

10 CENTS

RADIOLAND

May

10c

15c in Canada



Dorothy Page

**LOVE LETTERS
TO THE STARS**

**A Famous
Gag Man Tells How
to Write Radio Comedy**

EDDIE CANTOR'S ROMAN SCANDAL

Tattoo your
lips!



a New Red
from the South Seas

Hawaii brings you the glorious red of the wild Hibiscus flower in a really new kind of lipstick! Called TATTOO "HAWAIIAN." It's a new shade of red, unusually bright and luscious . . . almost a Chinese lacquer red, a shade that gives life, dash, and vivid individuality. It's brilliant, saucy . . . decidedly daring . . . yet not hard to wear because with all its vividness it imbues the lips with a soft, sincere, feminine warmth they have never had before. This shade has been dreamed of ever since indelible lipsticks first were made, but because it would turn purple on the lips, could not be used. Now, TATTOO, and TATTOO only, offers this stunning shade in an infinitely indelible, extremely transparent stick which positively will not turn even the least bit purplish. It can't! Only "HAWAIIAN" gives you this gorgeous new red that stays red. Go Native!

ACTUALLY TRY IT
AT THE TATTOO
COLOR SELECTOR

Your favorite toilet goods dealer invites you to test, on your own skin, all five shades of TATTOO at the Tattoo Color Selector, illustrated here and readily found wherever fine toilet goods are sold.

TATTOO IS \$1



TATTOO "HAWAIIAN"
PUT IT ON • • LET IT SET • • WIPE IT OFF • • ONLY THE COLOR STAYS

This is the time of year



when Greyhound Comfort and Security mean so much to travelers



HERE COMES SPRING, with its fine brilliant days, urging travel in the open, on the highways! But early Spring has rain mingled with its sunshine—wind and cold with its warmth and fragrance.

So what is the first essential of Spring travel—the vital thing that assures a pleasant, relaxed trip? Isn't it peace of mind—assurance of safety, confidence in the skill of your driver? *Then Greyhound is for you!*

This system has won the National Safety Council's highest award for intercity bus fleets every year since it has been offered. Next to mental ease comes bodily comfort, found in cushioned chairs which can be adjusted to three positions—in a cheering flow of warmth from Tropic-Aire heaters.

These are vital reasons for the popular swing to Greyhound. *Not to mention that fares are dollars lower—schedules prompt and frequent. Isn't it worth a trial?*



PRINCIPAL GREYHOUND INFORMATION OFFICES
 CLEVELAND, OHIO, E. 9th & Superior
 PHILADELPHIA, PA., Broad St. Station
 CHICAGO, ILL., 12th & Wabash
 NEW YORK CITY, Nelson Tower
 BOSTON, MASS., 230 Boylston St.
 WASHINGTON, D. C., 1463 New York Ave., N. W.
 DETROIT, MICH., Tuller Hotel
 MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., 509 6th Ave., N.
 CHARLESTON, W. VA., 601 Virginia St.
 LONDON, ENG., A. B. Reynoldson, 49 Leadenhall St.

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FULL TRAVEL INFORMATION—NO OBLIGATION
 Do you want fares, schedules and full information about trips to any part of the United States? Jot down your destination on margin below—then mail this coupon to Greyhound office nearest your home (listed at left). Paste it on a penny postcard, if you wish. We will also mail any pictorial folders which are available.

Name _____
 Address _____



— it was ever thus

they Satisfy

Chesterfields are milder and they certainly do taste better

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 slimness? 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. 75, 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 Regina Snyder
 Address R. 27 Cooperstown
 City Cooperstown State N.Y.
 Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



“I wonder!”



“I wonder if it would end all regular pain for me, and end it for all time?”

To the woman who is asking herself that question, the makers of Midol make an emphatic answer: It will *not*.

But they make another statement just as emphatic, and just as true: Midol always relieves periodic pain to some degree, and will for *you*.

Understand, this extraordinary medicine *may* bring you complete relief. It has done this for many. And some of these women had always had the severest pain. But others report only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you are sure to receive well worth while? Midol means great comfort in any case—compared with unchecked suffering at this time of the month!

Any sufferer who experiences no relief from Midol should consult a physician.

“Yes, but won't it form some habit?” Only the habit of avoiding suffering which is needless! There is no “habit forming” drug in Midol. It is not a narcotic.

So, don't let the speed with which this remarkable medicine takes hold cause you any apprehension. Don't keep it for “emergencies” or wait for the pain to reach its height before you take it. Let it keep you comfortable throughout the period. Learn to rely on it completely. Just follow the simple directions found inside the box.

And speaking of boxes, you'll appreciate the slim aluminum case in which you get Midol. It's so thin and light—and dainty—you can give it a permanent place in your purse and always be prepared. It is a tremendous relief, mental and physical, to be able to approach this time without any misgivings, and to pass serenely through it.

Your druggist has these tablets. You'll probably see them on the counter. If not, just ask for Midol. Fifty cents is the most you'll pay—for comfort that is worth almost anything.

When it has given you back those days once given over to suffering, will you do this? If you know someone who still suffers, tell her of your discovery—that Midol does bring definite and decided relief from “regular” pain.

Flashes from the News



—Wide World
There seems to be a difference of opinion between the King and Queen of Lake Placid's Midwinter Carnival—you'll recognize them as orchestra leader Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, snapped during coronation ceremonies

Program Politics

JOE COOK is back on the air again in a circus role which fits his talents admirably. Behind his return, however, lies a story of program politics which is not too happy. As originally planned, the program was to feature Dr. Rockwell, the vaudeville comedian, and the orchestra of Ted Lewis. Such a combination would very likely have provided one of the air's outstanding features, but negotiations collapsed when Lewis insisted that he deserved top billing, and Doc Rockwell figured, with some justice, that he merited an equal amount of ballyhoo.

Our sympathies lie unashamedly with the Doctor. It's a pity that petty squabbles should keep him off the air, for more than likely he would have mined a fresh vein of radio humor. Orchestra leaders in general fight tooth and nail for publicity breaks, perhaps because there is so little to distinguish one from another. It is our personal opinion that if all radio orchestras were lumped together in one hat, the average fan wouldn't be able to identify them, except for such broad distinctions of style as mark the various classifications such as the waltz boys, the tango specialists, the “hot” and the “sweet” music purveyors.

* * * * *

The break between Father Charles E. Coughlin and the Roosevelt administration—exclusively predicted in the article, “Coughlin vs. Roosevelt,” which appeared in September RADIOLAND—became clean-cut and definite in early March, and as we go to press a merry tempest has been stirred up by General Hugh Johnson, ex-chief of the NRA. In a New York speech he linked the name of Father Coughlin with that of Huey Long, and the radio priest was preparing his answer as this paragraph was being written.

Durante Humiliation

JIMMIE DURANTE is all primed for another of his characteristic periods of mortification and humiliation, if a woman member of one of his theater audiences has her way. She has slapped Jimmie down with a suit for \$5000 damages, assessing her own humiliation at that figure after Jimmie stepped down from the stage during the course of a performance and drove her to tears by the embarrassing proximity of his schnozzle and evident osculatory intent. Jimmie says that it was all a gag to win a laugh from the audience, but he failed to confide in his unwilling stooge before the performance.

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Sally, two-year-old daughter of Hal Kemp, starts out to acquire a well-rounded education by reading RADIOLAND. Or maybe she's just searching for her daddy's picture

RADIOLAND

“Quit picking on us and jump on the men”

Three ladies, hopping mad,
take us to task
for sparing careless men



Advertising Dept.,
Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.,
St. Louis, Mo. July 6, 1934

Gentlemen:

Your ad, which I am enclosing, certainly burns me up!

Will you kindly explain just why, although there are mostly boys in the picture, the moral is for girls? Do you think girls have a monopoly on halitosis? Let me assure you that they certainly have not. Just ask a few girls of your acquaintance, and find out. Learn how many girls dread to see certain chaps come over to ask them to dance, because it is such an ordeal to face the boy's breath. Believe me, there are plenty of ruined romances due to halitosis on the part of the man.

Now let me see you direct an occasional ad against the men—but I just bet you won't!

Very sincerely yours,
Miss F. E. Y.
Staten Island, N. Y.

Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.,
St. Louis, Mo. October 20, 1934

Gentlemen:

I am writing to tell you that your last ad, taking women to task for having halitosis (bad breath) has annoyed me and several of my women friends. My work happens to bring me in contact with the public and I know from experience that for every woman who has bad breath there are at least nine men. If you wish to do a real service to everybody, direct a few of your ads to men. They're the real offenders.

Mrs. A. F. P.
Chicago, Ill.

Advertising Manager,
Lambert Pharmaceutical Co.,
St. Louis, Mo. Jan. 11, 1935

Dear Sir:

You'd think from reading your ads that nobody but women had halitosis, and that men went around smelling as sweet as May blossoms.

If you knew what you were talking about you'd know that most men have got halitosis about half of the time. But they're too self-satisfied, vain, stupid, and conceited to do anything about it. They think that just because they're men they can get away with anything and we women have to stand around and pretend we like it.

I don't know what value you place on your women customers but you're going to lose a lot of them if you don't give the men their just deserts in one ad at least.

Mrs. M. F. S.
Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Men are the worst

MEN ARE INDEED the worst offenders in spite of the fact that we have directed at least 2 million dollars worth of advertising to them on the subject of halitosis. It is true, however, that most of our advertisements are directed to women. We feel that women are the biggest factors in influencing men.

We are glad to print the above letters. Perhaps men will read them and resolve to go forth, fastidiously speaking, and sin no more!

Halitosis (bad breath) is unforgivable in either social or business life—unforgivable because inexcusable. It can be so quickly and pleasantly corrected by the use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic and quick deodorant. Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of mouth odors; then gets rid of the odors themselves. Use it morning and night and between times before social and business engagements. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine takes your breath away



Flashes from the News

[Continued from page 6]



The New York opening of *Sweet Music*, Rudy Vallée's new picture, brought radio music maestros out in force. From left to right we have Rudy Vallée in person, Richard Himbler, Paul Whiteman, Fred Waring, and Abe Lyman

Do You have Trouble Making Your MAKE-UP STAY ON ?

NO DOUBT about it . . . it's a perfect nuisance having to apply fresh make-up a half-dozen times a day. And yet, what are you going to do when your powder *won't* stay on and your rouge and lipstick fade away?

You'll never have to put up with that sort of thing when you use **OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids**. For each of these preparations is made with a base of *pure olive oil* . . . an ingredient which not only enables your make-up to go on more smoothly, but to *stay on* longer.

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Aids do more than merely beautify your complexion. They *protect* it, too! **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** guards the skin from the drying effects of wind and weather—keeps it soft, smooth and supple. Yet this powder is light and airy in texture. It never "cakes" or clogs the pores.

OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick protect cheeks and lips from cracking and chapping. Make your complexion come *alive* with youthful coloring and beauty.

Whether you are a blonde, brunette or titian-haired, you can be sure that regardless of the shade of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder** you choose, you will find an **OUTDOOR GIRL Rouge and Lipstick** of the *same tonal quality* . . . to blend with your own complexion and to provide a perfect Make-up Color Ensemble.

At leading drug and department stores for only 55c. Also in handy trial sizes at your favorite ten-cent store. Mail the coupon for liberal samples.

TUNE IN—SATURDAYS, 7:30 P. M., E. D. S. T.
"The Outdoor Girl Beauty Parade"
 • Over the Columbia Broadcasting System

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL BEAUTY AIDS

CRYSTAL CORPORATION, DEPT. 5-E
 Willis Avenue, New York City

I enclose 10c. Please send me liberal trial packages of **OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick**. My complexion is Light Medium Dark .

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Televiewed Movies

THE frequency with which we are compelled to report that the corner around which television is lurking is still in the dim future has become somewhat annoying, but we herewith dutifully state that the recent television flurry, occasioned by the fact that the British Broadcasting Company has secured an official license for televising, does not indicate that the time has come for tossing your radio receivers out the window.

The Columbia Broadcasting System is convinced that high costs will keep sponsors away from television for some time to come. The National Broadcasting Company is pursuing experiments on the coast with a view to presenting motion pictures on the air when the time comes. This is technically possible in the present stage of television, but the financial hurdle is something else again.

* * * * *

Jessica Dragonette, for years a fixture on the Cities Service program, takes a vacation with Lucille Manners substituting in her warbling spot. It's the old lucre call of the movies that has got Jessica, but she'll be back . . . There hasn't been a Gertrude Berg show on the airways since *The Rise of the Goldbergs* exited, but she has prepared two new script shows which will probably hit the networks shortly.

Byrd Returns

ADMIRAL BYRD and his boys are on the way home, leaving Little America to the care of a penguin watch-guard until such time as another Antarctic Expedition may be financed. It must be confessed that the South Polar broadcasts, essentially little more than stunts, stretched out pretty thinly after the first one or two. Radio long ago

passed out of the swaddling-clothes stage in which signals from some remote corner of the globe were listened to open-mouthed, simply because of the distance involved.

* * * * *

The most pleasant bit of news of the month is the signing of Major Edward Bowes Amateur Hour to appear on the Chase & Sanborn Sunday program, under the guidance of the Major himself. This is the original amateur hour which started the current trend, and is still head and shoulders above the rest of them. The Major's other activities will continue unchanged.



Alexander Woollcott threw a party on his program the other day—Alex is in the lower corner, while at left above him is Ethel Barrymore, and beside her, Noel Coward

RADIOLAND

CROSLEY

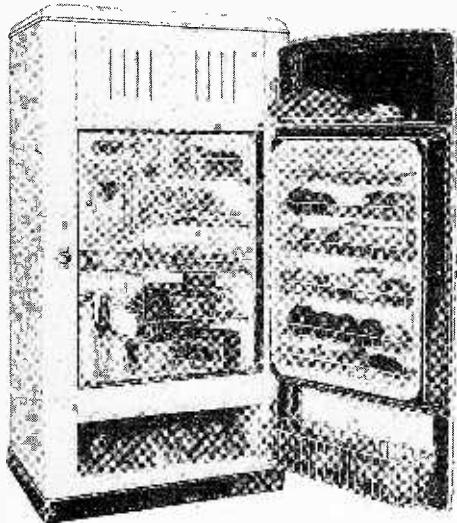
SENDS TO YOU THE MOST POWERFUL
RADIO BROADCASTS IN THE WORLD

WLW ~ 500,000 WATTS

Just turn your dial to 70 and you are listening to the voice of CROSLEY. This voice was among the mere handful of broadcasters who gave you something to listen to when radio was only an infant. Now, wherever you may be, Crosley gives you the privilege of 19 hours a day of the finest radio entertainment.

AND

CROSLEY has made possible the most convenient, dependable, and beautiful electric refrigeration within reach of every pocketbook . . . The famous Shelvador and Tri-Shelvador models priced as low as \$79.50 delivered, installed and with one year's free service.



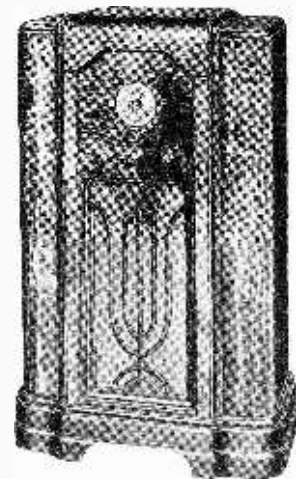
This is the Crosley Tri-Shelvador model F-55 with 5.5 cubic feet NET capacity and 11.6 square feet of shelf space. And in addition, the ultra-convenience features of Shelvatray, Shelvabasket and Storabin.

\$164.50

Western Price Slightly Higher

AND

CROSLEY offers the world's greatest values in modern and beautiful radio receivers. A radio for every purpose and you will find them a revelation in vivid, full-toned quality and reliable round-the-world reception. Prices range from \$19.99 upward.



This is the sensational new Crosley Centurion lowboy which brings the thrilling entertainment from ALL wave bands, and adds to them the brilliant new weather band. A ten-tube super-heterodyne with the most complete practical radio refinements.

\$100.00

Western Price Slightly Higher

THERE IS A CROSLEY DEALER NEAR YOU ~ ASK HIM FOR DEMONSTRATIONS OF THESE REFRIGERATION AND RADIO TRIUMPHS WHOSE POPULARITY IS SWEEPING THE COUNTRY.



Modern beauty WITH HOLD-BOBS?

Great Aunt Maria was in style! A wire roll built her pompadour to the peak of fashion—in the '90s. But for the chic, smooth coiffures of today, modern women demand HOLD-BOBS—only these modern hairdress aids will do!

"I like the way HOLD-BOBS keep my hair for hours—just as I dress it," exclaims one constant user.

"Never have I known HOLD-BOB's smooth, round points to scratch my scalp," says another.

And another, "Because of HOLD-BOB's small, round, invisible heads and harmonizing colors they never show in my hair."

You, who know how priceless a beautiful hairdress is—use HOLD-BOBS once and you'll use them always.

THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
1918-36 Prairie Avenue, Dept. F-55, Chicago, Ill.

Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Gold and Silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS.



MAIL COUPON *not* the CARD

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. F-55, Chicago, Ill.

I want to know more about these new HOLD-BOBS that match my hair. Please send me a free sample card and new hair culture booklet.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
 Gray and Platinum Blonde Brown
 Auburn Brunette

Copyright 1936 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.

RADIOLAND'S POPULARITY POLL WINNER



Jack Benny romps home ahead of the field as grand winner in RADIOLAND'S Nationwide Popularity Poll—and Mary Livingstone is right there to share honors with husband Jack, having helped him to capture them

WELL, folks, it's all over—the final ballots have been counted in RADIOLAND'S Nationwide Popularity Poll and you readers have decided that Jack Benny is the man to receive the award of an engraved silver shield symbolic of his victory as your favorite radio personality.

It's been a hard-fought battle and the final tabulations show the winners in the various divisions to be as follows: Favorite Program, Showboat; Favorite Comedian, Jack Benny; Favorite Orchestra, Connecticut Yankees; Favorite Woman Singer (Popular), Annette Henshaw; Favorite Woman Singer (Classical), Jessica Dragonette; Favorite Radio Announcer, James Wallington; Favorite News Commentator, Lowell Thomas; Favorite Children's Program, Horn and Hardart; Favorite Man Singer (Popular), Lanny Ross; Favorite Man Singer (Classical), Lawrence Tibbett.

Just how close the race has been in many divisions is revealed by the final count of ballots:

FAVORITE PROGRAM

Showboat	4,372
Rudy Vallee Varieties	2,676
Jello	1,929
One Man's Family	1,701
Lanny's Log Cabin	718
First Nighter	622
Fred Waring Program	547
Camel Caravan	365
Town Hall Tonight	356
Bing Crosby Program	193
Dangerous Paradise	191
Ex-Lax	183
Hollywood Hotel	168
Buck Rogers	149
Lux Radio Theater	147
Life Savers	145
Palmolive Beauty Box	133
Lombardo Land	127
Sinclair Minstrels	125
March of Time	121
Red Davis	119
Gibson Family	112

[Continued on page 52]

RADIOLAND

MAY, 1935

The Editor's Opinion

Fan Club Racket



Racket router

KATE SMITH has brought to light a new racket—the "Fan Club" organized by unscrupulous promoters to gouge radio artists for all the traffic will bear. Professedly unable to keep their admiration for the star decorously restrained, they start

a club by collecting in advance from their "favorite radio entertainer" a husky sum for incorporation fees, etc. Then comes a substantial weekly bill for postage, publication of a paper, photographs, membership cards, emblems, and the like.

If the artist wearies under this financial drain, the club members write the studios plaintively inquiring, more in sorrow than in anger, why the star's performances, formerly so enjoyable, have lost their punch, gone to pieces, and collapsed in a burst of static. Usually the harassed broadcaster takes the hint and comes across with more money. Kate Smith revealed that one family in a New England town was operating seven different "clubs" for seven different stars and making for itself a couple of hundred dollars a week "with the greatest of ease," as the saying goes. There are plenty of legitimate fan clubs, but those which skim close to extortion are vicious rackets.

* * * * *

Union troubles have been plaguing many leading radio bandmen. Following the levying of a \$3 tax per musician, several orchestras broadcasting from New York hotels were recently cancelled from the air when the hotels refused to absorb the fee. The tax was designed to replenish the coffers of the musician's union fund for unemployed members.

* * * * *

Seth Parker Trouble

IT'S JUST one headline after another for Phillips Lord, who finds his trip around the world in the good ship *Seth Parker* attended with every imaginable variety of nautical tribulation. Seth Parker encountered misadventures along the Atlantic Coast and in the West Indies, and a few days ago the schooner

was forced to send out a radio call for aid when caught in a mid-Pacific typhoon. An Australian battle-cruiser answered the S.O.S. call, not once, but twice. Their first rescue call found everything under control, but the *Seth Parker* had a relapse and the cruiser had to turn around and go back again. From the querulous tone of official reports, it is evident that the Australians suspected that it just wasn't cricket; one rescue call they could take in their stride, but two called for an Admiralty explanation of the \$2,500 expense involved in changing the cruiser's course. A Pacific typhoon is no zephyr, however, and no respecter of personalities, radio or otherwise, who drift into its blustering pathway.



Nautically perturbed

* * * * *

The Radio Press Bureau, furnishing news bulletins to the majority of network stations, took it on the chin when it released an erroneous flash that Hauptmann had been convicted with a recommendation of clemency. The true verdict, guilty in the first degree, was broadcast by the independent Trans-Radio news service, and the incident may furnish a lever to pry the stations loose from the news agreement which shackles them at present.

Cantor Comeback

AFTER two broadcasts on his new radio series, the *Crosley Report*, recognized as the official barometer for size of the listening audience, assigned first honors to Eddie Cantor and his program. This does not necessarily mean that Cantor is the country's favorite radio comedian—**RADIOLAND'S** own voters in its Popularity Poll assign that honor to Jack Benny—but it does mean that the banjo-eyed comic and his formula has box-office power rivaled by only a few ether attractions.

Certain psychological factors undoubtedly aided Eddie in achieving his high ranking. He was handed what the fraternity calls a sweet spot, his Sunday night schedule being surrounded by symphony concerts and operatic performances on the major networks. In consequence, many listeners, bogged down to the Plimsoll line on heavy music, welcomed a comedy program with wide open arms and eager ears.

Meanwhile, New York City listeners are being amused by the reactions of certain metropolitan radio reviewers to Cantor's return. If you'll remember, when Eddie finished his *Chase and Sanborn* series a few months ago, he was feuding with the radio writers. They resented his much publicized observation that they were nothing but a bunch of log-rolling incompetents. A favorite form of revenge on the part of the critics is to ignore Cantor's name and describe the period in their columns as the "Rubinoff Revue."



EDDIE CANTOR'S

Eddie Cantor "did" the Romans in his movie, "Roman Scandals" so on his recent jaunt to Europe the Romans turned about and "did" Eddie. Ensued that scandalous affair of Mussolini's guards. All of which Eddie tries to explain away in this article, throwing in his views on radio for good measure

By HERBERT WESTEN

Signor Cantor in his Roman toga discovers that he can win a smile even from a stone satyr



IF YOU have been reading your newspapers, you know that Mr. Eddie Cantor went to Rome recently and met Premier Mussolini.

There is nothing remarkable in this. A number of other American entertainers have been granted the same audience.

But Mr. Cantor—or shall we call him Signor Cantor from now on?—had starred in a motion picture called *Roman Scandals*. In this picture—a burlesque—he "did" the Romans.

And so—well, you know what you'd do in the same circumstance! The Romans, when Eddie came over, were waiting for him. They "did" him.

Now Eddie knows that when in Rome one must do as the Romans do—and is his face red!

The newspapers had hinted at what had happened when Eddie took a four-weeks' trip to Europe before starting on his current Pebecco broadcast. Eddie, according to reports that seeped over the transatlantic cables, had tried to go Broadway along the Appian Way.

The Romans had laughed at Eddie's motion picture. He *was* funny. And they could look back on their history and laugh with the best of them. But that was all make-believe. When Eddie turned up in Rome in person, minus the toga, the good people of the city tapped

their fingers on their foreheads significantly and said to each other: "The *pissano* must be nuts!"

All because he wanted to see Premier Mussolini—

I telephoned Eddie when he got back, at his New York apartment.

"What's it all about?" I asked. He groaned.

"Can't we talk about something else?" he begged. "I know a lot of other funny stories."

"No," it was insisted, "it must be Rome, or else—"

"Or else what?"

"Or else your picture will be printed upside down and even your own children won't know you."

"All right," he groaned. "Come on up."

NOW Eddie Cantor is a remarkable young man. He is not only the highest paid radio star, a comedian with a long list of brilliant stage and motion picture successes behind him, but a leader of his people in the entertainment field, and an astute business man with a facile grasp of human affairs. When President Roosevelt wanted to deal with Hollywood direct on salary cuts under the motion picture code, it was Cantor who was sent to Washington by the stars to defend them.



A British Bobby gives Cantor the right of way on a London street after Eddie had made a broadcast on traffic safety which brought the station the unprecedented British total of 7000 letters approving Eddie's talk

RADIOLAND

Roman Scandal

So it was only natural that when an American motion picture group, interested in producing motion pictures in Italy, wanted to approach Premier Mussolini, Eddie Cantor was selected as an ambassador extraordinary to the Palazzo Venezia.

Or shall we call him Signor Cantor?

It was figured that he must have built up an *entente cordiale* with his screen success, *Roman Scandals*, and that if, in person, he could make Mussolini laugh, all would be hotsy tots from the Circus Maximus to the Hollywood Bowl. Besides, it was known that the Premier liked Eddie's pictures, and used to send them for a private preview the minute they arrived in Italy.

So Eddie took his wife, two of his daughters, and sailed for Italy with a carefully rehearsed speech, gagged to imply: "Columbus, we are here!"

His arrival in Rome was triumphal. People followed him in the streets, dogs barked at him, mules rubbed against him, and fair signoritas hung perilously out of the balconies for one roll of those Cantor eyes.

"It was swell," he related, "they must have thought I was somebody else."

Heartened by all this, Eddie (or shall we call him Signor Cantor from now on), after taking a look at the Coliseum, the Roman Forum, and a couple of dozen

prosperous American speakeasy proprietors who had come home to retire—all pointed out by the licensed guides—set forth to call on Count Ciarno, the Under-secretary of Propaganda, and Mussolini's brother-in-law, to put the American movie proposition before him.

He found the Count a brilliant man who readily responded to the Cantor gags.

"I was greatly encouraged," Eddie related, "by the man's sterling sense of humor."

It was quickly and easily arranged that the comedian was to have an audience with Premier Mussolini on the following day. The Under-secretary of Propaganda realized the value to tourist travel in Italy of motion pictures made with historic Italian backgrounds and scenery to be shown throughout the world.

So Signor Cantor was given a very cordial letter to Il Duce.

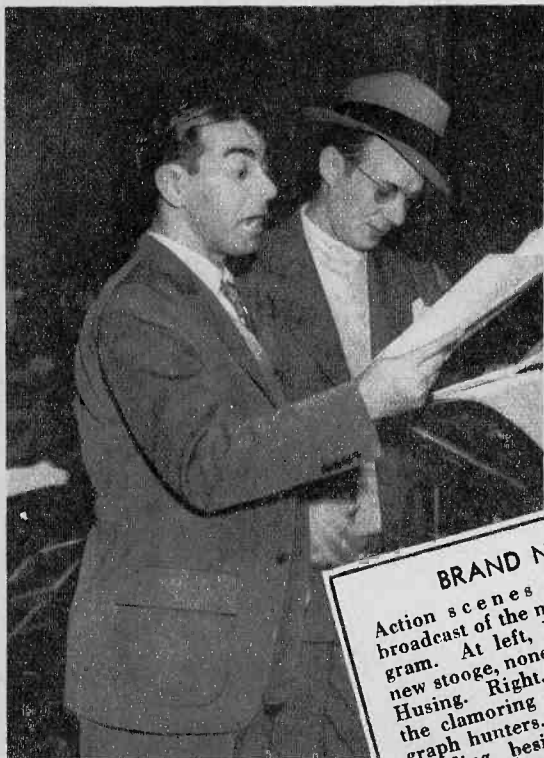
"And then I went and lost the blankety-blanked thing!" moaned Eddie.

PERHAPS it is better that we all do not know what the future holds for us. Eddie was very, very happy as he left Count Ciarno's office. He took a stroll around the Palatine Hill, hummed a few bars of *Cavaliere Rusticano*, fed the pigeons in the [Continued on page 56]



—Wide World

Eddie and Mrs. Cantor as they returned from Europe. The youngster is not one of the Cantor daughters, but an unnamed doll




BRAND NEW!
Action scenes from the first broadcast of the new Cantor program. At left, Eddie with his new stooge, none other than Ted Husing. Right, Eddie yields to the clamoring requests of auto-graph hunters. The young lady standing beside him seems pretty much excited about it all

RUDY VALLEE'S MUSIC NOTEBOOK

*Comments
on the New
Songs*

By

Rudy Vallée



Rudy Vallée and Mary Pickford settle a friendly argument for first turn at the microphone by the "choosing up" method popular with sandlot baseball players. Mary seems to be the winner

THERE seems to be a sympathetic relationship between the season of the year and the writing of popular songs. Just as the end of January and the middle of February finds a drop in night club theatrical attendance, just so does there seem also to be a dearth of unusual material in the field of popular song writing.

As I look over this month's list, I find no particular song that could be termed a smash hit. Of course, until we see the Twentieth Century production, *Folies Bergere de Paris*, featuring Maurice Chevalier, and George White's film *Scandals of 1935*, and Warner Brothers *Golddiggers of 1935* it is difficult to foretell much about the popularity of the songs appearing in those productions. But in the strictly popular field of songs having no association with a revue, musical comedy or picture, the level of outstanding originality is exceedingly low.

If The Moon Turns Green

is an unusual song, containing as it does an odd musical "trick," as the composers call it, at the end of the fourth measure; yet it is a song which can never, in my humble opinion, know intense popularity. Possibly it became more intriguing to me upon repetition, due to the fact that it is an odd song musically, which may hurt it in public estimation.

It is in the current catalogue of Irving Berlin, Inc., though it was not written by him. It should be played slowly.

Malibu

is one of the best of the current crop ostensibly written around the playground of the film colony, Malibu Beach, California. The song has a fine musical swing and freshness which will entitle it to a prominent place in most of our radio programs, if for no other reason than the fact that Irving Caesar has endowed it with some of his genius. Gerald Marks is responsible

for the melody, and Irving has given it a lyrical twist which only he could do.

It has a different construction in the middle, and I would nominate it as the most interesting song in this month's list. Irving Caesar himself publishes it.

I Woke Up Too Soon

is Dave Franklin's attempt to write another *I Ain't Lazy, I'm Just Dreaming*. Those of us who know Dave Franklin know a young man whose qualities, at first sight, are very deceptive. He impresses one as being considerably older, more aloof and less friendly than he really is. Franklin, who has been one of Broadway's men-about-town and brilliant wits for many years, has played piano for some of the greatest of the luminaries in the entertainment field and is himself no mean entertainer and pianist. While his own performance is a combination of Dwight Fiske, Little Jack Little and Frances Maddux, with the accent on Fiske, peculiarly enough Dave has shown a distinct proficiency for writing a popular hit.

Dave has chosen a slow, ballad fox trot as his contribution to this month's list of hits and has called it *I Woke Up too Soon*. His experiments in the field of novelty football songs for the past football season were not too happy, but in *I Woke Up too Soon* Dave has a song which has been one of the most played during the past month and a half. It is published by the Crawford Music Corporation.

It's You I Adore

by J. Russell Robinson, former pianist with the Dixieland Jazz Band, and all-round swell fellow and writer, with his newest collaborator, Bill Livingston, has given Harry Engel a lovely, tender ballad, a song that deals with roses, forget-me-nots and hope chests. Russell

[Continued on page 69]

RADIOLAND

ELSIE JANIS *wants to* *be a* NEMO

THE female of the species have managed to insinuate themselves into practically every department and phase of radio with the exception of one. For a long time, the officials that govern air entertainment have tried out one woman after another as announcer, but alas, without success. Now, however, with Elsie Janis—a veteran of the stage, and a trouper of tried ability—the jinx seems to have been lifted, and daily one can hear her deep, husky voice over the NBC network, handling various programs with the same confidence and ease that has carried her along the road of success for so many years.

Elsie Janis has been an important figure in the theatre for over twenty years. She started her career as a child actress, and eventually became one of the leading dancers and comedienne in this country as well as Europe. Ziegfeld proudly starred her in a number of his famous *Follies*, and the theatrical season that failed to produce an Elsie Janis show was considered a total loss by the New York public.

She is, today, far more than a stage celebrity. She is a tradition. Her grace as a dancer, her famous hoarse voice, her ability as a comedienne; the legends that grew up around her of her unparalleled devotion to her mother, her wonderful courage during the world war when she led a troupe of entertainers

So you don't know what a Nemo is? Neither did we until we read this mad but captivating account of a hectic day in the life of Elsie Janis, the stage star who has become NBC's only woman announcer

By B. F. WILSON



AN ANNOUNCER'S LIFE IS NOT A MERRY ONE

Program Routine of An Announcer

1. Test announcer's mike with mixer.
2. Plug in on preceding program.
3. Wait for the first chime and green light.
4. Push local and announcer's button.
5. Make station identification announcement—20 seconds.
6. Push network button.
7. Push studio button—see that announcer is on.
8. Make program announcement. Kill announcer's button.
9. At finish, push announcer's button—sign off—give signal. To fade. Wait for OK from mixer—kill studio—ring chimes—kill network and local—wait for final signal from mixer and dump carrier. In case of identification after program, kill network—push local and announcer's button and make station spiel.



Elsie Janis is pretty apprehensive as Milton J. Cross, crack NBC mikeman, prepares to initiate her into the announcing fraternity with one of those paddles familiar to Greek-letter neophytes. Elsie was a favorite entertainer of American doughboys at the front

across the dangerous submarine zones and right out to the battlefields where for months, she kept the American soldiers cheered up by her songs and dances, and her unflagging energy and optimism under the most appalling living conditions, will remain in many a war-veteran's memory as long as he lives.

I went over to interview her the other day, and arrived at the studio just in time to hear her saying into the mike:

"This is Elsie Janis saying good-afternoon. I invite you to be with us next Thursday at this same hour when Little Orphan Annie will again be on the air. This broadcast is coming to you direct from the National Broadcasting Company, R. C. A. Building, Radio City, New York."

"HELLO," said Miss Janis as she saw me, and she danced across the stage as light of foot as a debutante. "I'm having such fun!" she exclaimed. "Wait just one minute—I've got to speak to those two people over there, they've been waiting for hours, and I'll be with you." [Continued on page 71]

LOVE LETTERS *to the*

Have you ever wished you could scan a crooner's fan mail to see for yourself just what scented, flaming messages the mail brings him? Here's your chance to sit in with one of New York's leading medical psychologists while he dissects a group of authentic love letters to the stars and discusses the repressed yearnings which inspire them

By DR. LOUIS E. BISCH
M. D., Ph. D.



Robert Simmons.
"Darling . . . I want you to know that I still love you . . . more than ever, my dear"

A GENUINE "true-life" story was circulated not long ago concerning a radio star, a woman, who had received so many letters from a certain young man living miles away that it became annoying. To be sure, women celebrities dote on fan mail. Nor are any averse to expressions of love on the part of their admirers, *unless*—well, too much is too much, and in this particular instance it was much too much; especially since said radio star was already married and living happily with her husband.

One day, however, the star received a letter from a physician who stated that the infatuated Romeo was on the verge of a nervous collapse and, unless the lady would graciously consent to see his patient in person, the doctor feared the consequences would be grave.

To be sure, both the star and her husband at once complied. (Have you ever heard of people in show business refusing to perform a kind deed at any time?)

Accordingly, the "moonstruck" youngster was invited to come to New York.

That visit did that boy a world of good. He actually met the woman of his dreams face to face.

What probably happened is that he corrected many of the over-idealized and over-romanticized conceptions he had built up around his "radio love" in the fondness of his imagination, and he discovered that a voice on the air may not at all fit the personality one thinks it will in reality. At any rate, the love-struck youngster went home satisfied, perhaps even a sadder but a wiser man. A breakdown was averted, however—perhaps future fan letters on his part as well.

To be sure, we all know how important fan mail is to any radio performer. In fact, the actual number of letters is counted from week to week; the degree of success of a program, or its performer, or both, is gauged thereby; even salaries are fixed according to the amount of mail received.

SO MUCH for the purely business side of the matter, of which I will have more to say presently. How many people, on the other hand, realize the human interest side that every radio star's mail contains?

Following, for example, is a letter from the mail sack of Frank Luther, singer on the *Let's Dance* program and the man who, as *Your Lover*, created a radio sensation:



Frank Parker. "Just how have I displeased you? Have you found somebody new . . . I don't believe you know how unhappy and ill you have made me"—from a girl Frank never heard of!

STARS

I live far from your metropolis (the letter reads), and I am the type of plain country girl—a maid, in fact—whom you never would glance at twice should you happen to meet me in the street. Your songs, however, are the only real joy in life I have. At night, in my garret room, sometimes with the wind howling all around, you bring me close to the life I crave, to the bright lights of Broadway, beautiful gowns, gorgeous restaurants, even beautiful women such as I could never hope to be.

And here is one rather more amorous in nature. It was written to the ever-popular Frank Parker:

Somehow, when I listen to you (it goes), I feel compelled to turn down the lights, put on my purple pajamas and stretch out on the couch. Thus relaxed, I drink in all the beauty that your voice awakens in me; all the beauty that is to be found only in *one voice—yours!*"

DO THESE letters sound — what should I say—a bit silly? Well, to me they don't. To me they reveal, even more than did the plight of the lovesick young man, very definite and deep human tragedies. To be sure, when one is *not* in love, all love talk sounds foolish. But whether or not the writers of the last two letters were in love, picture to yourself what it must mean to be lonely and heart-hungry, and to wish and to yearn for something so much that one does not feel abashed to unburden to a complete stranger the most secret stirrings of one's soul.

That motivations of a salacious nature can, and often do, stir some people to pen a fan letter cannot be denied. Especially is this true of women. Every male radio star is familiar with the letter, often on scented stationery, in which his feminine fan concludes her compliments to his abilities by suggesting a tryst at a certain place and time, with the fervently expressed hope that they may become intimate friends.

And such as this, from a masculine admirer to a woman star in the dramatic field:

Truly, when you are on the air, the program is divine to me. I feel that you are with me in spirit and I bring my head close to the loud-speaker and imagine your lips softly kissing me.

Of this type of letter probably the less said the better. Although it must be said that the [Continued on page 66]

MAY, 1935

This group of authentic love letters received by several of radio's most prominent male singers is typical of the mash notes which stream in to the stars from romantically-minded girls they have never seen, but who are smitten by their songs

ANOTHER bag of mail, another batch of proposals. Crosby or Vallée, Nash or Fulton, it doesn't seem to make much difference to thousands of girls and women who burden Mr. Farley's minions with passionately warm missives of devotion and love. From east and west they come, and north and south, too, and all with the same theme—"I love you—won't you be mine." Steal a peek into the Love Letters of The Radio Stars and you'll be struck by thousands of girls who are lonesome. Many of the writers send their picture and ask the star to write and send his picture. Still others are not content with merely writing. They want to meet the star and go out with him and prove that he can thank the radio for locating his true love.

These plaintive singers of love ballads like Al Shayne and Bill Smith have much to atone for before they can converse with St. Peter and enter the Pearly Gates. These scamps and scoundrels have made pretty home town girls the country over dissatisfied with the Joe Doakes and Bill Milkman of their lives. An evening on the radio dial and little Miss Panhandle can no longer think of settling down to backwoods life with a fellow who hasn't sung tenor since his first year in long pants. It's tough on the young fellows trying to make good, but it's the bitter truth.

Then too, there's another thing which maybe it isn't nice to mention

in an article on love. There's the matter of Lizzie Zilch's best boy friend making \$25 a week and the new boy friend, the radio crooner who counts it a poor week when \$2,500 isn't deposited in the china sugar bowl on the mantle. And Lizzie isn't so dumb. She knows that Elmer's "25" per won't buy trips to Florida and a country place with a swimming pool and all those other things which a girl just has to have to be anybody. And so it's shoot the works with Lizzie, putting all her troubles on paper and mailing them for solution to her pet radio crooner . . . the only one she can ever really love away down deep in her heart.

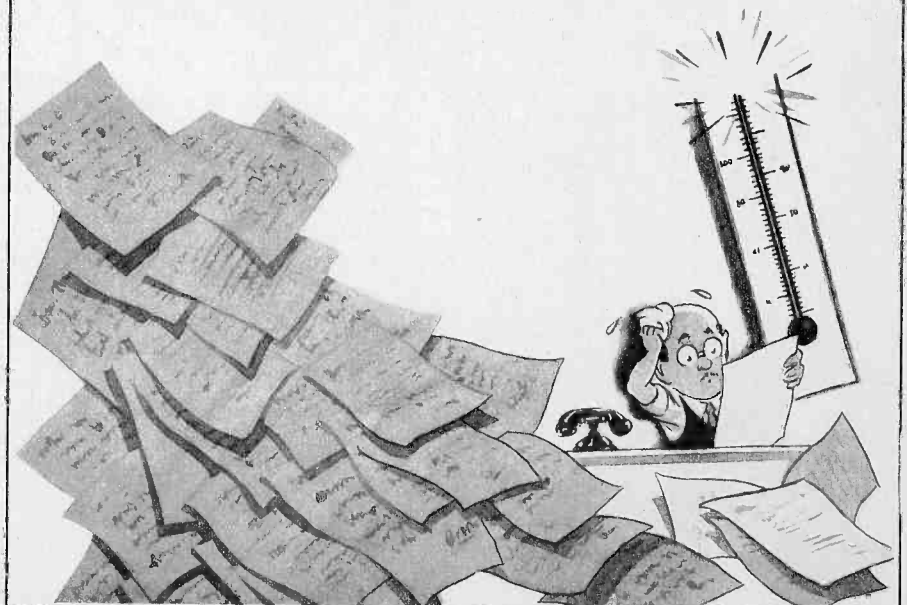
If you have any doubts about the Loudspeaker Lotharios, glimpse these extracts from two letters to Joey Nash from an admirer in Kansas City:

Joey Nash



My Dear Joey:

I am mad at you because you did not send your picture . . . anyway, here is my photograph . . . by the way, I'm supposed to get married Tuesday, February 15, but I know now since I found you that I can never be happy with anyone until I see your picture. So be sweet for the sake of marriage and future children and send me your picture. Goodbye dear, and I promise not to marry, until, well until . . . (letter a week later) . . . Joey, I got it so bad, what am I going to do? I can hardly [Continued on page 68]



At Home with the

Morton Downey makes the dream of his life come true! He has bought an estate in Connecticut and remodeled a barn into a 29-room house as a home for radio's happiest family

MMORTON DOWNEY fell in love with his new home the first time he saw it. That was in July. Then the snowy-white, frame building, perched on one of Connecticut's many hills, was just a barn! Today, completely renovated, outside and in, it is the most imposing part of the NBC singer's 50-acre estate.

Snow was on the soft ground and more of it was forming in the grayish skies the day **RADIOLAND'S** reporter and cameraman arrived at Downeytown (Morton would rather call it Clear Brook). The many trees that surround it were "at home" to itinerant icicles. Once inside, the open fire created a cheering atmosphere. And what bustle inside! Nurses scurrying about to care for Morton and Barbara Bennett's three children: Michael, Sean, and Laurel Anne; cook preparing a sumptuous

luncheon; Barney McDevitt, the Irish ballader's ever-smiling publicist, conducting the rubberneck tour, and Morton himself strutting about like a real country gentleman.

Twenty or so years ago this same Morton Downey was an apple-cheeked little New York gamin, selling candy on the very railroad that now steams by his country home. Radio, and a choir-pitched voice, changed that!

When Morton heard that the vast estate was for sale he got busy. His private secretary was ordered to find the best interior decorators in New York. "Lover" (Barbara to you) consulted blueprints, furniture dealers—and even her sister, Joan. The old wooden house on the road, the Downeys found to be rickety. Besides it was too near the highway. Nothing was ever done about it. It still stands, like an outcast, gazing



Mr. and Mrs. Morton Downey (Barbara Bennett) and son Sean. They have two other children



View of one of the twenty-nine rooms in the new Downey home near Greenwich, Connecticut. Would you ever suspect that it is a remodeled old barn?

Barbara Bennett's bedroom overlooks miles of colorful countryside. The unusual appointments furnish a striking contrast against the soft white walls



MORTON DOWNEYS

forlornly at the new remodeled building. Behind the main building is a compact, ample cottage, for the use of guests.

Workmen are busy on the outer grounds, building an outdoor swimming pool. Springtime will find more activity. Tennis courts must be laid out and stalls must be erected for the horses. Barbara is an enthusiastic rider and can hardly wait to get into the saddle.

Meantime all attention is concentrated on the house. Three stories high, it contains 29 rooms. Most of the rooms' walls are spotlessly white. Each child has his own room and bath. Barbara's spacious bedroom has a fine view. On a clear day, miles of colorful countryside can be seen. Lavishly furnished, yet discreetly appointed, the most striking things in the room are the photographs. There is one of Connie in colors, one of Joan, and one of her father, Richard Bennett; and of course a very, very large one of Morton. Over Barbara's curved bed is a madonna.

There is one bedroom on the main floor. This is for Mrs. Downey's father, the famous actor, Richard Bennett. The music room is 35 feet by 25, paneled in oakwood. An open fire blazes away in the center of the room. Adjoining this sunny room is the library. Here built-in bookcases dominate the room. Most of the furniture is in white, embellished by a soft white rug. A tremendous oil painting is hung here, directly under the open main staircase.

One floor down is the dining room. This room is simple and pleasant. The most complimentary thing to be said about this fine "farmhouse type" home is its unabashed simplicity. Not one room is overdone. Not one object of art suggests bad taste or too much money. I have seen the apartments of many radio stars. Some who have amassed much wealth in the last few years, discovered with dismay that they knew little about furnishing a home. They threw heaps of money into the hands of mercenary interior decorators and so their homes, in many instances, look like the main lobby of the Roxy Theatre.

The kitchen is a "honey." An over-sized refrigerator makes as much ice as anybody could ever want, no matter how big a party is thrown. The Downeys love to entertain. Therefore the layout of the culinary department was carefully planned. All modern kitchen equipment has been installed. The store-room is packed with canned supplies. No blizzard will ever keep the Downeys hungry. There is enough food in there to keep a regiment contented.

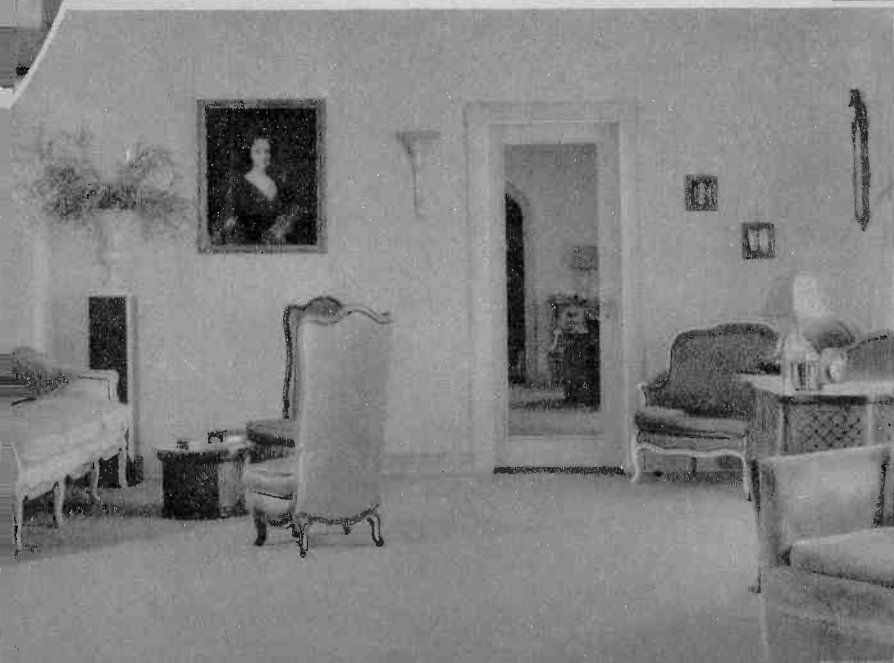
Outside, on a brisk day, strangers would think the place a kennel. Four dogs are owned by the [Continued on page 73]



Influence of Roman design is apparent in these furnishings. Note the lyre-type pedestal and photos of the famous Bennett family—Connie, Richard, Joan and Barbara



A corner of the Downey's library, with one of the built-in bookcases. Strikingly out of the ordinary is the coffee table with its Roman column pedestal



One end of the Downey living room. Note the unusual chairs and the wall bracket design repeated in several of the rooms. The mirror adds depth

DAVID FREEDMAN *Tells*

Here is Lesson No. 4 in RADIOLAND'S School of the Air. David Freedman, radio's most famous "gag man," explains the methods by which he has made a big business out of the job of writing funny stories for radio comedians. Whether you have a ambitions to write radio comedy yourself, or are just curious as to how comedians continue to be funny on their programs week after week, you will find his article of absorbing interest

By DAVID FREEDMAN

As told to Lester Gottlieb

THE hardest part of a gag-writer's existence is opening the morning's mail. If you're not an experienced letter-opener, you had better give up hopes of ever writing for radio.

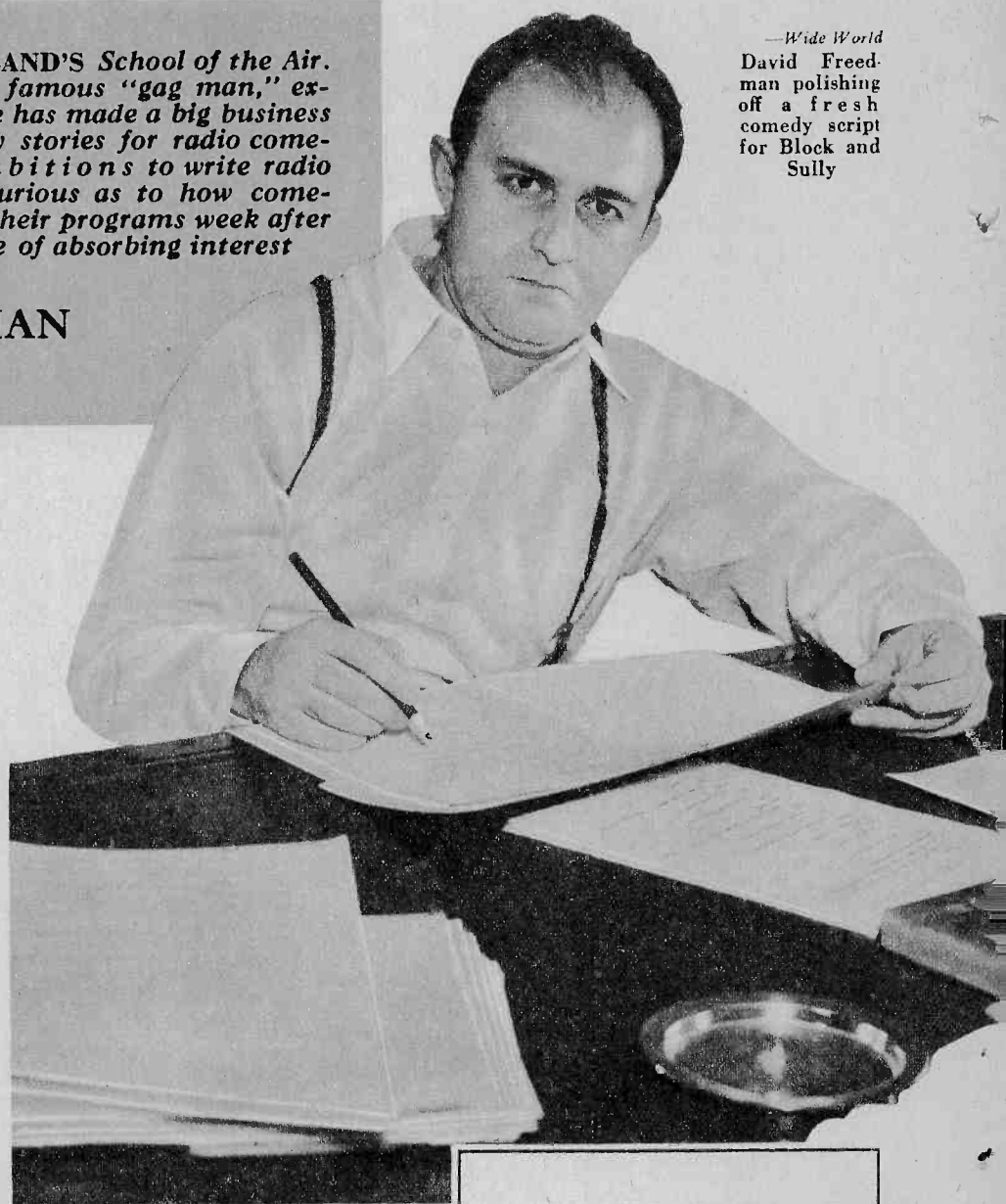
It isn't that you get any fan mail. But you get about 1,400 letters a day: 700 from bill collectors, and 700 from embryo gag writers. The first section you promptly throw into a waste basket. The rest? Ah, there's where the trouble begins! From Alaska, Afghanistan, Arabia and Australia, jokes come C. O. D. to my office. Everybody seems to have a new gag for Block and Sully's next broadcast. Whether they stole them from Ed Wynn or Fred Allen isn't important to them. They are sure that their jokes are funnier than the ones I write.

The first thing my three assistants, Pincus, Gottlieb, and Pincus do is read these letters. Once in a blue moon some fellow in Brooklyn gets a bright idea. The rest are jokes you have been hearing in vaudeville and movies for the last twenty-five years.

Once this sordid task is over, Pincus Number One, who is really Lloyd Rosenmond, places a pile of fresh jokes on my desk. He gathers them from our file of 50,000 gags and 3,000,000 jokes. This stock is constantly refurnished. We watch like hawks for new jokes from all the far corners of this laughing world.

My other two Pincuses (Arnold Auerbach and Herman Wolk) have just eaten a Freedman home-cooked meal and are ready to work. Then I come in, and smoke my third after-dinner stogie. These cigars are triple in size. Staggering from the effects of it, I grope my way into the work-room. We have a fourteen-room penthouse and it's so big I have erected signposts so I don't get lost.

We have to write three radio shows a week. Beside that we often have stage and screen work. George Givot, Block



—Wide World
David Freedman polishing off a fresh comedy script for Block and Sully

and Sully, and Eddie Cantor must be supplied with 250 laugh lines a week or else David Freedman will have to do something else. Maybe I'll write stories like this one.

Pincus Number One starts searching for jokes in college magazines, newspapers and old laundry. If he finds a good one he gives it to yours truly. I modernize and adapt it. Pincus Number Two starts editing it for whatever comedian we think deserves it, and Pincus Number Three takes all this down in shorthand.

If the gag is extra special we might evolve an entire program out of it. Perhaps it might fit into the Acropolis Num-

DAVID FREEDMAN

is radio's best known jokesmith. His 14-room penthouse apartment is both his home and his factory, where more than 3,000,000 jokes are stored away in filing cabinets to be revised as needed. He furnished material for the original Cantor hour, for Block and Sully, George Givot, and many others. More than any other man, he has reduced gag-writing to a science and his factory is run along lines of big-business efficiency. He turns out 250 jokes a week to satisfy the unending demand for comedy on the air. Old jokes, he maintains, can be brought up to date by a new twist.

How to Write Radio Comedy

FREEDMAN JOKES FOR CRACK RADIO COMICS

For Eddie Cantor:

Jimmy Wallington: Eddie, what will you do for the poultry farmers when you're president?

Eddie: Jimmy, I'll make all the hens lay two eggs a day.

Jimmy: Make the hens lay two eggs a day?

Eddie: Sure. Just get a few gigolos on the farm and the hens will start leading double lives.

For Block and Sully:

Jesse Block: Lissen, I'm going into my private office. I don't want to be disturbed.

Eve Sully: Well, what shall I do if people ask for you?

Jesse: Well, if it's a salesman tell him I'm in conference. If it's a bill collector tell him I went to California. It it's a friend send him right in.

Eve: All right, Mr. Block. (Jesse leaves and a man comes in.)

Stranger: Howdedo, miss. Is Mr. Block in?

Eve: Are you a salesman . . . a bill collector, or a friend?

Stranger: I'm all three.

Eve: Well he's in conference . . . he went to California . . . and he'll see you right away.

For George Givot:

George Givot: Well, I played with Garbo in a new picture. It was wonderful. It was called "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp."

Steve: What part did you play?

George: I was the wick. Boy, you should see the way I played the lover opposite Greta.

Steve: I thought you said you played the wick?

George: That was the first wick. The second wick I played the lover. I took Clock Gable's place.

There is no such thing as a Jewish joke, a Scotch joke, or Greek joke. Dialect can fit any gag. Do you recall the old Scotch joke about the Edinburgh tight-wad who was forced to marry a girl he engaged? He had given her a ring but she got so fat he couldn't get the ring off her finger—so, he had to marry her. Well, we transformed that into a Greek joke for George Givot.

Hebrew, Colored, and Dutch jokes are synonymous. Bad puns are always good for dialect comedians. Believe it or not, there is no end to a good joke. By simple twisting, a joke that was new a century ago is still good for a chuckle today. The most famous example of this little rule is a trick I devised with the old joke. "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?" Here is how I did it:

Man: Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Mug: That was no night; that was an eclipse.

Man: Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Mug: That was no scene; that was an act.

Man: Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Mug: That no ewe; that was a goat.

Man: Who was that lady I seen you with last night?

Mug: That was no last; that was a heel.

A gag writer can have no set hours. He might wake in the middle of the night. A good joke telegraphed his brain and his eyes got the signal. He might get a swell situation for Jack Benny when he marches down the aisle on his wedding day. A real gag writer would stop the ceremony and write down the joke on the back of a choir boy's blouse!

My three Pincuses spend the greater part of their empty lives in my apartment. We have everything you could possibly desire there. Noisy radios, switchboards, paintings, and ping pong. Also a good view of New Jersey and Brooklyn.

When Pincus Number Two got the job he said goodbye to his parents with tears in his eyes. "Goodbye, mom," he yelped, "I'm going on a long, long trip." Though his folks live but two blocks away he sees them but twice a year. His father is a doctor and he goes there for semi-annual treatments.

GAG-WRITERS have a jargon all their own. A *Pincus*, as you have probably wondered, is anybody from anywhere. A *Gottlieb* is a little smarter than a *Pincus*. When RADIOLAND's reporter conferred with me, we had a terrible time. I continually called him Pincus and he insisted his name was Gottlieb. We threw him out of the window.

A *titah-ma-titah* means a light laugh, like a tickle of the Adam's apple. A *lam-laff* is for grouchy listeners and we use them only when we're stuck. A *hupcha-di-bupcha* is a general resounding laugh. A *slugola* is our pride and joy. It means a terrific belly-laugh. Everybody gets a bonus when we get a good slugola.

Often we work till five A. M. But never do I permit the business to become a machine. There's recreation for every Pincus. I don't believe a writer can work on a clock-like basis.

Young writers must remember that radio writing is unlike any other medium. You must not rely on last-lines for results. Sometimes the band drowns out the expected last laugh line. Often the studio audience is distracted by some mechanical operation. The line is spoken but lost. Bang goes your whole program.

An audience, however, is an evil necessity. Sometimes they hurt a writer but more often they help him. When 1,300 people laugh, your listener, like a sheep, follows them. Without them, the stay-at-home's face remains immobile.

Block and Sully's rehearsals seem dull and hollow. But with lights, audience, and costumes, [Continued on page 59]

ber 7. Immediately my Pincuses wrack their heads for a punch line. What am I doing? I'm phoning Georgie Givot to tell him the script is practically on the way over to him.

Often when we start writing for this Greek Ambassador we suddenly realize that the joke might sound better if Eve. *Some fun, I'll say* Sully cracked it. My three henchmen forget Givot and think about Eve. This occurred only recently. Givot and his company were waiting at the studio for the belated script. The program would go on the Columbia network in sixty minutes. And we had forgotten all about it! We were writing a swell program for Block and Sully. When George called we realized that work would have to be speeded up to lightning pace.

We hired some Western Union messengers and worked out the program from our forgotten first draft. An hour later we heard the show coming out of the loudspeaker. And it was one of the best programs George ever broadcast.

Nothing Ever bothers Tiny Ruffner

His real name is Edmund J. Ruffner, but he measures up to six feet six so he's better known as Tiny

Fate hasn't a single card to deal that could disturb Tiny Ruffner, director of Showboat and other programs—he has been a near-champion pugilist, soldier of fortune, Alaskan adventurer and a musical comedy star

By ETHEL CAREY

NOTHING ever fazes Tiny Ruffner, the six-foot-six grinning announcer and director of the Showboat Hour, Fred Allen's Town Hall, the Palmolive Beauty Box, the Log Cabin programs and others.

I'm sure if a stick of dynamite exploded under devil-may-care Tiny, he'd be lucky enough to escape uninjured. He'd pick himself up, dust off his trousers, and walk nonchalantly on, whistling. And Lanny Ross, Captain Henry, Mary Lou, Fred Allen, Gladys Swarthout, and the other famous radio personalities who work with Tiny, wouldn't be a bit surprised.

He's been in plenty of tough spots, has Tiny, who was Edmund J. Ruffner till he shot up suddenly at the age of 13. There's been enough of adventure for three times his 34 years. Things always happen to him, and always he manages to come out on top.

Some time ago a last-minute switch in plans for the farewell dinner to Rear Admiral Plunkett left the mike open for 45 minutes. On a coast-to-coast network. Well, Tiny was unceremoniously pushed in front of that mike and told to start talking. And he did, so cleverly none of us listening in knew it was not as per schedule.

And there was the time when, quite unexpectedly, he found himself in the ring, facing Billy Miske, the man who had battled Jack Dempsey. What did he do—run away? Not Tiny—he stayed and won the fight!

These and many more emergencies Tiny has faced. Never has he flinched. This soldier of fortune has had over twenty occupations in his varied career; he seems to thrive on uncertainty and obstacles.

PERHAPS the worst battle of all he encountered early in life, when most boys have nothing more serious to worry about than how to get their hair slicked down. At 13, Edmund Ruffner was a gangling, string-bean of a boy, 6'4" in his stocking feet. He was so weak and white, the doctors despaired of helping him. "It's because he's grown so fast," they told his poor, frightened mother. "All you can do is keep him quiet; see that he rests and give him good, nourishing meals."

But Tiny couldn't see it that way. The Ruffners lived in the toughest part of Seattle, where you either had to lick the other toughies or they'd lick you. Where creaky, changing voices like his were the occasion for sport and ridicule. Tiny couldn't stand silently by and accept the hard-aimed blows of the gang.

[Continued on page 60]

RADIOLAND

Tiny Ruffner, at the age of eight, with his mother



Above, Mrs. Ruffner, whom Tiny married after a three-year courtship. At left, Tiny in a uniform from his New York musical comedy days with the Shuberts

The Radio Review

Janet Ayres

This radio charmer must be seen to be appreciated, as the old phrase goes. Since television is still around the corner, we do the next best thing by presenting her portrait herewith. Janet is blonde and blue-eyed and her singing is a sufficient reason for the popularity of Abe Lyman's orchestra.



Virginia Clark

She was voted the prettiest girl in her class at the University of Alabama—and she is one of the air's favorite dramatic actresses. Heard currently in the title rôle of *The Romance of Helen Trent*

MAY, 1935





Ruth Carhart

Roxy's latest, and, he believes, his greatest discovery is this young woman who has been preparing for her radio chance for years, paying her way through the University of Missouri and studying voice culture every spare minute



Shirley Howard

Would you believe that Shirley used to be a newspaper woman? It's a fact! Rudy Vallée heard her sing and gave her her first chance on the air, and she scored such a hit that she left her typewriter to become one of the air's highest-paid stars. Listen for her new program

Stella Friend

Stella and her "Fellas" star on Fred Waring's new hour-length show. Stella, who hails from California, used to be a member of the *Pennsylvanians* when they were the country's foremost stage band, so what more natural than that Fred Waring should sign her up again?



Kathleen Wells

She's a real dark-haired Irish colleen, this charming singer on Lanny Ross' programs. She hails from New Jersey, right across the river from the Radio City studios in Manhattan

Ray Noble

England's foremost composer of popular songs — he wrote *Good-night*, *Sweetheart* and *Love Is The Sweetest Thing*, among others—is now heard over an NBC network





By
ARTHUR
J.
KELLAR

Mike

What fun, being a Fire Chief with nothing to do but explain to beautiful young women what those medals on your vest mean, as Ed Wynn is doing here at the New York Motorboat Show

Coughlin Influence

● **RADIOLAND** has repeatedly directed attention of its readers to the tremendous influence exerted upon his hearers by Rev. Charles E. Coughlin. For concrete example of this power there is nothing more conclusive than the remarkable result of his attack upon America's proposed entry to the World Court. The morning after his Sabbath afternoon onslaught, in response to his appeal, an avalanche of telegrams of protest descended upon Washington. The press estimated their number anywhere from 75,000 to 200,000 but a Capitol newspaper colleague, to whom your correspondent applied for information on the lowdown, reported there were 40,000 wires that could be directly attributed to the activity of the Fighting Radio Priest. Any man who can evoke such a response from his listeners is a force to be reckoned with—and nobody realizes that more than Wall Street and the politicians.

Third CBS Theater

● While theater managers fret and fume and try to enlist the aid of some agency of the Federal Government to stop free audiences assembling in auditoriums to watch broadcasts, the Columbia Broadcasting System calmly acquires another Broadway theater for that very purpose. It has now converted the Little Theater in West 44th street, New York, into Columbia Radio Playhouse No. 3, the other two being the former Hudson and Avon temples to Thespis. In addition, Mecca Temple, seating 3,000, is occasionally used by CBS for programs. Over twenty shows each week are microphoned by CBS before spectators and still all their customers clamoring for this service can't be accommodated. Listeners who resent studio spectators might just as well get used to them now as later.

Miscellany: Bradley Kincaid, the radio hillbilly, reports the real hillbillies of the Blue Ridge "mountings" these days are working overtime fashioning ballads lauding President Roosevelt. He has superseded Daniel Boone as their favorite hero, bespeaking a popularity unprecedented . . . Add to odd first names: Aee McAlister, who plays Peggy in *The O'Neills* . . . Those incorrigible gossips, Clara, Lu 'n' Em, report the discovery in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, of a beauty specialist named Wava Finger . . . Kathleen Wells, (in private life Kathleen McClone), soloist on Captain Henry's *Show Boat*, worked as a mannequin in a Jersey City dress shop while waiting her chance to sing in radio . . . And Stella Friend, heard with Waring's *Pennsylvanians*, was a clothes designer.

Comedians to Broadway

● Ed Wynn and Eddie Cantor will both be on Broadway next season in musical shows. Wynn, who completes his current series of broadcasts in June, will appear in a revue written by himself which will be patterned after *The Laugh Parade*, his last stage venture. Cantor, who hasn't been seen in New York since *Whoopie* six years ago, will cavort in a musical fashioned to his talents by the authors of *Anything Goes*, one of the big hits of the season . . . Irvin S. Cobb, humorist and authority on alcoholic concoctions, is writing a series of sketches for air protection. Here's an author who knows his radio through experience and high hopes are entertained for his impending contributions.

Jack Pearl, generally regarded as the most superstitious of radio stars, began his career as "Peter Pfeiffer" on a 13th—February 13th, to be exact. Moreover, his engagement with *Frigidaire* is for 13 weeks with the usual renewal options for 13-week periods. Superstition flies out the window when a comedian sees the figures on a modern radio contract.

Vallee Court Fisticuffs

● Fay Webb Vallée's efforts to have her weekly allowance of \$100 increased met with disaster in the New York Supreme Court and when this was written plans were being made to carry the action to the higher tribunals. Justice Salvatore A. Cotillo, in denying her appeal, also issued an injunction restraining Fay from suing elsewhere, California being specifically in mind, to accomplish the same result. Thus, Rudy scored a dual victory.

Your correspondent, covering the Vallée vs. Vallée proceedings in Justice Cotillo's court, at times was in doubt as to whether he was reporting a court trial or a meet at the Madison Square Garden. On one occasion Rudy took a sock at one of his wife's lawyers but didn't connect. On another Justice Cotillo became belligerent and invited another of Mrs. Fay's counsel to join him in fisticuffs (nice judicial word) over in Jersey.

After scenes of much turbulence, with plenty of wrangling between attorneys and the Court, it was developed that The Vagabond Lover has an income of \$120,000 a year these days and used to earn more when times were better. His weekly broadcasts on the Fleischmann Variety hour are rewarded at the rate of \$2,850 per, but of this sum Rudy has to distribute \$1,300 among his musicians. His cabaret salary is \$5,500 weekly, of which the Connecticut Yankees get \$3,100.

Says:

Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle is contributing his genius to the crime survey. He is on a one-man hunt for the public enemy who saws off sawed-off shotguns, and reports progress. "I have already established," says the Colonel, "that he is not the man who makes the giant combs used in combing the countryside for criminals, but that's as far as I've got."

* * * * *

Hauptmann Boner

● The most mortified man in the NBC studios the night the jury reported its verdict in the Hauptmann case was John B. Kennedy. The veteran editor and reporter, who through a lifetime devoted to journalism has built up a fine reputation for accuracy, was singled out by Fate to announce to an anxious world that the jury recommended clemency, or



Somebody told Gracie Allen that fruit contains vitamins, so she bought a basketfull for her adopted daughter Sandra—and look at the doubtful expression on the infant's face as George Burns rushes to her rescue



A couple of Russians get together—bandsman Dave Rubinfof, born in Russia, exchanges greetings with Soviet Ambassador Troyanovsky at Washington, D. C.

life imprisonment, instead of death, for the German carpenter. The boner, however, was perpetrated through no fault of Kennedy's. The erroneous bulletin, based on an Associated Press flash that got garbled through a mixup of signals transmitted by short waves, had come to NBC through the official sources of the Press-Radio Bureau.

* * * * *

Ben Bernie, favorite maestro of the race track fraternity these many years, has acquired a couple of thoroughbreds and will soon be operating his own stable of bobtails. With his pal, Al Jolson, Bernie has done much to develop the Sport of Kings in this country by keeping bookmakers out of the breadlines. Most enthusiastic about the Old Maestro's entry into the ranks of horse owners, the gambling gentry is convinced that prosperity is, indeed, here at last.

* * * * *

Millionaire's Estate

● Tom Dorsey, of the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra, is getting ready to move into his recently acquired country estate. It is in New Jersey, 38 miles from New York City, and consists of a 28-room house situated in 22 acres of Woodland. A combination stable and garage big enough for five cars and five horses with a three-room apartment over it, two tennis courts, another garage, a chicken farm, a flower garden and a 20-mile view are among the features of the place. It was formerly owned by a millionaire who went broke trying to maintain it, but Tom hopes for better luck with it.

At the left we have Mrs. Phil Baker and the daughter whom Daddy Phil calls "Little Miss Muffet," absorbing Florida sunshine. Miss Muffet's real name is Margot Elinor Baker, and her new brother's name is Stuart



Mike Says:

Radio Crime Cure

● The most amazing story of radio's power for good comes to these eager ears from Leopold Stokowski, dynamic symphony conductor. It is the story of how the music of *Parsifal*, produced by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under his direction, pouring from a loudspeaker, soothed the savage breast of a deranged kidnaper and saved the life of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll, the Louisville, Ky., society matron.

For several days Mrs. Stoll, suffering from a cold and a blow on the head inflicted by her abductor, was locked up in an Indianapolis apartment with her captor, Thomas H. Robinson, Jr., once the inmate of an insane asylum. In momentary fear of her life Mrs. Stoll begged him for a book, paper and pencil—anything that might distract her thoughts from the horrible experience she was undergoing. He refused every request until she urged that the radio be tuned in. Reluctantly, he snapped on the switch and the Philadelphia Orchestra with Stokowski conducting came on the air.

The concert closed with the Good Friday Spell portion of *Parsifal*. Robinson, impressed by the beauty of the music, became subdued. He inquired of his captive if she knew what *Parsifal* meant and Mrs. Stoll, a cultured woman and a music lover, sensing the transformation in

Robinson's heart and mind, proceeded to tell him the legend of Wagner's great spiritual composition. Robinson listened attentively and at the end of her recital forgot all about his threat to do away with her. The next day he made his getaway and Mrs. Stoll secured her freedom.

* * * * *

The Fred Waring organization is unique in that it has six different sets of relatives. Tom and Fred Waring, George and Fred Culley, Arthur and George McFarland, are brothers; Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, are sisters; Kay, Blanche and Mary Thompson, who sing in the choir, also are sisters; and Jimmy Gillians and Bill Townsend are brothers-in-law. But Johnny and Virgil Davis, who are supposed to be brothers, are no relation.

* * * * *

Woollcott vs. Benny

● This column has received so many letters of protest over the presence of Jack Benny and Alexander Woollcott on the air at the same time that its compiler is thinking about opening up a squawk department. Both programs appeal to the same type of audience and it is no wonder so many are taking their pens in hand to register their indignant disapproval. Meanwhile, I don't know what can be done about it when rival sponsors insist upon using the facilities of rival networks to alienate the affections of their customers. It is just one of those unfortunate situations which makes one wonder if a mistake isn't being made in fixing 12 years as the mental age of the listening public. That figure better approximates the age of some sponsors of radio programs.

—Wide World

New radio idea! Sally O'Brien, tap dancer, attached a miniature microphone to her leg to intensify the sound of her taps, while Herbie Kay accompanied on his banjo

Studio sidelights: Graham McNamee's voice always conveys suppressed excitement no matter what the broadcast. The explanation lies in the fact this mike-master never goes on the air "cold." He studies his scripts just before the program starts, rehearsing his lines and deliberately working up enthusiasm for the passages of speech assigned to him . . . William (Bill) Bacher, director of so many outstanding radio shows that he is known as "the Belasco of broadcasters," three years ago was a dentist in Bayonne, N. J. A chance visit to a studio started him on his present career. The program didn't appeal to Bacher and he announced he could write a better script himself. Dared to do so, he did and he has been a personage in radio ever since . . . Gus Haenschen, the musical director, and Frank Munn, the tenor, have been associated for more than ten years. They started together making phonograph records and have been bracketed on many broadcasts. Currently they are appearing on the *American Album of Familiar Music* and the *Lavender and Old Lace* programs.

* * * * *

Promotion For the Major

● It is rumored that the famous Major Bowes Amateur Hour, until now heard solely on WHN, local New York station, will soon be transferred to a national network on an hour running opposite Eddie Cantor's Sunday show. As originator of the current amateur cycle on the air, recognition has been a long time coming to the Major, but he certainly deserves it and it may be regarded as a sure thing that he'll wean away a large proportion of listeners who have been surfeited with symphonic music at this particular Sunday evening spot.

* * * * *

Broadcast briefs: The twins born to Bing Crosby have had a lot of publicity, but the twins born to his brother, Ted, two months before the Bing boys, are unheralded . . . Mention of Bing reminds that another brother, Bob, who also is a baritone, is strictly on his own . . . Bob's contract with the Dorsey Brothers' Orchestra provides that no mention is to be made of the relationship . . . Madame Nadya Olyanova, the graphologist and psychologist heard on the Mutual Broadcasting System, is frequently consulted by the Missing Persons Bureau of the New York Police Department. Her analysis of handwriting has aided in the solving of several mysterious disappearances . . . Phil Spitalny, conductor of Columbia's all-lady orchestra, has an odd superstition. He won't start a new series of broadcasts until he dons a new pair of shoes bought especially for the occasion.

* * * * *

Gleanings From the Rialto

● Freddie Bartholomew—"David Copperfield" to you—became an ardent fan of Major Bowes' Amateur Hour during his several weeks of personal appearance's at the Major's Capitol Theater in New York. Before Freddie left for the coast to make a picture with Garbo, his frantic manager had to scurry all over Gotham to buy him a one-man



band gadget similar to one he had seen on the Major's program . . . Virginia Rea has turned down tempting Hollywood offers for the time being. She is anxious to move into her new house in the Pocono mountains of Pennsylvania.

* * * * *

Lu Becomes a Mother

● It begins to look as if no radio star can hope for continued success without a baby in the home. Probably Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone, and George Burns and Gracie Allen, are responsible for the adoption idea—they installed babies in their homes a few months ago, and the latest to follow suit is Lu, of Clara, Lu, 'n' Em, who has just become a mother by adoption. Off the air she is Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer, and Clara and Em are reported to be pretty jealous of her blue-eyed baby boy.

* * * * *

Rudy Vallée's radio contract has just been extended to January 1, 1942, setting him definitely for the next two years, with options on the succeeding five. As one of the few stars which radio can claim as a discovery of its own, Rudy has certainly earned the extended contract.

* * * * *

Petty Larceny

● Don Bestor and Leon Belasco were discussing the merits of their bands outside of Radio City the other day,

when a stooge on a well-known comedian's program stepped over and proudly interrupted their conversation.

"What a show we put on last night!" he bragged. "Was I hot! I practically stole the broadcast!"

"Please," answered Belasco. "We aren't interested in petty larceny."

* * * * *

Real-Life Thriller

● Danger and adventure are the breath of life to Tom Curtin, author of that radio thriller, *The Black Chamber*. He was a wartime secret agent in Germany for England, going there at the behest of Lord Northcliffe, the famous British publisher. The story of how he secured this dangerous commission reads like a wild tale of espionage and intrigue.

He was in Serbia at the time the Archduke Ferdinand was assassinated, and he hurried across country to Berlin, snapping photos of the mobilization of the Kaiser's war-hungry troops which would have lost him his head if he had been discovered. Smuggling them to England, he showed them to Lord Northcliffe and was immediately assigned to his dangerous commission.

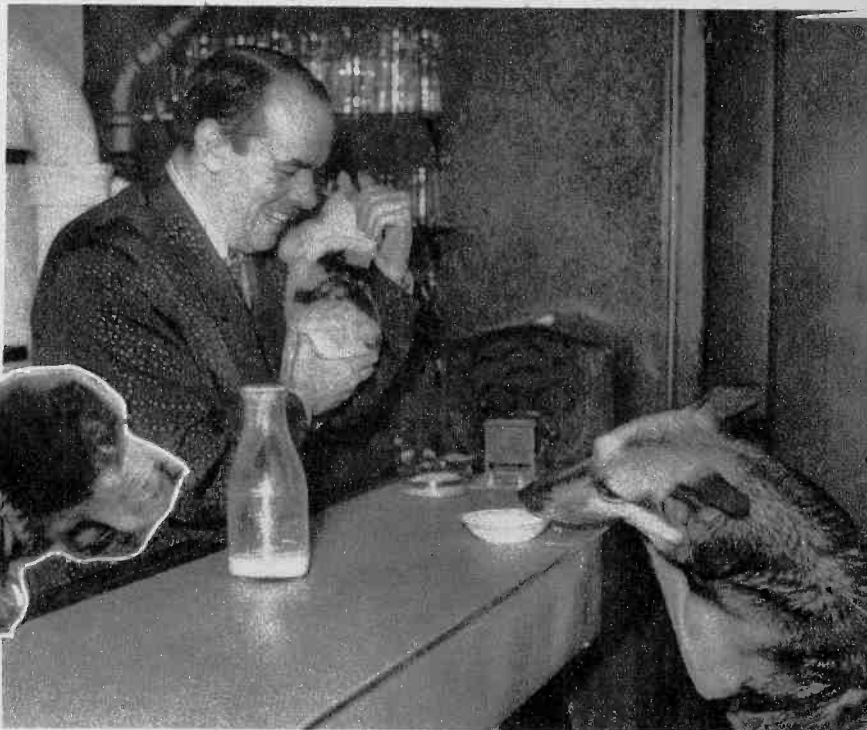
* * * * *

Jack Dempsey has opened a restaurant in New York and the League for Better Drinks is holding a contest to create a cocktail worthy of bearing the Manassa Mauler's name. Among the judges is Morton Downey—who doesn't drink!



Owen Davis, veteran playwright, and Otto Harbach, creator of scores of musical comedy hits, compare notes at the première of Mr. Harbach's *Music at the Haydn's*

Little Jackie Heller hiding behind a St. Bernard. The dog outweighs Jackie, who scales five feet one inch, by fifty pounds



Jack Denny has a bar in the basement of his home where nothing but milk is dispensed. No sooner had he served his kitten a saucer of milk than his police dog appropriated it, and the radio maestro had to dash to the rescue

They Never Told Bill Now -- by Mary Jacobs

WHEN he was fourteen his teachers, tired of battling with the pugnacious, unmanageable youngster, expelled him. It wasn't much of a loss to learning, for he had never gotten beyond the fourth grade. After that, he hung around street corners, getting into trouble, bringing worry and despair to his father, a stern, hard-working cobbler.

One night, the boy didn't come home. Goaded beyond endurance, his father threw him out the next day, left him to shift for himself.

For the next six years he was a little roustabout, a dirty, roving vagabond. Now he was a theater usher. Now an errand boy. Then a runner for a newspaper. Next a helper in a pool room. He never kept a job more than a few months. Invariably, a quarrel with the boss ended his promising career.

Of course the neighbors were right. He was headed for the reformatory. There was no doubt that he'd come to no good end.

Yet today Samuel L. Rothafel—yes, it's Roxy I've been telling about—is as fine and upright a citizen, as humane and clean a man as ever trod shoe leather.

What miracle changed this revengeful, anti-social misfit into one of America's most useful and well-beloved figures? Into the greatest showman in the world?

That's a tale that could stand telling, notwithstanding Roxy's

desire not to discuss it. Perhaps the story of his slow evolution, for that's just what it was, will serve as a guiding light to parents, gray from their problems with wilful Willie or rebellious Joe.

Anyway, here goes. Let's go back some thirty-odd years ago, when Roxy, barely of age, joined the Marines to see the world. It was at the time of the Boxer Rebellion, and the recruiting officers were no more particular than they are today. Roxy was healthy and willing. So he became a Marine.

His six-year stay under military command, with its discipline and strict regime, was step number one in making him into a good, respectable citizen.

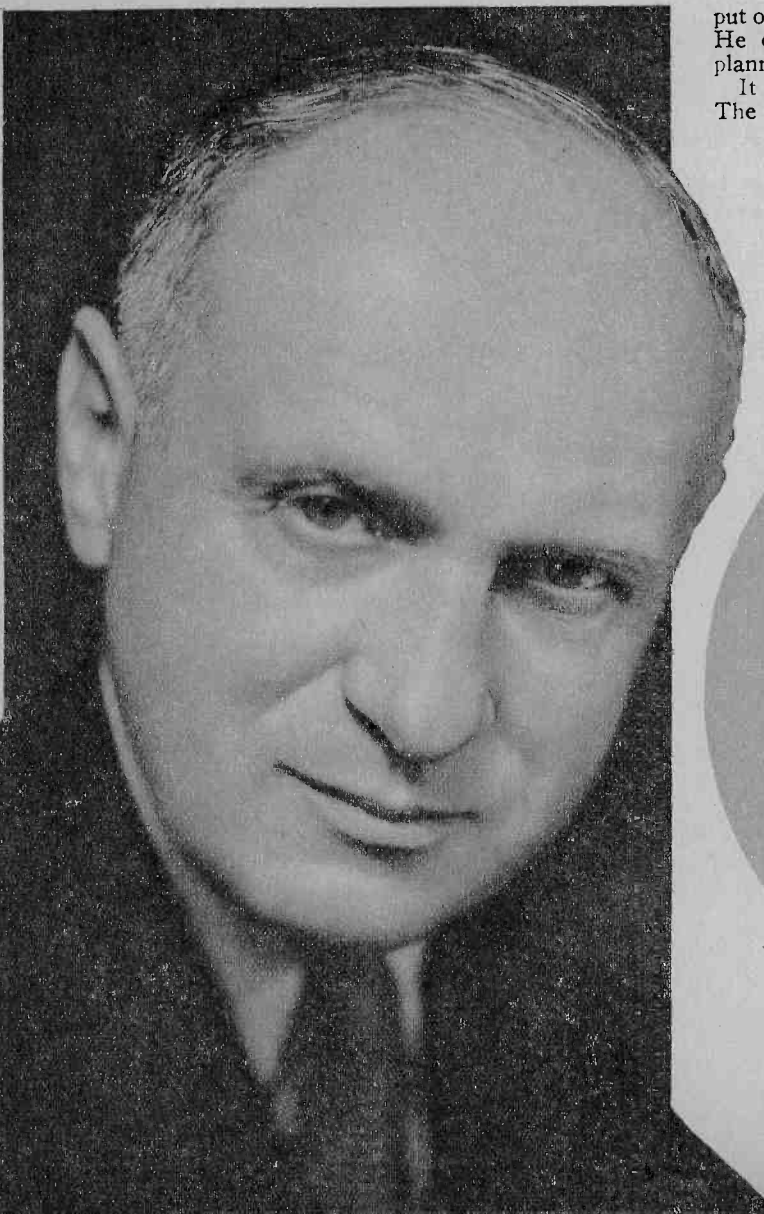
HE WAS mustered out during the panic of 1907 . . . a period that vied with our depression in despair and hopelessness for the young. Jobs were as scarce as miracles. So Roxy took the only thing he could get: a job as insurance salesman. It was his duty to canvass the mining district near Carbondale, Pa., one of the toughest and poorest spots in the East.

Not much of a position? Of course not. But managing to keep body and soul together took up so much of young Roxy's energy that had he wanted to get into mischief, he wouldn't have had the strength.

In Carbondale he settled. Since it was helpful for business to become acquainted with the miners socially, Roxy began to take part in their activities. He organized a drill team. And when the St. Aloysius Society, a branch of the Knights of Columbus, put on a minstrel show, it was Roxy who staged the entire affair. He coached the men, doped out the stage lighting effects, planned the costumes, chose the skits.

It took months of preparation. But it certainly wowed them. The night it was produced Poli, the famous vaudeville booker, was visiting in Carbondale. So impressed was he with the show that he offered the young impresario \$2,000 a week to tour with the troupe.

Not bad for an ex-bad boy, was it? But Roxy's joy was short-lived, for the men [Continued on page 64]



ROXY
Started out to be a
TROUBLE
MAKER

GERTRUDE
NIESEN'S
BROKEN
Love Song



WHY hasn't Gertrude Niesen married? Young, gifted, with plenty of beaux dancing attendance on her, why has she remained single?

I'll tell you why. She confessed to me. Because in her heart there remains the image of the only man she ever loved. And till she succeeds in obliterating it entirely, no other man will stand a chance. Every girl who's been in love, been disappointed, will understand how this can be.

Swiftly, unexpectedly, when she was a carefree youngster in her late teens, love came to Gertrude Niesen. "I had graduated from Brooklyn Seminary, and had settled down into the happy existence of a young socialite," she told me. "My business, and that of my friends, was doing nothing gracefully. And we loved it."

One summer week-end, a group of them were invited to a house party in the Adirondacks. Early Saturday morning they bundled into one of the boys' cars, and on their way they sped, singing and laughing and raising Cain.

"When we arrived, it was late afternoon," Gertrude told me. "I put on my bathing suit, and went in for a dip before dinner."

As pleasing and graceful a picture as you'd want to see was slim, happy Gertrude, as she raced back to the house, in an orange sweatshirt and brown shorts. Past the tennis courts she ran.

Suddenly she stopped short. For Gertrude, a tennis addict, saw one of the most beautiful plays imaginable. An American twist. You don't know what one is? It's a service in which, though the ball is cut, it bounces so high over the net your opponent can't catch it. Quite a trick, believe me.

"Bravo, gorgeous!" she yelled gleefully. For a moment, her eyes met those of the tall, slim, browned young man who had made the play. As graceful as a panther's were his movements.

Squatting down on the grass, she watched him, spellbound at his power, his swiftness, his agility. He stood like a silent, tall Indian, his expression never changing.

Now Gertrude is no slouch at tennis, either. And when the young man's partner wearied of playing, she eagerly took up his racket and went to it.

"I had met my Waterloo," she told me laughingly. "I didn't stand a Chinaman's chance against him. I won just two games, and to this day I'm sure he let me take them out of pity."

"You're all winded," he finally said in a husky, firm voice. "I'll take you on again tomorrow and give you a few pointers." And then he stalked away!

GERTRUDE took particular pains dressing for dinner that night. She wore a pale powder-blue gown. And she saw to it that she was seated next to the bronzed god of so few words.

"He looked so strong and clean-cut and handsome that I hardly ate a bite watching him," she told me. "He never wasted a word, but I chatted on. If it was any consolation to me, he was just barely polite to the girl on his left, while he followed my every glance."

Dinner over, he followed little Miss Niesen out onto the porch. For a few moments he said nothing. Then, "How would you like to take a walk?" he asked.

Now no girl in her right mind would go walking the uneven rocky trails of the Adirondack countryside in thin evening slippers. But not a moment did Gertrude hesitate, nary an objection did she raise. The handsomest, most desirable man in the whole party had invited her out!

"It was Indian summer," she said, "and the air was strangely mild for fall. It seemed Nature itself conspired with us. The leaves formed a soft carpet beneath [Continued on page 54]

The Loudspeaker

Speaks Out

PERSONALITIES OF THE MONTH



WINNINGER THE WINNER

This month's acclaim goes to the genial Cap'n (nee Henry, but now just plain Cap'n) for his triumphant return to radio as a Gulf Headliner, for his friendly, natural and entirely pleasing patter as a master of ceremonies, and for his superb rendering of the more classic tear jerkers, notably that noble gem of song and story, "The Cabman's Last Ride," with appropriate sound effects. Here's hoping you're back with us to stay, Cap'n.

We also salute—JACK BENNY

For being conscientious enough to work as hard on his show now that he's at the top as he did to get there. Or maybe he never works hard. Anyway, it's a wonder the way he keeps up his standard week in and week out. And a particular salute for those dramas such as "The Emperor Benny" and for Mary Livingstone, one of the best of the lady stooges.



JACK PEARL

Otherwise known as Peter Pfeiffer, who picked a promising character in the genial and touching old German Innkeeper down on his luck, for his courage in making a drastic switch from straight gag comedy to the wider and richer field of comedy drama. May Peter Pfeiffer become even more popular (there we go again) than his predecessor, the Baron Munchausen, who once shouted "I cannot tell a lie—I'm the tops!" No—that was George Washington.

EDDIE CANTOR

Just for being back with us again on Sunday nights to the strains of "I'd Like to Spend One Hour With You," which has become as much a part of Sunday as a chicken dinner; for bringing Rubinoff with him to his new network, for developing a new and able stooge in Ted Husing and for bringing to a nationwide audience that clown of clowns, that Grik of Griks, Parkyakakas, known in private life as Harry Einstein.



OTTO HARBACH

For coming in late (better late than never) to brighten the spring season with what is to date probably the best of the musical comedies which radio has offered, with a smooth, intelligent script that is not, as is too often lamentably the case, a mere boring interlude between tuneful musical numbers. Welcome to the airwaves, Otto, and may you linger long.

PALMS AND PERSIMMONS

(Mixed in one corsage)

PALMS to FRED ALLEN for swift original gags, notably the little known town series . . . but a flock of persimmons for the amateur idea . . . it doesn't belong there, you never know whether they are being kidded or not, which ones are "set-ups" or which are genuine amateurs . . . when fans tune in to hear Fred Allen, they want to hear Fred Allen and not the amateurs . . . Palms to JACK BENNY for the swell series of Benny dramas . . . but persimmons to the now-wornout idea of using Jello for every curtain line . . . it was okay at first . . . but now you know it's coming and that takes the kick out of it. . . .

Palms to EDDIE CANTOR for his helpful crusades . . . and plenty of persimmons for letting those wornout gags and cleaned up smoking-car stories slip into his programs . . . we know the real answers, Eddie . . . palms to JOE PENNER for his wonderful appeal to kids and ability for getting sympathy . . . palms to WOOLLCOTT and ROGERS for their swell impromptu parties during the month on their programs . . . palms to WALTER O'KEEFE for his Hill-Billy sequence, in which he is at his best . . . palms to HARRY HORLICK for keeping up his fine brand of music year in and year out . . . persimmons to sponsors for not snapping up ONE MAN'S FAMILY . . . there's an enormous ready-made family public waiting for it. . . .

Persimmons to announcers whose carelessness with English has been pretty noticeable during the month . . . all the way from slipshod enunciation to plain out-and-out bad grammar . . . palms to HENRY KING'S smooth dance orchestra which deserves more of a build-up . . . palms to KENNY SARGENT'S singing with Glen Gray's orchestra . . . palms to MAJOR YARDLEY'S thrilling Black Chamber series . . . palms to AMOS 'N' ANDY for their wonderful voices and ability to keep going without flagging . . . and persimmons to the sponsors for taking such a slice of their brief time for commercials when they could say the same thing in half the words.

Palms to WJZ for giving FATHER COUGHLIN a change to defend himself over the same station which broadcast GENERAL JOHNSON'S attack on the radio priest . . . palms to WOR, Newark, which enters the ranks of 50,000 watt stations as a member of the Mutual network.

Impertinent Comment

THE question before the house this month seems to be: What to do about the amateur? For months people have been complaining that the networks didn't give a fair break to unknown talent. Well, now they've got it and the complaints are coming from the other direction. The complainants want to know why they should listen to untrained small timers when there are plenty of professionals available, and isn't it all too cruel anyway? As a novelty the idea had a certain appeal. But the public has already indicated it will only take a certain amount of it and the more amateur programs appear on the air, the sooner the whole thing will die of its own weight.

Other sponsors could take a tip from the Fleischmann Bakers Broadcast . . . if they would suggest new, practical uses for their product as this sponsor suggests ingenious ways of using bread they would find the public more ready to listen to commercial announcements . . . there are better and more intelligent ways of making use of all the articles of our daily life that are advertised on the air . . . aren't sponsors overlooking a golden opportunity in not making their announcements more informative and constructive?



Mary Pickford
Mastered the
Medium

There will doubtless be a chorus of disappointed howls from fans when Mary Pickford goes off the air after so brief a stay . . . coming fresh to radio, she mastered this new medium with remarkable thoroughness . . . there is a wide audience for the wholesomely sentimental even if slightly old-fashioned plays which are her forte . . . here's hoping she'll be back on the airwaves by fall . . . the hour-long Waring show on Thursday nights is an appealing blend of harmonies . . . but we miss Babs Ryan's high, charmingly childish voice . . . especially in the comedy sequences.

Most newspapers credited Father Coughlin as being largely responsible for the Senate vote keeping the U. S. out of the World Court . . . it certainly makes you stop and wonder if there is not something cock-eyed in the political set-up which makes it possible for any one man—regardless of the soundness or unsoundness of his opinions—to sway the decisions of our duly accredited representatives in the government which we have (foolishly perhaps) gone to such trouble and expense to elect.

Then there was Huey Long on the air with his marvelous eloquence and persuasiveness (they call it radio personality in the trade) he could almost persuade you that his wonderful array of illogical state-

GAG OF THE MONTH

No. 1 to Joe Penner

Ozzie Nelson: Why, my trumpet player got out of a sickbed to come here tonight. He has a temperature of 103.

Penner: Aw—he doesn't sound that hot to me.

No. 2 to Fred Allen

Fred says it was so cold in New York this winter that the residents had to put alcohol in their whiskey to keep it from freezing.

ments was the truth . . . what that man couldn't do if he were on regularly! . . . yet radio must be kept free at all costs from the absolute control of any one faction . . . so what's the answer? Greater intelligence on the part of listeners.

There's something depressing and acutely embarrassing about hearing a grand old trouper like Guy Bates Post, just after doing a really swell bit of James Whitcomb Riley, declaim on the air, "Have you had breath? It's the livah!" If sponsors could only realize with how much better grace and lessened resistance their commercial messages would be received if they would divorce them completely from the programs themselves, letting them come either at the beginning or the end . . . instead of trying to mix the two . . . if it must be done it should be done sparingly, with the greatest of taste and skill . . . the Sherlock Holmes program comes to mind as an instance where the commercial actually serves as pleasant introduction to the program to follow.



Admiral Byrd
Homeward Bound

We wonder how long certain sponsors will get away with the type of commercial announcements some laxative programs have been using. They begin to transgress the boundaries of good taste. Charitable to a fault, the Loudspeaker mentions no names—yet.



Father Coughlin
Congress Prodder

Maybe you can satisfy that spring travel urge by listening to those foreign pickups—Sundays at 12:45, CBS . . . for those who still want to follow the Byrd expedition, the Admiral and the boys, traveling home, will be given five-minute spots on California Melodies Saturday night at 10:30, CBS.

The R. F. D.

HALF the fun of a column like this is exchanging ideas with listeners. If you have something on your mind as regards radio, why don't you write in and tell us about it, even if it's only a paragraph.

Well, what seemed to kick up the most dust last month was The Loudspeaker's protest against the deluge of kiddies programs on the air around dinner time.

George W. Keefe of Monticello, Minn., says:

"Your outcry against the kiddies programs draws a fervent 'amen' from me. I, too, would like my dinner hour marked with respectable music rather than those noisy, ridiculous sound effects and those babbling, prattling voices."

And Oscar M. Shynoon of Rochester, N. Y., declares:

"Surely an interlude of music would be more conducive to enjoyment on the part of the late afternoon listener, who longs for an early relaxation from the day's labors. At least the suggestion is worthy of consideration if only to allay the rising fears of many who can see no escape whatever from this matinee madness."

But of course not all listeners were in agreement with The Loudspeaker. He stepped on a lot of toes when he found fault with Joe Penner, and the Penner fans rallied quickly to the defense. Fortunately, Joe has improved so there is a good word for him this month.

And so it goes. What is your opinion? The Loudspeaker plans to mention as many comments each month as space will permit. And then, of course, there's the \$10 prize for the letter of agreement, disagreement, or criticism of The Loudspeaker's opinions which he judges to be the best received. Keep them terse, to the point, 200 words or less. Address The Loudspeaker, care of RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

\$10 Prize Letter

Something drastic should be done regarding lengthy, repetitious advertising. Short statements with a punch carry more weight; or subtle "Guy Lombardo thanks you" touch, which leaves an impression. We cannot hope for all such artistic advertisers as Boake Carter or One Man's Family. But why will sponsors win us with talent like Wayne King's and kill the effects with such nauseous tirades. Likewise Penthouse Serenade program.

I suggest that all female "crooners" and fantastic melody venders be sent back to school. Also send forced, long-winded comedians back to the stage where those who can take it have the privilege of buying tickets. More real humor in small doses. (Example—Clara. Lu & Em or Jack Benny and Mary) serve as bracers to average person. We need more human beings like Major Bowes and Capt. Henry (May he soon return) and less of the morbid. We mostly turn the dial for cheer and instruction, but not to have either rubbed in to the point of being a counter-irritant.

Thank you,
MRS. MABEL H. COZZENS,
187 Circular St.,
Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

The Loudspeaker

AMATEURS on Parade



SO RAY PERKINS stepped right up before the mayor of Yonkers and said: "After this, your honor, keep your trap shut."

Of course, it might be best to explain that Ray Perkins was talking about a speed trap and that it was all in fun, because Ray drove through the city of Yonkers and was caught in the trap and required to toss a few dollars to the city treasury.

Which gets us around to the fact that even the mayor of Yonkers—and Yonkers is a decidedly fashionable suburb of New York—has taken part in the big National Amateur Night programs broadcast over the CBS network each Sunday evening under sponsorship of Feen-a-mint. The mayor was there with 60 other members of the Men's Glee Club of Yonkers to compete for the prizes offered the winners each Sunday evening.

The contestants come from near and far, and under arrangements now being completed with theaters and independent radio stations throughout the country, it will be possible for them to come each week from as far away as the Pacific Coast, with all expenses paid.

Amateur night is well remembered by folks who enjoyed the old time vaudeville theater. Feen-a-mint, sponsoring the big radio show, has tried to preserve all of the old time flavor that made these events so popular. Of course, the "hook" isn't used to lure "sour" performers off the stage, but Arnold Johnson, program director, and Ray Perkins, master of ceremonies, have worked out a "Chord in G" which accomplishes the same effect.

ONE might think, from the very nature of the program's title, that the production of a National Amateur Night is a comparatively easy matter. Actually, it is one of the most involved of all radio programs, requiring more work and preparation than many of a professional caliber.

Program Director Johnson and Master of Ceremonies Perkins are charged with the task of auditioning thousands of determined amateurs who feel that the program offers them an avenue into the land of the radio professionals.

Every ambitious amateur is invited to take part. It is necessary to send in a request for an audition. Two days a week, Johnson and Perkins listen to the would-be stars. They come

From all over the country they trek to the National Amateur Night program, hoping to "crash the gates" and win radio fame

By JAMES MURPHY

Hope, determination, apprehension are expressed in the face of this National Amateur Night aspirant. Genial Ray Perkins smiles his encouragement

by the hundreds and, as they arrive, they are assigned numbers, so that there is no favoritism in the way of consideration. One after the other they are heard, two accompanists being on hand to play any number that the amateur requests.

Johnson and Perkins pick out a group of those whom they consider the most qualified and these are told to return for further auditions. From this group is selected eight or nine acts which are billed for the next National Amateur Night program.

The shows are staged in the CBS playhouse at 251 West 45th street in New York City, always before a packed audience. The tickets for this particular shows are in such heavy demand that the sponsors have a long waiting list. When the curtain goes up, Master of Ceremonies Ray Perkins, himself a star comedian of the air, is introduced by Harry Von Zell, big time radio announcer and long a favorite with the air audiences.

The audience is frankly told that it is under no restraint and can feel free to express reactions just as they would for any amateur night. In a box, on one side of the theater, sit the judges, always a group of five or six noted personages. Usually there is a famous actor or actress, a couple of editors and writers and others whose callings or professions qualify them in the task of judging the talents of the volunteer performers.

Actually the judges are such in name only—for the real judging is done by the vast, unseen audience enjoying the program through receiving sets tuned to 42 stations affiliated with the CBS network. The judges pick the performer or act they consider the best on the evening's program and the winner of this award is given a gold medal.

However, during the ensuing week votes from listeners all over the country pour in by the thousands. These votes are tabulated daily and, at the end of the week, the winner is invited to appear on the next program, being paid a professional salary.

FEEN-A-MINT'S hope that the program would prove a stepping stone for ambitious and deserving aspirants has been more than realized. Several of the [Continued on page 62]

When you get a Permanent Wave

**Protect the natural beauty
of your hair as
the movie stars do**

With millions of admiring, yet critical fans to please, you know that a movie star just doesn't dare take chances with the natural beauty of her hair. Because of the protection Duart offers, Duart permanent waves have become the choice of the Hollywood Stars. In fact DUART WAVES ARE FEATURED IN 89 HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY SALONS.

Now, you too may be assured of this same protection. Genuine Duart Pads for permanent waving come SEALED in individual packages. When you buy a Duart Wave, you see the operator break the seal before your eyes. Then you KNOW your wave is being done with genuine Duart materials. You know the pads are clean, fresh, NEVER BEFORE USED on another person's hair. You have the pleasing assurance that you will be the proud wearer of the wave that all Hollywood has acclaimed for its natural beauty. Remember Duart, and only Duart offers you this certain protection.



ANN DVORAK
starring in Warner Bros.
grand musical show
"SWEET MUSIC"

PERC WESTMORE
nationally famous authority on make-up and coiffure design at Warner Bros.' studios, shows Ann Dvorak the new SEALED package of Duart Pads, and says: "I cannot endorse too highly the protection offered by this new package. Every woman who values the natural beauty of her hair should demand it."



ONE OF THE SMART NEW COIFFURES
YOU MAY WEAR



No other permanent waving pads except Duart come SEALED in packages for individual waves. Look for the beauty shop in your community that features Duart Waves and offers you this vital protection. Prices may vary according to the style of coiffure and artistic reputation of the operator.



Hollywood's famous hair stylists—Perc and Ern Westmore—have designed exclusively for Duart a series of smart new stars' coiffures. You may wear them, too. This 24 page booklet of instruction photos will enable your hairdresser to copy them for you. Booklet sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. See coupon below. NOT a dye—NOT a bleach—just a beautiful tint.



FREE BOOKLET
shows how to
wear a movie
star's coiffure

DUART ★
Choice of the Hollywood Stars



Duart, 984 Folsom St., San Francisco, Calif.
I enclose 10 cents for one package of Duart Hair Rinse and the FREE Booklet of Smart new Coiffure Styles.

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

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

YOU WILL FIND DUART WAVES WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN
MAY, 1935



New! AN EMOLLIENT MASCARA

that gives lashes new glamour

If you don't agree on these three superiorities, your money back without question.

Louise Ross

THIS introduces my final achievement in cake mascara, my new emollient Winx. I bring women everywhere the finest lash beautifier my experience can produce—one with a new, soothing effect that solves old-time problems.

It has three virtues, this new emollient Winx.

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

I'm so confident that I've won leadership in eye make-up that I can afford this offer.

Give your lashes a long, silky effect with Winx Mascara. Shape your brows with a



Winx pencil. Shadow your lids with Winx Eye Shadow. The result will delight you, giving your face new charm.

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

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

FREE

Mail to LOUISE ROSS,
243 W. 17th St., New York City F-5-35

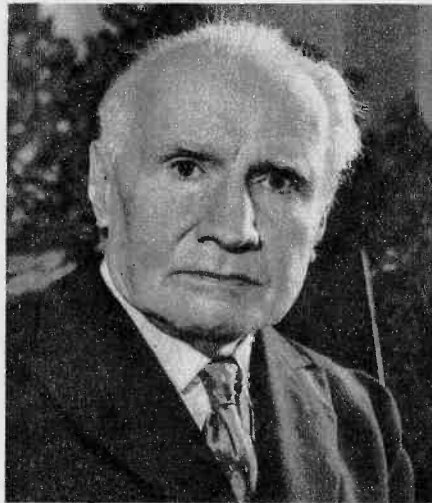
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

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

WALTER DAMROSCH —America's Music Master

Certainly no one better deserves the title of America's Music Master than Walter Damrosch, conductor of the NBC Musical Appreciation Hour which is giving millions of school children a love for great music. This is the story of that program and its great conductor

By ELSA DAY



WALTER DAMROSCH celebrated his seventy-third birthday on January 30. For over fifty years he has been the outstanding musical figure of this country. He was the first to introduce symphony orchestras in cities and towns on tour, and at twenty-three years of age, he was chosen to direct the most important group in the world of harmony, that we had in America. When he was first handed the baton to conduct the New York Symphony Orchestra, he was the youngest conductor in the country—probably in the world.

Nine years ago, he gave his first radio broadcast. Just before the concert, one of the officials at NBC requested him to make a few explanatory remarks such as he had been in the habit of making at his Children's and Young People's Concerts at Carnegie Hall. Mr. Damrosch sailed for Europe within a week after this radio venture, and promptly forgot all about it. To his great surprise, he received a cable in Paris offering a contract to give twenty concerts the following winter.

The success of those weekly radio broadcasts during the winter of 1927-28 are part of radio history. Thousand of listeners all over the country heard fine music for the first time in their lives. And to his great amazement, Mr. Damrosch discovered that his speaking voice was peculiarly adapted to radio transmission. His smooth, cultured diction

[Continued on page 53]



This photo of Dr. Leopold Damrosch's family was taken over sixty years ago in Breslau, Germany. Walter Damrosch stands with his father's arm about him. The elder Damrosch was a famous conductor who introduced classical German compositions to this country



These lively suds make dishwashing easier... Kind to hands, too

FOR every household cleaning task that calls for creamy, lively suds—*use Rinso!* Even in hardest water you need only a little Rinso for the thickest suds you ever saw. It's glorious to see how those suds *soak* clothes whiter without scrubbing or boiling.

Marvelous for dishwashing

You'll say it's magic the way Rinso speeds up dishwashing. Grease goes in a twinkle; dishes come sparkling clean. And your hands are safe with Rinso. They never get that red, rough look. Rinso is recommended by the makers of 34 famous washers. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.



The biggest-selling package soap in America

WHAT YOUNG WIVES OFTEN FORGET



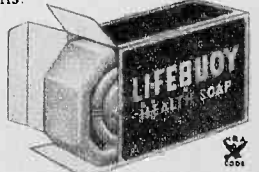
WHAT MAKES YOUR SKIN SO SOFT AND SMOOTH AND KISSABLE?

WHY, LEN, SURELY YOU KNOW MY COMPLEXION SECRET IS LIFEBOUY

"LIFEBOUY agrees with my skin," say millions. And here's the reason. Lifebuoy is actually more than 20 per cent milder than many so-called "beautysoaps," as scientific tests on the skins of hundreds of women show. Its rich deep-cleansing lather removes impurities — clears complexions.

Regardless of weather, we perspire a quart daily. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. It gives abundant lather in hardest water, purifies pores, stops "B. O." (body odor). Its own fresh, clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



PAIN STOPPED AT ONCE!
CORNS
 CALLOUSES, BUNIONS, SORE TOES



New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads!

EASE YOUR FEET!
 You get relief *one minute* after you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, throbbing bunions, painful callouses, or sore toes! They stop shoe friction and pressure; prevent corns, sore toes or blisters caused by new or tight shoes. Use them with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box, to quickly loosen and remove corns or callouses.

NEW FEATURES
De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are flesh color, velvety-soft and waterproof. Invisible under sheer hose. Don't soil, stick to the stocking or come off in the bath. Try this wonderful treatment. Sold at all drug, dept. and shoe stores.



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
 Put one on—the pain is gone!


BROUGHT TO LIGHT
THE SUPPRESSED KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

What strange powers did the ancients possess? Where was the source of knowledge that made it possible for them to perform miracles? Were these secrets burned with ancient libraries, or buried beneath crumbling Temple walls? These wise men of the past knew the mysteries of life and personal power. This wisdom is not lost... It is withheld from the mass. Man's intolerance has at times swept his achievements from the face of the earth, yet secret brotherhoods have preserved this sacred wisdom of the ages. It is offered freely TO YOU, if with an open mind you wish to step out of the rut of monotonous existence, and Master Your Life.

This Sealed Book Loaned To You

The Rosicrucians INVITE YOU to write and secure a free copy of the "Sealed Book." It will point out how you may receive age-old truths. You can learn to MAKE YOUR LIFE A NEW!

Address: Scribe N. A. D.
 The Rosicrucians
 AMORC
 SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA



The Second Edition



Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, lately the Mullican sisters of Indianola, Iowa

There are five Lane girls, all beautiful, blond and blue-eyed—and all but one are on the stage

By HILDA COLE

ROSEMARY and Pat Lane had just left town on a personal appearance trip with "chaperone" Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians. Their mother was recovering from an orgy of shopping and packing, and the apartment still showed traces of haste, and temporary havoc.

"I never go along with them any more," she explained, her blue eyes twinkling, "because Fred keeps an eagle eye on them. He's awfully nice about it, and we're all very fond of him. Just before they leave on a trip he always comes to me and says, 'Do you want me to mother the girls?'"

Though Rosemary and Pat have grown to be seventeen and eighteen, they are still Mrs. Lane's "babies," and she watches them with bated breath, hoping that success hasn't come too soon. She brought them up to be all-round girls, and she still believes that is more important than anything.

The last thing in this world that Mrs. Cora B. Mullican had ever expected to become was a stage mother. Upon her marriage to Dr. L. A. Mullican, a dentist, she had gone to live in the quiet, cultured little town of Indianola, Iowa, and had settled down to raising a family. But then first thing she knew, there she was with five beautiful daughters, blue-eyed, blond and spirited, upon her hands.

"Indianola is simply the last place in

the world anybody's children should choose to get stage-struck," she declared, "But it happened and I stood by them."

IT WASN'T long before she had one child, Lola, making a name for herself in Hollywood, another, Leota, in a Broadway musical show, and the two babies Rosemary and Priscilla, whose nickname is Pat, still at home, but already looking with longing eyes upon their sisters' success. Only one of them, Martha, married a professor of English, and stayed there in Indianola.

Lovely and talented though they were, the other girls might have remained there also. As Thomas Gray put it, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air." But on the day Gus Edwards encountered Leota in a Des Moines flower shop and discovered that her voice was as enchanting as her appearance, the New York producer started a theatrical avalanche in the Lane family. Within two weeks, Leota and Sister Lola were backstage in a Manhattan theater rehearsing the first steps of their tap routine for the opening of the *Greenwich Village Follies*.

From that time on the two kids, devouring the letters which Leota and Lola wrote back home, gorged themselves on hero worship of their two glamorous sisters. It seemed to them that Le and Lo must be leading a mar-

velous and exciting existence, and they yearned to follow in their footsteps. The kid sisters were still too young, however, to take immediate action.

Mrs. Mullican stayed home with her youngest, and when they left for New York to start their careers, she came along and adopted the family stage name, Lane, for her own. The two oldest fledglings had to do without her sensible guidance and advice. But Pat and Rosemary have their mother on the job, and enthusiastically report that she is a "good sport."

"They make a grand sister team," Mrs. Lane said, of her second edition, "though their dispositions are very different. Pat is a little clown, an unconscious comedian, and always puts her foot in it—but she's lovable and cute. Rosemary's more sensitive, studious, and ambitious, and the child has a marvelous voice. She's like Leota, Pat's like Lola."

The two Mullican kids shared a room together in the big, rambling house in Indianola. Pat's favorite colour is blue, Rosemary's yellow, so the room was decorated in these colours. Pat set up a studio in one corner, and sketched her friends, Rosemary curled up in the window seat to read.

"ROSEMARY and Pat were always athletic." Mrs. Lane recalled, smiling, "Our large back yard at home was a regular network of trapezes, and swings. Their favorite haunts were the tops of trees. When Rosemary was two, I found her at the top of a high ladder, and had to coax her down with candy as a bait. Once, I found Pat asleep in the apple tree, resting between two limbs. Later on, they were both Camp Fire Girls and won all sorts of medals for swimming and other sports at Camp Hautesa, Boone, Iowa."

Both children were artistically inclined. Rosemary at one time threatened to be a prodigy on the piano. She doubtless would have been a child wonder had she neglected everything else. At the age of twelve she was playing Liz's Second Hungarian Rhapsody. She also won a state contest for high school voices. One of the first presents Le and Lo sent home was a grand piano for Rosemary.

Pat, on the other hand, was naturally talented but reluctant to study. She liked to sing with her sister, but was started six times on piano lessons without success. She preferred a lusty game of cops and robbers to practicing scales.

Mrs. Lane decided to connive with Pat's school teacher to get the child interested in dramatics, and was persuaded to enter a contest.

"The little monkey was given a very dramatic piece to recite," her mother reminisced, "and really seemed quite interested in it. I believe she relished the idea of doing a Madame Bernhardt in the High School auditorium! However, when the day of the contest arrived, she tried to play sick. It didn't work, and I shooed her off to school.

"When her turn came, she began very well. Then she looked down in the front row and saw two little boys in her class grinning and making faces at her. It was the most dramatic moment of the piece, and Pat was beside herself with anger, and Pat was beside herself with anger. She looked straight at the little boys and shouted desperately, with all the venom of which her ten years were capable, 'And so they were shot!'

[Continued on page 49]

**HURDLE
COMPETITION!**

Men love that
come-and-get-me
challenge from
merry eyes and
tempting lips... To win
them—daily stimulate
facial circulation with
DOUBLE MINT gum.

YOU TOO
CAN HAVE

Captivating
HAIR!



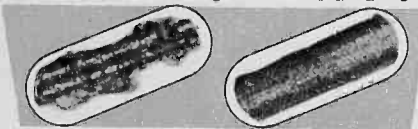
CHESTER MORRIS
and JEAN PARKER
as they appear in a scene
from the Universal picture,
"PRINCESS O'HARA"

Keep it Lovely
with Mar-o-Oil

Mar-o-Oil is the *All Purpose* shampoo, tonic and dandruff corrective. This amazing new soapless oil cleanser rids hair and scalp of dandruff, dryness or excessive oiliness, yet it rinses out in clear warm water. Leaves your hair clean and sweet—more manageable—waves stay longer—glowing with natural color and the lustre of youth. No messy lather—no special rinses—no film of soap or alkali. Start using Mar-o-Oil at once! If you cannot see and feel a difference, we will refund your money. Get your Mar-o-Oil at all leading drug or department stores. All leading beauty shops recommend and give Mar-o-Oil Soapless Olive Oil Shampoos.

Don't WASH your hair with suds
... CLEANSE with Mar-o-Oil!

THIS IS WHY!



LEFT—Hair washed with ordinary soap suds—note scaly particles of foreign matter remaining.
RIGHT—After cleansing with Mar-o-Oil. Notice clean smooth appearance—showing all accumulation of dandruff, grime and caustic film removed. *The hair is clean!*



GENEROUS TRIAL OFFER

J. W. Marrow Mfg. Company
Dept. 555, 3037 N. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois

Please send me your liberal 2-trial bottle of Mar-o-Oil. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

MAKE-UP for the BUSINESS

By
WYNNE MCKAY

Your make-up should be complete during business hours, Miss McKay says, but it should be applied with a lighter touch. She tells you how to do it. She will be glad to answer questions on any phase of beauty if you will address her in care of RADIOLAND, 1501 Broadway, New York City, enclosing a stamped envelope



YOU'D never think, to hear Gracie Allen over the air, that she gave a darn about make-up, but as a matter of fact she spends many absorbing hours at her dressing table experimenting with this and that cosmetic and when she gets ready to go out, she spends a careful fifteen minutes applying powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up. . . .

No slap-dash, off-hand methods for Gracie, when it comes to enhancing her attractiveness — no matter how hilariously vague she may become when she faces a microphone!

This awareness of the importance of make-up is becoming more and more pronounced on the part of business and professional women as well as housewives. A few years ago, the woman who held an important position felt it was her duty to subordinate her feminine attractiveness, to wear severe clothes and mannish haircuts and to go about innocent of make-up and adornment.

But no more! The business woman of today realizes that part of her stock in trade is the subtle enhancement of her features. She realizes that no man, whether he is her Saturday night escort or her immediate superior at the office, likes to see a woman whose nose is shiny or whose lips are uninterestingly pale. . . .

Men, bless their hearts, have at last, by laborious mental processes, discovered that a woman can be pretty and still have brains!

The only caution to be observed by a working girl is in the amount and color of the cosmetics she uses. While it is smart and entirely suitable to go in for exotic effects in your personal life, you must tone down your make-up during working hours. That does not mean to omit any one cosmetic entirely, but rather to apply each one a bit more sparingly and in more subdued shades than you do when making up for a dance or a party.

HERE are a few hints on how to keep your make-up subdued but adequate: Pat face powder on with a large velour puff and then use a soft brush to remove the excess powder and to give that smooth porcelain surface. . . . Apply dry cheek rouge *after* powder, then tone it down with your powder puff. . . . To keep your lips glowingly red but not pasty, apply the lipstick evenly, then press your lips together on tissues. The excess rouge is blotted off, leaving your lips satiny smooth. . . . To prevent mascara from having a beaded look, apply

RADIOLAND

GIRL



Gracie Allen is very serious-minded and not at all scatter-brained when she sits down at her dressing table. In the circle you see her applying mascara; at extreme left, lipstick; and at right, rouge

it with a sidewise motion, then brush the lashes upward, with a clean brush, to remove lumps of mascara, and to separate the lashes. . . . Eyeshadow blended over a light film of cream will go on more smoothly and can be toned down at the edges so that it is barely perceptible. . . . If eyebrows are fairly heavy, mascara can be used to darken them less obviously than an eyebrow pencil.

There is a new face powder on the market that should fit in nicely with this subdued scheme of things, since it incorporates a color principle that enables it to match your own skin tone unerringly, and end that powdered look. . . . It does make your skin look fresh and soft, I've found, instead of mask-like, as heavy, badly blended powders usually do. This newcomer clings for hours and is available in flesh, rachel and light rachel. The price is \$1 a box. Want the trade name?

Another cosmetic item that makes for naturalness is a wax eyelash make-up. It was originally used by men as a mustache wax, and it would probably have remained in the barber shop field forever had not some clever young woman discovered that it did things to her lashes! So the manufacturer now puts it up in 35 cent tubes in a variety of shades—black, brown, blonde and chestnut. Of course it's no adequate substitute for mascara when you want your lashes to look really glamorous in a big way, but it is a neat solution for daytime use. It won't melt or run and it does give the lashes just [Continued on page 70]

MAY, 1935

THE TEST THAT SHOCKED A MILLION WOMEN!



Sensational "Bite-Test" Exposes GRITTY FACE POWDERS!

*"I Dropped the Box, I was so
Horried", Writes One Woman!*

BEHIND many a case of sore and irritated skin, behind many a case of dry and coarse skin, lies gritty face powder!

That face powder that looks so smooth to your eye and feels so smooth to your skin, it may be full of grit—tiny, sharp particles that are invisible to the eye but instantly detectable to the teeth.

You can't go on rubbing a gritty face powder into your skin without paying for it in some way. Maybe some of the blemishes with which you are wrestling now are due to nothing less than a gritty face powder. Find out! Ascertain whether the powder you are now using is grit-free or not.

Make This Telling Test!

Take a pinch of your powder and place it between your front teeth. Bring your teeth down on it and grind firmly. If there is any trace of grit in the powder it will be as instantly detectable as sand in spinach.

More than a million women have made this test in the past year as advised by Lady Esther. And thousands of them have written in in righteous indignation over their findings. One woman was so horrified she dropped the powder, box and all, on the floor!

There is one face powder you can be sure contains no grit. That is Lady Esther Face Powder. But satisfy yourself as to that—and at Lady Esther's expense! Your name and address will bring you a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Put it to the "bite-test". Let your teeth convince you that it is absolutely grit-free, the smoothest powder ever touched to cheek.

Make Shade Test, Too!

When you receive the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder try them all for shade, too. Did you know that the wrong shade of face powder can make you look five to ten years older?

Ask any stage director. He will tell you that one type of woman has to have one light while another has to have another or else each will look years older. The same holds for face powder shades. One of five shades is the perfect shade for every woman. Lady Esther offers you the five shades for you to find out which is the one for you!

Mail the coupon now for the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER (12)
2030 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to make the "bite-test" and the shade test. Please send me all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

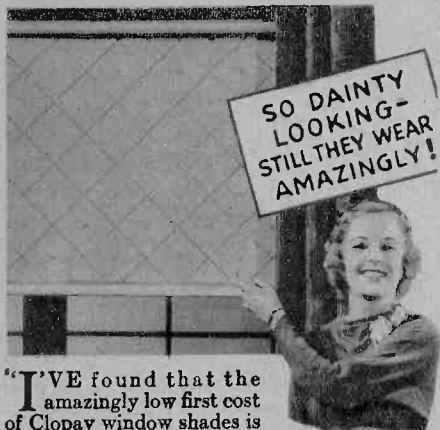
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

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

**"My 15¢ CLOPAY
New SHADES
Surely Gave Me One Big
MONEY'S WORTH"**



"I'VE found that the amazingly low first cost of Clopay window shades is only part of the saving. They stay presentable much longer . . . never crack, ravel or pinhole as ordinary shades do. Besides, they hang and roll straight so that edges don't get scuffed up. Attach to old rollers with a patented gummed strip—no tacks or tools! And how handsome they are, either in plain colors or those attractive chintz-like patterns." No wonder millions prefer CLOPAYS even when they can afford costlier shades! Buy Clopays at all 5-and-10c stores and most neighborhood stores. Send 3c for color samples to CLOPAY CORP., 1401 York St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"Yes Clopay Shades Save Me Plenty . . . But FABRAY SAVES ME EVEN MORE on ALL Oilcloth Needs!"



LOOKS - WEARS LIKE OILCLOTH

. . . Costs 1/3 to 1/2 Less!

"I thought Clopay Shades were the last word in economy until I found FABRAY. It's marvelous! It looks, feels and wears like the best oilcloth, yet I can use it longer because it never cracks or peels. Best of all, I can afford to use FABRAY many more ways than I ever did oilcloth because it costs 1/3 to 1/2 less!"

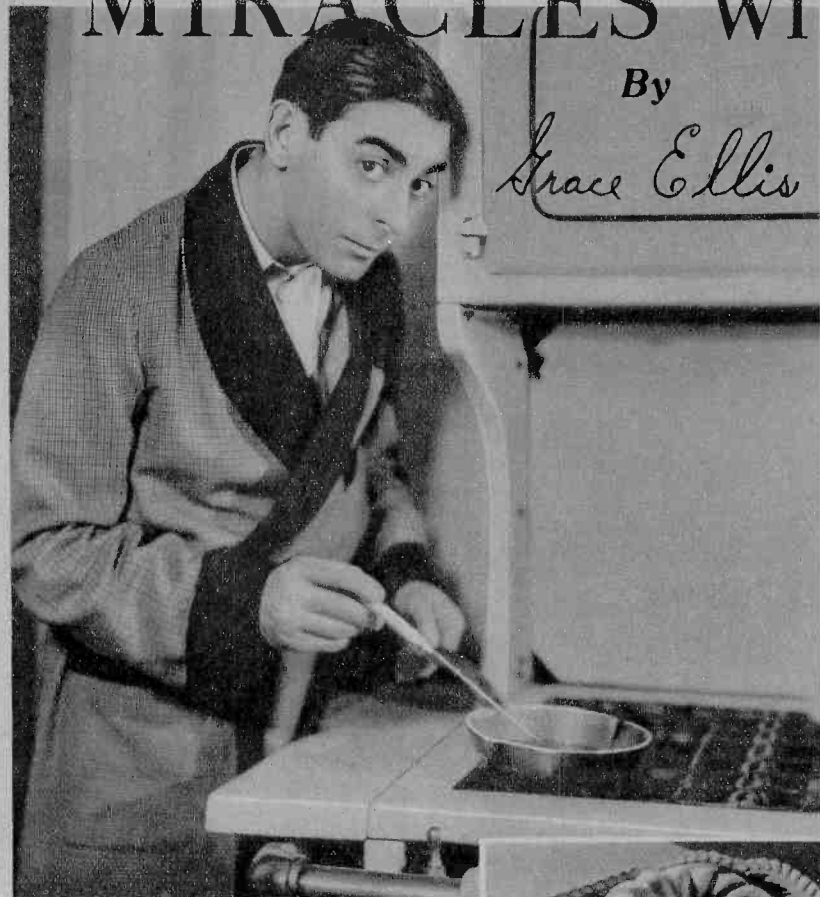
Fabray is a new and entirely revolutionary product—made on tough, solid fibre instead of cheesecloth backing. New lovely patterns—in standard table and shelf widths. See FABRAY at leading 5-and-10c stores or send 10c for 2 1/2 yard roll of shelving. Would cost 25c in oilcloth. State color preference.

CLOPAY CORPORATION
1408 York Street Cincinnati, Ohio

MIRACLES with

By

Grace Ellis



Eddie Cantor is a kitchen-sneaker—always sidling into his apartment kitchen to fry himself an egg or prepare himself a light snack after a late broadcast, so he says



Canned milks give to fruit whips and frozen desserts a smooth, velvety quality not possible when ordinary bottled milk is used

WHENEVER I hear any mention of the "good old days," I become distinctly Missourian. I'm not so sure—I We didn't have radio then. Nor canned milk!

If the evening was dull, then the evening was dull. Not by a mere flick of a button could I summon the lyric Drag-onette or the homespun Rogers for my evening's entertainment.

If the milk soured, or the cream wouldn't whip—then the milk was sour and the cream didn't whip. I shifted the menu, or brought the pudding bald to the table with what face I could muster.

Now I hobnob with the famous of the world. The key to their company is there for the turning. And soured milk, delayed milk carriers, or refractory cream means nothing. There's a can of milk in my refrigerator that will whip into cream-smooth pudding-topping in the wink of an eye. There's another on the cupboard shelf that will add double richness to the four-year-old's eggnog, and with none of the epidemic possibilities of the raw article. Beside it stands a tinned assurance that the best lemon pies, macaroons, pudding sauces and salad dressings which I have ever made are an immediate possibility in kitchen emergencies.

From which you may judge that I like canned milk. I do. For many purposes I prefer it to the raw bottled variety. It is easier to store. It shortens and en-

riches many cooking processes. It is always less subject to contamination and more easily digested.* And frequently it is cheaper.

Many cooks fail to make habitual use of it because of a mistaken feeling that canned milk is a raw milk "substitute," to be used *only* when the bottled product is not obtainable. Quite the reverse is true. Canned milk, prepared by reliable modern manufacturers, is actually a high grade of fresh milk put into a form which is easier to use and presents fewer cooking problems than the delivered-by-the-milkman variety.

The storage problem is also simplified.

*On receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope RADIOLAND's Food Editor will be glad to send you a list of those brands of canned milk which have the approval of the American Medical Association.

CANNED MILK

You have no idea how useful canned milk can be until you study these recipes by Grace Ellis, RADIO-LAND'S Food Expert. You can be sure of getting the same results she does, as each recipe is tried out in her testing kitchen under home circumstances

BOTTLED milk I prefer only when the source of its supply is known to have been rigidly inspected, and in certain mild-flavored dishes where the slightly caramelized flavor of the canned milk seems "foreign." Different brands of milk differ considerably in flavor, I have found. Some have a decidedly "caramelish" tone. Some hold more of the "whole-milk" flavor. Write me if you fail to find a brand which suits your particular taste.

Evaporated Milk, which is pure, fresh, milk with about 60 per cent of the liquid removed, can be used full strength as a cream substitute. Diluted with an equal quantity of water, vegetable liquor, meat broth or fruit juice, it furnishes more than a comparative amount of bone and muscle building substances in any recipe specifying "milk." As a baby food it is receiving the unquestioned approval of the specialists.

Sweetened Condensed Milk, which is a skilful blend of sugar and concentrated milk, adds richness to puddings, sauces, frozen desserts and salad dressing, and cuts the time required to make certain hot drink, tea accessories and candies in less than half. [Continued on page 44]

EIGHT FREE COOK BOOKS!

More than 500 tested recipes! And they are offered you free. Turn to page 45 and make your choice. Reserve your "thank you's" for the manufacturers of canned milks.

And thank you! Mrs. Everybody, for the nice things you've been saying about RADIO-LAND'S new "bridge refreshment" leaflets.

Hundreds of readers who wrote first for one leaflet, immediately ordered the rest of the group:

Bridge Bites for Spring Months 5 cents
 Bridge Bites for Summer Months 5 cents
 Bridge Bites for Fall Months 5 cents
 Bridge Bites for Winter Months 5 cents

Inclose 5 cents for each leaflet, or 15 cents for the group of four. Address your letter to Grace Ellis, Radioland's Foods Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota. And don't forget to inclose a STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Johnston
 announce the marriage
 of their daughter
 Doris

*And there almost was
 no wedding to announce*



NOT so long ago it seemed as if the happy plans were going awry. Jack seemed uneasy, unwilling to go on. Doris was crushed by his coolness.

Then a true friend told Doris, "The thing which is troubling Jack is one of those big little things which you can easily correct."

Happy ending!

It takes a true friend indeed to tell a girl that it is not pleasant to be near her on account of the ugly odor of underarm perspiration.

It's so unnecessary to offend in this way. For you can be safe *all day, every day*, in just half a minute. With Mum!

You can use this dainty deodorant

cream any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Remember, too, Mum doesn't prevent perspiration itself — just that unpleasant odor of perspiration which has stood between many a girl and happiness. Make Mum a daily habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM HELP IN THIS WAY, TOO.



Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy complete freedom from worry about this source of unpleasantness.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

VOICE

**NOW! you can have
The VOICE you want!**



100% Improvement Guaranteed

We build, strengthen the vocal organ—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises . . . and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100% . . . Write for wonderful voice book—sent free, but enclose 3c for part postage. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 years unless signed by parent.

*No matter how hopeless
your case may seem—send
at once for free Voice Book.*

**Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 15-05
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

Mail Coupon for Free Voice Book

**Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 15-05
64 E. Lake St., Chicago**

Please send me FREE and without obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger's new book, "Physical Voice Culture." I have checked subject in which I am most interested. Enclosed is 8c for part postage.

Weak Voice Singing Stammering Speaking

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Age _____

Miracles With Canned Milk

[Continued from page 43]

My favorite frozen dessert is made of it:

SALLY'S TOFFEE ICE CREAM

(Mixing Time—5 Minutes)

- ¼ lb. uncoated English Toffee
- 1 can Sweetened Condensed Milk*
- ½ cup cold strong coffee
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- ½ pint whipping cream

Put the toffee through the food chopper. Add the milk, coffee and vanilla. Mix. Fold in the cream beaten until stiff. Pour into quick freezing tray of mechanical refrigerator and freeze until stiff, stirring occasionally. Or pack in a mold and freeze with ice and salt.

Sour milk or cream are not common commodities at our house. (Modern refrigeration keep most cooking supplies quite consistently sweet.) But recipes frequently call for one or the other. And evaporated milk, soured by 1 tablespoon of vinegar, may be used successfully in almost any recipe specifying sour cream. And ½ cup of evaporated milk, ½ cup of water and 1 tablespoon of vinegar will serve in Gingerbread and elsewhere as perfect sour milk.

THE time-saving potentialities of tinned milks are too varied to be more than touched on here. What matter if the man-of-the-house comes home unexpectedly for lunch. There's always tinned milk on the cupboard shelf! And a glass of chipped Dried Beef! And no dish is more generally popular at our house than:

CREAMED CHIPPED BEEF

(Preparation Time—8 Minutes)

- 2 tablespoons butter
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 cup Evaporated Milk
- ¼ lb. dried beef

Melt butter in frying pan. Break beef into small pieces and brown lightly allowing 3 minutes. Add flour, stirring until coated with melted butter. Add water and milk and cook for 5 minutes or until smooth and thick. Serve at once on hot toast.—No other Creamed Chipped Beef is quite so good, we think, as that made with the *Evaporated* milk.

Bridge playing wives are bound to swear by such life-savers as:

MINUTE TOMATO SOUP

(Preparation Time—3 Minutes)

- 1 can Tomato Soup (1¼ cups)
- 1 can Evaporated Milk (¾ cups)

Throw your hat on the hall rack. Pour the milk in a saucepan. Heat to scalding. Add the soup. Continue heating only until hot enough to serve.

*Do not attempt to substitute Evaporated Milk here. Only genuine Sweetened Condensed Milk will do. Write RADIOLAND's Food Editor if you want the brand name.

WHIPPED cream from a can! Wouldn't that be a boon for an unexpected hostess? — Well, it's actually possible. Evaporated milk whips beautifully. And it *looks* like cream and tastes like cream. And it may be used as whipped cream in salad dressing, frozen desserts, fruit whips, toppings and gelatin combinations.

I find that it whips most successfully when the can has first been placed in a pan of cold water, and the water brought to a boil and boiled for about 8 minutes. (I do this with several cans at the same time, leaving the cans unopened.) The milk must then be put in the refrigerator and thoroughly chilled. When ready to use, open can, pour milk into a bowl, add ¼ teaspoon lemon juice, place bowl in a pan filled with ice cubes and beat until stiff.

I should like to give you my own favorite desserts for Butterscotch Pie, Orange Milk Sherbet, Chocolate Ice Cream and Apricot Whip. But these, as well as 28 other recipes are all contained in an excellent little illustrated cook book, which you may have free for the asking (note list at conclusion of article), so I shall not take space for them here.

Both the condensed and evaporated milks are "life-savers" when it comes to making cake frostings, milk and milk-fruit drinks, candies and pudding sauces. The little booklet, "Amazing Shortcuts," which is also free, contains recipes for a galaxy of these, as well as for a delicious Mayonnaise Dressing which I find can be made in less than 3 minutes by the clock. And it's perfectly delicious!

Over flaked salmon, Salmon Loaf, or fresh spring asparagus there is nothing so good as:

LEMON CREAM SAUCE

(For Fish or Asparagus Tips)

(Preparation Time—6 Minutes)

Melt 4 tablespoons butter in a saucepan. Blend with 4 tablespoons flour. Add ½ teaspoon salt, 1¼ cups evaporated milk and ¾ cups boiling water. Boil, stirring constantly until smooth and creamy. Pour over the beaten yolks of 2 eggs and cook over hot water for 3 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Beat until smooth. Serve immediately over fish or asparagus. (It tastes like spring!—this tart creamy sauce!)

Chicken a la King I have always liked made with cream. It is a distinctly "company" dish, and cream gives it a "company-like" richness. But evaporated milk, I have learned, gives the same creamy flavor, and is ever so much cheaper. My favorite recipe will serve 12.

CHICKEN A LA KING

(For That Spring Bridge Luncheon)

Melt ¾ cups butter or chicken fat in a deep sauce pan. Blend with ¾ cups flour. Add 3½ cups hot chicken broth and bring mixture to a boil, stirring constantly. Add 3½ cups evaporated milk and boil for 3 minutes, stirring to keep smooth. Salt and pepper to taste. Add 1½ diced red pimientos, 4½ cups diced cold chicken meat (cooked), and ¾ cups diced canned mushrooms (or cooked

RADIOLAND

celery). Reheat over hot water. Serve in toasted bread cases, patty shells, on toast strips or in a hollowed-out, toasted loaf of bread. (See May SCREEN BOOK Magazine.)

NOTHING that I have found is superior to evaporated milk as a binding agent and coating for anything which is rolled in crumbs and fried in deep fat. Through experience I have learned, too, that this type of milk imparts a crisp, golden quality to most hot breads—yeast and otherwise. My Cloverleaf Rolls, for instance, always take on a more honey-brown color when the tinned milk is used. And how I enjoy dispensing with the scald-and-cool-to-lukewarm process which is necessary when bottled milk is used.

If you should like a copy of the roll recipe which has been signally successful for me, you may have it, if you will enclose a stamped, addressed envelope and ask for the Never Fail Five-Hour Rolls recipe.

Better still, I would suggest that you take advantage of the FREE offering in cook books made by a number of our best evaporated milk manufacturers. Several of these I keep constantly on my own kitchen shelf. They are prepared by expert food specialists, and carry the unqualified approval of a galaxy of good practical cooks, as well as the American Medical Association. Check from the following list those which appeal to you. Enclose a STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE and I will be glad to give you the address from which any of the books may be obtained.

- "Eating for Efficiency" Free
(A fine general cook book—125 recipes)
- "Making Good Food Better" Free
(A general cook book—Fine Illustrations—130 recipes)
- "Amazing Shortcuts" Free
(Speedy recipes for desserts, drinks, etc.)
- "Frozen Foods" Free
(Frozen dishes to be prepared in refrigerator)
- "Ice Frozen Desserts" Free
(Thirty-six excellent recipes)
- "Feeding a Family at Low Cost" .. Free
(Suggestions for keeping down the food budget)
- "A Safer World for Babies" Free
(A dandy little book on baby feeding)
- "Milk Made Candies" Free
(Fifty-four excellent candy recipes)

Write Grace Ellis, RADIOLAND'S Food Editor, 529 South 7th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Everybody Likes
the Movies
—and everybody likes to read
the stories of the screen's
greatest productions, put into
fiction form by noted writers
in

ROMANTIC MOVIE
STORIES

Now Only 10 Cents
At All News Stands

MAY, 1935



Sally is a little
gossip...and
I'm glad she is!



"I'm glad you came over to visit me while you wash your dolly's clothes, Sally. Let me lend you some soap."

"No, thanks—I brought my own kind along—'cause I don't want Arabella's clothes to do any tattling on me."



"Why, clothes can't tattle, Sally."

"'Deed they can! My mommy says the little bride across the street works real hard—but her clothes are full of tattle-tale gray—'cause she uses a soap that doesn't unstick *all* the dirt."



"But my mommy's clothes are white as anything—'cause she's smart. She uses this Fels-Naptha Soap! Smell? That's naptha, mommy says—heaps of it."

"M-m-m! So that's why Fels-Naptha gets *all* the dirt. I wonder if . . ."



Few weeks later: "Goody! Goody!—strawberry ice cream!"

"That's a treat for you, Sally. You're a little gossip—but I've got to thank you for making me change to Fels-Naptha. My washes look lots whiter now!"

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

with FELS-NAPHTHA SOAP

LITTLE gossips are cute—but you would not want any grown-up gossips to see "tattle-tale gray" in your clothes.

So change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets clothes gorgeously *white!*

Fels-Naptha, you see, is richer soap—good golden soap! And there's lots of naptha in it. When these two cleaners get busy,

dirt simply has to let go—ALL OF IT!

Fels-Naptha is so gentle, too—you can trust your daintiest silk undies to it! It's kind to hands—there's soothing glycerine in every golden bar.

Try Fels-Naptha in tub, basin, or machine. Get a supply at your grocer's! Fels & Co., Phila., Pa. © 1935, FELS & CO. CODE



SPEND your summer vacation in Yellowstone amid the geysers, boiling pools, mud volcanoes and smoking mountains of this strange land.

See the colossal Yellowstone Canyon—one of the longest and deepest of the world's chasms, and perhaps the most color-splashed of all. Marvel at its majestic waterfall, twice as high as Niagara.

Rail fares this summer are down to rock bottom, and so are the prices in the Park—complete 3½ day tour of the magic wonderland costing only \$45 if you stop at the big hotels . . . \$38 at the lodges.

The 90-mile motor trip over the famous Cody Road through Shoshone Canyon and over the Absaroka Mountains can be included in your Park tour without extra cost. Tickets can be routed through Colorado including Denver and Colorado Springs (and alongside the Black Hills of So. Dakota) at no additional rail fare.

Go to Yellowstone in luxury aboard the North Coast Limited. This famous train completely air-conditioned this summer. It carries through-Pullmans direct to and from Cody and Gardiner gateways . . . takes you to Yellowstone over the shortest route and in the fastest time.

SEND THIS COUPON



TO E. E. Nelson P. T. M. Northern Pacific Ry. St. Paul, Minn. TO A. Cotsworth P. T. M. Burlington Route Chicago, Ill.

Send me your free illustrated booklets, rates and information about Yellowstone vacations.

Name _____ Street & Number _____ City _____ State _____

Check here if interested in all-expense Escorted Tour.

THE NATIONAL PARK LINE

Tomorrow's Radio Stars

Baby Stars are more numerous in radio than in the movies—and they make more money and have a longer professional career

By RUTH GERI



BOYS and girls, mothers and fathers, the world over, follow avidly the comings and goings of the Jackie Coopers, the Shirley Temples, the Baby LeRois of the movies; the Mary Smalls, the Baby Rose Maries of radio. Since the days when figures on a motion picture screen flickered alarmingly, and an inspired director first conceived the notion of presenting a "baby" star, the hope of untold riches and a glamorous existence, has lured countless fond mothers to the movie mecca, trailing an endless parade of infant prodigies who were to set the world afire with their hitherto undiscovered talents. The dawn of radio widened the field for juvenile entertainers. Fond mammas, who in other days bought one-way tickets to Hollywood, now first consider an onslaught of the air-waves.

The reason? In a period extending over fifteen years, it has been estimated with considerable accuracy that the movies have produced only three stars who have stood the acid test of time. The three happy exceptions have been Jackie Coogan, Jackie Cooper and Madge Evans. Some strange fatality dooms the working life of a movie child to the short span of three and a half years. For many years now, the Hal Roach comedies, spawning grounds for junior movie talent, have turned out sets of youngsters who graduated to bit parts in adult films, and featured rôles, who have enjoyed a brief period of popularity, and then long, arid years of unemployment and obscurity. Is it any wonder that mothers think twice before staking the family fortunes on the hope, slim as experience and record prove it to be, of "cleaning up" on the talents of their gifted offspring?

However, precocious youngsters continue to set doting friends and relatives adreaming of fame and fortune, and their mecca is now the radio. Radio, a mere infant in swaddling clothes compared to the movies, has produced only two child stars whose earnings compare with those of Coogan and Cooper, but it has been



In the circle is Elizabeth Wragge, Betty of the *Red Davis* program; the lad in the Scotch costume is Walter Tetley, 12-year-old star who appears in youngster rôles on the Fred Allen program and others

infinitely kinder to the "run-of-the-mine" young hopeful. Although less glamorous than the films, radio careers have already proven to be more stable, and in the long run more lucrative.

The Hal Roach comedies have their counterpart in the stock children's shows presented over both chains such as the *Children's Hours* and the *Lady Next Door*. The prospect of a comfortable "commercial contract" awarded by sponsors appealing to child customers and relying on the influence of the child upon mother's purchasing power is alluring

RADIOLAND

bait. Moreover, the prospect of a long, unbroken career seems to be a good deal stronger via the air-waves than the silver-screen.

OUT of the groups piloted by Madge Tucker on NBC and Nila Mack on CBS have arisen a large number of children who work steadily and earn tidy incomes playing on juvenile serials and bit parts in adult productions, despite the fact that their names are scarcely known to their loyal audiences. A check-up of the working years of these youngsters, reveals that at any rate radio careers suffer from no such premature mortality as seems to prevail in the movie studios.

A few examples in point are the Halop children, Florence and Billy, aged 10 and 13 years respectively. Billy, better known to listeners as Bobby Benson, or Dick, on the *Crisco Home, Sweet Home* hour, is already a veteran performer with seven years of radio work behind him and his young sister, Florence, Polly of the Bobby Benson show, despite her youth is a runner-up with six to her credit. These children, since the time they made their debut with Madge Tucker's crew, have worked consistently on "commercials" and are currently heard frequently on Maxwell House Showboat, the Rudy Vallee programs, and many others.

Another sister and brother team who have paralleled the success of the Halops have been Eddie and Elizabeth Wragge—Eddie, 14, and Elizabeth, 16. Eddie, the "Bart" of the *Bobby Benson* series, has been heard regularly as such characters as Leo, the son of Joe Cook on the *Colgate House Party*, the son of Bert Lehr, with Al Jolson on the *Miracle Whip* shows, with Warden Lawes in *20,000 Years in Sing Sing* and many other dramatic productions. Elizabeth has been kept equally busy playing "Betty" in the *Red Davis* series, and *March of Time* shows. Their combined earnings represent a higher sum than Shirley Temple earns, and they too have been on the air for more than seven years.

Perhaps the most promising comedian of the future is a fourteen-year-old lad—Walter Tetley of *Buck Rogers* and *Bar X Days* fame, who has been a featured radio player for eight years. Walter is amazingly mature and workmanlike, switching from character to character with the ease and deftness of a Ted Bergman. Watching him in a rehearsal of the Fred Allen show, of which cast he is a regular member, it was surprising to see him portray five different characters in three different dialects in the space of a half hour.

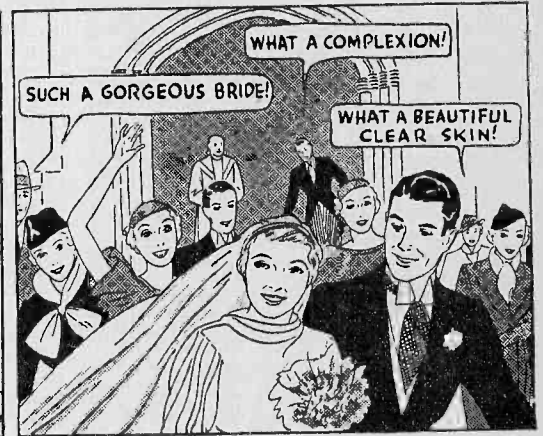
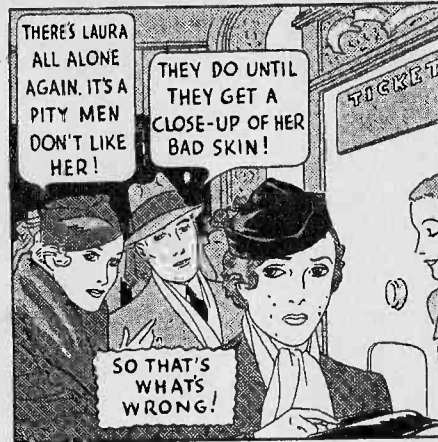
From the Allen rehearsal he rushed to an adjoining studio where Miss Tucker was putting her kids through their paces for the Sunday morning *Children's Hour*. She requested Walter to sing one of the songs he had brought back from Europe after an extensive tour through the British Isles, preferably one with patter in some dialect to serve as a setting for the number. Walter replied casually: "I haven't one with patter, but I can write some in." And write some in he did right there in the control room. Many a highly-paid comedian tearing his hair for new ideas and gags would have been proud to admit ownership to the Cockney monologue this fourteen-year-old prodigy dashed off so glibly.

THE list of children busily employed for five, six, and seven years is long and imposing: Shirley Bell, *Orphan Annie*
[Continued on page 48]

MAY, 1935

LONESOME LAURA

Gets a Beauty Tip from HOLLYWOOD!



Yeast Foam Tablets Stay Fresh For Months

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Laura's skin, they should do for yours. These pleasant little tablets of pasteurized yeast are rich in precious nutritive elements which strengthen the digestive and eliminatory organs, give them tone and quicken their action. Thus they aid in ridding the system of the poisons that produce so many a case of bad skin and dull, muddy complexion.

With the true cause of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth, the envy

of men and women everywhere.

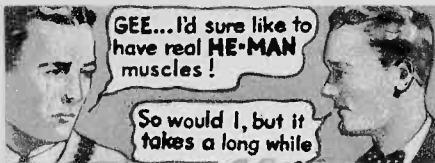
Don't confuse Yeast Foam Tablets with ordinary yeast. These tablets cannot cause fermentation in the body. Pasteurization makes Yeast Foam Tablets utterly safe for everyone to eat. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by leading American universities in their vitamin research.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today. Refuse substitutes. You should see your skin and complexion improve in almost no time!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

Tomorrow's Radio Stars

[Continued from page 47]



"Bunk!" —says Charles Atlas

I'll Prove in the first 7 days YOU can have a Body like Mine!

No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED to make such an Offer!

DON'T get the idea that it takes a lot of time and hard work for you to get smashing strength and powerful muscles! Don't think you need dumbbells, springs or any other contraptions! Both these ideas are all bunk—and I have PROVED it. All I need is 7 days to prove what I can do for you! And I don't need any apparatus either. In fact, I don't believe in artificial methods that may strain your vital organs!

NATURAL Methods Are All I Need

Above you see an actual photo of how I look today. No muscles have been "painted on". This is the camera's honest proof of what I did for MY body. Now I'm ready to prove what my secret of Dynamic Tension can do for YOURS!

A few years ago, I was a physical wreck, a 97-pound weakling—flat-chested, arms and legs like pipostems. I was worried. I studied myself. Then I found a new way to build myself up. A way that was simple, natural, quick and sure! "Dynamic Tension" is what I called it. In a short time I had the body that has twice won the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

This Secret Has Helped Thousands

Thousands of others now know from their own personal experience what Dynamic Tension has done for them. They were just as frail and puny as I once was. Now they are life-sized examples of what a man can and ought to be. My booklet, filled with pictures, tells my story—and theirs.

Get My Free Book

This little coupon brings you my free book, which tells all about it. No cost or obligation.

I just want to give you proof that I can do for you what I have done for so many others: give you broad, powerful shoulders, biceps that bulge with smashing strength, a chest which stands out solid and muscular, and an evenly developed body that will make others look like dwarfs next to you. Mail this coupon TODAY!

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 948, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.



Typical of the young stars who appear on network children's programs are these youngsters, "regulars" on NBC's *Lady Next Door* Program. Madge Tucker, in the title rôle, is at extreme left. Nila Mack of the CBS has a comparable children's hour

for the past four years, although but 13, began her novitiate seven years ago; Nancy Kelly, the "Dorothy" of the *Wizard of Oz*; Peggy Zinke, better known for the past five years as "Jane" of the *Jolly Bill and Jane* serial; Emily Vass, "Pan" in the *Billy Bachelor* series; Rosalind Silver, the "Rosie" of the *Rise of the Goldbergs*; ten-year-old Micky O'Day, the Irish darling of the studios, one of the most astonishing singing comedians. Space and time do not permit a complete recital of the many gifted radio children.

The average wage of a child movie player is estimated at \$50 a week; the average of a radio child, very conservatively is set at \$75 a week, although most of the kiddies mentioned earn considerably more.

Only one case comes to mind of the loss of a contract because of the dawn of maturity. Donald Hughes, who for five years played "Rollo" on the *Daddy and Rollo* shows, had to give up his beloved rôle because his voice broke and changed. However, this by no means ended his career; he is now featured in adult productions and will emerge a full fledged actor when the difficult adolescent period is past. The character of *Skippy* has been kept secret so that as boys outgrow the part, the illusion of the radio character is preserved intact. And although the organization of children's work on the air is a comparatively new development—Madge Tucker's programs have been going for only six years and Nila Mack's an even shorter time—an adult instrumental trio has already graduated from the children's ranks. The three musicians who comprise the NBC Young Artist's Trio are all veterans of the Children's Hour and have their own spot now.

I was particularly interested in learning how long years of professional work have affected these children. Were they spoiled or erratic? Did their intelligence in outside activities measure up to their precocity in their specialized field of work? How did they coordinate the great amount of professional work with the normal pursuits of boys and girls of parallel ages?

I could find no better authority than Mrs. Ethel Nesbit, for twelve years principal of the Professional Children's School, an institution designed especially to meet the educational needs of youngsters destined to the spotlight almost from their cradles. She advances a great many interesting sidelights about professional children in general and radio children in particular.

AS TO the general intelligence of professional children, she informed me that exhaustive studies conducted by Mr. Jess Perlman, famous child psychologist and director of the Associated Guidance Bureau revealed the general average of the school to be higher than the average of public school children of normal bent and occupation.

Mrs. Nesbit has found that as compared to other classifications of professional children, the radio youngsters are the most normal in all around behavior and work. She pointed out that after one year of radio work (the time element permits for the wearing off of glamour), these children seem to be able to coordinate their outside work and their studies in cool, business-like manner, so that the burden of work seems to be evenly distributed and some time is left for play.

FREE BOOK

Get a stamp today. Mail coupon for free copy of my new book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It shows you from actual photos how I have developed my pupils to my own perfectly balanced proportions. Where shall I send your copy?

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 945, 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

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The Second Edition

[Continued from page 39]

"PAT was ashamed of herself for letting loose that way. She ran off the stage and straight home to me, crying that she had disgraced the family. Her little heart was broken. She ran upstairs and crawled into bed. In a few moments the phone rang. Her teacher had called to say that Pat was the winner, because of her natural portrayal at the end!"

The most exciting incidents in their lives were visits to Le and Lo. First, they spent a week in Kansas City where the Gus Edwards revue, *Ritz Carlton Nites*, was playing at the Palace. One night during the act, Gus pulled Rosemary and Pat on the stage and made them take bows. They were thrilled to death. Then, they spent a week in Chicago where they had their first permanent waves, and were given tickets to hear Fred Waring's band, playing at the *Oriental*. It was exciting to hear the famous leader—and even more breathtaking when they met him several years later in a New York publishing house.

The second edition first appeared together professionally at the Paramount Theater in Des Moines when Lola's picture, *Good News*, was being shown there. The team separated temporarily while Rosemary studied a year at Simpson College, and Pat attended a dramatic school in New York. The following year they were reunited in Manhattan, and decided to work on new songs together.

IT WAS when they were trying out new tunes at De Sylva, Brown and Henderson's office that they were introduced to Fred Waring Bobby Crawford, who presented them to Fred, added, "You ought to hear them sing."

"I'd like to," Fred replied. "Go ahead. Let's have a sample."

"They were so scared they almost fell off the piano bench," Mrs. Lane reports, "but somehow they sang their song. Fred liked them, and offered them a job right on the spot. They went running home to Leota and me, pinching themselves to make sure they were awake."

Rosemary and Pat went off at once on a tour with the Pennsylvanians. Fred discovered that they had separate talents—Pat, a flair for comedy, Rosemary a particularly lovely voice. They returned with the band to join in the glee club chorus of the first Old Gold broadcast. Later, both Pat and Rosemary were featured on the air.

Today the two girls are veteran performers, on the stage as well as on the air. Every few months the Waring troupe makes a series of personal appearances at theaters throughout the country, and Pat and Rosemary have developed into genuine troupers with an especial graciousness in the difficult art of satisfying hordes of autograph hunters who clamor for their signatures after every performance.

Mrs. Lane is proud of her second edition, because, she says, "They've kept so sweet through it all, and though they may disagree in small matters, they stick together against the world."

MAY, 1935



"I knew if I kept my eye on this thing Aunt Patty would leave it around some time where I could get it! Let's see—what does she do to this dingleberry on top to make it come open? Ah... that's the trick!"

"Look what I found! Contraction with a looking-glass! (I'm looking very well today.) ... And what's this? Powder! Oh, I know what to do with that! ... Put it under my chin and arms and where I sit down!"



"Hi, Aunt Pat! I tried your powder... but honest, it doesn't feel near as soft and fine and snugly as mine. You ought to use Johnson's Baby Powder, Auntie... and then I'll bet you'd be a smoothie just like me!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder... a real protection against chafing and rashes. Your thumb and finger will tell you why... I'm made of fine satiny Italian talc—no gritty particles as in some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root either... Be sure to try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too!"

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



"OVER-TURE"

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOR *Firmer*
UPLIFT



Brassieres which accomplish, with stitching alone, a new firmness of support without the harmful effect of stays! Little stitched "petals" give "Over-Ture" perfect uplift plus perfect comfort. Select this brassiere either as shown above or with diaphragm-control band.



Left: "Half-Way," Maiden Form's "back-to-nature" brassiere, supports perfectly—does not confine—and moulds the bust in lovely uplift lines. Send for free Foundation Booklet FM: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

AT ALL LEADING STORES — \$1.00 to \$2.00

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
GIRDLES · CARTER BELTS

There's a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!

What do you want to know about the stars?
Send your queries to **RADIOLAND'S** Question
and Answer department.



**DO YOU
SUFFER
FROM**

PSORIASIS?

**IF SO,
WRITE FOR
BOOKLET ON
SIROIL!**

Don't delay. This relief has accomplished wonders for men, women and children who have been chronic sufferers from psoriasis. Siroil applied externally to the affected area causes the scales to disappear, the red blotches to fade out and the skin to resume its normal texture. Siroil backs with a guarantee the claim that if it does not relieve you within two weeks—and you are the sole judge—your money will be refunded. Write for booklet upon this new treatment. Don't delay. Write at once.

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1214 Griswold St., Dept. F-5, Detroit, Mich.

Please send me full information on Siroil—the new treatment of psoriasis.

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Address _____
City _____ State _____

Gracie Allen's Missing BROTHER-IN-LAW

You've heard all about Gracie's missing brother, but when her brother-in-law turned up missing one day Gracie quite upset the Burns and Allen office trying to take care of this unpublicized gentleman's business affairs

By
**ROSE
DENIS**



YOU'VE heard about Gracie Allen's mythical missing brother. But I'll wager you haven't heard about the actual inspiration for that prodigal object of Gracie's consternation on the airwaves, her brother-in-law, Willy Burns!

Willy is flesh and blood and has become an indispensable right-hand-man of the Burns and Allen enterprises and adventures. He holds the threads of their busy, screwy, complicated activities together, from handling George's \$1,200 per week payroll to discouraging droves of insurance salesmen, quack business propositions keeping the gag file up-to-date, overseeing the preparation of scripts, and arranging hotel reservations and railroad transportation.

"Willy's worked for me for two years," says George of his kid brother, "and now I don't think he could do without me."

To which energetic Willy winks and grins good-naturedly. The job keeps Willy pretty harassed, but he loves it, for it is the culmination of many year's longing to have a finger in the pie of the show business.

Willy is six years younger than George, and he looks like his famous brother, only thinner and more worried. He was the kid of the Burns family, the youngest of the East Side brood of which, altogether, there were fourteen.

He was a hat salesman before he came to work for George, and a pretty good one, only his heart wasn't really in it. For Willy had always yearned, in a worshipful kid brother way, to lead a thrilling life like his funny brother George. That yearning Willy traces to early

infancy in the old days on the East Side. When George was singing in the Pee Wee Quartet, around saloons and tenement courtyards, little Willy would always attempt to tag along. George usually sent him home, with all the swagger of his eleven years.

"You're too young to monkey with the show business, Willy!"

Willy always trudged home with the comforting notion that when he grew up, George would take him along as a stooge, at least. But Willy did not develop a flair for comedy, a genius for entertaining, like George. He resigned himself to leading a more prosaic life of clerking—but he never lost his old yen for the footlights.

THROUGH the years that George tramped in vaudeville, with various partners, and finally with Gracie, Willy would hang around backstage whenever his big brother played in the vicinity of Manhattan.

Willy remained a faithful fan. George remained a perpetual wonder to serious-minded Willy. He marvelled at his brother's sense of humor, which permitted him to invite a beautiful girl to go for a stroll on the board walk, and lead her to the muddy planking over a subway excavation for a laugh.

"Gracie is the only girl who ever knew how to handle George," Willy says. "She is still the only person in the world who isn't potential gag material to him."

RADIOLAND

Willy is devoted to his sister-in-law. He is married and has a six-weeks-old baby which was christened Julie Allyn Burns. The Allen was for Gracie, and she suggested changing the "e" to a "y".

Two years ago, when George and Gracie went on the Columbia Broadcasting System and established more or less permanent headquarters in New York, Willy's dream of playing a part in the show business actually came to pass.

George, with the notoriety and new activity surrounding himself and Gracie, needed a man Friday to act as a buffer between himself and the public. So he broke the news to Willy, and announced that he would hire his kid brother provided he went to business school and learned shorthand. This Willy gladly agreed to do, and forthwith put in two months of plugging at shorthand and typing.

AT THE end of that time, Willy bought himself a stenographer's note book and prepared to take a letter from George. It was a crazy letter. Between Willy's anxiety to please and his confusion over George's wise-cracks, he was absolutely unable to read the letter back afterwards.

Willy was temporarily miserable, but George's reaction was characteristic. He nearly died laughing. As far as he was concerned, the whole affair was a gag.

"Go hire yourself a secretary, my boy," he said to Willy, "it looks like you need one."

So Willy hired a secretary. Now he keeps two secretaries busy, and presides over the Burns and Allen business headquarters, which is a large hotel suite near Central Park.

It is there that Willy becomes the storm center of script writing conferences. For while his brother George, and writers Carroll Carroll and Harvey Helm "hunch" laughs and manufacture gags, it is up to Willy to see that no ideas are lost in the scuffle, and to record usable material in their fast-flying quips.

Time passes and the confusion grows. The conference room becomes thick with cigar smoke. Sometimes the room rocks with laughter, sometimes grows silent with thought. George, Carroll Carroll, and Harvey Helm, act out their ideas as they talk, and the impromptu sound effects are also noted by Willy for further use.

One night Willy had to quiet a stampede in the hotel when George's hoarse cry of "Fire! Fire!" startled the neighborhood.

Another night he threw open the apartment door suddenly and discovered a group of people in evening clothes, all highly entertained at the sounds emanating from the gag conference.

Late at night, the gag conference breaks up. They all meet again when Willy and his secretary have got the best ideas down on paper, to judge how funny they really were during the fresh perspective of the morning after!

The re-writing accomplished, Willy sees that the scripts are properly typed, and delivered to his famous brother George, and sister-in-law Gracie in time to rehearse the program which will take the air each Wednesday at 9:30 P. M. over Columbia Broadcasting System.

And Willy, having been "in" on the script from its very beginning, is not missing at the broadcasts. He sits in the control room laughing his head off as if he had never heard it before.

MAY, 1935

SKINNY? ADD 5 TO 15 LBS. QUICK—THIS NEW EASY WAY!

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

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

Not only are thousands quickly gaining 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 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.

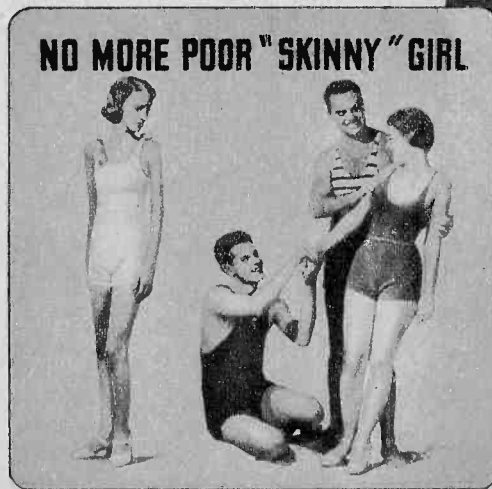
Day after day, as you take pleasant little Ironized Yeast tablets, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively, skin clear to beauty—you're an entirely new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money 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 an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. Sold by all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 285, Atlanta, Ga.



Posed by professional models

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Since Her Marriage



Finds Relief At Last—In Safe

ALL-VEGETABLE METHOD

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

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

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



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

Have FULL ROUND ALLURING CURVES



You can add 3 to 6 inches with Beautipon Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful form. **YOUR MONEY BACK** if your form is not increased after applying Beautipon Cream Treatment for 14 days! Full 30-days' treatment, \$1.00 sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, positive **GUARANTEED** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

Read what others say:

"I can scarcely express my delight with the results. Since I started using Beautipon Cream I have increased my chest-line 5 inches! Your Beautipon Cream works like magic and I am thrilled to own a form so feminine and shapely." B. T.
 "Your treatment is simply splendid. I am filling out and getting larger and rounder." B. T.
 "I have put 3 inches on my chest measurement, and increased 10 lbs. in weight." G.

Free! "Fascinating Loveliness" Free!

The world famous Beauty Expert's Course, "Fascinating Loveliness" for which thousands have paid \$1.00 will be sent **FREE** if you send \$1.00 for Beautipon Cream Treatment NOW. **OFFER LIMITED. SEND \$1.00 TODAY.** Add 25c for foreign countries.

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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 \$400 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
 City State Age

Popularity Poll

[Continued from page 10]

Death Valley	109	Tiny Ruffner	2,393
Pebeco	91	David Ross	1,135
Roses and Drums	90	Milton J. Cross	959
20,000 Years in Sing Sing	87	Ted Husing	684
Today's Children	87	John S. Young	619
Mary Pickford	85	Harry Von Zell	582
		Graham McNamee	511
		Don Wilson	398
		Bert Parks	203
		Don McNeil	162
		Jean Paul King	111
		Alois Havrila	95
		Phil Stuart	87
		Everett Mitchell	84

FAVORITE COMEDIAN

Jack Benny	8,923
Joe Penner	3,226
Fred Allen	2,241
Eddie Cantor	1,978
Burns and Allen	749
Ed Wynn	523
Walter O'Keefe	368
Block and Sully	363
Phil Baker	279
Jack Pearl	203
Ray Perkins	196
Will Rogers	193
Beatrice Lillie	161

FAVORITE ORCHESTRA

Connecticut Yankees	2,912
Wayne King	2,851
Guy Lombardo	2,607
Fred Waring	1,569
Casa Loma	1,022
Eddie Duchin	869
Don Bestor	794
Gus Haenschen	736
Ben Bernie	669
Jan Garber	658
George Olsen	649
Ozzie Nelson	637
Abe Lyman	280
Frank Black	264
Paul Whiteman	207
Richard Himber	203
Cab Calloway	189
Ted Fio-Rito	175
Lud Gluskin	161
Little Jack Little	154
Rubinoff	146
Dou Voorhees	127
Freddie Rich	119
Harry Horlick	117
Jack Denny	112
Isham Jones	109
Harry Salter	103
George Hall	91
Leon Belasco	84

WOMAN SINGER (Popular)

Annette Hanshaw	4,178
Ethel Shutta	3,519
Gertrude Nielsen	1,639
Kate Smith	1,378
Loretta Lee	1,191
Muriel Wilson	1,058
Harriet Hilliard	995
Ruth Etting	944
Dorothy Page	756
Leah Ray	744
Jane Froman	720
Connie Boswell	587
Vera Van	503
Connie Gates	211
Virginia Rae	196
Rosemary Lane	148
Frances Langford	140
Loretta Clemens	127
Julia Sanderson	119
Martha Mears	119
Betty Barthell	113
Kathleen Wells	92
Vivienne Segal	78
Babs Ryan	74

WOMAN SINGERS (Classical)

Jessica Dragonette	5,352
Gladys Swarthout	4,651
Grace Moore	2,545
Muriel Wilson	1,968
Lily Pons	1,540
Rosa Ponselle	1,143
Virginia Rae	927
Schumann-Heink	301
Lois Bennett	245
Vivienne Segal	239
Carol Deis	233
Helen Jepson	147
Hazel Glenn	131
Mary Eastman	131
Elizabeth Lennox	126
Greta Steuckgold	114
Helen Oelheim	82

RADIO ANNOUNCER

James Wallington	4,938
Paul Douglas	4,605

NEWS COMMENTATOR

Lowell Thomas	7,141
Edwin C. Hill	6,394
Walter Winchell	2,774
Boake Carter	2,493
Ted Husing	414
Alexander Woolcott	230
Fredric William Wile	181
Jimmy Fidler	107

CHILDREN'S PROGRAM

Horn and Hardart	3,948
Little Orphan Annie	3,332
Wheatonville	1,557
Singing Lady	1,346
Buck Rogers	1,168
NBC Children's Hour	804
Red Davis	719
Skippy	637
Bobby Benson	476
Let's Pretend	140
Lady Next Door	129
Jimmy Allen	125
Tom Mix	118

MAN SINGER (Popular)

Lanny Ross	7,416
Bing Crosby	4,340
Frank Parker	2,132
Rudy Vallee	2,096
Dick Powell	358
Joey Nash	288
Jerry Cooper	251
Tom Waring	224
Conrad Thibault	205
Ozzie Nelson	196
Little Jack Little	194
Jackie Heller	188
Everett Marshall	180
Morton Downey	171
Pat Kennedy	104
Jimmie Brierly	99
James Melton	78

MAN SINGER (Classical)

Lawrence Tibbett	6,581
Nino Martini	2,894
Conrad Thibault	1,710
John Charles Thomas	1,428
Richard Crooks	1,226
James Melton	1,093
Lanny Ross	1,041
Frank Parker	785
Everett Marshall	526
Frank Munn	357
Donald Novis	349
John Barclay	308
John McCormack	282
Oliver Smith	230
Mario Cozzi	121
Nelson Eddy	119
Rudy Vallee	104
Evan Evans	102
Alexander Gray	87
Milton Watson	79

Not every voter filled in every space on the blank; many contented themselves simply with casting the ballot for their one big favorite. A number of voters expressed disappointment that no space had been allotted for their favorite dramatic actors and actresses of the air.

The commanding lead piled up by Lanny Ross over Bing Crosby in the field of popular men singers was somewhat of a surprise to those supposed to have their fingers on the pulse of radio popularity, and is a fine tribute to Lanny.

Walter Damrosch

[Continued from page 36]

seemed to make a deep and lasting impression on his audience, and the popularity of his little lectures on musical interpretations became almost equally important to the renditions of his orchestra.

His success continued, and his audiences grew by the millions until the statisticians informed him that as a result of computing the number of his listeners, he had played to a total of three hundred and forty millions during the thirty-four concerts he gave from 1927 through the winter of 1930.

THE staggering figures seemed almost incredible to Mr. Damrosch, but the thing in which he was primarily interested lay in the knowledge that he was cultivating practically virgin soil all over the country.

"From 1885 to 1926 I officiated as regular conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra and I was beginning to feel like a tired business man," said Mr. Damrosch in telling of his entering the radio world. "The daily rehearsals and the four weekly concerts during the long winter months began to grow irksome to me, and while I did not wish to withdraw altogether from an association which had formed the largest part of my life, I suggested to the president of our organization that I be allowed to continue as a guest conductor for a short period every season.

"I had given thousands and thousands of concerts. I had introduced into the American homes musical names that had become part of the household instead of being complete strangers. I had braved the perils of unknown and untried audiences all over the country, and I was willing to rest on my past achievements," he continued.

His silvery head turned in the sunlight coming from the window, and the smile on his face was extraordinarily youthful. We were sitting in the living room of his apartment where the countless volumes of books, the many carefully bound scores of his great idols, the warm sunshine and the cheerful furnishings of the place served as an ideal background for his distinguished appearance. He is one of the handsomest men of his years, one could hope to see. The blue eyes are as keen and clear as a young man's. His snow-white hair forms a silvery halo about his head, and his face is singularly unlined.

"When the bolt that came literally from the blue arrived, by that I mean the offer to use radio as a medium of giving my musical programs, I once more felt the same eagerness with which I had formerly started on some new phase of my work," he continued. "And as one of the first entertainers over the air, I feel that I am qualified to speak with some authority when I say that it is by far the most powerful, the greatest, and the most fascinating means of spreading the gospel of fine music that I have ever known."

HE LEANED back against the cushion of his chair. His eloquent white hands were folded quietly in his lap. He

[Continued on page 63]

MAY, 1935

How Hollywood Stars Emphasize The Appeal of Beauty

The Secret is a New Make-Up . . . Now You Can Share It

YOU can instantly make your beauty more attractive if you adopt this new kind of make-up, created originally for the stars of the screen by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius.

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FOR personal make-up advice . . . and to test your own color harmony shades in powder and lipstick . . . mail coupon below.

GLORIA STUART
in Warner Bros.
"Gold Diggers
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ROUGE

The harmonizing color tone is Max Factor's Blonden Rouge . . . creamy-smooth in texture, it blends evenly, imparting a delicate lifelike color to the cheeks.



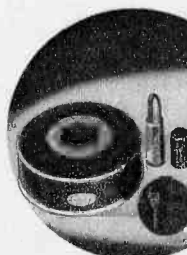
LIPSTICK

Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick complements the color harmony make-up. Moisture-proof, the permanent color keeps the lips lovely for hours and hours.



Max Factor * Hollywood

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Cesary <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN <input type="checkbox"/> Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here.
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>		

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Gertrude Niesen's Broken Love Song

(Continued from page 31)

us, the crickets called . . . from a distance we heard the gentle lapping of water . . ."

Not a word did Arthur say till they had walked perhaps a mile. Then, suddenly, his tongue seemed to be loosened.

Quietly, deliberately, as if each word meant a great deal to him, he told her the story of his life. Tried to explain his difference from other people. For different he certainly was.

An orphan, he had been raised in rock-ribbed New England by a Puritan uncle who lived only for God. Into the impressionable boy's heart, the stiff-necked old man had tried to pour his beliefs. Arthur daren't go to the movies; he daren't dance; he daren't, mustn't sing, or join in the harmless games of his classmates. Those things were all sinful.

So he had grown up, aloof and alone, strangely out of place in the world. Always, he felt an outcast, was unable to mingle with other young folks, to laugh and to sing and dance happily as they did. Gertrude, he confessed, was the first girl with whom he felt at ease.

LA TE that night they went back. They had made a date to go riding the following morning, and though Gertrude's feet felt none too happy, she didn't even massage them. Instead she lay awake, dreaming of Arthur, of his stern yet sweet mouth, of how his gray-green, piercing eyes lit up when he smiled.

The next morning it rained. But riding they went. "Arthur had taken along a few bars of chocolate, and we munched as rode. I guess we were crazy, but we had a swell time. When we got back to the house, we dried out before an open fireplace, and sat and dreamed."

The rest of the day they spent together. Talking. Swimming. Canoeing. "We might have been on a desert island, for all the attention we paid to my friends," Gertrude admitted.

"Every once in a while a few of 'em would bump into us, but Arthur scowled so fiercely at them that they left us alone. Or, if it was a girl, he'd just freeze up and never say a word, till she felt uncomfortable and left.

"I felt flattered that he didn't want to share me with anyone else. And for awhile after we came back to New York, I was in heaven." He seemed to fit into the Niesen household. Never having had a real home of his own, he appreciated Gertrude's mother's attentions, enjoyed his chats with her father. Before long he was dropping in for dinner every chance he got, bringing along a box of candy for Gertrude, a lamp or a book for her mother.

Gradually, they accepted him as a member of the family, rejoiced when he gave their daughter a square-cut diamond engagement ring. "He's just the clean-cut type of boy we wanted for you," Gertrude's father said. "He's got a head on him, and he'll go far."

There was, Gertrude discovered, just one fly in the ointment: Arthur's jealousy and his refusal to mingle with her friends. A social creature, she couldn't understand his insistence upon their being alone, always.

"In all the four years we went together, we never once went with a group," she explained. "When my friends would ask us to accompany them to a dance or the theater Arthur'd make some excuse. 'You're all I want,' he'd say. 'They annoy me.'

"If by chance another boy called me up when he was around, he'd become so glum and silent all evening that I'd feel miserable. I could understand why my girl friends felt uncomfortable, called him 'frozen face.' His quiet, superior attitude made them feel uneasy. I don't think he ever meant to be rude, he just wasn't interested."

More and more he began to talk of getting married, of wedding plans.



Tito Guizar, the Mexican troubadour, has a secretary right in his own home. She is Mrs. Guizar—no wonder he sings so gayly!

RADIOLAND

They'd have a house in the country, within commuting distance of New York. Gertrude could have a car, whatever she wanted.

THEN something happened that made Gertrude realize what her life would be if she married him. Made her stop making excuses for his shortcomings. And meant the end of her dreams of a home and happiness with Arthur.

"One by one my friends dropped away," she told me, "for they couldn't stand his chilling attitude. But my best girl friend never paid any attention to it. Though she knew Arthur hated parties, she insisted we come to a masquerade she was giving on Hallowe'en.

"I decided to go as a kid in short, red rompers, wear a red ribbon and anklets. Dad and Mother fell into the spirit of the occasion, and Dad got me a huge lollipop. I felt swell." But the moment Arthur came in, in formal clothes, this feeling vanished.

"You're not going that way, with half your body naked, are you?" he gasped. "You're really not going to let those boys see you dressed like a showgirl."

For once Gertrude was determined. To the party they went. Stiff as a ramrod, he escorted her there. "He stood like a mountain of ice when a few of the boys, kids I had known all my life, came around and complimented me on my costume," she said.

"Suddenly, he disappeared. I looked all over for him, but he was nowhere. Everyone was coupled up. I felt miserable. Who would take me home? I knew all my friends were laughing at me behind my back."

At half-past one he came back, as cool as a cucumber. "You didn't seem to need me, with so many admirers around," was all he said in explanation. "Do you want to go home?"

Gertrude forced back her tears . . . till she was alone in her room. That night she tossed around sleeplessly. By morning her mind was made up. She slipped his ring into an envelope, mailed it to him with the terse statement. "I've had enough. Goodbye."

"For awhile," she told me, "I felt all dead inside. Every night I cried myself to sleep. I knew he was too proud to come back without being invited. And I knew if I once gave in, I couldn't send him away again.

"Mother, who is very wise, refused to interfere," Gertrude added. "Instead, she called up all my old friends, boys and girls alike, and invited them over. She tried to see to it that I was never alone. She didn't want me to brood."

Once Gertrude met her old flame. And the old feeling came back, in spite of what her mind told her. "He begged me to go out with him," Gertrude said, "and I tried it, as a friend only. I found out what so many other girls have . . . that you can't make a friend of an old sweetheart."

It's been two years since Gertrude has seen Arthur. "I know he hasn't married," she told me. "But I'll never see him again. Never. For if I found he had the old fascination for me, I'd be lost. We'd never be happy together. He couldn't change if he tried."

Yet just as long as Gertrude is afraid of meeting him, will she be unable to give her heart, wholeheartedly, into any other man's keeping. Do you see now why she is still *Miss Gertrude Niesen*?

MAY, 1935

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Attainable by Brunettes!

Not every woman wants light blonde hair—but every woman wants the fascinating charm that "blonde" can give. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, used as a rinse, will impart beauty or glorious highlights even to dark hair. A lovely golden sheen to ordinary light hair.

Another side of the secret of blonde beauty is that charming, fresh clean look so natural in the fair smoothness of their arms and legs. Brunettes may easily acquire this by using Marchand's Golden Hair Wash on arms and legs.

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Eddie Cantor's Roman Scandal

[Continued from page 13]



Does Eddie Cantor like to dress up in funny clothes? Answer: he does. That's Eddie under the wig, getting off a fast retort to his new stooge, Ted Husing

Palazza Venezia, and went home and washed thoroughly behind his neck and ears before laying himself down to a peaceful sleep, prepared to rise bright and shining for the audience with the Premier the following day.

"At the appointed hour I presented myself at the Palace gates," Signor Cantor related, "followed by a huge throng of people, including a number of dogs and suspicious policemen. The sun was shining magnificently on the Eternal City and everything was very encouraging."

But alas for Mr. Cantor (or shall it be Signor Cantor?). The palace gates opened only slightly and two guards barred the way.

In his best Italian, Signor Cantor explained that he had, on this day, and at this hour, in this year of our Lord (Julian calendar) an audience with the great Il Duce, Benito Mussolini.

"You got let?" the leading guard demanded, bored.

"Why, no," replied Signor Cantor, surprised (but not too surprised to tuck the crack away for future reference as a good gag), "why should I get let? I'm a free man."

"You gotta have let," insisted the guard stubbornly.

Now, although Eddie had only been in Rome two days, his remarkable grasp of the language readily enabled him to understand the man.

"I knew right away what he meant," Signor Cantor said, "and I reached into my pocket for the letter, but it was gone. . . ."

"There was only one thing to do! I rolled my eyes, clapped my hands, did

a few dance steps, and even sang part of the theme song from *Roman Scandals*.

"When I finished I turned to the guard. He smiled appreciatively, applauded politely, and bowed to me. Then he said:

"You gotta have let!"

EDDIE halted his story to turn great tragic eyes on me.

"At that moment," he related, "I felt just like I was trying to crawl into the lap of a trombone player."

An hour of scurrying around, however, located Count Ciarno, and Signor Cantor finally was presented breathless before the great Il Duce.

"When I first went in," Eddie related, "I was still untamed. I thought I could just romp in, have a lot of fun and make him laugh. I had heard that he had sent for my pictures—*Kid From Spain, Roman Scandals*—and I figured I could make him laugh and get over my proposition without an anaesthetic. But the minute I saw him, the man's intense seriousness changed my tactics.

"So I got serious right away too and we had a very interesting talk."

"In Italian?" I asked.

"Premier Mussolini speaks quite good English," retorted Signor Cantor with dignity.

"What did you talk about?" I asked, "—and don't roll your eyes at me either."

"We talked about serious things. He is very human. I had expected to find a bombastic booster, but instead I found him to possess great charm and to be just the sort of fellow you would want to sit by the fireplace with and discuss the topics of the day. I consider him the

RADIOLAND

second greatest personality in the world, next to President Roosevelt.

"He asked me when I had been in Italy before, and I told him in 1926. He asked me if I had noticed many changes and I told him I noticed wonderful changes, such as roads, reclaimed swamps and houses being built wholesale. One sees a happy people."

"And did you forget your message?" I insisted.

Signor Cantor shook his head.

"No," he said, "I'm an American business man. I told him what I came for. He seemed greatly interested in producing Italian pictures in Italy with American actors and capital. I told him America could not provide enough good pictures to satisfy the insatiable demands for good films."

"And did you discuss radio?"

"I told you I decided not to be funny!" Signor Cantor returned with dignity.

Then he brightened. "But I did get over a gag. As I was leaving I found the letter of introduction—in another pocket—and I gave it to the guard at the gate—on the way out!"

He chuckled.

"What did you do then?" I asked.

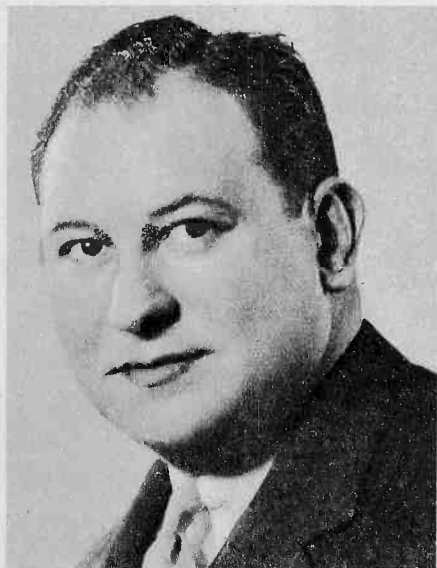
"I left Italy."

DR. CANTOR'S European peregrinations next took him to the skiing playground at St. Moritz, Switzerland, where he spent two weeks, part of it on his feet.

As soon as he was able to travel sitting down again he went to Paris, there to proceed to England, where he amazed radio listeners-in by demonstrating how efficient American broadcasting really is.

"European radio is years and years behind radio in this country," he reported. "It will never develop until it becomes commercialized as we have commercialized it. Why, in England, they think that if they pay an artist thirty pounds—\$150—for a broadcast, that it's a lot of money!" (Mr. Cantor is reputed to get \$10,000 a broadcast.)

[Continued on page 58]



Step up and meet an old friend, Harry Einstein. You don't recognize the name? Perhaps you know him better as Park-yakakas, Greek dialectician on the Cantor program who has zoomed to radio fame

MAY, 1935

Speedy! Easy! Grand!



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½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
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Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on buttered baking sheet, about one inch apart. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Remove from pan at once. Makes two dozen.

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DES MOINES, IOWA (Special)—Do you want to win \$125.00 spot cash? Here's your opportunity. There are over 200 prizes. Nothing to buy or sell. Not a cent of your money needed now or ever. No cartons to send. No puzzles to solve. The first prize is \$100.00 cash plus \$25.00 extra for promptness in replying. Then there are 203 other valuable prizes. You have 204 chances to win. Now here's all you do. A big Des Moines beauty products concern intends to bring out a new Tooth Paste. They want a name for this new Tooth Paste and they are willing to pay handsomely for it. So get your thinking cap on and send a name on a penny postcard or in a letter. ANY name may win. Names like "Quick Clean" or "Sparkle" or "Bright Smile" are good. Surely you can think up a name. The first name that pops into your mind may win. The best name in the opinion of the judges will win first prize of \$100.00 cash plus \$25.00 extra for promptness. Second best wins \$25.00. Third, \$15.00. Fourth, \$10.00. Next hundred best, Surprise Gifts with retail value of \$2.50 each. Second hundred best, Surprise Gifts with retail value of \$1.00 each. 204 prizes—204 chances to win. Get busy now! The judges' decision will be final. No names will be returned. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. Only one reply from a family. Contest closes May 31st. Promptness pays! You will receive \$100.00 plus \$25.00 extra if you mail your reply at once and win first prize. Costs you nothing now or ever. Just send a name for this new tooth paste. Address: PRIZE MANAGER, 114 Eleventh Street, Des Moines, Iowa, Dept. 3520.



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Please send free booklet and 32 sample lesson pages.

Name (State whether Miss or Mrs.)
City State Age

Eddie Cantor's Roman Scandal

[Continued from page 57]

"I did one courtesy broadcast in London. They were awed that I rehearsed three hours for a twenty-minute broadcast. (He rehearses five or six hours six days a week for a half-hour broadcast in America.) I used only the old stuff. But, within forty-eight hours after the broadcast, 7,000 messages of appreciation had come to me and to the station. They had to hire a special staff to take care of them."

Squire Cantor thinks that England is a great country—second to the United States, of course. While he was having dinner with former Mayor Walker of New York one night in Soho, 5,000 fans tried to mob him. It took twenty cops and a rapid retreat through the kitchen, up the fire escape and over the roof to get away.

"I wasn't afraid for myself," said Sir Eddie Cantor, Bart., "but I'm always afraid someone will get hurt."

Eddie found that the English people speak quite good English too. "But they are cold and undemonstrative to radio," he reports.

As far as the future of radio is concerned, everything rests in America. He has only one remedy to suggest—that sponsors restrain themselves and leave the artists, who are retained on their hour, to work out the program for themselves.

"A LOT of people have wondered," a Citizen Eddie (now back in America) said, "why I quit the Chase and Sanborn hour. That's not hard to explain. I have reached the point where I don't believe in the 'hour' for the radio. A half hour is plenty. You can't last in the long run. And you get action—fast action, with no gaps in the half hour. That's what we're working for on the new program."

Master Cantor revealed, incidentally, that he did not like to be referred to as a "comedian."

"You magazine writers are always doing that," he complained. "I'm not! While I do comedy, there are other things that I do during my broadcasts that are constructive. I try to mix into world affairs, create talk and create discussion. Make people think! There must be something outside of sheer entertainment for radio!"

He believes that the next two years will show a great improvement in radio broadcasts. There will be, he predicts, a new frame for programs; less commercialism and more art; "less tomfoolery and more character;" more catering to the masses, less playing for big cities, less Broadway and more small town atmosphere, and—less interference from the sponsor.

His contention is that when an artist has taken twenty years or more to build himself up, he should know more about entertainment than a business man.

When he launched his current program he tried something entirely new to radio—something he borrowed from the stage and the movies. When the latter want to try out a play or a picture they take it out to a small town before they present it to the public generally.

There they watch the reactions of the audience and make the necessary changes.

CANTOR, for all of his success and fame, is a modest, charming, sincere kid. He curls up on the divan in his Central Park West apartment as he answers your questions, alive, interested, unaffected—naive.

An orphan from New York's East Side, raised by his grandmother, he has known poverty, and his contributions to charity, now that he is "in the money," are widely known. His large family—five girls and the childhood sweetheart whom he married . . . augmented by a manager, secretaries and gag men, scamper through his large apartment as if it were a playground.

"We have had," he said apropos of nothing, "more inquiries about this guy Parkyakakas than anyone else in any act I've ever had. Everyone seems to want to know about him. And it's interesting. He was a find!"

"His real name is Harry Einstein and he's no more Greek than I am. He was a Boston advertising man. He was brought up there. His father was a wholesale produce merchant and he picked up the Greek dialect from the Greek restaurant men who used to come in and buy from the old man. It was just a lot of fun at first; it amused his friends and furnished a lot of entertainment for Rotary Club luncheons. Later he went into radio. I picked him up off the Yankee network two years ago."

"You were lucky," I said. "Have you ever made any other great finds?"

Eddie shook his head . . . and then looked at me suspiciously.

"What are you getting at?"

"—Mussolini?" I suggested.

"Skip it!" said Signor Cantor.



Don Mario, singing star of the Penthouse Serenade program, shows a copy of his latest song, *Never Before*, to charming Irene Dunne of Hollywood movie fame

RADIOLAND

Writing Radio Comedy

[Continued from page 21]

the programs have pep. Don't let rehearsals dismay you.

There can be no postponements in radio writing. A Sunday broadcast cannot be cancelled until Monday morning, because Dave Freedman can't finish the script.

It's always smart showmanship to add a dramatic touch to a comedy program. Eddie Cantor gained the largest listening audience in America by this process. People love to laugh and cry at the same time.

Radio has no room for dirty jokes. Eighteen million set owners have a moral responsibility to their family for what entertainment invades their homes. Sometimes an inexperienced gag writer, who has spent a bad night, wracking what he calls a brain, resorts to off-color remarks for punch lines. When he does—his radio writing days are over. He can go back to burlesque.

Prohibition, sex, religious, and political subjects are taboo to comedy authors. You step on too many toes.

MOST people who send me jokes make one common mistake. They try to write dialect jokes as they sound. If my corps of crazy cats tried to write as George Givot pronounces words, they would be sued by Webster's Dictionary, Killing the King's English.

We write everything in straight, clear English, and let the comedians twist it as they see fit.

Writers should be on hand for all rehearsals. Comedians can ruin good jokes faster than anybody else. George Givot knows this and always kids me. At his first rehearsal he always reads the lines in perfect English. It sounds as bad as a contralto singing *Trees*.

Temperament is banned from this business. I have learned to write on trains, planes, boats and goats.

I have made up a list of "Do's and Don'ts" that might help or hurt you. If they clear this profession up a bit let me know. If they don't, see my lawyers. But remember first—good gag writers are born, not made. As for myself, I think I was born with a Joe Miller joke book in my bassinet.

Here goes:

1. Don't imitate.
2. Don't give the radio comedian something his present writer can supply. The average ether wave wit is always on the lookout for something new and original.
3. Don't just write gags. Concentrate on situations.
4. Never laugh at your own material. Be sure the audience laughs.
5. Never write because your relatives think you're funny.
6. Make your relatives write instead.
7. Many a young writer has been encouraged after he has heard a poor broadcast. That's wrong. Only be encouraged after you hear a good one. If you can beat that—come up and see me sometime.
8. The bigger your literary background the better your chances are.
9. Just because you're the life of the party don't get excited. You might be the death of the air.
10. Don't write.

MAY, 1935

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Nothing Ever Bothers Tiny Ruffner

[Continued from page 22]

Life was intolerable to him, and he decided he just had to build himself up physically. So one day he cut school and when he came home, half dead from exhaustion, dirty and perspiring, he proudly announced he had landed a job as riveter in the shipyards. A storm of opposition greeted him. "You'll kill yourself," his mother said tearfully. "Remember what the doctors said. A weak boy like you hammering rivets all day."

But it was worth taking a long chance to Tiny, so that he could be like other boys. Hour after hour he forced his weak body to its backbreaking, exhausting labor. Gradually the gaunt outlines of his frame filled out; slowly he began to put on weight and acquire strength. It wasn't very long before the neighborhood toughs quailed before him.

At 15, Tiny felt it was high time he struck out, on his own. Why, he was a grown man! Tales of the adventurous North, of the snow-capped slopes of Alaska, the hardy life of the lumberjacks and fur-trappers, enthralled him. He was tired of the humdrum existence he'd led. The thought that a young boy, alone in a strange land, might go cold and hungry, he dismissed with a shrug.

ONE bright morning he set out for the wilds of Alaska. Days he went hungry. Days he lived on the meagre provisions some friendly adventurer shared with him. Nights he slept in barns. For a while he worked in a salmon-canning factory as mechanic. Finally he got a job as lumberjack. Now he was content . . . for a few months.

Then back to the States he came, looking for something new. Most of us want peace and security and a steady routine. He wanted just the opposite—insecurity and adventure. And this time he found a job as foreman in a sheet metal plant making life-boats for the U. S. Merchant Fleet. It was a good job, for you or me. But Tiny wasn't long in discovering that the manager was chiseling in on the ninety laborers; that the plant was paying the men less than the government specified.

"I guess it was none of my business," Tiny confessed, "I was getting mine. I had nothing to gain and everything to lose by stirring up trouble. All my friends begged me to mind my own business."

But it isn't in Tiny to sit by when he can make things hum. So he organized the men and led them out on strike. The plant closed down completely. Then Tiny went to the U. S. Shipping Board and the Shipbuilders' Union and asked them not put any of his company's life-boats on their vessels. This extensive campaign worked. Five days later his boss took all the men back, paying them their rightful wages. All the men except Tiny, who was left out in the cold!

BUT rebellious Tiny found another job. Then the war came along. I don't have to tell you young Ruffner enlisted the minute he was old enough. It was at a training camp, at a bout arranged for their mess fund, that he undertook the dread task of boxing with Miske. And his eyes almost popped out

of his head when he heard who his opponent was.

His victory spurred Tiny on and under the name of Wildcat Morgan he established quite a reputation for himself as a boxer, scoring 19 knockouts in 22 fistic encounters. But when a promoter arranged three professional bouts for Tiny in Seattle, his mother and dad put their feet down. And rather than hurt them, he gave up his promising career.

"During the war," he told me, "I used to sing with the boys at socials and several officers encouraged me to cultivate my voice."

Willing to try a musical career, Tiny hitch-hiked to New York. If he couldn't be a prize fighter, he'd be a prize singer. The fact that he was in his twenties and had never had a vocal lesson, and that he had about \$100 to his name, didn't daunt him. Nor did the knowledge that post-war New York was overrun with eager young men sure they could go Caruso one better.

In the afternoons he studied music and attended concerts when he had the price. Mornings and evenings he picked up whatever jobs he could, or went hungry. "I bet I saw every sunrise in New York the next five years," he said. "I never had a chance to sleep more than a few hours a night, what between driving a bread-route, selling ice, and washing cars in a garage." Life was a series of adventures, tough battles against poverty and despair . . . but never once did Tiny admit defeat.

"Tough luck?" he repeated after me. "Why, I didn't really have it tough. Of course, there were times I didn't eat for a few days, or lived on bread and coffee, but, say, that's nothing. It was fun then."

When he felt his voice was ready to be heard, he made the rounds of the theatrical producers, landing a job with the Shuberts, doing bits and singing in their operettas. Tiny Ruffner and Alois Havrilla, NBC's announcer, were in the original cast of *Princess Flavia*. Within two years, Ruffner saw his name up in lights along Broadway.

BUT restless, adventuresome Tiny, who feels we only live once and should therefore crowd as many different experiences into our lives as we can, will never change. Now that he was a success on the stage, he wanted change, excitement, something different.

He found himself listening eagerly to his friend, Havrilla, tell of the joys of radio announcing. Down to NBC Tiny went and requested a job. Not as a singer, for which he had trained, but as a radio announcer, at a fraction of what he was getting on the stage.

"I thought I'd like to take a shot at it," he explained. "Of course announcers are supposed to know half a dozen languages, and I had a bowing acquaintance with only French and German." But he cheerfully bluffed and got by. So beautifully, in fact, that before long he became chief announcer at NBC and then studio director. Today he directs half a dozen coast-to-coast programs, announcing and acting in them as well.

The most important adventure of his life, and the only one he hopes will remain permanent, I've left for the last. It is one of the most sparkling, sweetest love stories I've heard.

Thirteen years ago, while Tiny was studying with Edmund Myer, famous vocal coach, his teacher was ordered West, for his health. Just like that, Tiny decided to go along. His contacts in New York, his job, all were thrown overboard without a backward glance. Out West he went.

On board the boat one night the passengers staged a little entertainment. Tiny volunteered to sing *All The World Is Waiting For The Sunrise*. He noticed a slim, pretty girl, with wavy, chestnut hair and hazel eyes like two pools of light, standing by the railing, listening attentively.

Flushed with his importance, Ruffner walked over to her and began a conversation. But she wasn't interested in him. She was a music student, she explained, and realized what a grand job his instructor was doing.

"Once I gave her my teacher's name," Tiny told me laughing, "she had no further use for me. During the rest of the trip she evaded me. And when I managed to get her alone and asked for her phone number, she made some excuse and walked away."

IF YOU think Tiny was disheartened by her apparent lack of interest, you don't know Tiny. Such treatment only spurred him on. He would make this young lady like him!

He got her address through a little snooping around among the baggage. Then life resolved itself into the all-important battle of winning Florence over. She was the baby of a large family and they regarded reckless, impetuous Tiny with suspicion. "It took me three years to sell myself to Flo and her family," Tiny told me, "but I refused to admit defeat and she finally agreed to marry me."

They've been married over ten years and that's the one adventure which has never become monotonous or uninteresting to Tiny.

So far, radio hasn't palled, either. "Perhaps," he says, "I like it because of the variety of the jobs I do, acting, directing, selling. Then it's still a new business and there's plenty of uncertainty in it. Why, only a short time ago, you may remember we had a negro quartette on the Showboat program. Well, it seems no one told them we were giving a repeat performance for the west coast. So they didn't show up. At the last minute, as the program went on the air, we had to fill in and recast the program."

"No, you never know what's going to happen the next minute in this game."

But if one fine morning Tiny Ruffner should wake up and find something more interesting, more adventuresome, more vigorous than radio, I'm quite sure he'd drop his radio career like a plate of hot cakes, and be off on a new trail.

For nothing ever fazes Mr. Tiny Ruffner.

"NO, NO—A HUNDRED TIMES NO!"

The rollicking courtship story of Jane and Goodman Ace in June **RADIOLAND**

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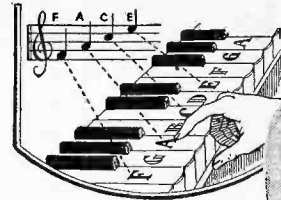
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Let me send you my secrets of form development, with special massage Cream to try at my risk.

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TARTAROFF

Amateurs on Parade

[Continued from page 34]



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KNICKERBOCKER
Wolcott Place—East of Michigan Blvd.

performers who displayed better-than-average talent were quickly signed to theatrical contracts by theater circuits. Still others have stepped from this amateur program into waiting radio jobs on other programs.

William H. Berg, president of the Health Products Corporation, makers of Feen-a-mint, has great faith in the ability of the program to offer a chance to performers who could not otherwise hope for national recognition of their talents.

"The fact that several of our contestants have been signed to theatrical and radio contracts immediately after winning the popular vote award on the Feen-a-mint program has fully justified our efforts," Mr. Berg told this writer. "We think that we have hit upon a type of program which will not only have a popular appeal, but which will be doing a fine thing for radio and for deserving men and women who need only a chance to demonstrate their talent."

As the curtain rises in the CBS playhouse, the audience is greeted by Director Johnson and his eighteen-piece band. The radio-studio atmosphere is entirely lacking and the freedom of a great vaudeville theater is everywhere evident.

Ray Perkins' personal humor keeps the audience in a constant uproar. And when some unfortunate performer is forced to retire to the sounds of the "Chord in G," it is seldom that a well chosen "line" from Ray doesn't take the sting out of defeat. The signal for the "Chord in G," by the way, comes from the box occupied by the judges.

"One thing is most extraordinary in this connection," Perkins explained. "At the final audition, Arnold Johnson and I sometimes pick one or two performers whom we think most likely to win the prize. We will also express fear that some certain contestants will continue under nervous strain to the point where they will be forced out of competition. And very frequently we find ourselves reversed.

"The reason, of course, is apparent. The folks who appear so nervous at the auditions bolster up their courage and fill themselves with enough determination to carry through. And those who appear without nervousness of fright at the audition develop it when they realize that the 'mike' is turned on and that they are being heard by millions of radio listeners."

ANOTHER thing which seems very strange is the fact that the popular vote hardly ever agrees with the decision of the judges. And, since the popular vote holds precedent over that of the selected judges, the decision of the former wins, so that some performer who thought he or she was nosed out by the person presented with the gold medal, is surprised to get a written request to return at a professional salary.

As this is written, arrangements are being negotiated by the makers of Feen-a-mint to make it possible for talented persons in all sections of the country to benefit through National Amateur Night. They hope that negotiations now under way will provide for sectional auditions in theaters and smaller independent radio stations throughout the nation. Winners of these sectional events would have their

expenses paid to New York to take part in the program broadcast over the CBS network.

Even at the present time, Feen-a-mint is deluged with requests for auditions from persons in remote sections of the country. These enthusiastic aspirants express a perfect willingness to pay all expenses, but without definite hopes of being able to put them on the program, the sponsors discourage them from spending their own money. When auditions are presented in the theaters and local radio station studios, it will be possible for persons everywhere to take part.

"The amateur night was a grand old theatrical institution," Ray Perkins recalled as we talked over the program, "and it is a lot of fun to be in the first great national radio presentation of such a program. But it is also a lot of satisfaction to know that we are rendering a genuine service to the radio listening public in discovering new talent and to deserving artists everywhere who are, through ability, entitled to recognition, but who have never been able to 'crash the gate,' if you'll pardon the slang.

"You might think that we would run across a lot of people who would seek an audition as a lark. Well, you would be wrong. I haven't run across one entrant in the National Amateur Night auditions who hasn't regarded the matter in the most serious light. They go into their work with a determination to win—a determination to make good as radio artists. That some must fail is a matter of averages. At least they have had the satisfaction of a real try-out."

So the next time you listen to the National Amateur Night program over CBS, realize that you can help some deserving amateur over the hurdles to professionalism and success—and send in a vote.



Since the primary function of a diplomat is to create good-will, George Givot, the "Greek Ambassador," decides to make a favorable impression on himself by setting himself up for a drink. "It makes me for to feel verra, verra heppy," said George

RADIOLAND

Walter Damrosch—America's Music Master

[Continued from page 53]

was off on one of his great hobbies, and I settled myself to listen with eager interest.

"You must realize that of all the countries, America is by tradition and heritage, the least musical race in the world. In almost every country of Europe, music is trained into the character of the people from the ground up. Here the musical education has had to be inculcated from the top down. Just the reverse. The German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch—every nation's peasant inherits a long, practically untraceable, wealth of folk songs, musical knowledge and skill at playing various instruments.

EVERY little community since time immemorial has enjoyed a local master of some instrument, whether it be the fiddle, the flute, or the harp. In many communities, this position has been a hereditary one which has passed from father to son for generations. Often, it must be confessed, without any noticeable development of skill," he smiled slyly. "But the idea was there just the same, and of course, served its purpose."

"Now," he continued. "In America, the whole thought of music got off on the wrong foot. Our Quaker ancestors not only forbade the introduction of community singing as a means of cheering the small groups of settlers, but furthermore, they punished with severe measure, any playing of instruments, or hearing of same, as music was considered not only wicked but decidedly an evil weapon of the Devil in exercising his power over humanity. For a great many years, this tradition occupied an established hold on the popular minds of this republic. All over the United States, there is only one segregated group of inhabitants who have rebelled against this old idea, and that is the Negro. Of course, they have brought from their original homes in Africa and elsewhere, their age-long heritage of barbaric symphonies which time is utterly powerless to destroy. The Negro can be said to be the only natural musical element of America."

"Now, when I first came over here as a child of nine from the little town of Breslau, Germany where I was born, my father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch had recently arrived in this country to conduct the Arion Society at the invitation of Edward Schubert, the famous music publisher in New York. There were a large number of Germans living in Manhattan, and as usual, foreigners always herd together, and they occupied a certain district known as Yorktown. From the Arion Society, the first New York Symphony Orchestra was founded, and inasmuch as my father was the first to introduce into this country the fine classical compositions of Wagner, Liszt, Taussig, Rubenstein, and others. I believe that the unexpected success and approval which he won in those early days, led me to forming, later on, the Damrosch Opera Company for the purpose of giving German operas in New York."

"FIFTY years is a long time to cover in an hour's conversation," he interrupted his thoughts about the past to

add. "The first time I ever took my symphony orchestra on tour through the West and the South the difficulties of transporting such a large body of men and their instruments. The prejudices of towns completely ignorant of the great German composers, the little town halls, and their terrible acoustics. The tremendous receptions and ovations in some of the places. The tours I made all over Europe as the first American conductor, and when I played before royalty, wounded soldiers, Pershing, the great generals of Britain and France and America. Those are the precious memories which I have for the time when I can no longer continue my work. But it is what I am doing now," he added earnestly, "that counts. That is far more important than anything I have ever done before."

"In 1928 I suggested to Mr. Aylesworth, the President of NBC., that it seemed to me the radio had enormous possibilities for educating the young people of our country in the art of music. He agreed with me and together with Mr. David Sarnoff, of Radio Corporation, the two permitted me to give three concerts as an experiment. If these concerts were successful, we would give regular weekly programmes the following winter over a network which would take in all the schools and colleges in the country from coast to coast. The difficulties of the problem were tremendous. In the first place we had to issue a sort of warning that these concerts were about to occur through the press, so that parents might persuade their offspring of their importance. Less than two per cent of the children in this country had ever heard anything in the nature of an orchestral concert.

"BUT the enormous success of these weekly concerts are now known to everyone. I began with a class of a few thousand. I now have six million young souls listening to my morning concerts. I shall go on until I have twelve million. That is the number I consider necessary for a studying public, and with the marvelous stride being made ahead out of the recent depression which reduced the number of schools able to purchase radios, I feel certain that within the next few years, I will have this number listening to my little lectures on the divine works of the great composers."

"The child of America is slowly but surely turning from a little heathen as far as music is concerned, into a being familiar with the great immortals of the world of harmony. I can remember as a child myself prattling familiarly to some of them. Wagner, von Bulow, Taussig, Liszt, Joachim, Rubenstein and others who used to visit in my home when they attended the gala musical events of Breslau. Both Wagner and Liszt officiated as godfathers in my family, and when my brother died, for whom Wagner acted in this capacity, and for whom my brother had been named, Wagner declared he would never again be godfather to a child as he felt himself to be so unlucky, the child would be sure to suffer some misfortune."

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MONDAY...
DINGY SKIN

SATURDAY...
NEW BEAUTY!

MAGIC SKIN
Beautifier

FAMOUS CREAM ENDS FRECKLES, BLACK-HEADS—RESTORES CLEAR, LOVELY SKIN

Now you can quickly restore the fresh, lovely skin of youth. Just let wonderful NADINOLA Cream gently smooth away the mask of dull gray skin, freckles, blackheads. All you do is this: (1) At bedtime spread a thin film of Nadinola Cream over your face—no massaging, no rubbing. (2) Leave on while you sleep. (3) Watch daily improvement—usually in 5 to 10 days you will see a marvelous transformation. Freckles, blackheads disappear; dull coarsened skin becomes creamy-white, satin-smooth, adorable! Nadinola is a famous beautifier tested and trusted for nearly two generations. Results positively guaranteed. At all toilet counters, only 50c. Or write NADINOLA, Box F-35, Paris, Tenn. Generous 10c sizes of Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.

Now SILK HOSE
GUARANTEED TO
Wear Without Holes

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Guaranteed to wear without holes from 1½ months to 8 months or replaced free. Chiffons and service weights. 96 styles and colors for men, women, children. Not sold in stores but through representatives. Write for big opportunity. Give size.

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NO NOTES—NO SCALES—NO EXERCISES / COURSE

If you can whistle, sing or hum—you have Talent. Let a popular radio pianist train your hands in THIRTY DAYS. TEN LESSON METHOD sent post-paid for \$1.00 or pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. NOTHING MORE TO BUY. Be your own TEACHER! Results Guaranteed. Accordion charts included free. Dept. F-5

MAJOR KORD, DEL RIO, TEXAS

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The amazing action of Pedodyne is truly marvelous, and a boon to those whose bunions cause constant foot trouble and a torturing bulge to the shoes. It stops pain almost instantly and with the inflammation and swelling reduced so quickly you will be able to wear smaller, neater shoes with ease and comfort. Prove it by actual tests on your own bunions. Just write and say, "I Want To Try Pedodyne." No obligation. Pedodyne Co., 180 N. Wacker Dr., Dept. G215, Chicago, Ill.

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Five exotic fragrances:

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2. SHAH (Persia)
3. GEISHA (Japan)
4. FLEUR DE VIGNE (France)
5. CACTUS BLOSSOM (Mex.)

send only 27c in stamps (or silver) for the 5 generous size trial bottles.

H. U. RHODIUS, Importer
712 Parisienne Building
San Antonio, Texas

Roxy Started out to be a Trouble Maker

(Continued from page 30)

were mostly family men and it was out of the question for them to give up their jobs and leave their families.

But a dream had been born. Someday, Roxy decided, he would stage real, honest-to-goodness shows. Would make his living from lifting the tired, worn miners and their ragged, desolate families out of the desperation of every-day existence. Would have a theater which would take them into a land of make-believe.

It didn't take as long as he expected. And the road wasn't half as hard to travel, with Rosa by his side. But that's going ahead of the story.

One morning he set out for Forest City, seven miles from Carbondale. Perhaps he could sell a little insurance there. From house to house he went, without success.

"I still remember what a black morning that was," the gray-haired, blue-eyed, gentle-voiced Roxy told me musingly. "Door upon door was slammed in my face. The housewives resented being interrupted by salesmen just as they do today."

T IRED and hungry, he came to a tall, white, imposing house, set far back from the street. "It looked so prosperous and formal I was almost afraid to ring the bell," he said. "I didn't want to be curtly ordered away by a servant."

But he forced himself up the steps, straightened his weary, sagging shoulders, and rang the bell. "It was the luckiest thing I ever did," he told me.

A young, slim, dark-haired girl opened the door. Smilingly, she asked him what he wanted.

"I'm afraid I can't buy any insurance," she said. "you'll have to see Daddy for that. He's postmaster, you know."

She was about to close the door. But the young man looked so weary that she changed her mind. On the spur of the moment she said, "Won't you come in and rest? You look so tired." And then, as if justifying her conduct, "Daddy will be home for lunch soon, and he'll talk to you."

Roxy didn't need a second invitation. Into the immaculate, cozy livingroom he went. Eagerly he told the wide-eyed girl of his travels with the marines; she drank in every word. Then he told her of his dreams of becoming a theatrical producer, of all he planned to accomplish.

Her father's arrival, and his curt refusal to buy insurance, ended the pleasantest afternoon Roxy had ever had in his life.

I don't have to tell you that he moved, bag and baggage, to Forest City, and that he wore a groove into the wooden steps leading to the Freedman porch. And I don't have to tell you that Freedman pere wasn't at all pleased with the young ex-marine's interest. Why, Roxy had no profession admitted he had never amounted to anything. He had no education to speak of . . . what right had such a young man to court his daughter?

If Freedman hadn't raised these objections Roxy's dreams might never have been realized, and he might still be a

small-town salesman. But he knew he had to do something outstanding to convince Mr. Freedman that he was a suitable match for Rosa.

About this time moving pictures were coming in, and somehow Roxy managed to implant in the mind of his sweetheart's father some of his own enthusiasm and vision.

Finally Mr. Freedman agreed to allow Roxy to use an empty saloon Freedman owned. There Roxy was to establish the first moving picture house in Forest City. It was understood that if Roxy failed to make a go of it, he would no longer court Rosa.

Now Roxy slaved as never before. He swept, he cleaned, he scrubbed the bare store. He painted the floor, he painted crude murals on the walls to give the theater a festive air. Next, he rented 100 chairs from the undertaker. Of course, they had to be returned for each funeral. But that was nothing.

Borrowing a few dollars from his future father-in-law, he got hold of a second-hand projector. A wrinkled bed-sheet was his screen. Nothing was too hard to do. For Rosa was always there, encouraging him, sharing his dreams.

CAME the day of the grand opening, one frosty winter morning. At four A. M. Roxy was trudging to Carbondale for his one-reel film of the Pasadena Rose Festival. Seven miles he tramped through the snow. That night his Family Theater opened: admission, five cents.

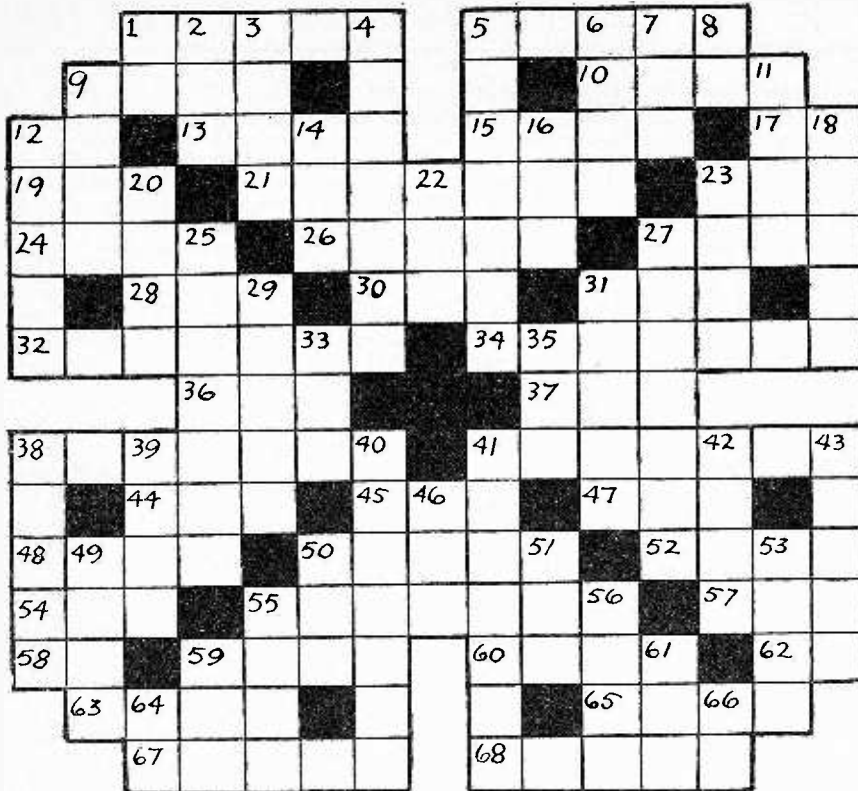
Now miners are not the cleanest, most-perfumed of folk. And Roxy had decided his moving picture house was to have class, to be entertainment out of the ordinary. So what do you think he did? From Rosa he got several bottles of rose toilet water. After soaking ordinary sponges in the scented compound, he attached them to electric fans, actually bringing the smell of roses to his patrons. The scent matched the picture!

If you think his moving picture house didn't make a hit, you're all wrong. Before long it vied with the saloon as the accepted recreation for tired miners. Here, for the price of a few drinks, they and their entire families could spend an enjoyable evening. Here was a chance to see the strange, ever-beckoning land of adventure; to see how other people, free of the taint of coal-encrusted mines, lived. It brought glamour and peace to their soul-starved existence. They even began to dress up for the movies, as they did for church.

To them, Roxy, who had made this possible, became a personage, someone to be respected. And Roxy just had to live up to his new status. And when his skeptical critic, Mr. Freedman, allowed Roxy to marry Rosa, the reformation was complete.

You all know how Forest City soon proved too small for his talents, and how he moved on to Minneapolis, to New York. How thirteen years ago he went on the air from the Capitol Theater, the first theater manager to broadcast from the stage of a theater. And today he's still pioneering.

RADIOLAND'S Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

1. NBC musical director.
5. She's heard with Lu and Em.
9. *Dreams Come* —.
10. Son of Vic and Sade in radio skits.
12. The elder (abbr.).
13. Kate Smith was — in Virginia.
15. Takes part in a radio drama.
17. Either.
19. Product mentioned on *Sinclair Greater Minstrels* program.
21. Station KOL is in this city.
23. Played by Fray and Braggiotti.
24. Noose.
26. John S. Young comes from the Bay —.
27. Harvey Hindermyer and — Tuckerman gained fame as Goldy and Dusty.
28. Globe.
30. Regret.
31. Irving Kaufman is *Lazy* —.
32. Orchestra leader of *Manhattan-Merry-Go-Round*.
34. Bob Crosby sings with whose band?
36. Pedal digit.
37. Track worn by a wheel.
38. Speaking voice of Mary Lou?
41. CBS concert pianist.
44. *Honeyboy* — *Sassafras*.
45. Pick and Pat in — *Night Stands*.
47. Express in words.
48. Seth Parker's real name.
50. Thornton Fisher discusses this.
52. Joe Parsons will sing a low one.
54. Station KGIX is at — Vegas.
55. First name of songstress with Ozzie Nelson's orchestra.
57. They're on your radio dial (abbr.).
58. — Louis Symphony Orchestra.
59. Casa — Orchestra.
60. This Biblical character may appear in *Inmortal Dramas*.
62. Rudy Vallée grew up in this state.
63. Part of instr. played by Ann Leaf.
65. — *Dance*.
67. Radio audiences applaud with —.
68. — of *the Talkies*.

DOWN

1. Initials of Miss Rich.
2. Substitute (Colloq.).
3. Orchestra with Phil Duey.
4. Orchestra leader for Morton Downey.
5. What Will Rogers did before alarm clock's interruption.
6. Pro — String Quartette.
7. Foreign country (abbr.).
8. While; also initials of 41 Across.
9. Don Hall —.
11. Length of time for *Shoreboat*.
12. We enjoy those by Lawrence Tibbett.
14. Jack Denny maintains one in Westchester County, N. Y. (abbr.).
16. Noun suffix forming diminutives.
18. Phil Cook plays several — on one program.
20. Diving bird.
22. Greek letter.
23. One who broadcasts from Copenhagen.
25. CBS gives us *Let's* —.
27. Band leader on *Contented Program*.
29. Descriptive of Vera Van's hair.
31. *Roses and* —.
33. Bing Crosby's wife.
35. American state.
38. Emerson's last name (poss.).
39. Niesen's coiffure reveals them.
40. Helen Jepson is one.
41. Plays such as *Red Davis* or *Skippy*.
42. William — Phelps.
43. Spencer Dean's real name.
46. Scandinavian country (abbr.).
49. Product mentioned by Bobby Benson.
50. *Singin'* —.
51. What *Hollywood Hotel's* orchestra leader is called.
53. Fred Waring is whose brother?
55. Jumps on one foot.
56. Descriptive of James Wallington in stature.
59. Muriel Wilson sings Mary —.
61. — Jemsen, Casa Loma violinist.
64. Mr. Guizar's initials.
66. Numeral suffix.

(April solution on page 70)

MAY, 1935

Do you tire easily?



no appetite? nervous?
losing weight? pale?

then don't gamble with your body

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you... though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

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

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

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

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The \$2 economy size is twice as large as the \$1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

© S.S.S. Co.



**Makes you
feel like
yourself
again**



Love Letters to the Stars

[Continued from page 17]

number of letters of this sort that daily are received by the men and women prominent in radio is astounding. Indeed, I have been shown letters of this character that are absolutely unfit to print.

ON THE other hand, it must not be thought that the chief motivation behind most fan letters is unrequited love or whatever else you may wish to call it. Letters galore are received by the stars which either praise or condemn their work, all proving how seriously people can, and do, take their radio fare.

Persons who do not like crooners send them stinging letters of sarcasm. Those who do not agree with a serious talk may insult the speaker by writing that he is a fake or that he does not know what he is talking about. I, myself, can boast of such an epistle. It read:

If you had a college education you couldn't have said what you did last Wednesday!

Yet anyone who regularly talks, sings, or plays an instrument over the air, will admit that all letters, of all kinds, are more than welcome, not only because they swell the volume of mail but because a praiseworthy letter is encouraging, a critical one is stimulating, and no letters at all leave the performer dreading the worst.

"I really owe my success to the listeners who have roasted me by letter," confessed a comedian to me not long ago. "I treasure each one because each made me think, and often a single letter made me change my performance and improve it—either in subject-matter, timing, or gags chosen—at any rate, in a way that helped decidedly to build it up. Frankly, I'll be sorry if the time ever arrives when I won't receive knocks in the mail because they keep me alive and on my toes, and as long as my fans take raps at me I know I'm not yet a 'has-been.'"

Every now and then a humorous note enters into the reading of fan mail. Following, for instance, is a letter received by Jimmie Melton from a man. Witness how the first did the second a good turn without realizing it.

For years I have enjoyed listening to you but I never suspected the reading of poetry could take such a practical turn. The other night, however, I was visiting my girl friend and, as usual, I made no headway whatever in my courtship. The fact is I have been trying to get her to marry me for the last five years. But to come back to the other night, you were on the air; and you were giving one of your readings. That was the first time my friend and I had ever heard you together. And what do you suppose happened? After you finished I saw a look in her eyes that was different. So, taking advantage, I once more popped the question. Suffice it to say that I shall always be grateful to you for helping me to accomplish what I was unable to accomplish by myself.

PSYCHOLOGISTS have claimed that the writing of a letter to a celebrity, whether he be a radio performer, an important business executive or the President of the United States, may indicate an "inferiority complex."

That this is true in some cases cannot be denied. The writer of such a letter figures that the very paper he, himself, is handling will also be touched by that unapproachable and renowned person whom he is addressing. Somehow, he feels, the celebrity is brought closer to himself. And this possibility gives him a vicarious thrill, something akin at least to an actual meeting with said celebrity.

People who write to radio stars, however, are not those who harbor inferiority convictions. On the contrary, the average fan considers a celebrity more like a friend. Indeed, having actually heard his or her voice, as the case may be, often in a distinctly personal way and many times over, he begins to feel he knows the radio star very well indeed. This, to be sure, is exactly what it should be. The more *en rapport* feeling, the more friendly intimacy, the more personal the contact between performer and listener, the greater the success of any program. Sponsors are quite correct in assuming that if hundreds of people take the trouble to write to a star he *must* be popular.

The trouble is, on the other hand, that some people do not write, and could not be made to write, no matter how much they may admire the performer or the work that he does. Such persons are simply not the writing kind, that's all! Indeed, there are those who find it extremely irksome to write any kind of a letter. They even find it a distinct burden to write to their husband, or to their wife, to a child or to a dearest friend.

Therefore, although a radio star's salary goes up when his mail increases, while it likewise may go down if fan letters fall off, and even a lot of letters mean popularity, it is scarcely fair to weigh such letters too heavily in the balance.

Persons who enjoy hearing symphony concerts and scientific talks, let us say, usually do not possess that type of spirit or mind that dictates letter writing upon slight provocation. Such individuals are likely to be more repressed and more restrained in their expressions. They may look forward to a particular program with the keenest anticipation. It would never occur to them, however, to let themselves go sufficiently to send a fan letter.

Such reticence makes it bad for the radio actor no matter what his particular entertainment field may be. And there can be no doubt that programs are frequently taken off the air as "sustaining" features, or a sponsor cancels a contract, for no better reason than that it is *assumed*, but erroneously, that since the mail was light the program must have been light as well.

WHEN a performer receives a letter such as the following he prizes it highly. It's the sort of thing he can use,

RADIOLAND

Easter
Eggs
in May
Motion
Picture

Charles Laughton,
Jean Harlow, Kath-
arine Hepburn, Les-
lie Howard, Joan
Crawford, Roland
Young, Cornelius
Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Samuel Hopkins
Adams, Will Rogers

MOTION PICTURE

It's not often you find all your eggs in a ten cent basket—the Easter Bunny decided to give you a treat when he planned the May issue of your favorite magazine.

It has everything!

NOW
10¢

NOW
ON SALE
AT ALL
NEWSSTANDS



also, if doubt arises concerning his ability to draw or to hold audiences. The following was received by Parker Fennelly, famous delineator of "rube" rôles:

That characterization of yours, as the head of your little country township, is certainly accurate. We must admit, whether we like it or not, that the small townner does talk idiomatically. Your particular use of the idiom is authentic and therefore doubly refreshing.

But strangely enough, this same actor received another letter quite different in content.

Why must you make every farmer a rube and a hick? I'm one of these fellers myself and I want you to know we don't talk different from you white-collar folks. I like your programs immensely but every time you mispronounce a word to make it sound countrified I want to smash the gosh-darned radio to pieces.

That fan mail should be encouraged and that a listener does himself as well as the recipient of his letter a great deal of good by writing and, so to speak, by getting things "off his chest," harmonizes nicely with the principles of psychology, particularly with those which are concerned with the emotions.

After all, few, if any of us, are able to let loose the way we would like. Censure, praise, admiration, affection, and a host of other feelings, smoulder inside the human breast with no "safety valves" available to let off "excess steam." It really makes little difference whether the fan receives a reply to his letter or not. What counts is that he has had his say and that some hemmed-in emotion, at least, has been allowed to escape.

In the letter which follows the writer surely did not repress *her* feelings. It must have relieved her tremendously to say what she did. Maybe it also helped the star. Who knows?

It has taken me days (the letter says) to discover that the voice which attracted me as I recently passed a radio store, belonged to you. And since I have discovered it I have listened to each and every

one of your programs intently. Frankly, I wonder why your ability is not recognized more than it is. They say it's because you sometimes indulge in too much liquor. If this is so, why don't you do something about it?

LETTER writing used to be a real art. Nowadays, with the advent of the telephone, telegraph and shorthand, people by far and large do not put pen to paper as often as they might. In fact, even the teaching of penmanship is not stressed in the schools as much as formerly, and with that slight to handwriting there has been an accompanying setback to letters.

Yet a letter, especially when written in longhand, is the most personal way in which one stranger may contact another. A telegram is cold and distant; a call on the telephone decidedly too bold and even time-consuming. But a letter preserves all the niceties of social intercourse. It is distinctly well-bred. It does not crowd the one who receives it. And, should it embarrass, it does so privately and away from prying eyes.

What every radio actor, singer, musician, talker, announcer or whatnot regrets is the utter impossibility of answering personally all the fan mail received. "The only tangible proof that my unseen audience actually exists for me is the letters they are gracious enough to mail," remarked a friend of mine recently. "And if you do that 'fan mail' article you told me about, for *RADIOLAND*," he continued, "be sure to tell your readers that where radio and letters are concerned, 'the more the merrier!'"

Well *this* is the article, all right. And since I promised to encourage the sending of fan mail, let me repeat again how much real good you do when you take the trouble to write what you think, and how you feel, about either a performer, his program, or both.

And should you, perhaps, have been wanting to write a radio letter but, for some reason or other, have put it off, take the advice that Maurice Chevalier made famous over the air when he was appearing on the Chase and Sanborn hour—to wit: do it *right now!*

LOSE FAT



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

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

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

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

FAT GOES...or no cost to you!

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

FREE! valuable book

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



GOODBYE, FAT!

Scientific Laboratories of America, Inc. Dept. E355
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.....



Part of the Red Davis family—Elizabeth Wragge as Red's sister Betty, Jack Roseleigh as Mr. Davis, and Marion Barney as the mother of the energetic family.

Mash Notes From the Mail

[Continued from page 17]



Soothe
THOSE TIRED EYES!

Murine relieves and relaxes tired eyes. Removes irritating particles. Refreshing. Easy to use. Safe. Recommended for nearly 40 years. For all ages. Ask your druggist.

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES



I Have Special Work for HOUSEWIVES who need \$14 A WEEK!

H. ISRAEL
No Canvassing
No Experience
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STANDARD ART STUDIOS
104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 225-E, Chicago, Illinois

live from one broadcast to the next . . . a fellow just called me and asked me to go out to a ritzy place but I told him no. I would rather stay in and write to you, my darling . . . then afterwards I'll take a shower, put on my pajamas and thank God for you and then close my eyes and dream of you. . . . I am saving \$200 to come to New York and see you . . . well, sweetheart, I'll say once more that I love you and you are all that makes life worthwhile for me and in the meantime I'll be listenin' to you and loving you. . . . P. S. I love you.

All the girls who write are not quite so obliging. Witness a young woman from Massachusetts who writes to Robert Simmons:

Darling:
I want you to know that I still love you, more than ever. Was a little put out because you did not come to me when I asked you to. . . . Loving you always.

Speaking about trouble, Al Shayne, self-confessed looker for trouble, took part in a radio contest which promises to the fan winner a New York tour with him. The girls writing in must say why they should be selected. One more modest than the rest says:

Al Dearest:
I'm your most ardent admirer, your stooge, your publicity agent, and because I'm nutty over you. . . . I have your name in every one of the compositions which I wrote for the New York Regents exams, which means my graduation from high school . . . please, if you don't pick me may I come up and see you and show you the scrap book I have made about you . . . and I'll pray every night for you . . . the special delivery is so you will be sure and get the letter.

One blonde charmer from Virginia sends her picture to Frank Parker, accompanied by a violent attack on the attractiveness of the home town boys. She even breaks the Dixie code and says she

loves Yankees more than anyone she knows. She says:

I know you will get angry to get a letter from me when you have already written me goodbye. . . . Just how have I displeased you? . . . have you found somebody new . . . I don't believe that you can realize how unhappy and ill you have made me because I really did think you loved me and did care and I am so much in love with you . . . since you have said goodbye, I will try to accept it although my heart is aching . . . may I say that you made me so unhappy you spoiled my whole Christmas . . . I wish you all the joy and happiness with your new love and it is going to be hard to forget but because you wish it I will not write any more . . . And I am out in the cold again where you found me . . . As ever . . . Brokenhearted.

Frank never even met her!
To Whispering Jack Smith came the cute little ditty:

Darling: I hope I am not doing wrong writing to you. I think you are precious and dear . . . from that minute I knew I loved you and I do love you very much. I am anxious to know if you mean what you say in your love songs and if so are you singing to me or to someone else? Do you remember when you were sick? . . . I worried so much I too became sick . . . Answer my letter and I will know if you really love me. I am always thinking of you and you are always in my dreams. I wonder, darling, if at last I have met my own true and only heart in you . . . I am yours, all yours. And my love is for you only.

So far no star has announced publicly that he has found the girl of his heart reposing behind a fan letter in the morning worship collection. Maybe some of them are holding out, fearing they will be regarded as gullible. Whether or not any of the stars have fallen for this direct-by-mail heart assault, the onslaught continues and will keep up as long as love ballads are piped on to the air-waves. Dan Cupid still seeks prospects!



Wallace Beery has at last broken into radio, after some hesitation. Here he is during a rollicking scene from the air presentation of *The Old Soak*

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Women, girls, men with faded, gray, streaked hair, shampoo and color your hair at the same time with my new French discovery—"SHAMPO-KOLOR". No fuss or muss. Takes only a few minutes to merely shampoo into your hair any natural shade with "SHAMPO-KOLOR". No "dyed" look, but a lovely, natural, most lasting color; unaffected by washing, or perspiring. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dept. 19, 254 W. 31st St., New York City.

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Rudy Vallee's Notebook
[Continued from page 14]

Robinson will never be forgotten for his contribution to *Margie* and *Palestina*. It's *You I Adore* is a beautiful thing and received much favorable comment as we performed it on the varieties hour.

I Believe In Miracles

has been much played on the air. It was written by Pete Wendling, George Meyers and Sam Lewis, and is published by Feist, Inc. Radio popularity of a song is one of the surest indications of actual merit and this always holds true, so it stands to reason that a song that can clutter up the airwaves some thirty-five times a week on the major networks, must be a song that the public, orchestra directors and sponsors of programs think is a top-notch.

From the picture field we have two lovely songs from *The Night is Young*, the M-G-M vehicle with Mr. Novarro and Miss Evelyn Laye, *The Night is Young* and *When I Grow Too Old To Dream*. Both have all the melodic genius of Sigmund Romberg, and the lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II fit perfectly Mr. Romberg's thread of melody.

The Night Is Young

is an extremely rich and almost classical melody, and *When I Grow Too Old To Dream* has a haunting reminiscence of many of Romberg's past hits. Both, perhaps, are a bit too beautiful to become very popular, but they are worthy additions to the catalogue of Robbins Music, Inc.

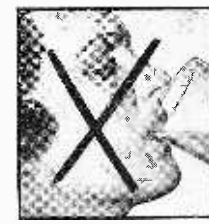
From the film version of George White's *Scandals of 1935*, Mr. Fox, the publisher of the music, offers four songs, all of which seem to be at least good. Written by Joseph Meyer, with the lyrics by Jack Yellen and Cliff Friend, George White pins his faith on the following four compositions: *Hunkadola*, *According To The Moonlight*, *It's An Old Southern Custom*, and *I Didn't Know You'd Get That Way*. The last is the attempt of White and the songwriters to find another *Nasty Man*, but I'm afraid that *Nasty Man's* are born and not made.

From my cursory examination of the four songs, with only a piano to play them for me, I am not as enthusiastic as I would like to be for the sake of Mr. Fox, who is one of the finest publishers in the business. *The Hunkadola* strikes me as a "piece of material," and will probably be excellently produced in the picture itself. *According To The Moonlight* and *It's An Old Southern Custom*, of course, offer plenty of chance for either Jimmy Dunn or some other young fellow to present a love ballad with all the trappings and accoutrements that the words "moonlight" and "southern custom" each might suggest. To attempt to describe the songs without having seen the picture is not doing full justice to them.

Warner Brothers, emboldened by the success of previous *Goldiggers*, have come forth with their *Goldiggers Of 1935*. I was privileged to watch Busby Berkeley directing this opus and it is, I believe, one of the first pictures where he has had full and complete directorial powers, not only of the dancers, but of the story part of the picture.

Dick Powell has an excellent part.

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28x4.50-20		2.35	.85	30x3 1/2	2.35	.75	
30x3.50-21		2.40	.85	31x4	2.35	.85	
28x4.75-19		2.45	.95	32x4	2.95	.85	
28x4.75-20		2.40	.95	33x4	2.95	.85	
30x3.00-18		2.45	1.05	34x4	2.95	.85	
30x3.00-20		2.55	1.05	32x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.00-21		2.55	1.15	33x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.25-18		2.55	1.15	34x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.25-19		2.55	1.15	35x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.25-20		2.55	1.15	36x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.50-18		2.55	1.15	38x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.50-19		2.55	1.15	39x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.50-20		2.55	1.15	40x4 1/2	3.35	1.15	
30x3.50-21		2.55	1.15				
30x3.75-18		2.55	1.15				
30x3.75-19		2.55	1.15				
30x3.75-20		2.55	1.15				
30x3.75-21		2.55	1.15				
30x4.00-19		3.40	1.15				
32x4.00-20		3.45	1.25				
32x4.00-21		3.45	1.25				
31x5.50-13		3.75	1.35				
32x4.50-20		3.75	1.35				

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WE WANT DEALERS

Elsie Janis Wants to Be a Nemo

[Continued from page 15]

She stepped briskly, (I never saw such pep in a woman—she wore me out completely before the interview was over), over to where two men stood awaiting her, and I noticed the trimness of her figure, the brightness of her eye, and the fact that she had more things in her hands and on her arm than I could have believed possible for one human being to carry.

"Where can we go, Miss Love," she asked when she returned to us. (Miss Love is the charming young lady from Room 400 over at Radio City, and my guide through the labyrinthian maze of the place at that moment). "Isn't there some place where we can sit down and talk for a little while without being interrupted?"

"Certainly," replied Miss Love, and led us through innumerable corridors lined with thousands of blank doors, and at last ushered us into a little glass cubicle of a room, in which, of all things to find in Radio City, there was a perfectly huge Victrola. There was just enough room left for two chairs, and Miss Janis sat down in one, and I fell into the other, and I watched her completely fascinated as she put down on the floor beside her a pair of galoshes, a large leather bag, a rubber coat, an umbrella, a black box, a brief case and a paper bundle. I expected every minute to see her produce a Baby Grand piano but she pulled a cigarette out of her purse instead, and calmly proceeded to smoke it.

"I'VE been out in California for three years," she said. "I love California, don't you? When Mother and I went out there, I said to her, 'This is where I want to live. I'd like to spend the rest of my life here.' And Mother said, 'You'd better be sure first,' and of course as you know, I never in all my life did a thing without Mother's approval. So she persuaded me to make one final tour before making up my mind to quit the stage for good. We went to Europe, and after we got back to America, we went right out to California.

"Mother thought it would be nice if we joined in with all the others out there who play that cute little game of buying property and then renting it and then buying some more and renting that and so on until you end up by going into bankruptcy or jail for not being able to pay mortgage interests and taxes. So we bought a big house and furnished it and the first people we rented it to were Norma Shearer and her husband. Then the Leslie Howards had it until he went to Europe. Then we leased it to the Otto Krugers, who are in it now and have it for two years.

"Well, we next bought a tiny little house, because of course, we still had the white elephant up at Tarrytown which was eating up all the money I earned, and we fixed up the little house and lived in it ourselves. We did the whole thing with mirrors it was so small, and I could lie in bed in my room and look through the mirror and talk to Mother in her bed in the next room."

"Mother passed on about two years ago. Oh yes, didn't you know it? But to me, she is just as alive, just as close,

just as near as though she were here actually in the flesh. I don't believe that people die," she said seriously and with great earnestness. "I believe that death is just another step forward, and I feel that Mother is just as much with me right now, as she was two years ago."

"I WAS working with Cecil B. de Mille then in his studio. I had supervised *Paramount on Parade* and written a number of other things for Paramount before I went with de Mille. My, but that fifteen months spoiled me. Such luxury to work in, but he took a vacation for a year, and I got married.

"You know how long I waited to get married, don't you? I never would have married if Mother had still been here, but I met this very nice boy—his name is Gilbert Wilson—about six months after Mother passed on, and I fell in love with him, and he asked me to marry him, so I did. He was out in Hollywood thinking about going into the movies, but I talked him out of it. We're really very happy, and both adore the country. I wouldn't live in New York if you gave me the place, and I don't mind a bit coming in every day from Tarrytown to work!"

"How did you come to get this job?" I asked her.

"Once a ham—always a ham," she answered with that famous crooked grin of hers and her dark eyes snapping like a couple of hungry turtles. "I woke up one morning and read in the newspaper that Mussolini was broadcasting over a national network with a talk to the boys. Further down the column, I saw where Hitler had already talked to the boys on the entire German network. Now, the one thing I certainly can do is *talk to the boys!* Remember me and the Marne? So I immediately called up Johnny Royal who has known me all my life and used to book me in the good old days when he was general manager for the B. F. Keith circuit out West.

"Hello, Johnny," I said, "this is Elsie."

"Hello, Elsie," he said.

"Say listen, Johnnie," I said, "I've got an idea. No laughs now."

"I'm not laughing," he said, "I'm just reaching for the aromatic spirits of ammonia."

"Shush, Johnnie," I said. "Be your age! Can I come up and see you some time this afternoon?"

"Sure," he said.

"SO I WENT, and I talked to him about two and a half hours and told him I wanted to be an announcer and why I thought I could and that I didn't want anything handed me on a platter, I wanted to dig in and learn the ropes and start from the bottom—just like anybody else, and after I got all through, he stuck his hand out and said 'put it there,' and I did, and that, all you little darlings of the radio audience, is how Aunt Elsie became the First Lady of R. C. A. Never mind, you needn't stand up," she added, as I rose to salute.

"I come in every day from Tarrytown and pick up my schedule," she continued more seriously. "It's the most exciting job I ever had. I work along just like

[Continued on page 72]

Why a corn hurts

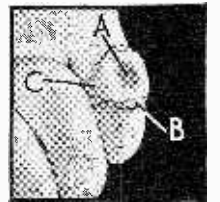


A corn is shaped like a cone, with the small end pointing into the toe. This inverted cone, under pressure from the shoe, presses against sensitive nerves, which carry pain sensations to the brain and central nervous system.

That is why a corn ruins nerves and disposition—seems to "hurt all over."

How to stop the pain

Blue-Jay stops the pain instantly, by removing pressure from the corn. The pad is soft for greatest possible comfort... yet snug-fitting enough to be unnoticed under smart shoes. Center the gentle Blue-Jay medication directly over the corn itself. The pad is held securely in place with the special Wet-Pruf adhesive strip (waterproof, soft kid-like finish, does not cling to stocking).



How to remove the corn



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Try Blue-Jay today. At drug and department stores—25c.



Turn to page 74 for Questions and Answers about your favorite radio stars.



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Now, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and Brownatone does it. Prove it—by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair.

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Elsie Janis Wants to be a Nemo

[Continued from page 71]

all the other announcers—that is, for sustaining programs. I haven't got to the commercial ones yet—I've only been at it a little over a month. I introduce each broadcast that is put on my schedule for the day. That's why it's so much fun. I bounce from Stage 8F to Stage 16P, and I have everything from a rumba band to the *Lady Next Door*. I'm a button-pusher, too," she added proudly.

"What," I asked, "is a button-pusher?"
"Look," she answered, and thrust a sheet of paper into my hands. "There's a darn sight more to it than just talking into a mike," she said. "I had to learn all this by heart, and even though they call me 'Teacher's Pest' around here because everyone is trying to make it easy for me, I've got to know all the tricks just like Graham McNamee or Ross or any of the other announcers."

Follows a copy of the sheet Miss Janis showed me. It reads like a combination murder mystery with a dozen clues, and a Greek lexicon to my eyes.

1. Test announcer's mike with mixer.
2. Plug in on preceding program.
3. Wait for the first chime and green light.
4. Push local and announcer's button.
5. Make station identification announcement—20 seconds.
6. Push network button.
7. Push studio button—see that announcer is on.
8. Make program announcement. Kill announcer's button.
9. At finish, push announcer's button—sign off—give signal! To*fade. Wait for O. K. from mixer—kill studio—ring chimes—kill network and local—wait for final signal from mixer and dump carrier. In case of identification after program, kill network—push local and announcer's button and make station speel.

I may be wrong, but I'm quite sure that they don't know how to spell "spiel" over at Radio City!

"Of course, I can't be a NEMO yet," she went on sadly. "I've had only one NEMO program so far. That was on Christmas Day and I had to go over to Ellis Island. It certainly was great fun. We went there in R. C. A. lovely cars, and everything was perfect except the program. The band was supposed to go on the air right after my announcement at three o'clock sharp, and the band got lost and turned up just as I was about to pass out from heart failure, at one minute before three. I loved it—all that excitement, and those people out in front—you know what happens to me when I have an audience. Well, I forgot all about being on the air and just played to that bunch sitting out front, and was going over like a house afire, when somebody whispered—'Elsie—Elsie—you're talking into a mike—keep your voice down! You'll break the apparatus if you don't!'"

"What," I asked, "is a NEMO!" I was getting so much unexpected lore that afternoon that by this time my head was swimming.

"A NEMO is a broadcast that is done from outside the studios—by remote control, you know," she explained and she might just as well have added 'you poor worm,' for it was written all



No measly microphone is going to lick Elsie Janis—she packs a mean punch

over her face. "Like when you hear the orchestra from the Waldorf, or the opera from the Metropolitan. All the big announcers have NEMO programs—but you've got to be good to get them."

"Oh, good Heavens," she screamed suddenly. I jumped five and a half feet in the air. "I go on in exactly five minutes. Oh, why didn't somebody call me?" She grabbed up the galoshes, the umbrella, the black box, the large leather bag, a rubber coat, a brief case and the paper bundle, and we sprinted madly out of the glass cubicle and headed through the double doors.

We flew down the corridors, and after beating all track records of 1932-3-4 and positively 5, we came up against a pretty blank wall that was painted in two shades of lovely green. Light and dark.

Miss Janis panted, and turned around like a caged tigress.

"I know just how you feel," I gasped sympathetically, but she brushed me aside as if I were a gnat, and started breaking her own record back along the way we had come. Finally, a man appeared around a far corner in the dim distance.

"Yooo-hooo! Yooo-hooooo!" yelled Miss Janis, giving a perfect imitation of a Swiss yodeler. "For the Love of Mike! (isn't that a lovely pun, only I'm sure it was unintentional—she was far too excited—and never in all my life have I seen a woman run the way she does—), 'come on and get me out of here! I'm supposed to be on Stage 57-Q right this minute. Oh, hurry up!'"

We hurried after the man—I shall never forget him—he was such a strong, silent man! And Miss Janis shot up to floor 57 while I shot down to the street level and crawled feebly into a taxi. That's all I remember. How on earth did I ever get here?

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 MAY, 1935

At Home With the Morton Downeys

[Continued from page 19]

Downeys: Kautz, the German police dog and master of the turf, Wiggles, the pooch, Henry, the Spaniel, and Neville, the bull, are robust and loyal enough to frighten any kidnaper or intruder.

The most modern idea in the home is the telephone system. No matter where you are, either in the attic or cellar, you can be reached. An intricate switch board has been devised for this purpose.

Barbara likes sledding the best, until it's warm enough to go riding. As for Morton, so happy is he to be away from sultry night life, and the smell of dense cigarette smoke, that his biggest thrill is donning old clothes and strolling about his ample estate, thinking about improvements and new ideas.

Two cars are in the garage. A new Ford does all the rough work, such as calling for visitors at the Greenwich station, 10 miles away, and of course, the heavy Pierce-Arrow transports the Downeys to New York for broadcasts and personal engagements. Downeytown is pretty much isolated. The nearest neighbor is Gene Tunney, ex-world's heavyweight champion.

The Downeys moved in December 1, 1934, and by New Year's Eve romance selected the place for its newest love match. On that date Buster Collier, Jr., movie star, and Marie Stevenson, ex-Ziegfeld Follies girl, and now known as the "magazine cover girl," were married there. Seventy-five guests attended, yet there was room for many more.

To Morton Downey life has really been up-and-downey. He's had his share of hard luck. Only Irish determination and optimism made him climb over and over again the ladder to fame and fortune. He deserves this home. He never had a real one before.

"Luck," mused Morton, as he swung the big car down the winding road that leads to the State highway, "comes in cycles. I've never known such infinite happiness. You don't know what it means to come back to a lovely home, a wife, and three kiddies. This is what I have striven for these many years. I can remember when I used to sell candy on the New York, New Haven, & Hartford railroad. Then I used to say to myself when the train raced through this vicinity, 'Some day, Morton, you're going to live up here yourself!'"

It is all like a second honeymoon to the Downeys. As a matter of fact, they have never stopped falling in love with each other. And if Morton could possibly arrange it, he would invite all his radio fans to Downeytown and help him celebrate. He's like that!

RUTH ETTING Says—
"Smart Girls Stay Single"
 and she tells why in the June issue of
RADIOLAND
 Don't miss it!

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This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. Noscorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.



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

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed." The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send \$1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

FREE Send \$1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular \$1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. F-4, Forest Hills, New York.
 I enclose \$1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.
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Questions and Answers

Is Xavier Cugat married? Isn't his music simply divine? Is he as good-looking as he sounds?—*Pauline, King, N. Y.*



Xavier Cugat

Ans.—Mr. Cugat is married to Carmen Castilia, who sings on his *Let's Dance* program. It is a little outside the question man's province to dispose of the divinity of Mr. Cugat's music.

Is Don Ameche married to Anne Seymour, or Betty in the *Betty and Bob* program?—*G. A., Concord, Cal.*

Ans.—Don Ameche is married, but not to either of the two ladies you mention.

I would like to know if Little Jack Little and Whispering Jack Smith are one and the same?—*F. S., Calgary, Alta.*

Ans.—Little Jack Little's real name is John Leonard. He is no relation to Whispering Jack Smith.

Is Walter Tetley a full-blooded Scotchman? How old is he?—*R. G., East Canton, Ohio.*

Ans.—Walter Tetley is one of radio's busiest child actors. He is not a full-blooded Scotchman, but an expert in dialect. He is thirteen years old, and you hear him frequently playing youthful rôles on Fred Allen's and other programs.

Will you please tell me whether or not Harmon O. Nelson and Ozzie Nelson, the orchestra leader, are the same person, and whether or not he is married to Bette Davis, the movie actress.—*I. B., Clemson College, S. C.*



Ozzie Nelson

Ans.—Harmon O. Nelson is the husband of Bette Davis, but he is a distinct individual from Ozzie Nelson, Joe Penner's orchestra leader, who is unmarried.

Penner's orchestra leader, who is unmarried.

Who takes the lead in the Mary Marlin sketches? Can Shirley Howard be heard, and if so on what station at what time?—*L. P., Schenectady, N. Y.*

Ans.—The part of Mary Marlin is played by Joan Blaine. Shirley Howard is due back soon on the networks in a big new series.

In the February RADIOLAND Fred Waring states that his ancestors were Dutch. My name is spelled exactly the same and I have always considered Waring an English name. Which is correct?—*J. E. W., Bath, N. Y.*

Ans.—The name Waring is generally accepted as of English derivation. In Fred Waring's case the Dutch inheritance no doubt descends through the distaff side.

I'd like to know just why we don't get to hear more of Baby Rose Marie's marvelous singing on the NBC stations? Here is an artiste if there ever was one.—*W. B. B., Detroit, Michigan.*



Baby Rose Marie

Ans.—You will soon be hearing Baby Rose Marie on the networks again. We have been informed that a sponsor has signed her for a new series. Official announcement has not yet been made, but she will probably be on the air by the time you read these words.

Is Ted Fio-Rito married? How old is he? What is his nationality?—*J. Y., Hilo, Hawaii.*



Ted Fio-Rito

Ans.—Yes, Ted Fio-Rito is married. He is in his thirties. He is an American of Italian extraction.

What is Amos and Andy's real name?—*B. E., Tamaqua, Pa.*

Ans.—Amos is played by Freeman Gosden, Andy by Charles Correll.

Can you give us any information on the *Carefree Carnival* program or its gang?—*M. V. P., Hominy, Okla.*

Ans.—The *Carefree Carnival* originates in NBC's San Francisco studios. The gang includes Senator Frankenstein Fishface, comedian; Charles Marshall and his boys, Helen Troy, Ben Klassen, Rita Lane, Meredith Willson's orchestra, and Ned Tollinger as master of ceremonies.

Who is Portland, the girl comedian featured in the Town Hall Revue?—*C. W. G., Steubenville, Ohio.*



Portland Hoffa

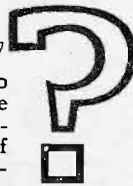
Ans.—Portland's last name is Hoffa and in private life she is Mrs. Fred Allen. Tallyho!

I would like a description of the world's best tenor, barring none—Morton Downey. Second: How come Don Ameche hasn't been lured to Hollywood? He seems like the type.—*J. C. W., Springfield, Mass.*

Ans.—There's no use in our describing Morton to you when you can turn to page 18 in this issue and find his picture, as well as views of his new home. Don Ameche is one of radio's busiest actors and his contracts leave him no time to take a whirl at Hollywood—but likely they'll pick him up some day.

What do you want to know?

Readers wishing to write directly to the stars are advised to address them in care of the broadcasting networks—the Columbia Broadcasting System is at 485 Madison Avenue, New York City, and the National Broadcasting Company at Rockefeller Center, New York City. RADIOLAND cannot undertake to comply with requests for home addresses of the stars.



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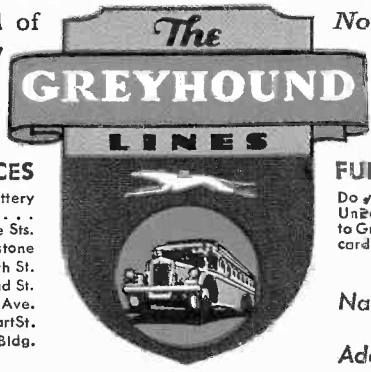


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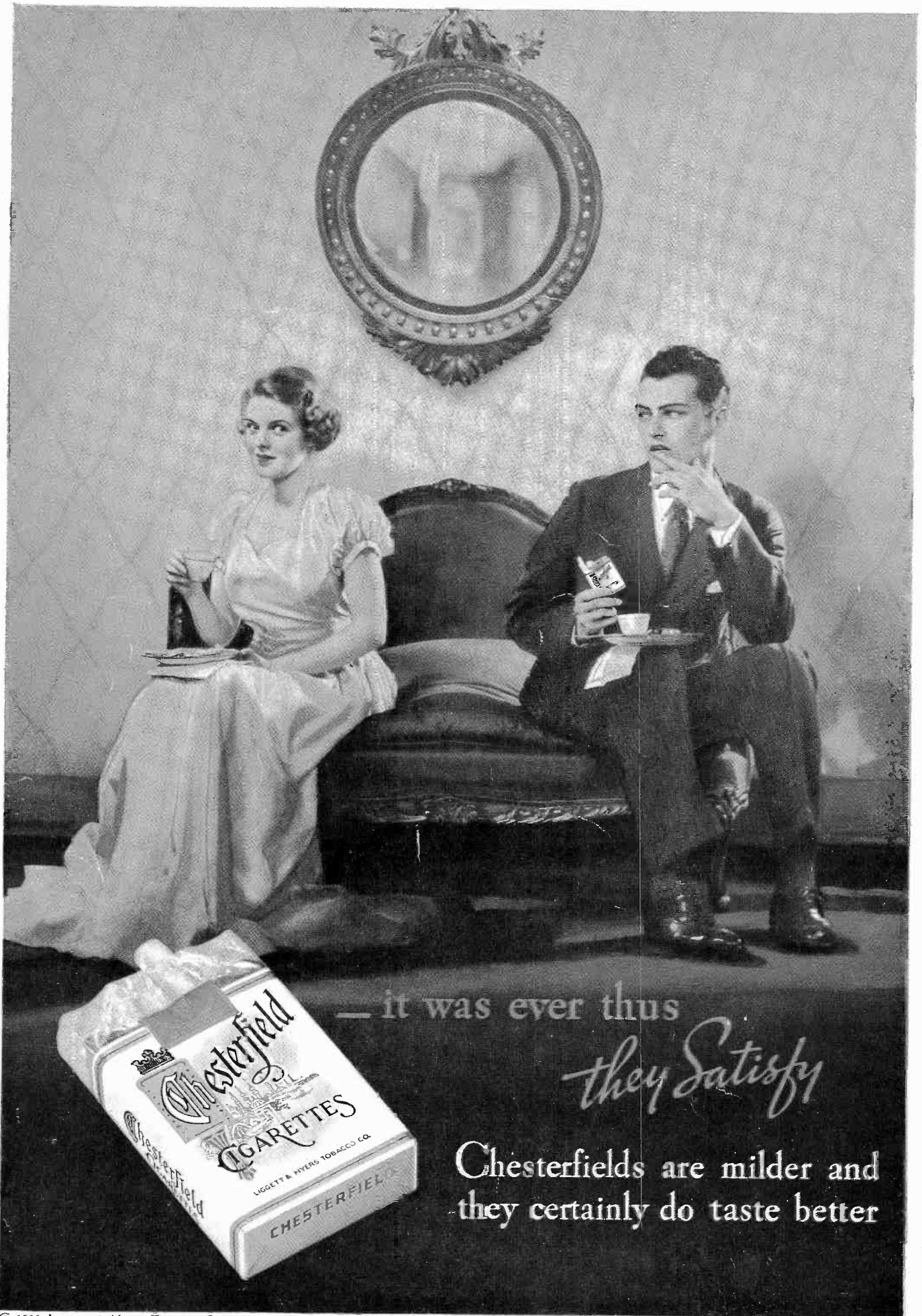
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