

10 CENTS

RADIOLAND

February

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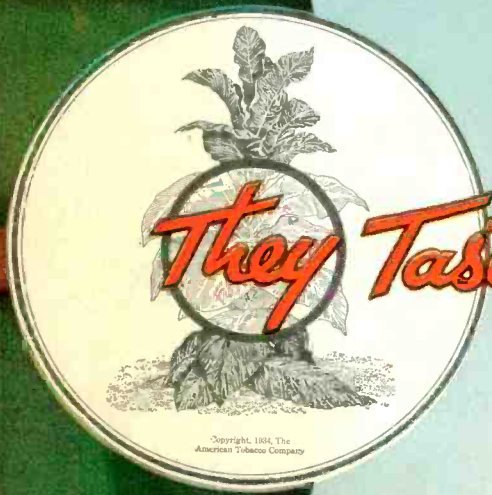
Jane Pickens

Fred
Waring
Tells
**HOW TO
GET ON
THE AIR**

**WILL
ROGERS**
Mystery Man
of Radio
By **HOMER CROY**



Luckies



They Taste Better

Copyright, 1954, The American Tobacco Company

Reduce your WAIST AND HIPS THREE INCHES IN TEN DAYS

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost
you one cent!

Read how
Miss Jean Healy
reduced her hips
9 INCHES!



"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"



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



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



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



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



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



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



"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

You can TEST the Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere for 10 days ... at our expense!

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that should be yours?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimmness? Then you will rejoice over the marvelous Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that reduce hips and waistline inches without effort... simply by their beneficial massage-like action.

Safe! No Diet, No Drugs, No Exercises!

■ The wonderful part of the quick Perfolastic method is its absolute safety and comfort. You take no drugs... no exercise

... you eat normal meals... and yet we guarantee you will reduce at least 3 inches in 10 days or it will cost you nothing! We can dare to make this startling guarantee, because we have tested the Perfolastic Girdle for many years.

Reduce ONLY Where You Are Overweight!

■ The Perfolastic Girdle kneads away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce. Beware of reducing methods which take the weight off the entire body... for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

You Need Not Risk One Penny!

■ You can prove to yourself that these marvelous reducing garments will take off at least 3 inches of fat from your waist, hips and diaphragm or no cost!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 72 NEW YORK, N.Y.
Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

RADIOLAND



ROSCOE FAWCETT, Editor

DONALD G. COOLEY, Executive Editor

PERSONALITIES

Will Rogers—Mystery Man of Radio	12
<i>A Human Personality Revealed</i> By HOMER CROY	
Jane Says Fame Is Easy Pickens	15
<i>The Story of the Pickens Sisters</i> By ETHEL CAREY	
Smart Alex Woollcott	16
<i>Radio's Prince of Story-Tellers</i> By JERALD MASON	
All Out of Step But Romberg	18
Little Rebel	19
<i>Untold Stories of Sigmund Romberg and Helen Claire</i> By MARY JACOBS	
Chance Brought Fame to Tony Wons	22
<i>Fate Has Helped the Radio Philosopher</i> By MARY JACOBS	
Lanny Ross Seeks His Dream Girl.	32
<i>One Element is Missing in Lanny Ross' Happiness</i> By MARY WATKINS REEVES	
Spencer Dean, Manhunter	33
<i>Radio's Famous Sleuth and His Creator</i> By MORT WEISINGER	
No Love Story for Gershwin	35
<i>Why George Gershwin Says He'll Never Marry</i> By LESTER GOTTLIEB	
Meet the Honeymooners	65
<i>The Rocky Road of Grace and Eddie Albert</i> By JESSE BUTCHER	
David Ross, Radio's Poet Laureate.	60
Pearce on Earth, Good Will to Radio	62
<i>Introducing Al Pearce's Gangsters</i>	
Restoring Cinderella	64
<i>Bob Andrews Writes 35 Programs Weekly!</i> By TOM CARSKADON	
<i>(Cover Painting of Jane Pickens by Tempest Inman)</i>	

FEATURES

Rudy Vallee's Music Notebook	14
<i>Rudy's Comments on the New Songs</i> By RUDY VALLEE	
Home and Fireside	17
<i>Intimate Glimpses of Radio Homes</i>	
Radioland's School of the Air	20
<i>Fred Waring Tells How to Get on the Air</i> By FRED WARING	
Back-talk From the Stars	26
<i>Cantor, Wynn, et al Criticize Their Critics</i> By BILL VALLEE	
Mike Says	28
<i>Intimate News Notes From RADIOLAND</i> By ARTHUR J. KELLAR	
Radioland's Popularity Poll	34
<i>Have You Voted for Your Favorite?</i>	
The Loudspeaker Speaks Out	36
<i>Frank Opinions Frankly Expressed</i> By THE LOUDSPEAKER	

SPECIAL FEATURES

Flashes From the News	6
Letters From the Stars	7
The Editor's Opinion	11
Radioland's Crossword Puzzle	70

DEPARTMENTS

Pie—the Supreme Dessert	38
By GRACE ELLIS	
Eye Makeup	44
By WYNNE MCKAY	
Questions and Answers	74

The Radio Revue

Vi Bradley	23
Gertrude Niesen	24
Muriel Wilson	24
Annette Hanshaw	24
Gladys Swarthout	25
Vivienne Segal	25
Helen Marshall	25

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She Got \$400⁰⁰ for a Half Dollar

*I will pay CASH for
OLD COINS, BILLS and STAMPS*

Mrs. Sam Dowty of San Angelo, Texas, sold B. Max Mehl one-half dollar for \$400.00.

I PAID \$200.00 to J. D. Martin, of Virginia, for Just One Copper Cent

"Please accept my thanks for your check for \$200.00 in payment for the copper cent I sent you. I appreciate the interest you have given this transaction. It's a pleasure to do business with a firm that handles matters as you do. I wish to assure you it will be a pleasure to me to tell all my friends of your wonderful offer for old coins." Julian D. Martin, Va.

This is but one of the many similar letters we are constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! We paid Mr. Manning, New York, \$2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for some old coins. We paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, \$13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, \$200.00 for a \$10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid \$1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: "Your letter received with the check for \$1,000.00 enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time." In the last thirty years we have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

\$1.00 to \$1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now we will pay \$50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), \$100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), \$8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), \$10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), \$200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

Big Cash Premiums for Hundreds of Coins Now Circulating

There are literally thousands of old coins and bills that we want at once and for which we will pay big cash premiums. Many of these coins are now passing from hand to hand in circulation. Today or tomorrow a valuable coin may come into your possession. Watch your change. Know what to look for.

Amazing Profits FOR THOSE WHO KNOW OLD MONEY!

There are single pennies that sell for \$100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid \$900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for \$10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes! Use the Coupon Below!

Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. Write today for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. It may mean much profit to you.

Up to \$80
for certain
copper cents



Up to \$50
for this Nickel



Will pay up
to \$50

Up to \$225
for this one

FILL OUT AND MAIL NOW!

To B. MAX MEHL
157 Mehl Building, Fort Worth, Texas



Dear Mr. Mehl: Please send me your Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars, for which I enclose 4 cents.

Name

Address

CityState

B. MAX MEHL Director Numismatic Co. of Texas.
157 Mehl Building FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

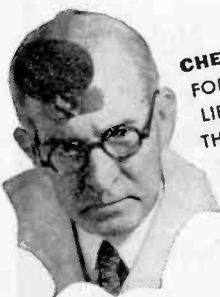
I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS



• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.



CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE FOR MORE EFFECTIVE RELIEF. THE CHEWING MIXES THE LAXATIVE WITH DIGESTIVE JUICES AND SPREADS IT NATURALLY THROUGH THE SYSTEM ... THAT'S WHY FEEN-A-MINT IS SO THOROUGH.

FOR EFFECTIVE RELIEF CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

FEEN-A-MINT

THE CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE

FLASHES from the NEWS



Dynamite in the theater! That's what free-admission broadcasts represent to showmen. The scene is from Columbia's new Broadway playhouse, with *Broadway Varieties* going on the air. De Wolf Hopper before the microphone, extreme left

Girding For The Fray

THE photograph immediately above, depicting a peaceful scene within a theater with the audience gratefully attentive and not a vacant seat in evidence, might well be taken as an augury of happy days for the legitimate stage. But this is far from the case. The photo actually represents an audience at the new Columbia Broadcasting theater on Broadway—its second in New York's Times Square district—and not a single spectator at the show paid so much as a Russian kopeck for his ticket.

Therein lies the joker which is driving theater and movie men into a frenzy, as commented upon elsewhere in this magazine. The big Radio City studios of NBC accommodate much larger audiences than the two CBS showhouses, and the total number of free admissions run around 50,000 a week. The Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey is the latest sponsor to get into trouble with the showmen. This company booked the Lombardo band for a month's one-night stands in principal Eastern cities, admission to the shows being free. Threats of boycott and all manner of reprisals showered down on the company from showmen who regarded the gratis entertainments as unfair competition.

* * * * *

Remember that Bing Crosby broadcast a few days back when Bing came to the microphone with a touching story about having yelled himself out of his voice at a football game in San Francisco? It wasn't just a stunt on Bing's part to get out of work; he actually did let his gridiron enthusiasm get the better of him, but with no permanent ill effect on his million-dollar larynx.

* * * * *

Lesson By Jolson

RADIO performers will find food for thought in the latest mis-adventure of Al Jolson. Al and Ruby Keeler, his wife, had been offered \$6000 for a radio appearance, but Al held out for \$7000.

In the midst of these negotiations Al and Ruby accepted a guest appearance on a Pacific Coast movie program, and it happened that the show wasn't quite first-rate and Al's own impromptu efforts far from his best. As luck would have it, the prospective sponsor was listening in and he decided that he didn't want Al at any price. If there's any lesson here, it's simply that radio audiences aren't to be satisfied with casual ad-libbing. Not even so fine a star as Al Jolson can dispense with rehearsals and careful advance preparation.

* * * * *

Her vast following on the air has won Gladys Swarthout, singing star of the Firestone series and the Palmolive Beau-
[Continued on page 8]



—William Hausler

Phil Harris and Mrs. Harris—no, you've guessed wrong! The charming lady is not Phil's wife, but his mother, arriving in New York to visit her famous son

LETTERS from the STARS

Myrt and Marge
from Marge

Dear Radioland

Just want to express
my sincere appreciation to
you for making me "Can-Can"
of your December issue.

Thank it as fine, and
also want to thank Tempest
Inman your magazine is
splendid!

Best Regards -
Your Sincere friend
Marge Winter
(Dolma Damerd)

Here's a "thank you" note from
Marge of Myrt and Marge, comment-
ing on her portrait by Tempest In-
man which was featured on the cover
of December RADIOLAND

* * * * *

Editor, RADIOLAND.

Dear Sir:

More than once I've had my attention called to Ethel Carey's article (*Tricks of the Radio Voice*) in a recent issue of RADIOLAND, but now comes a letter I think you ought to know about. Mrs. Georgia P. MacFarland, 9534 82nd St., Ozone Park, N. Y., writes me: "The enclosed paragraph in October RADIOLAND aroused my ire. Mr. Bob MacGimsey may be clever, but I hae me dots that he is able with one human throat to imitate at one time two canaries trilling their different songs. To me this is nothing short of libelous. It seems strange that after all you have said about the birds there should still be doubting Thomases, those who having ears hear not!"

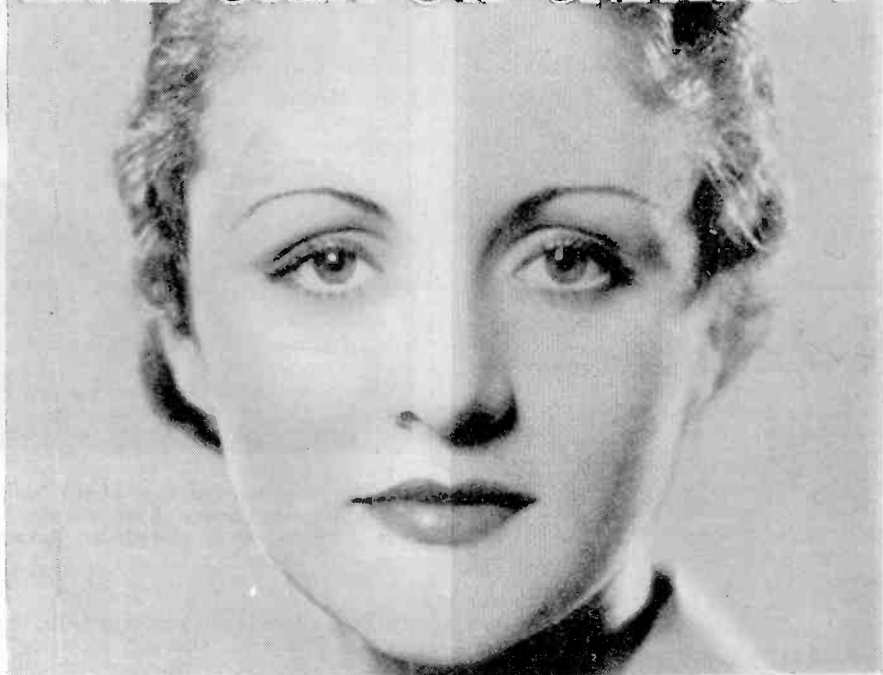
Now, Mr. Editor, my trouble is that these readers of yours whose ire is roused never tell you about it—they prefer to write me and I don't enjoy writing you as one whose ire is also roused. Please don't allow any contributor to make such a flat statement as "When the canaries trill on Cheerio's program, it is not real canaries any more. They did use trained ones for awhile, but found the human canary more reliable." You have my word for it and the word of NBC that the canaries used are real. They're on exhibition at the NBC studios every day and all day. Why not let us have justice, huh?

cherio

We're sorry for the error, Cheerio. Lots of folks have asked us to print your picture and we have had to explain your wish to remain anonymous.

FEBRUARY, 1935

DOES YOUR SKIN LOOK LIKE SILK OR CANVAS?



It's that Hard-to-Get-at "Second Layer" of Dirt that Makes Your Skin Coarse and Gray

By *Lady Esther*

A black slip under a white dress will make the white dress look dark—grayish!

The same holds true for dirt buried in your skin. It will make your skin look dark—give it a grayish cast. It will also clog your pores and make your skin large-pored and coarse.

It's safe to say that 7 out of 10 women do not have as clearly white and radiant and fine a skin as they might, simply on account of that unsuspected, hidden "second layer" of dirt.

There is only one way to remove that underneath dirt and that is to use a cream that penetrates the pores to the bottom.

A PENETRATING Face Cream

Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream is a penetrating face cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. Almost the instant it is applied, it begins working its way into the pores. It goes all the way down to the bottom of the pores—doesn't stop half way.

Going to work on the waxy dirt, it breaks it up—dissolves it—and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off. When you cleanse your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream you get dirt out that you never suspected was there. It will probably shock you when you see how really soiled your skin was.

Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of thoroughly cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes

clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

Supplies Dry Skin with What It Needs

As Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream cleanses your skin, it also does other things. It lubricates the skin—resupplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and makes the skin velvety soft and smooth.

Cleansing the pores as thoroughly as it does, it allows them to function freely again—to open and close—as Nature intended. This automatically permits the pores to reduce themselves to their normal, invisible size.

Also, Lady Esther Face Cream makes so smooth a base for powder that powder stays on twice as long and stays fresh. You don't have to use a powder base that will ooze out and make a pasty mixture on your skin.

No Other Quite Like It

There is no face cream quite like Lady Esther Face Cream. There is no face cream that will do so much definitely for your skin. But don't take my word for this! Prove it at my expense.

Let me have your name and address and I'll send you a 7-days' supply. Just mail a penny postcard or the coupon below and by return mail you'll get the 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream. Let your own skin tell you how different this face cream is from any you have ever tried.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (9) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-day supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Copyright by Lady Esther, 1935

Annoying Little Blemishes!

So easily corrected
... when you know
this simple way



WHO escapes them—those occasional pimples that seem always to come when you particularly want to look your very best?

Don't let them annoy you, however, for nature can clear them up quickly with a little external aid which Resinol Ointment provides.

This safe, dependable ointment contains medicaments specially selected to soothe and promote healing of skin irritations. That is why it is so effective and so widely used. When applied after washing with a warm lather of pure Resinol Soap, the results are even more satisfying. Get Resinol Ointment and Soap from the druggist today. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. 8-A, Baltimore, Md.

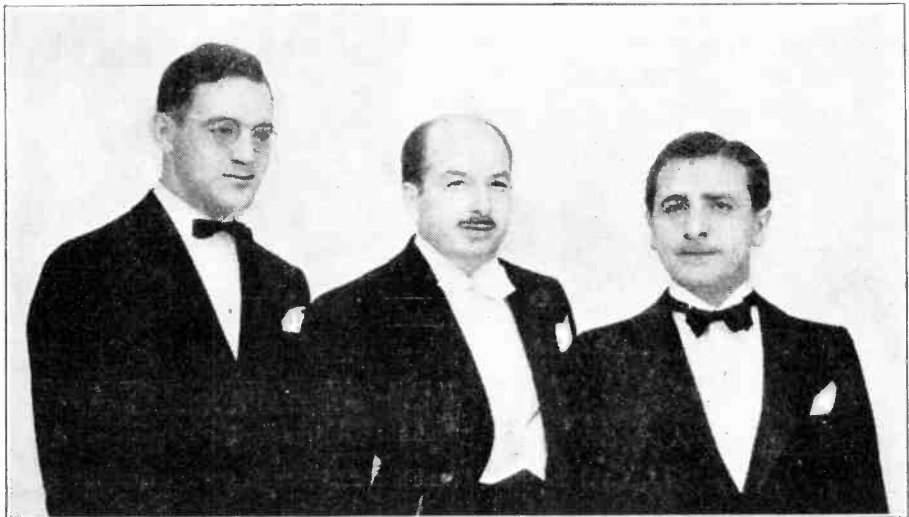


Resinol

Ointment and Soap

Flashes From the News

[Continued from page 6]



The three musical stars of the National Biscuit Company's *Let's Dance* program supply three hours of uninterrupted music Saturday nights. Left to right, Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat, and Kel Murray

ty Box a long-term contract with Paramount Pictures. She will probably appear in musical productions which will feature her lovely voice. Her radio work will continue without interruption.

Hollywood Opening

QUITE the most magnificent opening of a radio program in recent months was the premiere of the National Biscuit Company's three-hour Saturday

evening music show, *Let's Dance*. The festivities preceding the initial broadcast were touched with Hollywood glamor—gigantic spotlights played on the entrance of NBC's studio in the vast RCA building in Radio City; visiting celebrities paused to speak a few words over the microphone, then were whisked up 65 stories to the Rainbow Room which, with its revolving dance floor and Jolly Coburn's orchestra, is currently New York's swankiest night club. Lucienne Boyer, well-known to radio fans, entertained the guests during dinner. Mae Murray and Sally Rand were among the famous exponents of the dance who attended the premiere. In the famous words of the rural society reporter, "a good time was had by all," and it is to be expected that the festive mood extended to the fans who participated in the entertainment through their radio sets.

* * * * *

John Mills, one of the four Mills Brothers, will be a father by the time you read these words. He was expecting an heir when we went to press. The Mills Brothers quartet is not currently on the air, but are doing very nicely in personal appearances. They drew \$7000 from a Harlem Theatre for a week's work.

* * * * *

All-Star Cast

CHRISTMAS and New Year's broadcasts by the Nash Motors Company set a new high-water mark in all-star talent assembled for a commercial program. Just how much these two hours cost the sponsor is not known, but when you figure that the programs ran nearly three hours apiece over a hundred CBS stations, and add to the cost of network time the salaries of such stars as Lionel Barrymore (who played "Scrooge" in "A Christmas Carol"),



Boake Carter, recently a dinner host to a group of radio artists in Manhattan, is caught by the cameraman chatting with George Gershwin, the gentleman with the flower in the lapel of his dinner jacket

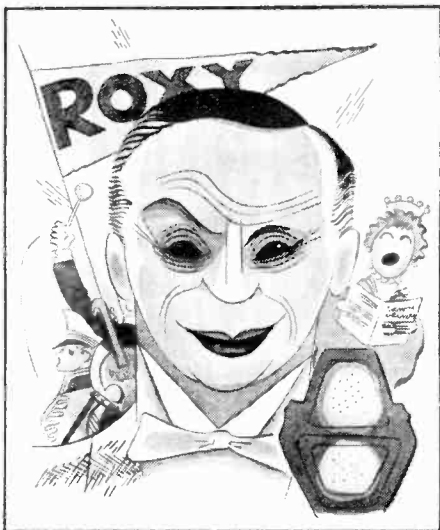
Beatrice Lillie, Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, Ethel Shutta with George Olsen and his orchestra, the famous aviators Clyde Pangborn and Roscoe Turner, the Don Cossacks choir of 35 voices, the 200-voice Apollo Club of Chicago, and Alexander Woollcott as master of ceremonies, the total is impressive.

Cantor To Mussolini

THERE are plenty of critics who maintain that Eddie Cantor is a pretty mediocre comedian, but that this opinion is not shared by the country at large is proved by the masterful manner in which Eddie pulled the Chase & Sanborn hour back to top rating after the program had suffered a rather brutal mauling at the hands of Jimmie Durante. Reason enough to look forward with anticipation to the new program Cantor will inaugurate over CBS stations this February. Having concluded his coffee engagement, Eddie temporarily thrust aside all thoughts of radio to go to Italy for a personal interview with Mussolini, Cantor being an admirer of Il Duce. Well, with his picture "Kid Millions" registering a hit at the box office—and, we hear, with producer Sam Goldwyn supplying a good share of the travel funds—we'd say that Edward Iskowitz (which is Cantor's real name) ought to enjoy his European trip to the utmost.

* * * * *

That ole fox Roxy, master showman, is all set to revolutionize the theater business again. Christmas week he



opened his mammoth new theater in Philadelphia, in which he is trying out a lot of his newly patented ideas in lighting, staging, and presentation. He has spent a couple of years commuting between the United States and Europe developing his ideas, and if past performance is any criterion Philadelphia is going to be considerably startled by this new genius in its midst.

* * * * *

Popularity Perplexities

WE'VE heard that a lot of people are placing bets on their favorite stars to come out on top in RADIO—
[Continued on page 10]

FEBRUARY, 1935

LADIES..choose your weapons



THE ODDS FAVOR A *Lovely skin*

● When you choose your "beauty weapons," remember that the *one* thing most appealing to any man is the beauty of a soft, smooth skin. No other charm counts for quite so much—and, likewise, no single "neglect" is more serious (and more distasteful to a man) than the neglect of skin-beauty and skin-youth, and it is so unnecessary.

More women every day count on Campana's Italian Balm to keep their skin fresh with the beauty of youthfulness—and free from the ageing effects of housework, office-work and weather. Italian Balm, you know, is *guaranteed* to banish roughness, redness,

dryness and chapping *more quickly* than anything you ever used before. And you can use it liberally for a cost of less than ½ cent a day!

Italian Balm gives you the benefit of a scientific formula comprising sixteen ingredients—a product proved for over 40 years in winter-loving Canada where it is still the largest-selling skin protector. Largest seller, also, in thousands of cities in the United States. For sale at drug and department stores—35c, 60c and \$1.00 in bottles; 25c in tubes. Or send for FREE Vanity Bottle—use the coupon.



Campana's
**Italian
Balm**

THE ORIGINAL
SKIN SOFTENER



Free

CAMPANA SALES CO.,
3602 Lincoln Highway,
Batavia, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd.,
FWG #2 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Flashes From the News

[Continued from page 9]



"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

America's best-loved Radio Family

Now Sponsors

Kentucky Winners

... the milder cigarette
that can't get stale

HERE'S welcome news to millions of radio fans! "One Man's Family"—that interesting, lovable, human drama of American life—is now on the air from coast to coast for Kentucky Winners... the milder cigarette that CAN'T get stale.

To millions of men and women "One Man's Family" means an evening of entertainment and heart warming drama.

And to millions of men and women, Kentucky Winners mean perfect enjoyment and smoking pleasure. To begin with, Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. They're made of the finest tobaccos. But in addition—and this is mighty important—each individual cigarette is made with moisture-proof paper. This remarkable paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs.

Listen in to

"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—
10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T
NBC — WEA F
and associated sta-
tions—Consult your
local newspaper



KENTUCKY WINNERS



—Wide World
The three gentlemen in this picture, from left to right, are no less than Freeman Gosden and Charles Correl (Amos and Andy) and their announcer Bill Hay, presenting holiday baskets for the poor to Miss Margaret Kelly of the Volunteers of America. The boys recently completed a personal appearance tour of the east

LAND'S Nationwide Popularity Poll. It seems to this writer that such bets are pretty tricky business—perhaps because he has been surprised at some of the results which didn't exactly coincide with his own judgment. We had imagined, for instance, that Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee would be leading the parade of popular male singers—but thus far Lanny Ross is comfortably ahead of both of them, with Frank Parker just about tied with Bing and Rudy. We've been trying to analyze the tremendous lead which Jack Benny is piling up on his fellow comedians, and our

conclusion—for what it may be worth—is this: Jack's suave humor is equally appealing to men and women, there is nothing harsh or raucous about his style of delivery and his gags are parlor-bred. Jimmie Durante, on the other hand, is distinctly a man's comedian, and that's pretty much true of Ed Wynn. But it's by no means a foregone conclusion that Jack will romp home winner in his division.

Votes are streaming into this office at an amazing rate and one day's mail can put the underdog on top of the heap.

* * * * *

Lure Of Greasepaint

WITH the Pickens sisters soon opening in *Thumbs Up*, Phil Baker and Gertrude Niesen appearing in *Calling All Stars*, Jack Benny readying *Bring on the Girls* for Broadway production, and Joe Cook working on his annual stage show, there's plenty of material for arguing that the legitimate theatre is going radio in a big way. The results aren't uniformly happy for radio stars. There is the case of Charles Winninger, who resigned his spot as Captain Henry on *Showboat* to take part in a stage show which folded in Philadelphia, leaving the captain high and dry, with his old *Showboat* spot taken over by Frank McIntyre. Maybe there's no jinx attached to it, but Vivienne Segal is just one of several radio stars who are seriously considering turning down stage offers on the theory that ether and greasepaint don't mix well. It's easier to shift from one radio show to another than to find a new stage vehicle when a production flops.



Kate Smith, starring at a Philadelphia night club, lends her aid to a publicity stunt by releasing a score of balloons each carrying a reserved seat ticket to a holiday parade

RADIOLAND

FEBRUARY, 1935

The Editor's Opinion

Viewing With Alarm—

OUR Pointing-With-Pride department has recently had several occasions to commend the unobtrusive, ingratiating sales-talks which certain radio advertisers have been sponsoring. On the other hand, our chief Viewer-With-Alarm has been collecting commercial announcements of somewhat different character, and he has emerged from his task with a mild touch of vertigo and spots before the eyes. Give ear to this horrible example plucked from the air the other day, designed to sell a certain brand of lighting fixture:

A high school has offered a prize to the student who turns in the best free-hand drawing, and the dialogue transpires between the principal of the school and the youngster who has won first place. The young prize-winner stands up and self-righteously refuses the award because, it develops, he made his drawing at a desk illuminated by the sponsor's lighting fixture, while the other contestants, not possessing this advantage, of course, couldn't compete with him on an even basis. This comes pretty close to reducing both sportsmanship and sponsorship to an absurdity. Sales chatter like this bears about as much relationship to real life as a bust by Epstein, and come dangerously close to insulting the patience of the radio listener.

* * * * *

Give Edwin C. Hill a great big hand! His description of Thanksgiving Day as he remembered it from his Indiana boyhood was a rarely vivid word picture so masterfully painted that it fairly filled the room with the scent of roast turkey and mince pie, with the solemnity of the patriarchal grandfather saying grace and the repressed chatter of youngsters eager to get busy with knives and forks. If there were a Pulitzer prize for the most graphic radio description of the year, we'd award it to Mr. Hill hands down!

* * * * *

The Coughlin Lobby

SOMETHING new has dawned on the American political scene, and it is radio alone which is to be thanked or blamed for it, according to your point of view. We refer to the amazing call of Father Charles E. Coughlin for an army of 5,000,000 citizens to mobilize into a citizens' lobby for the purpose of sponsoring legislation in the new session of Congress. Lobbyists (groups or individuals seeking to kill or force through

bills in which they are interested) are no strangers to Washington, but a permanent lobby of such vast proportions as proposed by Father Coughlin is a development without parallel in our representative government. In years to come professors of political science may point to it as marking a crossroad in American politics, for such a lobby could very well leave a permanent imprint on our legislative methods, setting up, as it does, almost a government within a government. Father Coughlin's idea is made possible only by a dominant personality working through the new medium of radio, and is doubly significant in view of the revelations in the article "Coughlin vs. Roosevelt" published in December RADIOLAND. Significant, too, is the fact that Father Coughlin's Sunday talks are now heard throughout the nation. He has extended his network to the West coast through the medium of a \$3,000 leased wire from WOW. Omaha, to KNX, Los Angeles.

* * * * *

Now the NRA is drawn into the fight being waged by theatrical interests against free admissions to radio shows. The theater men are pretty hot under the collar contemplating the amusement dollars they are losing to radio's free shows, and both the legitimate theater and the film industry is insisting that the National Recovery Administration bar such gratis entertainment as unfair competition.

Now it can be told! When Eddie Cantor starts his new hour on the Columbia network in February, Rubinoff will supply the music, and probably take his customary ribbing. This is the only set-up of the new show that is definitely known at this writing.

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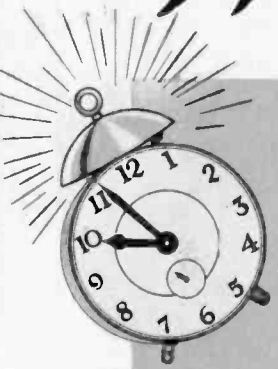
Trial By Radio

LAWYERS are up in arms over the proposal to broadcast the trial of Bruno Hauptmann, the Lindbergh kidnap suspect. There is no denying that a broadcast of the trial would be a human interest feature of the first water, but its legal propriety is something else again. Attorneys fear that the broadcast proceedings would have a bad influence on witnesses, that the blind goddess of Justice would take on the trappings of a showgirl, and that individuals might take advantage of the opportunity to make personal or political capital for themselves. A few precedents for such broadcasts have been set—notably in the case of the Englishmen charged with Soviet espionage, the *Morro Castle* investigation, and municipal court hearings in New York and Kansas City. Members of the Bar Association of New York City have taken steps against broadcasting of trials, and it is to be assumed that the movement will spread to other sections of the country.

Henri Weiner has here pictured for you a gathering of celebrities which takes place after your favorite program signs off. From left to right, you can identify Leopold Stokowski, Will Rogers, Irvin S. Cobb, Eddie Cantor, Alexander Woollcott, Ruth Etting and Al Jolson



WILL ROGERS— *Man of*



Will Rogers has only an alarm clock for a stooge, but he's radio's biggest one-man show. Yet he's pretty much of a radio mystery because he never gives interviews. Homer Croy, the noted novelist, knows as much about Will Rogers as any living man, and here he rips aside the veil in a highly entertaining manner

**By
HOMER CROY**



Above, Will Rogers at a tender age as a student of the Kemper Military Academy at Booneville, Missouri. At left, Will as he scored his first big hit in the *Follies* with his rope-twirling act and salty comment

WILL ROGERS is the mystery man of radio. Less is known about how he "works" than about any other star. One reason is that Will is not any too ready to tell how he pulls the rabbit out of the hat; another is the interview. Try to interview him sometime, when you have a year off, and write on the back of a postage stamp all that he has told you. The reason he is so hard to interview is that he can sell it; so why give it away? Good sense.

If you but whisper to most radio stars that you want to interview them, they become your best friend on the spot. They wine you and dine you; but if you had to depend on Will to wine you and dine you because you're going to write him up, you'd be down at the Salvation Army with a tin cup. If you mention write-up to him, he hops into an airplane and heads for the Bad Lands. That's the difference between him and most of the mike boys.

He is the biggest one-man show in radio. The rest of them—Eddie Cantor, Ed Wynn, Jack Pearl and so on—have a number of people with them. All Will Rogers has is his alarm clock.

In this I'll endeavor to tell something about his radio secrets. And maybe a bit about him personally.

I sort of sat in the waiting-room at the hospital when the radio Will Rogers was born. I was working with him on a motion picture in Hollywood at the time. A sponsor had the idea that he would like to put him on the air, but Will was shy, as he always is about a new and untried medium. He was to be approached through the Los Angeles office of an advertising company. But you don't approach Will Rogers just when the idea happens to strike you. When he wishes, he can disappear as completely as a bandit into the Cookson Hills in Oklahoma. He has a telephone, but he is not in the book; and to most people he says he has no telephone at all.

"I don't want any life insurance, and I don't want to buy any real estate," he says. "That's about the only kind of calls a fella gits in California." (And by the way, did you know he carries a million dollars in life insurance?)

THE Los Angeles manager of the advertising company had not been able to get in touch with him—and the New York office was raising hob with the Los Angeles man because he wasn't the Northwest Mounted. Finally, the manager came to me and asked if I could arrange a meeting. People are always doing that, but mostly it is with the view of taking money away from Will. But since the money was going into his pocket, I told him I would do what I could about it. The company wanted to pay Mr. Rogers \$90,000, which would buy a lot of feed for polo ponies. They met at the Fox studio. The interview lasted fifteen seconds.

"I'm not interested," said Mr. Rogers, and the advertising man got into his car and trundled off to the city.

It made my head swim. Never in all my life had I seen a human being turn down so casually \$90,000. Nor even \$90.

But that's his way. He wasn't interested, didn't want to go on the air just then, and the matter was settled.

It is no secret now that Mr. Rogers went into radio with his knees trembling. He didn't know whether he could, or couldn't. The chief reason that doubt peered over his shoulder was that all his life he had worked with audiences, and had been accustomed to talk to them directly and gauge his talk according to their responses. In all vaudeville there was

Mystery RADIO

not another actor who watched his audience as closely as he did, and now he was to step out where there was no response at all. He did not know whether he wanted an audience or not. And how would the two audiences differ? The audience in front of him, with his mannerisms and facial expressions to help, could get a joke much quicker, and could understand subtleties that the invisible audience couldn't. So what?

His first radio talks were not overwhelmingly successful, and mostly for the reason that he didn't know whether he was talking to a few invited guests in the studio, or to the unseen.

And another reason that he didn't go for the radio idea strong at the beginning was that he had been cut off the air in the midst of one of his talks. Was he mad? It is still a subject they talk about on dark nights at broadcasting studios. And this when Will is not a man to get mad easily. One of the easiest men in the world to get along with. But when he was cut off the air . . . let us pass to gentler subjects.

ONE of his earliest troubles was that he walked away from the microphone. Simply couldn't stand still, for all of his life he had walked up and down the stage, and sometimes down into the pit. But here he had to stand still; and the boys in the control room were supposed to see that he *did* stand still. The hair of two of them turned white in a single night.

He is better now. "I've learned to stand hitched," as he puts it.

He likes to work before an audience. But he does not want the audience to see him until time for him to go on. The reason for this is that he does not want to talk to any of them before he steps before the microphone. And always before he speaks he likes to be alone as much as possible. He is working up his material. It is a breathless moment to be in the studio when he is going to broadcast. All plans and preparations are complete, the stage is set, the announcer has pronounced his eulogy, the audience moves restlessly, expectantly—and no Will Rogers. And then at the last possible fraction of a second, the door opens and in he comes with his hands in his pockets and a look of innocence upon his face. Whistler's Mother could not look more innocent than Will does when he ambles over to the microphone—after two control men have shot themselves. But some way or other, he gets there.

One time in Hollywood, he was out at the Uplifters' Club watching a polo game. Some one said, as the game was finishing: "Will, isn't this your Sunday to broadcast?"

"I believe it is, sure enough. Say! I guess I'd better get down town and see what I can do about it."

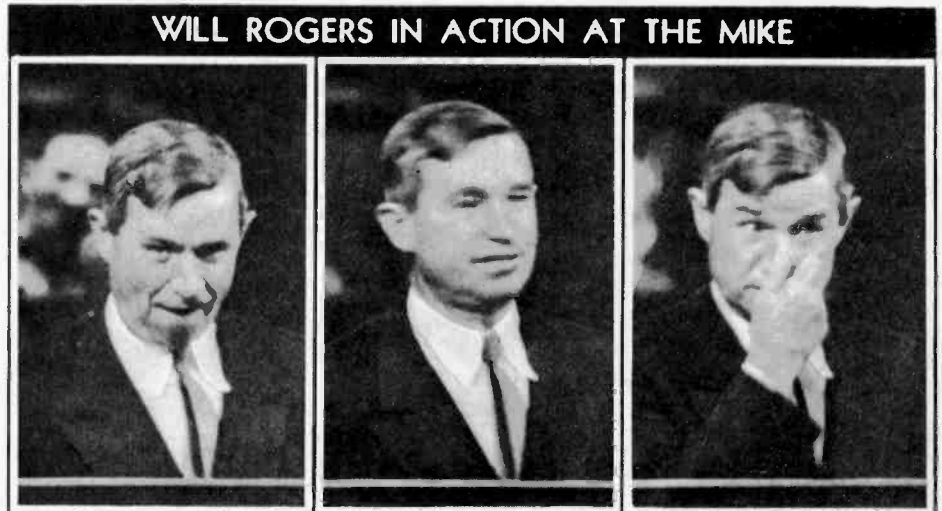
But it was not that easy, for he got tangled up in traffic and was late; and some earnest soul had to make a speech about something or other till Will came loping in.

[Continued on page 54]



Will Rogers today—one of the few men who can "get away with" anything at the mike, and our foremost exponent of homely philosophy and pungent politics

WILL ROGERS IN ACTION AT THE MIKE



Rudy Vallée celebrated his fifth anniversary on the air with a program from Hollywood at which Jimmy Cagney and Ynez Seabury were guest stars



RUDY VALLEE'S MUSIC Notebook

From Hollywood, where he has just completed his picture *Sweet Music* for Warner Brothers, Rudy Vallée sends these jottings on the latest song hits

By RUDY VALLEE

IT SEEMS an age since I last sat down to talk about the group of new tunes and jingles. As a matter of fact it's five weeks since I last mailed east to a very harassed editor the humble out-pourings of a very tired brain. I am afraid Warner Brothers will have to take the blame for the delay as in order to complete my work in the picture *Sweet Music*, they have been working me day and night, and anyone who has stood under the intense beat of a battery of lights can well appreciate just how enervating my experience has been. Enjoyable as every minute of the picture's making has been, it was nevertheless fatiguing, and this old head of mine has hit the pillow pretty heavily, not caring much whether school has kept or not, and then of course I have had to wait for an opportunity to see the pictures containing the songs I would like to discuss.

Thus far I have not had an opportunity to see Joe Morrison's Paramount vehicle, *After Office Hours*. I have, however, witnessed and enjoyed *Flirtation Walk* and *College Rhythm*; it goes without saying that Bing Crosby's picture will not only be excellent, but the songs very tuneful.

Songs From Say When

However, before delving into film picture making, I would like to mention the songs from the Harry Richman music-comedy, *Say When*. That the songs are not particularly commercial is partly due to the fact that except in a few rare instances, Ray Henderson has never attempted to write "corny," or commercial melodies, and when writing for Harry Richman, he naturally took into account Harry's preference for songs of the better type. Knowing Harry's desire to occasionally pull a high F and G, it is not surprising that all of the songs are rather "rangey," more suited to the needs of Harry Richman and the atmosphere of his show than to the singing public which usually likes its songs simple and of small range.

The songs are *Let's Take Advantage of Now*, *Isn't It June*, *So Long*, *Forever*, *So Long*; *Say When*, *When Love Comes Swinging Along* and *Don't Tell Me It's Bad*. Particularly, is the title number *Say When* a ballad, difficult, tricky and in spurts "up in the clouds." Personally I prefer *Isn't It June*. *Let's Take Advantage of Now* is swell for two pianos. In all, the score will probably interest you little, unless you have the opportunity of seeing the show yourself. They are published by T. B. Harnis.

Flirtation Walk Songs



Flirtation Walk, a Warner Brothers-First National production, is directed by Frank Borzage, who is considered essentially a man's director. When I learned that the story concerned West Point, I had hoped that it would be assigned to me as my first vehicle. Dick Powell, however, was the lucky one, and he portrays the part excellently, although he seemed in spots to be too youthful to be a convincing regular army private. It is just the type of vehicle that I would have thoroughly enjoyed making, and I am sincerely hoping that someone will write another *Flirtation Walk* for me.

Of the three songs in the picture, two have a commercial appeal. The third was a bit of material especially written around the army regulations proscribing the men from having a wife, a horse, or a mustache. The title of the song is *No Wife, No Horse, No Mustache*. Orchids for three swell songs go to Mort Dixon and Allie Wrubel. Wrubel, it will be remembered, is the young Wesleyan collegian who was my rival saxophonist for Connecticut dance lovers while I was in New Haven. There are few songs that have impressed me as favorably as *Flirtation Walk* itself. The song tells a story of the Lover's Lane of West Point, popularly known as Flirtation Walk, and also the kissing rock, which, like the mistletoe, means that the young lady who stands beneath it wants to be kissed.

It's a swell lilting song with an unusually fine middle part and several key changes. Then there is the little song called *Mr. and Mrs.*, which gives Dick Powell and his assistant cadets a chance to sing a song comparable to *This Is the Mrs.* which yours truly sang nightly in the eleventh edition of George White's *Scandals*. The plot of the song is simply that the new Commandant of the Academy, Ruby Keeler, decrees that cadets may be married, the result being *Mr. and Mrs.* which is sung as the cadets march down the aisles with their new brides. It's a swell picture. The songs are published by Remick Music Corp.

College Rhythm Tunes



By the time this article is printed, you will know even better than I which of the songs from *College Rhythm* you prefer. Gordon and Revel have come to spell success in song writing at [Continued on page 46]

RADIOLAND

JANE *Says Fame is Easy* PICKENS

Jane Pickens has been chockfull of ideas ever since childhood—which explains why today her new band and the distinctive brand of Pickens Sisters harmony is one of the smash hits of the air

By **ETHEL CAREY**

"LITTLE DYNAMO," her friends call Jane Pickens, whom you will find on this month's cover of **RADIOLAND**. She looks as if she's made of sugar and spice and everything nice, but just try to keep Janie from doing anything she's set her heart on.

It's Jane who is responsible for the Pickens Sisters being on the air. It's Jane who piloted them into radio and she's always directed them. Jane it is who selects all their songs; makes all the arrangements and orchestrations. And the distinctive type of crooning harmony was Jane's idea, as is the simulation of musical instruments with their voices.

Lately you've been hearing the Pickens Sisters' Band on the air. Well, that stunt is Janie's idea, too.

She's always been like that since childhood: self-reliant, determined and chockful of ideas. Under her fluffy head there's as shrewd and clear-thinking a brain as you can meet in a month of Sundays.

While Jane was a freshman at the Atlanta, Georgia, Girls' High School, the ukulele craze hit town. Jane got herself a uke and got to work. It wasn't long before she had the instrument down pat and was giving lessons to her class-mates at fifty cents per. She even organized a ukulele orchestra that was the talk of the town.

Believe it or not, Jane couldn't read a note of music, but played entirely by ear. "None of the girls realized I couldn't read the music," she told me laughingly, "I'd just act as if I knew it all and if they played off key, I'd give them a demonstration on my own uke, of the right way to do it. Mine was the original Pickens Ear System."

In school it was Janie who took the leading roles in the operettas they put on. All the Pickens girls—there are four—sang from babyhood.

JANIE'S rich contralto voice was so outstanding that she won a four-year scholarship at the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. It was little Jane Pickens whom Madame Sembrich, famous singer and teacher, picked out of several hundred applicants, to coach individually for opera. And the determined little daughter of the South was so enthused with her work, she took sixteen different courses at school. "And I loved every minute of it," she confessed to me.

Then Janie came to New York with Helen and Grace, to study some more. They took an [Continued on page 73]

FEBRUARY, 1935



—Ray Lee Jackson

Jane Pickens and her sisters, Helen and Patti, sang a few negro spirituals at a party one night and one of the guests brought over Vincent Lopez to hear them. "You're swell," he said, "but can you do jazz?" They never had—but Jane said that was one of their specialties, and in two weeks the Pickens Sisters trio was on the networks, piloted by sister Jane, who makes all the musical arrangements and orchestrations. She also found time to write two song hits

Nobody disputes his claim to having radio's worst voice—but Woollcott "wows" them just the same!

By
**JERALD
MASON**



Wizard of words, rajah of raconteurs, Alexander Woollcott's sprightly story-telling is one of radio's biggest features. Harpo Marx describes Woollcott as "a great big dreamer with a sense of double-entry bookkeeping"

SMART ALEX WOOLLCOTT

THE old Town Crier's bell is a-ringin' again. Loudly and clearly it announces that it's time for radio's worst voice to begin its weekly spiel. It's Alexander Woollcott time—time for that piping thin-voiced spinner of yarns and teller of fables to show how easily and perfectly he has overcome the one obstacle that is counted well-nigh insurmountable in radio.

You don't have to be a Clark Gable or a Joan Crawford to be a successful microphone star. But one thing you must have—a singing or speaking voice that rolls out of the loudspeaker in true microphonic fashion. Now no one—least of all Alex Woollcott—would dare claim that he is a Clark Gable. And even if some one did, they wouldn't take that last step and say he had a microphone voice. Because he hasn't. He has just about the worst voice that ever poured itself into an offended microphone.

Of course, you're going to pop up and say: "Both the Columbia Broadcasting System and Woollcott's new commercial sponsors are just plain nuts—or the Town Crier is using freak hypnotism on them." No, that's wrong, too—Alex isn't using hypnotism and he's not using mirrors. He's become one of radio's prime attractions simply because he knows how to tell a story!

And it's reached such a point that if someone came along with a diction-winning, heart-throbbing baritone and rolled his *r*'s and hissed his *s*'s in telling those same stories, he couldn't do a thing against that never-to-be-imitated voice of the Town Crier.

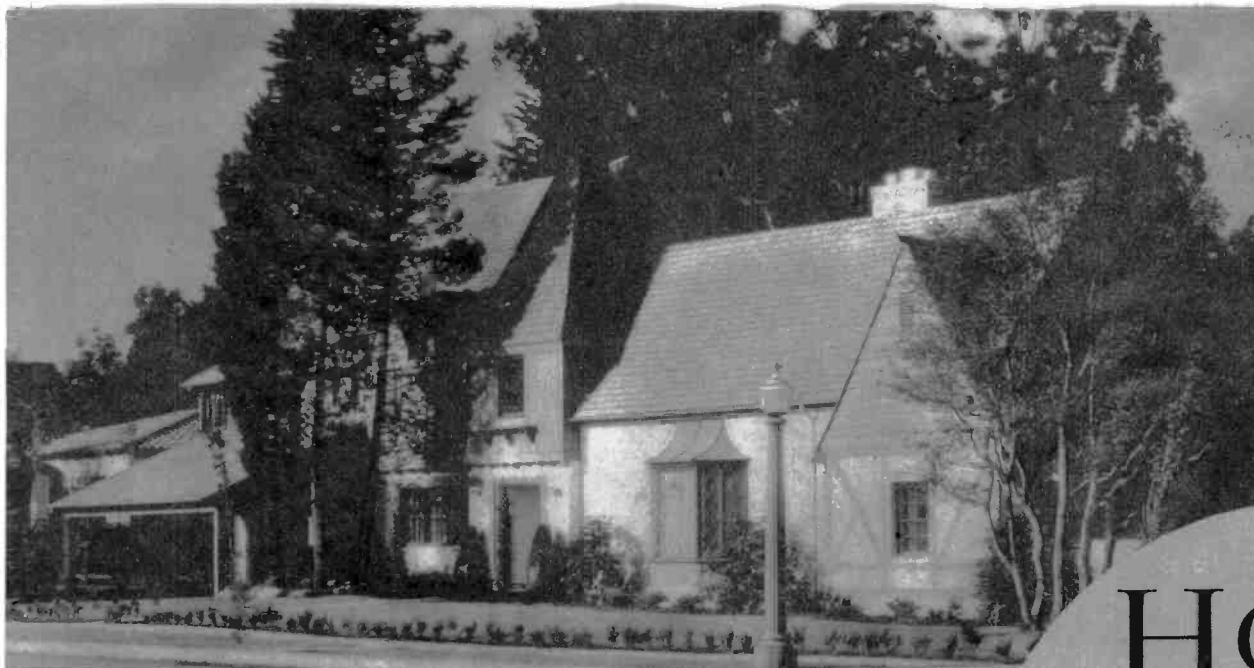
ASK Alex what's the secret of his success and he says "My personal charm." Now you figure out a chap like that. Of course, that's the right answer, but celebrities (and radio stars) aren't supposed to go around giving right answers. Especially when they're so immodest.

What it is, though, is the personal charm in spinning a yarn. As soon as he opens his mouth he becomes an actor. He sits in front of that microphone with his tiny feet hunched up in a corner and mops his trusting cherubic face with huge silk handkerchiefs that would be a credit to any touring gypsy band. And despite the fact that he swears he's taken off nearly half a hundred pounds his assortment of chins still blend with one another in such a fascinating and entirely original manner that no one has or ever will equal the incomparable medley.

A story can be as old as Methuselah and possess an ancestry as honorable and dated as good Queen Mary's—but it doesn't make one particle of difference when Woollcott begins to narrate. He does it all with words. Words so nicely and exactly selected that they are calculated to make your favorite lexicographer turn green with envy. Words that carry you w-a-a-y-y up to a footlight pitch—and provide a conclusion with that certain something that O. Henry used to have.

I heard this story right from his own lips. It might give you an idea of what kind of a fellow he is:

It seems that Woollcott has given himself over to interviews by more ninth-rate newspapermen than he believes existed. The reason? He's an old newshound [*Continued on page 50*]



When BING CROSBY is not on the air you'll find him in this home at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, with his wife, their son Gary, and the famous twins, Denis and Michael

HOME *and* FIRESIDE

Intimate glimpses of the homes to which the stars of radioland retire when the day's work before the microphone is over



JACK DENNY'S dream house (at left) was built by radio. It's in Westchester County, just outside of New York City



This simple but charming little house spells Home, Sweet Home for MILDRED BAILEY and her husband, at Forest Hills, Long Island



The last word in luxury is the MYSTERY CHEF'S apartment, overlooking New York's Central Park

UNTOLD STORIES OF THE STARS

LET'S go back a dozen years. Sigmund Romberg, whose delightful hour is one of the high-spots of Saturday night, was already at the peak of success in the musical world. With scores of tuneful operettas, musical plays and revues to his credit, he was the most sought-after song writer along Broadway. He was doing the work he loved, writing music; money flowed in from all sides; women worshipped him. And yet Sigmund Romberg was the most miserable, loneliest figure along the Gay White Way.

"I think I was the unhappiest man alive," he told me, his blue eyes softening with understanding at the plight of that other Sigmund Romberg of a dozen years ago. For Romberg today is an entirely different person. How the change was effected makes one of the most fascinating stories I have ever heard.

"In those days I took myself and everyone else too seriously," he said. "I didn't allow for people's weaknesses. I was nervous, jumpy, irritable, and as temperamental as a prima donna. Let a producer suggest changing one of my melodies, and I'd walk out in a huff. Let a dance director dare to disagree with me on the way a chorus number should be handled, and I'd quit the rehearsal. I started a quarrel with the Musician's Union, and I got into trouble with the Actor's Association.

"Of course, everyone else was wrong. I just had to be right."

What happened to change Sigmund Romberg from a temperamental, impatient artist into a lovable, easy-going and courteous gentleman, who will hold up a rehearsal to

give some young hopeful advice, who will sacrifice his own interests for those of others? Though he is one of the busiest men I know, you have to get up early and shadow him closely all day to find him out of temper!

It is because of an influence in his life he has never discussed before that Romberg today is such a changed person. But I'll pass on the story as he told it to me.

"It is Edward Sheldon, the famous playwright who wrote *Romance*, *The Song of Songs*, *Lulu Belle*, *My Princess*, *Salvation Nell* and several other hits, who was the one dominating influence of my life," Romberg told me, becoming quite and subdued.

"Perhaps if I explain to you my first meeting with Sheldon, you will understand why he had such a marked effect upon my way of living. Dorothy Donnelly, who writes the lyrics for so many of my songs, brought me to meet him one night. She just told me she wanted me to go with her to visit a very dear friend of hers.

"As we entered his apartment, the healthiest, cheeriest voice I ever heard sang out, 'Hello, there, how are you?'"

"I LOOKED around to see where the speaker was. In front of me was a screen. And behind that screen lay the wasted body of Edward Sheldon, covered to the throat. All you saw of the man was his face, with a black handkerchief over his eyes.

"If ever there was a real man it was Sheldon; yet the only part of him that was living was his brain. During the war, he had contracted a strange bone [Continued on page 71]

All Out of Step *but* ROMBERG



Sigmund Romberg

Once Sigmund Romberg was the loneliest figure on Broadway—a nervous, irritable composer constantly quarreling with musicians and actors and producers of his musical comedies. Then came an amazing experience which transformed his personality and made him the genial, well-loved music master we know today

—Ray Lee Jackson

Little REBEL

Helen Claire plays the part of the little rebel, Betty Graham in "Roses and Drums"—and her own career is a record of rebellion against a life arranged to the last detail by her parents. They even wanted to pick a husband for her!



Helen
Claire

—Ray Lee Jackson

PERHAPS you've seen pictures of Helen Claire—Betty Graham to you—the lovely young heroine of that exciting Southern Civil War perennial, *Roses and Drums*. She's so young and fluffy and pretty, is little Helen Claire, that you wonder how she can so realistically play the courageous, breathtaking parts she has to as the little Rebel spy.

After you've heard her story, you won't wonder. For she's not really playing these rebel parts, she's living them. Helen Claire is still rebelling, is completing the personal revolt in which she threw overboard, at one fell swoop, economic security; marriage; carefree young womanhood; the opinions of her friends and family; in which she flaunted every tradition of the southern gentlewoman.

Really, the story begins about a quarter of a century ago when Helen Claire was born into the Claire family, of Union Springs, Alabama. She was the prettiest baby in the world, with her lovely blue eyes, perfect features, and golden hair. Because she was an only child, the Claires, mother and father, fastened their every hope upon her. Their Helen would be perfect!

Mrs. Claire hardly allowed the child out of her sight. Lovingly, kindly, she shaped her character, her destiny. "My mother," Helen told me, "was more like a sister or a wise friend than a mother, as far back as I can remember. We were pals, constantly together, I drinking in her ideas, her philosophy of life. I spent more time with my mother than with children of my own age."

That would have been perfectly all right, except that Mrs. Claire was a perfectionist. Helen daren't be naughty; she must never lie; and above all she must do everything very well. It was drilled into her that she must never be satisfied with anything but being first in everything; it was taken for granted that her best would be much better than anyone else's.

Quite unconsciously, the strain of being perfect wore on the child and little Helen Claire rebelled. "Even when I was a tot I found it too hard to live up to my mother's standards," Helen admitted frankly.

One afternoon, when she was about five, Helen got tired of doing what she was told to do. For a long time the green, unripe peaches hanging on the boughs of the peach tree in the garden, had been a constant temptation. But Mother had forbidden her to touch the peaches, ever.

Suddenly Helen decided that in spite of her mother's orders, she would take all the peaches she wanted, and eat them. So she crept out of her bed one afternoon, when she was supposed to be napping, and into the garden she went. There she began pulling down and shaking off the green fruit, which she deposited in her pinafore.

From nowhere, her mother appeared. Not a word of reproach did she utter, but she took Helen by the hand and led her into the sewing room. "I had to stand while she sewed up ugly little covers of burlap for my hands," Helen told me. "Without a word, she tied them around my wrists, and I had to stand in the corner and wear them all afternoon. I still remember how choked up with rage and heartsickness and shame I felt. It was horrible."

AS SHE grew up, Helen was constantly held up, kindly but firmly, to this standard of perfection. In school, it was taken for granted her marks would be all A's, and they were. Never once, in all her grammar and high school career, did Helen Claire stay out of school. Even when she had a cold she was made to feel it was weakness on her part to want to stay home, so to school she went.

On the surface, Helen was a gentle, sweet, obedient child. Inside, the seeds of unrest began to grow, to assume huge proportions. But it wasn't till she was almost through college that they dared break forth.

Home for the Christmas holiday, from the strict girl's college to which she had been sent, Randolph Macon, (where the girls virtually lived the lives of uncloistered nuns), Helen went out constantly with one of the boys. She had known him since childhood, and liked him a lot.

Then came the last straw. "You know, Helen," her mother said one night, "you ought to marry Tommy. He's madly in love with you and young and fine and clean. Besides, his business is getting along beautifully. Yes, Dad and I both feel you should marry him."

"It wasn't that I didn't appreciate Tommy," Helen confessed. "Perhaps, had nothing [Continued on page 69]"

By MARY JACOBS

RADIOLAND'S

DO you aspire to radio fame? Then you'll welcome RADIOLAND'S new School of the Air. Each month the magazine will publish a broadcasting lesson by a star who has achieved outstanding success—as a singer, orchestra leader, actor, comedian, etc. Out of the depths of their experience they will give the beginner straight-from-the-shoulder advice on getting a foothold on the ladder of radio fame. They will paint conditions exactly as they are, explain necessary qualifications, enumerate obstacles to be overcome, tell exactly how they climbed the ladder and what they learned while climbing. RADIOLAND'S School of the Air lays no claim to making you a star overnight. But if you want candid advice from the greatest names in radio, follow this series every month.

Fred Waring, organizer of the Pennsylvanians, highest-paid band on the air, inaugurates the School of the Air with this article addressed to musicians—that vast army of talent, some of them perhaps playing in high-school orchestras or studying the piano or with orchestras of their own, out of which will come new names which some day will shine brightly in the radio firmament.

FRED

A Lesson
in Broadcasting

By FRED WARING

Of Waring's Pennsylvanians

MY MAIL these days is divided into two classes—the usual fan mail with its praise and criticism, and another class which is now growing rapidly in volume. The latter mail comes from youthful and unknown musicians, some already with their own orchestras, who have ambitions to go on the air and are hungry for advice. Some of the letters are couched in humble language of those pathetically eager to learn, some are stated more confidently; some betray a tragic ignorance, some a comic cockiness; some show that the writers would do better to forget music and radio and be content with humbler pursuits, others show that with advice, hard work and intelligent training they may ultimately clasp the hand of success.

All crave the secret of how to break into radio. They want to know what constitutes radio technique and how to perfect it; how to get an audition, and what to expect once they get their golden opportunity. Their questions seem endless. But above all, most of them want to know what constitutes that "mysterious something" which raises an unknown orchestra out of class of mediocrity and makes it "great." In other words: Why Whiteman? Why Lombardo? Why Lopez? Why Bernie? And, yes, why Waring?

I can sympathize with these correspondents. There must be dozens and dozens of school, college, and independent orchestras throughout the United States whose members feel pretty much as I did when I organized my first four-piece high school band back in Tyrone, Pennsylvania, and

Running an orchestra isn't all work. At least, we wouldn't think so if we were in Fred Waring's place, teaching a song hit to charming Priscilla and Rosemary Lane



School of the Air

WARING tells How to Get on the AIR

later when I attended Pennsylvania State College and formed the nucleus of what is now Waring's Pennsylvanians. We were young, ambitious and craved fame and fortune, but we didn't know just how to go about it.

Radio then, of course, was in its infancy, but I think the experience we had then would apply today. In fact, I think that the road we chose, although different from other major orchestras on the air today, is the one to be recommended to any band desiring to build a stable, permanent, outstanding success in radio.

Now right here I'm going to give my first bit of straight-from-the-shoulder advice, and I can't make it too emphatic: *Don't leap into radio!*

I DON'T care how high the talent in your band runs, or how good your organization is, the odds are overwhelmingly against a permanent success if you go on the air without the proper experience and seasoning. The nether regions of the radio world are haunted with the ghosts of departed bands which skyrocketed to success and then went hissing into oblivion after six months or a year. Even as I write this there are on the air orchestras which are having a desperate struggle, unaided by the proper background and seasoning, to keep the pace.

Fortunately, through some instinct (probably due to my stubborn Dutch ancestry), I evaded this pitfall with the Pennsylvanians. When I was graduated from college in 1921, I took the band on a tour of Middle Western cities during the summer vacation, playing for dances. In Detroit, I ran into Bill Halliday, a boy from my home town, who turned out to be the manager of the Detroit News radio station WWJ. He prevailed upon us to go on the air, "just for a trial."

We were a success. I say this with all modesty, because we deliberately turned our backs on this "success." Instead of leaping into radio and "growing up with it," we stuck to our field. We played for dances, we made phonograph records, we played to the theatre and concert halls.

For twelve years we did this, and although you heard us on the air, it was only incidental to our dance music, broadcast from hotel dining rooms. Actually, we did not break into radio until 1933.

But to get back . . . In 1921 we started building. There were ballroom engagements, vaudeville tours, and motion picture theatre engagements. We were learning all the time. It was hard work, but it was conditioning work, and we're profiting by it now. Playing four shows a day in a motion picture theatre and changing your program every week is the hardest kind of work. It brings out everything you have in a band, and in your ideas.

We had radio offers, of course, [Continued on page 66]



Fred Waring in two poses, the one at the right showing him as a Boy Scout back in Tyrone, Pa. Tabloid biography: Born June 9, 1900. Married to Evalyn Nair, formerly a dancer with the Pennsylvanians. One daughter, Dixie, born last September



CHANCE

brought Fame to

Tony Wons

Everything in life depends on chance, on what the wheel of fortune turns up for tomorrow, says Tony Wons—and proves it with a few startling episodes out of his own life

By MARY JACOBS



Tony Wons—whose real name is Anthony Snow, the latter spelled backward

Tony Wons with his wife and daughter Theodosia, now 16. An odd trick of fate brought about Tony's first meeting with his wife-to-be

BECAUSE twelve-year-old Tony Wons recklessly agreed to drive a horse and wagon when he knew the horse was afflicted with blind staggers, he is on the air today, in his *House by the Side of the Road* dramatic sketches.

It sounds unbelievable, doesn't it? But listen to Tony Wons himself and you'll see the logic in his reasoning.

"You see," he told me, "I believe everything in life depends upon chance: unstable, unpredictable luck—plus, of course, one's ability to take a chance, occasionally.

"If I hadn't been catapulted off that wild horse back in Menasha, Wisconsin, almost thirty years ago, I wouldn't have received a 50-cent raise in salary from my grocer-boss. And if I didn't have that 50 cents weekly I wouldn't have saved up enough to buy a drum. Without the drum I would never have got a hankering to appear on the stage and the chance to satisfy it. Then I wouldn't have gone to see Robert Mantell in *The Merchant of Venice*, and I wouldn't have come to radio to present Shakespearean dramas. So I wouldn't be on the air today, with my Scrapbook philosophy and my John Whitcomb sketches.

"Chance plays such a part in our destinies that it would almost seem your life and mine are mapped out somewhat on the plan of *The House That Jack Built*. The gods above sit silently while the wheel of fortune spins round, now a lucky number for you, an unlucky turn for me. You can never tell in advance what tomorrow will bring; anything can happen. And often does."

BUT let's get back to twelve-year-old Tony, helping out at home by delivering orders for the town's grocer after school. Tony was under no illusions as to why he got that job when there were so many bigger, brighter boys who wanted work.

It was because no one else was foolish enough to attempt to ride the grocer's horse, which was young and spirited and had blind staggers. It would behave for awhile and then have a spell and start down the road a-roaring; there was no stopping him then. But Tony needed a job and when the grocer asked if he'd work for him he said, in his piping voice, "Sure, where's the horse and wagon?"

Not a mile away from [Continued on page 52]

Tony Wons smokes the peace pipe with Chippewa Indian friends in his native Wisconsin. Mrs. Wons is at the right



The Radio Revue



Vi
Bradley

Watch Vi Bradley flame to stardom! That's our tip after hearing her sing on the *Sophisticated Lady* program over WABC, master station of the Columbia chain in New York City

The Radio

—Bert
Lawson



Gertrude Niesen

What could be cuter than this picture of Gertrude Niesen with her pet Boston Terrier? Answer: That same terrier listening to his mistress on the *Big Show* program



Muriel Wilson

No wonder Lanny Ross puts so much feeling into those love songs he sings to Mary Loa on the *Showboat* hour—Muriel Wilson sings the rôle



—Joseph McElliott

Annette Hanshaw

This petite little singer won her place on the Camel show through her fine work on the *Showboat* program. She's well on the way to stardom

Revue

Gladys Swarthout

With her *Firestone* concerts and her *Palmolive Beauty Box* performances every week, Gladys Swarthout is one of the busiest and most popular singers on the air. Her lovely voice has been heard with the Metropolitan Opera Company



Vivienne Segal

The movies used to claim Vivienne Segal as their own, but now she is exclusively a radio star whose voice is a feature of Abe Lyman's programs over both networks

Helen Marshall

Here's a newcomer to the big programs—you've been hearing Helen Marshall on the Saturday evening *Swift* hour, and our tip is that she's going far

BACK-TALK



Eddie Cantor, whose new program comes to the air in February, has had plenty of trouble with the critics. Several of them, in fact, banded together and sued him for libel when he called them incompetent log-rollers. Here he gives his version of the battle

WHEN a radio critic puts a star on the pan, as the saying goes, that's just an everyday event—but when a radio star bites a critic, that's news!

Not all the fan mail a star receives is complimentary; much of it is caustic in tone, particularly when the star has unwittingly trod upon some personal fetish of his correspondent. Professional radio critics don't always pull their punches, either. The sad part of it is that the star doesn't get much chance to answer his critics—which is the reason for this article. I talked to several of the top-notchers, told them **RADIOLAND** was going to give them a chance to unburden themselves, and collected as frank an assortment of back-talk as it has ever been my privilege of seeing.

Let's begin with Eddie Cantor, who has been of late at loggerheads with New York's radio critics. Mr. Cantor nearly spoiled our chat at the start by saying that he doesn't particularly care for interviews because he gives away so much valuable material that could be sold to the *Saturday Evening Post*, giving me a brief glimpse of the wealth that lies in the path of the comedian who writes in collaboration. To get back to our story, it is common knowledge that in a talk at the New York Advertising Club, Cantor made charges of log rolling and incapacity against newspaper radio critics which caused them to sue him for libel (ultimately thrown out of court). Cantor explains the situation in his own words.

"Whatever you do, singing or writing, you depend on customers. To be really successfully you must know what they want, so when radio editors refuse to mention my name in their columns they must feel that *their* customers don't want to hear about me.

"However, I feel that there is a personal element entering

into the present situation. I can perhaps better explain it if I tell you that I am accustomed to make just one moving picture a year. By making one and only one I make my yearly appearance a sort of event and I feel that this fact is one of the reasons that they usually bring over \$2,000,000. Naturally, then, if I were to appear (as I have been requested to do) in a quickly produced short with a columnist who can't act, I destroy the exclusiveness and belittle the thousands of production dollars spent on my Goldwyn efforts. This is I believe a prime factor in the present trouble with critics. The men are personally honest, but their grudge over my failure to guest star for them makes them dishonest in their columns to the extent of saying that they don't like me, when possibly they might.

"I can back any statement I make and in one instance I can produce a letter inviting me to appear.

"The critical group who devote themselves to radio are of an entirely new school of writing. They are quite different, for example, from Percy Hammond or Burns Mantle in that they are generally young men without suitable background. They become radio critics and proceed to condemn you for this or that when you have twenty-five years of experience to their few, and a dozen times their earning capacity. They say that you're totally wrong about something that you've been doing successfully for years. 'Cantor's crazy!' they say? Well, if I'm crazy *I don't mind!*

"I am writing thirteen articles in collaboration for the *Saturday Evening Post* and am lecturing at New York University today on the movies and the radio. Surely I must know something about my stuff, don't you think?"

THAT for Mr. Cantor; he has certainly answered back with a vengeance. There's an invitation to lunch with Phil Baker, lying on the desk. Fresh from Hollywood and waist deep in clippings he was when I saw him.

"Hello there, young-fella-me-lad," he greeted, "How in heck am I ever going to pay for all these clippings?"

No one expects intelligent answers from me anyway, so he went on to accept my offer to talk back to his critics.

"Yes," he began, "I've been unjustly criticized many a time and oft.

"People write in in droves to berate me for playing only one solo on the hour. 'Aren't you a better musician than that?' they ask. 'Can't you play any better than Ben Bernie?' they demand. Of course I can, I'm a tophole blighter on the instrument, according to my stooges.

"Seriously speaking, I play only one solo for a very definite reason, that being that I *like* to get letters. Yessir, I am very fond of the small heap beside my breakfast of eggs, bacon, ham, sausages, scones, crumpets and Kaffee Hag. Now if I were too obliging and played *two* solos there would be little left for people to grouse about, ergo the pile would disappear, leaving nothing but bills to be torn up.

"Besides, Senor, I don't want to be 'just a musician.' If you can recall, Bernie and I used to work together in vaudeville. We were musicians then, at least I was, and we made a fair to middlin' sum of money. But when we began talking to the customers, more and more dough rolled our way. The moral is obvious if not odious.

"Then, too, mynheer, people have spoken about Beetle's presence on the program."

He admitted ruefully that Beetle might represent the public "calling" him for some of his more rancid puns. He ended the argument by dragging me off lunchward and to see the infant Baker, world-famed for cuteness.

I picked out a pair of gleaming cat's eyes in the dark of the Avon CBS Theatre of the Air and went straight to them.

from the STARS

By
BILL VALLEE

Radio stars don't often get a chance to talk back to their critics, but when they do there's a merry free-for all! Eddie Cantor, Ted Husing, Ed Wynn, Phil Baker and Donald Novis don't mince words in telling their critics where to get off!



—Rudolf H. Hoffmann

A minister's wife criticized Ed Wynn for laughing at his own jokes, to which he replied that it's all part of his act. Here he is in action with Graham McNamee at a recent broadcast. Critics of his act don't bother Ed a bit



The most frequent criticism of Phil Baker is that he plays but one solo on his program. But he has his own reasons for this, as he explains

They were, as I thought, Ted Husing's. "Heigh-Ho, Vallée," he enunciated, very, very distinctly, "How ya doin'?"

When I had bared my soul he shuddered once or twice and answered me straight from the shoulder, right from the heart.

"WHY, I'm criticized every day, didn't you know that? We guys who make a living by chattering are unique in having a job uncommonly replete with argumentative possibilities. Imagine this typical instance, I describe something that goes directly to listeners a block away and to others 3,000 miles away. How can I possibly please both? I don't know the answer.

"Just to show you how terribly unreasonable people can be I'll tell you about a football game I covered. One side, let's call them the Blues, had been losing steadily to the Reds until the last of the third quarter. All of a sudden the Reds came through to win, in one of the swiftest upsets I've ever seen. What did the Reds' boosters do then but surround me; why had I talked about the Blues through most of the game, what was the matter with me? Now how in heaven's good name could I do more, previous to the upturn, than say that they were putting up a splendid fight?

"You know, if I were to say that the first Sousa concert had been played at Fanueil Hall I'd get a hundred letters saying, 'Fanueil Hall? It was Boston Common; are you nuts, Husing?' Just a slight bit out of the way, *but boy oh, boy!*"

Speaking generally of his trade, he expressed doubt whether commentators were as good as reporters but admitted that they had to comment in clear, lucid phrases without advance preparation, which to my mind is a much more difficult task.

My next was Donald Novis, possessor of a golden voice and a green Lincoln automobile.

"Yeh," he laughed with a western accent, "I certainly do get my share of unjust criticism. Some bird on the Los Angeles *Examiner* said the high notes I usually trail off a song with were a bit of an error. Said they spoiled his dinner! He'd be spoiling my three squares if he had *his way!* I know that they are an integral part of my singing. They give me something distinctly my own. Now isn't that a silly thing to pick on a fella for?"

[Continued on page 48]

Mike

GLAMOROUS NEWS NOTES



—Wide World
Rubinoff's music is greenish-blue. That's the color registered by a cathode-ray oscillograph when he played his Stradivarius before a mike. You guess what it means

managers jittery. They figure they are losing just that many paid admissions.

* * * * *

"Howdy, Al," shouted a stranger to Al Shayne, the baritone, just outside the building where are located the Y. M. C. A. studios in New York City. "I'm President of the Al Shayne Booster Club of Jersey," he continued, thumping the vocalist playfully on the back. Shayne, smilingly acknowledged the greeting, talked pleasantly with the chap a couple of minutes and went on into the studio. There he discovered his wallet had been deftly extracted from his inside coat pocket. And Shayne has added to his list of pet aversions—back-slappers.

* * * * *

● Rudy, Inc.

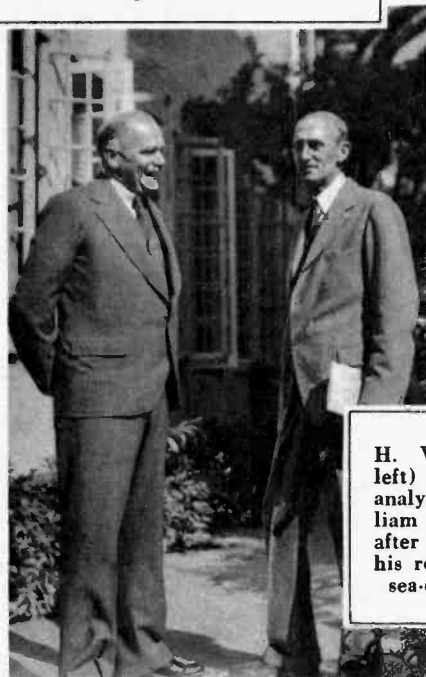
FAY WEBB, suing Rudy Vallée for an increase in her \$100 weekly allowance, claims he is worth \$3,000,000 and has an annual income of \$350,000. Whatever Rudy may be worth and earn, a visit to his offices in Steinway Hall, New York, gives the distinct impression that he is big business. There you will find at least three Rudy Vallée companies listed and maybe more. The Rudy Vallée Orchestra Corporation handles the band affairs; Rudy Vallée, Inc., is the concern you have to see if you want to enter into a picture contract with Rudy or arrange for any stage or other personal appearances; and the Rudy Vallée Corporation has charge of his investments, real estate, etc.

● No Double For Marshall

A READER of this department in Bonner Springs, Kansas, wants to know if Everett Marshall in his Broadway *Varieties* has a voice double. The answer is, No. Mr. Marshall, an actor on the musical comedy stage as well as a singer at the Metropolitan Opera, speaks lines just as well as he sings them. He needs no actor to deliver his dialogue for him and in this respect is exceptional among radio vocalists. Many of them, without benefit of previous stage experience, are shy about playing parts. And the speaking voices of some of them, lacking resonance and dramatic expression, are so different from their singing voices you wouldn't think they were the same persons. That is the reason why there are two sets of players in certain big programs—one to do the acting and the other the singing.

* * * * *

Another reader (that makes two definitely identified) asks who are the outstanding stars produced by radio in 14 years of broadcasting. That isn't hard to answer because there are so few of them, radio having drawn its talent mostly from the previously established fields of entertainment. Strictly of radio development are Amos 'n' Andy, Rudy Vallée, Floyd Gibbons, Graham McNamee, Ted Husing, Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd and Edwin C. Hill. It is interesting to note that the latter, a former star reporter whose resonant voice is particularly pleasing to the eardrums, never made a public speech in his life until he went on the air.



H. V. Kaltenborn (at left) Columbia's news analyst, interviewed William Beebe in Bermuda after the scientist made his recent descent in his sea-diving bathysphere

● Theater Jitters

IN ONE year of operation the NBC studios in Radio City were visited by 1,158,577 persons. Of this number 707,160 were guests invited to specific broadcasts; the remaining 451,417 merely made a Cook's tour of the building catching an occasional glimpse of a broadcast. In addition the Columbia Broadcasting System, operating two Broadway theaters converted into radio playhouses, provides free entertainment for 25,000 weekly. This tremendous audience is making New York theater



RADIOLAND

Says

By
ARTHUR J. KELLAR

FROM RADIO ROW



—Wide World
Recognize these celebrities at a Friars' Club dinner? Left to right, Jack Benny, Postmaster General Farley, and George Jessel at the Friars' "Gridiron" banquet



Action shot of a Bing Crosby broadcast. Bing wouldn't explain the purpose of the pencil behind his ear

Studio sidelights: Professional gagmen must make money. David Freedman, write-hand man of Block and Sully, George Givot, Eddie Cantor et al, lives in a 4-floor penthouse on Central Park West. . . . Leo Reisman is the Beau Brummel of the batoneers. He changes his clothes several times a day. . . . The offices of The Voice of Experience occupy almost an entire floor in a Madison Avenue building. . . . *Bad Dream* is the title of a new song—her first—written by Jane Pickens, of the Pickens Sisters. Jane wrote both

the words and music. . . . Remember the Radio Queen of 1933? She was a young singer named Diana Chase. Today she is Dr. Diana Bolan at New York's Post Graduate Hospital. . . . Arthur Boran, the ether mimic, has added Police Commissioner Lewis J. Valentine of New York City to his list of subjects. But lives in terror lest Gotham cops pinch him for impersonating an officer!

• Microphone Mannerisms

KATE SMITH, one of the best poised of studio performers, stands with one hand on her hip and leads the orchestra with the other as she sings. . . . John McCormack sings with his hand cupped over one ear. . . . David Ross has the same trick while speaking. . . . Bing Crosby always wears a hat and so does Walter Winchell. . . . Fred Waring directs every movement of the glee club even signaling them when to breathe. . . . Julia Sanderson stands on a platform to be on the same level with her husband, Frank Crumit. . . . Morton Downey always jingles coins in his pocket while warbling. . . . Ed Wynn turns completely around at the end of a gag. He does it, he explains, so that everybody in the audience can see the expression on his face. . . . The Boswell Sisters sing with their fingers crossed.

A \$20 bill attached to a note asking an audition intrigued Julie Wintz, the maestro. He sent for the sender, Mimi Rollins, heard her sing and hired her for his band. That's one way of getting a job—but how many air aspirants have \$20.

• New Showboat Master

FRANK McINTYRE, new master of ceremonies on the Show Boat, weighs 200 pounds and always has. Not, of course, as a babe in arms, but he did acquire that avoirdupois in his teens and never lost it. His weight was re-

• "Snatch" Threat

RECEIVING a kidnaping threat, the Three X Sisters hired a bodyguard to accompany them in public. They were also circularized by mail to add to their protective equipment what was described as "a lady's size blackjack." The "woman's" weapon fits snugly into a handbag or can be carried in a holster on the inside of a cloak. The Three X Sisters, not wishing to have the X in their name mark the spot where they were last seen, decided it would be more ladylike to depend on the services of a gun-toting detective.

Bing Crosby rates as a recluse with Hollywood's party-loving set. It isn't because he isn't democratic (Bing frequently lunches with the electricians on the movie lot) but because he prefers to spend his nights home on his Toluca Lake retreat with his wife and three children. Of course he has his close friends, like the Richard Arlens who drops in evenings, but Bing himself is very adroit in side-stepping social activities.



"So you won't talk, eh?" says Kate Smith as she offers the mike to a robot in a New York department store display

Mike Says

sponsible for his career as an actor. He began his professional life as soloist in the Methodist Church of Jackson, Michigan. Some of the worshippers, more interested in Frank's size than his songs, used to giggle at the spectacle of the 200-pound hymn singer, and young McIntyre quit to become an actor.

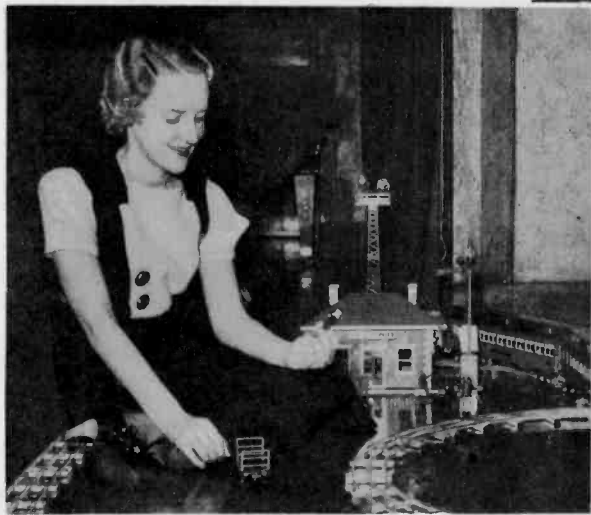
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To sweethearts-of-the-air teams recently have been added Vera Van and Jerry Cooper, Connie Gates and Jimmy Brierly, Loretta Lee and Sonny Scuyler and Adelaide Moffett and Jack Smith. With Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson, Harriet Hilliard and Ozzie Nelson, Leah Ray and Phil Harris, and Rosemary Lane and Tom Waring paired off for some time on radio programs, it rather looks as though these twosome things are becoming a vogue—or something.

* * * * *

• Studio Pick-ups

THE 102 stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System can be linked together in half a minute by manipulating switches in the master control room in New York City. . . . Nomination for the most appropriate name in radio: Bradley Barker, the animal impersonator. . . . A woman, Martha Atwell, directs four important programs. They are *Lavender and Old Lace*, the Everett Marshall Varieties, *Just Plain Bill* and *The Story Behind the Claim*. . . . It costs Annette Hanshaw, who can't read music, \$160 a week to have musical arrangements made of the songs she sings. . . . Bill Wirges is a bandsman by profession but a bartender by preference. For that reason he is always welcome at parties.



Santa left an electric train to a young friend of Vera Van's, and now she spends her spare moments throwing switches, laying tracks, and setting semaphores

Fred Allen once said that the thing he liked best on his radio set was a cocktail shaker. A radio manufacturer appears to have taken him seriously, for a cabinet recently placed on the market provides not only for a cocktail shaker but a cellarette as well. Also a compartment for cards, dice and chips. What more than that can anyone ask of a radio set?

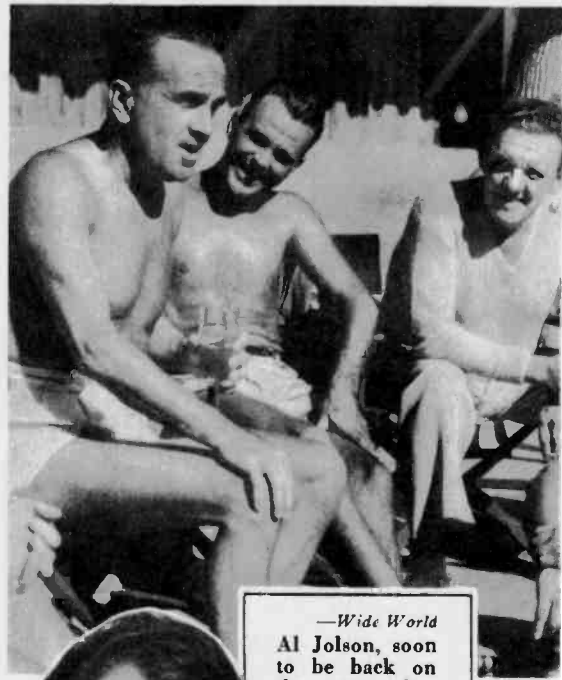
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• Youth Will Be Served

WITH all due respect to Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez, Isham Jones and a few others, this business of leading a broadcasting band seems to be a young man's game. Offhand may be named a group of conductors whose average age is 25 years. They are Eddie Duchin, Johnny Green, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Lennie Hayton, Paul Sabin, Del Campo, Ozzie Nelson, Buddy Rogers, Henry King and Julie Wintz. And there are a whole lot more.

* * * * *

The late popular song, *Little Man, You've Had a Busy Day*, might have been written to apply particularly to a lot of radio celebrities. Under average height are Eddie Cantor, Jack Pearl, Nat Shilkret, Leon Belasco, Little Jack Little, Lew White, Lennie Hayton, Charles Carlile, David Ross, Syd Gary and Harry Salter. But it doesn't make a bit of difference to the mike.



—Wide World
Al Jolson, soon to be back on the air, takes winter in his stride at Palm Springs, the desert movie resort near Los Angeles



—Wide World
The usual order of events was reversed when a group of children from the Music School of New York's Henry Street Settlement got a big thrill out of singing for Lawrence Tibbett. From all accounts Lawrence enjoyed it, too



RADIOLAND's cameraman caught Burns and Allen dining out with friends. George is at the extreme left, Gracie at the right



Meet Vic, Sade, and Rush—in real life, Art Van Harvey, Bernardine Flynn and Billy Idelson. At left, Paul Rhymer, author of the *Vic and Sade* program

• Diction a la Huston

WALTER HUSTON, able actor who occasionally brings his art to the air, his "Barker" being a kilocycle classic, will never again use the past participle "gotten." Got is the preferred usage with him now. It seems the stage and screen star dispatched this telegram to his wife: "HAVE GOTTEN TICKETS FOR THE OPERA TONIGHT. MEET ME THERE." But when delivered to Mrs. Huston it read: "HAVE GOT TEN TICKETS," etc. And she showed up at the Metropolitan with eight lady friends much to the dismay of her husband.

* * * * *

They haven't yet made a Kentucky Colonel of 12-year-old Mary Small, the little girl with the big voice, but they have made a bank director of her—which is something else again. Because of her large deposits in the Baltimore Bank and Trust Company, Mary, through guardians, becomes the youngest bank director in the world. Children desirous of financing lollypops will find Mary most sympathetic towards applications for such loans—and never mind about any collateral.

* * * * *

IF YOU have any spare sympathy, you might extend a bit to George Givot. Thanks to his Greek dialect comedy on the air, George gets dozens of letters each week written in Greek, a language of which he knows absolutely nothing beyond its adaptability to the purposes of a radio comedian.

* * * * *

• Prisoner's Song

ROXY wanted a baritone for a recent program and wanted none other than one Igor Gorien. The gentleman was reported in Bermuda, so Roxy shot him a cable making what he thought was a generous bid for his services. "Sorry, can't accept your offer," was the message he got back. Thinking the singer wanted more money, Roxy communicated again tilting the fee. The second time Gorien was sorry but he just couldn't come to New York. "Why not?" cabled Roxy, getting hot under the collar. "Because I am in jail," ex-

plained Gorien in his final wire, "See newspapers for details." And Roxy, through the medium of the press, learned the singer had been arrested by mistake as a Communist, but nevertheless was languishing in prison until the official red tape could be unraveled. P. S.—Another baritone, Alfred Seville, got the job.

* * * * *

It is no secret that Frank Black, NBC's general musical director, is one of the greatest arrangers (of music) in the business. So he had a good chuckle the other day when this note popped up in his mail: "Dear Mr. Black: I am told you are a great arranger. Please prove it by arranging for me to take Jane Froman to dinner tomorrow night. I'll be much obliged." And who wouldn't?

• Miscellany

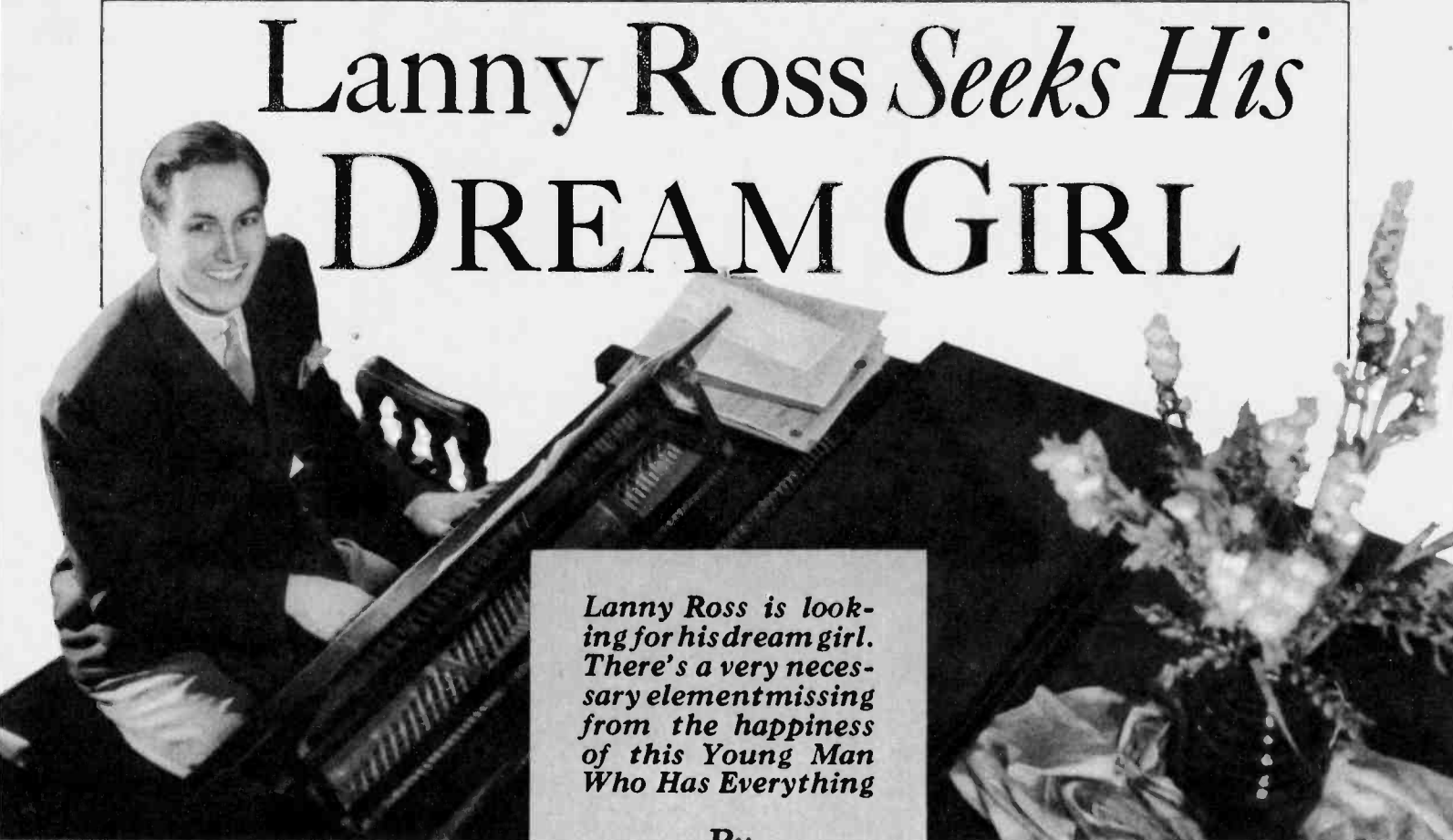
BETTY BARTHELL has become a favorite entertainer with society and is in constant demand at Park avenue gatherings. . . . Too much interference with his script is said to have been the reason for the retirement of Joe Cook from the air. . . . Adele Astaire, the American girl who is now Lady Charles Cavendish, is a sensational success as a broadcaster in England. . . . Jerry Cooper, whom some pick as successor to Bing Crosby, is said to draw more fan mail than any other Columbia sustaining feature. . . . Youngest announcer on NBC's staff of 28 at Radio City is George Ansbro. He is just 21 and entered the company's employ as a page. . . . It may make sense to you—but it doesn't to me note: Jack Denny, the bandsman, quotes a college professor as predicting great, big ears for future Americans as result of listening to the radio.

* * * * *

The libel action brought by certain New York radio editors against Eddie Cantor was thrown out of court by the judge. The writers couldn't see anything funny in the comedian's comment that they were a little group of willful men and the court couldn't see any justification for the suit. And is Eddie laughing.

Colonel Stoopnagle and Budd, who invent weird contrivances on the theory that inventions are pretty silly things anyway, have been at it again. Among their latest devices is a rungless ladder, useful (they say) for washing windows on the ground floor or in the basement. They have also developed eye-glasses for bank tellers. They have vertical stripes on them so the bank clerks can recognize their patrons when they meet them on the street. Much prized for its utter uselessness is a cellophane string to be tied on the fingers of folks who never forget anything any way!

Lanny Ross Seeks His DREAM GIRL



Lanny Ross is looking for his dream girl. There's a very necessary element missing from the happiness of this Young Man Who Has Everything

By
**MARY WATKINS
REEVES**

"BEHIND every man's career there is a reason, usually a woman. She may be an ideal or a flesh and blood sweetheart—but she's there, weaving dreams and building air castles for us mere men."

The handsomest young man in radio was speaking, quietly and grave-faced. He shifted his position in the great red club chair before the fire. His long, athletic body relaxed under its imported tweeds and his eyes, green-blue and clear, looked far and away beyond the buttery flames in the hearth. He went on talking almost as if to himself.

Looking at him there in the low-lighted coziness of his swank Manhattan penthouse I might have called it all Success Picture. Here was a youth of twenty-seven years—radio star, screen star, stage star, internationally rated athlete, lawyer. Rich. Healthy. Intelligent. The idol of a public that numbers millions. Young Man With Everything.

I was thinking that until I saw something else . . .

No, not Success Picture after all. That's a title that does not go well with a little-boy look of loneliness in a man's eyes. I realized suddenly that despite so much else a very dear and necessary element for the young man's happiness was missing.

I had guessed what it was before he told me.

Lanny Ross wants to be loved.

Almost pathetically he wants it. And that, you'll think, is surely a little hard to believe. What with his fame. What with countless adoring letters pouring in weekly from feminine fans. Why Lanny Ross, people say, has thousands of sweethearts! From the Junior League girls in New York clear across a continent to Hollywood's loveliest actresses!

Thousands, yes. That's very true. But not *the one girl. She's* what matters to Lanny.

He doesn't mind admitting that he longs to find her.

Always, in an artist, there is the need for romance. And puppy love and Polly came to Lanny at the age of twelve.

Polly was a beautiful little girl with strong, straight limbs and fluffy curls long enough to sit on. Of course all that was all right, but Lanny's main attraction to her at first was the graceful, swift way she could run. How she could run! Even then he was showing athletic interests which were to make him later U. S. champion for the 300-yard dash.

ON SUMMER nights in Seattle when lightning bugs, frogs and the neighborhood kids collected in the vacant lot behind the corner church, "Run Sheep Run" and "Prisoner's Base" were the vogue. Always Lanny and Polly teamed up together because their side always won. And when it was her turn at home to wipe the supper dishes before coming out to play, Lanny would go over and help. That was his way of telling her what he felt in his boyish heart. So was his taking to her those first love-offerings: sweet peas from the garden, painstakingly wrapped in an old newspaper; a jelly jar full of wild blackberries; a foot from the first victim of his rabbit trap. It was Polly for three whole years until he was sent off to boarding school and her family moved East.

He didn't fall again until his second year in college. Lanny is a little loath to talk about the episode. It seems that he asked her to Yale for his fraternity house party and she knocked the campus cold. At departure time—well, Lanny had become just one among her many suitors. That hurt him very deeply. The mild joshings of the fellows he knew. Slapping him on the back—"So the dame ditched you, huh, Romeo?" Only kidding, but kidding can be painful sometimes. After all, others of his classmates had money to lavish on girls, to show them a good, expensive time; he was working his way through school waiting tables, singing, doing odd jobs.

He lost her—and bitterly, to forget, he devoted all his attention after that to his studies and his track activities. The results were more than successful. I [Continued on page 47]

SPENCER DEAN

the MANHUNTER;

or

OLD SLEUTH

On the Air

By
MORT
WEISINGER



You've guessed it—the modern Old Sleuth is no less a personage than Spencer Dean, famous Manhunter of the Eno Crime Clues

Stewart Sterling, creator of Manhunter Spencer Dean, in real life is Prentiss Winchell—no relation to the famous Walter

JOHN SMITH strode across the parlor and viciously snapped off the radio. There was an angry pitch in his voice when he spoke: "I tell you, son," he almost snarled, "my solution is the only logical one. Even a feeble-minded three-year-old could see that the Hindu did those murders. Moreover—"

"All wrong, dad," interrupted John Smith, Jr. "It really amazes me how you can miss the identity of the real criminal, when you stop to consider all the clues thrown in. What a detective you'd make, Sheer-luck Holmes!" he ended, derisively.

"Well, I hit it on the head last week, didn't I? And the week before? I guess I know when I'm right. I'll bet dollars to doughnuts I've got the correct answer to this week's puzzle!" Smith finished with conviction.

"O.K., dad. I'll bet you the usual box of cigars. Tomorrow night we'll learn how good a pair of sleuths we are. And dad—I like my cigars mild!"

THIS episode, with minor variations, is re-enacted in thousands of American homes each Tuesday evening after an Eno Crime Clues broadcast. For thirty breathless minutes radio audiences all over the country discard their prosaic occupations and become amateur criminologists—all earnestly bent on interpreting the clues uncovered by Spencer Dean, Manhunter, and his aide, Dan Cassidy—to shed some light on the identity of the as yet unknown criminal. The following night, after the second exciting half of one of these baffling puzzle plays has been presented, a goodly percentage of the dial-twirlers vow to stick to their own occupations rather than blossom out as professional detectives. And so entertaining are these presentations that even the most hard-losing wrong-guessers enthuse over the ingenuity and novelty of these super-radio riddles—which is a happy circumstance for the sponsors, and a splendid tribute to [Continued on page 42]



The most famous sleuths of radio—from left to right, Dan Cassidy (Jack McBryde), Clem McCarthy, sports announcer, and Spencer Dean (Edward Reese), the famous Manhunter himself who in real life is a student of criminology

Popularity Poll Reveals Nation's FAVORITES



Ethel Shutta leads the field of popular women singers in early poll reports. Whether she will be the final victor depends on your vote

RADIOLAND'S Nationwide Popularity Poll is getting into full swing. Two months left to go—still time enough for you to vote for your favorite! Use the ballot printed below



Lanny Ross showed surprising strength in outdistancing Vallée, Crosby, and Parker



Lowell Thomas is slightly ahead of Edwin C. Hill in the news commentator race



Jack Benny (Nancy Carroll as Ed Wynn) currently leads the comedian's field

POPULARITY BALLOT

RADIOLAND,
1501 Broadway,
New York, N. Y.

- Favorite Program
- Favorite Comedian
- Favorite Orchestra
- Favorite Woman
Singer (popular)
- Favorite Woman
Singer (classical)
- Favorite Announcer
- Favorite News
Commentator
- Favorite Children's
Program
- Favorite Man
Singer (popular)
- Favorite Man
Singer (classical)

Vote for one in each classification

Name

Address

City

(Ballot can be pasted on a postcard
to go for 1 cent postage)

WELL, folks, it won't be long before we'll know just who are the nation's favorite radio entertainers! RADIOLAND's Nationwide Popularity Poll has already shown some surprising upsets, though it's still too early to predict who will receive the handsome silver shield which will be awarded to the star who is the eventual choice of RADIOLAND's vast army of readers.

If you missed the first Popularity Ballot in the January issue, we'll explain how the poll is conducted: At the left you'll find a Popularity Ballot on which to vote for your favorite radio program as well as your favorite singer, orchestra, announcer, etc. The third and final ballot will appear in the March issue. You thus have two opportunities left to vote for your favorite. If you wish to vote for the same stars each month, that is your privilege. If some new star is established as your favorite next month, you can vote again—this is in fairness to the big new programs which you have not yet heard.

The star who receives the greatest number of votes at the conclusion of the poll on March 15, 1935, will receive a beautifully engraved silver shield from RADIOLAND readers. Your vote will help decide the winner and your favorite will be mighty grateful for your support. You needn't be a subscriber—any reader of RADIOLAND is eligible to vote. Use the ballot printed at the left.

NOW for a report on what early returns from the January ballot reveal. Jack Benny is way out ahead in the field of comedians with nearly twice as many votes as Joe Penner, his nearest competitor. Fred Allen is trailing a close third. Rather surprising in view of the fact that she has been heard too infrequently on the air of late is the first-place showing made by Ethel Shutta in the field of popular woman singers. She has a comfortable lead over Connie Boswell, Leah Ray, Loretta Lee, and Dorothy Page, all pretty well bunched in second place.

Lowell Thomas and Edwin C. Hill are neck and neck for first place as news commentators, with Boake Carter a close third and Walter Winchell fourth. Lanny Ross had little difficulty in outdistancing Frank Parker, Bing Crosby, and Rudy Vallée in the popular male singer classification.

The favorite program, it appears at the writing, is a toss-up between Showboat and Rudy Vallée's Variety Hour. Lawrence Tibbett has a slight lead as most popular male singer of classical songs.

It should be emphasized that these reports are far from complete; it is quite possible that these favorites will be toppled from the peak by votes now coming in. If your favorite isn't on top, send in your vote to help him out. March RADIOLAND will carry a complete report of standings in all classifications.

RADIOLAND

No Love Story for GERSHWIN

Rhythms and romance don't mix —which is the reason why George Gershwin, radio's most eligible bachelor, says, "I'll never marry —I'm too busy"

By
LESTER GOTTLIEB



George Gershwin and the ebony grand piano which dominates his apartment and his life. It takes the place of romance in his career

WHEN a public favorite reaches the top of the lofty heap, something is bound to happen. The winner never takes all. You fashion fame—you lose friends. You achieve striking success—you sacrifice happiness. The price of glamour is high.

Go through the gilded album of radio stars. Each one has had a full life. True, these children of chance have wrung a hundred more thrills from life than you and I can ever hope to achieve. Yet, they're slaves to a dictator who is more relentless than Hitler, more powerful than Mussolini, and stronger than Stalin. Their lives are shaped by Fate, that unrelenting figure who carves their checkered careers.

This is the story of one of these starlings. He was given the genius to create sparkling, vibrant music. Important people pushed and shoved to shake his sinewy hands. Beautiful, expensively-perfumed women beat a path to his door. But in his dizzy, meteoric climb, he lost something on the long way up. He lost the right to love.

His name is George Gershwin.

Today, this Tin Pan Alley titan enters our homes each Sunday, via Columbia Broadcasting System's ether waves. His sponsors pay him a princely salary. They're not responsible for his popularity. He was known on his own blatant Broadway, in London's Mayfair, on Paris' Rue de la Paix, long before networks were born.

Shall we look at thirty-seven-year-old George Gershwin, cold, cynical and calculating? Or, shall we go back to the ambitious kid composer who dreamed of doing Big Things?

Shall we hear the bitter words that echoed through the musician's eighteen-room duplex penthouse? . . . "I'll never marry; I'm too busy." Or, shall we push back the clock and hear the optimistic, inspiring words of that naïve Ghetto-born genius? . . . "Once I meet the right girl, how my music will sing!"

GEORGE JACOB GERSHWIN was born when *Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight* was the nation's favorite ditty and Admiral Dewey had more fan mail than Rudy Vallée.

It was a strong, healthy era he grew up in. No weakling was George. Instead of staying inside, thumping a piano to the beat of a metronome, he was outdoors, becoming the block's champion skater.

When he was six he heard his first real music. "Barefooted and in overalls I stood transfixed outside a penny arcade," George recalled. "Between the rumble of the elevated trains, I heard portions of Rubinstein's *Melody in F*."

Would you believe it if I told you that George Gershwin, debonair man of Manhattan, had his first and last love affair when he was nine?

He would meet his juvenile lady-love in the 5-and-10-cent store after school. In this noisy rendezvous, they would hear a bold-shirted toughie play ragtime music on a battered piano. He was trying to sell sheet music. George and Mary marveled at the man's talent.

"Mary," he said to the curly-haired companion, "some day I'm gonna be a better piano-player [Continued on page 58]"



The LOUD speaks

The Month's LEADER

ATWATER KENT HOUR

With due humility and full realization that one man's meat is another man's poison The Loud Speaker endeavours to select each month from the fine radio programs the one which is currently the most outstanding. This month we give you—The Atwater Kent Radio Hour.

Because not only over a period of months, but over a period of years this program has preserved an uncompromising high standard of quality.

Because although the type of entertainment is of the highest there is nothing stuffy or upstage about its presentation.

RUNNERS-UP

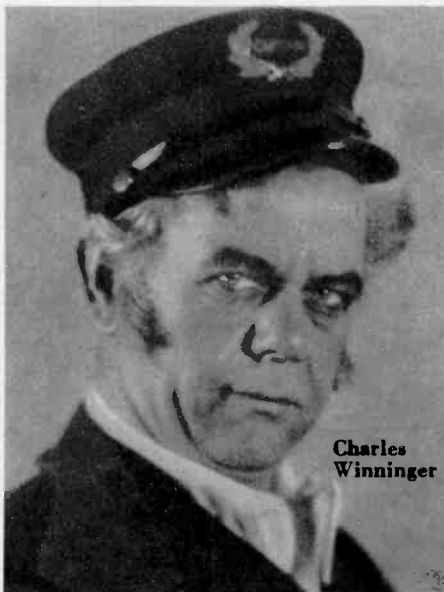
THE TOWN CRIER

Perhaps above all people on the air, Alexander Woollcott, has most thoroughly mastered the trick of talking out of the loud speaker as though he were really sitting over in ye corner in ye old arm chair. He is without a peer as a spinner of yarns, and except for his presuming on our good nature by repeating incidents he has told before, we are for him a hundred per cent.

Old Mayor Fred Allen of Bedlamville plodding along in his dry New England way deserves your attention if you are looking for a few laughs and not so few either, to relieve that bridge game. Fred has been rolling up listeners like a snowball because he never lets his audience down.

GIBSON FAMILY

And a kind word should go to the Gibson Family for pulling itself up by its bootstraps. With a snapped-up script, and the original music grand as ever, this Saturday night musical comedy has taken a new lease on life and is sitting up and getting noticed.



Charles Winninger

We Miss You, Cap'n



El Brendel

Swell Swede Comic

IMPERTINENT COMMENT

Best stretches on the air for MARATHON LISTENERS: Thursday night, NBC, from VALLEE at 8:00 through SHOWBOAT and WHITEMAN; Sunday night, CBS, from WOOLLCOTT at 7:30 through FORD SYMPHONY through WILL ROGERS or STOOP AND BUDD; Saturday night, NBC, ROMBERG show at 8:00 through SMITH BROTHERS music through the GIBSON FAMILY.

Best introductory program sounds. WOOLLCOTT'S bell, Goodman ACE'S laugh, the SHADOW. . . Do sponsors realize how much good-will is created by well-timed commercial announcements and how much ill-will is

generated by repetitious sales-talks that annoy and bore the listener?

A listener's HEADACHE: Several popular programs all spotted at the same hour, which he can't possibly hear all at once. As, for instance, FRED ALLEN and BURNS AND ALLEN. And those three-hour symphonies Sunday night. Wouldn't you think advertisers would rather take a less competitive time and build up their own following? . . . Best early-riser program by far: B. A. ROLFE'S 45 minutes of get-you-up music, with EAST and DUMKE. Removes the sting from rolling out of bed.

Hollywood Hotel has a swell potential comic in EL BRENDEL. He only needs more time and better material.



Palms To:

VICTOR KOLAR'S selection of music on the Detroit Symphony programs; those persuasive commercials for Ivory Soap on the GIBSON FAMILY make you want to go right out and buy a cake; WOOLLCOTT'S by-play with ARMBUSTER and the announcer; those synopated history sketches on the CHESTER-FIELD programs that were taken off; the way JACK BENNY kids those Jello commercials; quality of the singing on Palm Olive BEAUTY BOX; HARRY HORLICK'S A & P Gypsies; GERSHWIN'S smooth rhythms; fine performances on LUX THEATER; commercials on any FORD show; WILL ROGERS for his unsurpassed skill in holding an audience.

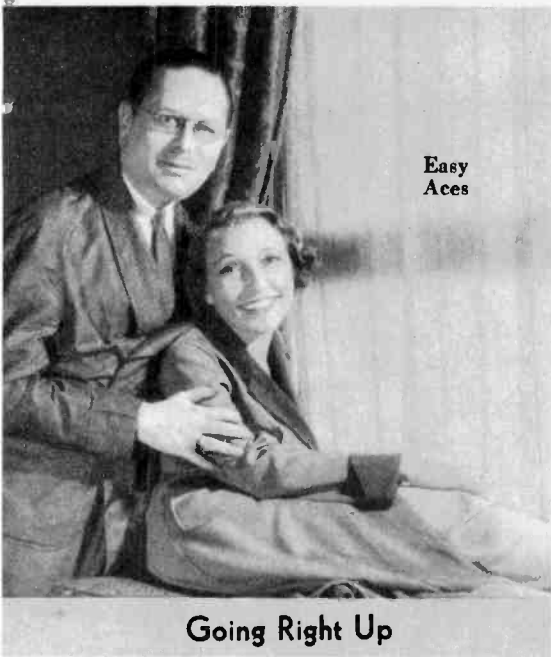
Persimmons To:

Meager, sketchy, unsatisfactory Press-Radio NEWS BULLETINS; BLOCK AND SULLY'S stale gags; all dramatized commercials in which Little Willie cries, "Mamma, I want a bottle of Hotsy Totsy Cough Medicine—it tastes so good." JOE PENNER'S unintelligible falsetto lead up to a gag; all announcers who try to get excited over the programs and talk fast imitating HARRY VON ZELL on the March of Time; "canned" arrangements that make one dance band sound just like another; programs that cop another program's idea for commercial announcements; comedians who lift their gags out of magazines; announcers who insult your intelligence with tedious, dull sledgehammer sales-talks.

SPEAKER

out

FRANK OPINIONS
FRANKLY EXPRESSED



Easy Aces

Going Right Up

He has a great air personality and there is no Swedish comedian on the national networks. . . . Give us more hill-billy songs, WALTER O'KEEFE. . . . We miss the guiding hand of CAP'N HENRY at the *Showboat* helm. PROGRAMS TO REMEMBER: Woollcott's Armistice Day broadcast; the Romberg program on Dvorak; Fred Allen's buttonhole sequence.

Things We Wish They Wouldn't Do: Try to kid listeners into believing that featured stars are performing all sorts of complicated stunts, such as playing weird musical instruments, when the chap actually doing the work is some stooge who never gets a word of credit.

Best Gags of the Month

Verbal Gag
Fred Allen's Program

Boy: This fiddle of mine is the cat's.
Fred: All but the bow. That's the horse's. (It's the way Fred says 'em.)

Stunt Gag

Will Rogers' funeral oration for the Republican party, so timed as to arouse the curiosity of any listener, and so turned as to offend no one, not even a Republican, which is no mean trick.



Dial Twisters' GUIDE BOOK

DANCE BANDS

- GLEN GRAY** and Casa Loma orchestra: Tops for hot rhythm, great for dancing, very popular with the younger crowd.
- GUY LOMBARDO**: Still away up there after all these years, smooth, restful, easy to take.
- ENRIC MADRIGUERA**: Best of the South American rhumba type.
- EMIL COLEMAN**: Good, all around dance orchestra, nice and smooth.
- WHITEMAN**: Those Whiteman arrangements still have a swing.
- OZZIE NELSON**: Popular collegiate band.
- FRED WARING**: Magicians with music. Nobody can touch this aggregation for a program band. They do things to tunes.

And who are your favorites?

IN A CLASSICAL VEIN

- THE FORD SYMPHONY**: Fine choice of the more popular classics without loss of quality. Beautiful rendition and program balance.
- NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY**: A Sunday afternoon institution with music lovers. Speaks for itself.
- GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY**: Concerts: Fine programs beautifully rendered.
- PHILADELPHIA SYMPHONY** Orchestra: For the up-to-the-minute, the unusual, Leopold Stokowski can always be depended on. You're lucky if you can listen in on Friday afternoons.

VOCAL with INSTRUMENTAL

- ATWATER KENT**: Already mentioned.
- CHEVROLET** program: Distinguished guests appear with Isham Jones.
- CHESTERFIELD**: The cream of the opera crop brought to you in the intimate setting of thrice weekly programs, Rosa Ponselle on Monday, Nino Martini on Wednesday and Gate Stueckgold on Saturdays.
- LAWRENCE TIBBETT**: One of the fine masculine voices of the air.
- EVERETT MARSHALL'S** Broadway Vanities: Although he sings mostly numbers of a lighter type, here too is a fine classical voice.

[Continued on page 41]

QUICK SHOTS at the COMICS



Jack Benny: Up with the best—travelogues are tremendous but phoney guest stars too much like real thing.

Burns and Allen: Gracie still going strong.

Benny

Fred Allen: Try him once and you won't quit—fresh every week.

Joe Penner: His public won't let him give up his duck, so what can we say?



Allen



Ed Wynn: It's not what he says—but the way he says it. If you're a sucker for that, okay.

George Givot: If you like Grik dialect without the sandwich.

Givot

Stoop & Budd: They're better being themselves than kidding commercials.

Phil Baker: Oke.



Baker



Ben Bernie: His personality puts his gags over. He made a nation say "Yowsah!"

Bernie

Cantor: Better funny than sentimental.

NEW SHOWS to watch

Dancing gets its innings in a three-hour uninterrupted stretch of dance music over NBC which fills a long-felt want for those who want to give parties at home without swinging the dial around and around. On CBS there is Arthur Murray, noted New York dance instructor, with practical advice and information on how to dance to radio.

The Loudspeaker

DISAGREEMENT CORNER

What is your favorite program? What are your pet likes and dislikes concerning radio? Who are your favorite singers? comedians? announcers? We invite your opinion.

RADIOLAND will pay \$10 each month for the best letter, of one hundred words or under, taking issue or agreeing with any opinion expressed on these pages.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW



LOVELY EYES

How to have them

—eyes no man can forget

CHARMING eyes in 40 seconds! A magic touch of the lashes with Winx, the super-mascara, and your eyes are given new glamour.

Remember, your eyes are your *most important* feature. So don't neglect them.

Winx gives you long, lovely lashes—soft, alluring. It is refined to the last degree—so it's safe, smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—scientifically perfect.

Added Beauty

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascaras—so will you. So try Winx today—learn how easy it is to have lustrous Winx lashes. Get Winx at any toilet counter, darken your lashes, see the instant improvement.



To introduce Winx to new friends, note my *two* offers below. My booklet—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them"—is complete—how to care for the lashes and brows, how to use eye shadow, how to treat "crow's-feet," etc.

Louise Ross
Merely send
Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—
How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, F-2-35
243 W. 17th St., New York City

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

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

PIE—the



Juicy, flaky, just luscious enough to look hospitable—prune pie! The Best Ever Pies leaflet mentioned below gives recipes for a dozen favorite pies

THERE are no two ways about it. Nutrition experts to the contrary. Pie is the great American dessert. And made, as it *can* be made, it deserves every laurel with which time has wreathed it.

Juicy, flaky, just drippy enough to look hospitable, filled with rich flavor in the middle, brown on top and bottom, and with a back crust which crunches slightly under the fork! That's pie as it should be.

It came from the country. It belongs with fried chicken, strawberry shortcake and corn bread as among America's greatest contributions toward good food in the Western Hemisphere. A thousand railroad lunch counter cooks have mishandled it. A million casual home cooks have slung together such unsavory editions of it, as would have permanently blackened the eye of any but so remarkable a dish. And a host of doctors and dietists have cast aspersions upon it, in favor of spinach, lettuce and kindred uncaloric, but soulless foods.

But a million men still think of Apple Pie a la Mode, Pumpkin Pie with Cheese, or Blueberry Pie with Cream, as the supreme finale for a perfect meal. And a million wives still pause longingly before Chocolate Chiffon Pie, Lemon Pie or Strawberry Custard Pie, when choosing dessert possibilities for festive occasions.

Someone has said that there are two kinds of women in the world:—Those who *can* make pie. And those who shouldn't try. I should amend that latter "shouldn't" to read "won't." For there are few cooks who really can't make light flaky pie crust once they realize that the achievement requires accuracy as well as judgement.

That soggy, thick-cruled, made-with-a-lick-and-a-promise pie, served at any and every meal, 365 days in the year, is the one which has called down the ire of the medical profession. A piece of pie, no matter how palatable, belongs with a light meal. Served with a salad and a cup of coffee it can be a complete lunch in itself.

ANYONE can make good pie filling. And any cook book will steer you straight on the fancy touches of meringues and such. But it's pie crust which makes the pie. A few born cooks can toss its makings together by guess, and achieve commendable results. But they are vivid exceptions. And geniū too. The rest of us must make pie crust

CHOICE RECIPE LEAFLETS

Mrs. Ellis will gladly help to solve your cooking problems if you address her in care of RADIOLAND, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. This month she offers you free recipe leaflets on a delicious dried apricot pie with an orange gelatin base, and a graham cracker pumpkin pie. And if you'd like our Best Ever Pies leaflet including recipes for a dozen favorite pies, as well as for the hot-water pie crust, enclose 5 cents and a stamped, addressed envelope. Other leaflets which you will enjoy are:

Prize-Winning Cookie Recipes.....5 cents
(Including recipe for Banana Cookies)

Hurry-Up Hot Rolls and Breads....5 cents

Candies Which Never Fail.....5 cents
(Containing recipe for Home-made Chocolate Marshmallows)

Write Grace Ellis, Foods Consultant, RADIOLAND Magazine, 529 S. Seventh Street, Minneapolis, Minn. Be sure to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Supreme DESSERT

RADIOLAND'S Food Consultant expert, Mrs. Grace Ellis, is nationally noted for her articles in outstanding national magazines, for her innumerable cook book contributions and her services as judge at many of the largest food shows in the country. All her recipes are tried out in her own testing kitchen under home circumstances, and you can successfully duplicate her results. Try the delicious pie recipes she gives below!

By Grace Ellis

by rule, and exercise a generous amount of judgement, if we wish a compliment-able variety.

The only pie crust which I can conscientiously call "non-fail" is the hot-water crust. It is not a hot weather crust, unless one has a good refrigerator, since the mixed ingredients must be thoroughly chilled before being rolled. But it is almost infallible. And it makes utterly crisp tender pastry. A simple but complete recipe tops our new pie leaflet, and is available to every pie-maker who writes for it.

Crust recipes I have tried by the dozen. But in cold-water crusts, I have never found one superior to that which my grandmother, and probably yours, used many years ago. It calls for one-third as much shortening as flour, one-half as much cold water as shortening, and ½ teaspoon salt for every two single crusts.

You can't be exact about the amount of water required—except to say that the very least which will allow you to hold flour and fat together, is sufficient—because that will depend upon the amount of moisture in the shortening, and upon the gluten in the flour.

Almost any shortening can make a good crust. Vegetable shortening, as a rule, requires less water than lard or butter. And if you use butter, add ¼ teaspoon baking powder to the flour.

PERFECT PASTRY

(Will make 1 double, or 2 single crusts.)

1½ cups flour (kitchen tested)
½ cup shortening
¼ to ½ cup cold, or ice water
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon baking powder (optional)

[Continued on page 40]

FEBRUARY, 1935

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

**THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES
USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!**

• BY Lady Esther

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

FREE

LADY ESTHER
2030 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.
Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

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

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

BOTH

*Mother
and Daughter*

PREFER

Maybelline

Mascara



**as do ten million
other women because
they know it is**

- ... absolutely harmless
- ... really tear-proof
- ... positively non-smarting

... the quickest and easiest way to have the natural appearance of long, dark, luxuriant lashes, making the eyes appear larger, brighter, and more expressive.

From sweet sixteen to queenly fifty, women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara for instantly transforming their lashes into flattering dark fringe. Beauty-wise women of all ages appreciate, too, the fact that the famous name of Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today.



Pie—the Supreme Dessert

[Continued from page 39]

Measure shortening by placing $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water in measuring cup. Add shortening until water and fat reaches three-fourths mark. Cut shortening into sifted salt and flour until bits of fat are the size of peas. Sprinkle water over with a teaspoon. Turn mixture deftly. Use a bit more water, if necessary, to hold ingredients together, but drop it on with a teaspoon. Divide dough in half. Pat each half into a round. Roll into a 11-inch sheet on a floured board, rolling always from the center outward, in order to keep the sheet perfectly round.

For a single crust turn the excess dough back underneath and form a high fluted edge around the pie crust by pinching the doubled edge between the first finger of the right hand, and the thumb and first finger of the left hand. Prick the bottom of the sheet with a fork, or cover with a circle of waxed paper and weight down with dry beans or rice.

Bake single crusts in a very hot oven—475 degrees F.—for 5 minutes to set the fluted edge. Remove waxed paper containing rice or beans; reduce heat and complete browning. Two-crust pies must be baked first in a hot oven to set the crust, and then finished in a slower oven. Pies with a moist filling will not be soggy if the bottom crusts are brushed with melted butter or beaten egg white before fillings are added. And fruity pies will not leak if a strip of muslin, or especially prepared parchment paper, is pinned, or taped tightly around the pan rim before the pie is put into the oven.

Our grandmothers brushed the tops of their pumpkin pies with maple syrup about 15 minutes before taking them from the oven. And frequently they served hot apple pie with thin cream seasoned with a pinch of cloves or cinnamon. Practises worth copying!

Pies this new year are showing two distinct trends. One is the continued popularity of the gelatin and ice cream pies, which because they are still new and exceptionally delicious, are highly popular as dinner desserts, or one-dish bridge or party refreshments. (Our *Best Ever Pies* Leaflet contains such outstanding favorites as Orange Gelatin Pie, Chocolate Ice Cream Pie, and a dozen others.)—The other is the swing back to the popular pies of—not our mother's day, but our grandmother's. Such pies as "Cheese Pie," "Vinegar Pie," "Molasses Pie," and "Sour Cream Raisin" or "Prune Pie," are appearing on the swankiest menu cards.

You'll want to try these old-fashioned favorites:—

CINNAMON PRUNE PIE

Pit and cut in half enough cooked prunes to make 2 cupsful. Add 1 orange peeled and diced. Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch. Add 1 cup boiling hot juice from cooked prunes. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add prunes and orange and 3 tablespoons butter. Pour into baked pastry shell. Cover with meringue made by beating 2 egg whites until stiff, and

then folding in 4 tablespoons brown sugar and 1 pinch of cinnamon, and brown in a slow oven—300 degrees F.—for 15 minutes. Or omit the meringue. Bake for 15 minutes. And serve hot with a topping of sweetened whipped cream flavored with a pinch each of cinnamon and cloves.

Lemon Cake Pie is a new name for an old, old pie. Luxurious lemons of our grandmother's era went chiefly into the crisp-topped sort of custard pie, which we now make with evaporated milk and call:—

LEMON CAKE PIE

Cream 1 cup sugar, 3 tablespoons flour and 3 tablespoons melted butter. Add the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Beat in 2 well-beaten egg yolks. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup evaporated milk and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup hot water. Fold in 2 egg whites beaten until stiff. Pour into an unbaked pie shell. Bake in a hot oven—400 degrees F.—10 minutes. Lower heat to 350 degrees F. and bake 30-40 minutes longer, or until firm.

MOLASSES PIE

Cream $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup light brown sugar. Add 1 cup chopped pecan nut meats. Combine 3 well beaten eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 1 cup light brown corn syrup, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla. Add to sugar mixture. Mix well. Turn into an unbaked pie shell which has been buttered on the bottom to prevent soaking. Bake in a hot oven (425 degrees F.) 10 minutes. Then reduce to low heat—325 degrees F.—and bake for 30 minutes. Chill. Cover top with whipped cream and serve.

CHEESE PIE

Mix together $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt, and the grated rind of one orange. Mash $1\frac{1}{2}$ packages or $\frac{3}{4}$ cups cream or cottage cheese with a silver fork, and beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thin cream or top milk. Blend with flour mixture. Add 2 well beaten egg yolks, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, and mix well. Fold in 2 egg whites stiffly beaten. Pour into a pie pan lined with unbaked plain pastry. Bake in a hot oven at 425 degrees F. for 10 minutes. Then lower the heat to 300 degrees F. and bake for 30 minutes additional. Serve cold.

Grandmother frequently served Cheese Pie topped with sliced red strawberries in the spring.

PERFECT RAISIN PIE

Combine 2 cups seedless raisins with $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups water and cook 5 minutes. Mix 3 tablespoons of flour with 1 cup of brown sugar, add a little of the hot raisin water to form a paste, then add to the raisins and cook until thickened. Remove from fire and add the grated rind and juice of one lemon and the grated rind and juice of 1 orange—2 tablespoons of vinegar and 2 tablespoons of water may be substituted for the lemon and orange juice. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg and, if you have them, 1 cup of chopped nutmeats. Turn into a pie pan

[Continued on page 69]

Dial Twister's Guide Book

[Continued from page 37]

KEEPING UP WITH THE WORLD

No one commentator gives you the full picture of world events. If you're really interested in getting the most information from your radio, why not try them all in combination as follows:

LOWELL THOMAS for quick coverage of spot news events.

BOAKE CARTER for interpretation of national and international affairs.

EDWIN C. HILL for background, picturesque facts and human interest.

H. V. KALTENBORN and **FREDERICK WILLIAM WILE** for inside slants on Washington.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT for yarns and anecdotes about the great and near great.

DALE CARNEGIE for inside facts on well known people.

TED HUSING for sports.

THE HOME THEATER

You can go to the show in your arm chair now. Never before has radio offered such a variety of dramatic entertainment. Are you missing any of these:

LUX THEATER: Here you will find the pick of Broadway shows capably done with name stars and an able supporting cast, taking in favorites for years back.

FIRST NIGHTER: If you prefer your dramas fresh off the griddle with authentic first night atmosphere, here's your dish. These are plots that you won't have seen, heard or read anywhere else.

EASY ACES: For light, effortless comedy, the Aces are running in top form these days. Just natural little glimpses of an average domestic scene, but very human and very funny.

SHERLOCK HOLMES: The old Conan Doyle dramas still pack a wallop on the air, although they would click better with this listener in a night spot.

ENO CRIME CLUB: Combines good mystery with wit sharpeners.

MYRT 'N' MARGE: This continued drama of life backstage still goes merrily on. Once you catch on, you won't let go.

AMOS 'N' ANDY: These boys have the stuff. It takes genuine creative genius to think of all the stuff they've thought up. Still going strong.

THE GRUMMITS: Nothing in this family show yet to show that it will be a top flight favorite.

ONE MAN'S FAMILY: This show has that certain human touch that makes the whole world kin.

BUCK ROGERS in the 21st Century: Fantastic continued tale that has a great following among kids and grown-ups too.

VARIETY PROGRAMS

The **GIBSON FAMILY** and **HOLLYWOOD HOTEL** are outstanding ex-

[Continued on page 73]

FEBRUARY, 1935



★
IRENE DUNNE
AND JOHN BOLES IN THE
RADIO PICTURE "AGE OF INNOCENCE"

White Romance
WITH BEAUTIFUL WAVY HAIR

★
As you watch the beauty of famous stars flash before you on the screen, notice their hair. See how the soft alluring waves and dainty ringlets add to their loveliness. **A DUART WAVE** will bring to your hair this same fascinating charm, for Duart is the choice of the Hollywood Stars. In fact, **89 Hollywood Beauty Shops** feature the Duart permanent waving method for that very reason. Duart Waves are also available in better beauty salons throughout America—so next time ask for a Duart Wave. Prices vary according to the style of coiffure desired.

Hollywood beauty experts recommend a correct shade of **DUART RINSE** after every shampoo. It rinses away the invisible particles of soap that dull the natural sheen and brilliance of your hair. And it adds a tiny tint—just enough to give a touch of shimmering sunlight to the natural color of your hair. It is **NOT** a dye—**NOT** a bleach. Get Duart Rinse at your beauty salon or use coupon below. 10-cent package contains **TWO** rinses.



If your hair is dry, too fluffy or unruly after shampooing, use just a few drops of **DUART PERMANENT WAVE OIL** *** It makes the hair soft, silky and radiant, adding to the life and beauty of your wave. Delicately scented. Not gummy or greasy. If you do not find Duart Permanent Wave Oil in your beauty salon, use coupon below. **SEND 15 CENTS** for full size bottle.

DUART ★

Choice of the Hollywood Stars

SEND 10c for DUART RINSE ★ 15c for PERMANENT WAVE OIL

- | | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Black | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Titian Reddish Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> White or Gray (Platinum) | <input type="checkbox"/> Check here for full size bottle of Duart Permanent Wave Oil. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Dark Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Henna | <input type="checkbox"/> Ash Blonde | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Blonde | Mail to Duart Mfg. Co., Ltd., 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, California. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Chestnut Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Golden Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Medium Brown | <input type="checkbox"/> Light Golden Blonde | Name..... |
| | | | | Address..... |
| | | | | City.....State..... |

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

**Oust It Promptly with
this 4-Way Remedy!**

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

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

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.



World's
Standard

GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE

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

Spencer Dean, the Manhunter

[Continued from page 33]

Stewart Sterling, the author of these scripts.

Stewart Sterling, who has been pounding out copy for these dramas for upwards of a hundred weeks, is worth his weight in gold to his sponsors. And that's a broad statement, you'll realize, after you've looked at his picture. But we mean it. Ever since he took over the Crime Club hour, the program has evoked such interest from radioland that Sterling is genuinely proud of his work. His real-life name is Prentiss Winchell—no relation to the famous Walter.

THE way Sterling got into radio is a story in itself. Sterling was writing flocks of detective thrillers for the various pulp magazines, the most notable of the lot being his Johnny Hi-Gear stories in the magazine *Black Mask*, which were winning for him quite a reader-following. Every year the editors and contributors of this magazine hold a luncheon at some New York hotel. At one of these luncheons the editor announced that he was assigned by the agents for the Eno people to invite his authors to contribute a trial radio script, involving the exploits of some particular character—a character that would appeal to a national radio audience—and the best script would win a radio contract. More than a score of

ace professional story writers racked their brains to produce something outstanding and unique, and they all submitted sample manuscripts. Sterling came out on top, with the creation of Spencer Dean, Manhunter—he had clinched his contract through his own real ability; it was sheer merit that won him his job!

Young as he is, he's lived an eventful life. He won his sheepskin from Dartmouth, majoring in chemistry. He's put in time as a newspaperman, and was chess champion of the N. Y. Newspaper Club. He was managing editor of a number of trade publications, writing about everything from carpets to soda-fountains. And he's travelled extensively, gaining much local color which is incorporated into his yarns.

Sterling likes to tell of his first rehearsal. Naturally, as he had never been inside a big studio before, he didn't intend to miss it. However, from the moment the play started to the sound of the cymbal signifying the end, Sterling regretted that he had witnessed it. It seemed to him that cues were being missed with ruthless abandon. Sound effects were all messed up, and the actors had mangled their lines. In

Spencer Dean and Dan Cassidy are drawn from the characters of men I've known. Dan, for example, is the reincarnation of a hard-bolled sergeant in a North End precinct in Boston. And Jack McBryde, who plays Dan on the air, looks much like the original and talks like him, too. Spencer Dean is a sort of composite picture: two rather extraordinary individuals contribute to his make-up. One was a boyhood hero of mine, a famous explorer who eventually tired of big game hunting and went man hunting for Pinkerton's; the other, a New York Police Inspector, whose uncanny knowledge of the criminal mind and shrewd deductions from otherwise unnoticed clues, was responsible for thousands of arrests during his term of office. Edward S. Reese, who plays Spencer Dean, not only looks like a millionaire sportsman (he's one of the most photographed men in the world; studios paid him high fees for advertising poses long before he went into radio), but he supplements detective work. He's one of the most sincere students of criminology I have ever known. By that I don't mean he carries around a gold deputy sheriff badge in his wallet, either. He pals around with desk sergeants, and first grade detectives; he's probably better known at Police Headquarters on Center Street than any other radio performer.

Stewart Sterling

Stewart Sterling, author of the Eno Crime Clues stories, tells RADIOLAND readers how his famous detective characters were conceived. As the letter proves, Edmund Reese, who plays Spencer Dean, draws on his knowledge of detective methods from real life

shame, he ran off to a corner of the studio, to avoid running into the director. The director found him out, though. He stared at Sterling. He beamed at him, as a matter of fact. "Great work, old man," he commended. "Your program is a cinch. We'll wow 'em!"

Sterling looked up at the director, almost speechless from disbelief. He stut-tered: "But—but—everything was all wrong—"

"That's all right," interposed the director, the grin on his face now broader than ever. "A punk rehearsal always means a splendid final performance!"

"And we've been fooling 'em ever since," Sterling modestly puts it.

THEY'RE very careful about re- hearsals over at NBC. Sterling's cast drills for four hours each time be- fore a broadcast is scheduled. They take particular pains to have their sound ef- fects as accurate as possible, going to the most extreme measures imaginable to obtain best results. On one occasion it was found necessary to have the sound of cooing pigeons reproduced on a program. Try as they would, it was found impossible to duplicate the sounds artificially. So Bradley Barker—the man of a thousand voices, he's been called— betook himself to Central Park and spent an afternoon listening to the actual cooing of the birds. When he thought he was good enough to imitate their call, he began cooing at the pigeons, to test his ability. A passing stranger who was watching his antics tossed him a peanut with the comment: "Hey, buddy—it's for you!"

Sterling makes a fetish of versimili- tude in his sketches, which is perhaps one of the main reasons why his stuff continues to be popular. He's been dexterous enough to weave parts in his plays for such celebrities as Senator Copeland, Clem McCarthy, Ellsworth Vines and Frank Moulan, the famed star of Gilbert and Sullivan's original *Mikado*. Sterling tells me he's brought these men before his microphone to give an air of authenticity to his detective hero, Dean. And it has worked. People have actually written in requesting the aid of the manhunter on some perplex- ing mystery in their home locality.

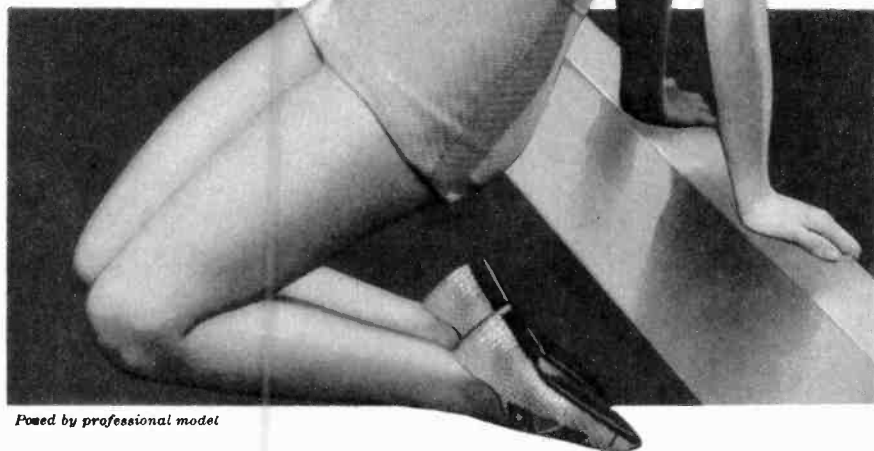
There are lots of things not in the script always happening in radio studios. An amusing example of this occurred recently on one of Sterling's own pro- grams. An actor was supposed to kill himself. The sound effect man was to fire a gun, and the audience would guess the rest. However, at the crucial mo- ment the gun jammed. Everyone was frantic. Seconds were fleeting. But an alert actor saved the day by ad-libbing into the mike: "My God—he's stabbed himself!"

They're a nimble-witted, personable crowd behind the Crime Clues hour—which is perhaps the reason why a major Hollywood film company has already negotiated with Sterling for all movie rights to his detective dramas, and a Broadway producer has asked him to prepare a play for the stage, with his entire cast as actors!

Editor's Note: Since the above article went to press, the *Crime Clues* program is given on Tues- days only and both the crime and its solution are presented on the same hour.

FEBRUARY, 1935

AMAZING NEW WAY TO GAIN 5 TO 15 POUNDS *Quick!*



Posed by professional model

Skinny? Thousands are gaining solid flesh in a few weeks with amazing new double tonic

NOW there's no need to be "skinny" and scrawny. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh, alluring curves—in just a few weeks!

Everybody knows that doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new yeast discovery in pleasant tablets, you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and also put on pounds of firm flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gain- ing beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear radiant skin, glorious new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new scientific 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 tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast



Fannie Alcorn

10 pounds

"I was thin as a scarecrow, no life or pep, but Ironized Yeast gave me 10 lbs. in 3 weeks." Fannie Alcorn, Oneida, Tenn.



F. E. Sherrill

11 lbs. quick

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

should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not de- lighted with the results of the very first package, your money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely **FREE** offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast 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 guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 223, Atlanta, Ga.

NATURAL LIPS
WIN WITH
Dick Powell
IN LIPSTICK TEST



HERE ARE THE LIPS DICK POWELL SAW



Popular young star tells why he chose the Tangee Lips



● "I like a fresh, youthful face," said Dick Powell. "And painted lips always make girls look old and hard."

● Dick Powell actually making the lipstick test between scenes of "Flirtation Walk", a Warner Brothers picture.

They do, indeed, as millions of men will testify. But Tangee can't make you look painted, because Tangee isn't paint. Tangee is the one and only lipstick in the world with the magic Tangee color-change principle that prevents that painted look.

In the stick, Tangee is orange. But on your lips it changes to the one shade of blush rose that is just right for your type. It costs just 39 cents and \$1.10, but if you'd like to try it first, send 10 cents for the 4-piece Miracle Make-Up Set offered with the coupon below.



★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY F25
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade Flesh Rachel Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ State _____

EYE MAKEUP



Why not write Wynne McKay for advice on your beauty problems? She'll be glad to send you a personal letter of advice if you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and address her in care of **RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

By
WYNNE MCKAY



Attractive Mary Cortland, radio singer, shows you how she makes up her eyes for evening. First a light touch of mascara, then a line of pencil on the upper lid, then eyeshadow, and finally she brushes her brows upward and outward to accent the arch

IT IS not my purpose in this article to discuss the comparative beauty of eyes of different color or size, but rather to explain how the average woman's eyes, whether they be large or small, blue or green, can be beautified by the skillful use of eye make-up. . . . I realize that there is still a feeling among conservative women that eye make-up should be left strictly to actresses and dancers, but fortunately this feeling is not so wide-spread as it once was. If I can assist in banishing it still further, I shall feel very gratified.

I must admit that there are three types not improved by eye makeup—the sixteen-year-old girl, the grandmother whose age has made her tottery and the woman of any age whose eyes, lashes and brows are not normally well cared-for. The inference in the first two cases is obvious, of course, but perhaps the third exception requires a little explanation. . . . My point is that dry, brittle lashes, unkempt eyebrows, blood-shot eyes and deeply etched crow's feet are only emphasized by eye make-up, no matter how artistically it is done.

All of these defects can be remedied by care, however, the first by daily application of a petrolatum base lash grower and lubricator, the second by regular pruning with good tweezers, the third by avoiding eyestrain and by the use of a soothing eye lotion and the fourth by daily application of emollient eye cream and an astringent.

With this attended to, the first thing

is to select a flattering shade of mascara. All of the nationally advertised brands have been improved so in the past two or three years that they can be applied with great subtlety. There is one in particular, however, that seems to me to be exceptional. It is not the old-fashioned soap-base type that, applied regularly, makes the lashes brittle, but an emollient coating with an ingredient that is actually beneficial to the lashes. It comes in three shades—midnight blue, which is flattering to blondes and medium types for evening; brown for blondes and red-heads, and black for brunettes. The scarlet and gold metal container and the price, 75 cents, are both attractive.

Of course, you can get that artificial, beaded effect with any mascara if you apply it too generously. The trick is to have it at just the right consistency, neither too thick nor too thin, and to brush it on the lashes with a quick upward motion. Then, just before it dries, comb your lashes upward to separate them and to remove excess bits of mascara. There is a diminutive eyelash comb, for this purpose, that costs 75 cents. If you'd like the trade name, I'll be glad to send it to you.

NO WOMAN whose lashes are straight and spiky can afford to overlook the beautifying effects of a good lash curler. There is a harmless gadget on the market that clamps over the lashes and, while you count to 100,

RADIOLAND

curls them enticingly so that they stay that way all evening. It costs \$1.00 at any toiletry counter.

When the eyebrows are thin and very fine in texture, an eyebrow pencil makes the ideal darkener, but for lashes that are quite heavy and coarse in texture (like Miss Cortland's expressive and graceful ones) a light touch of mascara provides a grand color accent. There is a new school of thought on the subject of applying eyebrow pencil. It claims that instead of drawing the brow in a harsh, unbroken line, you should trace it with short, slanting strokes. This method really does make your brows look like brows instead of minus signs . . .

Some of us, instead of having to bolster up almost invisible brows, have the opposite problem, that of taming too thick and exuberant ones. Usually a woman's only attempt in this event is to pluck wildly, trying to pare her brows down to a hairline. The inevitable result is that they grow right back in, and, unless she can keep after them daily, look worse than ever. If you have heavy brows, pluck only a few hairs that straggle, and place your faith in *brushing*.

Besides being useful for darkening and elongating brows, a pencil can be used for drawing a fine line on the upper lid, close to the roots of the lashes. When this line is smudged and softened a bit, it succeeds in making the eyes look larger . . . Eyeshadow should be pale in color and applied no higher than the edge of the eye socket. Blend it outward from the center of the eyelid. When applied close to the nose it makes the eyes look close-set. Shadow is a distinct help to anyone with prominent eyes, for it minimizes this defect, but for those with deep-set eyes it should be avoided.

IF YOU are looking for a daytime and evening perfume that is not too sweet and innocuous, I have the object of your search on my desk. A new scent that is fresh, vivacious and deadly, all at the same time! Its fragrance is progressive, somehow. At first you're inclined not to notice it, then you become pleasantly aware of it and finally you are completely enthralled. It's the sort of scent that inspires the wearer to conquest, if you know what I mean . . . I simply won't answer for its effect on men, who are invariably smitten by poignantly perfumed gals. The container of this new scent is lovely, a bevelled crystal bottle resting in a box of exquisitely inlaid wood. Would you like the name? One dram costs \$1.00 and a quarter ounce, \$2.75.

Most women know that olive oil is unexcelled as a hair beautifier, but they neglect to use it because of the tiresome washing-out process it involves. Now, however, there is an olive oil that is specially treated so that it rinses out in clear water, making an ideal soapless shampoo. It requires only three or four minutes to apply, massage and rinse, and yet the hair looks as if it had been treated to a hot oil-steamer treatment. There is a dandruff corrective incorporated in the oil, too, that is really effective. The price of this shampoo is 50 cents and \$1.00.

Let Wynne McKay solve your beauty problems.

FEBRUARY, 1935



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" . . . Noxzema, the famous

snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

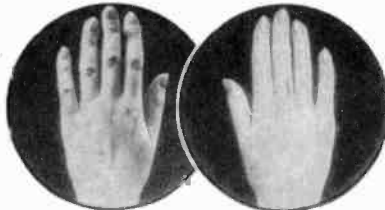
HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 62, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight
with this famous cream

10,000,000 jars sold yearly

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

Noxzema



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Name Age

Address

City State

Rudy Vallee's Music Notebook

[Continued from page 14]

Paramount, and their long term contract finds them turning out some swell tunes. In this case it was necessary for them to supply not only Lanny Ross with his music fodder, but also Lyda Roberti, Joe Penner, and even Jack Oakie.

Besides writing a collegiate ditty typical of college days, the boys have turned out three or four songs which already infest the air-waves, and in the case of *Stay As Sweet As You Are* threatens to become the number one song of the moment. *College Rhythm* itself is a song of the rhythmic type built around a rumba, best adapted to trios and fast singing quartets. *Take a Number From One to Ten* provides the Polish fire-cracker, Lyda Roberti, with a chance to "get hot." She sings it in front of a bunch of chorus girls, who do a very clever cheer-leading routine. The hit song from the picture, which is *Stay As Sweet As You Are*, gives Lanny Ross his big moment when, as a clerk in charge of a music counter in his father's department store, he demonstrates the song to the customers, later singing it through a loud-speaker to annoy Jack Oakie, who is lunching with Mary Brian in the dining room. Lanny may well feel proud that he had one of the best ditties that Gordon and Revel have ever written. All the songs are published by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson.

Both songs are published by Famous Music Corp., and they should be played quite slowly.

I would rather leave Bing's picture until I have had an opportunity to preview it. I will include the low-down on all three of the picture's songs in the next issue.

There are three songs from *Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round* deserving of attention. Two of which have already started the climb to popularity are *Rock and Row* and *If I Had A Million Dollars*.

From the popular field are three deserving of mention, *Wild Honey*, by the writers of *Sweet and Lovely*, *Blame It On My Youth*, and a third that is sweeping the west coast with a most unusual popularity, *The Object Of My Affection*.

Jimmy Grier, the young maestro, who was formerly saxophone arranger for Gus Arnheim and who has one of the finest dance combinations on the Coast, is now being featured at the Biltmore Bowl in Los Angeles. One day several months ago he received a surprise visit from a young red-headed attorney from his home town. He hadn't seen the young man in years, but before Jimmy could renew acquaintanceship the young man informed him that he had a positive hit. Like the rest of us, Jimmy hears this day in and day out, but the young man who had caught Jimmy at rehearsal with his boys passed out the parts to the orchestra and proceeded to sing the song, which was *The Object Of My Affection*, if you could call his style of rendition singing. I don't mean to infer that Pinky Tomlin has a bad voice or a non-musical one, but he has the most refreshing and naive style of rendition that I have encountered in a long time.

Besides the use of some three syllable words in the song, the spot in the middle of the chorus, called the "break," is a most unusual and fascinating one, and is responsible for a great measure of the success the song has already attained. Its title, too, unquestionably helps it tremendously. It will probably have swept the East by the time this article reaches your eyes. It is published by Irving Berlin, Inc., and they think they have "one of those things" on their hands.

After Office Hours



There is little I can say about the Joe Morrison picture, *After Office Hours*, except to list its two feature songs, *A Little Angel Told Me So*, and *Me Without You*. The former, by Sam Coslow, is one of the most beautiful and haunting melodies to come to my attention in a long time; although I bungled its presentation on a recent broadcast, it was not the fault of the composition. Coslow is one of the few men competent to write both lyrics and melody, and *Angel* is one of his best. Leo Robin and Louis Gensler are the two composers of *Me Without You*, which is a song very much after the fashion of one that was a summer hit, *Then I'll Be Tired Of You*.



Lanny Ross Seeks His Dream Girl

[Continued from page 32]

wonder if the young lady realizes that she had much to do with making Lanny Ross one of the most outstanding of the Yale '28s.

IN STOCKHOLM, Sweden, Lanny was destined to meet his third love. The Yale Glee Club was making a European tour with young Ross as soloist. She sat with her mother and father in the auditorium that night, fourth row front, third seat from the aisle. Lanny remembers so well. After the concert, in precious privacy of a tiny restaurant, they had a glass of wine together. Looked deep into each other's hearts and spoke of inconsequential things. Then arm in arm they strolled the deserted streets under a North sky that seemed to drop down cold, bright stars for them to walk upon. When the time came to say goodnight they knew. They had fallen very terribly in love. *Really* in love this time, for Lanny.

So beautiful she was! Blond and statuesque with eyes mirror-blue as the water of the fjords. All the Yale fellows agreed that Ross had picked just about the loveliest girl Europe had had to offer the Elis. And what facilitated his love-making, she spoke fluent English. She had been educated in American schools.

In a few weeks the Glee Club returned to the United States bringing a very different Lanny. He had found himself. In his eyes he proudly wore his love like a multi-colored banner. There were plans, millions of them. He was going to enter Columbia University for his law degree and as soon as his practice would permit he was going to be married. She had promised, that last night, that she would wait. He could hardly bear the sharp sweetness of remembering.

The following summer he took his small savings and sailed for Sweden to visit her. Then he came back to feverishly pursue the making of his law career. That L.L.B. was so very important. Getting it meant her.

He did get it, two years later. But in the meantime her letter had come, telling him that she was marrying another man of her parents' choosing.

I THINK it was at that point that Lanny Ross, aged 25, ceased to be a boy. He became full grown and more bitterly hurt and disillusioned than ever he has been since. Out of his disillusionment there grew the determination to work so hard, so desperately and intently that he would stay too exhausted to even remember. He knew that he had to forget or he could not go on.

So every vestige of his interest he poured into his work. To make a bit of extra money he began singing with a quartet on NBC. His talent stood out to the extent that he was offered a solo series of programs. He chose between law and music, signed with Maxwell House and became the hit star of the *Showboat* hour. There followed rapidly the stage, vaudeville, pictures. Until Lanny Ross is where he is today.

It's been a hard, bitter interval, too.
[Continued on page 49]

FEBRUARY, 1935

I GUESS I'M JUST NATURALLY SKINNY-CAN'T GAIN AN OUNCE

I SAID THE SAME THING UNTIL I DISCOVERED KELP-A-MALT



FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY"
NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK
AND FEEL FINE!

New Natural Mineral Concentrate from the Sea—RICH in NATURAL IODINE, Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere

Here's good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been under-weight for years. 3 to 8 lbs. in 1 week guaranteed—12 to 15 lbs. in few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches in your daily diet—the weight making elements—include a rich supply of precious NATURAL IODINE.

Kelp-a-Malt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organs which regulate metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep—how your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach

distress vanishes. Watch flat chests and skinny limbs fill out and flattering extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-a-Malt. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week, the trial is free. Kelp-a-Malt comes in jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets and cost but little. It can be had at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send \$1.00 for generous sized introductory treatment to address below.

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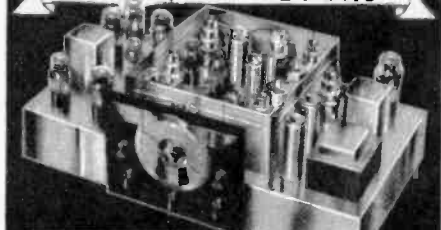
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BEFORE you buy any radio, write for new FREE 1935 Midwest "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog and learn why 110,000 satisfied customers bought radios direct from Midwest Laboratories and saved 1/2 to 1/3. You, too, can make a positive saving of 30% to 50% by ordering this more economical way. Midwest gives you triple protection with: Foreign Reception Guarantee, One-Year Guarantee, Money-Back Guarantee.

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This bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super selective radio gives you absolute realism... assures you of life-like crystal-clear tone. Only Midwest gives you a tuning range of 9 to 2400 meters (33 Megacycles to 125 KC), 12,000 mile range. Now, enjoy today's finest High Fidelity American programs... Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane, ship broadcasts... unequalled world-wide reception.

50 Advanced 1935 Features... and 16 tubes make this Super radio today's most powerful long-distance receiver. **FREE 36-page 1935 catalog** pictures a complete line of beautiful de luxe consoles and chassis in four colors.

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Order before the big price advance... NOW... while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values... no middlemen's profits to pay. You save 30% to 50%... you get 30 days FREE trial... as little as \$5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. **Send coupon or penny postcard for FREE catalog!**

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Back-Talk from the Stars

(Continued from page 27)

"Then there's the old subject of crooning. I was doing a singing job for an oil company when I started to get hundreds of critical letters about it. You know, most people fail to realize that we sing songs the way they are written. If the result can be called crooning it is really less our fault than that of the customers who demand their music so and so. You've made us what we are today, I hope you're satisfied—that sort of thing.

"When you face an operatic aria you naturally give it different treatment. It's not crooned because it isn't written that way. And speaking of the classics, did you know that some of them are sexier, dirtier than many of the modern things that have come in for attention? There's a bit in *Carmen* that certainly skates nearer the brink than some of Tin Pan Alley's worst!"

WHEN I entered NBC's colossal studio 8-H, I ran into Andy Wisewell, trombonist with Eddy Duchin who supplies the music for Ed Wynn's Hour. Andy had recently returned from Monte Carlo and was considerably disillusioned about the gaiety of the well-known spot. We were discussing the merits of our mutual native Maine when a piano that had been playing softly broke out into a loud *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. "Who's that guy?" I asked Andy. "Oh, that's Ed Wynn—he doesn't really play in the band."

When I finally got Wynn into a corner and took his cigar away from him he decided that he'd better talk, so with a few adjustments to the miniature turban sitting atop his head, he told all. "You know, Bill, I have been criticized unjustly and by a minister's wife of all people. 'You laugh at your own jokes, you shouldn't do that!' she said. I'd like to tell that lady that I'm not really laughing at my jokes, it's simply a part of my act. I've been doing it for thirty-three years. Why, it's as much a part of Wynn and Company as the silly hats!" "My first real criticism, however, came many many years back, just after I'd left college. I had written a big beautiful play that had somehow dwindled down to a vaudeville act. I ventured to perform in it assisted by a boy I found in a cabaret, someone not at all my equal as I was a rah rah boy, a collegian.

"We opened on a big bill, big enough to include Eva Tanguay, with the name of our offering 'The Rah Rah Boys' shoved into the worst spot on the bill. We were confident that we had gone over with a bank until we read Alan Dale's review next day. Dale, the toughest critic of them all, said simply but firmly, 'Ed Wynn in the "Rah Rah Boys"—just what is a Rah Rah Boy, a longshoreman or an expressman?"

"Though Dale later raved about my shows, I don't think I'll ever forget the awful jolt my pride got that day."

WYNN feels that there is really no such thing as unjust criticism of an actor. Anyone who ventures into public life must expect it. Adverse criticism is too often non-constructive; good criticism rides too close to flattery; he

has found it considerably easier on the nerves to avoid both and to try and guess what the public wants.

"As far as radio is concerned I really cater to the million listeners who listen as a group and to no one individual. Do you know, Vallée, that I would fight my sponsor himself if he tried to suggest something that to my way of thinking the public would not like? Of course, I, too, can only guess, but I think that after my thirty-odd years under grease paint my guess is better than the man's who has met it only in the form of lipstick!"

He turned to me then with a typical Wynn grin.

"I'll give you a good finish for your article. You ask me 'What good is a swelled head to a man?' and I'll give you the answer."

"What good is a swelled head to a man?" I asked obediently.

He giggled just as he does with Graham.

"Well, when he has lost everything he has as a result of it, he'll have a bigger hat to pass around!"

Now maybe the next time you take your pen in hand to give your favorite a scorching you'll think twice. Maybe!



Ed Wynn is pretty proud of his vest-full of fire department badges from the nation at large. At right, as he appears to Xavier Cugat



RADIOLAND

Lanny Ross Seeks His Dream Girl

[Continued from page 47]

getting to the top. And it's been harder in that every young man so wants above many things a heart-companion for his journey. There was no time for love up until recently. Work was the remedy he used for a hurt named Loneliness. And when one stops substituting the remedy the hurt begins again. You see, there is beginning to be a little leisure for him now. Lanny Ross has arrived.

And he's looking for his dream girl.

Out in Hollywood he has made two successful pictures, *Melody In Spring* and *College Rhythm*. He told me how highly he thinks of Mary Brian, Ann Sothorn and Helen Mack who were his leading ladies. There was also another California girl not in the movies. There are several girls in New York whom he takes out dancing now and then. His name has been coupled time and again with many feminine celebrities.

But between Lanny and all of them there stands a ghost girl whom he would rather find now than to have all the fame and money in the world. The ghost girl is *the right girl*. And as yet she's only an ideal.

AND WHAT'S she like?

Well, looks matter little. She can be either blonde or brunette, petite or portly, he says. But inside she'll possess a certain spiritual beauty for which there is no word. Lanny only knows that he will sense its presence when he meets her. And she'll be, in the main, one who can understand his moods; the trying, irregular life an artist lives because his work demands it. She'll like good books, good music, dogs, cheese souffle, entertaining for the folks of Radio Row and Hollywood, long walks, lazy, crazy hours just doing nothing when he's tired. She'll know how to enjoy to the fullest extent with him the plentiful fruits of the success he has strived so hard to bring about. And she'll be willing to share misfortune should anything ever occur to topple him from the peak of fame.

In return for it all he'll love her, always and forever, with all his heart. Lanny is like that. He's no sheik, really. He's just a *nice boy*.

So he's going on looking for the girl of his heart, one who will measure up to his ideal. One who would like a country house in the White Mountains, the job of frankly criticizing his broadcasts, and Mrs. Lancelot Patrick Ross on her calling cards.

She's the ideal to whom he sings his love songs.

Does it thrill you to think he may be singing to you?

Have you voted for your favorite radio star in **RADIOLAND'S** Nation-wide popularity poll? Turn to page 34 and fill out your ballot.

HELP KIDNEYS



...don't take drastic drugs

YOU have 9 million tiny tubes or filters in your Kidneys, which are at work night and day cleaning out Acids and poisonous wastes and purifying your blood, which circulates through your Kidneys 200 times an hour. So it's no wonder that poorly functioning Kidneys may be the real cause of feeling tired, run-down, nervous, Getting Up Nights, Rheumatic Pains and other troubles.

Nearly everyone is likely to suffer from poorly functioning Kidneys at times because modern foods and drinks, weather changes, exposure, colds, nervous strain, worry and over-work often place an extra heavy load on the Kidneys.

But when your Kidneys need help, don't take chances with drastic or irritating drugs. Be careful. If poorly functioning Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching, Acidity, Rheumatic Pains, Lumbago, Loss of Vitality, Dark Circles under the eyes, or Dizziness, don't waste a minute. Try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex). See for yourself the amazing quickness with which it soothes, tones and cleans raw, sore irritated membranes.

Cystex is a remarkably successful prescription for poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder. It is helping millions of sufferers, and many say that in just a day or so it helped them sleep like a baby, brought new strength and energy, eased rheumatic pains and stiffness—made them feel years younger. Cystex starts circulating through the system in 15 minutes, helping the Kidneys in their work of cleaning out the blood and removing poisonous acids and wastes in the system. It does its work quickly and positively but does not contain any dopes, narcotics or habit-forming drugs. The formula is in every package.

Because of its amazing and almost world-wide success, the Doctor's prescription known as Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) is offered to sufferers 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 you nothing.



City Health Doctor Praises Cystex



W. R. George
Medical Director

Doctors and druggists everywhere approve of the prescription Cystex because of its splendid ingredients and quick action. For instance, Dr. W. R. George, graduate Medical Dept., University of Indiana, former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, and Medical Director for insurance company 10 years, recently wrote the following letter:

"There is little question but what properly functioning Kidney and Bladder organs are vital to the health. Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with aching back, weakness, painful joints and rheumatic pains, head-

aches and a general run-down, exhausted body. This condition also interferes with normal rest at night by causing the sufferer to rise frequently for relief, and results in painful excretion, itching, smarting and burning. I am of the opinion that Cystex definitely corrects frequent causes (poor kidney functions) of such conditions and I have actually prescribed in my own practice for many years past the same ingredients contained in your formula. Cystex not only exerts a splendid influence in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, but also has an antiseptic action and assists in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Believing as I do that so meritorious a product deserves the endorsement of the Medical Profession, I am happy indeed to lend my name and photograph for your use in advertising Cystex."—Signed W. R. George M.D.



Sunny Golden Hair for YOU

LUSTROUS golden hair softens and flatters the face and head. Keep your head dainty with Marchand's, and the rest of the body as dainty as the head. Marchand's makes dark excess hair unnoticeable—like the light, invisible down on the blonde's skin. Limbs now appear dainty and attractive through the sheerest of stockings. Remember: where dark "superfluous" hair doesn't help, Marchand's does! Women of culture and sophistication, professional beauties of the stage and screen praise Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

Marchand's is perfectly safe; it is not a dye or powder. Satisfactory results over a period of years have shown that it does not wash out or come off. It has a lasting effect on the hair. Easy to do at home. No skill required.

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail—
Use Coupon Below

MARCHAND'S

Charles Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. F-234.

Name

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

Smart Alex Woollcott

[Continued from page 16]

himself, so how can he refuse to see the press? Well, anyway, it was a fine Winter's day and who should bounce into the then dramatic critic's cheerful little cubbyhole but one of those representatives of young Princeton manhood ("She Loves Me Not" and all the trimmin's) all wrapped up like a cocoon in his bear-skin coat.

The young collegiate had to have an interview with the famed critic to get a job on his college paper. But the first question floored Alex—"Did Mr. W. think the drama had changed much in the past 3,000 years?" So Mr. W. wrote the interview himself and made it one grand attack upon Mr. W. The youngster got his job. Of another Winter's day Woollcott was at a loss for copy, so he wrote a paragraph or two scathingly attacking the Princeton student who had been so grateful—and printed in full *his own* interview. Hardly was the ink dry on the paper when there came two wires from his editors commanding that he lose no time in hiring that young Princeton chap.

PHALANX, N. J., heard the first raucous squawl that was to develop later into radio's beloved worst voice. The time was January, forty-seven years ago. Kansas City heard him next and there Rosewell Martin Field—brother of Eugene and noted newspaperman—caught a hint of the future and liked that bawl. He liked it so well that he bought young Alexander ice cream sodas and took him to the little theater. That last settled the boy's choice of a career—he wanted to become a newspaperman and get free theater tickets.

On the way up to realizing his ambition, he stayed for a while at Hamilton College. He helped to pay for his laundry by winning short-story prizes. He

called one story "Prejudice." It was the heart-rending, soul-stirring tale of a young girl who was saved from what our famed spinner of words terms a fate-worse-than-death by the timely arrival of a special delivery package containing a picture of her mother. Now isn't that just like Woollcott?

Out of school—and to Philadelphia for a job. He wasted no time in troubling himself with newspaper executives. He hit immediately at the power behind the throne, and went to visit the wife of the Editor-in-Chief of the Philadelphia *Record*. She received him courteously enough, although a wee bit surprised. He concluded what he thought was a swell interview and, with a letter of introduction to the Managing Editor tucked safely away, he was balancing in the hallway with his overshoes when he heard his recent hostess use the telephone. Alex, possessing no scruples at that early age, listened. She was calling the editor of the *Record* and vigorously expressing her opinion: "I don't know whether he can write—but he should be a good reporter. He's the damndest noisest kid you ever saw."

SOON young Woollcott left for the Big City and got a job on the New York *Times*. But suddenly, in the Fall of 1912, he came to the conclusion that reportorial work was not for him. But maybe it wasn't so suddenly. It was all the result of Gambler Herman Rosenthal's murder on the doorstep of the *Times*. The case involved powerful Tammany satellites and rocked the town for many a moon. The *World* assigned eight men to the story, and our young friend was placed in single-handed combat against them. The outcome, after ten days of competition, was a nervous breakdown. Off he went to a

WELCOME

the BURNS' BABY



Everybody knows that George Burns and Gracie Allen have adopted a baby. Here's the first picture of the lucky infant—a four-month's old girl whom Gracie has named Sandra. To date the youngster hasn't appeared on a Burns and Allen program, probably for the reason that Sandra is no joke to her mother. Just what the infant thinks of Gracie's famous brother and father is information which has not yet been released for the press

sanitarium. After he had stopped brushing away the spots before his eyes, he returned to the *Times*. He felt sea-sick all over again when his editor said two things—"How are your tremors?" and "Well, you can go back to the Rosenthal case now." This last was too much and Woolcott swore never to work as a reporter again.

So he started to attend classes at Columbia University and work as a re-write man on the *Times* at night. This didn't work either—and he was saved for better things by being given the keys to the office of the *Times* dramatic critic. Mr. Van Anda, the managing editor, explains that Alex got the job because he looked like Thackeray and wrote better than Dickens. He must have been some boy, huh?

But what should come along but the World War—and off went the play-going writer to France. And then came November, 1918, and back to the great big white lights of the largest street in the world and back to his office as *Times* dramatic critic went the returning soldier. Three more years he worked for the *Times*, then *Herald* readers found their morning coffee made more fragrant by his quips and comments. Next, readers of the *Sun* and the *World* shared in the same pleasure. The *World* was his last stopping place. Here he had as his assistants a young woman who stooped to tears on the merest pretext and an English Earl of romantic title. So he retired.

HOWEVER, he just couldn't live out the rest of his days in romantic idleness, so he's busied himself writing plays and working for magazines, lecturing and just gadding about the world generally. And today he's worried about his lack of doing in the past five years. As a worm in his breast lingers the question his grandchildren, if he ever has any—he is still a stalwart bachelor, will put to him some day: "Grandfather, what did you do during the Great Depression?" And he shall have to answer: "I had a lovely time riding in rickshaws in Peking—and I ate more food in Moscow than any native could get hold of." (Moscow was the place where those naughty Russian children patted his expensive tummy in hungry envy.)

Then, too, he's managed to find time to write his best-selling book *While Rome Burns*. He's gone even farther—he's gone to Hollywood. He's taken to posing before the Klieg lights of movie-studios in such a fetching manner that a critic can shout to the house-tops: "Those sterling radio entertainers, Bing Crosby and Alexander Woolcott are now sharing the — screen . . ." The world's highest paid male singer and radio's Worst Voice in the same breath—all Mr. W. did was to monologue a bit in a short subject!

Radio now owns the most important rôle in Mr. Woolcott's scheme of things. He devotes himself most painstakingly to bringing his civilized conversation, his back-yard tid-bits and his cracker-box stories through your loud-speaker. And he thinks of running an inn in a couple of years so that he can have the best cook and wine-cellar in America without paying for it all by himself. Harpo Marx named Alexander Humphries Woolcott most properly when he said that he's just a "great big dreamer with a sense of double-entry book-keeping."

FEBRUARY, 1935

So Beautiful Now!

A NEGLECTED GIRL 3 MONTHS AGO



Posed by Dorothy Fage and Lee Bennett—Stars of Jan Garber's Supper Club



THREE MONTHS AGO I COULD ONLY DREAM ABOUT ROMANCE . . .



NBODY EVER TOOK ME-OUT . . .



THEN ONE DAY I LEARNED WHY BUT WHAT COULD I DO? I HAD TRIED NO END OF WAYS TO CLEAR UP MY SKIN AND NOTHING SEEMED TO HELP

TOO BAD SUE DANIELS DOESN'T GET RID OF THOSE UGLY BLOTCHES. SHE'D BE A PEACH IF SHE'D ONLY CLEAR UP HER SKIN!



LUCKY FOR ME I HEARD ABOUT A NEW TYPE OF YEAST ON THE RADIO THAT NIGHT AND GOT SOME

YEAST FOAM TABLETS HAVE ENDED UGLY SKIN BLEMISHES FOR THOUSANDS OF WOMEN!

I'M GOING TO TRY THEM!



30 DAYS LATER

BEFORE A MONTH WAS OVER MY SKIN WAS BEGINNING TO CLEAR UP BEAUTIFULLY

THESE YEAST FOAM TABLETS ARE SIMPLY MARVELOUS!



AM I HAPPY NOW! A DATE EVERY NIGHT IF I WANT IT. AND I OWE IT ALL TO YEAST FOAM TABLETS!

YOU'RE STUNNING TONIGHT, SUE!

MAY I HAVE THE NEXT DANCE?

You, Too, Can Have New Beauty of Skin and Complexion

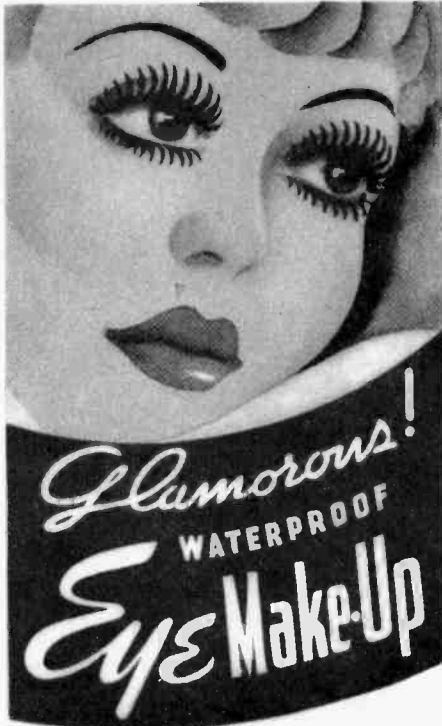
WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your ner-

vous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.





● Now a devastating, glimmering eyelash and brow make-up that refuses to smudge or flake off. A single application brings your eyes irresistible allure all day and evening, too. "I"-LAST is guaranteed to stay on no matter how much you wet it—until removed with vaseline or cold cream. Cry, perspire, swim, or walk in the rain and your lashes and brows will remain shining, fresh and glamorous. Simple to apply. Truly safe. Will not smart the eyes.

Four bewitching shades—Black, Brown, Blue and Green for either daytime or evening use. \$1.00 at toilet counters or send coupon for trial size bottle—a month's supply. Proves its compelling effectiveness—and how really waterproof "I"-LAST is.

"I"-Last

WILLARD COMPANY, DEPT. 26, 516 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Enclosed is 10c. Send trial size bottle of waterproof "I"-LAST as per shade checked below.

Black Brown Blue Green

Name.....

Address.....

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

If you wish three shades—check those you desire and enclose 25c.

UGLY SKIN OUTBREAKS

Treated New Way.
Wonderful Results



AWFUL PIMPLES A WEEK AGO... CLEAR SKIN TODAY

NOT a mere cosmetic! Here is an amazing treatment employing a new, non-irritating scientific skin discovery called HYDROSAL. Already tested by clinics, hospitals. Used by thousands; amazing popularity in pimples, boils and common rashes. 95% success reported even with stubborn eczemas! Allays itching and pain in minutes. Promotes marvelous quick healing in burns and injuries, too. Ask for HYDROSAL today at any good drug store. Liquid and ointment forms; 30c and 60c sizes.

Hydrosal for Common Skin Outbreaks

Chance Brought Fame to Tony Wons

[Continued from page 22]

the store the horse began to act up. With Tony tugging at the lines with all his feeble might and yelling, "Whoa, "Whoa," like one possessed, it must have been a pretty spectacle as the horse galloped through the town. Boxes of groceries scattered to the left and right at every bump, and finally Tony flew over the horse's head into a cabbage patch and the poor horse tore loose of the carriage and started down the railroad track. He ran smack into a brick wall and was so badly hurt he had to be shot.

With fear and trembling little Tony slunk back to the grocery. What would the boss say? How could he pay back for the horse? For the wagonload of groceries scattered over the road?

But the grocer, instead of scolding him, complimented him. "I heard tell all about how you hung on to the fool horse, young feller. You're a brave little kid. You go home and tell your ma I'm raising you 50 cents a week."

So a fluke of fate started Tony on his business career—and taught him that you never can tell what is in store for you. You've just got to trust to luck.

IT WAS an unlucky chance that I caused the next change in his life. Suddenly, when he was about thirteen, Tony's father died leaving Mrs. Wons poor in money and with six hungry little Wonses to feed, clothe and educate. A tiny income and the house they lived in, heavily mortgaged, were all the assets. Enough to struggle along on till Tony grew a little older, provided, of course, they did not have to meet the mortgage. Tony, in the sixth grade, was kept in school.

Then Dame Fortune or Misfortune

stepped in and yanked him out of school once and for all, forcing him into the rank and file of factory workers. It made him a breadwinner at the age of thirteen, soldering typebars in a type-writer plant. And all because . . .

The mortgagor seemed a fine, old red-bearded gentleman, kind and considerate. Time and again he assured Tony's mother, as he patted the children on the head, "You needn't worry about paying off the mortgage, Mrs. Wons. I know how things are. You just pay me the interest and everything will be fine."

Then one day, as Mrs. Wons was baking bread in the kitchen, there was a knock at the door. The nice old red-bearded gentleman, his bald head gleaming, was there with another dignified gentleman, his lawyer.

"This is my house," he yelled, "you poor white trash get out."

The lawyer explained that as the principal had fallen due and had not been paid, action to foreclose had been taken.

THAT was too much for Tony's mother. Honest soul, she had believed implicitly in the good faith of the mortgagor. And now she realized he had tricked her into losing her home. Taking up a dirty broom, she brought it down over the heads of the red-bearded gentleman and his attorney. They left precipitately. But Mrs. Wons lost their home and little Tony had to shoulder the cares of chief breadwinner.

The next five years proved a pretty hard struggle. Working twelve and fourteen hours a day, often till nine at night, left little free time for the boy. Dreadfully unhappy, he drifted from one job to another. Chair factories, saw mills, foundries, automobile factories,



J

ACK BENNY, not busy enough with his radio program, is also appearing in a Broadway comedy, *Bring on the Girls*. The two brought on in the photo are Muriel Campbell and Claire Carlton

RADIOLAND

clothing mills, butcher shops, all were his places of employment. The Wons family was as poor as any creatures God ever put on earth. Tony associated with roughnecks who drank rot-gut and cursed and fought their lives away, with the lowest of the low, in his jobs. All these experiences stuck in his memory, till chance was to give him the opportunity to turn them into a gold mine.

Then another fluke of fate shifted the course of his life. The drums he had bought with his 50 cents a week were his one source of entertainment and he played them till they actually talked. So well did he play that he was in demand at dances and masquerades and vaudeville performances. Though the dances often lasted from eight at night till five or six the next morning, and he had only time enough to go home and change his clothes before reporting at the factory for work, it was worth it. For they and the stage gave him his one glimpse of another world, of heaven. He made up his mind that he would become an actor.

But you needed education, a veneer, more than the rough world of working men offered, to succeed in that, he realized. So every minute he could spare was spent in taking courses in public speaking and dramatics in the library reading philosophy, history, philology, science, literature. "Most of the stuff went right over my head," he told me, "but I kept right on reading, even if I had to reread a page six times to get the gist of it."

AND then a chance notion, out of nowhere, got him really started on his lifework. He decided to take his vacation in the fall instead of the summer. It happened that Robert Mantell, the famous Shakespearean actor, was presenting a series of plays with a stock company. Wons went to see one, and came away fired with the ambition to emulate Robert Mantell.

If he had taken his vacation in the summer, Tony Wons would not have seen Mantell, and he would never have got the idea of presenting Shakespearean dramas on the air, which eventually launched him on his radio career. "I might have been selling apples today or maybe preaching in some church or plugging away at an office job, if by accident I had not seen *The Merchant of Venice* that October night," he told me.

The next few years he drifted from one job to another, but his interest in dramatics still persisted and he kept offering his services as monologist to churches, clubs, picnics. "I just had to find expression in public," he said smilingly. "Anywhere I could get an audience I went, even if the audience was only one person."

A socialistic group was giving a picnic and Wons volunteered to give some dramatic monologues. Chance played a happy trick on him, for at this picnic he met a charming but rabid young socialist, who married him. "But she almost made a socialist of me first," he grinned. They have one daughter, now fifteen, Theodosia.

A married man needed a steady job, so next we have Tony an assistant sales manager for a hardware plant at \$75 a week. But Shakespeare was still in his blood, and Mrs. Wons sympathized with him.

Quite by accident, almost as if for
[Continued on page 72]

FEBRUARY, 1935

Fool-proof Chocolate Frosting



EAGLE BRAND CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 1/2 cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking instead of 15! And it never fails! Never too thick nor too thin. Goes on in lovely rich swirls. ● But remember... Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie without cooking! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Quick Breads! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. FWG25, 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Name _____

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(Print name and address plainly)



Hair Men Adore

Fascinating Glints brought out in one shampoo!

DON'T let drab hair make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo-rinse—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out gleaming lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and film. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical \$1 bottle.

LOSE FAT



Lost 55 lbs.

"Look ten years younger!"

WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

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

NURSE REDUCES... Recommends Easy Way

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

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

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

FAT GOES... OR NO COST

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

FREE! valuable book

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

RE-DUCE-OIDS
TRADE MARK REG.



GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc., Dept. F352
746 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Calif.

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

Name.....

Address.....

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

Will Rogers—Mystery Man of Radio

[Continued from page 13]

"Sundays is an awful hard day for me to broadcast. I get to havin' so much fun ropin' calves on the ranch that I can hardly tear myself away to go in to town and talk about Congress. Give me calves every time over Congress. Got more sense, too."

THE thing that worried him when he first started in was how to time his material. In vaudeville he had been allowed to run over, or under, and he had done so for years in his after dinner speaking and personal appearances. "I always talk till I run out—or the audience does," he says. Sometimes, at a dinner, he will get started and talk for forty-five minutes; then the next time he is called on he may not talk five minutes. But radio is a stern master, and Will knew it. He ran over the first time, and then the idea of the now famous alarm clock came to him.

"It's purpose is to stop me—an' wake up my audience."

And he got one, too. A real alarm clock, and all was well. And then one night the alarm clock didn't function, so the next time he brought two alarm clocks to the studio!

"I'm the only radio actor in the world that carries his own spare—alarm clock."

But he still had trouble with them, for they were uncertain and then, too, he set them off himself—which the public never suspected. So he got from the studio a "hand-prop" with a button and a bell, and this is what he now uses. When the time approaches, the prop is handed him and he touches it himself. It has been a splendid "gag" (as he would call it) for it has not only kept him from running over the time but has also added to the novelty of the act.

"Does Will Rogers write his stuff and read it? Or does he extemporize? And how does he work out his jokes?" These are questions which are always being asked me; I'll try to answer them. Now as to the first one: he does *not* write his radio speeches. This is not quite correct, for he has written one of them, and this was last winter when he spoke about the airplane accident. You will recall that an airplane in Wyoming had flown into the side of a mountain, and the chief pilot and all the passengers were killed. He had just recently come east on that very airplane and knew the pilot and the hostess, and was so much touched (aviation is near his heart) that he did not dare to talk about the accident, and so dictated the speech and read it.

HE HAS an amazing method of working up his material; his jokes. I know of no other comedian who does it the same as Mr. Rogers does. He does it by talking. He knows he is going to broadcast next Sunday night at nine-thirty and he knows he is going to talk about Russia, say. His mind is full of the subject—he talks Russia to everybody he sees, and each time he tells about Russia he thinks of a new joke, or a new line—and boy! does he remember them. A fly in tanglefoot paper has a better chance of escape than a joke from Will Rogers' mind. He

talks the subject for four or five days, adding to it each time he talks, slowly building it up, as a director does a stage play, until he has it so well in hand that when Sunday night comes he ambles up to the microphone, puts his hands in his pockets, stands on one foot, screws up his face, and shouts.

If you heard him talk on the subject Saturday night it would be about as good as it will be on the air. He has put none of it to paper—carries it all in his head. No ghost writer for him, and no gag writer. Ed Wynn has an allowance of \$1,500 a week for gag writers; Will Rogers doesn't even have to pass out a cigar. The jokes are all his. No one can point to a joke in a Rogers broadcast and say, "I'm its Daddy."

But he does write one thing—and that is his newspaper syndicated material which appears in 588 newspapers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico—including one paper on the Atlantic ocean and one on the Pacific. And he writes it with amazing speed. I have seen him write his daily newspaper squib in fifteen minutes. Once he (of my own knowledge) cut it down to twelve minutes. And gets \$2,800 a week for it. (This does not include his Sunday stuff which goes out through a different syndicate.)

WILL is a hard-headed business man, and yet strangely generous. He makes the radio sponsors pay and pay handsomely, but on the other hand

As Seen By a Fellow Artist



NOT too flattering, but amusingly characteristic is this caricature of Will Rogers done by Xavier Cugat, who is a well-known radio celebrity in his own right as conductor of the one of the three bands furnishing music on the National Biscuit Company's new Let's Dance program. The Cugat Orchestra also plays nightly at the Waldorf-Astoria. Mr. Cugat's facility with pen and brush is as well known to his fellow stars as his dexterity with the baton.

he will do something that staggers an ordinary mortal. As an example: In May, 1933, he went on for the Gulf Oil Company for seven Sunday nights—and turned all the money over to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army. And what sort of a telegram do you suppose he sent the Red Cross and the Salvation Army telling them he was going to turn the money over to them? Here it is:

"I am going to preach for seven Sunday nights for the Gulf Oil Company, and I am going to turn all the oil over to you. I ain't got anything to lose but my voice, and I hav'n't lost it yet. The only one who can lose is Gulf—that is, if they don't sell enough gas to pay me for my gas. Don't thank me, thank the Gulf people, or, better yet, the radio listeners—they will be the sufferers."

He talks over the air just as he does over the table; he is the most completely himself of any person I know. Sometimes, however, he gets criticism for being himself. One day, just after he had finished a broadcast, some well-meaning person called up and got him on the telephone—just how, I don't know, for it's almost impossible to get him to come to the telephone. The well-meaning person told him, very seriously, that he should use better grammar as it influenced millions of people and made them fall into bad English. The person especially criticized him for saying "et" instead of "eaten."

"Well, I know lots of people who can say 'have eaten' perfectly grammatical—but they ain't et."

When you are with him, he likes to talk about his early days in Oklahoma, and to compare them with the present. And he is now considering doing a broadcast on that subject.

"People have got too many diseases these days," he says. "Why, when I was a kid growin' up in the Indian Territory the only diseases anybody ever heard of was stummick-ache, ear-ache—and gunshot wounds. It was considered a disgrace to get laid up with stummick-ache, but a gunshot wound was considered livin' a normal peaceful, home-lovin' life."

"Where I grewed up, quinine was considered a food, not a medicine. We'd set it on the table, same as sugar, and everybody helped themselves with table-spoons."

NO ONE around the studio ever knows what he is going to do. There have been no rehearsals, no one even knows his subject, unless he has announced it in advance. Most studios demand that the speech be written and a copy given to them before the speaker goes on; but there is no Rogers speech. One time in Chicago it romped into his head to impersonate Amos an' Andy, and he did! Not only Amos an' Andy, but also Lightnin' and Brother Crawford—and Ben Bernie. And all the same broadcast. As a matter of fact, he likes to imitate Negroes; and he does it well, too, for he was brought up by a Mammy. Once, for a brief time, he appeared as a blackface comedian. And some day, he says, he wants to do a black-face part in pictures. The first time he came to New York was with a trainload of cattle—got free passage for chaperoning the cattle here from Oklahoma. He walked down Broadway and nobody knew him. And now when he walks down Broadway everybody knows him.

"It just shows what mixin' with the right crowd will do for you," he says.

FEBRUARY, 1935

Helping Millions to END COLDS SOONER

WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It goes right to work to fight a cold *direct—two ways at once*. Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

Follow daytime treatments with an application at bedtime—to get the effect of VapoRub's powerful two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS VAPORUB



(VapoRub is the foundation of Vicks Plan for Better Control of Colds. This unique Plan fully described in each Vicks package.)

To Help PREVENT Colds
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
for nose and throat

Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in the early stages.



WHAT CAROLE LOMBARD Knows About MEN!

All Hollywood is agog over the beauty and talents of Carole Lombard. She is a woman apart in a city of beautiful and talented women. But she has known heartaches and has suffered from life and from this has come a true understanding—an understanding she reveals in the February issue of SCREEN PLAY.

The SHADOW That Haunts
CLAUDETTE COLBERT

This is the story that only a real, close friend of Claudette Colbert could write, because it is a story of Claudette's own secret. But Nina Wilcox Putnam IS Claudette's close friend and she is a great writer, so we have a truly outstanding story.

These are only two of MANY great stories in the February issue of SCREEN PLAY. There are other fine articles on film favorites, several big contests, a great array of beautiful pictures and meaty "low down" news.



GET YOUR COPY NOW!
On Sale at All Newsstands

THE INSULT THAT MADE A MAN OUT OF "MAC"

LISTEN—I'LL WINK AT YOUR GIRL ANYTIME I FEEL LIKE IT! I'D SMASH YOUR FACE, SKINNY—ONLY YOU MIGHT FALL APART!



THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN SOME DAY.



OH, DON'T BOTHER, "LITTLE BOY"! ... WELL, GOODBYE.

DARN IT! I'M SICK OF BEING A SCARECROW! CHARLES ATLAS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL BODY. I'LL GAMBLE A STAMP AND GET HIS FREE BOOK!



BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE ATLAS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! LOOK HOW THOSE MUSCLES BULGE! ... THAT BIG STIFF WON'T DARE INSULT ME NOW!



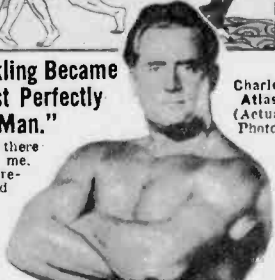
WHAM!--NOW IT'S YOUR TURN TO "FALL APART." NOW BEAT IT!



OH MAC! YOU ARE A REAL MAN AFTER ALL!

This 97-lb. Weakling Became "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man!"



Charles Atlas (Actual Photo)

Now I'll give you **PROOF** in just 7 days that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

I'LL PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and geeky? Are you short-winded, peepish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I'LL PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **HE-MAN!** Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1072, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.**

Mail Coupon Now For My **FREE BOOK**

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 1072, 115 East 23rd Street, New York City. I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic-Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
 (Please print or write plainly)
 Address
 City State
 © 1935 C. A. Ltd.



Grace and Eddie Albert won fame as the *Honeymooners* after a long stretch of hard sledding. They met in Minneapolis, where Grace worked in a department store and Eddie was assistant manager of a theater

Meet the Honeymooners

By JESSE BUTCHER

SCHOOL-DAY friends of Grace and Eddie Albert, those two prepossessing youngsters heard four times weekly over NBC as the *Honeymooners*, recall that long before one met the other in the city of Minneapolis, where they grew up, both employed the same catch phrase: "I am on my way." And it may be that the discovery of a meeting of minds—and ambitions—when a mutual friend introduced each to the other four years ago has accounted for their carrying out the slogan in a search from local station to local station and finally to a chain, to achieve real stardom.

Theirs is a success story in the making, a story which will illustrate what is in store for the embryo radio star who really wants to succeed. It's so convincing that I am going to reverse the usual procedure of telling about the champagne and caviar served to those who have arrived, by setting down in cold type the story of the beer and hamburgers that are the fare of those who are on the way up.

SINCE we must have a beginning, let me take the day when Grace Albert, christened Grace Bradt, was employed at Young and Quinlan's exclusive ladies' ready-to-wear store; and Eddie Albert, born Edward Heinberger, was functioning as assistant manager of the Grand Theater in Minneapolis.

Grace had been rehearsing with two boys in an embryo radio trio act when one of the lads dropped out. She was in a dilemma until that evening, when a friend introduced her to Eddie and she found out that he sang. In a few minutes they were "on their way."

Well, they got occasional work on WCCO, and then something happened which definitely turned their paths exclusively to radio. The trio got a one night engagement at the Orpheum Theater in Minneapolis. Eddie, who held down the job of assistant manager of the rival house, was supposed to be at his post. Unfortunately for him, his boss's secretary was in the audience, and she, for reasons known to many others of her sex, decided to tattle. . . . And it was shortly after that, that Eddie Albert "severed his connections" with his theater, and radio was his sole means of support. The "threesome," as their act was called, played later engagements on KSTP, St. Paul; and then came the night when Eddie and Grace and Herbert Nelson, the third one-third of the trio, made a great decision on what to do with their joint weekly check of forty-five dollars. They voted to borrow a Ford and go on a journey—carrying out Grace and Eddie's slogan, "We're on our way."

Now listen, you who are fired with radio ambition. These three rode 2,680 miles in one week, seeking audi-

tions—and arrived back in time to do their regular program in the Twin Cities!

This time they sought—and obtained—auditions at WLW, Cincinnati; WTAM, Cleveland; and WVAR, Detroit—covering 1,412 miles in four days! They returned to St. Louis, and on Christmas morning, the day after their contract had expired, the "Threesome" received telegrams instructing them to proceed to WLW for an engagement.

HERE they remained for a year and nine months, when the mutual slogan guiding the lives of Grace and Eddie—"I am on my way"—again asserted itself. This time, unfortunately, it meant the breaking up of the trio. So, with Grace's mother, who was visiting her, the two rushed away from Cincinnati—this time, thanks to the proceeds of some local commercials, in a contemporary model slinky car. And remember this car, for it plays an important part in the lives of Grace and Eddie.

The two auditioned again at WTAM, Cleveland, and also at KDKA, Pittsburgh—and WCAU, Philadelphia—at all of which they were offered sustaining engagements. But New York's radio capital was their real destination. They took a week off to see the sights, and then they blithely set out to get an engagement on the networks. And Grace and Eddie were not long in discovering that hundreds and hundreds of other boys and girls had had the same idea of coming to New York. In the discouraging weeks which followed, their funds grew lower and lower; and finally, with a pang, they had to sell their shiny car in a depression market.

It was a hand to mouth existence. They heard "no" so often to their pleas for a chance that they often felt like getting "on their way" again, back to Philadelphia or Cleveland to try again, when their perseverance was rewarded by getting occasional work at NBC as a singing duo, billed as Grace and Eddie Albert. Next, they got a full month's work at the Radio City. Now they really had their feet inside the chain headquarters.

"We were so happy that we splurged one night and spent two dollars apiece for dinner in a restaurant with tablecloths," Eddie recalled. "We were so tired of armchair places."

With their meals assured for a whole month, the two set their minds to work to develop an act. Out of many, many days of thinking was born the idea of the *Honeymooners*, a script act with music, setting forth the joys and cares of a newly married couple.

Two days after their audition at NBC, the act was accepted, and scheduled on a coast-to-coast network four times a week. And since it started last May 7th, the program has been increasing in popularity, both in the fan-mail it attracts and the publicity it has merited. I will not deny that the good looks of both of them have been a contributing influence on radio editors.

FEBRUARY, 1935

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No Love Story for Gershwin

[Continued from page 35]

than that guy. I'll even write songs. Then I'll marry you."

The little girl gripped his bronze-skinned hand and replied, "Of course you will. But, Georgie, will you let me sing while you play?"

Unfortunately, George kept only half of that promise. His name went up in blazing lights but he never married. He has even forgotten that little girl's name!

The high school's walls were too cramped for this aspirant. He had to get out and make good. His blood was hot, and his hands itched for ivory. When most boys were just stepping out to meet the "only girl in the world," George was banging away in a music publishing house.

BROADWAY'S bizarre parade passed before his gleaming eyes. He saw painted and tainted lips. Show people. These girls had little time to waste on struggling song writers. They were out for bigger game. George was too young. "Why rob the cradle?" they asked.

Lonely though he was, George buried himself in his work. He didn't even hear his heart throb.

When he was eighteen, he wrote the music for a musical comedy. It was called *Half Past Eight*. The show opened and closed in Albany. It never reached New York. One Albany critic said, "*Half Past Eight* opened last night but I went home at ten-to-nine." The boy composer was crushed. He had to borrow train fare to get back home. On the way to the station he saw a painter smearing out the words, "Music by Gershwin" on a signboard. He stifled his tears and mumbled to himself, "That will never happen again."

The burning ambition to succeed was like a fever and he soon forgot the Al-

bany episode. There was bigger work to be done. He didn't reply to the letters Mary wrote to him. Suddenly her correspondence stopped. The little girl decided to write Finis to her sidewalk romance. She knew that her hero was going it alone.

One night in 1919 an incident occurred that was partly responsible for George's disinterest in love. He was in the back room of the publishing house. Before him was a music sheet dotted with notes.

A man entered whom George recognized as a popular song writer of the day. The man, George recalled, had been hitting the high spots of the town. His fat royalty checks could be found in the cash registers of Broadway's night clubs.

In a daze, the man slumped into a chair. He stared blankly at George. He wanted to tell this boy something. He wanted to help somebody.

"What's the matter, Harry?" asked George.

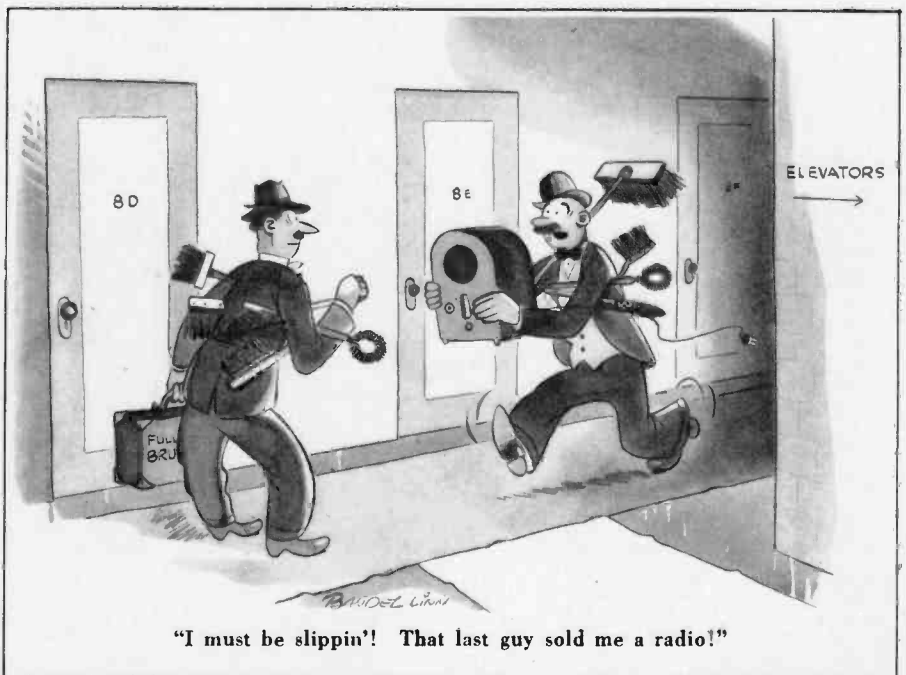
"Georgie, you want to be a great songwriter, don't you?"

"I'm going to be."

"Then remember one thing," the man answered, a bit slowly and sadly, "Don't mix romance with rhythm. I did. Before I met her I was turning out spirited music. Now my head and heart ache only for her. I've grown stale. Tonight she told me we were through—washed up. I can't write any more. I'm licked."

George listened intently. He hardly noticed when the man stumbled out of the room. George never saw him again.

DETERMINED, he returned to his music. That would never happen to him! He stayed at the piano till dawn broke. When he went for breakfast he



knew that he had written his first big hit. The song was *Swanee*. It sold 2,250,000 phonograph records. Producers and publishers began to look up the name George Gershwin. The time had come.

On Lincoln's Birthday, 1924, jazz was given a top hat. Paul Whiteman, a Falstaffian, toe-tapping, dance band conductor, and George collaborated to give America its first modern concert. Before an audience of caustic critics and disdainful dilettantes, the Kraft Cheese maestro played George's masterpiece, *Rhapsody in Blue*. The composer, nervous and frightened, was at the piano. Thirty minutes later the audience knew that another chapter had been added to music's history. Men were cheering. Women were screaming. George Gershwin's Ghetto-dream had come true.

That momentous afternoon George could have had his pick of New York's choicest sirens. Instead he rushed off to a hiding place. He wanted to finish his musical comedy score. "My work comes first," he told Whiteman, who was going to a celebration.

When George was a kid he had hopes that one of his own compositions would be played if he walked down the aisle with a hoped-for mate. Ironically enough, when his sister Frances married the younger son of Leopold Godowsky, the famous conductor, George played his *Rhapsody* as the wedding march.

People began inviting him to one affair after another. He became the town's toast. Often he would take some charming girl with him. He would talk to her about his music, joke a bit, and then take the maiden home. But never did his attentions become serious.

ONCE he almost fell in love with a girl he had never seen. It was at the time of his show, *Strike Up the Band*. After the gala opening, his telephone rang. A sweet, seductive voice was on the other end. "It flowed like his music. The voice wanted to speak to the man who wrote such beautiful music. Could they meet? George's heart leaped. The voice captured him. They arranged a meeting place. Like a kid, he concocted the idea of how they would recognize each other. It wasn't a very original idea, but it would suffice. Each would have a rose.

The hour came and George was in the lobby nervously walking up and down. Then his eyes spotted something—something quite disillusioning. A girl, squat and dumpy, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, was leaning against the pillar. Clutched in her chubby hand was a red, red rose. George didn't walk. He ran to the nearest exit. Thereafter he gave orders that his butler should answer all strange phone calls.

I've seen this modern music master with several comely women. Not one of them has won his heart. I know of several who think they inspired his love songs. But George contradicts this happy thought.

"I write my songs as I feel. If I've gone out with a girl the night before and we had a pleasant evening I'll come home and write a very lively tune. Something like *Fascinating Rhythm* or *Clap Yo' Hands*. The love songs like *The Man I Love* and *Butler* are not really my own sentiments. I write the melody and my brother Ira writes the amorous lyrics."

Perhaps through his radio work he will meet the right girl. I doubt if



George Gershwin at the piano again—this time with Dick Robertson, tenor, rehearsing for a *Music by Gershwin* broadcast

George will go out looking for her.

The last time I saw this busy bachelor he was in his rambling penthouse on New York's smart East Side. The place is crammed with paintings and books. Most of the paintings were dabbled by George himself. That's his hobby. I noticed that no autographed pictures of lovely ladies decorated his apartment.

BESIDES his radio work, he is composing an opera which New York's Theatre Guild will produce next season. It is an adaption of DuBose Heyward's *Porgy*. George spent all summer wandering about the south collecting atmosphere and material for this work. It is to be his crowning achievement.

George has recently become a radio fan. He enjoys playing over the air and likes to talk best of all. He writes his own little announcements.

"I'm going to have the opening night of *Porgy* broadcast," he said, "I want my radio fans to hear it first."

After that is finished he wants to do another musical comedy. Hollywood is calling for another musical picture. He has so many things to do that he still doesn't realize that something infinitely important is missing from his life. Probably if he discovered the empty niche he would be quite surprised.

But even if some lucky girl does enter his life she would have to contend with a jealous suitor. A big ebony piano dominates not only George's apartment, but his entire life.

It seems to constantly remind George Gershwin what that broken-hearted, drunken composer told him in that dim little backroom, many years ago:

"Georgie, rhythms and romance don't mix."

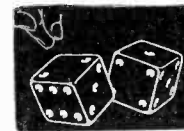
I'm afraid George Gershwin's love songs will never be duets.

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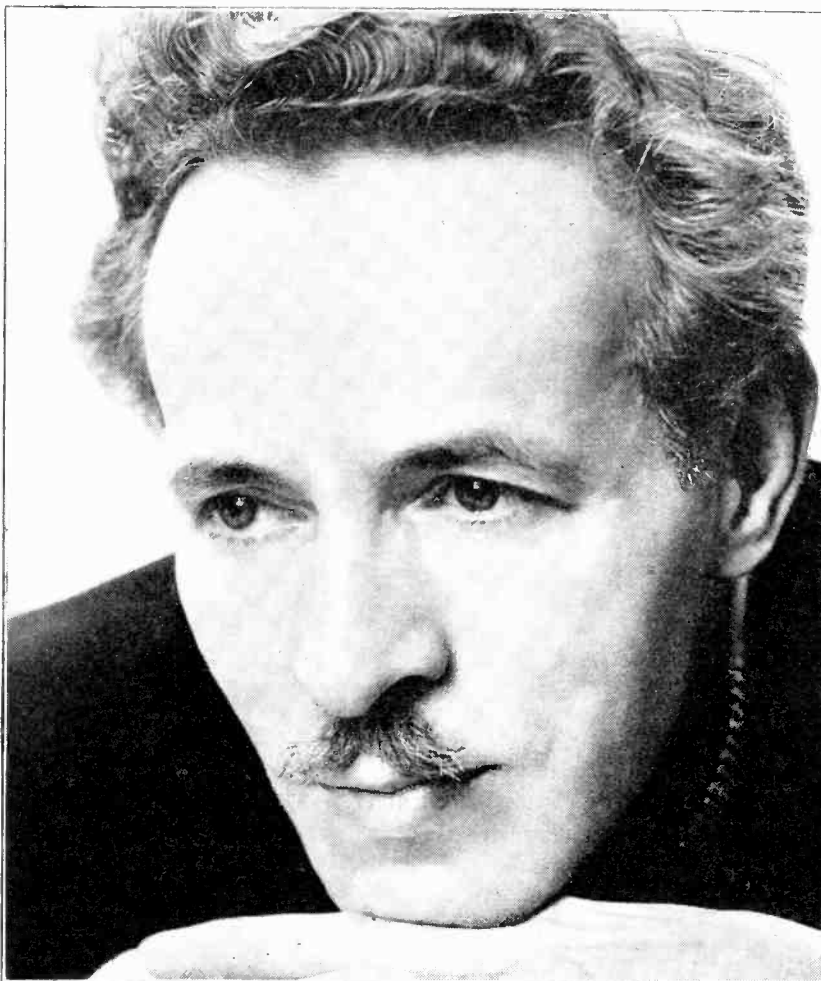
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David Ross

Poet Laureate of RADIO

By ROSE DENIS

THOUGH radio is a precise and practical art, and a bustling studio the last place in the world one would expect a poetic soul to survive, David Ross and his *Poet's Gold* have thrived for five years on the Columbia Broadcasting System.

David's yearning for beautiful words beautifully spoken have won him a special place of distinction, not only as the conductor of *Poet's Gold*, but as one of the foremost commercial announcers. His microphone manner, as disarmingly friendly as that of an old family doctor, has been greatly responsible for his success. David's perfect diction and his profoundly deep and expressive voice earned for him the coveted Diction Medal awarded by the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

A poet in his own right, David's verse has been published in the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, and other magazines. He

edits his own magazine of poetry on the air—that is, David chooses for his *Poet's Gold* the work of famous or unknown poets to be read on that inspiring fifteen minutes. He believes that his program has been of interest for five years, a long time in radio, because "there is a certain universality of appeal in the poetry that deals with man's longing and his relationship to things about him."

He chooses for his *Poet's Gold* only those poems which, when read, make an instant emotional appeal, and leaves the more subtle verses to be read in the library where they can be read over and over again, if necessary.

Young poets, the country over, submit their efforts to David, and may be sure that their work receives the kindest and most earnest attention. Some of the most outstanding poems received from amateurs are presented by David

on *Poet's Gold*, and he is genuinely and generously thrilled when he discovers a real gem among the manuscripts which find their way into his mailbox. David believes absolutely that the work and effort put into making *Poet's Gold* an inspiring program is one of the most important things he does. If you should ask radio's poet laureate what is wrong with the world, he would probably tell you that people are starved for beautiful thoughts.

DAVID, personally, is one of those people who "look the part." If you should visit the milling reception room of CBS, you would probably be able to recognize him without having him pointed out. This beloved announcer-poet-philosopher has a slightly dramatic, but sincere appearance. His brown-and-grey hair is unconventionally bushy—though not to the point of bohemianism. David's distinguished rust-brown tweed suit, his gracious, even courtly manner, and eloquent way of speaking, mark him as somebody special. He appears to have the abounding enthusiasm of a ten-year-old boy, and yet when he speaks in that profoundly deep and sensitive voice of his, there is as much despair as happiness in it—because David is, after all, a poet.

As for his philosophy—here are his own words; "I have never yet heard of a single instance where the law of gravitation was suspended in order to please the great. Kings and Crooners and Statesmen and Sandbags, and even Announcers (with a deep chuckle from David), if dropped from tall places, all fall at the same rate of speed, and are each received by the impartial pavement with the same sweet unconcern. It seems that the law of gravitation plays no politics, has no preferences and is not at all impressed either by the amount of your fan letters or the num-

ber of marriage proposals received through the mails."

David, whether or not he realized it at the time he made that statement, is probably one of the latter mortals, who defy the law of gravitation to a certain extent. That is, David could not have been successful to such a great degree in a business world without having his feet on the ground, but his head, praise be, remains in the clouds.

So indomitably did David want his intellectual independence that he burst out of his first job as messenger boy in a bank, and other ensuing practical, yet unliterary occupations, to the frugal yet more satisfying life of a book-reviewer. David reviewed those books to which he was lucky enough to be assigned by newspaper book editors, and spent the remaining time contentedly browsing around second-hand book stores, and writing poetry with a stub pencil in a crowded notebook.

David would have been content to go on for years browsing in book-stores and radio never would have possessed one of its most effective announcers had it not been for an invitation to visit a radio station. That was about eight years ago, and program production was still in a formative stage. Fatefully, a heavy thunder storm broke, and the entertainers for the fifteen-minute spot following the first one David witnessed, failed to show up. The program director frenziedly searched for someone to fill in, and David was unceremoniously drafted—having been pointed out as an excellent reader of poetry.

THE program director was so impressed with the ease and quality of David's voice that he jotted down the telephone number of the impromptu poet, and several weeks later David was offered a job at the station.

[Continued on page 63]



Meet the famous Vallée family: Bill Vallée (don't miss his article in this issue), Rudy Vallée, and Charles Vallée, their father. They made a special Thanksgiving broadcast over WNEW

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Name

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Play A Tune In 10 Minutes

On your Spanish Guitar, Uke, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. No knowledge of music necessary. No practice. Play first by number, then by note. Simply attach E-Z Player to your favorite instrument—press numbered keys and play.

FREE Instruction book with numbered tunes and chords comes with every E-Z Player. Start playing popular tunes by number right off the reel. Be the life of the party—the center of attraction—a radio star. Don't wait. Write today for 3-Day Free Trial Offer and Special Guitar Values. A postcard will do.

FERRY SPECIALTIES, INC.,
Dept. 4012 Evanston, Ill.

Be a Nurse
MAKE \$25-\$35 A WEEK

You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 36 years. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Another saved \$100 while learning. Equipment included. Men and women 18 to 60. High school not required. Easy tuition payments. Write us now.

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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name

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PICTURE YOURSELF
in this *Coffure of the Stars*



TIARA BRAID

The style sensation of the screen beauties can be yours with the TIARA BRAID! Slips on instantly, without hairpins, over any head of hair from extreme shingle to growing bob. Irresistible for evening wear—smart for afternoon and sports. Finest quality human hair guaranteed. Send money order or check for \$3.95, and sample of your hair for perfect match. We pay postage. Money back if not satisfied.

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Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Learn Photography at HOME

Make money taking pictures. Prepare quickly during spare time. Also earn while you learn. No experience necessary. New easy method. Nothing else like it. Send at once for free book. Opportunities in Modern Photography, and full particulars.

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Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired.

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc. or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

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(any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postage 47c plus postage—or send 1.00 with order and we pay postage. Big 16x20-inch enlargement sent C. O. D. 70c plus postage or send 1.00 and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. Send your photos today. Specify size wanted.

47c



STANDARD ART STUDIOS

104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 225-B, Chicago, Illinois



Mabel Todd, Al Pearce's "Hoyden of Harmony," is engaged to Morey Amsterdam of the same program



Lord Bilgewater, who has never guessed a riddle in his life, answers to the name of Monroe Upton

**PEARCE on Earth,
Good Will to RADIO**

Introducing a few gangsters from Al Pearce's jolly Gang

THE DIFFERENCE between a gold-miner and a critic is this: a gold miner pans gold, but a critic pans everything.

However, a daily afternoon radio program can't be a "stand-out" year after year without causing the critics to drop their little hammers and converge upon a reason for such phenomenal popularity.

They agree that the Spirit of Good Fellowship, which permeates the Al Pearce program, like yeast does bread to give it bouncy texture and flavor, is the foundation for its success. Al's warmhearted leadership, say the critics, provides a setting for the artists that lifts the whole program to a little niche of its own. Millions of fans demand a daily ration of Pearce At Any Price.

A concrete embodiment of the Pearce personality is found in his annual drive for toys and games for crippled children. Al has just completed his fifth year as Santa Claus. Last year he distributed over 35,000 presents to children in hospitals up and down the coast.

Some twenty-five regulars, plus a

steam of guest artists, make up the Gang. Among those regularly heard transcontinentally is the lady Al calls the Songbird of the West, whose velvety crooning tones have inspired the compliment, "perfect radio voice." Hazel Warner's sweet personality has made her a favorite with her fellow artists as well. Her husband is Opie Warner, former dean of San Francisco police reporters, and now California State Game Commissioner. They have a home in San Francisco where Hazel spends her leisure time working in her garden. Flowers and pets are her hobbies.

Morey "You Lucky People" Amsterdam had a successful career in vaudeville before he joined Al's Gang over two years ago at the age of 23. San Francisco raised, a fine cellist when he wants to be (his father is a symphony violinist), a peerless imitator, good old Morey has written dozens of acts for vaude stars as well as a few thousand for himself. Ken Frogley, Los Angeles radio editor, says: "It's hard to be funny once a week, but try to be funny

RADIOLAND

every day like Morey Amsterdam." Morey's career, however, is second in his life to Mabel Todd's career.

MABEL has been called the "Hoyden of Harmony." A natural singer and a natural comedienne, Mabel has nursed theatrical ambitions since the age of six, when she first appeared in public at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium singing *Oh Dry Those Tears*. Vaudeville work with Paul Ash in Chicago, a part in *Flying High* and Fanchon and Marco experience preceded her first radio engagement with Al Pearce, two years ago. Her next engagement was with Morey Amsterdam, sealed with a diamond ring. She's the Gang's No. 1 "Show stopper."

Next to Mabel Todd, the hardest worker in Al's Gang is Tony Romano—the 19-year-old Italian song-bird with the banjo eyes and the guitar clasped to his bosom. Morey, who has roomed with him on the road, says he sleeps with the guitar. Tony is one of 14 children, all musical. The father is an old country shoemaker with an American reputation among shoe manufacturers. He also plays the guitar. Bing Crosby is more than Tony's favorite artist—it amounts almost to worship.

The *Three Cheers* also hail Bing as America's number one song-bird. Travis Hale and E. J. Derry are old middle-west favorites over Kansas City's WDAF. Phil Hanna, ranking tennis player, and Los Angeles Junior College graduate, is the baby of the trio. Sweet harmony plus trick arrangements which often reveal a great flare for comedy distinguish their numbers. Derry and Hanna are married, and Hale is engaged to Al Pearce's secretary.

Carlyle Bennett, the program's featured tenor, was married last July 29th. He is 29 years old. He won the Atwater Kent National audition in Chicago in 1929. Before joining Al Pearce he was 29 weeks with Fanchon and Marco. So it looks like he'll have to have 29 children to keep his record clean. Carlyle was on the NBC network out of Chicago before coming west. His favorite fellow vocalist is Donald Novis. Yogi Yorgesson, the Hindu Mystic, is his favorite comic.

YOGI, who is really Harry Stewart, is one of the few unmarried men left in the troupe. He hails from Tacoma where he was announcer on the local station, played the banjo in vaudeville, worked in stock and the lumber mills of the northwest and is of Scotch descent. Fit that in with his Scandinavian dialect if you can! Coming to Los Angeles, he failed to get work as an announcer or banjoist, so in desperation he pinned a diaper around his middle and tried out as a burlesque Hindu Mystic. They're still laughing.

Another laugh-getter on the show is the jolly old Englishman, Lord Bilgewater, pioneer English comic on the radio. His "riddled" mind has been the target for laughter for nearly five years. Monroe Upton is his real name. He is married, 35, was once a radio operator at sea and like Morey and Yogi, has always written a great deal for others. Bilgy has never guessed a riddle but he's never given up.

Another comedy act heard on the Al Pearce coast to coasters is Eb and Zeb, the pair of country storekeepers. Eb, who whistles his s's, is Al Pearce, and Zeb is William H. Wright. John Eugene

Hasty, pioneer radio script writer, is responsible for the lines they speak. All three are old timers in western radio. Bill Wright is a former stock actor, basso profundo and advertising man which should make a good background for a rustic general merchandiser.

Walter Kelsey, featured violinist, has been called "America's Hottest Fiddler," but he is also noted for his serious compositions. *Jitters* and other numbers of his have been orchestrated by Meredith Wilson and played on nation-wide programs. Walter, who is a par golfer and ex-tennis champion of the northwest, is a very serious young man. Married, and has a boy six years old.

ANOTHER very serious young man is the featured pianist, Ralph Richards. Twenty-three years old, with several years of classical and popular orchestra experience behind him, he aspires to be a concert pianist. He won a grand piano in the annual contest at the Chicago Rudolph Ganz Piano School. Unmarried.

The three charming girls, the Williams sisters from Yogi's Tacoma, are all under twenty and joined the Al Pearce Gang just a few months ago. As did the *Fiddler's Three*, three talented boys from the University of Idaho. Bob Lee, whose guitar is often heard with Tony's, also plays the piano with Ralph Richards. He's about three times Tony's size. His brother, Cecil Lee, plays the wood-wind instruments. Buddy Hatch provides the rhythmic base. Cecil and Buddy are not married. The final bachelor in the show is Al's brother, Cal. The boys started out in radio singing duets together. Cal is a basso. Now Cal turns most of his energies towards the business end. Only occasionally does he answer requests to sing.

Poet Laureate of Radio

[Continued from page 61]

An earnest worker, and a great believer in the development of a splendid speaking voice, David worked on his diction until it was a marvel and a joy to his fellow announcers.

No great wonder, then, that when the Columbia Broadcasting System was organized in 1927, David was chosen as staff announcer. He is now the oldest CBS announcer from the standpoint of continuous service. He set a real standard by his meticulous care in the pronunciation of words. If David was uncertain, he referred to a dictionary. In due time, besides receiving the diction medal of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, David was voted the most popular radio announcer in the *World-Telegram* poll of 1932-1933. As an author and poet, his anthology, *Poet's Gold* was published late in 1933, and has passed through many editions since, reflecting the popularity of the radio feature.

Though David forever carries on an incorrigible crusade in the cause of beauty of speech, he is far from a snob in the world of people who speak the Winchellian lingo. David is always good company, his wisecracks sudden and witty. And if you think these poets don't know how to play ping-pong—just play a game with David sometime!



"I THOUGHT I'd go mad with the suffering I had to bear in secret!"

That's the situation of the person who suffers from Piles!

Almost always in pain yet dreading to seek relief, because the affliction is such a delicate one. Yet no ailment is more needful of treatment than Piles. For Piles cannot only ruin your health and looks, but they can develop into something very serious.

Real relief for Piles is to be had in Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching and checks any bleeding. What is more important, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole. This is because Pazo is threefold in effect.

First, it is *soothing*, which relieves the soreness and inflammation. Second, it is *healing*, which repairs the torn and damaged tissues. Third, it is *absorbing*, which dries up any mucous matter and tends to shrink the swollen blood vessels which are Piles.

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. Mail coupon for free trial tube.

Grove Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. 33-F, St. Louis, Mo.

FREE

Gentlemen: Please send me, in PLAIN WRAPPER, trial size of PAZO Ointment.

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ADDRESS

CITY STATE

MAKE THE CLEVER NEW CLOTHES-PIN FLOWER BASKETS



and 75 other craft Novelties

Make gorgeous bouquets 10c of colorful flowers, including the clever, new clothes-pin flower baskets. Crochet bags, belts and hats. Make dolls, toys, trays, vases, lamp shades—more than 75 lovely, useful novelties—for decoration, for personal wear, as gifts, to sell. Illustrated instructions for all are in the Book of New Dennison Crafts. Just send 10c with coupon for your copy.

DENNISON'S, Dept. B-246, Framingham, Mass.
Please send me the Book of New Dennison Crafts. I enclose 10 cents.

Name

Street (or R.F.D.)

City State

Why not let us include some of these Dennison Books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.

...How to Make Crepe Paper Flowers...Money-Making Bazaars

Dennison Crepe

The Penalty of GRAY HAIR AND DANDRUFF Will Disappear

Marvelous, Positively Safe Liquid
Works Like Magic!

You, too, can have gloriously beautiful hair, free from GRAY and DANDRUFF.

Don't lose your job or social position due to these handicaps. Try the truly wonderful DOUBLE-ACTING liquid-Nourishine for Gray Hair and Dandruff.

Nourishine is applied like a tonic—so easy to use. You get SAFE and POSITIVE results. Your hair will become soft, lustrous, with a natural appearing color that defies detection. Nourishine is absolutely non-injurious to hair or scalp—is positively beneficial.

"Nourishine's tonic-like qualities make it the BEST hair preparation," every user enthusiastically says this about Nourishine.

No matter what you have tried for gray hair or dandruff, forget past disappointments and try this absolutely different liquid. It is not greasy—does not rub off nor stain scalp or linen. The one liquid imparts any color. You can easily prove it best for gray hair and dandruff. Try Nourishine now!

For better results use NOURISHINE SHAMPOO. Contains no acids that hinder the action of Nourishine. Write for our free booklet, "Home Care of the Hair." Contains helpful hints on the home care of permanents, marcel, oily and dry scalp, describes coloring methods, etc. Nourishine, \$1.25; Shampoo, 50c, at drug and department stores or by mail, except in California, from NOURISHINE COMPANY, 939 S. Broadway, Los Angeles.

**NOURISHINE BEST FOR
GRAY HAIR**



Popular!
EASY WITH A P-A

Boy! It's great to be popular! All the big thrills of life are yours with your P-A Sax! And all so easy. Many play tunes first week; join a band in three months, with a free blowing, tone sure, P-A Sax, Trumpet, Trombone, or Clarinet. See your local P-A Dealer. Or write for free booklet. No obligation. Easy terms. Big opportunities in music today. Get started NOW.

PAN-AMERICAN
242 P-A Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Moderate Price

**PHOTO
OR SNAPSHOT
ENLARGED**
SIZE 16" X 20"

New low price for full length or bust form groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargement of any part of group picture. Safe return of your original photo, snapshot or tintype guaranteed. Our secret process produces superior enlargements for only 89c.

89c
NEW LOW PRICE

SEND NO MONEY
Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement, guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 89c plus postage or send 51c with order and we pay postage.

FREE With each enlargement we will send FREE a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo. **UNITED PORTRAIT**
100 S. Jefferson St. Dept. B-235, Chicago, Ill.

OILY SKIN!
IS A DANGEROUS BREEDING GROUND FOR BLACKHEADS

NEVER SCREEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION! Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing KLEERPLEX WASH. This wonderful NEW DISCOVERY contains 5 scientific ingredients:—insoluble Large Pores, stops enlarging Greasiness, "Shine," Clears Muddy, Sallow Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore-purifying power. Gets at the cause QUICKLY, SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. **SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT.** No chemicals. No stings in home. A guaranteed pure natural product, approved by Health Authorities and thousands of happy users—Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 months' supply of Kleerplex Wash TODAY. Just send \$1 (plus the postage) to KLEERPLEX (T. C. & J. W. 34th St., N. Y. C. Or pay postman (plus C.O.D. charge) Outside U.S. \$1.25, and no C.O.D.'s. **MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!** (Clip this ad.) (Copyright 1934 Kleerplex.)



Bob Andrews was born in the Ozarks. In order to keep up his radio schedule, he writes steadily from fourteen to sixteen hours each day.

Restoring CINDERELLA

*That's the Secret of Success Devised by
Bob Andrews, the Most Successful Writer
for Radio. He Writes Thirty-five Programs
every Week*

By TOM CARSKADON

THEY call him the most successful writer in radio.

What is his secret?

"Restoring Cinderella!"

That's it. Takes him just two words to say it. Let Bob Andrews, author of "Skippy," "Just Plain Bill," "Betty and Bob," "Judy and Jane" and many other radio serials, tell you what he means.

"Cinderella is the spirit of make-believe. She is the princess of dreams-come-true. She represents what every man, woman and child, deep down in their hearts, really want."

Andrews pauses a moment to let that sink in. He writes more successful programs than any other man in radio. He knows what he is talking about.

"Cinderella represents life as people would like to see it lived. In her never-dying story, justice overcomes cruelty and injustice, riches supplant poverty, virtue is rewarded, and romance comes to complete the dream.

"I call it a tribute to the human race that so fine a story has such a lasting hold."

Andrews looks at you across a desk that is literally piled two feet high with papers of every kind. Yes sir, just that. Twenty-four inches of letters, manuscripts, charts, books, newspapers and heaven knows what else.

The litter doesn't bother him in the slightest. He is telling the secret of why his radio dramas outsell all others. He is telling what it is that you and you and YOU like to hear on the radio.

"The Cinderella theme is the basis of all entertainment. It was so with the theater in America in the beginning. People went to the theater as a land of make-believe. It was bright and wondrous and very exciting. And through it all the theater prospered.

"Then in recent years the theater developed notions of 'Art.' They would show reality; show dull and brutal and

I ALWAYS MAKE UP TO 40 to 50 A WEEK!



HANDING OUT THIS BIG \$1.00 VALUE FOR ONLY 25c

C. H. Fitze, Florida, writes, "I've been selling this big seven cake box of fine toilet soaps for the past six months, and always find it easy to earn from \$40 to \$50 a week. You don't need to sell—folks grab it out of your hands when they see the fine soaps and hear the unbelievable low price.



WHO ELSE WANTS THIS EASY MONEY Without experience or investment risk—you too can earn this easy money. We furnish everything—an immediate income. Write for free details—enclose 25c for full-sized sample.



Amazing New WALL CLEANER

Ends Drudgery...Saves Redecorating!

BRAND NEW! Absolutely unique! Needed in every home! Revolutionary wall cleaning discovery makes every old-fashioned method entirely obsolete. Exactly like magic this new cleaning invention literally erases dust, dirt and grime as you draw it across the surface. No traces, no sticky



AGENTS! Big Money! New, easy plan. Simply show and take orders. No experience needed. No risk. **FREE OUTFIT.** Write today for all details.

dough!—no mess or runs. No red, swollen hands! No back-breaking work! Even ceilings are cleaned without effort or drudgery. Great for window shades, upholstered furniture, etc. **Saves redecorating.** Low priced. Housewives will love it. **SAMPLE OFFER** Samples sent at our risk to first person in each locality who writes. No obligation. Get details. Be first—send your name **TODAY!** Kristee Mfg. Co., 2712 Bar St., Akron, O.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF



—Every deaf person knows that— Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for **TRUE STORY.** Also booklet on Deafness. **Artificial Ear Drum THE WAY COMPANY** 774 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan



CURLS

The straightest hair can be made naturally curly with **CURL-O-WAVE.** Booklet and sample of **FREE CURL-O-WAVE;** enough for 2 weeks. Send 10 cents to cover mailing. Waves your hair like magic. Large size package, enough for 6 months, including French Wave Net, send 25 cents. **At All Good Drug Stores** **CURL-O-WAVE CO., S-203 N. Wells St., Chicago**



CREDIT Given on FRUIT TREES, SHRUBS VINES, BULBS, Etc....

Small down payment books order. Easy terms on balance. Peach trees, low as 5c. Grapevines 3c. ornamental shrubs 10c. Evergreens 25c. **WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG.** Benton County Nursery Co., Box 616, Rogers, Ark.



OLD FACES MADE YOUNG

5 minutes a day Keeps Wrinkles Away and erases age lines. Even "Face Lifting" is accomplished by this new sensational home method. No cosmetics, no massage, no facial surgery. Women, men, all ages write for thrilling **booklet and Facial Analysis Chart** both sent **FREE** in plain wrapper. **PAULINE PALMER, 1071 Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.**



TAP DANCING

LEARN AT HOME NEW EASY WAY. Professional Stage Method. Surprise and entertain your friends. Be popular, earn extra money, develop hidden talent. No music or experience needed. Begin dancing first day. Beginner's fundamentals and complete Professional Tap Dance included. Equal to \$40 instruction. Easy way to reduce or build up figure. For ladies or men. Send only \$3.75 money order for Complete 17-lesson Course. Or send no money (if in U.S.) and pay postman \$3.98 on delivery. No more to pay. Try 5 days. If not delighted, money refunded. Limit one exercise. Free if you enroll now. **THORNTON DANCE STUDIOS** 827 Irving Park Blvd., Suite 101, Chicago, Ill.

tragic things and say, this is real. This is what people want to see at this time. "People did NOT want to see such things. The theater declined. Look around you and you can see the wreckage of the stage play.

"The movies went through the same thing. They were bright and happy at first, but now they, too, have notions of 'Art,' of reality and tragedy.

"The modern stage and movies have taken Cinderella's magic coach and have made it not only a clumsy wagon but a lousy boxcar!"

ANDREWS' eyes flash fire as he says **A** it. He is a stocky young man in his early thirties; powerful frame, wide mouth, snub nose, brown eyes and thick black hair. And he is very much in earnest!

"It remained for radio to restore Cinderella," he says. "Somebody had to bring back romance and make-believe to the millions who were hungering for it. Radio has done it richly and well, and radio is the most popular form of entertainment in the world today."

If Cinderella has come back to radio, Bob Andrews certainly can qualify as her charioter. He may not have been the first to notice the poor little slavey sweeping the hearth, he may not have hissed the wicked step-sisters, he may not have fitted the magic slipper—but he certainly made the spirit of Cinderella real to millions of American listeners.

Experts in radio are astounded by this young man's output. Many a writer makes a living by furnishing only one radio program per week. Six programs are a good week's work anywhere, and twelve programs would be considered very high indeed.

Bob Andrews writes thirty-five! Yes sir, every week of the calendar year, thirty-five dramatic programs written by Bob Andrews are put on the air. No one can approach his record.

"**MY PROGRAMS** avoid the big stars and flashy hours," says Andrews. "They don't get the Broadway ballyhoo. They are broadcast mostly in the afternoon or early evening. Many Broadway wisecracks never heard of them.

"But they do get the listeners. The extraordinary mail response to prize offers, the constant stream of letters commenting on the programs, the heavy increases in business enjoyed by the sponsors—all these indicate the popularity of the programs.

"I try to make all my characters human, recognizable folks. They become intensely real to the listeners. In one of my serials I temporarily separated a pair of sweethearts. Members of a woman's club wrote me that they had voted in a body never to listen to the program unless I brought that boy and girl back together."

Bob Andrews smiles reminiscently. "I am often asked where I get the characters I put into my radio serials. Mostly I get them out of my own memory.

"I was a small-town kid, born down in the Ozarks. Just Plain Bill, for instance, was modeled after a character in the town where I spent most of my childhood. He was a sweet-tempered, middle-of-the-road sort of fellow, never any great success in life, but human and lovable withal.

[Continued on page 68]



SO TIRED, SO BLUE

Till This ALL-VEGETABLE Laxative Solved Her Constipation

SHE was so tired—depressed—always having colds and headaches. And she had tried so many things she almost despaired of getting relief. Then she discovered the real answer. A laxative that gave thorough, natural cleansing, not mere partial bowel action.

Can there be such a difference in laxatives? Stop and think for a minute. Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) contains only natural plant and vegetable laxatives, properly balanced. No phenol derivatives. Ask any doctor the difference. You'll be surprised at the wonderful feeling that follows the use of NR. You're so refreshed—toned up—so pleasantly alive. You'll want to give NR's a fair trial immediately. They are so kind to your system—so quickly effective for relieving headaches, colds, biliousness, chronic fatigue or bad skin. They're non-habit forming—another proof that nature's way is best. The economical 25 dose box, only 25c at any drug store.

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

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

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



Relieves Teething Pains Within 1 Minute

WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist, contains no narcotics and has been used by mothers for almost fifty years. It is strongly recommended by doctors and nurses instead of the unsanitary teething ring.

JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

DR. HAND'S Teething Lotion

Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Roll Your FAT Away

**NO DIET • NO MEDICINES
• NO EXERCISES •**

AN AMAZING invention called A Rollette, developed in Rochester, Minnesota, makes it possible for you to rid yourself of unsightly pounds of fat and have a beautiful, slender form. This remarkable device takes off fat quickly from any part of your body without strenuous diets, dangerous drugs, exercise. Leaves the flesh firm and gives a natural healthy glow to the skin. Makes you feel years younger.

FEW MINUTES A DAY ROLLS FAT AWAY

Take off many inches from the spots where you want to reduce most. ROLLETTE is an effective, scientific principle for reducing, which is receiving the approval of physicians everywhere. Just send name and address for **FREE Trial Offer—Today**

ROLLETTE COMPANY,
3826 North Ashland Avenue
Dept. 125 Chicago, Illinois



ALICE WHITE
Universal Film Star,
featured in "Very
Honorable Guy."

MOST INDELIBLE of all lipsticks

Here at last is a lipstick that simply does not come off. One application glorifies your lips with bright, alluring color that actually lasts all day. No other lipstick is, or can be, like Permapoint. A special-design applicator-case and a new-type cosmetic—soft, smooth, non-drying—make Permapoint the easiest to use and most indelible of lipsticks.

Forget what is left of your old-style lipstick. Let your lips be at their best—beginning NOW. Get Permapoint TODAY. At department stores. Or send \$1 for Permapoint, postpaid. Vivid, Light, Raspberry, Medium.

Kisses Won't Tell



Stays on the Lips All Day Long

PERMAPOINT

The last word in lipstick indelibility

QUINTESS, Inc., Dept. C2, 220 E. 42nd St., N. Y.

I enclose \$1. Send me permapoint in shade checked. Vivid (very bright). Light (a most attractive average shade). Raspberry (becoming to dark and light skin). Medium (for decided brunettes). Or mark with your present lipstick in margin. We will send corresponding shade.

Name _____

Address _____

Women! Earn UP TO \$22 in a Week!

SNAG-PROOFED HOSE

WEARS TWICE AS LONG!

SHOW FREE SAMPLES

Easy! Call on Friends
Yes! RINGLESS Silk Hosiery that resists SNAGS and RUNS, and wears twice as long! Patented process. Now hosiery bills cut in half! Every woman wants SNAG-PROOFED. Show actual samples, hose we'll send you, FREE. Take orders from friends, neighbors. No experience necessary.

Your Own Silk Hose
FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE
Make big money in spare time—easy. Rush name at once for complete equipment containing TWO ACTUAL FULL SIZE STOCKINGS. Everything FREE. Send no money—but send your hose size. Do it now.

INDIVIDUAL LENGTHS!
New service! Hosiery to fit extremely tall and short women! No extra charge. Write for details.

American Hosiery Mills, Dept. G-61, Indianapolis, Ind.



Learn Public Speaking

At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Overcome "stage-fright," gain self-confidence, increase your salary, through ability to sway others by effective speech. Write now for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words*.

North American Institute, Dept. 2132
3601 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Fred Waring Tells How to Get on the Air

(Continued from page 21)

during this time, but we held off. We were building a background, and we wanted to come in right—by the front door and not the back.

We had imitators, too, some of whom got on the air ahead of us, but the imitators, as usual, didn't know what they were doing, and they didn't last long. They only served to hurt themselves and press-agent us.

NEVER imitate anyone! It doesn't build you up, and it does weaken you. My advice is to find your style early, stick to it, cultivate it to its full maturity. The reason for the success of Whiteman, of Lombardo, of Bernie, of any of the others, is that they have a style of their own, a personality which is their sole property and which distinguishes them, not only from each other, but sends them towering like giants over orchestras which "just play."

By the time we were ready to go on the air we were the highest salaried stage band in America. And we were turned down cold! Dozens of sponsors shook their heads. Neither Columbia nor NBC would have us. Everybody said we had a great theatre band, but we were not good on the air. They wanted to throw the brass out and make us all over.

But I stuck stubbornly to my guns. I refused to make a change.

If you are convinced that you have something to offer the public, even though it be different than anything anyone else ever has offered, don't let anyone dissuade you until it has been tried out and found to be wanting. Remember, if you have an orchestra, it's your orchestra. You built it up, and should know more about it than any radio official or sponsor. But you can't be sure unless your band has been tested and seasoned before the public.

Don't rush into radio. Remember, radio can break you as well as make you. If you go into radio too soon—too tender and green—you are liable to be fitted into the conventional pattern before you have had a chance to develop, and probably will end up on a sustaining program, if you remain on the air at all. Radio wants novelty, and it takes time to develop that.

We waited another year before we finally got on the Old Gold hour, and we went on the way I insisted on going—with Waring's Pennsylvanians as they always had been. It was a victory, even though some of my fellow band leaders, who had been on the air for years, shook their heads and said my style of band "wouldn't work." It was, they contended, made to "see" and not to "hear." Time has proven them wrong.

SO MUCH for generalization. The foregoing may seem to be aimed too high to be of use to the average band or orchestra seeking to break into radio today.

"That's all right for you big shots." I can hear some say, "but all of us can't be big shots."

My answer to that is: "How do you know at your age, and the present stage

of your development, that you can't? I didn't when I started. And if you think you do know, now is the time to give up the idea before it is too late."

There are various methods of breaking into radio, but there is only one best one. Make radio send for you. Don't waste time seeking auditions until you have tried yourself outside of radio. If you have anything, build it up, radio will find out about it. For the building-up process must take place first outside of radio. Radio is no training school. It is no school for development of stylized talents. It simply is a highly organized, expensive medium for getting your talents before the public. As for "pull," I have never heard of it being exercised in the selection of an orchestra. Radio maintains scouts to ferret out and report on promising orchestras.

And now we come to the very delicate subject of technique, a subject which is extremely difficult for me personally to write about because I am known as a "radical" who doesn't believe in technique. I don't, but before we go into that let me state that every orchestra or band leader has his own technique, Lombardo to fit his style of presentation, Bernie his, and so forth. Some are more complicated than others. Therefore any one style of technique is applicable only to the leader employing it and would be of little or no advantage to others.

Generally speaking, the fundamental of good broadcasting involves the careful placing of the orchestral instruments in relation to the microphone. Programs such as ours utilize several microphones, one for the orchestra, one for the chorus, another for the soloists. The orchestral microphone hangs directly in front of me. The soiter instruments are placed nearest to it. For instance, the first violins, then the seconds, then the woodwinds, the brasses, the bass viols, with the percussion instruments bringing up the rear.

IN THE early days of radio this was an extremely difficult problem because of the "dead spots" in the old-fashioned microphones, but the new, improved ribbon mikes have eradicated this difficulty.

Many band leaders fuss at great length with their orchestral mikes, relying a great deal on the control room to achieve the effects they want to go out on the air, but this always has seemed to me to be fuss-budgeting and a waste of time.

I depend entirely upon my ears, the same as I would if I were leading my band and there were no microphones around. What sounds true to me in the studio will sound true to those sitting at their radios. Trick effects are usually disastrous. My only contact with the control room during rehearsals is a conference with the radio engineer over an adjustment of the microphone used by the soloists.

A band leader, preparing to go on the air, first must know exactly what his orchestra can do. With a versatile organization like ours, skilled in a change of pace and constantly building up a

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crecendo of interest, the most important part of the technique is timing. We rehearse almost a week for just one program. Once the timing is down, reception will take care of itself.

In some programs where a chorus is woven in and out of orchestral effects, a complicated adjustment in the control room is necessary, but this is the problem of the radio engineer and not the leader. The leader depends on his ears, the technique consisting on the distance from the microphone the singers are stationed. That is all. With constant improvements being made in the microphones so-called technique, in my estimation, is becoming a myth.

I believe it is good to have an audience at broadcasts. The personal stimulus received from having human beings close to us, hearing our music, is invaluable. There are those who object to an audience, but I personally believe it is bad to submerge everything for the sole benefit of the air. I believe our listeners-in feel that our music is warmer because we are playing to people we can see.

AS FOR "getting over our music on the air," we are hardly conscious of it. And here is a bit of important advice to any artist. Self-consciousness ruins art. Be natural. That brings out your style. Work hard at rehearsals. That training will keep you out of trouble.

Probably the most important bit of advice I can give the beginner is to start with a small orchestra. The smaller the better. You learn from the ground up then, and you learn the fundamentals at the time you should learn them, instead of skipping and having to go back and fill in the gaps of your musical education. The things I learned while working with the four men I started with have stood by me like a beacon light today in handling a complicated organization of twenty-nine men and three girl entertainers. Also keep your interest wide. Know more than just music. Cross-fertilize your art with others. I've found my study of architecture, for instance, invaluable in building up artistic programs.

In summing up, remember these things:

Know yourself first. Study your gifts, develop them and let yourself go so that your personality can be free to grow.

Study the public as you go along. You'll learn much.

Stay out of radio until you know what you're doing.

Don't sign to advertise a product which your program doesn't fit, or you don't believe in.

But whatever you do believe in, whether it's yourself, your band, or the money you think you're worth, fight for it.

Competition is stiff and you have to show progress every day. People are demanding finer music, finer singers, finer comedy.

But there's plenty of room. The unknown of today is the big shot of tomorrow.

And believe it or not, the big money is still there.

You've just finished the first article in RADIOLAND'S new School of the Air. Watch for another smashing article next month by a headliner of the air.



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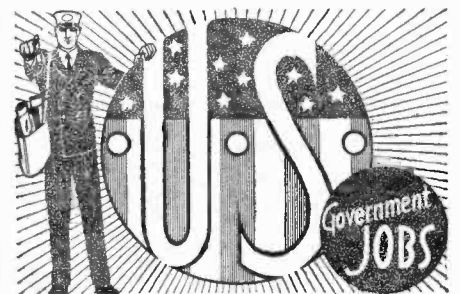
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Restoring Cinderella

[Continued from page 65]

"You must remember that the people in the headlines of the newspapers are only a tiny fraction of the people in the United States. For every one Babe Ruth or Clark Gable or Commander Byrd there are a million Just Plain Bills.

"That's why people like to listen to and follow the adventures of their own kind on the radio. They like to hear about people they can understand and recognize—doing the things that they themselves would like to do."

BOB ANDREWS pauses to send out for lunch. A ham sandwich and a glass of milk, eaten at his desk—that's his lunch. Not that he can't afford anything more elaborate. Far from it. His success and his enormous output have made him one of the best paid writers in radio. His total earnings must equal the salary of a bank president.

But he works for it. Fourteen and sixteen hours a day he pounds away at his typewriter. Going out for lunch is a luxury too costly, not in money, but in time. So Bob Andrews sits at his desk, nine stories above smart Park Avenue in a New York advertising agency office, and munches his sandwich while he plots new adventures for his characters.

Andrews got his start as a newspaperman in Minneapolis. He was successively reporter, feature writer and city editor on *The Minneapolis Journal*, and readers in the Northwest remember especially his column of comment and miscellany, "Bagdad on the Mississippi." He was called to *The Chicago Daily News* to take charge of its mid-week section, and wrote a serial novel, "Three Girls Lost," which he was asked to adapt for radio. This gave him his start in radio. Later "Three Girls Lost" was put in the movies, and he also wrote another novel which formed the basis of a very successful movie, "If I Had a Million."

"The real appeal in all my radio serials," says Andrews, reaching for a swig of milk for his sandwich-dry mouth, "is that they present to the listener a fictional character doing what the listener himself would like to do.

"Take Betty and Bob, for instance. Here is the average young married couple. This serial has been running five nights a week over NBC's WJZ network for two years. People must find something in it.

"What they find is a conviction held by every wife in the world. She knows that however much her husband may do the talking and think he is the head of the house, nevertheless it is the wife's shrewdness that gets him out of trouble and makes the really important decisions. The husband wouldn't get anywhere, if it wasn't for his wife.

"That's what every wife thinks, deep down in her heart, and Betty and Bob show the thing actually happening. Bob, for all his good intentions, fumbles and makes false starts and gets into all kinds of mix-ups, and it is clear-headed little Betty who straightens things out.

"Many a wife despairs of ever getting her husband to see this point, but when she hears the same kind of situation presented on the radio, she knows that somebody realizes the point, and so she

feels justified and more happy and content with life."

Thus runs the philosophy of Bob Andrews. Possibly some husbands and some wives might disagree with him, but the success of his program is powerful evidence that, in the main, he is right.

"**SKIPPY**," he resumes, "is a presentation of what every small boy would like to be. He is physically strong, he is a wise and courageous leader among his fellow small boys. Many children, of course, actually are weak, over-shy and afraid, but Skippy is strong, and he always speaks up and he always shows 'em. Children adore it."

Andrews says that much the same thing is true of his Penrod and Sam serial, which is based upon the Booth Tarkington characters and deals with older boys. Here, too, the radio characters are the vigorous chaps that every boy imagines himself to be.

"Judy and Jane presents a somewhat different angle on the marriage situation," says Andrews. "Here are two girls who are not getting married. They believe in business and careers.

"Well, almost any housewife has low moments when she wonders if she did the wisest thing by getting married, after all. Perhaps a career would have been better.

"Judy and Jane offer the housewife a story of two girls who made the other decision. The housewives follow, by radio, the adventures they might have had for themselves. Some of it is pretty exciting, but every once in a while the basic situation comes up. Judy and Jane wonder if careers are quite all they are cracked up to be, and cast longing eyes at the comfort and security of marriage."

Bob Andrews has finished his sandwich and milk now, and is ready to go back to work. Each week he puts Just Plain Bill and Skippy on the Columbia network out of New York, Judy and Jane on the NBC-WENR network out of Chicago, Betty and Bob on the WJZ network out of New York, and Penrod and Sam on records. All of these are long-established programs running five nights a week.

Bob Andrews bids goodbye to his visitor and starts pounding his typewriter. As one walks down the corridor away from him, the sharp clicks of the typewriter keys blend together, become softer, more rounded, rounded, rounded, until they sound like wheels. That's it, they sound like wheels. Bob Andrews is trundling out Cinderella's coach again!

THE END

Do you aspire to become a radio comedian? Ed Wynn tells you how to become one in March **RADIOLAND**, in the second article in **RADIOLAND'S** School of the Air, conducted by leading stars of the network.

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FEBRUARY, 1935

Pie Desserts

[Continued from page 40]

lined with pastry. Cover with pastry, crimping edges together with fingers or fork. Slash top to allow steam to escape. Bake in a hot oven—400 degrees F.—until crust is brown both top and bottom. Brush with sweet cream a few minutes before taking from the oven. This gives a gorgeous golden brown top.

Probably the first banana pie was a:

BANANA CREAM PIE

Scald 1 quart of milk. Add 1 cup of sugar mixed with 6 tablespoons cornstarch. Cook over hot water for 15-20 minutes. Beat 4 egg yolks with 2 tablespoons water. Pour over them a little scalded milk. Beat. Turn egg mixture into milk mixture and cook over hot water stirring occasionally, until thick. Add 2 tablespoons butter and ¼ teaspoon salt. Let cool slightly and beat hard. Slice 3 bananas over a freshly baked pie shell. Pour over them half of the cooked mixture. Set in the icebox to chill. Serve topped with whipped cream. This filling is sufficient for 2 small or medium-sized pies, or for one very large pie cutting 8-10 pieces.

A pie connoisseur can tell you that the perfect topping for pumpkin pie, is equal quantities of sweetened whipped cream and mashed cream cheese, topped with pecan nutmeats; that pie served a la mode should be warm enough to melt the ice cream to sauce-like consistency, that canned elderberries and cooked dried apricots make a perfect fruit-pie combination, etc., etc.

Little Rebel

[Continued from page 19]

been said, I might eventually have more than liked him. But I was incensed at having anyone pick out a husband for me. I didn't want to be a wife, I wanted to be an actress then. I didn't want to settle down. Why, I hadn't begun to live."

So she made up her mind regardless of how much it hurt her parents, she just had to break away from home, from family tradition. She would leave the South and come to New York on her own, would become a famous actress.

"I refused pointblank to go back to Randolph Macon College. I dropped Tommy completely. I was tired of being a puppet, pulled about by strings. I would dance to my own tune," she said.

So to New York, chin high, little Helen Claire came, though she quaked inwardly. And dance to her own tune she has ever since!

After succession of jobs of all kinds, from usher to settlement worker to waitress to actress, she made good on the air. For four years she has been playing the leading rôle, that of Betty Graham, in *Roses and Drums*. And I think all of us who listen in enjoy it so much because Helen Claire is not giving us an ordinary piece of forced acting . . . but she is living the rôle she is playing on the air, that of a little rebel!

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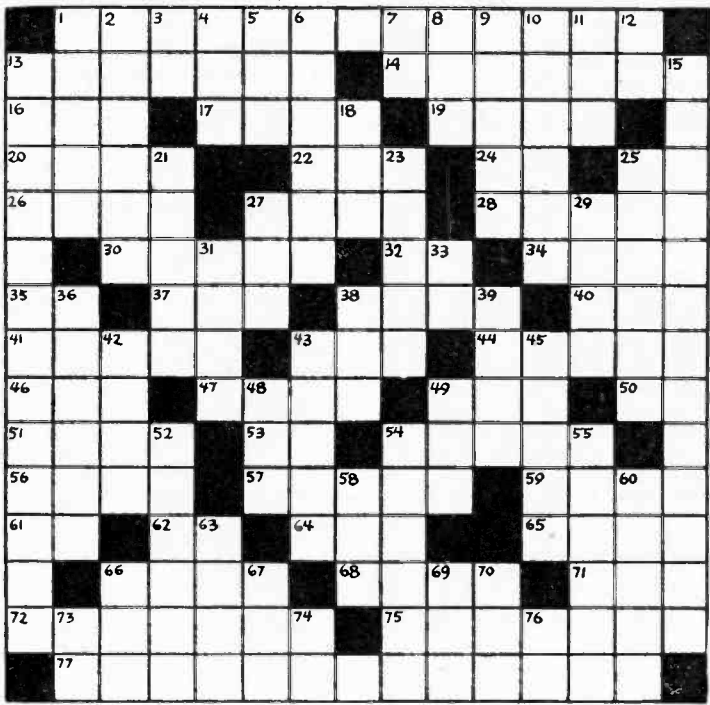
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ASAMA GOOD LUCK ELEPHANTS—Bring good luck to your home. Set of five, 1 to 3 inches high each on teak-wood stand. Comes in:
 Lovely Chinese Jade Green, Dainty Rose Quartz, Rich Amber, Pure Calambra Crystal. Check choice.
ORIENTAL PURE SILK SCARFS—One yard square with Chinese designs in harmonious colors. Makes an ideal gift, table covers, bridge prizes. Comes in: Blue & Tan, Green & Tan, Maroon & Tan, Soft Chocolate.
Just to acquaint you with my things, I will send one Elephant Set and one scarf to you both for \$1.00. I sell them regularly for \$1.00 each. Also my full list of Oriental Lounging Pajamas, Silk Kimonos, Geisha Girl Cigarette Boxes, etc., all personally imported.
Just fold a \$1.00 bill, stamps or check, in this ad and mail back today. Money refunded immediately if not satisfied. Ideal Christmas Gifts.
DOROTHY BOYD ART STUDIO
41 Minna Ave. at First, San Francisco

Radioland's Crossword Puzzle

YOU may think that radio is only a form of entertainment. The four long words around the edges of this puzzle, read in the order 1, 13, 15, 77, will show another and even more important use of radio. F. Gregory Hartswick is the designer of this wit-snarler. Watch for the answer next month.



ACROSS

DOWN

- 1 Without loss of a second
- 13 Worship blindly
- 14 Three notes played in the time of two
- 16 Egg of an insect
- 17 Hood worn by a monk
- 19 Side entrance in a mine
- 20 Labor
- 22 Slippery fish
- 24 Printer's measure
- 25 Mother
- 26 Sicilian volcano
- 27 On the ocean
- 28 Small fortification
- 30 U. S. general and president
- 32 State, "The mother of presidents" (abbr.)
- 34 Complete collections
- 35 Symbol for sodium
- 37 Weapon
- 38 Departed
- 40 Notable period
- 41 Change
- 43 Sorrowful
- 44 Pay back
- 46 Chinese pagoda
- 47 Is ill
- 49 Term of respect
- 50 Roman forty
- 51 Girl's name
- 53 Symbol for tellurium
- 54 Leather cord
- 56 Sign or portent
- 57 Indian native soldier
- 59 Affix one's signature to
- 61 Canadian province (abbr.)
- 62 Like
- 64 Comrade
- 65 Civil wrong
- 66 Notion
- 68 Single pace
- 71 Chief linguistic stock of Indo-China
- 72 Triangular sails
- 75 Capable of resuming its original shape after distortion
- 77 Interchange of thoughts
- 1 Witless person
- 2 Observing and recording
- 3 Without place (Latin abbr.)
- 4 Nervous twitching
- 5 Combining form, azote
- 6 Most recent
- 7 Near
- 8 Letters symbolized by the Blue Eagle
- 9 Variety of duck
- 10 Holds as belief
- 11 Last month (business expression)
- 12 Compass-point
- 13 Relating to more than one country
- 15 Across the sea
- 18 Famous Confederate general
- 21 Big
- 23 Washed
- 25 Central generating part
- 27 Girl's name; also a cane in Mass.
- 29 Believe
- 31 Imaginary luminous emanation
- 33 Article
- 36 Frightens
- 38 Did live
- 39 Three singers or instruments
- 40 Domesticated
- 43 Slumber
- 45 German violinist and composer (1814-1865)
- 48 Possessive pronoun
- 49 Bashful
- 52 Ceremonial head-decoration
- 54 Pert. to ancient inhabitants of Mexico
- 55 Italian painter whose influence started the Renaissance
- 58 Dance-step
- 60 Wheat, oats, or corn
- 63 Appear
- 66 Japanese statesman
- 69 Highest note in Guido's scale
- 67 Babylonian supreme deity
- 70 Caress with the hand
- 73 Account (abbr.)
- 74 Symbol for tin
- 76 Seventh note of scale



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I want 500 ambitious women at once in every town to demonstrate amazing new complete line, last minute new spring styles. Lowest prices, but highest quality and workmanship—prompt service—money back guarantee.

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Can even start convenient hours. Nothing to pay now or at any time. Sample dresses (your size) FREE. Send no money. Write fully for gorgeous style presentation. Give dress size. C. E. Israel, Pres.

HARFORD CROCKS, Dept. G-14, Cincinnati, Ohio



All Out of Step But Romberg

[Continued from page 18]

disease at a southern training camp. No doctor could cure it and slowly it robbed Sheldon of the use of his limbs. Now he was a helpless cripple.

"Yet never once, that first night, nor through the years I knew him," the song writer continued slowly, "did he breathe a word of despair at his fate; never did he complain of the constant pain he suffered. That hopeless cripple had the sanest, most cheerful and understanding outlook on life I ever encountered in anyone."

Once a month Romberg would visit Sheldon, would play the piano for him. For hours they'd discuss their work, their ideas and ideals. In spite of his infirmity, Sheldon kept on writing plays.

"It got so I looked forward to those all-too-few visits," Romberg told me. "You see, the doctors would not permit him to see many people so I couldn't visit him more often. Each time I left with a feeling of peace and tranquility, a sense of the purposefulness of my life, which had been lacking before. And each time I felt more ashamed of myself."

"Here I was with health and fame and everything to live for, making myself miserable. Sheldon, with nothing but agony and hopelessness to face, was doing good, making the best of things."

"IF I NEEDED any rude jolt it came. I had written special music for a play of Sheldon's, *The Lonely Heart*. Much to our mutual regret, it lasted only two weeks in Baltimore."

"When I was preparing *The Student Prince* for Broadway, I remembered a bit of the incidental music I had written for *The Lonely Heart*, and fashioned it into the *Serenade of The Student Prince*. When the *Serenade* proved the most popular number in the show, Sheldon was so happy his joy knew no bounds. There wasn't a bit of rancor in his congratulations; he never once mentioned regret at his show's failing, while mine, with some of the same music, became such a hit!

"Gradually his influence seeped into my soul, rebuilt and reshaped me. People who meet me today, who have not seen me for years, comment on the change."

It was from Sheldon's unconscious tutoring that Romberg learned to take everything with a grain of salt, with humor, and not to expect the impossible of others or himself. It was because of Sheldon's ever-present influence that he has become more lenient and sympathetic with the people who work for him, that he has never lost the common touch.

Today, there's not an ounce of selfishness in his make-up. In spite of how busy we keep him, he finds time for frequent trips to Washington to worry the authorities about a new protective copyright law for musicians; he is head of the Song Writer's Protective Association. And there is hardly a benefit to which he does not lend his time and talents, nor an authentic plea for aid he denies.

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GOOD YEAR \$2.15
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29x4.50-20	20	2.15	.85
30x4.50-21	21	2.15	.85
28x4.75-19	19	2.15	.95
29x4.75-20	20	2.15	1.05
29x5.00-19	19	2.15	1.05
30x5.00-20	20	2.15	1.05
29x5.25-18	18	2.15	1.15
29x5.25-19	19	2.15	1.15
30x5.25-20	20	2.15	1.15
31x5.25-21	21	2.15	1.15
28x5.50-18	18	2.15	1.15
29x5.50-19	19	2.15	1.15
30x5.50-20	20	2.15	1.15
31x6.00-18	18	2.15	1.15
31x6.00-19	19	2.15	1.15
32x6.00-20	20	2.15	1.25
33x6.00-21	21	2.15	1.25
31x6.50-19	19	2.15	1.35
32x6.50-20	20	2.15	1.35

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes
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32x4	2.15	.85
33x4	2.15	.85
34x4	2.15	.85
32x4 1/2	2.15	1.15
33x4 1/2	2.15	1.15
34x4 1/2	2.15	1.15
30x5	2.15	1.35
33x5	2.15	1.45
35x5	2.15	1.55

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36x8	12.95	4.25
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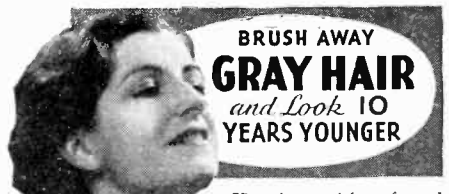
Coming to PHILADELPHIA? Rooms with Bath for \$2.50 HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA 39TH and CHESTNUT STREETS

Turn to page 74 for questions and answers about the radio stars.

FEBRUARY, 1935

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WITHOUT SKIN PEELING A SAFE AND SURE WAY
Worry no more over skin troubles. Beaufix, sensational—new—safe—smooths irritated skin, eliminates relief skin of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tightens pores; whiten complexion. Three applications will amaze you. It must satisfy or money back. Send on (for complete treatment (SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER) and help yourself to new, youthful loveliness.
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BRUSH AWAY GRAY HAIR and Look 10 YEARS YOUNGER
Here is a quick, safe and approved method. With a small brush and BROWNATONE you just tint those streaks or patches of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Cannot affect waving of hair. Over twenty-three years success. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. If BROWNATONE does not give your gray, streaked or faded hair alluring, rich, youthful-appearing color, your money back. Only 50c. At drug and toilet counters everywhere.



I'm not troubled with
ASTHMA
any more!

People who have "tried everything" for asthma report that they have found a way, at last, to obtain effective relief. In many cases, all symptoms gone! Mrs. Katherine Radford, 2561 Pinkney St., Omaha, Nebraska, writes:

"I had bronchial asthma for 5 years. I was afraid to go to bed—was so weak I couldn't even raise my arms. I started taking Nacor last November. I haven't had a spell since."

Nacor is absolutely safe to use—so safe, in fact, and so effective that druggists of highest standing recommend it to their customers. If you have asthma or bronchial cough, write for helpful booklet—also letters from happy users, and name of druggist in your locality who can supply you. Address Nacor Medicine Company, 591 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Indiana.

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 Please send me trial package of Boro-Pheno-Form, Directions and Booklet. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps).



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Cosette, Inc.

Chance Brought Fame to Tony Wons

(Continued from page 53)

Tony's benefit, radio came in. You remember how about ten years ago, we all sat glued to our crystal sets, ear-phones adjusted precisely, beaming at whatever puny stuff came over the air, even glad to get three stations at once?

NOBODY would listen to Tony's ideas for dramatic radio plays; in vain he went the rounds of all the radio stations in or near Chicago. And then chance stepped in again, and decided matters once and for all.

The director of WLS, the farm station in Chicago, was the only one he hadn't approached. And on the day Wons came to see him, the director was home with a cold. So Tony saw his assistant, a poor, benighted soul who didn't know what it was all about. The assistant had heard vaguely that there was such a man as Shakespeare and that he had written a play or two. In his innocence this fellow put Tony on the air for forty minutes. That was enough. The station was flooded with mail, and Wons was offered a job to present Shakespearean dramas over the air at \$25 a week!

"If the director had been there, I'm quite sure I wouldn't have got to first base," he said, "for all the radio officials were prejudiced against serious drama. I might still be at the hardware factory, earning \$75 a week.

"At home, my wife urged me to take the chance and quit my steady job for the uncertainties of the infant radio. But at the office they thought I was just crazy. 'You, a family man with a wife and baby, throwing away a \$75 a week steady job for a \$25 a week fly-by-night. Why, it's childish. You'll be mighty sorry, Wons,' they warned me."

But Tony Wons took the chance, and it gave him the work he loves.

Fate refused to continue smiling upon Tony. At the station he worked long hours, night and day. He not only acted ten or twelve parts in his Shakespearean presentations, but wrote productions, presented other plays, announced, read market and crop reports, even filled in with a little fiddling.

The indoor work, the strain of the long hours and the excitement all took their toll. Never particularly robust, now he grew whiter and thinner daily. His chest bothered him. The doctors shook their heads. Perhaps a long rest at a sanatorium in Arizona, no activity of any kind, might help. Perhaps he'd get better.

But their half-hearted optimism didn't fool him. He knew he was done for. Here he had just started doing what he loved, he had a wife and a young baby, everything to live for, and he was dying.

He lay on his back for months, waiting for the end to come. The days went by, the weeks, the months dragged along—still he lingered on. Finally one day he decided to forget regrets and stop worrying. "If I have to lie here

for awhile," he told his nurse, "I might just as well keep busy. I wish I had something to do."

"Why don't you start a scrapbook?" she asked.

THAT was just what he needed. His whole life had been a scrapbook—an attempt to put together bits that didn't fit, to seek harmony out of chaos. He had seen every side of American life, the good and the bad, had known criminals and near-saints. All of that experience went into the scrapbook. It interested his fellow-patients and his wife—perhaps it would interest others, too, help them. Whatever happened, he could leave that behind.

A year later he left the hospital behind, but took with him the scrapbook into which he had pasted odd bits of poetry, of philosophy. And Lady Fortune smiled at him once again. Back on the air he went with it and he's been on ever since, though that was seven years ago.

You all know how his *Scrapbook* talks and their wholesome, cheering philosophy took hold of us, how WLW in Cincinnati begged for his services and his daily talk there brought over one hundred thousand grateful fan letters in one winter. How Columbia invited him to join them in 1930, and there he remained till this fall, when he started his first NBC series, *The House by the Side of the Road*.

And so, you see, it was chance all along that made him what he is today. As to the future, who knows? For chance is an undetermined, changeable factor.

"**C**HANCE plays a big part in the life of every woman and man," he assured me when our interview was quite over. "You miss a street car and you cuss the motorman, the conductor and the street car company. But while you wait for another car a friend steps up and gives you a tip on the market, or on a horse race, or tells you of a new job, and you take it.

"Whether you lose or win, your life's course will be changed. If you hadn't missed the street car your life would have been different. You had nothing whatever to do with missing the car.

"Or for no reason at all you cross the street east and west, and you are struck by a taxicab. You go to a hospital and your whole career is changed as mine was. Maybe you are crippled for life and being confined to a wheel chair you do a lot of reading and thinking, you try your hand at writing, and succeed.

"If you had crossed that street north and south, the whole course of your life would have been different. It is really difficult to know when to credit or blame a man for what he does because in most cases you can trace his conduct to some happening of chance."

Have you voted for your favorite star in **RADIOLAND'S** Nationwide Popularity Poll? Use the coupon on page 34.

Jane Says Fame Is Easy Pickens

[Continued from page 15]

apartment in Greenwich Village and had a grand time. Radio as a career hadn't entered Jane's mind; she was still training for opera.

One night they were entertaining friends, by singing the old Southern plantation melodies and spirituals they had loved since childhood. And one of their guests was so impressed, she brought Vincent Lopez over to hear them.

"You're swell," he told Jane, "but can you do jazz?"

The girls had never tried popular tunes, but that didn't faze Jane. Before her sisters could answer, she said: "Why, of course we can." To a music shop she hid herself and asked the clerk for their greatest hit. *Was That the Human Thing To Do* was all the rage at the time. Jane took it home and began to experiment with it.

"I wasn't accustomed to that type of song," she explained. "To my high-brow tastes, the words seemed very ungrammatical. So I changed the song to the soft negro dialect we were used to." And she worked out a few instrumental effects to make it sound different—effects which of course the girls did vocally.

IT SOUNDED so different that within two weeks NBC had hired the trio to go on the air and given them a sustaining spot of their own. Almost immediately after that they landed their

first commercial, the El Toro Cigar Program. For a whole year they sang for this account—quite a record for newcomers. And they'd be singing for them yet, if the cigar factories in South America hadn't been blown to bits by a tornado.

Then Jane looked around for new worlds to conquer. Radio wasn't enough, so the girls became vaudeville artists. Then into the movies they went, Jane still leading the way. Her latest—she's always thinking up something new—is song-writing. She's just written two songs *Bad Dreams* and *In the Mirror of Your Eyes*.

And you'll be seeing her in Eddie Dowling's new musical *Thumbs Up*.

Jane says her work is so much fun she can't keep away from it.

There isn't much time for social life in her program. There is a boy friend though, and you'll laugh when you hear how their courtship is being conducted. When he comes to take her out and finds her busy working out her orchestrations, does he get up in a huff and walk out? No, he just picks himself a book and sits himself down. Every once in a while Jane stops work and they chat for a few minutes. Then back to her piano she goes, and he back to his reading. Not exactly conducive to matrimony, is it? But sweet, little Janie isn't interested in matrimony right now.

I'm afraid the little Georgia girl is really a career woman at heart.

Classified Ads

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MAKE \$21 PER 100, Stamping Names on Key-checks. Samples and Instructions, 25c. Supplies furnished. Ketaagr Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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SPECIAL EMPLOYMENT for married women. \$15 weekly and your dresses Free representing nationally known Fashion Frocks. No canvassing. No investment. Send your dress size. Fashion Frocks, Dept. B-1042, Cincinnati, Ohio.

ADDRESSING—Mailing Circulars, at home. for Mail Dealers. Earn \$15 weekly. Stamp brings particulars. Wilson System, Tucson, Arizona.

ADDRESS ENVELOPES at home sparetime—\$5—\$25 weekly. Experience unnecessary. Dignified work. Send stamp for particulars. K. Linden, Box 75, Hammond, Ind.

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WANTED: ORIGINAL POEMS, SONGS for immediate consideration. M.M. Publishers, Dept. FW, Studio Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

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SELL US YOUR OLD COINS: Will pay up to \$53 for certain pennies. Up to \$100 for nickels. Send 10c for complete list. Collectors Coin Exchange, 401-CR Bedford Bldg., Chicago.

WE BUY LINCOLN HEAD PENNIES. Will pay up to \$2.00 each if over 10 years old. Indian Head pennies worth up to \$51.00 each. Send 10c for Buying Catalog. Continental Coin Co., Incorporated, CK-111, W. Jackson, Chicago.

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DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Excellent opportunity. Experience unnecessary. DETECTIVE particulars free. Write George Wagner, 2640-T, Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS: Smash go prices. Santos Coffee 12c lb. 4-oz. Vanilla 8 1/2c. \$1.00 size Tonic 14c. Razor Blades 10 for 8 1/2c. 100 sticks Chewing Gum 12c. 150 other bargains. Experience unnecessary. Write Carnation Co., FC, St. Louis, Missouri.

Dial Twister's Guide Book

[Continued from page 41]

amples of the new trend to long variety shows. Both, after getting off to a somewhat unhappy start, are rapidly picking up. Admittedly one of the hardest shows to concoct, the variety hour could be one of the best, provided it has good music, an interesting story if there must be a story, and that the whole is clear, easy to follow and doesn't change pace and scene too often or too quickly, for the listening mind is slow. Other important variety shows are:

ROXY'S REVUE: Wide range of entertainment of all types. Always new and interesting through flexibility.

CAREFREE CARNIVAL: Has an easy carefree quality to it as the name implies; bright and sparkling, something rare in dialogue, and a general spirit of good fun.

FREDDY MARTIN'S Open House: If you like to hear new voices, here is the pick of local talent worked into a smooth-flowing program.

FLEISCHMANN VARIETIES: Rudy Vallée and guests keep to same high standard except for comics.

KATE SMITH'S Matinee: The premier variety show of the daylight hours, with a little bit of everything.

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Firestone
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28x4.40-21	\$2.15	80.85	30x5.25-20	\$2.95	1.15		
28x4.50-20	2.35	0.85	31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15		
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85	28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15		
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95	29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15		
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95	30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15		
29x5.00-19	2.85	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	3.45	1.25		
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15	32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35		

REGULAR CORD TIRES

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	\$2.25	\$0.65	32x4 1/2	\$3.35	1.15
30x3 1/2	2.35	0.75	33x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
31x4	2.95	0.85	34x4 1/2	3.45	1.15
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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Is the script of the *Myrt and Marge* show based on real life? How many people take part in the show?—*F. W. F., Orlando, Florida.*



Myrtle Vail

Ans.—Myrtle Vail, author of the *Myrt and Marge* scripts, draws on her experiences as a chorus girl, but the program is not based on actual incidents. There are four

regulars enacting the program.

Isn't Cheerio and Pat Kelley one and the same man? What is Cheerio's real name?—*N. R., Number Four, N. Y.*

Ans.—Cheerio prefers to keep his identity anonymous, but we happen to know that it isn't Pat Kelley.

Are Stewart Sterling's mystery stories published in book form or only for radio? Who pays the copyright owners for permission to use a song or poem over the radio, the station or the performer?—*R. C., Middleboro, Mass.*

Ans.—As yet the Sterling stories have not appeared in book form. Radio stations have blanket releases from song publishers entitling performers to sing popular songs over their stations. In the case of copyrighted poetry individual arrangements must be made.

Is Whispering Jack Smith a popular radio star? When did he first make his appearance on radio? Is it true that the voice he now has is the result of a cold? Where can I send for pictures of him?—*E. F., Fall River, Mass.*



Whispering Jack Smith

Ans.—Whispering Jack is a popular star whose first radio appearance dates back some twelve years, making

him a real pioneer of the air. His voice has always been a natural one. Jack and other CBS stars can be reached through the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Is Frank Parker married? Where can I send for pictures of him and what programs is he on? Are his programs popular?—*A. G. and H. R.*

Ans.—Frank Parker is one of radio's eligible bachelors. You can write to him—and all other NBC stars—in care of the National Broadcasting Co., Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. He is starred on Jack Benny's Jello and Stoopnagle and Budd's oil programs, as well as others. *Radio-land's* Popularity Poll shows Frank Parker to be among the most popular men stars on the air.

To settle an argument, would you please tell me if George Givot and Nick Parkarkas of Eddie



George Givot

Cantor's program are the same person?—*D. M. S., Holyoke, Mass.*

Ans.—No, they are two different persons. George Givot is the Greek Ambassador of Good Will, and Parkarkas is played by Harry Einstein.

Where and when were Amos 'n' Andy born? Are they married? Will they make another picture?—*M. Powers, Newark, N. J.*

Ans.—Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) arrived on May 5, 1889 in Richmond, Virginia, and Andy (Charles J. Correll) in Peoria, Ill., on February 3, 1880. Both are married. They have no movie plans for the present.

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, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and the answers will be printed as soon after receipt as possible in this column.

Is James Melton married? If so, to whom? Any children? How old is he and what is his nationality?—*A. B., Brookline, Mass.*



Jimmie Melton

Ans.—Jimmie Melton is married to Marjorie McClure. Did you see the article she wrote about Jimmie in January *Radio-land*? They have no children. Jimmie was born in

1904 of American parentage.

My uncle and I had an argument. He told me Bing Crosby did not finish college and I claim he did.—*M. L. G., Stemmers Run, Md.*

Ans.—Guess you'll have to pay the bet to uncle. Bing at one time planned to go to college to follow a legal career but decided against it and rose to fame through Paul Whiteman's Orchestra.

Please tell me the names of those on the *Little Orphan Annie* program and where I may get a photograph of each one.—*P. D., Springfield, Mass.*

Ans.—Shirley Bell is featured on the Orphan Annie Program, assisted by Allan Baruck, Henrietta Tedro and Harry Cansdale. Address them at the National Broadcasting Co.

Who are Vic, Sade, and young Rush? Are they mother, father and son in real life?

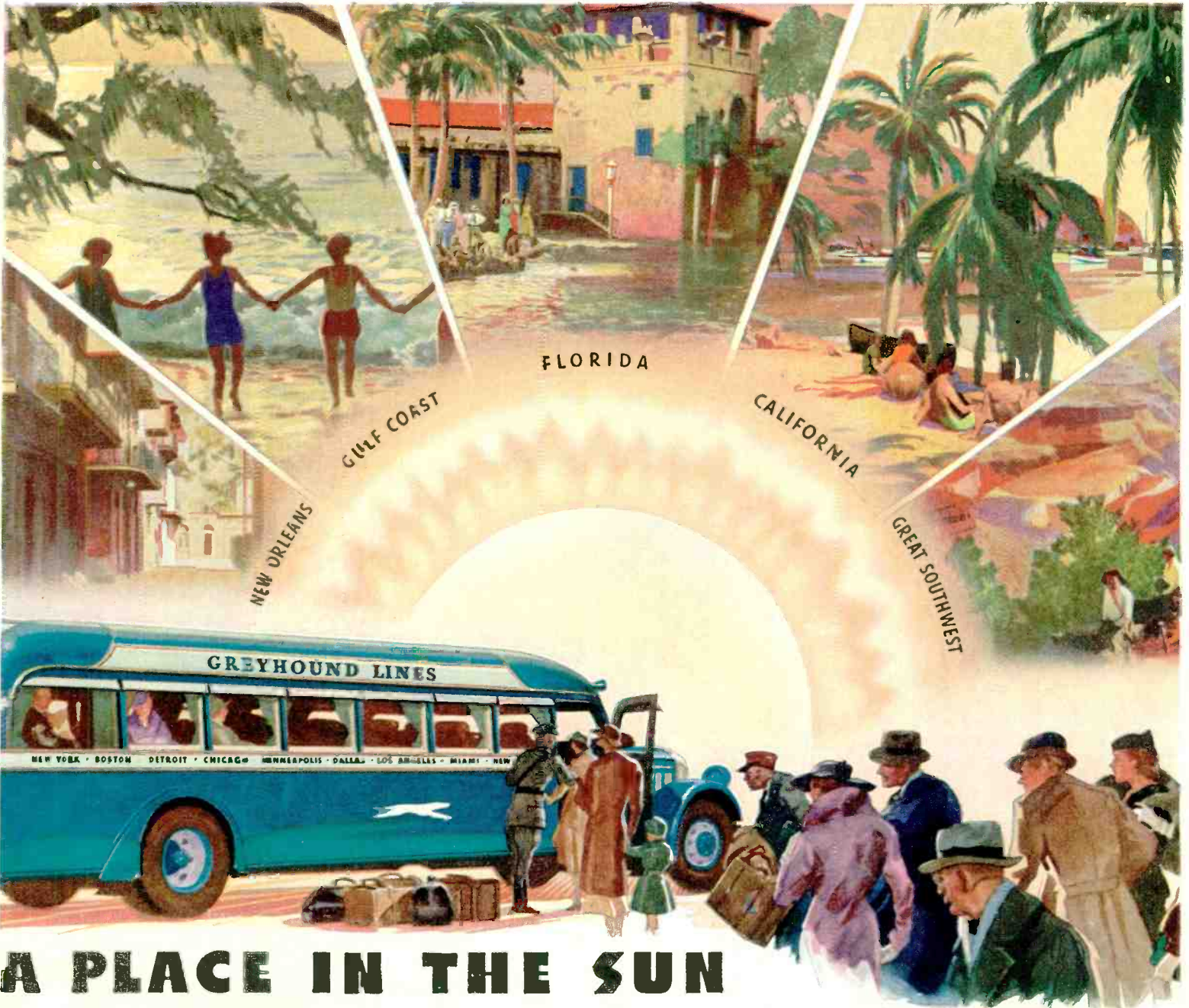


Irene Hubbard

Is Maria in *Showboat* really Captain Henry's sister and is Mary Lou his niece in real life?—*G. G. B., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Ans.—The Vic and Sade radio family are unrelated in real life. You'll find their names and pictures on

page 31 of this issue. Maria of *Showboat* is Irene Hubbard, Captain Henry was Charles Winninger, and Mary Lou is two people—Rosaline Greene for her speaking voice, Muriel Wilson for her singing. So you see none of them are related either.



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