.

I'll Close My Eyes To Everyone Else

NICK KENNY may finally feel a great deal of satisfaction and pride in having his name on a hit song together with Peter Tinturin, (who has also for a long time sought to capture that elusive something which is part of a hit song) and Arthur Terker. The three boys have a grand song in *I'll Close My Eyes To Everyone Else If You'll Open Your Heart* [Continued on page 56]

Notes on New Songs

By

Rudy Vallée



Rudy Vallée and Paul Whiteman go over a new song—they're members of the radio song censor board announced elsewhere in this issue

By INNES HARRIS

"Too WEAK to be GREAT"

—that's what his parents told Charles Previn when, a physical weakling, he was determined to become a concert pianist. But he experienced the thrill of proving them wrong, even though he nearly gave up his life in the process

DIGGING a life's story out of Charles Previn, conductor of the Silken Strings program, is no cinch. You see, when the interviewer starts firing questions at the subject for an article, he always imagines himself something of an amateur psychologist. He is looking for "reasons why," the little quirks of character that make the interviewee a different personality.

Now when you start cross-examining Charles Previn along that line you are up against a real psychologist, for Previn studied psychology in college and he applies its principles daily in handling an orchestra of temperamental musicians. Charles Previn knows all of the tricks of the psycho-analytical trade and how to parry them. But he is a kind soul at heart and soon gives up, revealing his past thoroughly. He, in effect, says: "Here are the facts of my life, the trials, the triumphs, the heartbreaks and the successes. See if you can find what makes me tick!"

Well, there is plenty there! Troubles? You wonder if you would have carried on as Previn

At the right, Charles Previn is running over a number with Olga Albani, whose singing is an outstanding feature of the *Silken Strings* program which Previn has made a predominant favorite for its soft string music



Charles Previn



has if you had faced the obstacles he has met—and overcome. There was the time the doctors said he had but a few hours to live. Previn had the will to live, though, and his first act upon recovering was to turn to his beloved piano. He had feared that he might have lost his ability to play.

This incident took place when Charles Previn was just an ambitious young lad out in Brooklyn. He had always been a physical weakling. He had wanted to be a concert pianist despite the fact that his parents told him that they wanted no son of theirs to be a musician unless he was a great one, and that he was too weak to hope to be great. That hadn't daunted young Charles. He just worked the harder, because he knew that since he had only started to study the piano at the age of ten (when he should have [Continued on page 58])



BLOCK AND SULLY are the starred comedians of "The Big Show" and we're here to remark, as we may have done before, that they can hardly avoid becoming the comedian "finds" of the new season. They claim to have originated the Gracie Allen "dumb bunny" type of comedy and assuredly prove themselves masters of their medium.



WHISPERING JACK SMITH will be remembered by old-time radio fans as the man who introduced the soft, intimate style of singing back in the days of crystal sets and ear-phones. Folks seeking a contrast to hot-cha and hi-de-ho vocalists will welcome him back on the Columbia stations, in which he revives one old tune on each program while the accompanying orchestra contributes a currently popular dance melody.



EDWIN C. HILL is back again to make us realize how much we've missed him during his summer vacation. His fifteen minutes of matchless yarn spinning woven around the news seems fresher than ever following recent weeks which he has spent in travel and research. His program pattern, emphasizing the human side of the day's events, presented with his own unique touch, assures him of a permanent following.



JIMMIE GREER and RUTH ETTING, broadcasting from the Pacific Coast, have been "wowing" their audiences, as the press agents say. Jimmie is the lad whose music was a feature of Bing Crosby's program, Jack Benny's tire hour, etc., and is one of Los Angeles' favorite bandmasters. Ruth Etting is always a favorite everywhere.

Reviews



HELEN CLAIRE plays the rôle of Betty Graham in that perennial favorite, "Roses and Drums," which has resumed its thrilling story of Civil War history for the third season. This popular drama has become a radio institution which will undoubtedly continue its run as long as people tune in on radio sets.



DANNY MALONE is the young Irishman recently imported by NBC. Only a few months ago he was a member of the "black gang" stoking coal in a liner's engine room. He not only has an unusually fine voice, but he renders Irish numbers, as might be expected, with an authentic touch which is considerable of a relief from the standardized presentation of these tunes which radio listeners have come to expect. At the moment he is without a sponsor, though what with the publicity attendant on his importation and the important fact that he has demonstrated his ability to deliver the goods, the likelihood is that he will soon appear on a commercial program.



LEITH STEVENS weaves new shades and rhythms into contemporary music in the program under his name. Stevens wins his point of featuring exotic musical nuances by means of odd combinations of instruments and broken beats. The program might be bracketed as concertized popular music, augmented by a skillfully directed choir. He has long been a member of the CBS staff as arranger and conductor, but it is only recently that he was rewarded with featured billing under his own name.



BYRD EXPEDITION broadcasts (Charles Murphy of the Expedition in photo) continue to stand as a symbol of the amazing strides made in short-wave communication during recent months. While interest in the technical angle of Antarctic transmission is intense, human elements to capture the attention of the average fan have not been overlooked, for which Mark Warnow's orchestra deserves much of the credit.



WALTER B. PITKIN'S broadcast, "The Clearing House of Hope," is one of the most spirited ideas to crop up in the new radio season. His remarks are principally addressed to the youth of America and the wallop of his program comes from his sincere efforts to ferret out careers for earnest workers rather than temporary jobs for the unemployed. Inspiration is Prof. Pitkin's stock in trade.



BUCK ROGERS and his fantastic adventures skipping about between planets continue to attract an adult audience as well as younger listeners. It's a thriller that can well be recommended, and some of the imaginative inventions described—such as the death ray—have later been developed in actual laboratories. It's the nearest approach to Jules Verne to be found on the networks.

of the New Programs



THE KING'S GUARD is the quartet recently imported by Paul Whiteman from California. In addition to the Whiteman show they are being built up by NBC on four sustaining spots weekly. They do a well-blended job and steer a sensible course between trickiness and musical conservatism, with a particular flair for novelty verses. Considering Whiteman's record as a star-builder, the boys are probably slated to become topnotchers of the air. Top row in the photo shows Bud Linn and Ken Darby; below, Jon Dodson and Rad Robinson.



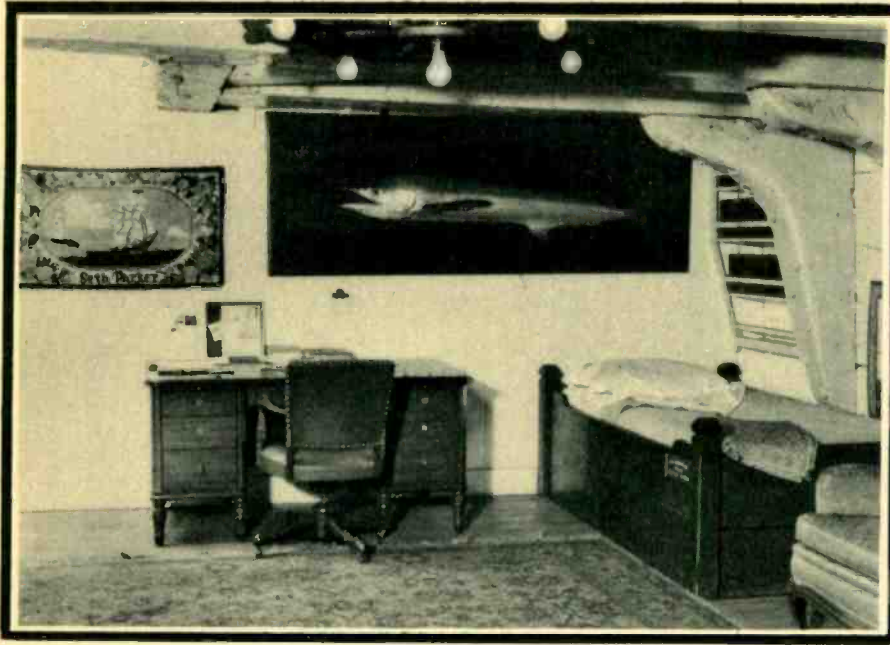
TONY WONS in his new hour, "The House by the Side of the Road," gives us the type of philosophical program for which he is famous, but a much more rounded bit of entertainment than anything he has done before. Emphasis is on the rural angle with plenty of homely characterization. He has assistants and music, but the burden of the program is carried entirely by the star, which is only reasonable, as his voice and manner fits the pattern perfectly. The appeal of the hour will largely be outside the big cities, in those regions where folks have time for well-done homespun entertainment. Gina Vanna, young operatic soloist, acquits herself capably on the vocal numbers on the Wons program.



FLOYD GIBBONS, rapid-fire diction and all, has been guest-starring on the Armour Hour during the absence of Phil Baker in Europe, and is soon to be heard on his own Johns-Manville program. In the Armour show he has temporarily doffed the mantle of the Headline Hunter and has been doing a bit of straight narration and salesmanship. But Gibbons is always Gibbons, a forceful personality, and as a genuine radio veteran we're glad to welcome him back. He's the sort of speaker you have to listen to with both ears—one of the few who can jerk you to alertness from the lazy depths of an armchair.

The Seth Parker Disaster

[Continued from page 13]



Phillips Lord's own cabin on the schooner *Seth Parker*, from which he directs the ship's voyage around the world

buried ruby that means death to anyone who tries to get it, pirate gold in the Caribbean, sea serpents in the South Seas . . . Mandalay . . . Bali . . . Tahiti . . . Callao. . .

"You aren't well," his friends told him, but young Lord went ahead, purchased a four-masted schooner of ancient construction, re-christened it the *Seth Parker*, and laid plans for a two-year voyage around the world which thus far has brought nothing but a lot of headaches.

At first, he was the envy of all his friends and associates. Anyone who had the daring—and the money—to break away from the workaday world and satisfy a life-long ambition grew in stature beside those tied to a desk or microphone.

Just what Phillips Lord dreamed about no one but himself knows. Perhaps it was of greater conquests—world conquests. At any rate, he was going *de luxe*.

He tore the insides out of the big New England sailing vessel and tossed overboard the salt pork barrels to be replaced by modern Frigidaires designed to hold the delicacies of a Ritz kitchen. It didn't cost him anything; the Frigidaire people had signed to sponsor his new radio programs broadcast from the ship and the schooner was loaded with the latest models. He replaced the coal oil lamps with electric lights. That was free too—for advertising purposes when the ship touched the darkest Africa. He yanked out the ancient bunks and put in modern beds and mattresses—so that the South Sea Island natives could learn how to sleep.

IT WAS all gravy. Because of the Seth Parker reputation and wide publicity given to the trip, supply and

equipment firms tumbled over each other for the privilege of stocking young Lord's romantic schooner. It is reported that he received \$100,000 in supplies and equipment gratis for the publicity these concerns would receive in return.

NBC installed a \$12,000 1-kilowatt short-wave broadcasting set and on December 5 last young Captain Lord bid goodbye to the character of old Seth Parker (really a part takeoff of his father) and prepared to sail out of the port of Portland, Maine, under the fairest auspices of any playboy expedition in years.

But bad luck and ugly rumor dogged him from the start. The *Seth Parker* had hardly cleared Portland when shore whispers told of an alleged gay farewell party given aboard on the last night during which a bibulous State Legislator tried to "belay the microphone with a bottle of rum."

The schedule called for stops down the Atlantic coast at Boston, New York, Washington and intermediate points to Miami, Florida, where Lord would broadcast special programs for the Frigidaire people. The character of the broadcast was to be salty, Lord's programs to emphasize the romanticism of the hardy sea trip.

On the heels of the Portland rumor, however, came charges that the crew was "inadequate" the boat "uninsured" and the engines "faulty." Furthermore the hardy adventurer, Captain Lord, was accused of not sharing the homely life of the sailors but of putting up at *de luxe* hotels when the boat reached a port and spending his time revelling.

There was criticism that Lord's programs were not broadcast as advertised. At Norfolk, for instance, he broadcast a marriage between his ship engineer and a Manhattan girl, instead of the sched-

uled one between two Norfolk negroes. In this case Lord had the laugh on his critics who cried "fake"! as the engineer actually married his Manhattan fiancée.

Criticism also was levelled at him because he had brought a quartet of trained negro singers from New York and is alleged to have tried to "palm them off" as natives of the southern ports he touched.

By the time the ship touched Miami the ancient art of tongue-wagging was rivalling in speed the marvelous invention of radio communication.

The dock was black with people when the *Seth Parker* pulled in—people anxious for a glimpse of the famous old New England sage. Their disappointment apparently was keen when they found nothing to remind them of their beloved radio character but instead a smooth-faced young officer standing at the head of the gang-plank ready to take tickets of admission to the vessel.

Rumor had it that by this time the Frigidaire people were disgusted with the trip and had cancelled Lord's contract. This is denied by both NBC and J. S. Dawley, Mr. Lord's personal representative in New York. Mr. Dawley told RADIOLAND that the sponsors' contract called for thirteen weeks with an option of renewal.

"Mr. Lord fulfilled the contract and broadcast four weeks more. The arrangement was called off amicably when Mr. Lord insisted on following his original schedule of sailing directly for the Panama Canal and thence across the Pacific, instead of making a tour of Gulf and Pacific Coast ports."

WHATEVER the circumstances were, it is a fact that the sponsors received a flood of letters criticizing the programs. One of the protests came over the broadcast from the Musa Isle camp of the famous Seminole Indians. Floridians admitted that Lord painted an adventurous picture—direct from the Everglades—except that he never could get his schooner into the Everglades. Whether he did or not, NBC has wire tolls to prove that it came from there.

Mr. Lord's troubles had only started in Miami, however. By the time he reached the island of Jamaica, the "Seth Parker Disaster" was ripe to become the talk of radioland. Storms broke over and behind him.

While he and his ship was becoming entangled with authorities at the British possession, and while an NBC executive was riding a plane to his aid after the American consul had sent some pretty stiff notes to Washington about Lord and his ship, the rumors that had emanated from the expedition down the Atlantic Coast found their way into print.

Some of the stories were sensational, and the honest Seth Parker fans, bewildered, started a flood of letters to NBC and radio magazines, the general tenor of which was, "Tell us it isn't so."

There are many versions of what happened after the *Seth Parker* hoisted sail and, with the aid of the two auxiliary motors, said farewell to the United States at Miami and headed seaward toward the Great Adventure. A cloak of mystery seems to have enshrouded the whole affair.

Carl Pryor, a motion picture operator in the West Indies for the past twenty-five years and an aide to Lord, who planned a pictorial record of his accomplishments, brought back one story. He

[Continued on page 64]

Ho for a CHICKEN DINNER!



Johnny Green, maestro of Columbia's *In the Modern Manner*, has no modernistic tricks when it comes to tackling a chicken dinner

By **IDA BAILEY ALLEN**

Radio's Foremost Food Authority

Although this dinner looks elaborate it is easily prepared. The soup may be made in advance, ready to reheat. The hominy grits may be steamed ahead and the rolls mixed in the morning and placed in the refrigerator to bake the last minute. The Tutti-Fruitti Maraschino Mousse will need two hours to freeze in a modern automatic refrigerator. While the chicken is broiling, the Barbecue Sauce, which is borrowed from Texas, may be made, and the salad put together.

Broiled Chicken

Select three tender broilers weighing a pound each. Order them cleaned and split. Rub on both sides with salt, pepper, the cut side of a lemon and a little melted butter or vegetable margarine, and place flesh side up on a broiler rack. Broil under a moderate heat for five minutes; then turn and broil on the other side for five minutes, or until browned. Remove to a shallow pan, add a little stock or water and brush with melted butter or vegetable margarine; continue to cook under a slow heat until the broilers are cooked through and tender. Serve sprinkled with minced parsley and pass Barbecue Sauce.

Barbecue Sauce

- 1/3 cup butter or vegetable margarine
- 1/2 cup catsup
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tablespoon meat sauce
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon white pepper

Melt the butter or vegetable margarine, and gradually add the catsup and water combined. Heat to boiling point and season with the meat sauce, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Continue cooking until very hot and well blended. Serve with broiled, roasted, or fried chicken.

Apricot and Cream Cheese Salad

Select twelve firm halved canned apricots. Drain off the juice and chill. In the meantime form cream cheese into small balls and roll in finely chopped pistachio nuts. Place a cream cheese ball in each apricot half. Arrange two apricots in six individual nests of lettuce. Serve garnished with mayonnaise or cream mayonnaise.

[Continued on page 50]

Hallowe'en Chicken Dinner

- October Fruit Cup*
- Buttered Chicken* *Waffles*
- Sliced Carrots* *Brussels Sprouts*
- Corn Sticks*
- Endive with Chopped Pecans*
- French Dressing*
- Pumpkin Tarts*
- Demi-Tasse*

NOTE: Sauterne may be served with the Main Course.

The October fruit cup should be made of diced fresh pears, orange sections and grapes with a little chilled cider poured over just before serving. The table may be laid either with raffia mats or runners or with natural or peasant linens. For a centerpiece, small ears of yellow and red corn may be surrounded with tangerines or small oranges and bits of green to take the place of pumpkins. Pewter serving dishes and orange candles in pewter candlesticks should be used. For place cards, make either scarecrows or ghosts, using clothespins as a basis, and white paper napkins for the ghostly coverings.



WHEREVER you travel, in this country or abroad, a chicken dinner represents the finest that can be served. Vienna has its Bakhuhn, France its *poulet roti*, and China its Chicken Chowmein, all excellent dishes that will long be remembered. But in my estimation the chicken dinners of America take the lead. The smart restaurants and tea-rooms have played no small part in making chicken dinners fashionable. Each section has its special way of preparing them and special foods that are served with the chicken. The menus given in this article have been planned to cover the major ways in which chicken is served throughout the United States. Let's start with New York State, where broiled chicken is popular.

NEW YORK STATE CHICKEN DINNER

- Croutons* *Mushroom Soup*
- Broiled Chicken* *Barbecue Sauce*
- Hominy Grits* *String Beans*
- Apricot and Cream Cheese Salad*
- Refrigerator Rolls*
- Tutti-Fruitti Maraschino Mousse*
- Demi-Tasse*


NOTE: Sauterne may be served with the Main Course.

Romance F. O. B. Ukelele

[Continued from page 27]



THEN
I found Hold-Bobs with
non-scratching points

 Ever suffer from bob pins that prick and scratch your scalp? Then say "Hello" to HOLD-BOBS. They can't pull or scrape — thanks to their smooth, rounded points.

HOLD-BOBS have a duty to beauty. The flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, keep every hair securely in place, and the small, round heads are invisible in your hairdress. And one of the five natural shades of HOLD-BOBS will harmonize perfectly with your particular color. HOLD-BOBS beautify your coiffure.

GET YOUR GIFT CARD TODAY!

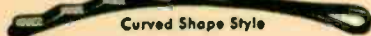
See for yourself how utterly different HOLD-BOBS are. Try a card at our expense. Check your color and mail the coupon today.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
• 1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-114, Chicago, Ill.
Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



SMALL, INVISIBLE HEADS



Curved Shape Style



Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere . . . made in all sizes and colors to meet every requirement. Also sold under brand name of BOB-ETTES.

MAIL COUPON for Gift CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co., Dept. F-114, Chicago, Ill.
I want to know more about the new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Gray and Platinum Blonde Brown
 Auburn Brunette

Copyright 1934 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

slightest idea where the sound came from then. But try it I would. Determined to storm the best place first, I demanded an audition at WEAF, the largest station at the time. One of my classmates in music school accompanied me; she was to play the piano part, I to strum my \$5 ukelele.

"We were put in an empty room by a girl attendant, who requested we play *St. Louis Blues*. Then she disappeared. After we had finished that, she came in and told us to play *Bambolina*. We did. Then she asked for *April Showers*. We heard a strange, shuffling noise outside, but attributed it to the mysteries of radio. For half an hour the attendant kept popping in and out, requesting the hits of the season. We held a whispered conference, my pianist and I, and decided to find out what it was all about. When the young lady reappeared, I asked her, 'Haven't they heard enough to tell whether we can play over the air?'"

"'Sure,' she said, 'but we're all dancing to your music outside!'"

The duet was put on the air for three nights each week, without pay, of course. For who got paid for radio broadcasting those days? Miss Breen organized the May Singhi Breen Syncopaters, a four-piece female jazz band to play over the air. Immediately, it became popular and she became known as the ukelele lady of the air.

The girls were all young and attractive. Since they received no salary for their entertaining, none worried if she took a night off now and then. One

night the violinist would go out with her boy friend; the next night the pianist would fail to appear. May was at her wits' end. Then Peter de Rose, the pianist, entered the picture.

From the very first night they played together, when May sat perched on her little high stool before the microphone, lovingly fingering her uke while Peter smiled up at her from the piano, they felt they belonged, were meant for each other. They feel so till this day, ten years later, after four years of married life.

PETER DE ROSE, the other half of the well-known sweethearts of the air duo, was then a poor, struggling Italian boy in his 'teens. One of nine children, there was no chance for him to receive training in his beloved music. He played the piano by ear, which is how he plays to this day. He was a clerk in a music store, and became acquainted with Miss Breen when she stepped into the shop for music.

One afternoon, he timidly asked if he could play for her . . . perhaps he could get into radio, too. That night, he came to the studio after her broadcast and played. "He played magnificently," May told me, with an unashamed tremor in her voice. "I can remember how shyly he asked if he could see me home; how he grabbed my ukelele case before I could refuse him. Not that I wanted to. Within a few minutes we were quite friendly. I remember he complained of the size of my case. 'Why couldn't you play a har-



RADIOLAND's photographer caught part of the cast of the Palmolive Hour all dressed up for their parts in Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore*, waiting their turn at the mike. Left to right, Peggy Allenby, John Barclay, and Jeanne Owen

RADIOLAND

monica instead of this trunk?' he asked. 'You're lucky it's not a harp,' I retorted."

At the beginning, May and Peter only played on the air. She would play her famous ukelele arrangements; Peter his beloved piano. Neither dared to sing, as they both do now. Neither had taken a single singing lesson; neither has, to this day. Friends liked to hear them sing and play together, so finally they tried it on one of their broadcasts. Their first song was the then-popular *What A Life, When Nobody Loves You*. By this time both young people were so much in love, this mournful dirge sounded funny to them. In the middle of the song, they broke down and howled in glee. Young folk in love are that way. For quite a while, their vocal efforts in public stopped.

ABOUT this time Miss Breen conceived the idea of publishing her uke accompaniments on sheet music, the popular numbers you and I bought at the nearest shop, to strum with two fingers on the piano. But no publisher could see it. In vain she pointed out that it would bring millions of new buyers for their hits, that people who couldn't read a note of music could read the uke accompaniment after a few lessons. She organized ukelele clubs to prove her point; at one time she had as her eager slaves 150 business girls, who loved music and had no way of expressing themselves. After working hours, she gave them lessons on the ukelele, free.

People began to request uke accompaniments. Every time she played a new number thousands would write in to ask her to please send them the chords she used. Trying to cope with these requests was hopeless. In desperation, she took a sackful with her when she visited one publisher, Fred Fisher. Did that enthuse him? It did not. He agreed to try out her idea on a number that was not selling, *Steamboat Sal*. The ukelele chords were put above the piano arrangement. The number sold out in a few days.

Then all the publishers clamored for her arrangements. For ten years she wrote all the uke accompaniments for the Irving Berlin songs. "I got \$10 apiece for my early efforts," she told me, "and that was as much as the arranger of the piano score got."

Simultaneously, her radio work grew in popularity. She was among the first to be paid for her programs. So lucrative has it proved that she and Peter live in a charming Westchester residence today, surrounded by acres and acres of rolling grassy slopes, with flowers and trees galore. Behind the house in an orchard full of peach and pear trees, and spreading grape-vines. The house is so large (20 rooms) that one of the guests who forgot where she had placed her bag before retiring, claims she spent the whole night wandering from room to room looking for it.

THE De Roses are the most hospitable of people; to have a crowd of fifteen for dinner is a usual occurrence; their cocktail parties in their wisteria-swept pavilion and their croquet parties are known throughout radioland.

But that is getting away from our story. She and Peter began singing

[Continued on page 63]

HOW TO REFINE SKIN TEXTURE

Nurses discover quick, easy way—



Gain new beauty by correcting these common skin faults

BLEMISHES, large pores, scaly skin, oiliness . . . rob so many women of their natural skin beauty. Now these skin faults can be quickly corrected. Nurses have discovered a quick, easy way to end them. Their secret is a dainty, snow-white cream originally prescribed by physicians for burns, eczema and other skin troubles. Today it is used by over 6,000,000 women to clear and refine the skin.

If your skin is coarse-textured, rough, oily or blemished use Noxzema. It will purge the pores of deep-lodged, irritating impurities that cause blemishes. Then its rare oils soothe and soften — its ice-like, stimulating astringents shrink the big coarsened



After you've tried Noxzema, get the new, big money-saving 50c jar.

Which mars your beauty?

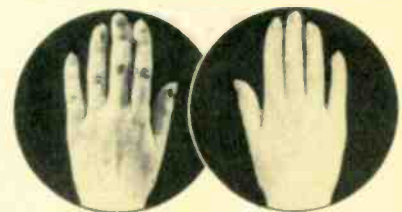
**LARGE PORES
BLACKHEADS
PIMPLES
OILINESS
FLAKINESS**

pores to exquisite fineness.

HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. It's greaseless — vanishing — stainless! With this scientific complexion aid, your skin will soon be clean, clear—lovely.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store or if your dealer can't supply you send 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Company, Dept. 611, Baltimore, Md.



WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS, TOO

Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on one hand tonight — as much as the skin will absorb. In the morning note how soothed it feels — how much softer, smoother, whiter that hand is! Noxzema relieves irritation, improves hands overnight.

Ashamed of Your Looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



NEW BEAUTY of skin and complexion

This Simple, Pleasant Way

WHY be ashamed of a blotchy, muddy, unattractive skin when this simple treatment will do so much for you?

Skin troubles indicate a disordered condition of your system—usually intestinal sluggishness or a run-down nervous state. Your trouble is internal and should be treated internally. That is just what Yeast Foam Tablets will help you to do.

These pleasant tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain concentrated stores of the essential vitamins B and G. These precious nutritive elements strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions, blemishes and poor color disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, your complexion fresh and glowing.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and see what this remarkable corrective food will do for you!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. FG-11
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name.....

Address.....

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

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

That Tiny Triplet—Jeanie Lang

[Continued from page 29]

from all her wellwishers on the coast. Space doesn't permit to mention the names on all those letters, but one was addressed to no less than Mr. Merlin H. Aylesworth, president of NBC.

Right here was where Jeanie began to show she's different. She took the letter and stuck it away in her top bureau-drawer, and became terribly busy with her Denny entertainment program, singing for the diners and dancers at the Waldorf supper-room, where that jazzy voice and infectious bubbling laugh of hers soon became known from coast to coast.

Almost instantly she registered as an outstandingly popular singer; before long, she had a nice contract in the Pontiac program, and then, naturally enough, Aylesworth sent for her.

"That was so much pleasanter, to be sent for, wasn't it?" observes the wonder-child brightly of this little incident. "It was such a grand letter I didn't want to waste it," she explained further, with the little smile, half imp, half angel, that makes you wonder—"I know my grandmother out in Phoenix will be just keen to keep it. It will give her a real bang."

So the letter wasn't wasted after all, and here's proof number one of how little Jeanie uses her own small fluffy head.

Proof number two. Now then let's consider that trip she made to Boston under the Denny wing. Boston? What hope there for an inexperienced, Middle-West kid whose nearest approach to royalty had been a luncheon with Mary Pickford in the Universal lot at Hollywood, after her first pleasant little kid success in the Whiteman film.

Yet all signs may fail, for even frigid Boston warmed from the start to the

cute little girl singing so prettily night after night at the Hotel Statler. Jeanie became the idol of the college boys. And when the fateful hour of the Harvard prom approached, gracious, there she had no less than fifty bids to attend.

And would you believe it, when the great occasion arrived, it was discovered she had accepted none of the fifty bids, but attended it simply on the arm of her big, warmhearted friend and sponsor, 'Massa' Jack Denny. Not one of her fifty disappointed would-be hosts had the right to feel disgruntled, and the "rah-rahs" are louder than ever now around old Harvard's walls when Jeanie's name is mentioned. No social dowager advised her on this. It's just a little instinct she seems to have, to know how to skim lightly over thin social ice.

Proof number three—just a glimpse at the way she handles her enormous fan mail. Lots of people have wanted to be social secretary to Jeanie after it got around that she was receiving over five hundred letters a week from her Hudnut program. At least seventy-five per cent of these are from college boys who find Jeanie the Girl of their Dreams, and all the way from Ann Arbor to Annapolis write to tell her so in ardent boyish terms. Ten to fifteen per cent of her mail contains proposals of marriage, making her one of the most proposed-to girls in America, well entitled to several secretaries. But Jeanie doesn't look at it that way. She reads all these letters carefully herself. What use has she for a secretary.

"Why, to answer them, my child!"

"Oh, but I never answer them." And now listen well to this, you who would understand the true inwardness of the Lang lass!



"He said something about doing a good deed daily!"

Men Avoided Me

"You see, honey, I don't like to hurt anybody's feelin's," Jeanie explains. "And sometimes I don't feel any too certain what to say or even who might get my letter in the end. So many things can happen to letters, can't they?" Now however did the baby girl get wind of that? "So I've just made it a sort of rule never to answer any such letters at all, just to destroy them right away, as soon as I've read them. That's why I've none of them here to show you."

PROOF number four. The way she has gone after stardom is just one more evidence of the self-directing quality of the Lang mind. After about a year under the Denny wing, the star urge began to stir in Jeanie's young blood. She ceased to be contented to be just a featured singer in somebody else's band. There were too many orchestras, too many girl singers. When convinced that a break with Denny was inevitable, she made it in characteristic manner; so quickly and painlessly that big, honest 'Massa' Jack is fully convinced to this day that he, not she, did the separating.

After 'Massa' Jack's Silverdust contract expired, in due time he came back to New York and opened with his band at the Pierre last winter, and Jeanie attended the entertainment night after night and cheered them on, as a gesture of continued friendship for the Dennys. But note this well. Did she participate in the programs, even one single time?

No, not once. Such a little thing. I should hardly mention it, perhaps, but it made a great big difference in the size of the weekly pay-check Jeanie came soon to receive from the Hudnut Company when they signed her up, not as "with" or "under" anybody, but as "Jeanie Lang, Star."

JEANIE, No. 3, little friend to all the world. But don't think because her fairy godmother endowed her at birth with that kind of a shrewd business brain that she is all business and nothing else. No, for I have still to introduce you to Jeanie number three, the friendliest, most sociable little soul alive.

Take that time last winter. Jeanie caught a bad cold and for a few days it looked as though the doctor would be her boss for some time to come. She just lay in bed, not rebelling in the least when he told her to drink her ovaltine and not worry. She was entirely too sick to go out to rehearsals. Along toward night, though, the telephone beside the bed rang. Not a message of importance. Just a meeting of high school boys and girls, planning a "sorority" affair—and not on Park Avenue, either. It was entirely too much to ask—they didn't suppose for a moment... but just a few autographs... could she, couldn't she?

"Why, of course I'll come, honey? I wouldn't miss it for anything!" Yes, she was at that little student affair the whole evening, signing autographs, talking too brightly to those young fans of hers even to recall that she had a cold.

"I knew I couldn't catch more cold, going to them like that," Jeanie said.

So there you have her picture complete. Little Jeanie, the baby star. Little Jeanie, the business woman, who just loves to do her own buggy-riding with the reins held very firm in her own capable hands. And little Jeanie, friend of all the world.

NOVEMBER, 1934



I WAS TOO FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives!

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

4 MARMOLA A DAY TAKES FAT AWAY

"So Glad I Learned About These Clopay 15¢ WINDOW SHADES"



WHAT A welcome discovery when I learned about Clopay Window Shades! I never dreamed such low-priced shades could be so lovely, so durable or have so many features found in no other kind. Their *patented creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight, and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers, too, by moistening *patented gummed strip. *Trim only one side, too, to fit narrow windows. *Wide choice of solid colors or distinctive chintz patterns by leading American designers. And to think—only 15¢ apiece! At all 5c and 10c stores, and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

New FABRAY Looks... Feels... Wears Like OILCLOTH
Yet Costs 1/2 to 1/3 Less At Your Favorite 5c and 10c Store

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1317 York St., Cincinnati, O.

BE A RADIO EXPERT

Learn at Home—Make Good Money

I'll Train YOU QUICKLY for RADIO'S GOOD SPARE TIME AND FULL TIME JOBS

Mail the coupon. Let me prove to you that I can train you at home in your spare time for a good spare time or full time job in Radio—today's fast-growing industry WITH A FUTURE. Find out about my tested methods that have doubled and tripled salaries. Find out how my practical 50-50 method of training gives you "shop" practice as well as theory. My big 64-page book will tell you these things, and much more. It is free. MAIL COUPON NOW.



J. E. Smith, Pres. National Radio Institute

Many Radio Experts make \$40, \$60, \$75 a Week. Read in my Big Book about the many opportunities for you in Radio—servicing sets, operating broadcasting, commercial, ship, police, aviation Radio stations—and other good jobs in connection with the making, selling and servicing of Radio, Television and Loud Speaker apparatus—also how I train you to start a Radio business of your own.

Many make \$5, \$10, \$15 a Week in Spare Time While Learning. Read how many of my students make \$5, \$10, \$15 a week extra in spare time soon after they enroll. Read how I give you practical business knowledge as well as technical Radio facts. Read letters from my students proving every statement I make.

Find out what Radio Offers—MAIL COUPON. Why struggle along in a low-pay, no-future job—why live a life of worry trying to make both ends meet on a shabby pay envelope? FIND OUT WHAT RADIO OFFERS YOU. My big 64-page book "Rich Rewards in Radio" will tell you. Mail Coupon NOW. No obligation.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 4M89
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

Send me your free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio" This does not obligate me. (Please print plainly.)

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

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

STOP THAT COLD IN ITS TRACKS!

Don't Let It "Get Going!"

A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances on inviting dangerous complications.

Treat a cold promptly and for what it is—an internal infection. Take a remedy that is internal and one that is expressly for colds and not for a number of other things as well.

The wise thing to take is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—for several reasons. Instead of a "cure-all," it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

Does the 4 Things Necessary

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Anything less than that is not complete treatment.

Safe!

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

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical "buy" as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask fully for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet.



World's
Standard

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

Meet Your Lover

[Continued from page 15]

unpopular. Needless to say, the hour of his broadcast was rapidly moved up to a more advantageous time. Soon he was in New York, with a sponsor, and even sooner after that, he was preparing to go on the network.

There is a definite reason for the sudden tremendous popularity of Luther's fifteen minutes which he explained to me the cool fall day we sat in his private studio discussing *Your Lover*.

"My program is necessarily of an intimate nature. And romantic, in addition. Another man, even in the privacy of a dark garden, might feel foolish telling a girl over and over that he loves her. But to me, it is the most wonderful thing in the world.

"That is why I sound so genuine when I broadcast. And I suppose that is why people are continually writing to say that they have never heard anyone so sincere on the air."

WHICH brings up the fact that his fan mail is probably the most remarkable of any radio artist in the world, with the possible exception of Bing Crosby.

In the closet of his studio, fat scrap books filled with interesting examples are piled nearly to the ceiling. He brought out a few of them for me to read over.

"I hesitate to tell you this story," Luther said slowly when I had put down a book. "It was hard to believe at the time. If it weren't for the two letters I have to prove it, I'd never mention it to anyone.

"But the fact remains, that through two of my broadcasts, I have saved the life of a beautiful young girl. I'll show you the letters."

Incredulous, I took them to read. The

first, bearing a New Jersey postmark and dated early in March, was signed simply Mom, Daddy, and Nurse, each name in a different handwriting.

It told the story in two pathetic pages. A girl of twenty was dying of heart-break. Her husband of a year had been killed a short while before. The young widow was to have a baby in three weeks.

The nurse—she who wrote the letter to Luther—went on the case advised by the doctors that it was a hopeless one, that the girl had no will to live and would assuredly die when the baby was born.

One night the family had accidentally tuned in Luther's broadcast. The nurse noticed an instant change in her patient. She was listening with shivering eyes to the unknown voice coming through the loudspeaker.

When the program was over, the girl began to cry. Between sobs she told them that the voice she had heard sounded identically like that of her dead husband's. It had been as though he himself were talking to her.

The nurse went on to state that since then the patient had shown a wonderful improvement. She ended by thanking Luther and telling him that they were eagerly awaiting his next broadcast.

He used his next air period to use all the powerful arguments he could to cheer this expectant mother.

HE HEARD nothing more for a month. Then another letter came. The nurse was writing to tell him that the girl had lived through the agonies of childbirth, and that both mother and baby son were alive and well.

"The funny thing is," Luther went on, "that when the second letter arrived, I



Here's proof that Lanny Ross was just as far out in front as a track star as he is today as a radio celebrity. The picture was taken during the Pennsylvania Relays in 1927 when Lanny was a member of the Yale track team; Lanny at the right

RADIOLAND

was the one who felt grateful. It seemed wonderful to me that I had been given such an opportunity to help some one out of a bad spot."

Mostly, however, the letters are in a much lighter vein. One girl—she didn't confess her age—wrote from the old South:

"Please send me a nice photograph of yourself so that when I listen to you Saturday night I can hold you in my arms."

Your Lover's early life itself had something of a quality of romance about it. His father, as a side line, was a race horse trader, and twice a year he would travel about the country to shows and rodeos, taking young Frank with him.

He tried going to college when he was older, but his nomadic youth had spoiled him for any concentrated study. He went from university to university, entering four in all and never graduating from any of them.

After that he dabbled at salesmanship, but when he had to give up all but one meal a day, he decided to try his hand at something else. It was then that he discovered his untrained voice was good enough to support him.

He entered radio in 1926. Since, he has been one of The Revelers, still is a Happy Wonder Baker, and more recently has become The Friend of the Family, a popular broadcast in the East.

FOR those of you who think that *Your Lover* is just another case of a singer stepping before the microphone and crooning, Luther has much evidence to the contrary.

After the eighth of April, 1933—the memorable day when the idea for the program suddenly crystalized in Luther's mind—he sat down whenever he had a spare moment and tried to write out a few test broadcasts.

"I couldn't seem to get what I wanted by myself, so I went to several successful script writers I knew and asked them to help me. But they couldn't quite get it, either.

"Finally, in desperation, I had a microphone and loudspeaker attachment set up in my studio. For weeks I would stand in front of the mike, saying anything that came into my head. When I thought I had said something good, I'd stop and write it down.

"At first the sound of my own voice booming in the next room, telling a mythical sweetheart that I loved her, embarrassed me. I kept at it, though, until I had no self-conscious feeling about it at all.

"When I went on the air, it was simple. Those months of rehearsal made all the difference in the world. I had learned the secret of broadcasting. It was this: to address all your words to one person. Then everyone listening in thinks they have a personal meaning for him."

As to the future of *Your Lover*, Luther has his own ideas.

"At first I wanted to stay in this just until I had enough money to travel. Now I like it so much I'm going to stick with it until no one wants to listen to me any longer.

"It'll be time enough then to do all the traveling I have in mind."

My own personal opinion is that his sponsors had better keep him right at their elbow. When a million women are given a satisfactory lover gratis, no one can just up and remove him without a struggle.

NOVEMBER, 1934

"NATURALLY SKINNY FOLKS"

2 WAYS IN 1 TO ADD WEIGHT. Quick!

5 lbs. In 1 Week or No Cost!

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

Kelp-a-Malt, the new mineral concentrate from the sea—gets right down to the cause of thin, underweight conditions and adds weight, through a "2 ways in one" natural process.

First, its rich supply of easily assimilable minerals nourish the digestive glands which produce the juices that alone enable you to digest the fats and starches . . . the weight-making elements in your daily diet. Second, Kelp-a-Malt's natural FOOD IODINE regulates and nourishes the internal glands which control assimilation—the process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength and energy. Three Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more iron and copper than a pound of spinach or 7½ pounds of fresh tomatoes; more calcium than 6 eggs; more phosphorus than 1½ lbs. carrots; more FOOD IODINE than 1600 lbs. of beef.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for single week and notice the difference—how much better you feel. Contains no yeast, doesn't cause bloating. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. of good, firm flesh in 1 week the trial is free. 100 jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets cost but little. Sold at all good drug stores. If your dealer has not yet received his supply, send \$1 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to the address below.

KELP-A-MALT Tablets



SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Write today for fascinating instructive 50-page book on How to Add Weight Quickly. Mineral Contents of Food and their effects on the human body. New facts about FOOD IODINE. Standard weight and measurement charts. Daily menus for weight building. Absolutely free. No obligation. Kelp-a-Malt Co., Dept. 259, 27-33 West 20th St., New York City.

Blonde Hair must be
EVEN and **LUSTROUS** to be
Really Beautiful

Be Sure of Lovely
EVEN tints--Use Marchand's

Uneven or dull blonde hair is so unattractive and so unnecessary—really unnecessary when **MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH** is being used so successfully to **EVEN-UP** and to **brighten blonde hair**.

No matter what you've tried or how you've tried before—if you want lovely natural-looking blonde hair use **MARCHAND'S**. Marchand's is not a dye or a powder. It comes to you prepared, in liquid form. That's one reason why it is easier to get even, uniform results with **MARCHAND'S**. It has a lasting effect on the hair, it will not wash out or come off. Thousands of blondes have found there is one fine reliable product that can be depended upon to produce clear **EVEN** tints—and that is **MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH**.

Marchand's is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.



Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair **INVISIBLE** like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of regrowths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive, even thru the sheerest of stockings.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail—Use Coupon

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C. F.G. 1134
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps) please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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

Help Your Kidneys



WIN BACK YOUR PEP

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

A famous scientist and Kidney Specialist recently said: "60 per cent of men and women past 35, and many far younger, suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys, and this is often the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, getting up nights, Rheumatic pains and other troubles."

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

Cystex is probably the most reliable and unflinchingly successful prescription for poor Kidney and Bladder functions. It starts work in 15 minutes, but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It is a gentle aid to the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out acids and poisonous waste matter, and soothes and tones raw, sore, irritated bladder and urinary membranes.

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



TRICKS OF MAKEUP

By
WYNNE MCKAY

You'll improve the effect of your cosmetics immeasurably by adopting these simple tricks of makeup



A scrap of cleansing tissue placed between the lips will remove excess lipstick and give them a smooth "just right" finish



Doris Lorraine, CBS soprano, has learned the trick of blending cream rouge with tissue cream before putting on her cheeks

WOMEN who spend hours fussing with their hair and nails often practice slap-dab tactics in applying make-up. If your husband says he doesn't like make-up, you can be pretty sure he means that he doesn't like the way you use it!

It may help you in applying cosmetics to learn a few professional tricks used by all actresses and models, whose make-up must be applied flawlessly to escape the critical revenge of the camera. In the first place, they always use a cream or lotion as a base for powder and rouge. It is only when cosmetics are applied direct to the skin with its areas of varying moisture and oiliness that it assumes that splotchy, caked appearance. The only requirement for a powder base is that it be light and non-clogging. Oily skins usually respond best to a liquid base and dry skins to a cream base.

When you apply face powder do it generously, patting the powder evenly all over the face, not forgetting the corners of the nose and the temples. Then, once you have your face covered with powder, remove most of it with a soft-bristled brush! The smartest thing, these days, is to look *unpowdered*. A shine-concealing film of the powder will still remain after the excess has been brushed off, of course.

If you use cake or powder rouge, you will find that the edges can be blended with the face powder much more easily by means of this brush. If you prefer cream rouge, you will, of course, blend

it carefully at the edges with your fingertips *before* applying face powder. If you have difficulty in applying cream rouge smoothly, try this trick: Mix a bit of it in the palm of your hand with an equal amount of tissue cream or oil, then spread this mixture on the cheeks. You'll be surprised to find what a smooth, natural bloom it imparts to your skin when applied this way.

YOU'D think that every woman over sixteen would know how to apply lipstick correctly, but actually, one in every four women thinks that she is doing her duty by her lips when she runs a lipstick over them casually or smears two dots of color on the upper lip and one on the lower! The accepted method of applying lip rouge is to rub it evenly over the entire lip surface, carefully drying the lips first. Allow it to "set" for a minute, then close the lips tightly over a scrap of cleansing tissue. The excess rouge comes off on the tissue and leaves *just enough* color on the lips in a satin-smooth pattern.

To make mascaraed lashes look natural, use a clean brush to separate the individual hairs, just before the mascara hardens. If you prefer a tiny eyelash comb for the same purpose, I know of one priced at seventy-five cents. To give scanty or non-existent eyebrows a more natural fullness, apply eyebrow pencil in short, slanting strokes instead of a single, uninterrupted line. And *don't* draw a pencil line around your eyes.

That hardens your features, makes the eyes too staring. When applying eye shadow for daytime, blend it very lightly along the edge of the upper lid. For evening, it can be extended higher, but not up to the eyebrows as it often is. Movie actresses have found that waterproof cake mascara on the lids is an effective substitute for cream shadow which has an annoying way of melting and forming in creases under the terrific heat of Kleig lights. You might try this trick if your eyeshadow ever becomes "runny." If you feel that eyeshadow is too sophisticated for your type, try smoothing a tiny bit of cream on the lids to give them a moist, youthful look.

MOST intriguing of all the new toiletries this month is a face powder that has unusual adherent qualities on any type of skin. This is due to its extremely fine texture, achieved by the use of a new type base that has been developed only recently. Also because of its fine texture, the powder goes on smoothly and evenly and does not give the skin that powdery look that is so undesirable. I was enchanted by the powder's imported perfume, which is distinctly feminine and seductive and also very expensive. When you ask for this powder at your toiletry counter, you will be shown an attractive shade selector, containing samples of each of the three shades, that will aid you in choosing a tint exactly matching your skin-tone. Another unusual selling feature is that when you buy a regular size box of the powder, you receive a trial size free. If, after using the contents of this small box, you feel dissatisfied with the powder, you can return the large box and get a credit refund. But if I'm any judge of powder, I think you'll be blissfully satisfied! The price of this fine powder is \$1.75. It is attractively packaged in a silver box with a dainty frieze of dancing figures on the side. Want the trade name?

IF YOUR skin still hasn't lost the tan and coarseness you acquired at the beach last summer, you will be interested in the grand lemon cream and lemon lotion that I'm using. The cream is as fluffy and yellow as a lemon chiffon pie and the lotion looks like honey, only it isn't sticky. You smooth on the fresh, tangy cream, then remove it with tissues and apply the lotion, patting it in gently. The fresh lemon juice basis of the lotion is so stimulating you can feel a cooling tingle at once. Let the lotion dry by itself, and the velvety finish will make an ideal foundation for make-up. The cream costs fifty-five cents and the lotion eighty-five cents. I'll be glad to give you the manufacturer's name.

A new conceit is the shiny make-up that Joan Crawford is said to use occasionally. If you can get used to the shock of seeing your face gleaming in a subdued sort of way, you may grow to like this exotic make-up for evening wear with your more daring frocks. It really doesn't give your face a soapy or greasy shine. It's more of a luminous glow. The make-up comes in various shades and is particularly luscious on women of warm, dark coloring. It costs \$2 a jar, in case you care.

Wynne McKay will be glad to solve your beauty problem. Write her in care of **RADIOLAND**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

NOVEMBER, 1934

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Address **WHITE WIZARD**, Box 1276, Tacoma, Wash.

M. H. S.—Your astrology readings have proved so satisfactory for the past few years that I will continue getting them in the future. Will the light-haired party whom I recently met mean anything to me in the future, or is it just another case of disappointed love on my part?

Ans.—This is a case of love at first sight not only on your part but also on the part of the light-haired gentleman to whom you refer. A happy and lasting marriage is indicated for you at the first of the year.

M. H. W.—The readings which I have received from you for the past five years I consider the best of any. Will you tell me if this inheritance money which has been tied up for the last few years will come to us during this or next year?

Ans.—You will get your money around the first of March, 1935.

Miss S. H.—Will I make the trip to Honolulu which I am planning with my girl friend and will it be successful?

Ans.—You will make the trip as planned and it will turn out far more enjoyable than what you anticipated as it appears you will meet your future husband during this vacation.

M. I. R.—Should I ask for an increase in salary the first of the year? Will I get it?

Ans.—It will not be necessary for you to ask for an increase of salary during the first of the year as you will receive a substantial increase the first of December of this year.

L. C. A.—Whom will I marry and when?

Ans.—You will meet a sandy-complexioned party with the initials of S. W. during the Christmas holi-

days which will result in an engagement and a marriage next year.

T. I. L.—I am greatly in love with a man 20 years older than myself and he is in love with me. My girl friends advise me not to marry him. What should I do?

Ans.—You are both in love with each other and much happiness is indicated for you with this party. I would advise you to go ahead with this marriage.

B. A. P.—I have some songs and scenarios which I have recently submitted. Will I hear favorably from any of them?

Ans.—You seem to meet with some financial success in regard to your song-writing. You will be disappointed in connection with your scenarios. It will be to your advantage in the future to put your efforts more to song-writing.

R. R. Y.—Will I marry the medium dark complexioned party with the initials of H. M. with whom I am greatly in love at the present time or will there always be a barrier between us?

Ans.—This barrier seems to exist between you for the next few years. Eventually there will be a happy marriage between the two of you.

L. D. W.—Will my husband get the office which he is running for?

Ans.—He will be elected to this office.

T. T. A.—Will we win our lawsuit?

Ans.—Settlement will be made in your favor before the case goes to court.

D. A. Y.—Would you advise me to sell the business property?

Ans.—Not at the present time. By holding this property for a year or two you will be able to get considerably more for it.

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These Readings cover the balance of this year and all of 1935. They tell you at a glance the exact days and date, month by month, when the planets are in favorable and unfavorable aspect for your business and social affairs, such as signing papers and contracts, seeking employment, speculation, travel, love, courtship and marriage, as well as dealing with health, accidents, lucky days, etc. Send exact birthdate and address on three questions FREE with each order. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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If you have a friend or relative who wishes reading, inclose \$1.00 bill for the two readings. J-11-34

Ho For a Chicken Dinner!

[Continued from page 41]

Tutti-Frutti Maraschino Mousse

- ¼ cup boiling water
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- 1 tablespoon orange juice
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1½ tablespoons gelatin softened in 1 tablespoon cold water
- 1 egg white
- 2 cups heavy cream
- ⅓ cup Maraschino cordial
- ⅓ cup drained shredded pineapple
- ¼ cup minced Maraschino cherries
- ¼ cup minced preserved figs
- ¼ cup minced walnuts

Combine the water, sugar, orange juice and salt, and boil five minutes; add the gelatin. Beat the egg white stiff and pour in the boiling syrup, beating constantly. Then cool. Whip the cream, meanwhile beating in the Maraschino, and fold in the fruits and nuts. Combine the mixtures. Transfer to the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator and freeze without stirring until firm.

Chicken for frying, like that for broiling, should be young and tender, and served accompanied with vegetables of delicate flavor.

As fried chicken is a favorite food in the South, the succeeding menu follows the Southern trend and features shrimps, oranges, sweet potatoes and avacados, four great Southern foods.

- Shrimp Cocktail*
- Fried Chicken Garnished with Orange Slices*
- Mashed Sweet Potatoes*
- Buttered Peas*
- Little Quick Biscuits*
- Marinated Tomato and Avacado Salad*
- Individual Criss Cross Grape Pies with Cream Cheese decoration*
- Demi-Tasse*

NOTE: Sauterne may be served with the Main Course.

FRIED CHICKEN

Select young frying chickens or broilers. Order them cleaned, halved and quartered. Combine one-half cup flour, one teaspoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper; and roll the chicken in the mixture. Shake off any excess flour; brown in hot melted butter or vegetable margarine. When the chicken is brown, reduce the heat and continue cooking until the chicken is tender, turning occasionally.

NOTE: A small roasting chicken may be used in place of the frying chicken. In this case order the chicken disjointed as for fricasse. Steam or parboil for about twenty minutes in a little water. Drain and dry and proceed as directed.

Fried Orange Slices

Select small thin-skinned oranges. Cut in one-fourth inch slices and remove any seeds. Combine two tablespoons flour and one-half teaspoon sugar and roll the orange slices in the mixture. Then dip in an egg slightly beaten, and roll in fine crumbs. Fry in butter until brown on one side; then turn and brown on the other side. Serve with chicken.

Cranberries from Cape Cod are just coming in to market, so what could be more fitting as the appetizer for a New

England roast chicken dinner than a cranberry cocktail? The inevitable Hubbard squash is served baked in squares; the usual pickle relish is jellied and served in colorful, individual moulds, and one of the most famous of old New England desserts—Apple Dumplings—is served with hard sauce flavored with rum, much favored by our ancestors.

- Frosted Cranberry Cocktail*
- Toasted Cheese Crackers*
- Roast Chicken with Giblet Stuffing*
- Baked Stuffed Potatoes*
- Squares of Baked Hubbard Squash*
- Bread*
- Old Fashioned Apple Dumplings with Hard Rum Sauce*
- Demi-Tasse*

NOTE: Moselle Wine may be served with the Main Course.

Frosted Cranberry Cocktail

- 1 pound cranberries
- 1 quart water
- 1½ cups sugar
- Juice 2 oranges
- 1 teaspoon finely grated orange rind

Wash and pick over the cranberries. Combine with the water and sugar and boil thirty minutes or until the cranberries burst and the berries are soft. Strain the juice through a fine sieve and cool. Combine with the orange juice and rind; and transfer to the freezing tray of an automatic refrigerator. Freeze for about one hour, or until crystals start to form on the bottom and sides of the tray. Stir and transfer to chilled cocktail glasses. Serve immediately before the crystals melt.

ROAST CHICKEN AND GIBLET STUFFING

Select four or five pound roasting chicken and order it cleaned for roasting. Dust inside with salt and pepper and fill with giblet stuffing. Sew up the neck and vent with coarse white thread or fasten in place with toothpicks. Rub the chicken all over with melted butter; dust with flour, salt and pepper, combined. Place breast side down on a rack in a roasting pan. Roast in a hot oven, 400 degrees F., for fifteen minutes to brown the chicken, then reduce the heat and continue cooking for one and one-half hours. When the chicken is half cooked turn breast side up and add a little water to the pan. Baste every fifteen minutes with the drippings in the pan.

Giblet Stuffing

- Giblets from 1 chicken
- 1 small onion, minced
- ¼ cup melted butter or vegetable margarine
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 1 teaspoon minced parsley
- 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
- 2 cups soft bread crumbs

Wash and trim the liver and heart,

and remove any tough portions from the gizzard; put the giblets through the fine blade of a meat chopper. Melt the butter or vegetable margarine; add the onion and sauté a few minutes. Combine with the other ingredients and add enough water to moisten. Blend and use as directed in the preceding recipe.

Jellied Beet Relish

- 2 cups minced cooked beets
- 1 cup chopped raw cabbage
- ¼ green pepper, minced
- ¼ cup grated horseradish
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- ¼ cup sugar
- ½ cup vinegar
- 1 package lemon gelatin
- ½ cup boiling water
- 1 cup cold water
- Lettuce

Combine the vegetables, salt, pepper, sugar and vinegar and let stand an hour to blend. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water; add the cold water and stir in the beet mixture. Transfer to a shallow pan; and chill in the refrigerator until firm. Cut in squares and arrange in individual nests of lettuce. Garnish with mayonnaise and a sprig of parsley.

Old-fashioned Apple Dumplings

- 8 apples
- 1½ cups cold water
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- Biscuit Dumpling mixture

Peel, core and slice the apples. Add the water and cook over a moderate heat until they are tender, stirring occasionally. Add the sugar and cinnamon and keep the applesauce boiling hot. In the meantime, prepare the dumpling mixture and cut it in two-inch rounds. Have the applesauce boiling rapidly and drop in the dumplings. Cover closely and continue to cook for twelve minutes. Serve hot with Hard Rum Sauce.

Dumpling Mixture

- 2 cups flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 4 tablespoons shortening
- ¾ cup milk

Sift the dry ingredients together. Cut in the shortening until the consistency of bran flakes. Make a well in the center and stir in the milk. Transfer the dough to a floured board; cut to one-half inch in thickness and shape into two-inch rounds. Cook as directed in the preceding recipe.

Hard Rum Sauce

- ½ cup butter
- 2 cups confectioners sugar
- 1 egg white
- 1 tablespoon rum

Cream the butter and gradually add the sugar alternately with the egg white beaten light. Beat in the rum and chill before serving.

Every section of the country has adopted the French custom of cooking chicken *en casserole*, perhaps because of

its convenience, perhaps because young chicken cooked *en casserole* is at its best, and the more tough mature bird becomes tender.

- Purée of Red Bean Soup
- Chicken Casserole
- Buttered Rice
- Diced Rutabaga Turnips
- Whole Wheat Muffins
- Fresh Pear Salad with French Dressing
- Mocha Spanish Cream with Brandy-flavored Whipped Cream or Pumpkin Tarts
- Demi-Tasse

NOTE: White vin ordinaire may be served with the Main Course.

BUTTERED CHICKEN

Method No. 1

Select a large tender roasting chicken or capon. Order it dressed for roasting. Rub all over with a cut side of a lemon and dust inside and out with salt and pepper. Then brush all over with melted butter. Place in a very large casserole and dot with additional butter. Cover closely and roast until tender in a hot oven 375 to 400 degrees F. The close-fitting cover of the casserole will retain all the steam and therefore the juices of the cooking chicken.

Method No. 2

If it is advisable to economize, buttered chicken may be prepared from a four-pound stewing chicken. Order this dressed as described above. Prepare as for the tender chicken and place in the casserole; put in with it a cup of diced celery and a small onion, minced, for the more mature birds do not have so much flavor. Pour in a cup of boiling water or bouillon. Cover closely and bake until tender, about two hours.

Mocha Spanish Cream

- 1½ tablespoons granulated gelatin
- 3 tablespoons ground coffee
- 3 eggs
- ½ cup sugar
- Few grains salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 3 cups milk

Soak the gelatin in the milk; add the coffee, then scald and strain. Add the sugar, and beat the egg yolks slightly. Pour on this the milk mixture, return to the double boiler and cook and stir like a custard, until slightly thickened. Remove from the heat, add the salt and flavoring and pour onto the egg white, beaten until stiff. Then pour into individual moulds first rinsed with cold water; chill several hours or until firm. Then un mould and serve with Brandy-flavored Whipped Cream.

Brandy-Flavored Whipped Cream

- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 tablespoon brandy
- 3 tablespoons powdered sugar

Whip the cream slowly and steadily beat in the sugar and brandy.

Whatever chicken dinner you may plan, serve it with due importance—the best linen, most charming china and flowers, proper garnishes for the foods, an atmosphere of gayety and good cheer. Above all, make the dinner a leisurely affair as they do on the Continent, for of what use is it to prepare epicurean food unless it is enjoyed in an epicurean manner?

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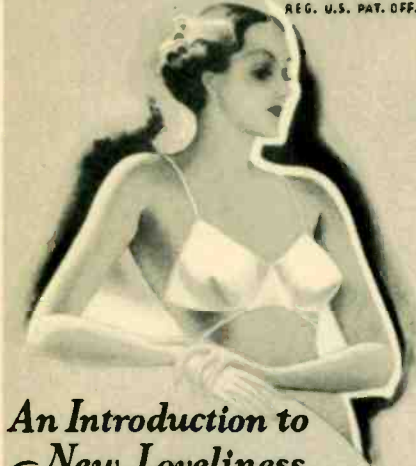
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Bing Crosby's New Rival

[Continued from page 21]

wanted to sing. Bing did just because it was so easy for him."

Bob went to university for two years, then migrated to Chicago. In a few short months he was on the air, first with his own local broadcast, then as guest star of the Lady Esther programs and the singer with Anton Week's orchestra.

The latter job took him to Hollywood last spring. Weeks was given the assignment of making two short features at the movie capital and Bob went along.

IT WAS while he was working in Hollywood that he and Bing came to the decision that he should go back East, preferably to New York, and begin his campaign which will eventually allow him to fill Bing's shoes.

He returned to Chicago, resumed his old programs, and waited for the first chance to pull out for New York. It came the first of August when his agents wired him they had arranged for a week at the Paramount.

Before his week was up, arrangements had also been made for his appearance on the air there, some time during the fall. The D'Orsey brothers were persuaded to throw in their lot with him.

"So here I am," Bob said. "With a lot of luck I may go over. If I do, it will be the biggest break of my life."

If any further proof is needed, in addition to Bob's statements, that Bing is really going to abdicate in favor of his brother, the question which Bob next answered should be enough.

It was in regard to those stories which have been appearing in fan magazines about the "corn" in Bing's throat. That is to say, a special singer's ailment which makes a husky voice. The stories announced that any day Bing might wake up to find that he could no longer sing.

"What?" Bob protested, when I asked

him if this were true. "Naw, only a lot of publicity stuff. We've both got tonsils, but that's all."

"Listen, the reason that story was handed to the press is a funny one. If Bing quits, he just can't announce that he's tired of working and wants to loaf or something. No one would believe him."

"This way, I figure, if he claims he has a corn on his throat and some day he wakes up and finds he's lost his voice—who can dispute him?"

IT ALL sounds logical, and if you read that Bing has to withdraw because his voice is gone, you can smile wisely and know that Bob is probably the real reason.

"I'm darn glad I've come to New York," Bob went on. "For several reasons."

"This way, I'm all on my own. I either sink or swim. Nobody here cares whether a young brother of Bing's gets a break or not."

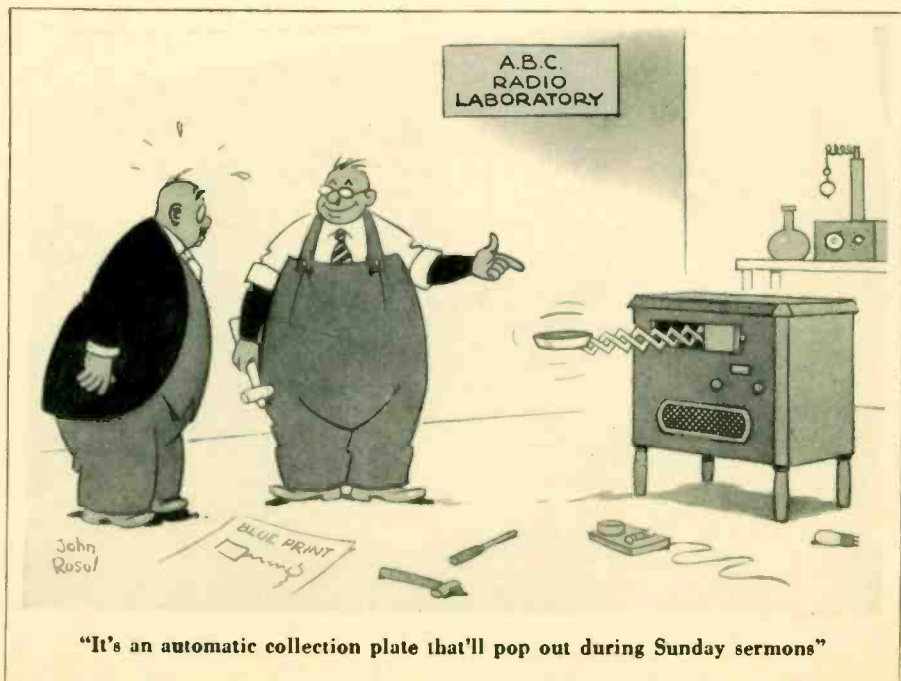
"Out in Hollywood it's a lot different. If I weren't careful, I'd stay there and Bing would just carry me along until I'd never feel like doing an honest day's work in my life."

"The only thing that worries me about the chances of Bing's retiring," he said, finishing the interview, "is his ability to have twins."

"Another event like the last one and he won't be able to quit. He'll have too big a family to support. But I've already spoken to Dixie about this and she's promised to do her part."

With a smile and a handshake he was off to see his agents. There, I thought, goes another typical Crosby. A sense of humor, frankness, and a good voice.

Ho hum—The king is dead, long live the king!



"It's an automatic collection plate that'll pop out during Sunday sermons"

Jealousy

[Continued from page 30]

harum-scarum, mischievous, dark-eyed, freckle-faced little tomboy was always turning things upside down, always getting into trouble. Her sister, with her blue eyes and blond hair, was a mama's darling, always doing the right thing. That goody-goody spoiled everything for her, she figured. Some day she'd get even!

Her chance came on the Fourth of July, when Mary was just thirteen. Her sister was in the bathroom, getting dressed to go to a party, and how Mary wanted to go along! But her sister said she wouldn't have a kid tagging after her for any amount, no sir. So home Mary stayed.

She wandered aimlessly around the house, hot and angry. Then an idea struck her. Even if she didn't go to the party, she would have some fun on her own, and get even with Toots at the same time. She'd fix it so Toots couldn't go after all!

Lying on the buffet was a bunch of firecrackers her father had bought for the evening celebration. Grabbing them up, she locked the bathroom door from the outside, and tiptoed out of the house. When she was standing just outside the bathroom window, she threw every last one of them into the bathroom, and then ran as fast as she could to a safe distance.

It seemed to the poor, frightened Toots that darts of flame punctuated by loud explosions leaped up around her. She couldn't rush out, for the door was locked. A few minutes later Mrs. Livingston, alarmed by the strange explosive noises, rushed downstairs and unlocked the bathroom door. She found her older daughter a motionless figure on the floor, for she had fainted from fright.

Toots spent the evening in bed, not at the party. But Mary got the spanking of her life and for a long time afterwards the family treated her as if she were a leper. She wasn't permitted to play after school, or go to the movies, or go for a soda with her girl-friends.

AS SHE grew older, her jealousy of her more talented sister persisted. She thought up ways of plaguing Toots, things that make her ashamed now to think of, but that seemed quite all right then. One in particular. Whenever her sister had a date, she and a girl-friend would follow the young couple a few blocks, shouting taunting comments. Her parents, bewildered, didn't know what to do. In desperation, they forbade her taking part in the two things she loved best: singing at school affairs and appearing in the dramatic club. Even that didn't help; it made her more sullen, rebellious and disobedient.

One term she did an unpardonable thing, in their eyes. She flunked geometry. And what a scene there was at home. "If you spent a little less time gadding around, young lady, you'd have passed all right," her father said. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Toots is always on the Honor Roll and you—you are a disgrace to the family!"

That settled it. She was miserable at home and nobody cared; she just had to find some way out. There must be some-

thing she could do to satisfy her ego, her burning desire to be somebody, not a weak shadow of her sister. No more school where she had to compete with that angel-child. Never again. Without saying a word to her parents Mary got herself a job in an exclusive lingerie shop selling. She refused pointblank to go back to high school.

Here she was on her own, at last. When she sold it was on her own merits. She wasn't a useless, clumsy kid sister here. Her employer seemed to think her quite clever. All the unfulfilled yearnings of her eighteen years she poured into her job. She worked early and late. First came a promotion to assistant buyer, then to buyer. She was showing them at home, all right. Black-sheep Mary was amounting to something.

One day Jack Benny, who was appearing in the Orpheum Theater across the street, walked in and noticed Mary, with her sweet, wistful face. He came back for another glance, and eventually, they were married.

Jack wanted her to stay at home then, to be just plain Mrs. Jack Benny, for certainly he could afford to support a wife. But Mary was restless doing nothing. She still had to prove her superiority, her ability to stand on her own. She'll have to do it all her life, I think, to be at peace with herself.

And that accounts for the fact that she studied so hard to become Jack Benny's stooge, first in vaudeville, and now on the air. That's how she became the star we all know today.



—Wide World

Mrs. Jack Pearl returned to New York recently after traveling through Europe with Burns and Allen—and this is the greeting she received from her husband, the Baron Munchausen, of the radio, when she stepped off the S. S. Paris

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Rebellious Roxy Returns

[Continued from page 17]

NBC. It was then that radio really started growing with him. He lured the first big names to the microphone, starting with the Barrymores and Schumann-Heink. He began to develop stars. Their names today are household words wherever there is a radio—Erno Rappe, Eugene Ormandy, Jessica Dragonette, Betsy Ayres, Evelyn Herbert, James Melton, Willie Robyn, Caroline Ambrose, Viola Philo and a dozen others. He brought his showmanship and motion picture ideas to radio, the present-day programs began to take form, and he was flattered by a host of imitators.

After five years, when the Rockefeller interests in planning Radio City, decided, with the Radio-Keith-Orpheum interests, to make it the greatest recreation center in the world, there was only one man standing out as the natural choice to rule as High God of Entertainment. That man was Roxy.

Radio City Music Hall, the most pretentious theater the world has ever seen, was built to his taste and he was enthroned there with all of the push-but-tons, lavish technical accoutrement and heraldry of an Oriental potentate.

That was a year ago last May.

In January he dropped out like a comet into the sea. While the hissing steam was still rising, screening the real story, Roxy disappeared off the scene.

He never came back—until now, to broadcast over Columbia, the rival network, and start in all over again.

I FINISHED my drink as he re-entered the room.

"They've gone now," he said. "Come into my study, we can talk better."

He led me into another room, adorned with plaques, cups and dozens of testimonials from radio stars and charities, hospitals and clubs he had entertained.

He sank into a chair a little defensively. I hardly knew how to begin. I didn't want to rip into the sore spot.

"Where've you been keeping yourself?" I asked casually, playing for time.

"Oh, out in the sticks, doing a little broadcasting from independent stations."

Then, without warning, he burst out to answer the question on my mind.

"I'm just going back in there and go on the air."

He referred to his new Castoria program over Columbia. The statement was made with an attempt at matter-of-factness. The effect on me was of a man with the proper amount of humility, an affectation of indifference, but—loaded with dynamite.

"Come clean!" I said. "That isn't all. You don't stop at halfway stations. What's the answer?"

"When will this article be published?" he asked suddenly.

I told him.

"Well," he said, leaning back, "the deal is on for me to go back into my first love, the Roxy, sometime late this year. That's where I brought radio up to the point where it is today, and that's where I'm going on from."

I whistled. "Meaning what?"

"That radio programs are static. That there have been no new ideas put into

radio. That the whole system is wrong. That the public is fed up. And that it must be changed!"

"You mean you have—that you're going to revolutionize radio—revolutionize your own ideas?"

Roxy got up nervously. "Wait and see."

He took a couple of turns around the room and then faced me. His voice held a plaintive note.

"Very few people know the real Roxy," he said defensively. "I'm anything but what they think I am. They think I love the spotlight. I hate it. It blinds me. I can never be myself before it. They think I do everything on a scale of magnitude. I hate it. I like simplicity, good taste, tolerance. I like the old Roxy."

His voice shook. Then he exploded.

"I've been a Patsy!"

I KNEW what he was referring to. Radio City! The story was coming out.

"I have no quarrel with the Rockefellerers," he said calmly. "I've been very fond of them. They were considerate, sympathetic and always trying to be helpful."

Talking freely, Roxy revealed that the cause of his split with the Music Hall was what has been called the curse of the modern age—money.

"The explanation is simple enough," he said. "It was a matter of idealism—my idealism as a showman and an artist. The things I saw, others couldn't see. The things I wanted to do, they couldn't see. Those in control couldn't see the future because they put two silver dollars before their eyes where the glasses should have been."

"The proof," he added defensively, "is in their financial losses and the fact that the Music Hall has never reached the artistic height of the old Roxy!"

Whatever the truth of the matter is, two facts stand out: As far as Roxy was concerned, he got everything money could buy in lavishness and technical equipment at the Music Hall, whatever he may have lacked in artistic cooperation. And as far as the Music Hall is concerned, it is still the most pretentious theater in the world, but it hasn't been the same since Roxy left.

"So what now?" I asked.

"Radio," he said. "Ear pictures. You've never heard of that before, but wait. Remember, modern radio programs stemmed from the innovations at a motion picture theater. It was a marriage. Now I've got something new. I did it once, and I can do it again. I'm organizing a new Gang, and starting from scratch."

"What do you mean—'ear pictures'?"

Roxy replied promptly. "When you listen, you're not only going to get sound, but you're going to get a definite picture, a sequence, a continuity, a story, a climax and an anti-climax."

He paused for breath. "Why man, the possibilities of radio hardly have been touched! Everything has been done behind the microphone, in the technical and the organization fields, but nothing has been changed before the microphone since I left the old Roxy. And people are crying for it."

"FOR one thing, the star system in radio is going to the ash heap. That's as through in radio as it will be in the movies. Programs must stand on their own, not carried, limping, by the brightness of the star. They must be works of art, each program carefully rehearsed and timed.

"What program is timed intelligently today? They may end up all right at at end of the quarter or half hour, but it's shoddy work, not art.

"What I mean by timing is musical timing, change of pace, variety, relief—artistic completeness.

"And I don't mean by change of pace rapid tempo. We must get away from that. There is a need for control, discretion, more careful preparation. It doesn't cost any more, and it pays in the long run. It simply will demand new brains, new ideas, and there are plenty of them floating around if given a chance to break through the front office."

Roxy outlined his own first Castoria program as an example of what he is trying to achieve.

"It's just a start," he said, "a seed sown—but it has something."

He believes that there should be a little more honesty all the way around too.

"Sponsors should be more careful and show more discretion as to what programs they pick with which to identify themselves—and their product. Most of them only make themselves look silly. I think Ford has the cleverest idea.

"On the other hand, radio artists must be equally as careful. They shouldn't identify themselves with a product that they don't use, or don't believe is good. Not that I use Castoria," he added hastily, "but I was careful to inquire among friends of mine who had small children as to its worth, before I consented to sign a contract."

He paused as if surprised at his own enthusiasm. "There's nothing we can think of now, we can't do," he continued. "And the technicians are experimenting every minute. It seems to me that our creative artists are the ones who are behind. Radio now is traveling the same road as the movies. Everything is there technically, but nothing important is coming out creatively. Both are playgrounds for the imagination, if anyone had any."

Roxy thinks the next step is for more naturalness, a better understanding by the artists of the medium they are using, more time in mapping out programs, and a resolution on the part of those behind radio not to pander to what they think is the public taste.

As to the programs on the air today he thinks Cantor is the worst. Ed Wynn never has been, and never can be broken into the tempo of radio, Roxy says. He went down the list—there was fault to find with all of them. Except the one team he considered not only radio "naturals" but an "institution which has won its way into the hearts of the people"—Amos and Andy.

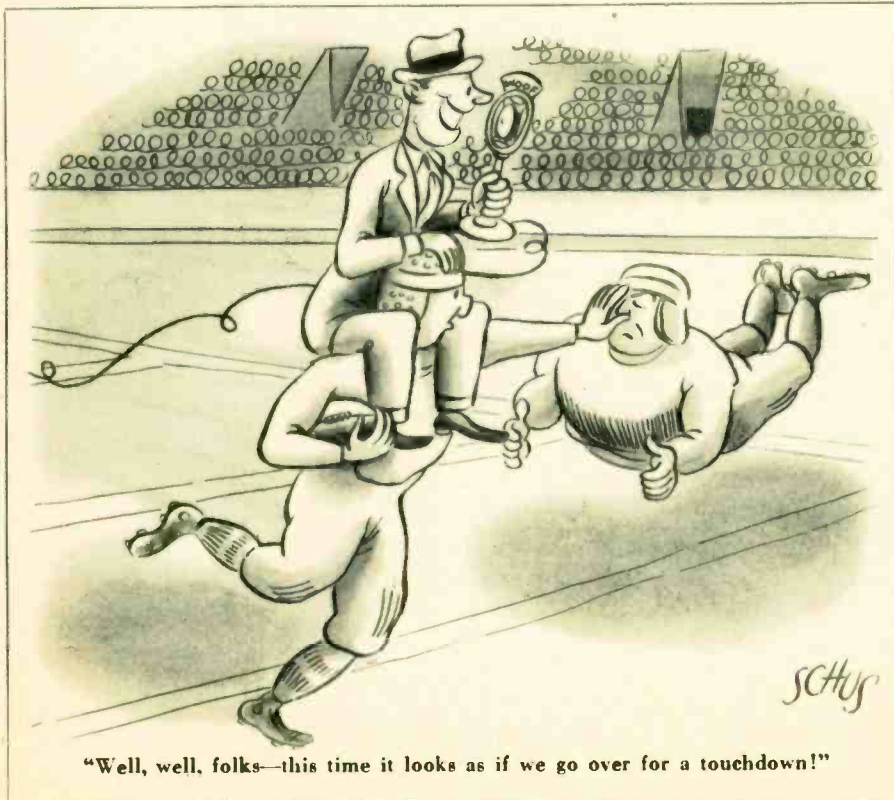
As Roxy talked I got a profound impression of the humanness of the man—for all his ego, his showmanship. Rebellious, and fighting to come back, he may be the man radio has been waiting for.

He has a natural instinct and sympathy which endears him to artists. Although untrained and untutored in the arts—he can't read a note of music—he can handle artists and make them carry out his ideas.

It was not they who cheered when he came tumbling down from Radio City. To them, he was the leader.

To others, he may seem something else again.

To me, as I left him sitting in the chair, twisting his baton, he looked like a small boy who had been spanked.



"Well, well, folks—this time it looks as if we go over for a touchdown!"

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PAUL RIEGER, 285 1st Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Rudy Vallee's Music Notebook

[Continued from page 36]

To Me, published by Donaldson, Douglas and Gumble, Inc., who have been praying for a hit song as the farmers have been praying for rain. Congratulations!

Country Boy

THIS is Witmark's attempt to find another *Lazy Bones* or *Puddin' Head Jones*. By Richard Jerome and Walter Kent, who I feel, while producing an excellent song, have brushed very closely the wings of the muse, as did Hoagy Carmichael and Johnny Mercer when they wrote *Lazy Bones*.

Ooh, You Miser You

AN ATTEMPT to capture the quality of *Nasty Man* is a liting song which Feist has published and which mainly offers a very pleasing divertisement for the average dance band—*Ooh, You Miser You*.

"Life Begins At 8:40" Songs

FROM the musical comedy field we have the song, from *Life Begins At 8:40*. Parodying Mr. Pitkin's celebrated book, *Life Begins At Forty*, the Shuberts have taken the title and changed it to the hour at which most Broadway shows raise their curtains. They selected as their song-writers one of the most tuneful of the younger generation—Harold Arlen, he who gave us so many Cotton Club hits, almost too numerous to mention, chief among them, *Stormy Weather* and *Ill Wind*. With George Gershwin's brother, Ira, and E. Y. Harburg, they have turned out four tunes, which will probably not be sensational hits due to their air of sophistication. This sophistication is mainly in the lyrics.

Opinion is divided as to which of the tunes will be the most popular, with Frances Williams to sing some of them and several new voices in the cast. I predict that *What Can You Say In A Love Song* will be the one most easily remembered and most widely sung and played. The song questions the possibility of saying *I Love You* in a different way and ends up by admitting there is practically no other way.

Let's Take A Walk Around The Park is the typical Tin Pan Alley thought of dreaming of millions but finally winding up with a common-place, easily obtained objective. This song is more typically English than it is American.

Fun To Be Fooled will be a dangerous rival for *What Can You Say In A Love Song*. Its melody is very intriguing, delightful and typical of Arlen. Its lyrics too, are more easily digested. It is going to be a grand tune, and we'll enjoy playing it.

You're A Builder-Upper is one of those typical show-tunes, a good piece of material for a chorus and the one who sings it in the show. Not, however, a tune for the masses or even for the élite.

All in all, the score is quite excellent, and although the show will probably have hit Broadway ere this issue goes into print, I would like, at this time, to wish everyone concerned with it a smashing Broadway success.

Gordon And Revel Tunes

FROM the picture field there are two songs by Messrs. Gordon and Revel, who seem to have had an off day when they were writing for *She Loves Me Not*. While their songs are typically Gordon and Revel, they are not typical of their last grand score for *We're Not Dressing*. The two songs are *Straight From The Shoulder* and *I'm Hummin', I'm Singin', I'm Whistlin'*. Neither of them is really worthy of Gordon and Revel, and even Bing in the picture fails to clothe them with the magic that has made his songs so unforgettable.

Least important is *Straight From The Shoulder—Right From The Heart* in spite of its grand title, but I do think that *I'm Hummin'*, has a chance of really doing something. So much do I feel that it has that I am making a Victor record of it soon. It has an odd little figure which occurs in the seventh and fifteenth measures of the chorus. The tune also calls for considerable humming and whistling, as might be inferred from the title.

However, it is almost impossible for Gordon and Revel to write a bad song; these songs are far from being poor. I guess it is just that their scores for *We're Not Dressing* spoiled us, which is readily understandable. Both of these songs should be played quite slowly.



The fauna of Alaska must be thinned out considerably if all the stories that Amos of the Amos and Andy blackface team tells to boast of his prowess with a rifle are true. Anyhow, here's photographic proof that Amos (Freeman Gosden) bagged an Alaskan black bear

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"Student Tour" Songs

M-G-M has a fall treat for us—a college thought which has evolved as a result of some smart steamship company or some smart college student conceiving the idea of a group of students traveling on a boat with professors and chaperones, spending sometimes a few weeks, and sometimes a few months visiting parts of the countries usually studied in the dry classroom. In other words—*Student Tour*.

The cast is not distinguished by any other great picture name than that of Jimmy Durante. Phil Regan, one of the finest voices on Broadway to finally go West, handles the vocals in his ship-shape fashion; if he does as good a job before the camera he will be one of the newest screen sensations. Charlie Butterworth was selected for more comedy and it goes without saying that his job will be most excellent. A newcomer, Miss Maxine Doyle is the feminine treat.

The story is full of complications that take place on board the boat as it stops at various places on its tour. The songs are four in number; *A New Moon Is Over My Shoulder*, *By The Taj Mahal*, *From Now On* and *The Snake Dance*. The publishers seem to feel that the first three in the order named, are the best of the four. Written by the master writers, Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, whose *Pagan Love Song*, *Broadway Melody*, *Doll Dance*, *Paradise* and many other compositions have easily stamped them as an ace pair of songwriters.

I feel that the first two songs at least more than justify the high salary paid them for their writings. *A New Moon Is Over My Shoulder* is just the type of song you might expect it to be—a slumbrous and haunting melody typical of Herb Brown. While the changes are rather odd, I believe they are quite "commercial," that is, that they will be easily handled by the average music lover.

By The Taj Mahal is a bit more difficult, as might be expected; Oriental in its quality and feeling, yet it, too, may turn out to be another *Temptation*.

From Now On could easily be spotted in any New York musical comedy. Like the tunes just mentioned from *Life Begins At 8:40* it might be an excellent number for the chorus and the young lady or juvenile who first introduces it. Essentially rhythmic and choppy, it will make one of the best dance arrangements for the dance bands.

The Snake Dance is an odd piece of rhythmic material just worthy of passing mention.

The score is published by Robbins Music, Inc., and all the songs should be played in moderate tempo.

"Kid Million" Songs

FROM *Kid Millions*, the new Goldwyn-Cantor picture, with the music published by Robbins, we find the same situation as previously in the musical score from the picturization of that musical comedy success, *The Girl Friend*. With so much revision and changing of script and the picture itself, the songs are still vaguely embryonic.

It would hardly be worth while to even list the songs because of the possibility of some being rejected entirely or being so completely changed so we will leave them for the next issue since the picture itself will not be released for months.

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30x3-30-24	2.25	0.95	30x3-30-24	2.25	0.95
30x3-30-25	2.25	0.95	30x3-30-25	2.25	0.95
30x3-30-26	2.25	0.95	30x3-30-26	2.25	0.95
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"Too Weak to Be Great"

[Continued from page 37]

started at six to even hope to be really great) he would have to work the harder.

HE DID, as his mother, who still lives in a New York apartment her son gave her, can tell. Under the tutelage of his sister Rose and later under Jacques Danielson, who afterward married Fannie Hurst, Charles virtually slaved over the keyboard in addition to his school work. At all hours he had free from school and study he was at the piano. Then came what appeared to be the end of his ambition. Naturally weak, his body was still weaker from the driving force of the boyish mind. He caught a cold. It developed into double pneumonia. The doctor and the family fought to keep the ebbing spirit in the frame, but apparently to no avail, for Charles grew weaker and weaker.

Then one day, in a half-coma, he asked his sister to play for him upon the piano. "You won't have to play very loud," he said. "I seem to hear very well." His sister played—ran through his favorite works, finally playing a work of Chopin, his favorite. When she returned to the bedroom he was—asleep? Maybe, but maybe not. He breathed so slightly. The doctor was called. "This," he said, "is the crisis. He is weak, much too weak. I would suggest that the family stay with him."

The family did sit at a grim vigil that night. Next morning early the doctor came and his examination showed that the patient was past the turning point, on the way to recovery. During the weeks it took for him to gain his strength, Charles babbled continuously about his piano, what he was going to do when he was well. Finally there came the day when he was to get out

of bed. The family wanted to keep him quiet—especially they wanted him to stay away from the excitement of his piano.

That was not in the mind of young Charles. His tottering steps led him to the instrument. He sat down. He thought of the Chopin prelude his sister had played for him while he was at his weakest. He tried to play it. His mind knew the intricacies of the work. His fingers, wasted and weak, would not follow his commands. He broke down, cried, returned to bed.

BUT that one incident had a great effect upon Previn's career. He realized then that his physical limitations could retard his musical progress. He then determined to build a strong body so that his mind should be free to carry out its desires. When he returned to school, he divided his time between study and physical exercise, built a sturdy body that has stood by him to this day.

When you visit Charles Previn today in his austere bachelor quarters in a club in Chicago, you can at first only look upon the man as an enigma.

He sits there, not a tall man, but well-built. He is five feet four and one-half inches tall with 150 pounds of strong, hard flesh and bone. His dark brown, flowing hair, streaked lightly with grey, is in place now. When you watched him on the podium before his Silken Strings orchestra it was in wild disarray. His eyes, blue, are quiet and not flashing as they were when he was directing.

You sit there and talk to him of tunes and songs, of dreams and disappointments. Then you reach the proper mood and questions about his life are answered easily, the only interruptions coming when Previn darts to his piano to illus-

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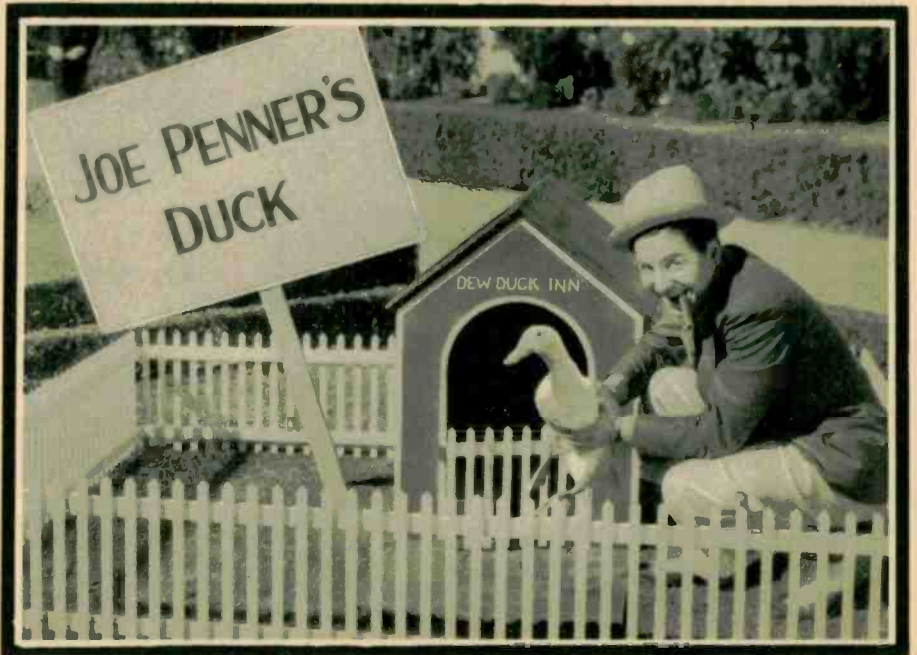
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trate a point in music. You learn that he was born in Brooklyn where his father and mother had come from Minsk, in Russia. Previn, his family name, he will tell you, was originally spelled Priwin. His mother's maiden name was Giballa, which translates to "give all." As a boy his weakness made his parents want him to be a professional man. Only his sister would help him with the piano, and she could do that well, being a pianist.

So, while going to Public School 43 in Brooklyn, and after his illness, Charles depended greatly upon his sister's aid and moral support. While he was in Brooklyn Boys High School, his sister took him to Jacques Danielson, and he in turn recommended him for a scholarship at the New York College of Music.

IT WAS while he was in High School that Previn decided definitely that he should be a musician, and here's why. He had composed his first work, the *Fleur de Lys March*. And at the graduation exercises, where he played a piano solo, the mandolin club played his march. Then, surprise of surprises, a music publisher offered for \$10 for it!

High school days over, young Previn decided to try for a scholarship at Cornell University. He passed the test, being fourth among all those taking it in Brooklyn. Then he obtained a scholarship to the Ithaca Conservatory of Music, in the same city as Cornell. He was definitely on the way to a career.

At Ithaca it was work, work, work. On two scholarships, he still needed money, so he formed a dance band and at night played the earlier Irving Berlin, Gus Edwards and Fred Fischer tunes while in the daytime he studied Bach, Chopin and Beethoven. Now music was the biggest thing in his life, so when it was announced that Josef Hoffman, the great pianist, was to play a concert at the school, Previn was in a fine frame of mind. He, too, wanted to be a concert pianist. Then he went to the concert. He was at once in the emotional heights and depths as the great pianist sent his fingers along paths only a master could follow. Overwhelmed by the beauty and majesty of the performance, Previn realized that he had not progressed far enough to become a good concert pianist until much too late in life.

Practical, he decided to become a teacher, although without quitting his music.

But music was too much a part of him to be forgotten so easily. He couldn't drop it and his senior year found him successful in the competition for the musical show of the Savage Club. He wrote all of the music for an operetta called *Oolong*. Then came another disappointment.

During his last year at college he had been bothered by a tooth that should have been extracted. Finally, he went to a dentist, eating first a hearty breakfast. When the dentist gave him gas, he became deathly ill and the operation could not be performed. During the rest of that term and through the regular examinations he suffered, but was afraid to return to the dentist. His scholastic standing suffered, and as a result, when *Oolong* went on the road for a tour, he was not permitted to take his place as the musical conductor. He redoubled his efforts, took the examina-

[Continued on page 60]



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30x5.25-20		1.15	1.15
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"Too Weak To Be Great"

[Continued from page 59]

tions again and finished his college career with a four-year average of 82 per cent.

AS THIS story has been extracted, bit by bit, the interviewer begins to understand more of the character of the quiet man on the davenport telling the story. He understands why Previn can be such a dynamo before an orchestra and so quiet at home—and he understands that determination, that ingrained will-to-succeed. So it is not surprising to the interviewer to learn that after college, Previn determined to follow up his success as a composer and become a creator of operettas.

In the New York of that time Tin Pan Alley was a fast-growing, active institution that attracted natural musicians. If he was to write American operettas, Previn knew that Tin Pan Alley was the place to go. He was associated there with a music publisher, with Vincent Lopez and Gus Edwards. After an interval of writing special music for vaudeville acts, he went with a road show as a conductor and after several years returned to New York to conduct several Broadway shows under the Erlanger banner. Later he went with the Schubert brothers and struck up an enduring friendship with George Gershwin, directing *La La Lucille*, the latter's first show.

Then followed glamorous, interesting days, conducting in the Winter Garden for Al Jolson in *Simbad*, and later the second *Greenwich Village Follies* in which appeared a then unknown chorus girl named Mary Lewis, and a star in the person of Charles Winninger who is now radio's Captain Henry of the *Showboat* hour. In all, Previn conducted the staggering total of 91 Broadway shows.

THEN radio interested him. His friends were making huge sums for very little work. He signed to direct one of the first big variety shows of the air for a cigarette company.

Then came a call from his friend Gershwin. George had composed music for a show called *Of Thee I Sing* and wanted Previn to conduct. Previn did conduct that successful show's orchestra for five months. Previn returned to the movie theater and was conducting the Paramount Theater orchestra when Gershwin called upon him again. This time it was to lead an orchestra going on tour with Gershwin, with James Melton as soloist.

It was during that tour that the sponsors of his present program heard his work. They were pleased with the volume and tone he produced from a small orchestra. "That man is the one we want for the *Silken Strings* show," they said.

Previn has lots of ideas for that show, and they are beginning to develop. But there is one big hope in his mind and he may be able to realize it. George Gershwin is writing music for what Previn believes will be THE American opera. It is *Porgy*, to be produced soon. Previn knows that he can't conduct that for Gershwin. But he hopes that he will have the privilege of introducing some of its music to radio listeners.

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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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NOVEMBER, 1934

Love Must Wait

[Continued from page 18]

why she was taking a vacation—"so I can go crabbing and fishing down on the farm."

Miss Ray was born in Norfolk, February 16, 1915. She is the only child.

"I had no formal musical education," she said. "My mother played the piano and sang a little and that encouraged me. I studied the piano some, but I was more interested in singing. I would sing upon the least provocation, and I'll bet I was a nuisance sometimes."

Her first radio experience came at the age of eleven when she was invited to face the microphone at Station WTAR at Norfolk. It was only an interlude, however, and was not taken seriously. She continued her public school education. But her father, a restaurant man in Norfolk, gave her access to "sing around at clubs." It is what she calls one of her "breaks."

Another came two years ago when she went to Los Angeles to continue her education. She had an uncle, Artie Mellinger, in the music publishing business, living there. He introduced her to Phil Harris, who was playing at the Coconut Grove. Harris heard her sing and offered her a contract. She has been with him since, with the exception of the period when she appeared in the movies with Maurice Chevalier.

SHE has now been in New York a little more than a year, loves it, but complains that she is getting to be as flighty as the people who live there. "You rush around, but you never do anything," she says.

Attributing her own opportunity to what she terms "family and luck," Miss Ray was pretty gloomy over the chances of an unknown to crash the studios.

"I wouldn't know what advice to give," she said. "It seems to me, from what I know now, the chances are slim. You've got to know somebody who knows somebody. And when the breaks come for you, you must know how to handle them."

There is no shaking Miss Ray from her loyalty to the microphone. Unlike many singers in her position, she has no ambition to study for the opera or the concert stage. She merely looks blank when it is suggested.

But she is willed to go to Europe. It is her one consuming passion.

Love? "It may seem strange for a singer of torch songs to appear so indifferent to the grand passion," she says, "and I would like to give you something that would make an interesting article, but I guess I just haven't much of a love life. I don't believe singers should marry, and I'll not marry until I have had enough of this—I love radio."

So, if you are one of the hundreds who have been on the point of mailing a marriage proposal to the charming Leah, save your postage!

MARY PICKFORD, shortly to appear on her first radio program, tells what she thinks about radio in the December issue of RADIO-LAND.



"I Couldn't Sit, Couldn't Stand, Couldn't even Lie Down!"

IF THERE is anybody who knows what suffering is, it is the person afflicted with Piles!

Piles can do more to torment you and pull you down physically and mentally than almost any other single ailment. Yet on account of the delicacy of the subject many hesitate to seek relief.

Yet Piles can have a very serious outcome, often necessitating surgery.

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Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Get either a tube or tin today and see the genuine relief it holds in store for you.



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What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "fagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Constipation! The very morning after taking NR (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again—keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. NR—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box to-night. 25c—at druggists'.



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NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

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

Stage Child
[Continued from page 22]

singing or dancing lesson in my life. "Every minute of those years on the road was fun. Mother was always with me, of course, and we met loads of folks in the show world whom we enjoy whenever we run into them today.

"New York is home to me—though I've lived in dressing and hotel rooms more actual time—and we always return to it. In Hollywood we would take an apartment rather than a house, because it was always a matter of getting back to New York after each picture job. Once I went swimming at Malibu Beach. Mmm, but that was grand . . . and several times I had time to play tennis. When I was smaller I had a pair of roller skates, but after the time I fell and got a big blue bruise on my knee—which no amount of powder would cover up for the evening performance—roller skating was out!"

AN EXTRAORDINARILY cheery youngster—Sylvia—for one who has had to skip so many of the normal pastimes of childhood in deference to the rigid demands of a stage career. There is a certain "little womanly" quality about her, too, despite her smallness, that is probably traceable to the amount of time she has spent with people older than herself.

When that certain little expression that is at once shy and competent (Sylvia is by no means without her share of poise) comes over her face, one suspects traits of domesticity and a leaning toward home-making that have never had much chance for development.

She admits that she knows next to nothing about cooking. "Although I've a feeling I *could* be good at it," she concedes, "and I can fix lovely platters of appetizers and sandwiches and cold things . . . things you can buy and take in and make into a nice picturesque layout for a few people after the show is over."

She likes to embroider, too, and crochet . . . "though I can't knit or sew." She doesn't know why the distinction in handicrafts—just happened so.

ONE remembered that musical comedy hit, with Sylvia—a few months past fifteen—playing the ingenue lead and made to look at least nineteen on the stage.

Times are getting better for Sylvia now, from the play standpoint in particular. She has a fairly heavy schedule of radio work, with two appearances each week on sustaining programs with Freddie Rich's orchestra, and the necessary accompanying rehearsals. But her mother has forbidden any night club work, which she did permit for a short time.

So there is opportunity for rather a lot of swimming and tennis and fun with friends of her own age. There is even a party now and then, which is something almost novel in Sylvia's experience. But one feels that, with her young freshness and her lovely friendly smile, the little singer will never be spoiled—no matter how many words of praise may be poured into those pretty ears, at parties or, as in the past, just "on the job."

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Romance F. O. B. Ukelele

[Continued from page 43]

songs, some of their own compositions. Peter writes the music; May the words. Back in the Old Sunday School, the favorite of her radio audience, is one of their joint efforts; so are *Marvelous*, *Broken Hearted Sue* and *Ukelele Blues*.

Peter de Rose has written hundreds of songs, many of them best sellers. Have *You Ever Been Lonely*, *Muddy Water*, *When Your Hair Has Turned To Silver* (written for May's birthday) and *Somebody Loves You* are among his best. The first song he wrote, back in 1918, sold two and one-half million copies. And he had sold it outright for \$25! It was *When You Are Gone I Won't Forget You*.

Almost from the start, the public believed them sweethearts. Letter upon letter arrived from eager fans, asking when they were to be married. When they finally announced their engagement in 1928, on Christmas, again so many letters, wires and telephone calls of congratulations poured in it took many months to answer them. They always answer all fan mail personally.

It wasn't till a year later they were married, for Peter had and still has a large family of younger brothers and sisters to support.

UPON their marriage hangs a tale. They planned to be married by Rev. David Minor, a retired minister, whose friendship they had gained through their music over the air, which he called "notes of sympathy." The reverend gentleman was in his seventies, but begged so hard to be permitted to marry them at his little chapel, they acceded. They were to be married December 9, 1929, quietly.

"A week before the wedding, a friend tipped us off," May told me laughingly. "A whole battalion of radio folk expected to storm the chapel with tons of rice, confetti and old shoes, to give us a real send-off. We were afraid of the effect of such excitement upon our old friend. We decided the best thing to do was to put one over on our friends and get married a day in advance. As luck would have it, the jeweler who engraved my wedding ring made a mistake—instead of engraving it for December 9, he engraved it December 8. So all was well.

"You see," May said, "we got our romance, our livelihood and most of our friends through the air.

"The other morning a girl wrote us she and her sweetheart had quarreled. Would we sing *Have You Ever Been Lonely?* announcing both their names? We did—just this morning I got a note from her, thanking us and saying the song had reconciled them. We have helped along more romances than I can count. Anyone who wants us to sing a favorite song need only tell us its name, and whether to use her name. We will do our best to help."

May does not live only for her music. She is an all-round athlete—a champion ice-skater, goes in for tennis, for golf. With Peter, of course. Should you meet her, don't get her started on her pet hobby—collecting china curios, dolls and animals. The basement-playroom of her house has 140 feet of shelving jammed full of them.

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The Seth Parker Disaster

[Continued from page 40]

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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	20x5.50-19		3.35	1.15
29x4.75-20		2.50	0.95	30x6.00-18		3.40	1.15
29x5.00-19		2.85	1.05	31x6.00-19		3.40	1.15
30x5.00-20		2.85	1.05	32x6.00-20		3.45	1.25
28x5.25-18		2.90	1.15	33x6.00-21		3.65	1.25
29x5.25-19		2.95	1.15	32x6.50-20		3.75	1.35

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30x3 1/2		2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2		3.45	1.15
31x4		2.95	0.85	34x4 1/2		3.45	1.15
32x4		2.95	0.85	30x5		3.65	1.35
33x4		2.95	0.85	33x5		3.75	1.45

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7.50-20	6.95	3.75	30x6	9.95	3.95
8.25-20	8.95	4.95	34x7	10.95	3.95
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admits his embitterment towards Lord. He quit the ship finally. His story of the Caribbean trip follows:

"After we left Miami we took on supplies at Bimini and dropped off two of the three young women singers aboard, the third remaining as a stewardess. Then our engines started acting up and we drifted for two weeks in the Caribbean, finally reaching the tiny island of Inagua, in the Bahamas. At first they would not let us land in our speed boat, because it was British territory. Then Lord encountered trouble with a pilot over fees for bringing the schooner in.

"After that the natives were insulted because, during a broadcast, he described them as 'wild and primitive.'

"Our next stop was off the north coast of Haiti. Here there was real trouble. When we pulled anchor we also pulled up a South Atlantic communications cable, doing damage estimated at \$75,000. To say that officials were angry would be putting it mildly, but we proceeded on our way.

"In Port au Prince, while we were making movies, a night flare exploded, seriously burning two of the ship's crew and two native girls. Then the cook became exasperated with general conditions and in the middle of a meal jumped overboard and started swimming for shore.

"Then the crew mutinied."

ABOUT this time, Mr. Pryor, related, he got tired of it all and quit the expedition. He stood on the shore and watched the *Seth Parker* proceed to Jamaica.

There it looked as if the good ship *Seth Parker* had come to the end of its voyage, becalmed before it really had started, and the spectacular radio career of young Phillips Lord had crashed beyond rebuilding.

The troubles in the Caribbean caught up with him in the West Indies port. British authorities were irked over the handling of the ship, commercial interests still smarted over the cable, and the American consular service, which can be very touchy, was sending notes to Washington.

But that was only the half of it. Up in the United States stories were being

published, not only blasting the Seth Parker myth, but branding young Phillips Lord as a romantic landlubber who should never have been allowed to get his feet wet, and a faker with a positive genius for getting into trouble.

It was then that John F. Royal, NBC vice-president in charge of programs, hopped into a plane and flew to Jamaica.

Meanwhile, the legal representatives of NBC and Lord's personal representatives went into a huddle to determine whether they would sue for libel.

"After several long conferences," both sides told me, "it was decided not to dignify the stories by suit. They emanated, not from facts, but from rumor, and the tongue of some recalcitrant member of the expedition. When we find out who it is, and we have a good lead at the present, we will take action."

IN JAMAICA, Vice-President Royal ironed out young Lord's difficulties and announced to the world that NBC would stand loyally behind its artist. Although there is no sponsor now, he will continue to broadcast. In a formal statement to RADIOLAND, Mr. Royal defined NBC's position as follows:

"Phillips Lord is scheduled regularly for programs over National Broadcasting Company networks from his schooner, the *Seth Parker*, now on tour around the world.

"The NBC has its own short wave apparatus aboard (spiking rumors that it had been removed) and its own engineer aboard the ship, and when Mr. Lord arranges programs from his various stopping places, they are put on the air if reception conditions are favorable.

"Though the date of Mr. Lord's return to the United States is undetermined, we are looking forward to the time when he will resume his *Seth Parker* series, which for more than three years was among the most popular of NBC programs."

At NBC it is pointed out that Mr. Lord is their property, retained by their artists bureau, and loaned to sponsors. In a word, they are responsible for his future.

"He may take a drink once in a while, although he is not known as a drinking man," an executive told me. "And as for women, that's nonsense. The girls aboard the ship were entertainers appearing on his programs. He is very much in love with his wife and two children, and she was cut up about the whole thing.

"There probably were parties aboard ship. It was a sort of a good will expedition, and when people come aboard at various ports you offer them hospitality." It is unfortunate that the public cannot understand that even an artist, no matter what character he portrays, must have a private life of his own.

"If Lord erred, it was in judgment. He is young and full of ideas and inexperience. He probably got a little too cocky with British officials and the American consular authorities in the West Indies. But he can take it, and will learn his lesson."

NBC's attitude is one of "Come home, all is forgiven."

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Heartbreak
(Continued from page 30)

trained dancers, who had been in the business for years? The first dance was a Pat Rooney Waltz Clog and he blundered through it awkwardly, hoping the director wouldn't notice him. The girl smiled at him sympathetically.

"Don't worry, kid," she said, "it's always tough at the beginning. I'll help you out." Which she did—always.

Had you told Frank when they danced and sang together that first day that she was to reshape his entire life, he would have laughed at you. But before he knew it he was spending all his spare time with her. He loved horseback riding—he has quite a string of polo ponies now. She loved horseback riding, so they rode together. They went swimming together, took long walks together. It wasn't puppy love either, for it lasted for years.

The girl was young, eager, ambitious. Though she is a famous singer today she was more ambitious for her sweetheart, Frank, than for herself, then.

He had a lovely tenor voice, smooth and sweet, but it lacked power and needed training. First he wouldn't listen to her pleas. Finally he agreed to take music lessons from her teacher for a year. If nothing happened within that time, he'd drop them for good.

WITHIN a year something had happened. While horseback riding, the juvenile lead had fallen and broken his leg; his understudy was ill. The show simply had to go on. Someone had to fill in.

It never occurred to Frank to volunteer. Why, he had only taken lessons a few months and had no confidence at all in his voice. Most of the chorus men could sing much better than he could, he thought. Yet the director, singling him out from the lineup, told him he had to go on—for Frank's dancing partner had convinced the management Frank had a gorgeous voice!

On he went that night, her words of whispered encouragement ringing in his ears. He just couldn't fail and let her down! He didn't.

But still he lacked initiative, self-confidence. So his sweetheart kept after him, encouraging him, scolding him for his fears, laughing at his excuses.

Those were blissful days for Frank. He was working terrifically hard. Always, there was the hope of the future, the dream of having his sweetheart by his side to spur him on. It was heaven.

Quite suddenly—you know how those things happen—heaven collapsed. She fell in love with someone else and told Frank about it. Then she married the other man.

Followed black days for Frank. He didn't care if he lived or died. What use was fame and success if she wouldn't be there to share his triumph? He wanted to drop everything, but she wouldn't hear of it. If he did, she told him, she'd feel responsible for his quitting, for ruining his life.

He has never married. Of course he has met and liked other girls—but it is my guess that he is still in love with the one from which he parted seven years ago. It is to her that he pours out his lilted, wistful melody—to his ever-present dream of what might have been.

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Questions and Answers



Russ Columbo

came in Russ Columbo was accidentally killed. Details on page 32.

Please tell me who takes the parts of Janet Freeman, Peter and Pan, Wellington Watts and Uncle Hannibal in the Wheatenaville program. Also, if Peter and Pan are children and their ages.—*C. Shaw, Pocomoke City, Md.*

Ans.—Janet Freeman, now Mrs. Batchelor, Alice Davenport; Peter, Bobby Jordan; Pan, Emily Vass; and Raymond Knight, the author, takes the parts of Wellington Watts and Billy Batchelor. Bobby and Emily are eleven years old.

Will you please give the age, height, color of eyes and hair of Spencer Dean? Is he married?—*L. Grise, Springfield, Mass.*

Ans.—Watch out for this Man Hunter he is a powerful man. He is in his early forties, weighs 165 lbs. and is five feet nine inches tall. Has a fair complexion and brown hair and eyes. There is a Mrs. Dean.

Please tell me if Guy Lombardo is an Italian? Does he have three brothers in his orchestra?—*R. M., Reynoldsville, Pa.*

Ans.—Guy is a Canadian of Italian extraction. His brothers, Carmen, Liebert and Victor have been members of the orchestra since its birth.

Where can I address a letter for Alice Faye?—*E. Carlton, Shreveport, La.*



Alice Faye

Ans.—As Alice Faye's screen career demands so much of her time, we would suggest that you write to her at the Fox Studios, Movie-tone City, Westwood, Calif.

Where can I write to Nick Lucas?—*J. Malinchok.*

Ans.—You can write to him in care of the Columbia Artists Bureau, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

Are Rosemary and Priscilla Lane twins? If not, which is the eldest?—*P. H., British Columbia.*

Ans.—No, they are not twins. Priscilla is Rosemary's big sister.

Please describe Leah Ray giving height, weight and age. How can I secure a photograph of her?—*L. M., Cranford, New Jersey.*

Ans.—Leah is a very attractive young miss of nineteen. She is a brunette, weighs 128 lbs. and is five feet six inches tall. Try writing Miss Ray at the National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller Center, New York City for a photo.

What do you want to know



What do you want to know about your favorite radio stars? Just drop a line to Questions & Answers, RADIO-LAND, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y., and the answers will be printed as soon after receipt as possible in this column.

Will you please tell me if Bing Crosby is on the air and, if so, what program it is?—*R. F. H., Danbury, Nebraska.*

Ans.—By the time this answer reaches you, R. F. H., Bing will be on a half hour program sponsored by Woodbury over the Columbia chain.

Will you please tell me the name of the selection played before and after the Lady Esther Serenade program?—*R. Blakely, Amesbury, Mass.*

Ans.—The theme song of this program is an original by Wayne King titled *The Waltz You Saved For Me.*

How old is Jeanie Lang? What is the color of her hair and eyes? On what station can she be heard?—*V. J., Hope, N. D.*



Jeanie Lang

Ans.—This charming little lady is in her early twenties. She has brown hair and blue eyes. To listen-in dial in on the Columbia chain Sunday evening.

How long has the First Nighter been on the air? Is Al Jolson going to return to the air and when?—*G. M. L., Stratford, Conn.*

Ans.—The First Nighters have been going strong for the past four years. Jolson's return to broadcasting is very indefinite due to his screen appeal.

What is the title of Bing Crosby's next picture and who will be his leading lady?—*C. M., Galveston, Texas.*

Ans.—Bing's next offering is *Here Is My Heart*. Claudette Colbert is the chosen lady.

Can you tell me how old Little Miss Babo is? What is her real name?—*R. R. D., East Boston, Mass.*

Ans.—Little Miss Babo is twelve. She is Mary Small of Baltimore who made such a tremendous hit last year as a guest on the Vallée program.

Will you please give me the address of the players in the First Nighter Program?—*H. Lowe, Napa, Calif.*

Ans.—Just address them in care of the National Broadcasting Company, Chicago, Ill.

Is Don Ameche married to the girl who plays his wife in Betty and Bob?—*I. G., Springfield, Mass.*



Don Ameche

Ans.—No, Beatrice Churchill takes the part of Betty in this sketch.

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At the top today—this star knows the problem faced by millions of girls and young women throughout the land—the problem of living on a limited income. And in giving her recipe, she also gives you an insight into many of her early struggles. This story in November SCREEN PLAY will prove profitable and interesting to every person who faces the problem of life and who, perhaps, hopes that someday—somehow—the struggle will end in happiness and riches.

William Powell's Secret Struggle

Bill is known today as the screen's suave, sophisticated actor. But to fully appreciate him you must know the Bill Powell who started out to conquer the world via the stage. It has been a far journey from discouragement to success and it has been a bitter secret struggle. William Powell tells you all about it in the November issue of SCREEN PLAY.

These Are Only A Starter

The November issue of SCREEN PLAY is one of the most interesting movie magazines ever offered. An array of stories about such stars as Louise Fazenda, Ethel Merman, James Cagney, Norma Shearer, Bing Crosby and Ann Sothorn. A great story—A Hollywood Closeup—by Achmed Abdullah. The finest selection of pictures. Special articles for women readers by Grace Mack, Ida Bailey Allen and Tonya Nash. The very latest Hollywood news. Up to the minute reviews.

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